



Some Do Not...

Ford Madox Ford , Max Saunders (Editor)

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Christopher Tietjens, a brilliant, unconventional mathematician, is married to the dazzling yet unfaithful Sylvia, when, during a turbulent weekend, he meets a young Suffragette by the name of Valentine Wannop. Christopher and Valentine are on the verge of becoming lovers until he must return to his World War I regiment. Ultimately, Christopher, shell-shocked and suffering from amnesia, is sent back to London. An unforgettable exploration of the tensions of a society confronting catastrophe, sexuality, power, madness, and violence, this narrative examines time and a critical moment in history.

Some Do Not... Details

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From Reader Review Some Do Not... for online ebook

Devon Flaherty says

*REVIEW FOR PARADE'S END TETROLOGY.

Parade's End, by Ford Madox Ford. First published as a series of books, *Some Do Not...*, *No More Parades*, *A Man Could Stand Up*—, and *The Last Post*, in the 1920s. I read the Vintage edition of all four stories together, published in 1950/1978.

All authors have their overused words. For Rowling in the Potter series, it was “pant.” For Rowling later on, it was all about “thick legs.” For me, it seems to be “face” or “gaze.” For Tolstoy, it was “superfluous” (at least in translation). And for Ford, well, he has a number of them, which at times he is doing on purpose. The worst one, by far, is “lachrymose.” If I have to read “lachrymose” one more time...

This book is a tetralogy. Ford, in fact, never saw it as the omnibus *Parade's End*, even though he suggested the title. However, when Graham Greene did a release of it many years ago, he left off the last book, saying that Ford himself wrote *The Last Post* superfluously (tee hee) and that he later regretted its inclusion. I was, therefore, torn between reading it as a trilogy or in its entirety. It helped that I had a terrible time getting through it at all. I left it at the trilogy. Many *Parade* fans would be appalled, for even though the last book is supposedly very different, it does have its proponents. Okay, I'll admit, I skimmed it, and nothing called out to me.

This is another one of those books listed without fail in the top one hundred best books, wherever you might find that list. It has been called the greatest war novel(s) of all time, as well as the best of the 20th century. It does not have the large base of obsessive followers as many of the other chart-toppers (*Anna Karenina*, *The Great Gatsby*, *Don Quixote*, etc.), and it is clear why. It is a difficult read. Or, in the words of some article I read months ago and can not now find, it is a dying novel. Sure, it has themes and stories that could transcend, but its language and literary devices are wearing thin.

The writing style is somewhere between stream-of-consciousness and chunky time jumps (backwards and forwards). Ford's writing is replete with repeated words and phrases, amazingly sustained run-on sentences, and ellipses. (If ellipses vex you, I beg you not to pick up this book.) Particular moments in time are relived again and again, the whole 730 dense pages adding up to maybe a total of ten actual scenes. Points are driven into the reader's head until it's simply buzzing. I believe all of this comes from the stream-of-consciousness thing, and it's a style I have a very hard time enjoying. Perhaps it's because I don't think in meandering tirades of words. I think in pictures. Meandering, messy, repetitive tirades of words are tiresome to me.

And yet I can appreciate many things about this novel(s). You are really able to get in to a couple of the character's heads. The characters, in general, are extremely finely drawn. So is leftover Victorian England. So is war, or at least WWI. You've got this great love triangle, and an exploration of fresh topics, like one's upbringing and theories versus their passion and circumstances. And Sylvia? She's just one big train wreck of a personality disorder, and I heartily enjoyed reading her on tenterhooks.

But I found myself wishing, very frequently, that Ford's writing style had been very, very different. I appreciate his care and perspective; I can't tolerate his voice. I want to play editor, and demand that he cut the whole thing by at least half, re-order it into sequential events, and flesh out a few of the supporting characters and subplots. Plus, give us more action! Then, I'm afraid, the whole thing would be dead, a mangled, lifeless thing, the harrowing tension gone. Which is what the book is, really: a very tight winding in the distinct voice of the times.

