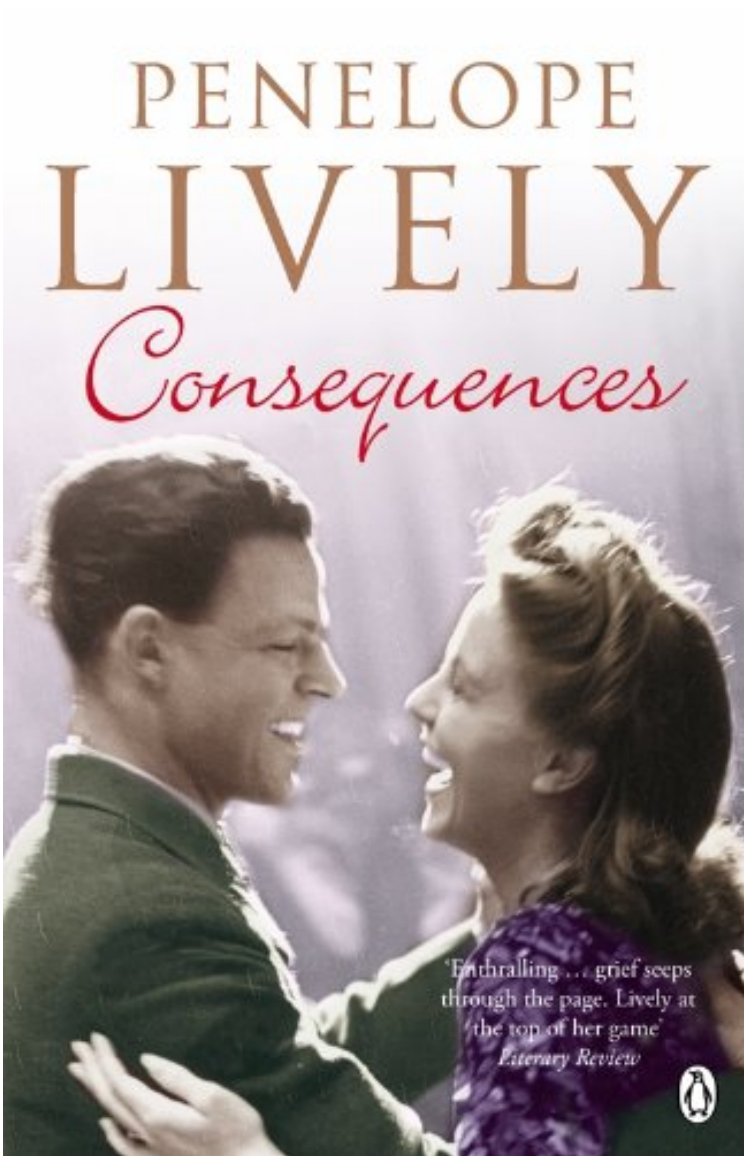


(Download pdf) File size: 21.Mb

Consequences



Par Penelope Lively
ePub | *DOC | audiobook | ebooks |
Download PDF

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les
ventes : #43206 dans eBooksPubli le:
2008-05-29Sorti le: 2008-05-
29Format: Ebook Kindle

(Download pdf) Consequences

Par Penelope Lively : Consequences
before purchasing it in order to gage
whether or not it would be worth my time,
and all praised Consequences:

 Download

 Read Online

Description : Description du produit The Booker Prize-winning authors first novel since The Photograph is a sweeping saga of three generations of women, their lives, and loves A chance meeting in St. James Park begins young Lorna and Matts intense relationship. Wholly in love, they leave London for a cottage in a rural Somerset village. Their intimate life togetherMatts woodcarving, Lornas self-discovery, their new baby, Mollyis shattered with the arrival of World War II. In 1960s London, Molly happens upon a forgotten newspapera seemingly small moment that leads to her first job and, eventually, a pregnancy by a wealthy man who wants to marry her but whom she does not love. Thirty years later, Ruth, who has always considered her existence a peculiar accident, questions her own marriage and begins a journey that takes her back to 1941and a redefinition of herself and of love. Told in Livelys incomparable prose, Consequences is a powerful story of growth, death, and rebirth and a study of the previous centuryits major and minor events,

its shaping of public consciousness, and its changing of lives.

