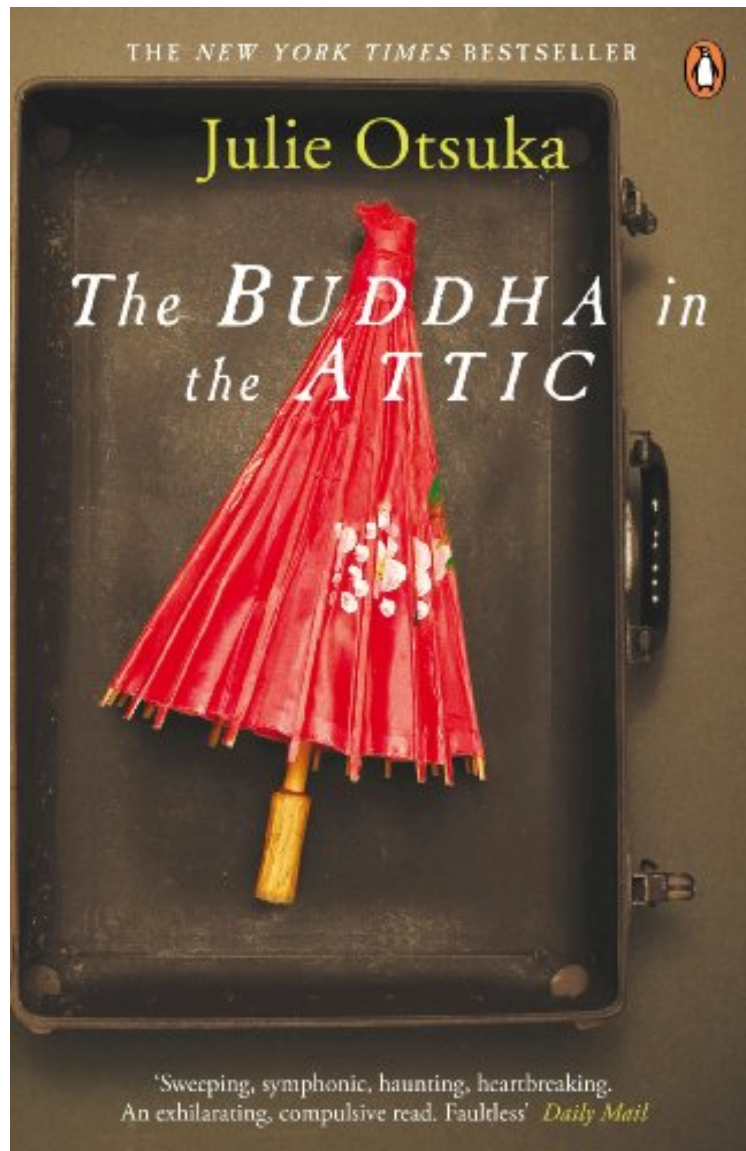


[Download] The Buddha in the Attic

## The Buddha in the Attic

Von Julie Otsuka

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**Von Julie Otsuka : The Buddha in the Attic** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Buddha in the Attic:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen4 von 4 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Brilliant short novelVon Alfred J. KwakThis moving book is the story of thousands of Japanese girls and women sold by their poor families in the early 1900's to marry Japanese in the US. Many suitors were not as young or successful as they claimed to be: most were farm workers, moving in time with crop harvests.JO cleverly selected and edited a mountain

