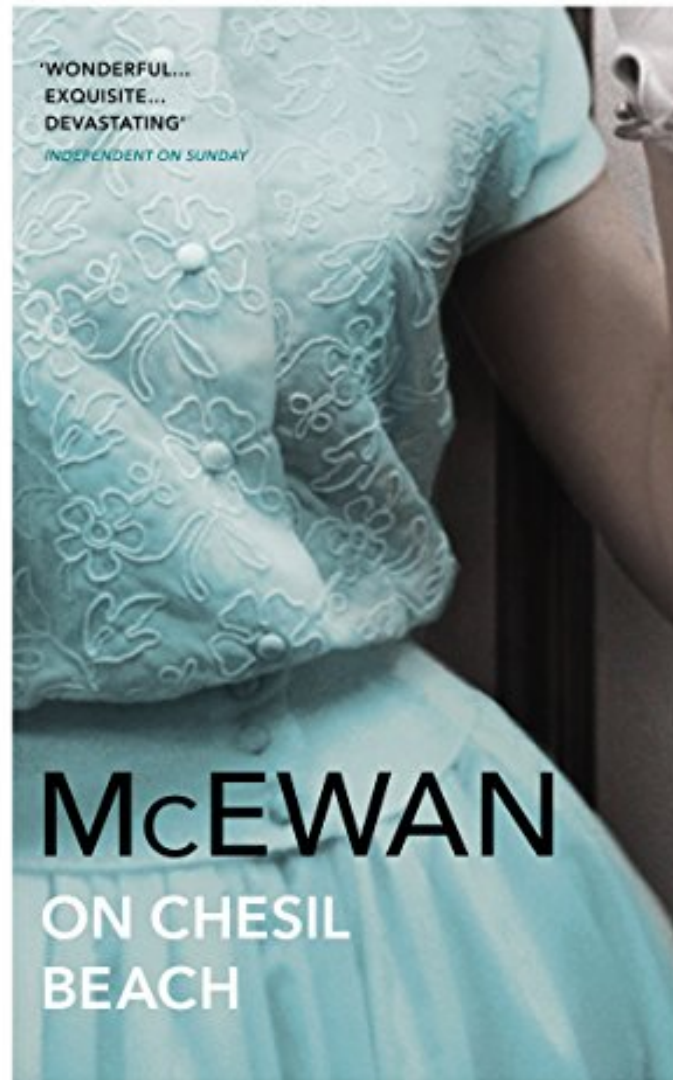


[FREE] On Chesil Beach

On Chesil Beach

Von Ian McEwan

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Von Ian McEwan : On Chesil Beach before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised On Chesil Beach:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. FacettenVon AliNachdem ich unlngst Ewans jngstes Werk "Solar" gelesen habe, ist die nachfolgende Lektre des einige Jahre lteren "On Chesil Beach" fr mich aufs Neue Anlass zum Staunen ob des Facettenreichtums dieses Autors.

Die ungewöhnliche Feingefühligkeit mit der Ewan sogar in die Gefühlswelt einer Frau zu schlüpfen vermag (die junge, just vermählte Florence) ist einfach frappierend. Nicht dass beispielsweise "Solar" unsensibel wäre, aber ich habe dieses doch eher als ein "männliches" Werk erlebt. Edward und Florence sind Opfer einer Zeit, in der das Sprechen über Gefühle, noch dazu sexueller Natur, noch verpönt ist. So bleibt jeder einsam gefangen in seinem Gewirr aus Ängsten, Mutmassungen und Wünschen bezüglich der bevorstehenden ersten sexuellen Begegnung, die dann unweigerlich in ein Desaster mündet. Was folgt ist traurig, denn zwei Menschen, die doch so viele gute Gefühle füreinander haben, schaffen es nicht aus der Isolation der einseitigen Interpretation des Erlebten herauszutreten und verlieren sich dabei. Der Leser hätte sich ein klarendes Gespräch gewünscht, das das unweigerliche Auseinanderdriften der beiden noch hätte verhindern können. Aber dieser Wunsch wird nicht erfüllt. Ich finde diese Novelle sehr berührend, vor allem im ersten Teil, in dem das Hochzeitsessen im Hotelzimmer und das anschließende disastriöse sexuelle Missgeschick beschrieben wird. Die fast tragische Eskalation des Unbehagens wird so hautnah spürbar, dass ich mich über lange Strecken völlig im Bann der Erzählung befand. Diese enorme Kraft wird in der zweiten Hälfte nicht mehr erreicht, was vielleicht so auch nicht möglich ist. 19 von 19 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Einfach und intelligent

