

(Read now) Housekeeping (English Edition)

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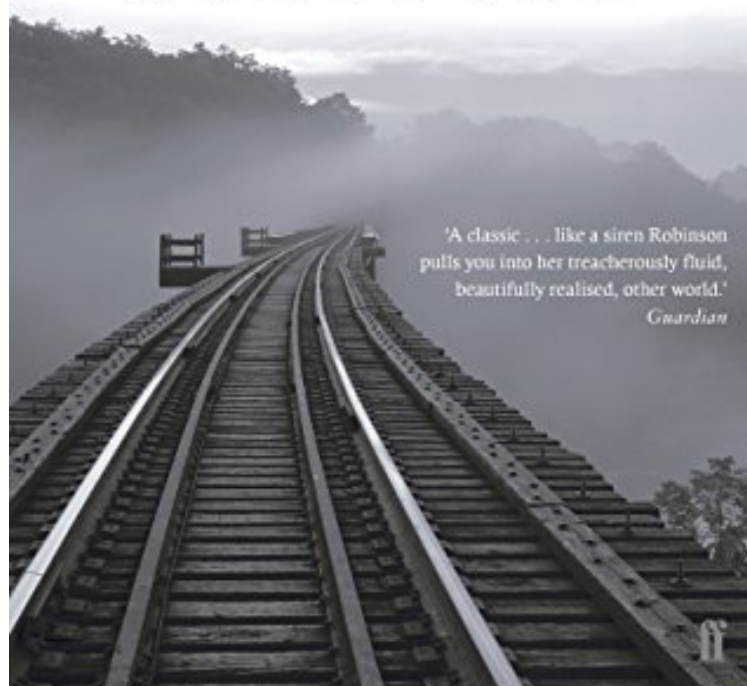
Von Marilynne Robinson

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From the Orange Prize-winning author of *Home*

# HOUSEKEEPING

## MARILYNNE ROBINSON



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**Von Marilynne Robinson : Housekeeping (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Housekeeping (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. a little bit up its own behind, this oneVon Jason KilliganAll writing is essentially experience meant to be sold. That's how I see all narrative media. And of course, every piece of experience has its validity. I say this because I came at this book

from the place of a student having to read it for class. So, not necessarily entirely unbiased. I'm sure that there's other people with different tastes reading this book looking for something entirely different from me. And for those people this book might be right. But it's not for me. *Housekeeping* describes the time the narrating protagonist, Ruth, spends with her sister in a house handed down through their family by their grandfather while being handed from the care of one of their relatives to another. The "core" of the story takes place over a few years, right as the protagonist and her sister start blossoming into women, and is prefaced with a lengthy account of the family history that led them to their orphanhood and the house most of the story takes place around. This involves the deaths of several family members meant to cast their shadows over the happenings of the mentioned few years. All throughout the book the narration constantly keeps trailing off into tangents that, however emotionally or atmospherically relevant to the plot they might have been or at least appeared to the author, are ultimately so long, so frequent and so distracting that they just end up taking any kind of pacing out of the scenes we witness and giving the plot a very disjointed feel. I gained the impression that the author fell a little too much in love with her intricate descriptions and her protagonist's psyche. Like Ruth was a very fleshed out character intimately close to the author compelling her to give her narration a string-of-consciousness kinda feel so the reader might get to see as much of her inner machinations as possible. Ironically, it is this tendency towards trailing off into tangents and details that prevented me personally from getting invested into the characters. The book is so full of descriptions and ponderings and musings that we do not see that much of the character's actually just acting. Again, other people might like this style of writing. It has this dreamy unstructuredness to it of people nostalgically telling you about 'old times'. To me, personally, it felt more tedious than anything else, though. The events that actually transpire over the course of this book could've easily been told in a book only a third as thick. It is certainly eloquently written, though.

3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Memory and perception in a special world Von Ian Muldoon Ms Robinson has created a world of human beings seeming to exist as memory and perception against a backdrop of overwhelming natural forces. Ruth, her sister and their guardian sit in a darkened house " The lake still thundered and groaned, the flood waters still brimmed and simmered. When we did not move or speak, there was no proof that we were there at all. The wind and the water brought sounds intact from any imaginable distance. Deprived of all perspective and horizon, I found myself reduced to an intuition, and my sister and my aunt to something less than that. I was afraid to put out my hand, for fear it would touch nothing, or to speak, for fear no one would answer. We all stood there silently for a long moment." Such writing might seem to come close, but never does get, precious. It is full of telling detail: the furtive closing of a door; the obsessive cleanliness of Sylvie who soaks tea towels in a solution of water and bleach over a period of weeks; the memorabilia a grandmother keeps in a bottom drawer; the old photos in the shoe box with patches of black felty paper on their backs; the sound of heels bumping with a soft, slow, rhythm against the legs of the chairs as children wait for their toast to be buttered. The themes concern desire and loss and our relationship with the natural world. It takes effort on the reader's part to enter Ms Robinson's world but what fine writing does not? Effective reading is a creative act too I understand. This particular journey is well worth the effort.

