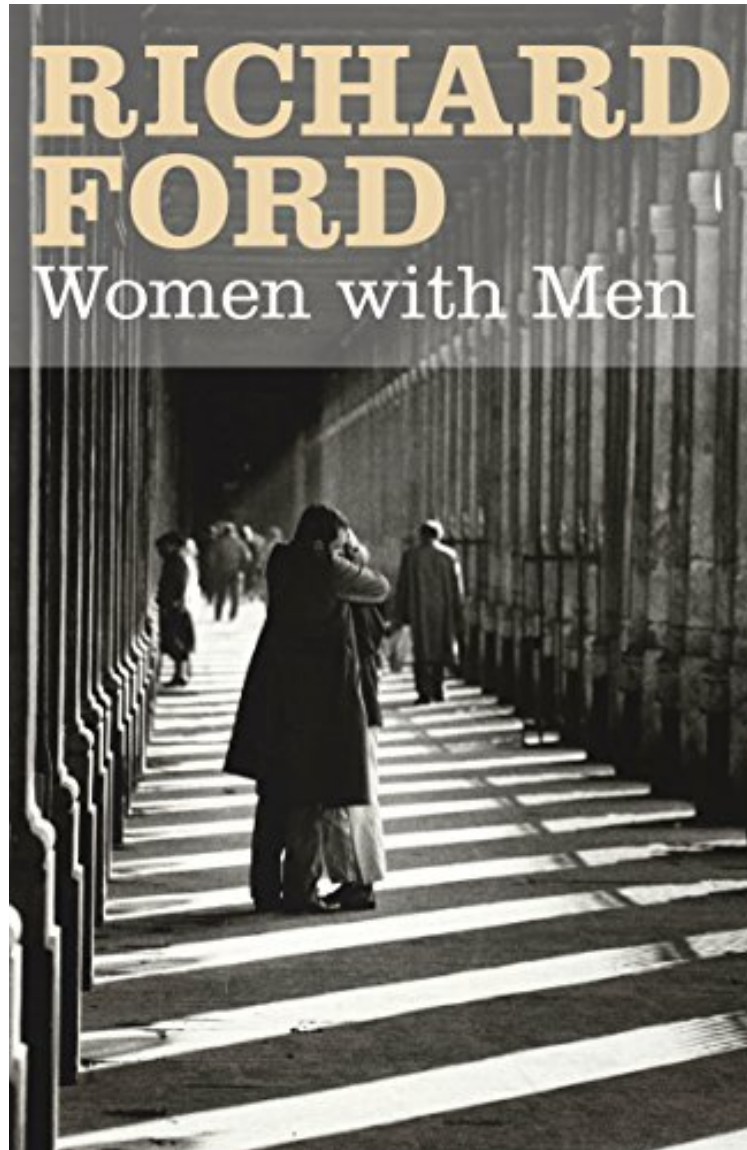


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Women With Men

Von Richard Ford

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Von Richard Ford : Women With Men before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Women With Men:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Teils apathischVon HansBlogRichard Ford bringt im englischen Band Women with Men drei lngere, nicht miteinander verbundene Erzhlungen oder Novellen. Auf Deutsch erschienen die Stcke als separate Bchlein: Der Frauenheld bzw. Der Womanizer, Eiferschtig und Abendlnder. Ich kenne nur den englischen Dreierpack und kann die deutschen

