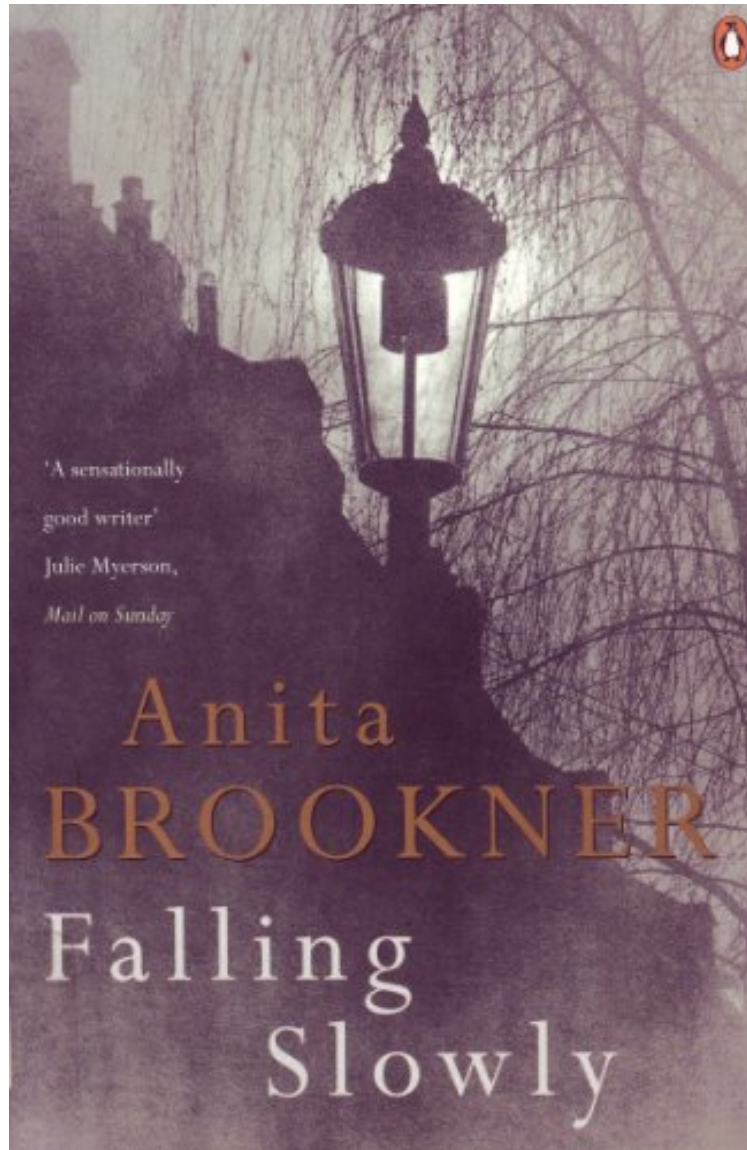


[Mobile ebook] Falling Slowly

## Falling Slowly

Von Anita Brookner

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**Von Anita Brookner : Falling Slowly** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Falling Slowly:

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Beautifully written and extremely depressing Von Jo Manning I once bumped into Anita Brookner at a museum exhibition in London. She looked fiercely intelligent, exactly like her photograph in Falling Slowly, and she gave me the odd impression that there was a zone surrounding her, a wall, if you will, of privacy. I instinctively stepped back to

