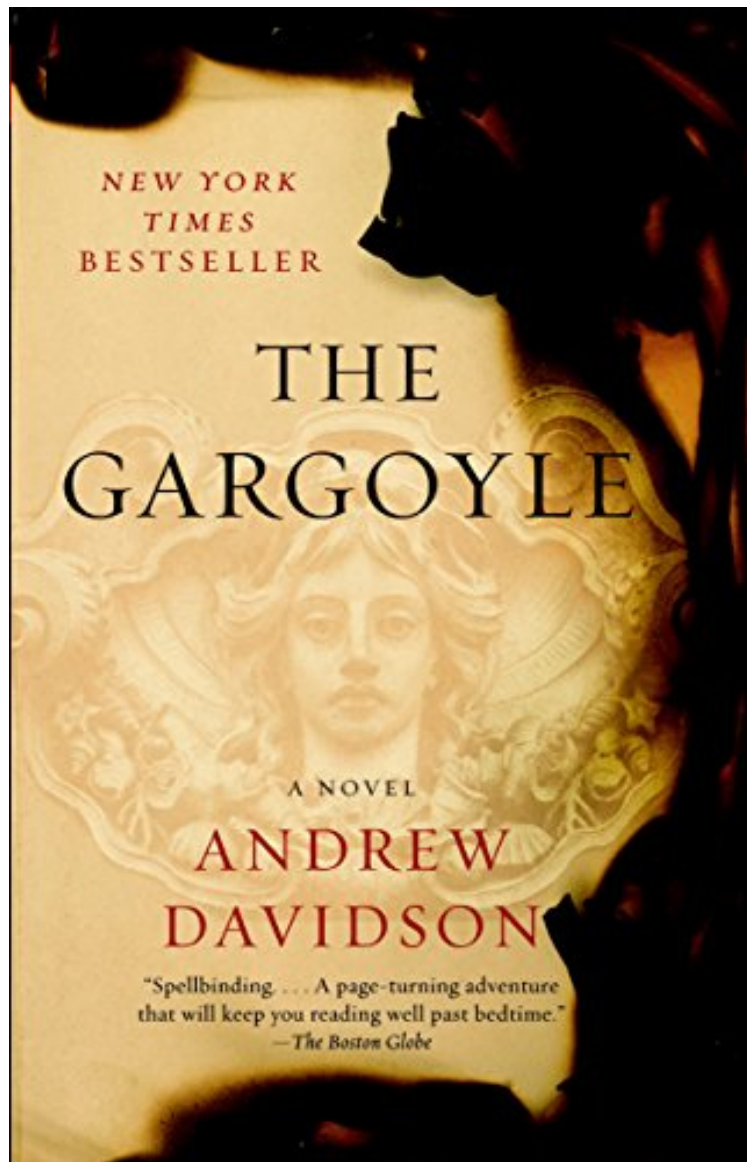


[DOWNLOAD] The Gargoyle

## The Gargoyle

Von Andrew Davidson

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**Von Andrew Davidson : The Gargoyle** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Gargoyle:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen7 von 7 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Die Kaufempfehlung schlechthin! Wie will der Autor dieses Erstlingswerk noch toppen?Von dieleseratzVorweg eine Anmerkung:Das Buch lag ungefahr ein halbes Jahr ungelesen im Regal, da ich es schlichtwegs fr eine

