

(Get free) Blackberry Wine

Blackberry Wine

Von Joanne Harris

DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation - Verkaufsrang: #85788 in eBooks Veröffentlicht am: 2010-06-29 Erscheinungsdatum: 2010-06-29 File Name: B003NX6Y60 | File size: 26.Mb

Von Joanne Harris : Blackberry Wine before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Blackberry Wine:

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Delicious is the hand which feeds us Von Mr. K. Mahoney Jay Mackintosh is a frustrated writer. Living in London, he is constantly forced to go to literary parties, and to teach creative writing by his tiresome spin doctor girlfriend, Kerry,

and all because of a prize winning novel that he wrote years ago. If left to himself, Jay is content to wallow in the past and to write pulp SF under the name of 'Jonathan Winesap' (a pseudonym derived from two species of American apple). But then Jay is inspired by a piece of junk mail... This is Joanne Harris' follow-up novel to the fantastically successful *Chocolat*, soon to become an obligatory film starring Juliet Binoche. The theme of the pleasure of mastication is continued here, with homemade bottles of fruit wine replacing chocolate festivals. Not that the wine that Joseph Cox makes is all that sweet. But Jay still drinks Joseph's 'Specials', like he writes SF, not for the pleasure of the taste, but for the joy of its associated memories. For each sip takes Jay back twenty five years, to the summers of the mid-70s, reliving his first tumultuous meeting with retired miner Joseph Cox in a small place called Pog Hill. There is the where Jay will undergo his pubescent years, hiding toys, comics, and himself by the canal. There, separated from his divorcing mother and father, Jay and Joe form a bond which is almost stronger than that between father and son. Joseph Cox is an aged man who has travelled the world, but whose blood beats with the heart of a hippie, and who proves to be a magical companion to Jay, with his herbs and rare seeds, each with its own story to tell. Joe and Jay become master and apprentice in the mysterious art of 'layman's alchemy'. But maybe magic is not enough to save them both from their fates... Jay escapes his London life to live in an idyllic French countryside. But as he becomes embroiled in the machinations and mysteries of this new community, has he truly learnt the lessons of the past? *Blackberry Wine* is a beautiful novel. Like a couple of other works recently, such as 'Emotionally Weird' and 'White Teeth', the 1970s are very much present, allowing Harris and others to show the development or stasis of their characters, maybe reflecting a bit of soul-searching brought on by the millennium. This novel will appeal to anyone who remembers where he or she was when Elvis died, and the hot English summer of '76. There is a danger in going back to the past in that you can misremember things. Certainly, it would have been impossible for Jay to buy a copy of *The Eagle* in 1975, since it folded in 1969 (one of the memories of my childhood was the revivification of *The Eagle* in the early 1980s). But never mind the details (Michele Roberts has also criticized Harris' use of the French inheritance laws), it's the magic that's strongest here. It does seem that, in this quite subversive novel, that Joanne Harris has subtly reverted to her SF past. The model of this novel seems to be that of *The Hero's Journey*, so beloved of Hollywood filmmakers like George Lucas, with her portrayal of the young boy and his mentor. Although Harris sensibly falls short of Joe exhorting Jay to "use the Force". Harris employs the unusual device of having the novel narrated by a bottle of wine, Fleuric 1962 (the year of Jay's birth). To some people, this wine could seem to be deceptively sweet, drowned in a world of fantasy. But the more discerning palate can also revel in its astonishing bite. Joanne Harris has gone on the offensive here, spelling out the law, laying down boundaries, much as Jay and Joe try to, marking a line in the sand: thus far, and no further. Just as Jay struggles with his identity, so does Joanne, seemingly reacting against the success of her previous novel, reminding you of her varied past as a writer, defining herself against the definitions that the media has made of her - which is probably why the village of Lansquenet and its inhabitants make a reappearance here. But I don't think we'll get to see John Thaw play Joseph Cox quite yet. Drink this novel in. It will give you a feeling that is the equal and opposite reaction to that of a hangover - pure joy.

1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. lovely story brilliantly told
 Von Ein Kunde
 Blackberry wine tells the story of a young british author who has written one brilliant book some time ago and is searching for his former art of writing. He does this with leaving the demanding life he lives, remembering and finding the dream of the past, a house in a remote village in France. He tours in his mind his past in Great Britain. And bewilders the people around him - first his friends in Britain he is leaving but also the people in the villiage by not complying to the city guy image.
 Read it and love it
 9 von 11 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The voice of your heart at the bottom of a bottle of wine
 Von Ein Kunde
 Jay lives in the shadow of his former fame as a bestseller author. He is used to his surroundings, London, his girlfriend; blocked and unable to write another success. Suddenly a flash from childhood makes him flee from London to a little village in France. There, his mysterious neighbour makes him realize that he has saved himself from an unreal world with fake affections into real life with all its problems, secrets, lies, little everyday wars, prejudices and the insight that you have to listen to your heart first - the more so, if you cannot hear the wine telling you the secrets of life.
 An emotional story, written in an elegant style, Joanne Harris plays with tastes, magic and emotions. As I was told '*Chocolat*' was boring, I decided to read '*Blackberry Wine*' - certainly attracted by the cover - and now I am longing to read '*Chocolat*' too. Good I listened to my own heart first!