give her that space. Was this my imagination, this wall? Or had I read too many Anita Brookner novels and identified her too closely with her protagonists? I don't know. But I have read a number of Brookner novels, and, while enjoying her fine, nuanced writing, I have always wanted to get out and interact with others after I have finished one of her books. Her characters are so isolated, so lonely, so trapped in worlds of their own making, never seeming to get anywhere, going round and round in circles of carefully-controlled routine. Dismaying, and ultimately depressing. In this book, two sisters, Beatrice and Miriam Sharpe, who grew up in a cold home, with parents who were unhappily married, go through the motions of living. Beatrice is a concert pianist manque who ended up in a dead-end job as an accompanist. Miriam translates French novels into English (or vice-versa---it's not clear), a solitary occupation that she conducts at home and at the London Library. Beatrice, a romantic, never gets the romance in real-life that she finds in romance novels. Miriam's 5-year marriage to a scientist ends when he leaves for Canada with his lab assistant. Miriam could care less. She moves in with her sister, and then back out, but they wind up together at the end, not particularly happy in each other's company, but not particularly happy in anyone else's company, either. Even Miriam's affair with Simon, a too-handsome married man, a classic womanizer, is not very much fun. Is there sexual fulfillment? Brookner barely goes into that. Another man, Tom Rivers (a play on the Rivers character in Jane Eyre), might be just what Miriam needs after Simon dumps her, but he is abruptly removed from the scene. Several reviews indicate that the book ends on a positive note. That needs qualification---what's positive for a character in a Brookner novel doesn't pass for positive in many other places. Yes, Miriam, after Beatrice's death, seems to be interacting a bit more with other people, but not so that anyone with a richer social and emotional life would recognize. While I respect Brookner's writing skill, I would recommend *Falling Slowly* only to die-hard fans. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A beautiful but grim novel Von Ein Kunde "*Falling Slowly*" is Anita Brookner's 18th novel in as many years, and one has to wonder: How many ways are there to say that a human's lot is a lonely, desultory one? This is the story of two middle-aged sisters, Beatrice, a stately romantic, and the younger Miriam, a hard realist. Even lovers and marriage offer the sisters no relief from loneliness and their state of being "mysteriously isolated from the world." It is tempting to compare Brookner to Barbara Pym, for they both write about women in that same segment of London society-- intelligent women of "comfortable" circumstances, always assessing how "suitable" everything is and turning to cups of tea in moments of crisis. But while Pym's women seem old fashioned, they are really quite game as they look to catch the vicar's eye at a church "jumble sale." Brookner's women-- and men-- although more modern, are more thoroughly introverted and repressed. When happiness dangles before them they invariably find an excuse to return to their self-imposed solitude. Oddly, however grim Brookner's outlook, one continues to read her novels for their beautiful, precise prose, and for her quiet snatches of humor. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Another moving Brookner experience! Von Ein Kunde I should confess at the outset that I harbor the same unbounding love for Anita Brookner's writing that I do for the acting of Anthony Hopkins -- that is, I would be awestruck to see Hopkins on stage merely scratching his head or filing his nails, and I would probably wait on line to see a cheque written by Brookner! My bias notwithstanding, this has become my new favorite Brookner novel, as Miriam is the Brookner heroine with whom I have identified most strongly. She is definitely 'typical' of the somewhat repressed, guarded and alienated upper/middle class women whom Brookner has crafted, but at the same time, Miriam has a spark and feistiness that went far to balance out some VERY sensitive moments vis-a-vis her more delicate sister Beatrice -- think Anna from "Fraud" with a stronger backbone! I expect all Brookner fans will share an enthusiastic reaction to this book, and I believe that it's more contemporary vibe and heroine will attract new readers to the Brookner fold!

Kurzbeschreibung'She hoped one day to find the image she unconsciously sought, without knowing why she sought it, something to lift the spirits, to transport her on an imaginary journey, to give a hint of the transcendence which was so blatantly lacking in her everyday life of words and paper.' Beatrice and Miriam are sisters, sharing little except a traditional childhood that has left them burdened with unhappy memories. Beatrice is a pianist, a romantic, who believes in love, while Miriam, who married the rather colourless Jonathan Eldon for pragmatic reasons, companionship, status, is not beyond disillusionment. Following her divorce, she returns to Beatrice, who is beginning to appear fragile. While they share a home and a few acquaintances, neither confides to the other what is in their hearts. For the beautiful Beatrice, now prepared to settle for friendship and closeness rather than passion, there is Max and the hope of the carving a contented future with him. For Miriam there is love and esteem - and, finally, certainty..deAnita Brookner has no illusions about desire--or illusion--yet she is well aware of their unrelenting power. In her 18th novel, *Falling Slowly*, two sisters lead lives of quiet but no less painful panic. Beatrice Sharpe, a classical accompanist who is at the end of her career and health, has long dreamed of the protection of men. Alas, what her older sister, Miriam, thinks of as a "disastrous innocence" seems to have imprisoned and defeated her. Miriam, on the other hand, who is in her late 40s and divorced, prides herself on her strategies for getting through the long London days. Her work as a translator, though not ultimately fulfilling, keeps her occupied and marginally undefeated. Both

had been taught by their parents to expect little and complain less, yet they are surrounded by a world of interconnection and privilege that is ever out of reach. The narrative offers Miriam first the possibility of passion (illicit and guilt-making) and then a chance for commitment. Since we are in Brooknerland, you can guess how this will turn out. Beatrice is considerably less fortunate. At one point, the two discuss a Colette tale. The more knowing Miriam decides that the author comes out of it better than her characters, because she's the onlooker. Beatrice, surprisingly, has the last word: "There must be some consolation for being an onlooker," she realizes. "The role is not always an enviable one." Out of such seemingly minor moments, Brookner creates a tragedy, her exquisite, controlled sentences sculpting broken lives in which control itself is the culprit. --Kerry Fried Pressestimmen How can anything be so funny and so sad both at once? Every sentence is an object lesson in compression and wit. (Tessa Hadley, Guardian Summer Reads, 2015) She is one of the handful of living writers who can turn a sentence so graceful that to read it is a lascivious pleasure (Sunday Times) A sensationally good writer (Julie Myerson Mail on Sunday)