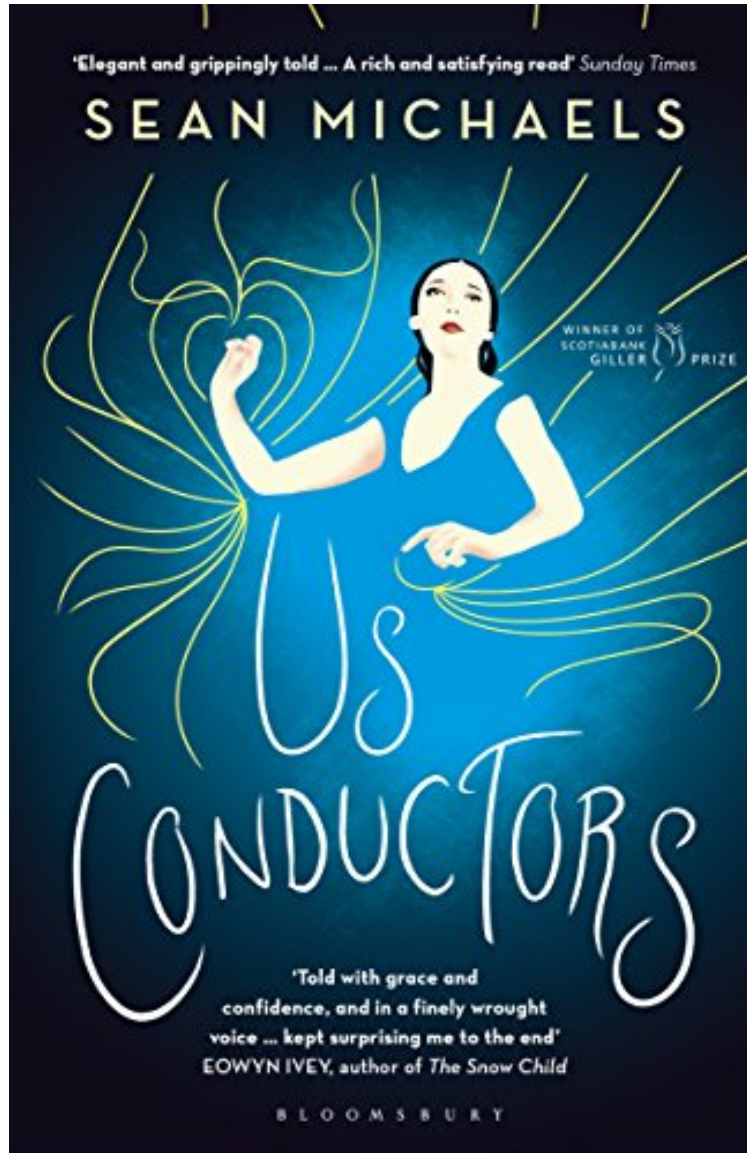


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Us Conductors

Von Sean Michaels

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Von Sean Michaels : Us Conductors before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Us Conductors:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Longing for the most beautiful ever harmonyVon Ingrid Rauchfu"Us Conductors" by Sean Michaels is a wonderful book which will heal you from everything except love and longing. Become a theremin yourself - and feel what the sound of

tenderness is like.

Kurzbeschreibung Locked in a cabin, on a ship bound for Leningrad, Lev Termen types a letter to Clara, his 'one true love'. He recalls his early years as a scientist, inventing the musical theremin and other electric marvels, and the Kremlin's dream that these creations could help infiltrate capitalism itself. Instead, Manhattan infiltrated Termen he fell in love with the city's jazz clubs and speakeasies, and with Clara, a beautiful young violinist. When Termen's spy games fall apart, he returns to find the Motherland not quite as he left it. Exiled to a Siberian gulag, with nothing but his wits to keep him alive, Termen is drawn ever deeper into the labyrinth of Stalin's Russia. Only his feelings for Clara, passing through the ether like the theremin's song, seem to show a way out. Pressestimmen The grace of Michaels's style makes these times and places seem entirely new. He succeeds at one of the hardest things a writer can do: he makes music seem to sing from the pages of a novel Giller Prize jury (Shauna Singh Baldwin, Justin Cartwright and Francine Prose) Told with grace and confidence, and in a finely wrought voice, Us Conductors kept surprising me to the end Eowyn Ivey, author of The Snow Child Turns out Sean Michaels might not be able to play the theremin, but he can record the noise of the human heart Glasgow Herald Michaels has a natural gift for bringing us to a time and place which allows the suspension of belief and lets you walk every step of the way with him The Globe and Mail Michaels is clearly a fine writer ... Even with the legacies of Solzhenitsyn towering over him, Michaels brilliantly captures the abject misery and surreal menace of life in the Soviet Union. Termen's level tone serves to amplify the monstrosity of the gulags, and there's a streak of pure Russian gallows humour ... There's no doubt that Michaels has found some extraordinary stories here, and they are well worth retelling -- Orlando Bird Daily Telegraph An enticing, cross-continental escapade buzzing with the electric energy of the Jazz Age ... It takes the real account of a life that was in no way short of excitement and inserts a few pulpier flourishes - a little kung-fu here, a murder or two there - to ramp it up into a really good time. It's a romantic tale set in a highly romanticisable period and while the plot is a flurry of noise and motion under the big city lights, it also has a quiet, reflective side: though its story stands right in the middle of world history in one of its most tumultuous periods, the novel never loses track of the man at the centre of the madness. It's the heartfelt humanity of Lev and the lens through which the novel views him that makes it so compelling -- Ross McIndoe Skinny Elegant and grippingly told ... This is a rich and satisfying read -- Nick Rennison Sunday Times Clever, and hugely entertaining -- Kate Saunders The Times Kurzbeschreibung Locked in a cabin, on a ship bound for Leningrad, Lev Termen types a letter to Clara, his 'one true love'. He recalls his early years as a scientist, inventing the musical theremin and other electric marvels, and the Kremlin's dream that these creations could help infiltrate capitalism itself. Instead, Manhattan infiltrated Termen he fell in love with the city's jazz clubs and speakeasies, and with Clara, a beautiful young violinist. When Termen's spy games fall apart, he returns to find the Motherland not quite as he left it. Exiled to a Siberian gulag, with nothing but his wits to keep him alive, Termen is drawn ever deeper into the labyrinth of Stalin's Russia. Only his feelings for Clara, passing through the ether like the theremin's song, seem to show a way out.