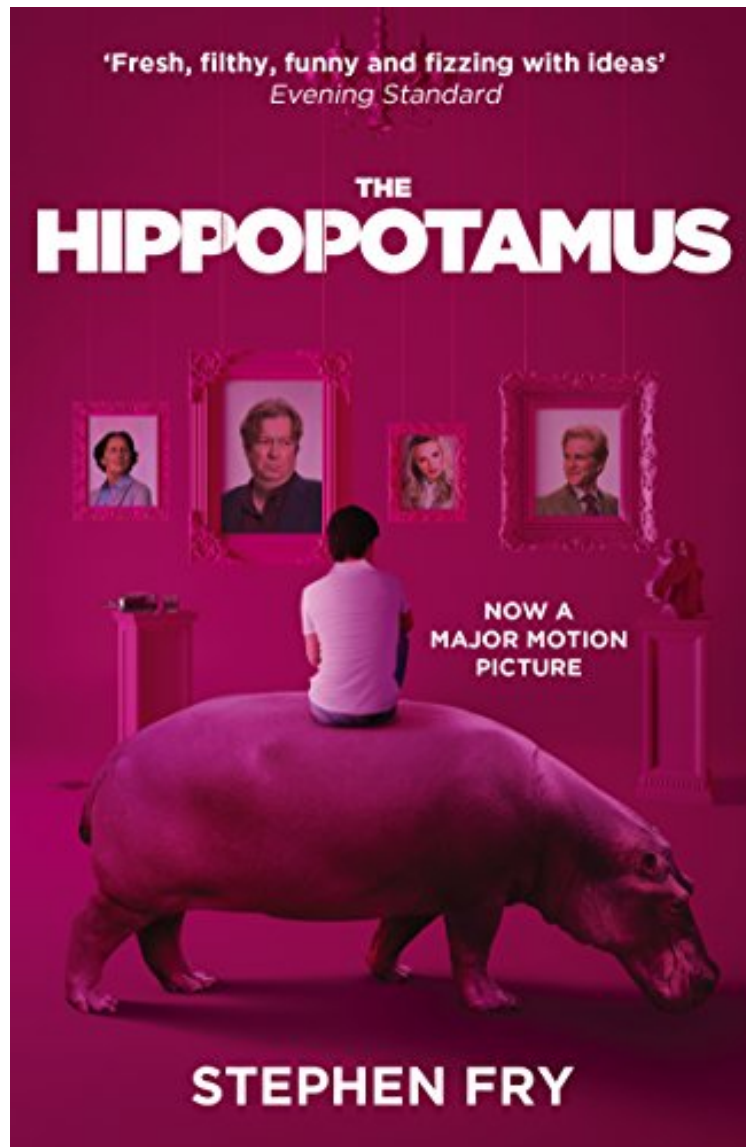


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## The Hippopotamus

Von Stephen Fry

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**Von Stephen Fry : The Hippopotamus** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Hippopotamus:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen8 von 8 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Other People's Poetry, or The Idiot's Guide to Smut?Von Micah R. SiskIf you're considering the purchase of this novel because of its author's portrayal of Jeeves in Masterpiece Theater's productions of Jeeves and Wooster, be warned! You may wish to reconsider. Whereas Stephen Fry's writing style may pay homage to the late great P.G. Wodehouse

in its verbal effluence, his chosen main character, Ted, or Tedward as one character calls him, is a far, far cry from the irreproachable and virtually infallible "gentleman's personal gentleman" that was Jeeves. He is a grumpy, flatulent ex-poet who has become disillusioned with . . . well, just about everything really. One is left wondering how much Mr. Fry shares this man's opinions for they are at once outrageously cynical, overtly snobbish and-at least in the case of his diagnosis of male sexuality-devastatingly accurate. Such questions are of course ultimately futile and meaningless but one can't help wondering. To be honest, however, few of us couldn't find at least a little of ourselves in this crotchety old fart. And I suppose that's what makes him ultimately so endearing. In short, this is a dirty, smutty book chock full of outrageous social faux pas, cynicism, sacrilege, irreverence, vulgarity and crudeness . . . and I enjoyed it very much. It's extremely well written, extremely frank in its discussion of human sexuality and the evils of opulent interior design, and above all extremely British. So, if you're after the genteel machinations of the upper class twits of yesteryear, stick with the source and pull out that trusty old copy of Jeeves and Wooster. If, on the other hand, you're after a healthy dose of modern English outrageousness, this would be a good bet. Pour yourself a glass of whisky and get ready to read the juicy bits to whoever's close by, because you'll be hearing a lot of, "What? What was it this time?" from them. Oh, yes, it's also good for the complexion. I read it on my last visit to the seaside and couldn't stop reading long enough to get into my swimwear. The sun never touched my pearly white skin. Saved a bundle on sunscreen, too.

