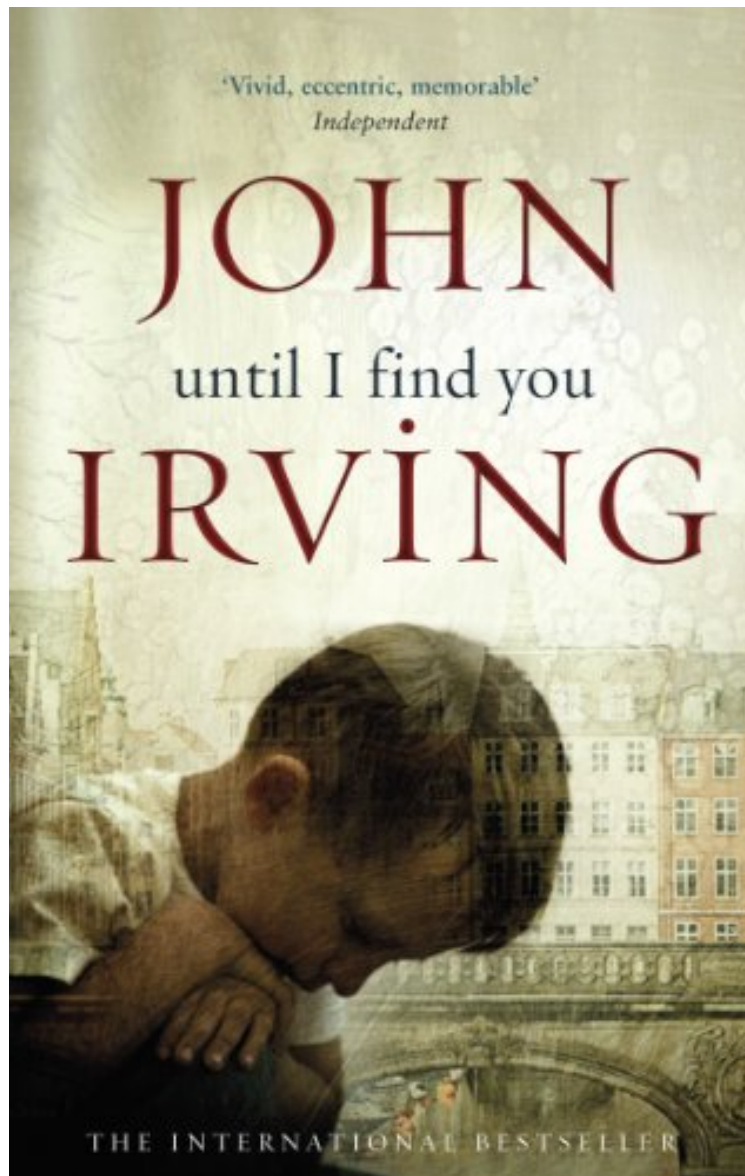


[Mobile pdf] Until I Find You

## Until I Find You

Von John Irving

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**Von John Irving : Until I Find You** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Until I Find You:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A bit long-windedVon Kate LindleyI am new to John Irving's work and this book was recommended to me by someone because of the world of tattoos. It isn't about tattoo, it is about a young boy who grows up without his father's presence

