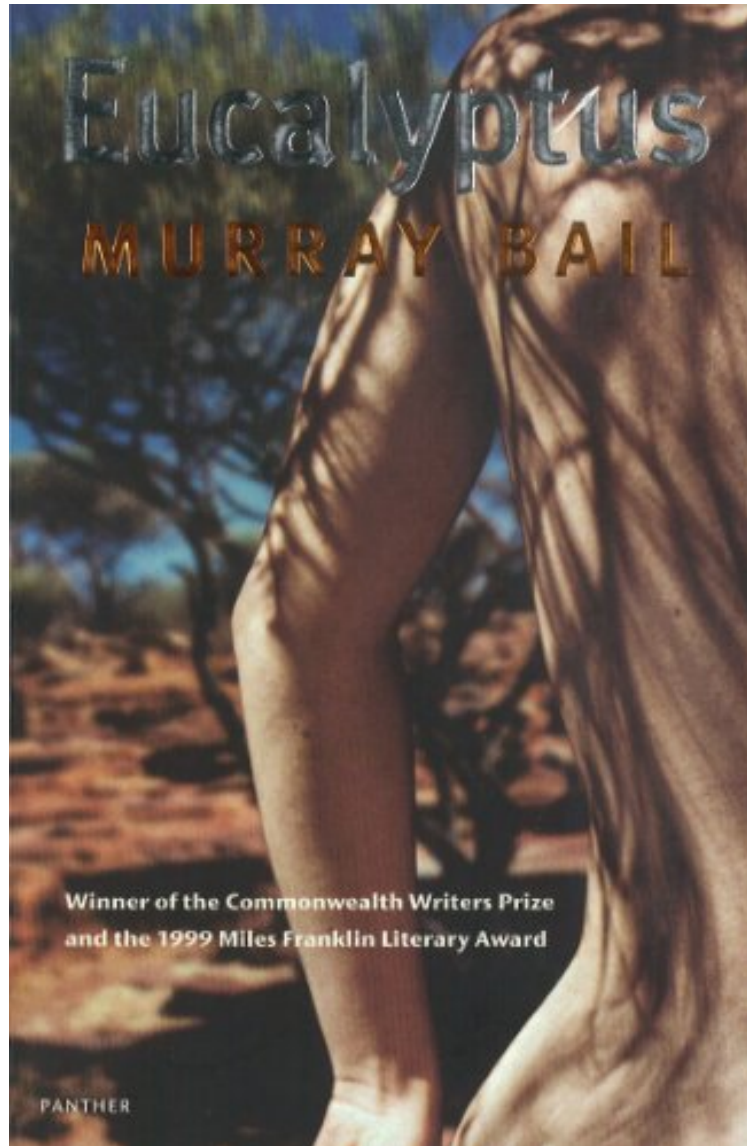


(Download free ebook) Eucalyptus (Panther)

Eucalyptus (Panther)

Von Murray Bail

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Von Murray Bail : Eucalyptus (Panther) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Eucalyptus (Panther):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. magical but unfocusedVon Ein KundeThe book certainly had a magical quality about it, with the isolated setting of a private ranch, all the eucalyptus trees, the stories told by the mysterious stranger. I actually enjoyed all the botanical information about eucalyptus trees, as I have never considered them before.However, I didn't fully understand where