Not a re-read for me. Can't say I regret having read it. It took me forever. If I was forced to choose one to re-read, it would definitely be *A Man Could Stand Up*–, which has some achingly beautiful language and moments.

I had decided to move this book up on my queue when I saw that the new British TV series was written by Tom Stoppard. (For Stoppard reviews, see [here](#) and [here](#).) Of course, Cumberbatch fever helped.

I ended up watching the whole five-part series while I was on a break from reading the novel, which has confused me considerably. From what I can recall, the series is a great representation of the novel(s). It has that sort of fractured, in-his-head, finely-drawn characters feel, and it covers just about all the scenes, at least in the middle two books. There were some plot changes that I am not sure about. It could have been that I misunderstood something. It could have been that not reading the last book put me at a disadvantage. It could have been Stoppard added things for translation into movie. Plus, for a book which gathers most of its sexual steam by being definitively demure, the series was a bit too overtly sexy for itself.

Otherwise, fans of British TV and/or Cumberbatch will be happy with this series. It is true, as has been widely said, that he does a great job acting, as does Rebecca Hall. I can imagine these were two of the most difficult characters to play, of all time, which may be why *Parade's End* doesn't seem to have hit the big or small screen until now. Beautiful cinematography, fun costumes. Enjoyable, at the very least, for anyone who tolerates period films.

“...the oddnesses of friendships are a frequent guarantee of their lasting texture” (p5).

“Such calamities are the will of God. A gentleman accepts them” (p12).

“Disasters come to men through drink, gambling, and women” (p14).

“...you live beside a man and notice his changes very little” (p17).

“Damn it. What's the sense of all these attempts to justify fornication?” (p18).

“It's the tradition, so it's right” (p18).

(About England:) “We're always, as it were, committing adultery–like your fellow–with the name of Heaven on our lips” (p21).

“The gods to each ascribe a differing lot: / Some enter at the portal. Some do not!” (p24).

“But Sister Mary of the Cross at the convent had a maxim: ‘Wear velvet gloves in family life.’ We seem to be going at it with the gloves off” (p41).

“‘What's to stop it?’ the priest asked. “‘What in the world but the grace of our blessed Lord, which he hasn't got and doesn't ask for?’” (p45).

“Cats and monkeys. Monkeys and cats. All humanity is there” (p85).

“‘It's the person who does the thing he's afraid of who's the real hero, isn't it?’” (p88).

“I could harangue the whole crowd when I got them together. But speak to one man in cold blood I couldn’t” (p89).

“In every man there are two minds that work side by side, the one checking the other; thus emotion stands against reason, intellect corrects passion...” (p93).

“Who knows what sins of his own are heavily punishable in the eyes of God, for God is just?” (p129).

“I shall write in my bedroom on my knee. I’m a woman and can. You’re a man and have to have a padded chair and sanctuary...” (p132).

“It was as if for a moment destiny, which usually let him creep past somehow, had looked at him” (p147).

“Obviously he might survive; but after that tremendous physical drilling what survived would not be himself, but a man with cleaned, sand-dried bones” (p200).

“If you hunch your shoulders too long against a storm your shoulders will grow bowed...” (p201).

“He considered that, with a third of his brain in action, he was over a match for Mark, but he was tired of discussions” (p216).

“This civilization had contrived a state of things in which leaves rotted by August. Well, it was doomed!” (p232).

“No! ‘Pasteurized’ was the word! Like dead milk. Robbed of their vitamins...” (p294).

“An enormous crashing sound said things of an intolerable intimacy to each of those men, and to all of them as a body” (p315).

“The distrust of the home Cabinet, felt by then by the greater part of that army, became like physical pain” (p320).

“‘If you let yourself go,’ Tietjens said, ‘you may let yourself go a tidy sight father than you want to’” (p325).

“He used the world hell as if he had first wrapped it in eau-de-Cologned cotton-wadding” (p348).

“‘Don’t think I’m insulting you. You appear to be a very decent fellow. But very decent fellows have gone absent’” (p364).

“The man looked you straight in the eyes. But a strong passion, like that for escape—or a girl—will give you control over the muscles” (p364).

