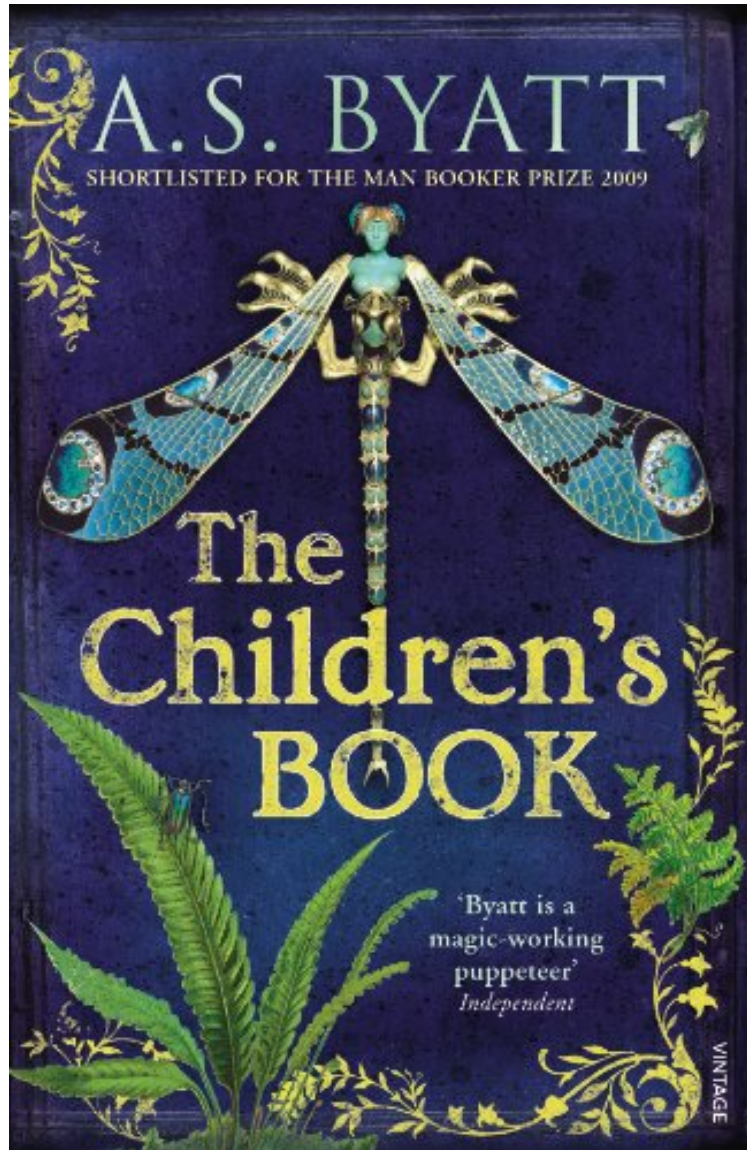


(Download pdf ebook) The Children's Book

The Children's Book

Von A. S. Byatt

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Von A. S. Byatt : The Children's Book before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Children's Book:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen5 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Ein groer WurfVon SabineSeit "Obsessions" verfolge ich A.S. Byatt mit groem Interesse und mochte auer vorgenanntem Werk vor allem ihre "Matisse Stories" und "Angels Insects" sehr, aber auch viele andere Verffentlichungen. Das "Biographer's Tale" allerdings fand ich ein wenig mhsam, wie auch "The Virgin in the Garden". Mit "The Children's