and who is misled by his mother. It is a tale of woe and trickery. It is a great book for a long summer break on the beach. 20 von 21 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. John Irving goes on his final quest for the absent father. Von Lawrence Sanders "A Prayer for Owen Meany" is my favorite novel of all time and I would consider "The World According to Garp" to be on the same level but one step down and "The Cider House Rules" to be a couple of steps down from that one. "Until I Find You" is not on that level, but it constitutes a second level John Irving novel, on a par with "The Hotel New Hampshire" and "A Widow for One Year" in my estimation. But since I enjoy a "B" level John Irving novel more than I do the best efforts of many another contemporary author this is hardly a reason to jump into the depths of despair. After all, most John Irving novels are not going to measure up to which ever one is your personal favorite, so once we accept it is not as good as we want it to be we can deal with it on its own merits. This is the story of Jack Burns, a famous movie actor today, but who is just four years old when we first meet him, being dragged by his mother Alice across the great cities of Northern Europe in an attempt to catch up with his father, William. Jack's father is an organist and his mother is about to become a tattoo artist like her father. Alice sang in the choir at the South Leith Parish Church in Edinburgh where William played the organ. Alice became pregnant, William left town, and now with Jack in tow she has told her son that if they do not find his father by the time Jack starts school the next fall, "we'll forget all about him and get on with our lives." We are not sure what is going to happen in this 820-page novel, but Jack doing exactly that seems highly unlikely. There are two basic reasons for reading a John Irving novel. The first is to laugh, which I did with regularity while reading "Until I Find You." I had to go sleep in another room because the last thing I do before going to sleep is to read a couple of chapters of a book and the way I was shaking the bed with laughter my wife knew I was going to want to either (a) read some line from the book out of context to explain why I was laughing, which is bad enough, or, even worse, (b) endeavor to explain the context as well. So there is humor to abound, both in terms of bizarre sentences and strange situations, both of which often have to do with sex (but few things are funnier than sex in a John Irving novel). Not as funny as "Garp" or "Owen Meany," but my humor is close enough to Irving's wavelength that I find plenty to keep me seriously amused. The other reason for reading is for the emotional impact. Death is not uncommon in an Irving novel (he basically kills off everybody in "Garp" by the end of the final chapter), and again the standard for me is the fate of Owen Meany. It is in this regard that I found "Until I Find You" to be most lacking. Simply put, I did not really identify with the plight of Jack Burns. I know Irving's goal is to engage us emotionally, and the sudden switch in emotional allegiances is significant, but I ended up working on the intellectual level, getting ahead of Jack Burns in terms of rethinking the events of his life in light of the new information. One of my initial thoughts regarding the novel was that Book II, "The Sea of Girls" was moving along at such a quicker pace than what happened in Book I, "The North Sea," that I wanted Irving to slow down and developing things a bit more. However, when we get to Book IV, "Sleeping in the Needles," it becomes clear there is a reason for the dramatic change of pace. It is because we (and Jack) need to revisit that year when he was four years old but had the capacity for consecutive memory of a nine-year-old. Ironically, the part that affected me the most hit closest to home for me. For Jack Burns the name Michele Maher is enough to undo him, while for me it is Michelle Rene Ellis. Dr. Garcia is absolute right: "possible" relationships are the most damaging kind. So the cathartic moment for me comes over 100 pages before the end of the novel, which is when Jack finally stops acting. Consequently, I think I ended up being derailed by my own baggage on this one. I tried to avoid reading or hearing about this novel before I read it, but I did pick up the idea that this was Irving's most autobiographical novel. Having read both the book and the novel I understand what this is taken to mean, both in terms of absent fathers and the incident with Mrs. Machado. The latter is certainly an important revelation, but its ramifications are clearly present in "A Widow for One Year," and absent fathers are rather omnipresent in Irving's novels. Maybe "Until I Find You" is the most autobiographical John Irving novel to date, but ever since the episode in "Garp" when Helen quizzes Garp about what really happened regarding the story he tells Walt about the cat teasing the dog chained to the truck in the alley in the city where Marcus Auerillius lived, I have been much more interested in the tale that Irving has to tell than the reality from which it may (or may not) have sprung. Then again, if you have to go look up to find out who really won the Oscar for Best Adapted Screenplay of 1999 you are simply missing the obvious joke. But clearly with regards to the Academy Award at least Irving is engaging in an explicit nudge-nudge, wink-wink beyond anything he has done previously in his work. 19 von 20 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Groe Themen - groe Literatur Von Raum16 Meines Erachtens handelt es sich bei "Until I find you" um John Irving's strksten Roman und in jedem Fall um einen bedeutend faszinierenderen Text als das schwache "Die vierte Hand". Irving's Roman um die jahrzehntelange Suche nach dem verlorenen dmonisierten Vater prsentiert dabei mit der Hauptfigur Jack Burns einen faszinierenden, gebrochenen und eindringlichen Charakter, dem mit seiner Freundin Emma und seiner Igenreichen undurchschaubaren Mutter ebenso ambivalente und unvergessliche Figuren zur Seite stehen. Wie hufig bei Irving werden seine Figuren mit den Schatten der Vergangenheit konfrontiert, schlt sie das Schicksal in den wenigen ruhigen Momenten. Dies endet im Regelfall tragisch und gibt dem Text einen melancholischen Grundtenor, der rhrt und verstrt. Der Leser muss bereit sein, sich zusammen mit Jack Burns auf die Suche nach seinem Vater zu begeben. Auf eine ausgedehnte Reise durch Tatoogeschfte in Kopenhagen, Stockholm, Oslo, Helsinki und Amsterdam (insofern ist "Until I find you" ebenso ein Reiseroman wie eine biographische Studie), in die intrigenreiche Geschftswelt Hollywoods oder in die Schweiz. Das