2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Every sentence a poem... Von Pasiphae Ruthie and her sister live by a frozen lake in Northern Idaho, a lake that swallowed her grandfather in a dramatically retold train wreck. Passed from mother to grandmother, from a pair of aunts to another aunt, these girls shakily inhabit a world of women. Their balance is further disrupted by the appearance of their aunt Sylvie, a woman who rides the rails to Idaho in order to care for them. Sylvie is a wild thing. She saves trash, refuses to wear socks, sleeps on benches. She seems unbalanced, but she is following a baffling internal logic that makes perfect sense to her. Ruthie hears the call of freedom as personified by her aunt Sylvie, while her sister simply wants to be normal. The sisters are in a sense two halves of a whole. The pain of each girl as they pull apart is considerable and unavoidable. The final actions of this novel, in which Sylvie leads Ruth through a series of tests to see if she can escape the gravity of housekeeping, are as crystalline pure as the air of the region in which this story takes place. The beauty of this book lies in more than the poetry of the prose. It lies in its elegaic treatment of vagrancy.

**Kurzbeschreibung** From the Orange Prize winning author of *Home* Acclaimed on publication as a contemporary classic, *Housekeeping* is the story of Ruth and Lucille, orphans growing up in the small desolate town of Fingerbone in the vast northwest of America. Abandoned by a succession of relatives, the sisters find themselves in the care of Sylvie, the remote and enigmatic sister of their dead mother. Steeped in imagery of the bleak wintry landscape around them, the sisters' struggle towards adulthood is powerfully portrayed in a novel about loss, loneliness and transience. 'I love and have lived with this book . . . it holds a unique and quiet place among the masterpieces of 20th century American fiction.' Paul Bailey 'I found myself reading slowly, than more slowly--this is not a novel to be hurried through, for every sentence is a delight.' Doris Lessing *Pressestimmen* "So precise, so distilled, so beautiful that one doesn't want to miss any pleasure it might yield." --Le Anne Schreiber, "The New York Times Book Review" "Here's a first novel that sounds as if the author has been treasuring it up all her life... You can feel in the book a gathering voluptuous release of confidence, a delighted surprise at the unexpected capacities of language, a close, careful fondness for people that we

thought only saints felt."--Anatole Broyard, "The New York Times ""I found myself reading slowly, than more slowly--this is not a novel to be hurried through, for every sentence is a delight."--Doris Lessing So precise, so distilled, so beautiful that one doesn't want to miss any pleasure it might yield. "Le Anne Schreiber, The New York Times Book " Here's a first novel that sounds as if the author has been treasuring it up all her life...You can feel in the book a gathering voluptuous release of confidence, a delighted surprise at the unexpected capacities of language, a close, careful fondness for people that we thought only saints felt. "Anatole Broyard, The New York Times" I found myself reading slowly, than more slowly--this is not a novel to be hurried through, for every sentence is a delight. "Doris Lessing"" So precise, so distilled, so beautiful that one doesn't want to miss any pleasure it might yield. Le Anne Schreiber, The New York Times Book Here's a first novel that sounds as if the author has been treasuring it up all her life...You can feel in the book a gathering voluptuous release of confidence, a delighted surprise at the unexpected capacities of language, a close, careful fondness for people that we thought only saints felt. Anatole Broyard, The New York Times I found myself reading slowly, than more slowly--this is not a novel to be hurried through, for every sentence is a delight. Doris Lessing""So precise, so distilled, so beautiful that one doesn't want to miss any pleasure it might yield." --Le Anne Schreiber, The New York Times Book "Here's a first novel that sounds as if the author has been treasuring it up all her life...You can feel in the book a gathering voluptuous release of confidence, a delighted surprise at the unexpected capacities of language, a close, careful fondness for people that we thought only saints felt." --Anatole Broyard, The New York Times"I found myself reading slowly, than more slowly--this is not a novel to be hurried through, for every sentence is a delight." --Doris Lessing

Kurzbeschreibung

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