Geschmacksverirrung meinerseits hielt: Ich bin kein Freund von historisch-verbrannten Romanen mit Lokalkolorit la "Junge Frau wandert nach Australien/Sdafrika/China aus, erlebt schlimmes, ist unglücklich verheiratet, die groe Liebe bleibt unerfllt, aber in 50 Jahren schaut sie als Patriarchin trotz allem auf ein erflltes Leben zurck.... Oder: Junge Frau geht ins Kloster ....Aber dieser Roman ist anders: Gleich auf der ersten Seite beginnt er furios mit dem Autounfall unseres namenlosen Helden. Es folgen quulende, fast nicht zu ertragende Schilderungen der Brandverletzungen. Aber ein bloes "Er litt unter schlimmsten Brandverletzungen zweiten und dritten Grades" wre fr diese Geschichte zu wenig gewesen. Eine so drastische, ber Seiten hinweg gehende Beschreibung der Verletzungen und der uerst schmerzhaften Behandlung ist fr den weiteren Verlauf der Erzhlung und der Entwicklung des "Helden" wichtig. Was kann man ber dieses Erstlingswerk sagen, ohne andere Rezensenten zu wiederholen? Hervorragend erzht, oft traurig, oft mit trockenem Humor, berhrend, phantasieanregend, mit "echten" Charakteren, ohne Herz-Schmerz-alles-wird-gut Happy End, ohne strahlende, makellose Superhelden und Barbie-Superheldinnen. Das Kloster Engelthal gibt es brigens wirklich im Nrnberger Land, ob die Historie jetzt immer bis ins kleinste sauber recherchiert ist, kann ich und will ich nicht beurteilen. Mich nahm die Geschichte auf jeden Fall mit auf Zeitreise ins Land der Wikinger, nach Japan, nach Engelthal und Mainz - was will man mehr von einem guten Roman, als paar Tage abzuschalten, tief im Buch zu versinken? Wenn Sie also einen etwas anderen Roman suchen, der auf Action und den xten recycelten Verschwurungsaufguss la Dan Brown verzichtet, dann liegen Sie mit "Gargoyle" absolut richtig. Fazit: Unbedingte Kaufempfehlung, fr mich der beste Roman 2009! 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. eine auergewhnliche Liebesgeschichte Von JOKO Aufgrund der ausgesprochen guten Rezensionen kaufte ich mir dieses Buch, welches mir meine Buchhndlerin dann auerdem noch wrmstens empfahl. Die Geschichte, die in der Ichform geschrieben wurde, nahm mich dann aber doch nicht so gefangen wie ich dachte. Vielleicht fehlt mir auch einfach der Sinn fr das bersinnliche. Wortgewaltig ist sie aber allemal und ich habe selten soviel Spa am Schreibstil eines Autors gehabt. Der Anfang des Romans, der angefllt ist mit den Beschreibungen des Unfalls unseres Hauptprotagonisten und den anschlienden sehr genau beschriebenen Unfallverletzungen, vor allem den Brandwunden, erfordert schon einen guten Magen, oder Routine in einem med. Beruf, so wie bei mir. Ansonsten hat mir der Roman gut gefallen. Die Inhaltsangabe spare ich mir, da das schon andere besorgt haben. Wer eine schne Liebesgeschichte mit mystischen Elementen erleben will, ist mit diesem Buch gut beraten. 8 von 9 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Ein mitreierender Roman ber Liebe und Schmerz - ein Must-Read! Von Miezekatze Ein Pornostar erleidet bei einem Autounfall schwere Verbrennungen und wird zum entstellten, verkrppelten Brandopfer. Whrend der langwierigen, schmerzhaften Rekonvaleszenz taucht die anscheinend schizophrene Marianne Engel an seinem Krankenbett auf, Bildhauerin und Schpferin dramatischer Gargoyleskulpturen. Sie behauptet, dass sie beide vor 700 Jahren im mittelalterlichen Deutschland ein Liebespaar gewesen seien, und dass er nun schon zum dritten Mal schwerste Verbrennungen erlitten htte... "The Gargoyle" ist ein grandioser Roman ber eine tiefe und kompromisslose Liebe, die die Jahrhunderte berdauert hat und nun ihre romantisch-tragische Erfllung findet. Dabei gleitet der Roman nie ins Kitschige ab, denn zum einen findet der Ich-Erzhlter die rechte Mischung aus aufwhlender Emotion und leichtfger Distanz. Und zum anderen wird Liebe nicht als rosarotes Geschenk prsentiert, sondern der Ich-Erzhlter lernt, tiefe Liebe als die andere Seite von schlimmem Schmerz und Verlust zu erkennen. Dabei erzht "The Gargoyle" nicht eine geradlinige Story, sondern wirkt erst wie ein buntes Sammelsurium wunderbarer und seltsamer Geschichten, die sich um den wenig poetischen Aufenthalt des Ich-Erzhlters in der Brandwundenklinik wie ein Puzzlestck herumranken; so beschreibt Marianne Engel ihr Leben als Nonne und Beguine im mittelalterlichen Engelthal, und sie erzht auch die wunderbarsten Geschichten ber Flle tragischer Liebe zu unterschiedlichsten Orten und Zeiten, doch ihre Schilderungen sind weniger romantisch als von der alltglichen harten Realitt und auch Grausamkeit gekennzeichnet (Verfolgung durch barbarische Sldner, Pesttod, lebendig begraben werden etc.). Obwohl der Roman wild durch die unterschiedlichen Geschichten springt, habe ich mich nie verloren gefhlt, sondern war bezaubert von der verwegenen Tour-de-Force durch Raum und Zeit, die sich schlielich in den letzten Kapiteln in ein harmonisches Ganzes ordnet. Ob Marianne Engel vor 700 Jahren geboren wurde und ob sie schizophren ist - wen interessiert's, wenn ihre Erzhlungen so wahnsinnig mitreierend sind und sie ein ganz wunderbarer Mensch ist, der so sehr lieben kann? Wenn ihre Liebe aus dem verzweifelten, verhrmten und zynischen Ich-Erzhlter einen Menschen machen kann, der endlich sein Herz entdeckt und sein Schicksal annehmen kann? Ein hchst bewegendes Buch, das ich nicht mehr aus der Hand legen konnte. Ein Must-Read! 6 Sterne.

