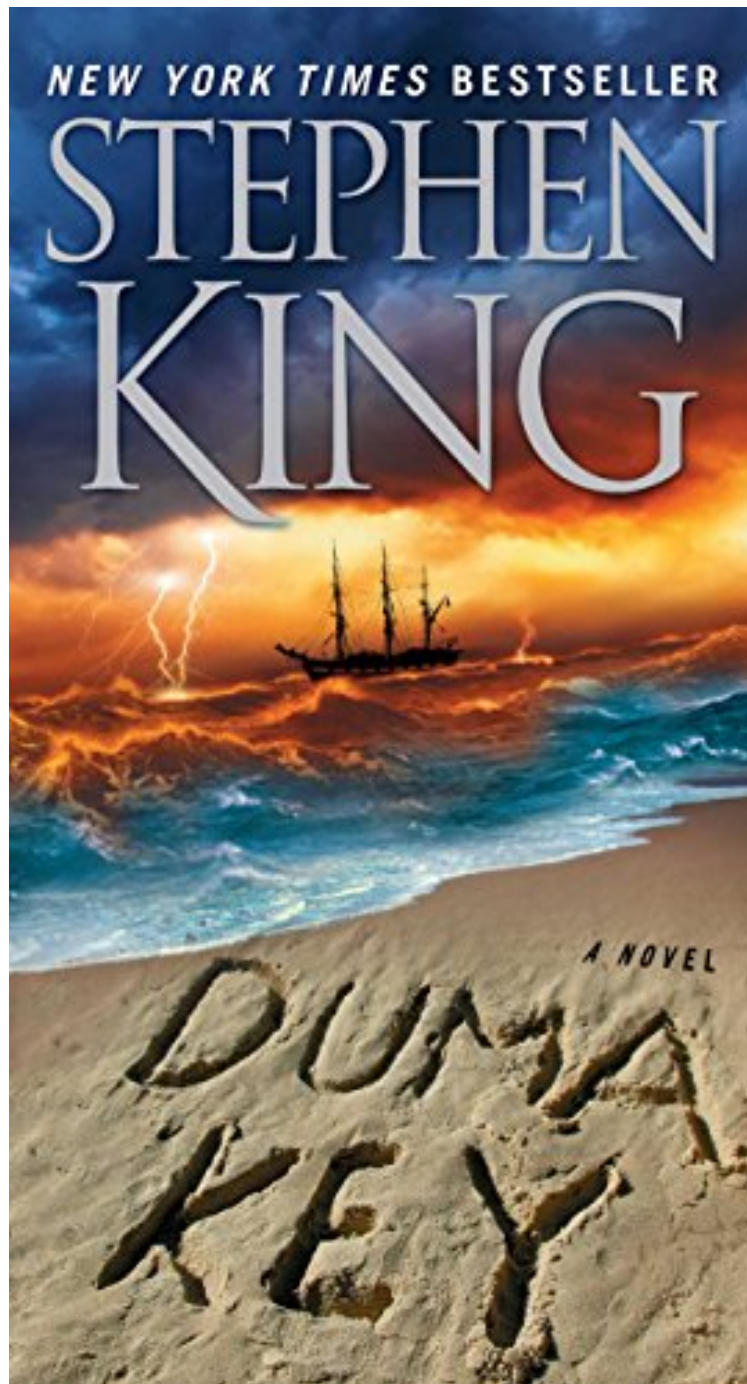


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Von Stephen King

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Von Stephen King : Duma Key: A Novel (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Duma Key: A Novel (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. BeautifulVon Inal started reading this book on Stephen King's 70th birthday.He himself said that this is his favourite of the books he's written.I can see why he says that.It's beautifully written, with deeply human characters.I'm enjoying it very much and am looking forward to reading more.4 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Lethal Shots and Bittersweet MemoriesVon Dr. Hartmut Heuermann"Lisey's Story" is decidedly not among the best works to have issued from King's story mill. It is a long story, to be sure (656 pages in the Pocket Books edition), and it is a complex and, in parts, a subtle one: an introspective third person narrative about an unhappy woman bereft of her husband at an untimely moment in their life. Said husband is a bestselling writer (King is disguise once again) shot by a mentally deranged fan(or foe?). In telling the story of heir marriage Lisey Landon relives the years spent with her husband Scott - their marital bliss as well as their sorrows and setbacks, their dreams and nightmares. The "ghost" of Scott keeps haunting her and bittersweet memories keep vexing her: "The way those old memories kept bubbling up to the surface in the present tense was disturbing.It was as if the past had never died; as if on some level of time's great tower everyting was still happening."Yet, for all its sophistication the novel somehow doesn't jell. There are too many flashbacks liable to disorient the reader; too many mysterious occurrences for the plot to remain lucid; too many loose ends not properly woven into the fabric of the whole. Past and present are continually jumbled, the unconscious interferes with the conscious, and reality disintegrates as Lisey loses the grip on herself and the world around her. With her mind under pressure from a ceaseless influx of memories, she fantasizes and hallucinates a lot, and it becomes difficult for the reader to keep his bearings. There