the story went. The father seemed a likeable enough character, but why did he impose such an impossible task to secure the marriage of his daughter-it seemed a draconian measure for someone who obviously loved her and would have wanted to see her happy. I wasn't sure what kind of person the daughter was and didn't have much personal feeling for her. I'm not sure how sympathetic I felt towards her- could she not have done more to avoid the fate imposed upon her by her father?All in all, I enjoyed some of the fantasy-like qualities of the book, but felt it was unfocused in the message it was trying to put across.1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Rather philosophical than botanical!Von Frank Di MarcoOf course, Eucalyptus has nothing to do with anything botanical. Bail explores the different approaches to epistemology. Underneath the fairy tale surface we find in the subtext the discussion about how to represent reality - empirically or via narration. The complex texture does in no way disturb a pleasant read - a great achievement indeed. So Bail ist at his best in Eucalyptus and is an outstanding representative of innovative literature, not only in an Australian context.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A tough read - disappointing and obscureVon Ein KundeHailed as a masterpiece of original fictional writing by literary critics worldwide, I began reading Murray Bail's "Eucalyptus" - 1999 winner of the Miles Franklin Award and the Commonwealth Writers Prize - with high expectations but regret to say that it was a major let down for me. The story of a father offering the hand of his daughter in marriage to the man able to correctly name all the eucalyptus trees in his orchard, has the makings of a fascinating premise for a fable. Bail's intimate knowledge of the Australian outbacks and well researched command of his subject is certainly impressive but to the non-native reader seems only overindulgent. Compounding the difficulty for me was the obscurity of his language and his vision. His sentences don't flow. Neither does his thought process, which makes reading the novel a jerky and uneven experience. His characters (Ellen and her father, Holland) are curiously underwritten. We don't understand what goes on in their minds and cannot empathise or like them. The fable remains ultimately an enigma. Even the wooing of Ellen by the unnamed lover with a stream of fantastic but unconnected stories as they encircle and cavort with each other from tree to tree became hard work and tedious for me. A fellow online reviewer helpfully explained that these stories all hinted at unfulfilled love but I can't say they made that connection when they tumbled into my consciousness. I realise the reviews of "Eucalyptus" from both critics and public alike have been wildly ecstatic. I only wish I felt the same but I don't. I found it a less than pleasurable read - disappointing and obscure. Sorry.

KurzbeschreibungOn a property in New South Wales, a man named Holland lives with his daughter Ellen. As years pass and Ellen grows into a beautiful young woman, her father announces his decision: she will marry the first man who can name all the species of the eucalypt, down to the last tree..de"The idea that Holland's daughter was like the princess locked in the tower of a damp castle was of course false. After all, she was living on a property in western New South Wales." Once upon a time, on a property in western New South Wales, a man named Holland plants hundreds of varieties of eucalyptus trees, then decrees that only the suitor who can name each and every one of them will be worthy to marry his beautiful daughter, Ellen. Men try and fail: there is the gentle schoolteacher who "had correctly named eighty-seven eucalypts and was doing it well when he went blank at the fatly handsome Jarrah up against the fence behind the house"; and the New Zealander who "came up against, and was defeated by, one of the many Stringybarks..." Old men, young men, commercial travelers, sheep-shearers--even a "smiling Chinaman ... all the way from Darwin." Not one is successful. Then, one day, along comes Mr. Roy Cave, a man renowned in the eucalyptus world, someone who "employed with lip-smacking relish the terms 'petiole,' 'inflorescences,' 'falacte' and 'lanceolate,' and he was also comfortable with 'sessile', 'fusiform' and 'concolorous.'" Even in so wonderfully fractured a fairy tale as Murray Bail's Eucalyptus, it's obvious that Roy Cave is hardly the stuff romantic dreams are made of. Indeed, despite her father's warning to "beware of any man who deliberately tells a story," Ellen's Prince Charming turns out to be a mysterious young stranger who finds her wandering among her father's trees and spins her tale after tale, each one tied to a different kind of eucalypt. As the weeks go by, Mr. Cave continues to successfully identify every tree on the property, thus drawing ever closer to his prize. Meanwhile, Ellen's other suitor captures first her imagination and then her heart with stories of apprentice hairdressers who fall in love with plain-Jane heiresses; solicitors' daughters involved with married men; and lonely canary breeders who almost find happiness with spinster piano teachers. What all of these off-kilter stories have in common is a theme of missed opportunities, and lovers who realize too late that they were made for each other. Will Ellen, too, end up like one of these the sad-hearted heroines, or will her would-be lover find a way to thwart Mr. Cave's relentless victory march through the Eucalypts to claim her hand? There is so much to love about Bail's novel that it's difficult to identify exactly which of its qualities make it such a complete delight. Is it Ellen's "speckled beauty ... so covered in small brown-black moles she attracted men, every sort of man"? Is it the detailed descriptions of the landscape? The way Bail uses them to comment on human nature, on the nature of storytelling and of language itself ("a paragraph is not so different from a paddock--similar shape, similar function")? Or is it the wacky charm of the Scheherazade-like suitor's urban tales? ("Still in the vicinity of low-height eucalypts he went on to mention, in a thoughtful voice, how in an outer suburb of Hobart an actuary