Kurzbeschreibung A New York Times Bestseller The Gargoyle: the mesmerizing story of one man's descent into personal hell and his quest for salvation. On a dark road in the middle of the night, a car plunges into a ravine. The driver survives the crash, but his injuries confine him to a hospital burn unit. There the mysterious Marianne Engel, a sculptress of grotesques, enters his life. She insists they were lovers in medieval Germany, when he was a mercenary and she was a scribe in the monastery of Engelthal. As she spins the story of their past lives together, the man's disbelief falters; soon, even the impossible can no longer be dismissed. From the Trade Paperback edition..de Product

Description An extraordinary debut novel of love that survives the fires of hell and transcends the boundaries of time. The narrator of *The Gargoyle* is a very contemporary cynic, physically beautiful and sexually adept, who dwells in the moral vacuum that is modern life. As the book opens, he is driving along a dark road when he is distracted by what seems to be a flight of arrows. He crashes into a ravine and suffers horrible burns over much of his body. As he recovers in a burn ward, undergoing the tortures of the damned, he awaits the day when he can leave the hospital and commit carefully planned suicide for he is now a monster in appearance as well as in soul. A beautiful and compelling, but clearly unhinged, sculptress of gargoyles by the name of Marianne Engel appears at the foot of his bed and insists that they were once lovers in medieval Germany. In her telling, he was a badly injured mercenary and she was a nun and scribe in the famed monastery of Engelthal who nursed him back to health. As she spins their tale in Scheherazade fashion and relates equally mesmerizing stories of deathless love in Japan, Iceland, Italy, and England, he finds himself drawn back to life and, finally, in love. He is released into Marianne's care and takes up residence in her huge stone house. But all is not well. For one thing, the pull of his past sins becomes ever more powerful as the morphine he is prescribed becomes ever more addictive. For another, Marianne receives word from God that she has only twenty-seven sculptures left to complete and her time on earth will be finished. Already an international literary sensation, *The Gargoyle* is an *Inferno* for our time. It will have you believing in the impossible.

