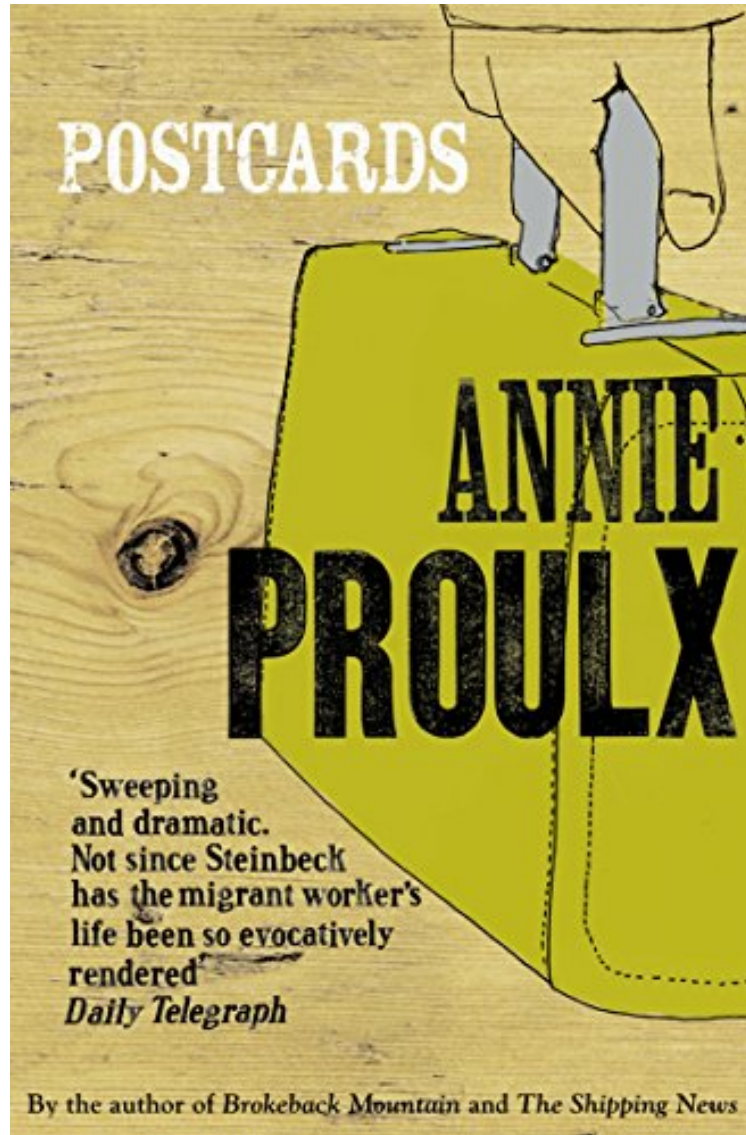


[PDF] Postcards

Postcards

Von Annie Proulx

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Von Annie Proulx : Postcards before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Postcards:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen6 von 6 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. You'll never forget the Blood family.Von Ein Kundelf the price of a book depended on the richness of the writing, and the complexity of the characters and plot, no library in the world would have been able to afford this book. I have also read *_The Shipping News_* by E. Annie Proulx, which won the 1994 Pulitzer Prize. This book won the Pen/Faulkner