“English people of good passion consider that the basis of all marital unions or disunions, is the maxim: No scenes” (p368).

“He would, literally, rather be dead than an open book” (p368).

“...she had seemed a mere white phosphorescence...” (p370).

“You cannot force your mind to a deliberate, consecutive recollection” (p371).

“My wife must have been more aware of my feelings for Miss Wannop than was I myself” (p373).

“Obviously he was not immune from the seven deadly sins” (p377).

“One reserved the right so to do and to take the consequences” (p377).

“That whole land was to be annihilated as a sacrifice to one vanity” (p386).

“The world was foundering” (p387).

“But it’s better to go to heaven with your skin shining and master of your limbs” (p390).

“...he might be just in time for the last train to the old heaven...” (p394).

“The French were as a rule more gloomy than men and women are expected to be” (p437).

“You cannot keep up fits of emotion by the hour” (p436).

“They wanted the war won by men who would at the end be either humiliated or dead. Or both. Except, naturally, their own cousins or fiancée’s relatives” (p533).

“...the telephone began, for Valentine, to assume an aspect that, years ago it had used to have—of being part of the supernatural paraphernalia of inscrutable Destiny” (p543).

“...flee away and eat pomegranates beside an infinite washtub of Reckitt’s blue” (p546).

“You had to keep them—the Girls, the Populace, everybody!—in hand now, for once you let go there was no knowing where They, like waters parted from the seas, mightn’t carry You” (p551).

“To save three thousand, two hundred pounds, not to mention interest—which was what Vincent owed him!—Edith Ethel with the sweetest possible smile would beg the pillows off a whole hospital ward full of dying She was quite right. She had to save her man. You go to any depths of ignominy to save your man” (p570).

““I didn’t consciously want to bother you but a spirit in my feel has made me who knows how That’s Shelley, isn’t it?” (p571).

“Then... What should keep them apart? Middle Class Morality? A pretty gory carnival that had been for the last four years!” (p576).

“If people wanted your to appreciate items of sledge-hammering news they should not use long sentences” (p578).

“Thoughts menaced him as clouds threaten the heads of mountains” (p588).

“Probably because they—the painters—drew from living models or had ideas as to the human form But these were not limbs, muscles, torsi. Collections of tubular shapes in field-grey or mud-colour they were. Chucked about by Almighty God? As if He had dropped them from on high to make them flatten into the earth” (p594).

“How the devil had that fellow managed to get smashed into that shape? It was improbable” (p597).

“In the trench you could see nothing and noise rushed like black angels gone mad; solid noise that swept you off your feet Swept your brain off its feet” (p602).

“You imagined that the heavenly powers in decency suspended their activities at such moments. But there was positively lightning. They didn't!” (p603).

“It appeared to him queer that they should be behaving like that when you could hear... oh, say, the winds of the angel of death” (p622).

“But Great General Staff likes to exchange these witticisms in iron. And a little blood!” (p655).

*REVIEW WRITTEN FOR THE STARVING ARTIST BLOG

Laura says

Free download available at eBooks@Adelaide.

This is the first book of the tetralogy Parade's End.

Opening lines:

The two young men — they were of the English public official class — sat in the perfectly appointed railway carriage. The leather straps to the windows were of virgin newness; the mirrors beneath the new luggage racks immaculate as if they had reflected very little; the bulging upholstery in its luxuriant, regulated curves was scarlet and yellow in an intricate, minute dragon pattern, the design of a geometrician in Cologne.

From Wiki:

The novels chronicle the life of Christopher Tietjens, "the last Tory", a brilliant government statistician from a wealthy landowning family who is serving in the British Army during World War I. His wife Sylvia is a flippant socialite who seems intent on ruining him. Tietjens may or may not be the father of his wife's child. Meanwhile, his incipient affair with Valentine Wannop, a high-spirited pacifist and suffragette, has not been consummated, despite what all their friends believe. The two central novels follow Tietjens in the army in France and Belgium, as well as Sylvia and Valentine in their separate paths over the course of the war.

The sequel of this book is No More Parades.