of written documentation into chronological chapters: (1) 'The sea voyage', whose opening sentence is "On the boat most of us were virgins". (2) 'First night' opens with "Our new husbands took us quickly", (3) 'Whites' deals the US; (4) 'Babies' with coping while working in the fields or in another capacity, (5) 'The children' with more of the same, but with the first generational conflicts emerging. This makes up over half of this short 129-page book. It is arranged in chapters which read like litanies in hauntingly repetitious sentences describing individual experiences. On page 72, still in chapter 5, the book's focus shifts: "One by one all the old words we had taught them began to disappear from their heads. They forgot the names of the flowers in Japanese. They forgot the names of the colors". And so on. A few more chapters follow, because the 1941 surprise attack on Pearl Harbor destroyed the lives of Japanese living along the US West Coast. It began with curfews, travel restrictions, followed by deportations of men, then women and children to Rocky Mountain states, the alleged fifth column unable now to use flashlights to guide Japanese invaders onshore, poison reservoirs, food, or whatever... Of course their fate was not as fatal as that of another minority in a far bigger campaign in Europe. The Japanese-Americans survived their incarceration. One question remains: how did they fare once released? 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Just average Von eager reviewer I had read a review about the book in a magazine and expected more. The "we" style is most peculiar, it makes the book more like a list of a events, names and places with constant repetitions. A very interesting story lamely told. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Ein Gedicht Von U W Wir haben dieses buch in unserem book Club gelesen. Allen hat es sehr gut gefallen. Es berhrt, ist poetisch und klrt ber ein historisches Ereignis auf, von dem die wenigsten wissen.

Kurzbeschreibung Julie Otsuka's *The Buddha in the Attic*, the follow-up to *When the Emperor Was Divine* was shortlisted for the 2011 National Book Award for Fiction and the 2011 Los Angeles Times Book Prize, and winner of the Pen Faulkner Award for Fiction 2012. Between the first and second world wars a group of young, non-English-speaking Japanese women travelled by boat to America. They were picture brides, clutching photos of husbands-to-be whom they had yet to meet. Julie Otsuka tells their extraordinary, heartbreaking story in this spellbinding and poetic account of strangers lost and alone in a new and deeply foreign land. 'Sweeping, symphonic, empathic . . . subtle, infinitely skilful . . . an exhilarating, compulsive read. Otsuka's haunting, heartbreaking conclusion, in the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, is faultless' *Daily Mail* 'A tender, nuanced, empathetic exploration of the sorrows and consolations of a whole generation of women . . . the distaff equivalent of a war memorial' *Daily Telegraph* 'A haunting and heartbreaking look at the immigrant experience . . . Otsuka's keenly observed prose manages to capture whole histories in a sweep of gorgeous incantatory sentences' *Marie Claire* 'An understated masterpiece... she conjures up the lost voices of a generation of Japanese American women without losing sight of the distinct experience of each' *San Francisco Chronicle* Julie Otsuka was born and raised in California. She is the author of the novel *When the Emperor Was Divine*, and a recipient of the Asian American Literary Award, the American Library Association Alex Award, and a Guggenheim fellowship. Her second novel, *The Buddha in the Attic*, was nominated for the 2011 National Book Award. She lives in New York City. Pressestimmen Sweeping, symphonic, empathic . . . subtle, infinitely skilful . . . an exhilarating, compulsive read. Otsuka's haunting, heartbreaking conclusion, in the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, is faultless (*Daily Mail*) Paints a poignant, moving portrait of immigration by deftly weaving together a chorus of voices. Fascinating and tragic in equal measure (*Easy Living*) A tender, nuanced, empathetic exploration of the sorrows and consolations of a whole generation of women (*Telegraph*) A haunting and heartbreaking look at the immigrant experience . . . Otsuka's keenly observed prose manages to capture whole histories in a sweep of gorgeous incantatory sentences (*Marie Claire*) Novels written in the first person plural are rare. It's a narrative device that gives *The Buddha in the Attic* a deliciously melancholy quality . . . Powerful, lyrical and almost unbearably sad (*Psychologies*) Powerfully moving . . . intensely lyrical . . . verges on the edge of poetry (*Independent*) The tone is often incantatory, and though the language is direct, unconvoluted, almost without metaphor, its true and very unusual merit lies, I think, in that indefinable quality we call poetry (*Ursula Le Guin Guardian*) A kind of collective memoir that squeezes volumes of experience into a small space . . . more than a history lesson because Otsuka compresses the individual emotions into one haunting story (*The Times*) Her trick is to sum up a few life story in a few tantalising sentences, moving on to the next at lightning speed. The result is panoramic, each line opening a window on to the world of one woman after another, pinpointing each one's hopes and happiness or misery and pain (*Sunday Express*) Intriguing . . . fleeting, singular images pile up and reverberate against each other to strange, memorable effect (*Metro*) Spare but resonant, powerful, evocative (*The New York Times Book*) Spare and stunning . . . Otsuka has created a tableau as intricate as the pen strokes her humble immigrant girls learned to use in letters to loved ones they'd never see again (*Oprah Magazine*) A delicate, heartbreaking portrait . . . beautifully rendered . . . Otsuka's prose is precise and rich with imagery. [Readers] will finish this exceptional book profoundly moved. (*Publishers Weekly*) This chorus of narrators speaks in a poetry that is both spare and passionate, sure to haunt even the most coldhearted among us (*Chicago Tribune*) A stunning feat of empathetic imagination and emotional compression,