Award. And no wonder. Both books are extraordinary, but I think I liked this one better. Here Proulx introduces us to the Blood family, a group of people who are so oddly timeless that they could just as well have lived prehistorically as during the latter part of this century. Their lives are grueling, nearly devoid of love and affection, and they doggedly accept this fate as if nothing else existed in the world. They move through their worlds, leaving no mark, and yet there is a fascination with them, as if they were the movers and shakers of the country. This is entirely due to some of the best writing that has ever been committed to paper. What is even more extraordinary is that this is Proulx's first novel. All I can say is, read this book--it'll knock your socks off. 2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The disintegration and alienation of the Bloods. Von Jerry Clyde Phillips After reading Annie Proulx's Pulitzer Prize winning *The Shipping News* a few years ago, I was convinced that I had come across a writer who demanded further reading. I picked up *Postcards*, her first novel, with a sense of excitement that I would encounter the same narrative quality, character development, and descriptive powers that pervaded her award winning novel. Unfortunately, this was not the case. *Postcards* is the story of the disintegration of a Vermont farm family, the Bloods, and is told through a series of vaguely interconnected postcards and narratives. The novel focuses on the eldest son, Loyal, who has to leave the farm after killing his lover and who spends the remainder of the novel in aimless drifting. The other members of the family strive to remain on their farm, but without the industrious Loyal to hold things together, their efforts are in vain. My main criticism of the novel is that it is too episodic. Because Proulx's background is with the short story, her first novel might be expected to display elements of this form -- but in moderation. *Postcards* never becomes a novel. It consists of related and unrelated episodes, too many characters that add little to the narrative, and a story line that seems contrived to find a neat conclusion to the Blood history. The Blood family, with the exception of the mother, is unsympathetic and uninteresting, and the reader loses interest in their plight. I understand that one of Proulx's themes is the isolation and alienation inherent in modern America, but she chooses the wrong character to demonstrate this theme. It is Jewell, the mother, and not Loyal who fully experiences this alienation. She undergoes a liberation of sorts, learning to drive and becoming independent, while watching as the family farm is turned into a trailer park. Unable to leave the farm, and alienated from all the changes that are taking place around her, Jewell takes up residence in one of the trailers that now desecrates her land. Proulx demonstrates her powerful descriptive powers throughout the book, especially in her description of a mine cave-in, a tumbleweed storm, and a ground blizzard, as well as in the John Dos Passos inspired "What I See" sections interspersed throughout the text. The reader cannot help but be moved; however, these descriptions -- no matter how powerful -- still remain nothing more than episodes and lend only little to the novel. 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. How can she write this well? Von Ein Kunde E. Annie Proulx hits the ground running in this strenuous first novel. From start to finish, she engages in many types of verbal athletics, all of them guaranteed to astonish, arrows which hit their marks, literary basketballs bouncing down courts, zooming through hoops. She tells the story of the dullest family imaginable with such virtuosity that she might be recording the adventures of a diamond-bedecked Aga Khan, a cruelty-clothed dictator, the most intrepid spaceman going. How? She places the truly ordinary under the relentless eye of intense observation until it shows itself for what it really is: knock-down, drag-out interesting. This novel is as American as the breezy heavens of Aaron Copeland, the swirling mountains of Georgia O'Keeffe. How does a family disintegrate? How do time-bomb lives tick away to inevitable detonation? The members of the Blood clan are often pitiful, sometimes aggravating, fun to follow. When life gets at them, they behave like fancy sand castle towers and crumble into the sea. Proulx is their loyal recorder, and for this book she deserves a reviewer's hearty handshake. There is, to be complete, a certain unevenness to the style. Some passages are so obscure as to madden. But mostly she moves through the chapters like a confident long-distance runner, taking time to point out the country, occasionally cranking up to warp speed in her use of metaphor and simile to explain what she sees. How could anyone possibly write this well in a first novel? The astonishing fact, breathless and true: she does!

Kurzbeschreibung Annie Proulx's first novel, which received huge acclaim and launched an outstanding literary career. *Postcards* is the story of Loyal Blood, a man who spends a lifetime on the run from a crime so terrible that it renders him forever incapable of touching a woman. The odyssey begins on a freezing Vermont hillside in 1944 and propels Blood across the American West for forty years. Denied love and unable to settle, he lives a hundred different lives: mining gold, growing beans, hunting fossils, trapping, prospecting for uranium and ranching. His only contact with his past is through a series of postcards he sends home not realising that in his absence disaster has befallen his family, and their deep-rooted connection with the land has been severed with devastating consequences. deReproduced as graphics that preface narrative sections, the postcards in this novel -- communications between the Blood family and their son Loyal, as well as other personal mail and advertising material -- progressively reveal the insecurity of the rural Bloods in the changing post-war world. Loyal has fled into exile after an accidental killing, but cannot find a haven of rest. The family patriarch, Mink, writes vitriolic letters to local agricultural agents when the real object of his ire is his absent son. Loyal's brother sends off for an artificial arm to replace the one he lost in an accident; his sister

answers a mail order ad for a husband. Through the mail, Proulx inventively reveals the inchoate longings of a difficult existence in this winner of the 1993 PEN/Faulkner Award. Reproduced as graphics that preface narrative sections, the postcards in this novel -- communications between the Blood family and their son Loyal, as well as other personal mail and advertising material -- progressively reveal the insecurity of the rural Bloods in the changing post-war world. Loyal has fled into exile after an accidental killing, but cannot find a haven of rest. The family patriarch, Mink, writes vitriolic letters to local agricultural agents when the real object of his ire is his absent son. Loyal's brother sends off for an artificial arm to replace the one he lost in an accident; his sister answers a mail order ad for a husband. Through the mail, Proulx inventively reveals the inchoate longings of a difficult existence in this winner of the 1993 PEN/Faulkner Award.