DGT says

"What I stand for is gone."

It says a lot for Ford Madox Ford's ability to expand the significance of a character by thoughtfully providing a social and historical context that Christopher Tietjens is indisputably the hero of "Some Do not" (1924). In retrospect, this is so from the moment we meet him on the branch-line to Rye. And, yet, Tietjens is variously described as a mad bullock, a dying bulldog, a hog, someone with lobster eyes, and even "odious" by the woman who comes to love him. He rescues suffragists, without agreeing with their cause; is almost unbearably honourable, "a regular Dreyfus", according to one appalling character, the General, who adds "there, there, my dear boy. Come and have a sloe gin. That's the real answer to all beastly problems." Tietjens never reads a novel but can quote from any work of literature. Politically, his one-nation Toryism agrees with the far Left over a minimum wage and assuming the power to enforce it. And he is "the last decent man in England": "I stand for monogamy ... and chastity. And for not talking about it."

One interest in "Some Do Not" is discerning how many of the values of this unusual hero, Ford shares. Tietjens (and Ford?) trades in national stereotypes, following some of his worst with the observation that, with such characteristics, the French, Italian, Prussian, and American could never fathom the off-break. What saves Tietjens, not so much from readers (or at least me because, to my surprise, I am on his side from the outset), but from madness, is the horror of the coming 1914 War. "One has to clear up. I'm going out", he says in his buttoned-up voice. Possibly because he is above entitlement, when nearly all of the characters around him expect it, his qualities and his unwavering commitment to rights and duties endure, and to a greater extent than his predecessor in Ford's work: Edward Ashburnham, the hero of "The Good Soldier" (1915), a novel that is usually more acclaimed but that I like less than "Some Do Not". By way of a disagreement with most commentators, particularly Graham Greene, I had lots of sympathy with Sylvia Tietjens -- even as I admired Valentine Wannop's very different views -- not least because Christopher Tietjens is, at once, wonderful and awful, and living with him would be impossible.

I look forward to reading the remaining three novels in the "Parades End" series, including "Last Post" (1928), so disliked by Graham Greene, who, in some respects, is quite influenced by Ford. For the most direct influence, though minus most of the subtleties, one would probably turn to John Le Carré's Smiley Trilogy, and especially the middle novel, "The Honourable Schoolboy" and its titular hero.

Matt says

There are people who consider this book - the first part of the celebrated Parade's End tetralogy - one of the greatest ever written. It is, for sure, enormously ambitious. There's no hand-holding from the reader here. Events are unfurled as deeply analysed memories, in conversations between characters and it is far from linear; even on occasions where it remains so, it is quite happy to skip events of enormity and months that roll into years, leaving you to catch up as Madox Ford delves deeply into the consciousness of his leads.

Chief among them is Christopher Tietjens, brilliant, challenging, selfless. He works for the Government as a civil servant, deriving statistics for the great and good and, as an entitled genius from a "good family", would have a career of undoubted greatness set before him were it not for the fact that he is incapable of kissing ass and taking names, a game he fails at miserably.

Then the First World War and shell shock interrupt.

Arguably it's problematic that the war itself is but a shadow in this novel - an inciting incident of sorts, no more. Tietjens' consciousness, which is brilliantly explored in a modernist fashion so committed as to almost overwhelm, is affected and afflicted by the war but it is far from the be all and end all. I'm not an expert on the era, but it also explores the politics of women in that time to a degree I've yet to experience in another novel from that time.

In short, it's a huge undertaking, and deftly executed. But I found myself tortured by it at times. The explorations are so enormous that they become, in and of themselves, the point. In fact, that is very clear. But as a narrative, it becomes entangled in its own cleverness, by my eye. A twenty page cart-ride is all well and good but the pay off is almost irrelevant. In this sense, the book reminded me of Joyce, but it lacks the same joy of exploration, of uniqueness. Taking this approach to, say, Middlemarch would have made it unreadable; Madame Bovary on the other hand enjoys a deftness and lightness of touch that steers it around some of the bogs Some Do Not... tends to charge headlong into.