kostet Zeit und Mhe, weil Irving dem Leser hier nicht zu wenig, sondern am ehesten noch zu viel für nur 800 Seiten zumutet. Aber genau diese Eigenschaft, verbunden mit vertracktem und immer wieder berraschenden Plot-Wendungen macht ja gerade das Einzigartige seines Schreibens aus. Dass es Irving dazu gelingt, sexuelle Abnormitäten, menschliche Abgründe und große Gefühle in einer glasklaren, pointierten und nie kitschigen oder pornographischen Sprache zu schildern (im Gegensatz zu Philipp Roth) ist eine große Leistung. Und so wird "Until I find you" zu einem Roman, der sich mit den großen Themen der Literatur - Identitätssuche, Freundschaft und Liebe, Vergangenheit und Gegenwart - auseinandersetzt, ohne in Sentimentalitäten oder Klischees zu versanden. Mehr kann der Leser nicht erwarten.

Kurzbeschreibung 'According to his mother, Jack Burns was an actor before he was an actor, but Jack's most vivid memories of childhood were those moments when he felt compelled to hold his mother's hand. He wasn't acting then.' Jack Burns' mother, Alice, is a tattoo artist in search of the boy's father, a virtuoso organist named William who has fled America to Europe. To fund her journey, she plies her trade in the seaports of the Baltic coast. But her four-year-old son's errant father can't be found, and soon even Jack's memories of that perplexing time are called into question. It is only when he becomes a Hollywood actor in later life that what he has experienced in the past comes into telling play in his present.....deAt over 800 pages, John Irving's *Until I Find You* is a daunting proposition at best. Anyone who finishes it will have acquired forearm muscles, sore shoulders, and not much else. The story is self-indulgent, repetitive and, ultimately, boring, that cardinal sin that readers can't forgive. Longtime Irving readers have stayed with him through a few hits and a miss or two, but this is an all-time low. We are accustomed to Irving's work as quirky, bizarre, and off-the-wall and have forgiven all by calling such high-jinks and characters "imaginative" or "absolutely original." The only thing original about this tome is the descent into soft porn. Jack Burns, the hero of the tale, is four years old when it all begins. He is the illegitimate son of Daughter Alice, a tattoo artist and, guess what, daughter of a tattoo artist. She takes Jack on a pilgrimage to find his womanizing father, William, a church organist and "ink addict." By seeking out church organs and tattoo parlors, she expects to find him. She doesn't, and by now we have spent more than a hundred pages in Northern European cities doing an imitation of *Groundhog Day*. Same story, different day: a little prostitution for Alice, a few questions asked; alas, no daddy. Alice and Jack return to Toronto so that Jack may enter a previously all-girls school, which will admit little boys for the first time. There begins another 200 pages of the girls and the teachers abusing Jack, over and over again. By now, he is five and is, for some unfathomable reason, eminently interesting to girls and women. His "friend" Emma keeps careful track of "the little guy," as she calls Jack's penis, looking for signs of life. The worst part of all this is that none of it is funny or sad or even clever. There are wrestling vignettes, of course, and prep school tedium, but no bears. Maybe bears would have saved it. There were funny parts in *The World According to Garp* and *The Cider House Rules* as well as poignant, horrific parts in both of those and other Irving novels. This story is flat. The voice never changes; it just drones on. Jack becomes an actor. First, he is a boy in drag because he is so pretty, then he takes transvestite parts. He and Emma, now a published novelist, live together in LA, which provides endless opportunity for name-dropping. His career eventually takes off and he gets recognition and awards, but still no daddy. Irving, it turns out, never knew his father, either. Perhaps this exercise will exorcise that demon once and for all and Irving's next book will be about something more compelling than a little boy's penis and his trashy mother's antics. If you do make it through to the book's snapper of an ending, you deserve to find out what it is on your own. Call it a reward. --Valerie Ryan.comAt over 800 pages, John Irving's *Until I Find You* is a daunting proposition at best. Anyone who finishes it will have acquired forearm muscles, sore shoulders, and not much else. The story is self-indulgent, repetitive and, ultimately, boring, that cardinal sin that readers can't forgive. 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