with a well-known insurance company needed a stepladder to woo a widow who passed by his house every day.") Whatever the source of Bail's peculiar magic, *Eucalyptus* casts a spell that will carry readers from first page to last and leave them wishing for a thousand and one more stories just like it. --Alix Wilber.com

"The idea that Holland's daughter was like the princess locked in the tower of a damp castle was of course false. After all, she was living on a property in western New South Wales." Once upon a time, on a property in western New South Wales, a man named Holland plants hundreds of varieties of eucalyptus trees, then decrees that only the suitor who can name each and every one of them will be worthy to marry his beautiful daughter, Ellen. Men try and fail: there is the gentle schoolteacher who "had correctly named eighty-seven eucalypts and was doing it well when he went blank at the fatly handsome Jarrah up against the fence behind the house"; and the New Zealander who "came up against, and was defeated by, one of the many Stringybarks..." Old men, young men, commercial travelers, sheep-shearers--even a "smiling Chinaman ... all the way from Darwin." Not one is successful. Then, one day, along comes Mr. Roy Cave, a man renowned in the eucalyptus world, someone who "employed with lip-smacking relish the terms 'petiole,' 'inflorescences,' 'falacte' and 'lanceolate,' and he was also comfortable with 'sessile,' 'fusiform' and 'concolorous.'" Even in so wonderfully fractured a fairy tale as Murray Bail's *Eucalyptus*, it's obvious that Roy Cave is hardly the stuff romantic dreams are made of. Indeed, despite her father's warning to "beware of any man who deliberately tells a story," Ellen's Prince Charming turns out to be a mysterious young stranger who finds her wandering among her father's trees and spins her tale after tale, each one tied to a different kind of eucalypt. As the weeks go by, Mr. Cave continues to successfully identify every tree on the property, thus drawing ever closer to his prize. Meanwhile, Ellen's other suitor captures first her imagination and then her heart with stories of apprentice hairdressers who fall in love with plain-Jane heiresses; solicitors' daughters involved with married men; and lonely canary breeders who almost find happiness with spinster piano teachers. What all of these off-kilter stories have in common is a theme of missed opportunities, and lovers who realize too late that they were made for each other. Will Ellen, too, end up like one of these the sad-hearted heroines, or will her would-be lover find a way to thwart Mr. Cave's relentless victory march through the Eucalypts to claim her hand? There is so much to love about Bail's novel that it's difficult to identify exactly which of its qualities make it such a complete delight. Is it Ellen's "speckled beauty ... so covered in small brown-black moles she attracted men, every sort of man"? Is it the detailed descriptions of the landscape? The way Bail uses them to comment on human nature, on the nature of storytelling and of language itself ("a paragraph is not so different from a paddock--similar shape, similar function")? Or is it the wacky charm of the Scheherazade-like suitor's urban tales? ("Still in the vicinity of low-height eucalypts he went on to mention, in a thoughtful voice, how in an outer suburb of Hobart an actuary with a well-known insurance company needed a stepladder to woo a widow who passed by his house every day.") Whatever the source of Bail's peculiar magic, *Eucalyptus* casts a spell that will carry readers from first page to last and leave them wishing for a thousand and one more stories just like it. --Alix Wilber