Von T.V. On Chesil Beach handelt von einem jungen, ebenso sympathischen wie blauäugigen, charakterlich prinzipiell wunderbar harmonisierenden, vor der "sexuellen Revolution" aufgewachsenen Liebespaar (Edward und Florence), das in der Hochzeitsnacht aufgrund plötzlich nicht mehr verdringbarer, seit jeher unausgesprochener Ängste - bzw. einer tiefen Meinungsverschiedenheit über die Wertigkeit von Sex - in einer Kombination aus verletztem Stolz und situativer Bedürftigkeit in eine existenzielle Krise gerät. Eine Geschichte vor allem darüber, wie einzelne, kleine unüberlegte Wörter und Gesten, die quasi Unsagbarkeit des konsequent Tabuisierten, insbesondere aber das gedankenlose Nichtstun im entscheidenden Moment, eine verheerende irreversible Eigendynamik entwickeln kann. Das sehr schmale, in keiner Zeile geschwätzige, abwechselnd aus Edwards und Florences Perspektive erzählte Buch spielt sich allein am Abend der Hochzeit ab, ist aber mit zahlreichen Rückblenden und Erinnerungen der beiden Protagonisten kombiniert, sodass man genug biographisches Hintergrundwissen bekommt, um die Handlungsweisen Edwards und Florences nachvollziehen zu können. Sprachlich - wem der Vergleich nutzt - nicht so schwierig wie Atonement, für Nichtmutterssprachler aber sicherlich immer noch fordernd. Wer McEwan bislang im Original gelesen hat, kann auch hier getrost zur englischen Ausgabe greifen. Wer sich einmal am Original versuchen will, hat mit On Chesil Beach eine ideale Einstiegsmöglichkeit. Insgesamt ein sehr reifer, beeindruckend einfühlsamer und intelligenter, zugleich an vielen Stellen zarter Roman, der Ian McEwan hoffentlich einen Schritt näher zum längst verdienten Nobelpreis gebracht hat. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Na ja

Von Energiesparfuchs Puh, ich fand das Buch ganz schön hülzern, der Plot selber grundstzlich eine interessante Idee, letztendlich traurig. Kein Buch, um es jemanden zur Hochzeit zu schenken!

Kurzbeschreibung It is July 1962. Edward and Florence, young innocents married that morning, arrive at a hotel on the Dorset coast. At dinner in their rooms they struggle to suppress their private fears of the wedding night to come and, unbeknownst to them both, the events of the evening will haunt them for the rest of their lives..deSuch is Ian McEwan's genius that, despite rambling nature walks and the naming of birds, his subject matter remains hermetically sealed in the hearts of two people. It is 1962 when Edward and Florence, 23 and 22 respectively, marry and repair to a hotel on the Dorset coast for their honeymoon. They are both virgins, both apprehensive about what's next and in Florence's case, utterly and blindly terrified and repelled by the little she knows. Through a tense dinner in their room, because Florence has decided that the weather is not fine enough to dine on the terrace, they are attended by two local boys acting as waiters. The cameo appearances of the boys and Edward and Florence's parents and siblings serve only to underline the emotional isolation of the two principals. Florence says of herself: "...she lacked some simple mental trick that everyone else had, a mechanism so ordinary that no one ever mentioned it, an immediate sensual connection to people and events, and to her own needs and desires...." They are on the cusp of a rather ordinary marital undertaking in differing states of readiness, willingness and ardor. McEwan says: "Where he merely suffered conventional first-night nerves, she experienced a visceral dread, a helpless disgust as palpable as seasickness." Edward, having denied himself even the release of self-pleasuring for a week, in order to be tip-top for Florence, is mentally pawing the ground. His sensitivity keeps him from being obvious, but he is getting anxious. Florence, on the other hand, knows that she is not capable of the kind of arousal that will make any of this easy. She has held Edward off for a year, and now the reckoning is upon her. McEwan is the master of the defining moment, that place and time when, once it has taken place, nothing will ever be the same after it. It does not go well and Florence flees the room. "As she understood it, there were no words to name what had happened, there existed no shared language in which two sane adults could describe such events to each other." Edward eventually follows her and they have a poignant and painful conversation where accusations are made, ugly things are said and roads are taken from which, in the case of these two, the way back cannot be found. Late in Edward's life he realizes: "Love and patience--if only he had them both at once--would surely have seen them both through." This beautifully told sad story could have been conceived

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