is a magic place called Boo'ya Moon, apparently a refuge or some kind of resort for the imagination. Boo'ya Moon is a mysterious counter-world, an antithesis to "real" life, where Scott and Lisey act out their fantasies, both inspirational and frightening. But since fact and fantasy continually mingle, the reality status of Boo'ya Moon is never quite clear to the reader.The novel could have been King at his best had there been the dramatic stringency that distinguishes his masterpieces. There are dark and ugly scenes from Scott's family history, both horrifying and enervating. And there is madness and violence (sexual assault, fratricide,and patricide). And yet,suspense is missing and, as the narrative unfolds, there are sections where the writing drags and the text goes astray among trivialities. The book would profit from reediting and shortening. King has developed a peculiar propensity over the years for overblown epics (cf. The Stand, Duma Key, Desperation, Insomnia etc.) which, unlike the earlier works (Carry, Christine, Fire Starter, Misery, Dolores Claiborne and others) are devoid of the daring fictional hypotheses that, to the benefit of the reader, made for unified and exciting plots.6 von 6 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Wunderschn...aber nicht jedermanns SacheVon AlladinSaneEigentlich wollte ich keine Rezension erstellen, aber mir fiel gerade auf, wie negativ dieses Buch bewertet wurde. Teilweise kann ich es nachvollziehen, ich hatte anfangs auch das Gefhlt, dass die Story nicht in Gang kommt, aber mit der Zeit war mir die Geschichte eigentlich egal... ich war mehr versunken in die intensive Gefhlwelt der Geschichte. King schafft es -wie meistens-, dass einem die Protagonisten wichtig werden und man an ihnen hngt. Ich fr meinen Teil, habe mit Lisey mitgefhlnt und mehr als einmal geheult. Generall mag ich Kings Frauenromane eigentlich immer. Ich kenne sonst keinen Autor oder Mann, der die weibliche Gefhlswelt so treffend beschreiben kann.Wer, wie ich, Kings Romane wegen der tollen Charaktere mag hat hier einen soliden Roman mit durchaus spannenden und auch unheimlichen Passagen. Wer aber einen Thriller erwartet, der von vorn bis hinten spannend ist, sollte sich nach was anderem umschauen.

