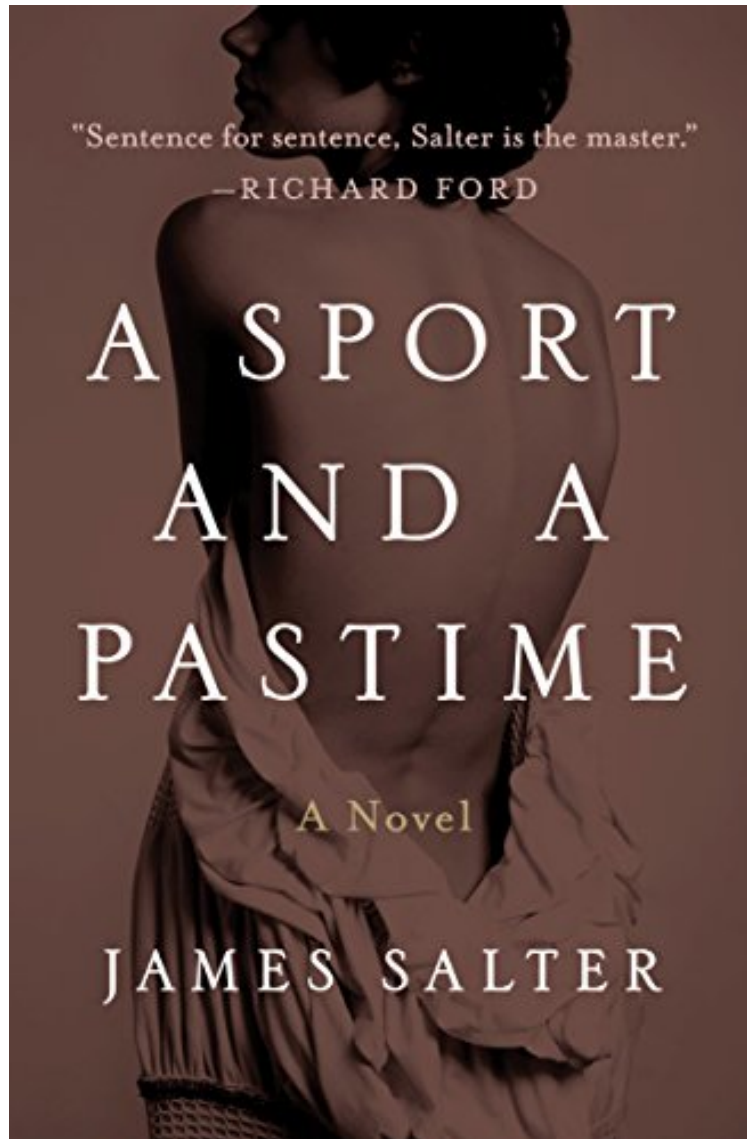


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## A Sport and a Pastime: A Novel: Open Road (Modern Library) (English Edition)

Von James Salter

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**Von James Salter : A Sport and a Pastime: A Novel: Open Road (Modern Library) (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised A Sport and a Pastime: A Novel: Open Road (Modern Library) (English Edition):

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich.  
Confessions of a Snoop Von Neil C. Gever Read this. What distinguishes this book is the narrator, a male Nellie Dean.

He is a "writer" who knows he's very, very good; who self-consciously describes the French landscape and people in literary terms - recasting events at will to demonstrate his authority and virtuosity; who pretends he's Stendahl when describing social situations; and who is ultimately confronted by something he is incapable of -- erotic love, not his own, but someone else's. The novel is about what he thinks is important, and how he is in a way undone by the affair of a young American drifter and a French shopgirl. What are we to make of the narrator's descriptions of their love, their sex? Are they accurate or imagined? If they depict "real" events, how did he learn of them? Are we to believe what he tells us about how he came upon the information? Why can't we dismiss, why are we so drawn in by his exquisite, terse narrative when we also get the sense that he could well be a sicko voyeur? The fact of his sensitivity toward the lovers (perhaps he writes compassionately about the lovers to win his readers over) really shouldn't excuse his crimes, right? All writers and readers of fiction, of course, are snoopers. How delicious it is to spy on others, even if they are not real, and even when the act of spying (or reading) makes us aware of our own shortcomings. I was completely overwhelmed by this one.