Additionally, and inevitably, some of the aspects which are "of its time" provides a different kind of turgidity. This is a book about the upper class

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Caroline says

This must be one of the novels, if not the only novel, that one reads for the centenary of the Great War. Ford is an erudite social anthropologist, describing every detail of a highly evolved social structure in the process of simultaneously portraying its implosion. So that it would be a challenge to assign it to most undergraduate classes today, I think; they would protest that they don't have a clue what anyone is talking about. What nonsense is Tietjens going on about? – they didn't sign up to learn a dead language.

But they should. Ford is astounding, working on so many levels in every scene. A brilliant example: the early set piece in the country club where the general tells off the two 'City men' for coarse talk and then proceeds himself to talk of how a gentleman handles an affair, but of course in the only acceptable upper class manner. In between these items, Ford, at the keyboard, plays a four-part conversational fugue -- so perfect.

There follows a midnight cart ride through the countryside where we come to know the two main characters in their hearts and souls, and we understand why they will become soul mates. This conversation, which tellingly takes place in the dark, shines in contrast to the obscured upper class language of Tietjen's wife and best friend, and others from the worlds of (Catholic) church, army, White Hall, intellectual salons, landed gentry, etc.

Mostly, though, Ford gives the reader the heart and guts of men and women before and during wartime, caught in social conventions that lead them to do both noble and despicable things. Ford wrings one's heart without sentimentality, and forces understanding for those who cause pain through their own hurt and frustration. He takes your breath away with his art.

This first book in the tetralogy Parade's End does not reach the battlefield, but the war is never far away. Nor is Ford's contempt for men and women who treat the war as another political exercise, or an opportunity for profiteering, and who are willing to wink at ethnical niceties. One very interesting point is Ford's treatment of women's influence on political affairs and war policy. This echoes the same issue in another book I read recently, The General by C. S. Forester. Well-educated, well-to-do women with no chance at a

career and a will to power lead to trouble.

One of the most interesting questions, for me, is how Ford feels about the politics of his characters. Tietjens is a Tory—Does Ford admire his party? All of Ford's other men of the ruling class are oblivious, stuffed shirts or hypocritical cads. Is Ford saying that Tories have fine ideals and England depends on people actually living up to them, as Tietjens does? Or is he saying that the Tories wave a flag with Tietjens' ideals on it to perpetuate the class structure as an admirable, chivalrous and benevolent institution that everyone ought to be thankful for—but in fact in fact the Tories are only out for themselves, manipulating war policy as profiteers and ensuring safe postings for their sons?

The politics of the other characters are not held up as a better alternative; see Valentine's brother's communism and Sylvia's vague German sympathies. Ford has no simplistic answers, and I look forward to seeing how he develops this aspect of the work over the next three parts of *Parade's End*. Carcanet publishes what looks to be a marvelous, fully edited and commented edition of all four volumes, but I'm going to read the novels cold the first time. Later I'll go back and learn about his politics and who he was writing about, because surely these characters must be modeled on real people in some cases.

As for the writing, one has to be knocked over by how Ford uses his own deep learning and experience to set his knight in a modernist flow of consciousness and make it work. He shows, rather than tells, how brilliant Tietjens is—a very hard thing to do convincingly unless you're brilliant yourself. Ford also shows how Tietjens is simultaneously emblematic of his class in his love of land and system, and unusual for his contempt and willingness to rip apart the conventions of overlooking unpleasant things that involve his peers. Perhaps the most amazing thing is that Tietjens is not a prig—you don't feel either disbelief that a man could hold these beliefs and act on them so conscientiously, or the revulsion usually directed at the scrupulous—because Ford so clearly distinguishes between virtuous and righteous.

The contradictory nature of Tietjens is evident from the first, but Ford ingeniously introduces the modernist style gradually. There are time shifts from the first, but signaled in the usual way. At some point, however, the reader is yanked into unsignalled shifts in viewpoint and temporality, and the interior thoughts become more and more like those of Joyce or Woolf. This happens as passions rise and overwhelm reason, so that the style reinforces the text.