bersetzungen nicht beurteilen; die drei Geschichten zusammen belegen in meiner englischen Ausgabe 240 Seiten. Der Frauenheld handelt von einem verheirateten Amerikaner aus Chicago, der auf einer Geschäftsreise nach Paris seiner Frau fast, aber nicht wirklich untreu wird. Die Ehe zerbricht trotzdem kurz darauf. Ford schildert kleinste Gefühlsregungen, findet Bedeutung in minimalen Dialogschnipseln. Allerdings wirken sowohl der fast untreue Ehemann wie auch seine Fast-Seitensprung-Partnerin sehr apathisch und ohne viel Lebensgeist wie so einige Ford-Figuren außerhalb der Frank-Bascombe-Bücher. Zudem füllt der Ehemann, aus dessen Perspektive Ford erzählt, einige kaum nachvollziehbare, gravierende Entscheidungen Dummheiten, aus denen fast zwangsläufig Unheil entstehen muss, und das hält den Leser im Bann. Eifersüchtig spielt in der Wildwest-Einsamkeit Montanas mit Einzelgängerfiguren und anderen Wildwest-Momenten. Wieder leuchtet Ford zwischenmenschliche Beziehungen subtil aus, schildert Dialoge und Gesten analytisch. In anderen Ford-Büchern kehrt diese Montana-Provinzkulisse samt Tonfall und Jugendperspektive wieder vor allem im kurzen Roman Wildes Leben/Wildlife (1990) und im Kurzgeschichtenband Rock Springs (1988). Die Abendländer spielen wieder in Paris mit einigen Motiven, die man schon aus Frauenheld kennt. Ein wenig erfolgreicher Autor und Ex-Dozent denkt über alte und neue Flammen nach und wirkt wie alle Ford-Männer eher apathisch. Die Geschichte könnte Motive aus Fords eigenem Leben enthalten. Der englische Buchtitel *Women with Men* erinnert an den Buchtitel *Men without Women* verwendet von Hemingway und Murakami für Kurzgeschichtensammlungen. Links und Kritiken i.m.Bi. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Disappointing Von Ein Kunde Way before the Pulitzer, back in the work shirt and jeans days before Sportswriter, I developed a real hunger for every word being published by Richard Ford. It was a great satisfaction for me when significant recognition arrived for him. As a deep fan I seized *Women With Men* as soon as it came out. But I'm sad to say the book disappointed me. In the Paris stories, gloomy and forlorn are perfectly acceptable, but insufficient. A good dose of Paris would help, but Paris just isn't there the way Oaxaca was there in *The Ultimate Good Luck*, or the way New Jersey and New York State were there in *Sportswriter* and *Independence Day*. Except for some clichéd Left Bank geographical references, *Womanizer* and *Occidentals* could both be set in Binghamton, and would be better stories as real Binghamton than fake Paris. The Paris stories seem like a couple of false-start fragments of a novel which never got off the ground. Kind of strange that in each of them the narrator is surprised to note that Paris is in the North, and not the middle. *Jealous* is an old-fashioned Ford story which feels like a remnant of the material from which *Wildlife* was sculpted. Perhaps I'm blind or dense, but I can't figure out why *Jealous* is stuck in there between *Womanizer* and *Occidentals*. Of course if this were an absolutely random selection of three prime quality Ford stories, I probably wouldn't even wonder or care if they hung together as a collection. Is it too cynical to imagine that Knopf wanted a quick package to ride the Pulitzer tide, and scooped together *Women With Men* out of old stuff Ford had lying around? All of the above notwithstanding, I have no doubt that Richard Ford's very best writing is in the future, not the past. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Take Two Von David Antonelli I think this is one of Richard Ford's best along with *Wildlife*, *Rock Springs*, and *The Ultimate Good Luck*. The subject matter and setting are quite different from the Americana we've come to expect from him, yet the depth of insight is there in maybe even more intensity than in any other works. I rank the first story, *The Womanizer*, up there with more obvious and less subtle works by Camus concerning "the human condition" While some reviewers found the protagonist lacking direction and substance, I felt that this was precisely WHY this story was so good. Ford has managed to portray a character who is non-committal and self-deceptive to the point of ridiculousness. He is an onion skin of lies and apathy floating back and forth between Paris and the US under the illusion that he is having an affair with a woman that he really doesn't care about. There are so many great scenes in here from the one where he imagines himself in court with his wife to when he presents the little boy with a gift. Ford undermines him with irony from start to finish and presents us with incredible detail and insight a character who is fundamentally vague and doesn't even know himself let alone others. A classic of the short novel which should be ranked with the best of Peter Handke in this genre. There is a little of this protagonist in all of us. Well done.

Kurzbeschreibung The landscape of *Women with Men* ranges from the northern plains of Montana to the streets of Paris and the suburbs of Chicago. The tragedies that stalk the characters are unfolded with an indelible wit and clarity. So merciless is Ford's lingering gaze upon human, mostly male, weakness, so understanding his eye for the unravelling threads of human love, that this collection of novellas seems only to broaden the reputation and the following of one of the outstanding writers of our time. From Booklist Ford's novel, *Independence Day* (1995), won both the Pulitzer Prize and the PEN/Faulkner Award, and there is no question that he is a gifted storyteller, albeit a morose and relentlessly precise one. Here, in three powerful long stories, he explores precarious and complicated relationships between men and women. Each tale revolves around the fractured emotions aroused by the dissolution of a marriage: feelings of failure and the dizzying sense of spinning unsteadily and off course through life, like a wheel without an axle. In "The Womanizer," a man who believes he still loves his wife goes to Paris alone on a business trip and becomes obsessed with a Frenchwoman, an awkward and futile pursuit with a near-disastrous denouement. In "Jealousy," set in a bleak

little Montana town, a 17-year-old finds himself skewered on the sharp psyches of his unhappily separated parents and lonely aunt Doris (a wonderful character with a taste for schnapps, a pink Cadillac, and a red dress). Ford returns to Paris in "Occidentals," rendering the city intolerably gray and extremely dangerous to the mental health of its fuzzy-minded American visitors. All of Ford's magnetic characters seem permanently jet-lagged, woozy with displacement and disappointment, and their troubles escalate accordingly, with surreal and sickening inevitability. Donna Seaman

From Kirkus sA reader meeting Ford via these three pieces might wonder why laurels of the Pulitzer and PEN/Faulkner kind have befallen this (The Sportswriter, 1986; Independence Day, 1995) particular writer. He here offers two grinding tales of distasteful Americans in Paris and one clone-of-Hemingway story about a boyhood in Montana. In "The Womanizer," Martin Austin, married but childless, becomes interested in a Frenchwoman named Josephine when he's in Paris on business. The difficulty is--for Austin and for the reader--that he seems not to know what he wants either with her or from her, with the result that Ford offers page after page of clunky vacuity as if simply to put something between start and the end of the story ("He wasn't looking for a better life. He wasn't looking for anything. He loved his wife, and he hoped to present to Josephine Belliard a different human perspective from the ones she might be used to"). More revelatory in this unrelenting non-tale is what Ford says of Austin later--that "very little pleased him much at all." The main character in "Occidentals" is, if anything, even more dreary than Austin. Ex-academic Charley Matthews has written a novel about his divorce and is now quite joylessly in Paris--with mistress Helen--to meet his French publisher and translator. Trouble is, as he quickly discovers, both are out of town for a few days, so he'll have to wait. Helen--a lively ex-dancer who's suffering from cancer--tries to cheer him up; he grows only more hatefully dour, though, until she takes things--perhaps believably to some--into her own hands. "Jealousy" makes for a breath of fresh air with its Montana landscape and Hemingway-esque economies--as a boy, accompanied by his attractive young aunt, witnesses a saloon killing on a snowy night before catching a train to Seattle. Scraps and leavings, seemingly, caught between the labored and the imitated. (First printing of 75,000) -- Copyright 1997, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.