4 von 4 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Dazzling, Rich and Rewarding

Von oh\_pete THE HIPPOPOTAMUS is the second and best of Stephen Fry's three novels. If you have read and enjoyed THE LIAR or MAKING HISTORY you will adore this book. If you enjoyed THE LIAR but were frustrated by its poorly contrived ending you just may want to make love to THE HIPPOPOTAMUS. Fry's wit is razor sharp yet hearty, his humor will slap you in the face and then give you a hug. It is rare these days to stop reading just because you have to laugh so hard, then sit quietly for a moment pondering the art, craft or trick of genius that made you laugh so hard before laughing again. Fry is an artist, a craftsman, and a supremely clever rhetorician with quite a few tricks up his sleeve. Fry's protagonist here is much the different fellow from the twentyish Adrian Healey of THE LIAR. Ted Wallace is sixty-six years old, "an unregenerate snob," and a once notable and occasionally anthologized minor poet, whose physical form in motion "resembles in sight and sound nothing so much as a bin-liner full of yoghurt." His mental form has not been all it's cracked up to be either, the story opens with his dismissal with cause from his theatre reviewing job: he was shouting out his criticisms while the performance was still in progress. Just when it looks like malt whiskey-induced cirrhosis can't be far down the road, his long-lost goddaughter offers him a chance at redemption. A chance he'd never take were it not for the hefty check she gives him to perform the task from which the rest of the book derives its suspense--visiting the summer house of his other godchild, younger son of an incredibly rich and powerful former British army reserve buddy, and reporting back on the mystical goings on there. And what twisted fun we have accompanying him on this summer in the high country! As a story, THE HIPPOPOTAMUS demonstrates a handsome integration of the accidental and the intentional. It is happily free from contrivance, and is made all the more hilarious and alive by its being written, for the most part, in letter form. Fry also finds a few well-placed moments to proclaim his own theory of art: "It is the only thing that not only cannot be disproved, but can actually and tangibly and incontrovertibly proved." Damn the psychotherapists, priests and druids all to Vienna, Hell, and Avalon--give a man Shakespeare and he will be saved! Fry's style is richly allusive and admirably erudite. It also savagely satirizes its own pretentiousness. Fry has it both ways and knows it--not a bad trick. THE HIPPOPOTAMUS is both bestial fun and glorious art. If you can handle both, this book is simply not to be missed.

2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Shocking, daring and absolutely hilarious

Von Ein Kunde Reading this excellent novel while on a train I was more than once scolded by a fellow passenger for laughing out loud too often! Apparently my 'laugh count' was at least 3 laughs per minute. Now considering that I very seldom laugh out loud while reading I think this proves what an exceptionally funny book Fry's "Hippopotamus" must be. Indeed, at no point in the book was I bored. Fry successfully managed to keep even the long necessary narrative passages, in which nothing of relevance happens, interesting by using cynical remarks, sparky anecdotes and constant change of perspective. Although the protagonist is seemingly "an old, sour, womanising, cantankerous, whiskey-sodden beast of a failed poet and drama critic" (taken from the back cover) he immediately becomes sympathetic to the reader because of his outrageous honesty (he was fired from his post as a drama critic for shouting out what he thought of the play he was watching). He uncovers the hypocrisy of the others staying at Swafford Hall, who are all only there to find out more about David Logan, a 15-year-old rumoured to possess incredible healing powers. During his stay at the Logan's country house, Ted Wallace witnesses the remarkable recovery of a horse, whom (as the reader finds out) the mystical adolescent had had sexual contact with the night before (a scene, which even managed to shock me - and that is quite hard). But undeterred by this apparently supernatural experience, Ted, being the down-to-earth atheist that he is, refuses to believe what he sees. "The Hippopotamus" is incredibly entertaining and must be recommended to the open-minded. Yet I must warn the more conservative of you that this book could make you want to exorcise Fry and burn him publicly!

Kurzbeschreibung Ted Wallace is an old, sour, womanising, cantankerous, whisky-sodden beast of a failed poet and drama critic, but he has his faults too. Fired from his newspaper, months behind on his alimony payments and disgusted with a world that undervalues him, Ted seeks a few months repose and free drink at Swafford Hall, the country mansion of his old friend Lord Logan. But strange things have been going on at Swafford. Miracles. Healings. Phenomena beyond the comprehension of a mud-caked hippopotamus like Ted. With this funny and deliciously readable novel, Stephen Fry takes his place as one of the most talented comic novelists of his generation. Pressestimmen "My goodness what fruity language Fry uses! You can feel his enjoyment, and also the huge force of his desire to please you, as you read this." -- William Leith, Mail on Sunday "One of the funniest people writing on either side of the Atlantic...like a combination of Evelyn Waugh and Kingsley Amis but funnier than either." -- Publishers Weekly Werbetext THE HIPPOPOTAMUS will be the biggest splash of the spring publishing season.