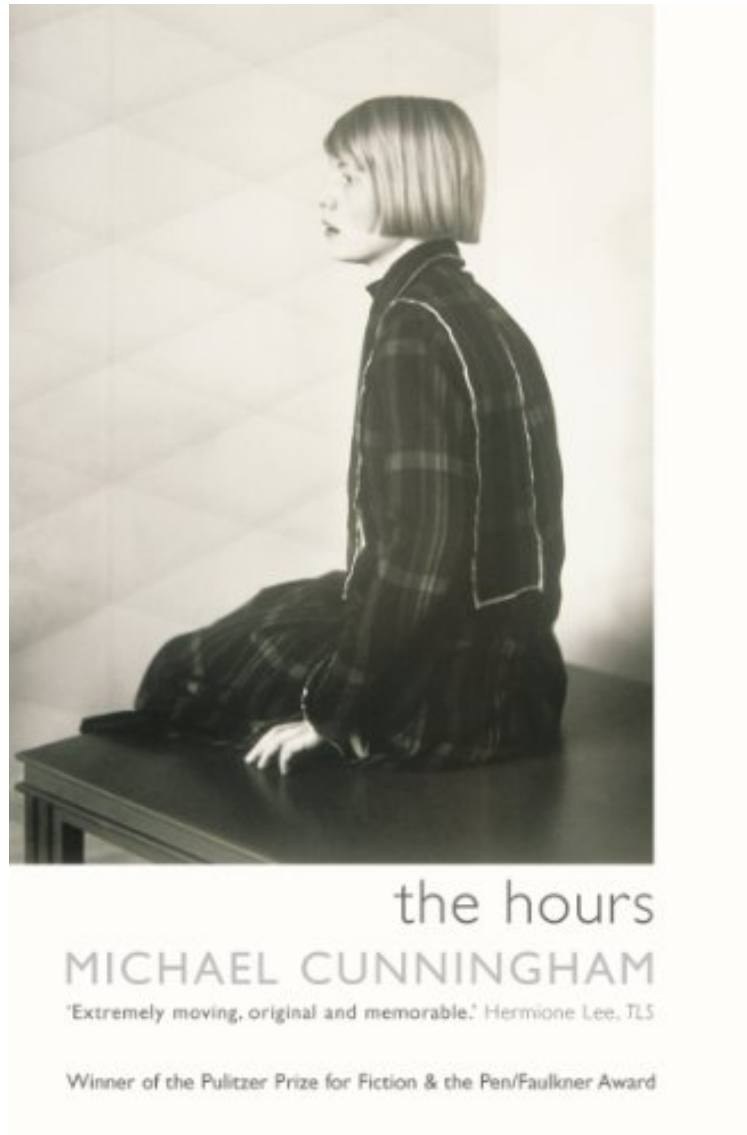


(Free download) The Hours

The Hours

Von Michael Cunningham

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Von Michael Cunningham : The Hours before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Hours:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Fantastisch geschriebenes, groartig komponiertes BuchVon Julia K. SteinDiese Buch ist einfach groartig, so meisterhaft geschrieben und so perfekt durchkomponiert. ber die sich ineinander webende Handlung ist schon viel geschrieben worden, aber das ganze in einer traumartigen Prosa, die so sinnlich ist und schn, wie es meiner Meinung

nach erstaunlicherweise auch der Film schafft zu transportieren. Ein tolles Buch, ich wei nicht wie die bersetzung ist, auf Englisch ist es ein Meisterwerk.³ von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The most brilliant book I've read this year Von Ein Kunde Michael Cunningham has produced a genuine masterpiece, a brilliant work of art truly deserving of the Pulitzer Prize Award. It is to my mind the most outstanding novel I have read this year. Nobody who loves serious fiction or literature should miss it. It is THAT good. I can only surmise that Cunningham is a follower of Virginia Woolf. He is so imbued with her spirit that his prose reads almost like hers. His uncanny grasp of her "stream of consciousness" style lends a special resonance to the exploration of the "interior lives" of three women from different times who share a common predicament, that of a disconcerting dislocation from their external existence. There's Virginia Woolf, the author of "Mrs Dalloway" and central inspiration for the novel ; Laura Brown from a later age who reads "Mrs Dalloway" to escape the crushing nihilism of her domesticity and unconvincing contentment ; and Clarissa Vaughn, the modern day reincarnation of Woolf's celebrated heroine. While "The Hours" is a tour-de-force in its own right, my own enjoyment of it was so greatly enhanced by my familiarity with its source that I can only recommend fellow readers to first read the Woolf classic for inspiration before taking the plunge. The recurring theme of suicide, madness and sexual ambiguity as they are explored in the novel take on a special meaning armed with that understanding. There are two images which haunt the novel like a great spirit towering over the action - that from the opening sequence of Virginia calmly filling her pocket with a stone as she prepares to drown herself in the river and the closing sequence, where Laura is revealed to be the old woman from the contemporary story who looks out from the window opposite and witnesses a suicide. The use of the latter as a technical device to draw the threads together for the close is a pure stroke of genius and a masterful sleight of hand ! This is a brilliant, brilliant piece of work that deserves the widest readership possible. I would have given it a SIX STAR rating had it been possible.⁰ von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Take time to stop and read the sentences... Von Renee H. This book was engrossing because of the author's use of language. He describes three situations simultaneously from three distinct time periods, and manages to eloquently capture the different emotions stirring in each character. Despite the author's use of language, I felt that three stars was appropriate for this book because of the overall lack of plot and character development.