Kurzbeschreibung Jay Mackintosh is trapped by memory in the old familiar landscape of his childhood, to which he longs to return. A bottle of home-brewed wine left to him by a long-vanished friend seems to provide the key to an old mystery. As the unusual properties of the strange brew take effect, Jay escapes to a derelict farmhouse in the French village of Lansquenet. There, a ghost from the past waits to confront him, and the reclusive Marise - haunted, lovely and dangerous - hides a terrible secret behind her closed shutters. Between them, a mysterious chemistry. Or could it be magic? de Joanne Harris's first novel, *Chocolat*, was set in the sleepy French village of Lansquenet, where enchantment, romance, and soft-centered truths issued from the local confectioner's shop. She returns to the same

location for Blackberry Wine. But as the title suggests, she's shifted her focus from food to drink, choosing a half-dozen bottles of homemade plonk as the catalyst for her "layman's alchemy." And even the narrator is no human being but a faintly tannic Fleurie 1962: "A pert, garrulous wine, cheery and little brash, with a pungent taste of blackcurrant!" There are, of course, some less vinous characters in the novel. Harris's protagonist, Jay Mackintosh, is a former literary star, now sadly stalled. He spends his time writing second-rate science fiction, leading a hollow media life, and drinking: "Not to forget, but to remember, to open up the past and find himself there again." Yet the nice, expensive wines don't do the trick. Instead, six "Specials"--a gift from his old friend Joe--function as Jay's magical elixir. Like Proust's lime-blossom tisane, they give him the gift of his memories but also unlock his future, which encourages him to flee the rut of his London life and buy a house in Lansquenet. As Jay settles in, he contemplates his childhood friendship with Joe, whose idiosyncratic outlook was the inspiration for his only successful book. Meanwhile, he becomes involved in village life, encountering some familiar faces from *Chocolat*. Caro and Toinette, the snooty troublemakers, soon put in an appearance, and Josephine, the bar owner and battered wife of the earlier novel, becomes a real friend. But it's a new character, the enigmatic Marise, who becomes the focus of Jay's attention--and who helps to restore his literary joie de vivre. This feat of resurrection makes for a hugely enjoyable read. It also goes one step further in adding Lansquenet to the map of imaginary destinations, where daydreams can come true with intoxicating frequency. --Eithne Farry.com

Joanne Harris's first novel, *Chocolat*, was set in the sleepy French village of Lansquenet, where enchantment, romance, and soft-centered truths issued from the local confectioner's shop. She returns to the same location for *Blackberry Wine*. But as the title suggests, she's shifted her focus from food to drink, choosing a half-dozen bottles of homemade plonk as the catalyst for her "layman's alchemy." And even the narrator is no human being but a faintly tannic Fleurie 1962: "A pert, garrulous wine, cheery and little brash, with a pungent taste of blackcurrant!" There are, of course, some less vinous characters in the novel. Harris's protagonist, Jay Mackintosh, is a former literary star, now sadly stalled. He spends his time writing second-rate science fiction, leading a hollow media life, and drinking: "Not to forget, but to remember, to open up the past and find himself there again." Yet the nice, expensive wines don't do the trick. Instead, six "Specials"--a gift from his old friend Joe--function as Jay's magical elixir. Like Proust's lime-blossom tisane, they give him the gift of his memories but also unlock his future, which encourages him to flee the rut of his London life and buy a house in Lansquenet. As Jay settles in, he contemplates his childhood friendship with Joe, whose idiosyncratic outlook was the inspiration for his only successful book. Meanwhile, he becomes involved in village life, encountering some familiar faces from *Chocolat*. Caro and Toinette, the snooty troublemakers, soon put in an appearance, and Josephine, the bar owner and battered wife of the earlier novel, becomes a real friend. But it's a new character, the enigmatic Marise, who becomes the focus of Jay's attention--and who helps to restore his literary joie de vivre. This feat of resurrection makes for a hugely enjoyable read. It also goes one step further in adding Lansquenet to the map of imaginary destinations, where daydreams can come true with intoxicating frequency. --Eithne Farry