Andrew Davidson Talks About Becoming a Writer Some of what follows is true. When I was about seven, I had a turtle named Stripe. I decided, because I liked my turtle and Jacques Cousteau, that I wanted to be a marine biologist. This ambition lasted until I was ten years old, when I spent a year gazing into the abyss, hoping that the abyss would not gaze back at me. At eleven, I longed for a master to teach me the secrets of the ninja, but the teacher did not appear; this probably means that as a student I was not ready. As I entered my teens, I set my heart upon becoming a professional hockey player. On weekend nights, the final game at the local arena ended around 10 p.m. but the icemaker was unable to leave the building until about midnight, as he had to clean the dressing rooms and do maintenance. I bribed him with presents of Aqua Velva aftershave to let me play alone on the rink until he headed home. Despite my devotion, I never developed the skills to make it off the small-town rink and into the big leagues. My dream shattered, at sixteen I started to spend more time writing. I began by changing the lyrics to Doors songs. I rewrote "Break On Through" so that it became "Live to Die": "Soldier in the forest / dodging bullets thick / only took one / to make him cry / All of us just live to die." Clearly, writing was my future. I soon realized that, since I still had no authorial voice of my own, I should at least imitate better poets than Jim Morrison. Soon I was word-raping Leonard Cohen, e.e. cummings, Sylvia Plath, William Blake, and John Milton. After writing much abusively derivative poetry, I moved onto stage plays written in a mockery of the style of Tennessee Williams, which also didn't work out so well. Next, I tried to put baby in a corner, until it was explained to me that nobody puts baby in a corner. Following this, I produced short stories that would have been much better if they were much shorter. Then, screenplays that even Alan Smithee wouldn't direct. Somewhere along the way, I managed to get a degree in English Literature; this was strange, as I thought I was studying cardiology. Undaunted, off to Vancouver Film School I went, but naturally not to study film. Instead, I took the new media course, because there was this thing called the internet that was just taking off. I also spent a fair amount of time using digital editing software for video and audio. An example project: I slowed down the final movement to Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, looped it backwards, put in a heavy drumbeat, and end up with a funeral dirge. "Ode to Joy"? I think not. "Ode to Bleakness" is more like it; I was very deep, and showed it by destroying joy. After this course finished, I had tens of thousands of dollars of student debt, and could no longer avoid getting a job. I soon discovered, in no uncertain terms, that work is no fun. I stuck it out for as long as I could, which was way less than a lifetime. As my thirtieth birthday approached, I became incredibly aware that I had never lived abroad, so I moved to Japan. I had no idea if I would like Japan, but I vowed to stick it out for a year. I did, and then another year, and another, and another, and another. In the beginning, I worked as a kind of substitute teacher of English, covering stints in classrooms that needed a temporary instructor. I lived in fifteen different cities during my first two years, traveling from the northern island of Hokkaido all the way down to the southern island of Okinawa. It was a great introduction to the country, but eventually the constant relocation became too much. I got a job in a Tokyo office, writing English lessons for Japanese learners on the internet. I lived in the big city for three years, and loved it: hooray for sushi, hooray for sumo, and hooray for cartoon mascots. While in Japan, I entertained myself by writing and, having already mangled poetry, short stories, stage plays and screenplays, I thought it was time to give a novel a shot. A strange thing happened: I found that I don't write like other people when it comes to novels or at least, none of which I know. It's true that I've read comparisons of my novel to a number of other books *The Name of the Rose*, *The English Patient*, *The Shadow of the Wind* but I haven't read any of them. (To my great shame, really, and I suppose I should. Since they are my supposed influences, I should become familiar with them. I'll appear more intelligent in interviews.) I liked writing *The Gargoyle*, and I think I'll write another novel. If I can, I'll make up new characters and a new plot. That's my plan. 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