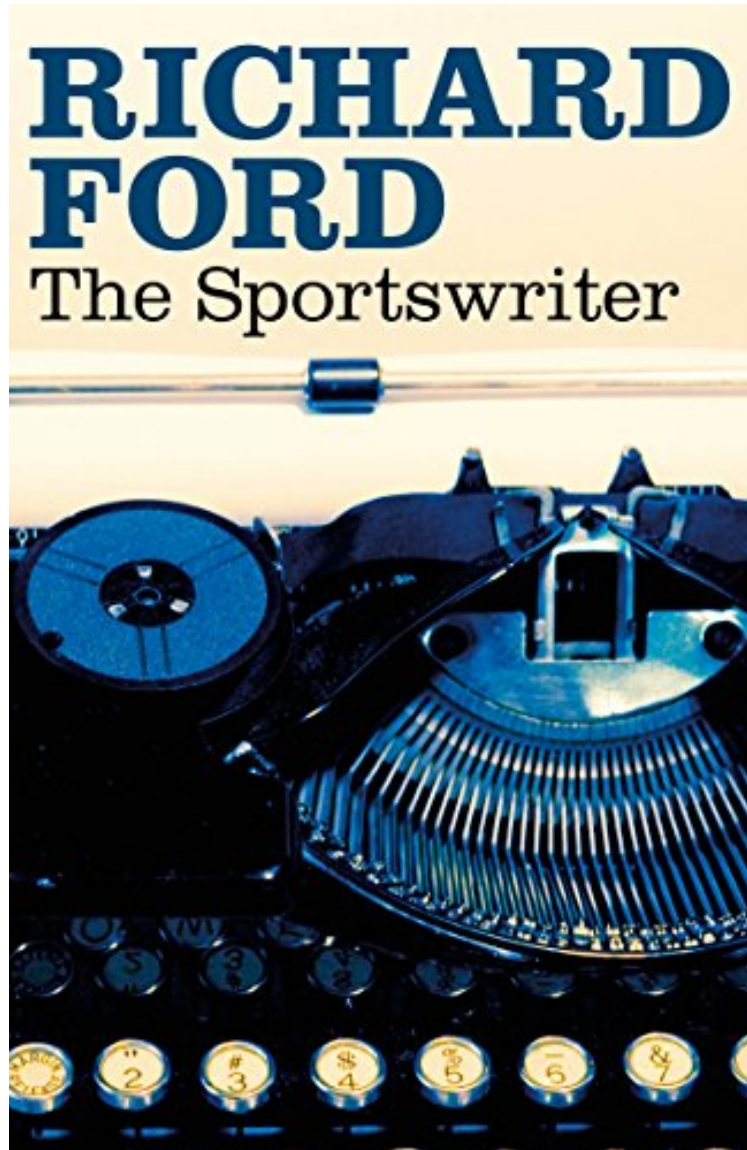


## The Sportswriter

Von Richard Ford

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**Von Richard Ford : The Sportswriter** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Sportswriter:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.  
WortreichVon HansBlogFord schreibt mit vielen kleinen und groen Rckblenden. Die Haupthandlung schleppt sich lange dahin, gert fter aus dem Blick, und erst im letzten Fnftel kommt berraschend Zug in die Geschichte. Der Ich-Erzähler betont immer wieder seine Vorliebe fr blutarme Gegenden er wohnt bewusst im sterilen New Jersey, zuletzt