capturing the experience of thousands of women (Vogue)A lithe stunner (Elle)To watch Emperor catching on with teachers and students in vast numbers is to grasp what must have happened at the outset for novels like Lord of the Flies and To Kill a Mockingbird (The New York Times on When the Emperor was Divine)PressestimmenExquisitely written. . . . An understated masterpiece that unfolds with great emotional power. . . . Destined to endure. The San Francisco ChronicleArresting and alluring. . . . A novel that feels expansive yet is a magical act of compression. Chicago TribuneA stunning feat of empathetic imagination and emotional compression, capturing the experience of thousands of women. Vogue Otsukas incantatory style pulls her prose close to poetry. . . . Filled with evocative descriptive sketches and hesitantly revelatory confessions. The New York Times Book A fascinating paradox: brief in span yet symphonic in scope, all-encompassing yet vivid in its specifics. Like a pointillist painting, its composed of bright spots of color: vignettes that bring whole lives to light in a line or two, adding up to a vibrant group portrait. The Seattle TimesMesmerizing. . . . Told in a first-person plural voice that feels haunting and intimate, the novel traces the fates of these nameless women in America. . . . Otsuka extracts the grace and strength at the core of immigrant (and female) survival and, with exquisite care, makes us rethink the heartbreak of eternal hope. Though the women vanish, their words linger. More Spare and stunning. . . . By using the collective we to convey a constantly shifting, strongly held group identity within which distinct individuals occasionally emerge and recede, Otsuka has created a tableau as intricate as the pen strokes her humble immigrant girls learned to use in letters to loved ones theyd never see again. O, The Oprah MagazineWith great daring and spectacular success, she has woven countless stories gleaned from her research into a chorus of the womens voices, speaking their collective experience in a plural we, while incorporating the wide range of their individual lives. . . . The Buddha in the Attic moves forward in waves of experiences, like movements in a musical composition. . . . By its end, Otsukas book has become emblematic of the brides themselves: slender and serene on the outside, tough, weathered and full of secrets on the inside. Milwaukee Journal-SentinelA gorgeous mosaic of the hopes and dreams that propelled so many immigrants across an ocean to an unknown country. . . . Otsuka illuminates the challenges, suffering and occasional joy that they found in their new homeland. . . . Wrought in exquisite poetry, each sentence spare in words, precise in meaning and eloquently evocative, like a tanka poem, this book is a rare, unique treat. . . . Rapturous detail. . . . A history lesson in heartbreak. Washington Independent of Books[Otsuka] brazenly writes in hundreds of voices that rise up into one collective cry of sorrow, loneliness and confusion. . . . The sentences are lean, and the material reflects a shameful time in our nations past. . . . Otsuka winds a thread of despair throughout the book, haunting the reader at every chapter. . . . Otsuka masterfully creates a chorus of the unforgettable voices that echo throughout the chambers of this slim but commanding novel, speaking of a time that no American should ever forget. Minneapolis Star-TribuneDaring. . . . Frequently mesmerizing. . . . Otsuka has the moves of cinematographer, zooming in for close-ups, then pulling back for wide lens group shots. . . . [Otsuka is] a master of understatement and apt detail. . . . Her stories seem rooted in curiosity and a desire to understand. BookpagePrecise, focused. . . . Penetrating. . . . See it and youll want to pick it up. Start reading it and you wont want to put it down. . . . A boldly imagined work that takes a stylistic risk more daring and exciting than many brawnier books five times its size. Even the subject matter is daring. . . . Specific, clear, multitudinous in its grasp and subtly emotional. The Huffington Post