Book" indes ist ihr wieder ein ganz großer Wurf gelungen, der von Anfang bis Ende fesselt, fasziniert und nebenher ein bisschen Geschichtsnachhilfe erteilt. Stilistisch ist A.S. Byatt ohnedies absolut trittsicher und versteht es, ihrem Romanpersonal Leben einzuhauchen wie noch die traurigsten Lebensentwürfe nachvollziehbar zu vermitteln. Ich hoffe sehr, dass Melanie Walz, die schon die früheren Werke hervorragend beruht, an der Übersetzung sitzt, damit ich die deutsche Ausgabe bald an alle verschenken kann, denen der Zugang zum englischen Original verwehrt ist.³⁵ von 39 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Große Literatur Von Yolande Gedeck Wer AS Byatt kennt, macht sich auf einiges gefasst: ihren fundierten historischen Blick, akribische Recherche, besondere sprachliche Eleganz und ein großes Personal. Es ist ihrem konomischen Geschick und der Fähigkeit sinnvoller Dramaturgie zu verdanken, dass man hier nicht den Überblick verliert. Zudem spielt sie mit zahlreichen literarischen Bezügen, Shakespeare, Tieck, die deutsche Romantik und das deutsche Märchen schlechthin - Byatt ist eine Meisterin der Verknüpfungen. Erstaunlich, mit welcher Leichtigkeit und Selbstverständlichkeit sie Szenen wie die Not und das sexuelle Erwachen eines Jungen aus armeneliger Herkunft, seine tief empfundene Fremdheit in den sauberen Bettstüben und der feudalen Welt der Wellwoods, oder auch die narzisstische Eigensinnigkeit und aus ihr resultierende Emanzipation einer Frau (Olive Wellwood) darstellt, die neben vielen anderen Leidenschaften auch Mutter ist. Byatt hat hier ein großes Portrait nicht nur der Edwardianischen Zeit und ihrem literarischen Verständnis, sondern der Kindheit in ihr verfasst. Kindheit, so macht dieses Buch nachvollziehbar, war einmal die unbelebte Zeit im Leben. Kindheit als Zeit großer Freiheit, als Zeit des Erwachens und der Verheißung, - bis dass die Kriege kamen.⁰ von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The Children's Book Von Hella Holsten Im Roman werden die Lebensumstände und Lebensgefühle der Kinder einer Künstlergeneration aus dem Bereich des Arts and Crafts Movement geschildert, in einer geschickten Personenwahl auch klassenübergreifend, die dann nichtsahnend in den 1. Weltkrieg geraten. Das Kriegsschicksal wird nur sehr kurz angedeutet - aber mir ist zum ersten Mal klar geworden, dass es im UK keinen Expressionismus gegeben hat, d.h. eine Zeitspanne von Bedrohungsgefühlen, die dem WK vorausgegangen war. Man stelle sich vor: aus den Arabesken des Jugendstils direkt in die Schützengräben in Flandern. Ich war überrascht, wie spannend ich den langen Text fand - ich kannte die Autorin noch gar nicht.