im flachen Florida, und schildert sich selbst als sehr uninteressant. Zeitweise schreibt Ford (\*1942) Gedankenströme nieder, dann folgen sehr präzise, beklemmende, oft leicht peinliche, unerwünschte Gespräche vor allem unter Männern. Der Ich-Erzähler betont ja selbst (S. 73 meiner engl. Bloomsbury-TB-Ausgabe): I do not think it's a good idea to want to know what people are thinking. Obwohl Ich-Erzähler Frank Bascombe genau das tut: Er bringt über längere Strecken auch Gedanken und Assoziationen. Der Ich-Erzähler sagt auch wörtlich zu einem querulend seelenentblenden Gegenüber (S. 184, hier kursiviert wie im Roman): I don't want to hear anything that'll embarrass me, Walter. Not in \*any\* way. Genau an solchen unerwünschten Begegnungen und Aussprachen scheint sich Richard Ford jedoch zu weiden, und er ist ein Meister dieser geschraubten Aussprachen. Während die Dialoge berzeugen und beklemmen, wirken manche Wortwechsel zugleich etwas geschäftstreibend, zu smart. Was mir noch auffällt, sind wiederholte Klischees über Südstaatler, Midwesterner und Afroamerikaner. Die Geschichte beginnt sofort weinerlich: Morgens um 5 auf dem Friedhof trauert Bascombe um seinen toten Sohn und um seine geschiedene Ex-Frau, die zu ihm stirbt. Tod und Scheidung ziehen sich dann etwas aufdringlich melodramatisch durch den Roman. Verblüffend, dass Ford kurz darauf Erzählungen und einen Roman vorlegte, die im Indischen Montana spielen und sich in Perspektive, Kulisse und Tonfall deutlich von der gesamten Bascombe-Reihe unterscheiden. Links, Kritiken und eine Übersicht zur gesamten Bascombe-Serie i.m. Blog. 2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. For those who want MORE than a story. Von Ein Kunde The beauty of Mr. Ford's writing lies in the richness of his prose. If you are looking for a book that will translate well to the screen, a book that will entertain you, keep you awake at night, and generally fill a few scattered hours, look elsewhere. Dean Koonz comes to mind. Good reading, good writing, but not great writing. Richard Ford is a great writer. Yes, he can take thousands of words to say what could be said in ten words, but you must read Ford for what he is feeling and thinking more than for what he is doing. Perhaps (this may not be fair) you have to have attained a certain age, acquired life experience beyond three decades, loved one or two too many times, been disappointed more often than not, had your dreams shattered once or twice (and lived to tell about it and create more), perhaps you need all this and more to sink your teeth into Ford's writing and truly appreciate how he can capture in a page what you have felt growing inside of you over many years. When Ford tells you he is on the verge of tears, somehow you know why and it matters. The events that led up to this epiphany are less important than the feelings and the thoughts and the turmoil that is inherent in being a thinking human. One measure of a good read is how long and in what manner it stays with you. Richard Ford captures deep feelings and puts them into words like no one I have ever read. I find myself thinking more about how close, how very close I am to being in touch with what I really feel after having read this book. How close. I list among my favorite writers John Irving, Charles Dickens, and Kurt Vonnegut. Page turners who make you laugh and think and cry. Ford is different. He must be read slowly, with care; ideally, he must be read twice. If you find the need to criticize this book, I think you should start by criticizing your own expectations as a reader. Reading can be an entertainment, but at BEST it is a probe - a deeper, more telling look inside of a character who could well be you or someone you think you know. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Bleak, bleak, all is bleak. And boring, too. Von Herman Cost Richard Ford is a classic example of a writer who writes for reviewers and award panels, not readers. His book is a self-conscious literary exercise featuring a whiny lead character who cannot find any significant meaning in his life, has no friends, and makes no commitments. But for some strange reason he does not simply commit suicide. Of course, it is easy (and likely to get you literary awards) to write about despair, confusion and nihilism. Literary critics like that kind of thing. For a book to be critically praised, it must feature ambiguity, irony, and a certain self-conscious narrowness of the imagination. Maybe it makes them feel somehow superior. Maybe it provides a temporary relief from the loathing they feel about themselves and their society, their inability to create anything of lasting merit. Richard Ford succeeds at writing this type of book. But he writes it in a derivative connect-the-dots style. It's been done many times in the past 50 years. And been done better than this. The far more difficult, and far less trendy, thing is write about how to get into the future, how to create values that will allow man to find meaning in his life and evolve into a higher form of being. But Richard Ford does not attempt this. The writing in *The Sportswriter* is technically adequate, but morally quite played out. Don't waste your time.

Kurzbeschreibung Frank Bascombe has a younger girlfriend and a job as a sportswriter. To many men of his age, thirty-eight, this would be a cause for optimism, yet Frank feels the pull of his inner despair and especially of his recent losses - his preferred career has ended, his wife has divorced him, and a tragic accident took his elder son. In the course of this Easter weekend, Frank will lose all the remnants of his familiar life, though he will emerge heroic with spirits soaring. This is a magnificent novel that propelled Richard Ford into the first rank of American writers. .de It's hard to imagine a book illuminating the texture of everyday life more brilliantly, or capturing the truth of human emotions more honestly, than Ford does in his account of an alienated scribe in the New Jersey suburbs. Frank Bascombe, Ford's protagonist, clings to his almost villainous despair in a way that Walker Percy's men don't, but the book is heavily influenced by Ford's fellow southerner nonetheless. Read this and you're ready for Ford's Pulitzer

Prize-winning sequel, *Independence Day*. It's hard to imagine a book illuminating the texture of everyday life more brilliantly, or capturing the truth of human emotions more honestly, than Ford does in his account of an alienated scribe in the New Jersey suburbs. Frank Bascombe, Ford's protagonist, clings to his almost villainous despair in a way that Walker Percy's men don't, but the book is heavily influenced by Ford's fellow southerner nonetheless. Read this and you're ready for Ford's Pulitzer Prize-winning sequel, *Independence Day*.