Penelope Lively's hugely satisfying and romantic novel, *Consequences*, plots the lives of three generations of twentieth-century women. In 1935, privileged misfit Lorna meets the love of her life. Falling for a penniless and bohemian artist, Matt, she abandons her stuffy Kensington existence in London and moves to a rustic cottage in Somerset. A baby, Molly, is born, but the coming war takes Matt - and Lorna's dreams - away. Lorna's decisions and their unforeseeable consequences come to shape the stories first of her daughter, Molly, and then her granddaughter, Ruth. *Consequences* tells of three generations of women in their own twentieth-century times united by their shared experiences of love, pain, fate and happiness. . . . 'A flawlessly constructed mini-epic that will delight' Daily Telegraph 'Nourishing fare from a writer on sparkling form' Daily Mail. Penelope Lively is the author of many prize-winning novels and short-story collections for both adults and children. She has twice been shortlisted for the Booker Prize: once in 1977 for her first novel, *The Road to Lichfield*, and again in 1984 for *According to Mark*. She later won the 1987 Booker Prize for her highly acclaimed novel *Moon Tiger*. Her other books include *Going Back*; *Judgement Day*; *Next to Nature*, *Art*; *Perfect Happiness*; *Passing On*; *City of the Mind*; *Cleopatra's Sister*; *Heat Wave*; *Beyond the Blue Mountains*, a collection of short stories; *Oleander*, *Jacaranda*, a memoir of her childhood days in Egypt; *Spiderweb*; her autobiographical work, *A House Unlocked*; *The Photograph*; *Making It Up*; *Consequences*; *Family Album*, which was shortlisted for the 2009 Costa Novel Award, and *How It All Began*. She is a popular writer for children and has won both the Carnegie Medal and the Whitbread Award. She was appointed CBE in the 2001 New Year's Honours List, and DBE in 2012. Penelope Lively lives in London. From Publishers Weekly. Booker and Whitbread prizewinner Lively begins her 14th novel, a multigenerational love story, in a London park in 1935, ends it nearly 70 years later after covering several lifetimes of love and heartbreak. The story starts when Lorna Bradley and Matt Faraday meet in St. James Park; they are instantly drawn to one another despite her upper-crust upbringing and Matt's "tradesman" profession. After their marriage, they settle in the country where Matt works as an engraver and Lorna fulfills her domestic role as a wife and mother to their daughter, Molly. It is an idyllic situation until Matt is drafted and sent to Egypt, where he is killed in action. Lorna and young Molly relocate to London, and Lorna works with Matt's friend Lucas at his small printing press. Predictably, Lucas and Lorna marry, but she dies giving birth to Simon. The narrative diverges as grown-up Molly finds employment as a library assistant and has an affair with a wealthy man who fathers her child, Ruth. Grown and with children of her own, Ruth's curiosity about her ancestors sends her on a journey that brings the novel full circle. Lively (*A Stitch in Time*; *Moon Tiger*) has crafted a fine novel: intricate, heartbreaking and redemptive. (June) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From The Washington Post's Book World/washingtonpost.com ed by Mark Slouka. Readers familiar with Penelope Lively's 13 earlier novels, including the Booker Prize-winning *Moon Tiger* and, most recently, *The Photograph*, might reasonably expect her 14th, *Consequences*, to display some of the same strengths, among them a clear, unadorned prose style and a feel for the ways in which the past intrudes on the present. Alas, they will be disappointed. There are many reasons for this. The first has to do with the simple fact that *Consequences*, the sweeping saga of three generations of women, their lives and loves, is a bit too sweeping to do justice to the generations involved, which pass before our eyes with something approaching Old Testament velocity: Matt and Lorna beget Molly who. . . . Rushing from 1935 to the present, the saga leaps decades ("Peter is City Editor now") or collapses them into chronological shorthand, both of which limit the reader's identification with the characters. "Over the years, there had been the flat in Notting Hill and the one in Earls Court and the maisonette in Primrose Hill and the cottage in Highgate and the house in Kentish Town. They had migrated around London, with Ruth a size bigger each time, and with equipment that leaped from Lego and furry animals to stereo systems and posters of rock groups." This isn't narrative; this is history in the microwave. There are other troubles, some -- though not all -- attributable to the pressure of having to cram so many groceries into so modest a basket. A short list might include a style almost completely shorn of metaphor (and the enriched seeing that metaphor provides), a voice largely innocent of irony (and humor), an attraction to homogeneous blocks of characters (all the boys in Matt's school are blind to art; all the parents see the art teacher, Mr. Avery, the same way), and, finally, a positive aversion to ambiguity, to the complexities and contradictions of human motivation, which are to mature literature what carbon is to life. In their place we get a terrible sincerity, the kind that suggests not honesty but shallowness, which quickly devolves into predictability. The culprit here is Lively's narrator's voice, a voice that manages