Kurzbeschreibung Winner of the 1999 Pulitzer Prize and Pen Faulkner prize. Made into an Oscar-winning film, The Hours is a daring and deeply affecting novel inspired by the life and work of Virginia Woolf. Exiled in Richmond in the 1920s, taken from her beloved Bloomsbury and watched by her husband Leonard, Virginia Woolf struggles to tame her rebellious mind and make a start on her new novel. In the brooding heat of 1940s Los Angeles, a young wife and mother yearns to escape the claustrophobia of suburban domesticity and read her precious copy of Mrs Dalloway. And in New York in the 1990s, Clarissa Vaughan steps out of her smart Greenwich Village apartment and goes shopping for flowers for the party she is giving in honour of her life-long friend Richard, an award-winning poet whose mind and body are being ravaged by AIDS. Michael Cunnighams exquisite and deeply moving novel is a meditation on artistic behaviour, failure, love and madness. Moving effortlessly across the decades and between England and America, Cunnighams elegant, haunting prose explores the pain and trauma of creativity and the immutable relationship between writer and reader..de The Hours is both a homage to Virginia Woolf and very much its own creature. Even as Michael Cunningham brings his literary idol back to life, he intertwines her story with those of two more contemporary women. One grey suburban London morning in 1923, Woolf awakens from a dream that will soon lead to Mrs. Dalloway. In the present, on a beautiful June day in Greenwich Village, 52-year-old Clarissa Vaughan is planning a party for her oldest love, a poet dying of an AIDS-related illness. And in Los Angeles in 1949, Laura Brown, pregnant and unsettled, does her best to prepare for her husband's birthday, but can't seem to stop reading Woolf. These women's lives are linked both by the 1925 novel and by the few precious moments of possibility each keeps returning to. Clarissa is to eventually realise: There's just this for consolation: an hour here or there when our lives seem, against all odds and expectations, to burst open and give us everything we've ever imagined ... Still, we cherish the city, the morning; we hope, more than anything, for more. As Cunningham moves between the three women, his transitions are seamless. One early chapter ends with Woolf picking up her pen and composing her first sentence: "Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself." The next begins with Laura rejoicing over that line and the fictional universe she is about to enter. Clarissa's day, on the other hand, is a mirror of Mrs. Dalloway's--with, however, an appropriate degree of modern bevelling as Cunningham updates and elaborates his source of inspiration. Clarissa knows that her desire to give her friend the perfect party may seem trivial to many. Yet it seems better to her than shutting down in the face of disaster and despair. Like its literary inspiration, The Hours is a hymn to consciousness and the beauties and losses it perceives. It is also a reminder that, as Cunningham again and again makes us realise, art belongs to far more than just "the world of objects." --Kerry Fried.co.uk The Hours is both a homage to Virginia Woolf and very much its own creature. Even as Michael Cunningham brings his literary idol back to life, he intertwines her story with those of two more contemporary women. One grey suburban London morning in

1923, Woolf awakens from a dream that will soon lead to Mrs. Dalloway. In the present, on a beautiful June day in Greenwich Village, 52-year-old Clarissa Vaughan is planning a party for her oldest love, a poet dying of an AIDS-related illness. And in Los Angeles in 1949, Laura Brown, pregnant and unsettled, does her best to prepare for her husband's birthday, but can't seem to stop reading Woolf. These women's lives are linked both by the 1925 novel and by the few precious moments of possibility each keeps returning to. Clarissa is to eventually realise: There's just this for consolation: an hour here or there when our lives seem, against all odds and expectations, to burst open and give us everything we've ever imagined ... Still, we cherish the city, the morning; we hope, more than anything, for more. As Cunningham moves between the three women, his transitions are seamless. One early chapter ends with Woolf picking up her pen and composing her first sentence: "Mrs. Dalloway said she would buy the flowers herself." The next begins with Laura rejoicing over that line and the fictional universe she is about to enter. Clarissa's day, on the other hand, is a mirror of Mrs. Dalloway's--with, however, an appropriate degree of modern bevelling as Cunningham updates and elaborates his source of inspiration. Clarissa knows that her desire to give her friend the perfect party may seem trivial to many. Yet it seems better to her than shutting down in the face of disaster and despair. Like its literary inspiration, *The Hours* is a hymn to consciousness and the beauties and losses it perceives. It is also a reminder that, as Cunningham again and again makes us realise, art belongs to far more than just "the world of objects." --Kerry Fried