Kurzbeschreibung Famous author Olive Wellwood writes a special private book, bound in different colours, for each of her children. In their rambling house near Romney Marsh they play in a story-book world - but their lives, and those of their rich cousins and their friends, the son and daughter of a curator at the new Victoria and Albert Museum, are already inscribed with mystery. Each family carries its own secrets. They grow up in the golden summers of Edwardian times, but as the sons rebel against their parents and the girls dream of independent futures, they are unaware that in the darkness ahead they will be betrayed unintentionally by the adults who love them. This is the children's book. Pressestimmen Sweeping . . . At the center of this epic are the Wellwoods and their many offspring. Olive, the matriarch, is the author of children's books, vivid tales of fairies and demons, little people and spirits. . . . Along with other families, they weave in and out of one another's lives, building an edifice of domestic tranquility that increasingly becomes a house of cards. . . . Byatt rewards [the reader] by serving a literary feast, telling the story not only of these characters but of their world. She sprinkles in cameos by major figures of this era [and] sets elaborate stages for her characters in historical events . . . And she creates an alternate universe, the frightening fantasy world from which Olive draws as she writes of children who are lured away from their parents to live with magical beings, or who must descend into the depths of hidden worlds to save themselves. In the fictional world of these stories and the real world of the Wellwoods, deceptions shape young lives that grow to adulthood in a world on fire. Byatt fills a huge canvas with the political and social changes that swept the world in those years, and the devastation of war that swept its families. She elicits great compassion for the individual beings caught in that tableau. It's not a tale you'll soon forget. Susan Kelly, USA Today Engaging and rewarding . . . Spanning the two and a half decades before the First World War, [The Children's Book] centers on the Wellwood family, led by a banker with radical inclinations and his wife, the author of best-selling fairy tales. At their country estate, they preside over a motley brood of children and host midsummer parties for fellow-Fabians, exiled Russian anarchists, and German puppeteers. But the idyll contains dark secrets, as a potter whom the family takes in for a time discovers. Byatt is concerned with the complex, often sinister relationship between parent and child, which she explores through various works of art, using them to refract and illuminate the larger narrative. The New Yorker Rich, expansive . . . a portrait of a time of imminent change the years [in England] when the Victorian golden age depreciated into Edwardian silver and then, with World War I, into an age of lead. The novels' early sections take us to the country home of the Wellwoods, who welcome a lost youth into their midst. . . . These scenes contain everything any reader could ever dream of: a romantic country house; neighboring woods containing treehouses and other surprises; garden parties; puppet shows; leisurely intellectual discussions all meticulously imagined by one of our very best contemporary writers. . . . Byatt captures the modern world's uneasy crawl from its cocoon with a commanding section on the Paris Expo of 1900 . . . [Byatt's] observation of the minutiae of moments in her characters' lives is intense. . . . If she hadn't been a writer, Byatt should have been a