KurzbeschreibungDont miss the thrilling novel from undisputed King of Horror and #1 New York Times bestselling author Stephen King about what happens when the barrier between our world and that of the supernatural is breached...No more than a dark pencil line on a blank page. A horizon line, maybe. But also a slot for blackness to pour through... A terrible construction site accident takes Edgar Freemantles right arm and scrambles his memory and his mind, leaving him with little but rage as he begins the ordeal of rehabilitation. A marriage that produced two lovely daughters suddenly ends, and Edgar begins to wish he hadnt survived the injuries that could have killed him. He wants out. His psychologist, Dr. Kamen, suggests a geographic cure, a new life distant from the Twin Cities and the building business Edgar grew from scratch. And Kamen suggests something else. Edgar, does anything make you happy? I used to sketch. Take it up again. You need hedges...hedges against the night. Edgar leaves Minnesota for a rented house on Duma Key, a stunningly beautiful, eerily undeveloped splinter of the Florida coast. The sun setting into the Gulf of Mexico and the tidal rattling of shells on the beach call out to him, and Edgar draws. A visit from Ilse, the daughter he dotes on, starts his movement out of solitude. He meets a kindred spirit in Wireman, a man reluctant to reveal his own wounds, and then Elizabeth Eastlake, a sick old woman whose roots are tangled deep in Duma Key.

Now Edgar paints, sometimes feverishly, his exploding talent both a wonder and a weapon. Many of his paintings have a power that cannot be controlled. When Elizabeths past unfolds and the ghosts of her childhood begin to appear, the damage of which they are capable is truly devastating. The tenacity of love, the perils of creativity, the mysteries of memory, and the nature of the supernatural Stephen King gives us yet another novel as fascinating as it is gripping and terrifying. .de Significant Seven, January 2008: It would be impossible to convey the wonder and the horror of Stephen King's latest novel in just a few words. Suffice it to say that Duma Key, the story of Edgar Freemantle and his recovery from the terrible nightmare-inducing accident that stole his arm and ended his marriage, is Stephen King's most brilliant novel to date (outside of the Dark Tower novels, in which case each is arguably his best work). 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The novel hadn't yet been published, but I knew its story well: Lisey and Scott Landon--what a marriage that was. Then he dropped the other shoe: "I think Duma Key might be my story of divorce." Pretty soon I received a slim package from a familiar address in Maine. Inside was a short story titled "Memory"--a story of divorce, all right, but set in Minnesota. By the end of the summer, when Tin House published "Memory," Stephen had completed a draft of Duma Key, and it became clear to me how "Memory" and its narrator, Edgar Freemantle, had moved from Minnesota to Florida, and how a story of divorce had turned into something more complex, more strange, and much more terrifying. If you read the following two texts side by side--"Memory" as it was published by Tin House and the opening chapter of Duma Key in final form--you'll see a writer at work, and how stories can both contract and expand. Whether Duma Key is an expansion of "Memory" or "Memory" a contraction of Duma Key, I can't really say. Can you? --Chuck Verrill "Memory" Memories are contrary things; if you quit chasing them and turn your back, they often return on their own. That's what Kamen says. I tell him I never chased the memory of my accident. Some things, I say, are better forgotten. Maybe, but that doesn't matter, either. That's what Kamen says. My name is Edgar Freemantle. I used to be a big deal in building and construction. This was in Minnesota, in my other life. I was a genuine American-boy success in that life, worked my way up like a motherf---er, and for me, everything worked out. When Minneapolis-St. Paul boomed, The Freemantle Company boomed. When things tightened up, I never tried to force things. But I played my hunches, and most of them played out well. By the time I was fifty, Pam and I were worth about forty million dollars. And what we had together still worked. 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Sometimes in those little hours I think about the horizon. You have to establish the horizon. You have to mark the white. A simple enough act, you might say, but any act that re-makes the world is heroic. Or so I've come to believe. Imagine a little girl, hardly more than a baby. She fell from a carriage almost ninety years ago, struck her head on a stone, and forgot everything. Not just her name; everything! And then one day she recalled just enough to pick up a pencil and make that first hesitant mark across the white. A horizon-line, sure. But also a slot for blackness to pour through. Still, imagine that small hand lifting the pencil... hesitating... and then marking the white. Imagine the courage of that first effort to re-establish the world by picturing it. I will always love that little girl, in spite of all she has cost me. I must. I have no choice. Pictures are magic, as you know. My Other Life My name is Edgar Freemantle. 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