3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. a diamond in the rough Von karl b. In the introduction to the Modern Library edition, Salter stated he was trying to write a book of imperishable images and obsessions-- which contrasted the ordinary from the divine. Existential, surreal, expressionist, emotionally abstract, all these terms can be applied inadequately to the result. Set around France, it follows a footloose Yale dropout's relationship with a young shopgirl. It is a passionate shambles of impressions and reflections. The book's sparsity fills volumes. The third person, subjective narrative merges with the thoughts of the protagonist, always focused on sensuality and fragility. Like a dissonance of the will and conscience, it all seems imagined. Braced by precise language, compressed to a critical mass, Salter's withering insights release sudden visual eruptions. This tale is an intensely philosophical look at life, outlined by a passing love affair. Writing that has achieved this level of density and inner light is rare. A Sport and a Pastime sparkles and dazzles! 2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. One of the all-time sleepers.... Von Ein Kunde Lest anyone be misled, this book is indeed risqué, which means (luckily) that it will never pass the censors into the Intro to Lit 1A at Princeton. On the other hand, obviously enough if you have any sensitivity at all to language and any honesty as an adult, it is certainly not about sex in any but the most remotely pedestrian way that a description of the handling capabilities of a vintage Morgan would be to enthusiasts of British sportscars. I love this book. Discovered it in as unlikely a form as I first discovered John Fowles *The Magus*, that is to say in a popular American paperback edition off a drugstore book carousel, marketed cynically by Bantam as a porno expose replete with tiny photo-nudes of a girl wrapped in aluminum foil, which perhaps got the editors off the hook for sending such a frankly explicit book into the heart of provincial America. What I discovered, of course, as a budding writer and undergraduate at Berkeley, was a prose as astonishingly suave and deft as Faberge, --French, if you will, in its stiff poses and exaggerated emotional vantages-- but uninhibited in a way that released the imagination much as Miller or Celine could with flights of descriptive phraseology. "The rain came down like gravel." --That sense! of immediacy and effortlessness with memorable surfaces and remorseful nostalgia that could mark time like the best Pop singles when you were madly in love and sensually in thrall. How could you forget what it was like to be in love at 22--and driving through rural France in the early Spring of your life? As poignant as Debussy down a lane of Poplars, --or read "American Express," a later story Salter published first in *Esquire* magazine, about the soured aftermath of such an arrangement, where the merely bad breath has become the bitterness of pruriency, the innocence turned inside out as a classic truth: The young and "innocent" seduce the worldly and experienced, not the other (predictable) way around. But enough slogging. What makes this book special is that it accepts physical love on the same terms as all other sensual food, and claims it as memory's own, to fondle, shade and re-create at will. This story could be ten different stories, all the affairs intersecting at the center of the park "all parks imply." Classic--in the purest sense of non-specific, rural, almost Medieval physical data--unashamed, but with the haughty, game ghost of Moliere or Rostand standing by the shadowy curtain in the wings. Or perhaps Chekov, smiling knowingly from on high.... I find myself agreeing with Brendan Gill's characterization of its being "Mandarin" in quality, but cannot resist holding it privately to my breast as a secret pleasure despite its pretention and prideful manliness. Heaven help us if we shun the dapper irony of its mode, the unfashionable grace of its (now seemingly dated) modernity. One could as well relegate the antics of Willie Mays or Larry Bird to obscurity, as neglect such an ambitious prose stylist as Salter to the ranks of the "minor."

Kurzbeschreibung The astonishing novel and tour de force about a love affair in postwar France from the iconic author of *All That Is* (The New York Times Book ). Twenty-year-old Yale dropout Phillip Dean is traveling Europe aimlessly in a borrowed car with little money. When he stops for a few days in a church-quiet town near Dijon, he meets Anne-Marie Costallat, a young shop assistant. The two begin an affair both carnal and innocent, and she quickly becomes to him the real France, its beating heart and an object of pure longing. James Salter, author of *Light Years* and the memoir *Burning the Days*, was an essential voice in the evolution of late twentieth-century prose, a stylist on par with Updike and Roth who won the PEN/Faulkner Award for his collection *Dusk and Other Stories*. One of the first great

American novels to speak frankly of human desire free of guilt and shame, *A Sport and a Pastime* inspired Reynolds Price to call it as nearly perfect as any American fiction I know. This ebook edition features an illustrated biography of James Salter including rare photos from the authors personal collection.