naturalist or a painter. At times she captures the natural world with the precision and neutrality of Constable . . . at others, you get the feeling details have been assembled with the cunning of Poussin. . . . Cunning also applies to the novels stories within stories. . . . Byatt is a spinner of multiple tales, adding gorgeous layers and dimensions to this fictional world. Splendid in themselves, these stories comment on the novel at large. [One of these stories] says the most, I think, about what Byatt achieves in *The Childrens Book*. Whom does this title refer to? Olives story *The People in the House in the House* is a sly, irony-steeped tale of a little girl who captures fairies and imprisons them in her dollhouse, only to be captured herself and imprisoned by a giant child. In watching Byatts characters, especially parents who insist on clear paths for their young though their own lives are anything but clear, the simple message of that storythat no one is ever in total controlshows *The Childrens Book* is a title that applies to everyone. Nick Owchar, Los Angeles Times Book Majestic . . . Dazzling . . . Wonderful . . . A fascinating tour dhorizon of a society in flux . . . It has become commonplace when praising a writers craft to pose the question: How many other writers could do what he or she has done? But in the case of A. S. Byatt, she is so amazingly talented and so prodigiously and fearlessly imaginative, that the question really becomes more: Is there any other writer today who can pull off the kind of artistic feat that she can? . . . By [The Childrens Books] conclusion, the charactersand the enthralled readershave hurtled through the new centurys tumultuous first two decades, including the devastation and carnage of World War I. And here at the novels end is where Byatt again demonstrates her audacityand the artistry to matchby actually writing poems in the voice of one of the characters she has created, authentic poetry of the prewar years giving way to coruscating verse typical of the great war poets . . . What you see here, as you do throughout the novel, is the strength and fire of Byatts imagination. Whether she is summoning up the mud and blood of Flanders fields, the dissecting room at a fledgling medical school for women, the brutality of life at a school for privileged young boysand countless other places, such are the protean splendors of this novelher touch is sure. Childrens literature in that poem and the books very title stem from the protagonist Olive Wellwood, a celebrated author of fairy tales and such books for young people. And of course Byatt being Byatt, she treats us to some marvelous tales from Olives (and of course her own) pen. . . . Olive is a marvelously original creation, full-blooded and magnificently realized in these pages, no pale imitation of anyone else. . . . In its enormous range and depth, [The Childrens Book] resembles those great Victorian novels in which the author is clearly steeped. Her learning is matched by an imaginative capacity to transmogrify what she has studied into something truly felt. There is a great deal in this novel about enthusiasm and disillusion and about gusto for life tempered by loss. Readers will learn a lot from *The Childrens Book*, but despite its being the product of all that learning, it is never didactic. Such is the power of the book that they will feel all that is packed into it, because Byatt has succeeded in her own literary quest to go back to, to retrieve, and to reinhabit an important part of our past. Martin Rubin, San Francisco ChronicleFascinating . . . An exhilarating panorama . . . Passionate, intelligent . . . *The Childrens Book* will undoubtedly be compared most often with *Possession* because of the scale of the enterprise, the historical setting, and the deft intertwining of fabricated texts. . . . One of the significant pleasures of *The Childrens Book* is also what makes it hardest to summarize: The novel has no main character, no hero or heroine. Instead, Byatt follows four families and numerous minor characters from the summer of 1895 to the summer of 1919. . . . The result is a richly peopled narrative that encompasses an unusual breadth of artistic, intellectual, social, and political concerns . . . Byatt manages her large cast and many plots by using a magisterially omniscient point of view capable of giving us the broad facts of history and geography and also of creating considerable intimacy. [She is] a master builder, laying each brick of her tower with consummate skill. Here is a novel in which everything matters. Margot Livesey, Boston Sunday Globe "If you buried *The Childrens Book* under a few inches of leafy much, it might begin to sproutthat's how alive it is, how potent. *David Copperfield*, *Prospero*, *Jane Eyre*, and others haunt this novel, poised on the cusp of the 20th century, in which a raggedy kiln worker's son crosses class boundaries to practice pottery; a lovely matriarch writes dark fairy tales; children waste away from toxic family secrets; and ambitious women strain against tradition. Byatt is a master storyteller, but even more spellbinding than this novel's descriptions of nature and the supernatural is its intensely personal narrative of the Great War, where dreams of justice and mercy die hard." Cathleen Medwick, O, *The Oprah Magazine* "A complete and complex world, a gorgeous bolt of fiction . . . The central character, a writer of children's books, lives with her prodigious family on a romantically meadowed and wooded piece of Kentish property. Of course, real life is more complicated and less child-friendly than the fairy tale she struggles to maintain, and, as in a fairy tale, the characters' true identities can be a surprise. A tangle of secondary families ranging over rich historical territory provides plenty of meaty story. But the magic is in the way Byatt suffuses her novel with details, from the shimmery sets of a marionette show to clay mixtures and pottery glazes." *The Atlantic Monthly* Magnificent . . . Inspired . . . Starts as an idyll and ends in hell. It is like one of those vast canvases by Fragonard depicting figures in silk and lace playing lawn games, oblivious to the huge, menacing clouds looming behind them. [The Childrens Book] is an ensemble piece. Each character has a story, and while those stories may intersect from time to time, as characters stories must, each remains separate and distinct. To accommodate them, the novel takes on the quality of a mansion with many rooms and passageways... Pressestimmen Byatt is at her brilliant best... The fantasy here is dark and frightening, going to the edge of what a child can bear. Alongside such rich, strange meat, Harry Potter starts to feel like a vanilla snack for scaredy cats Standpoint Superlatively displays both enormous

reach and tremendous grip...sizzling with ideas and alive with imaginative energy, too ... this is the most stirring novel AS Byatt has written since Possession Sunday Times It's success is as a novel of ideas, forcefully and often memorably expressed, while the story follows darkening fortunes into a chastened postwar world The Times Compelling...strenuously inclusive and also tremendously enriching - an intricate tale, energetically fashioned from sturdy strands of material, by "a spinning fairy in the attic", an indefatigable storyteller Irish Times Astonishing power and resonance Sunday Telegraph Intricately worked and sumptuously inlaid novel...seethes and pulses with an entangled life, of the mind and the senses alike. Colour and sensation flood Byatt's writing...she is a master-potter, or magic-working puppeteer Independent