to say both too much and not enough, that does not brook interruptions, that explains -- carefully, thoroughly -- all the things that do not need explaining while tactfully avoiding those that might provide some genuine insight. The effect is akin to standing on a conveyor belt with one's third-grade teacher as she points out upcoming attractions and tells us what we should think of them. "They were young," Lively tells us, "they were modern young, they saw themselves as in apposition to the assumptions and attitudes of conventional society." This voice permeates everything. It makes people say things like, "Ha ha! But what's with this forensic study of society, Ruth?" or engage in dialogue such as this: " 'Happiness is the real world -- the physical world, often.' " "The splendor in the grass -- that sort of thing?" "That sort of thing. Sheer relish for what's on offer. An animal sort of feeling. Kicking up the heels." "Molly nods. 'Sunshine. Stars. A flower. A color.' "The splendor in the grass, that sort of thing, is precisely what's missing here, just as the wilderness was missing from James Fenimore Cooper's fiction, whose characters, come to think of it, would have felt right at home with a line like, "For the first time I knew blood lust." Still, it's a mild outbreak of the other kind of lust that reveals this novel's troubles most effectively. Bear with me. Ruth, trapped in a loveless marriage to Peter, travels to Greece, where she meets Manolo, her guide, and Al, "a hired gun" photojournalist with "a cool assessing stare." It's a tough call. "Manolo has the face of a Greek icon -- dark brown, almond-shaped eyes, aquiline nose." His English (thank God) is "immaculate." "He unfurls a verbal banner." His eyes (have I mentioned his eyes?) are "huge, brown and complicit," and they flash -- often. He is passionate. We know this because he takes his hands off the wheel and bangs the dashboard a great deal to make a point or to signal enthusiasm. But it's not enough to beat Al. Al has "fallen into the . . . been sniped at by Afghan tribesmen," and, best of all, "he has that warm, toasty, male smell." Game, set and match. But just when we think that there may be some well-deserved bodice ripping in Ruth's immediate future and some actual emotion in ours, we get this: "He sets about undressing her -- kindly, efficiently . . . lifting her T-shirt (and she raises her arms obediently, like a child), undoing her bra. " 'That's the girl,' he says. . . . "She is astonished. . . . She is amazed at how easy it is, in the event, how -- well, how unembarrassing, how inevitable. The process is familiar -- oh dear me, yes -- but is also radically different." The process? Oh dear me, no. Even today, one can still occasionally find apartment buildings in New York whose elevator floor indicators skip the number 13. In this case, the 14th might be the better choice. Copyright 2007, The Washington Post. All Rights Reserved.