In short, a masterpiece.

Nick Imrie says

The most astonishing thing is how different people were in this country just 100 years ago. I so often had the feeling that there was a great deal of context and subtext that I was utterly missing, when vast sums of meaning are conveyed in a mere, 'Oh, darling...'

I probably shouldn't have read this book as a way to pull myself out of a reading funk. It's pretty tough to go from absolutely no attention span to stream of consciousness!

Victoria says

dnf around 50%

you know, I truly thought I was going to finish this book despite knowing it was going to be 1 star since

chapter two. I guess I felt confident because I had a paperback and was easier to go on reading. basically: I don't know what the book is about. There's no plot, lots of characters and long paragraphs of introspection.

It's boring, confusing and very british. Usually I love british novels but this was too much. Just watch the tv show with Benedict Cumberbatch, it's better.

Eleanor says

I found reading this quite strange: frankly a bit of a mess, but an interesting one. The tone was frequently on the verge of hysteria, and yet the central character was the epitome of the British stiff upper lip. Yes, I know about still waters running deep, but even so ...

However, I am intrigued enough to go on with the series, as I suspect that the later volumes will help make more sense of what motivated the various characters, especially Sylvia and Edith Ethel. What motivated Ford to create these unpleasant women may need a bit of psychoanalysis!

DL says

I was expecting dry toast. I was expecting a heavy handed author. What I got was a very involved, yet delicate, story. There wasn't much in the way of action but there was a lot in the way of emotion and inner workings.

Derek Davis says

"There will never be a Ford Madox Ford revival," said my very tweedy English prof in college. Alas, probably not. This 4-volume work is usually cited for the intensity of its coverage of WWI and the surrounding times in England. For me, it's the unrivaled intensity of emotion throughout. What the protagonist, Tietjens, and his star-crossed lover, Valentine Wannop (!) go through to try to find some resolution in life is, in places, like an operation without anesthetic. God, could Ford get at the confounding necessities of human life.

Jamie Bradway says

Ford is very, very thorough. It's like he was writing for the future, knowing that the social machinations of the day would seem so antiquated just a generation later, so that it all had to be written down for historians' sake. It's a little hard to relate to the motivations of these characters, however.

There are some really beautiful passages, as well.

Belinda Missen says

I wanted to get my feelings down on these books singularly as I read them - much like I did with the Patrick Melrose series.

I came to this books solely through the BBC adaptation - and my weird love for the funny-named Englishman who graced the role of Christopher Tietjens. From my experience with the telly series, I can already tell you that Tietjens is one of my favourite literary characters.

There are plenty who would call him dumb or stupid, at the least, but this book gives a fantastic breakdown of him as a character, of the people who surround him, and show exactly what happens when people (Tietjens) mind their own business, and those around them (basically every other character) are left to mouth-off and gossip in the streets.

My feelings toward other characters have changed since reading this first installment - the Macmasters are snivelling and conniving. Poor Valentine is a little inexperienced, but I think she is still a virtuous character and Sylvia, well, she'd probably have her own reality show if she were born into this generation.

Milena Živkovi? says

Tényleges értékelés – 2.5

Évekkel ezel?tt, még a könyvsorozat magyar megjelenése el?tt nem sokkal láttam a történet alapján készült mini-sorozatot, ami a kicsit keserédes befejezése ellenére nagyon tetszett. A könyvet els?sorban emiatt szerettem volna elolvasni – ha egy megfilmesített regényt a szívembe zárok, szinte garantált, hogy az írott változat annál is jobban fog tetszeni. Ráadásul azóta gyakorlatilag meg is feledkeztem róla, mir?l szólt pontosan a néhány részes sorozat, így örömmel vettem kézbe a m?vet. Hááát... Sajnos nem mondhatnám, hogy sikerült megbarátkoznom vele. Nagyon brit volt, ami els?sorban azt hiszem a karakterek ábrázolásán keresztül jött át leginkább, habár a történetvezetésen is észre lehetett venni; már amennyiben az ember tudja, hogyan szokták bemutatni a sztereotip brit társadalmat, illetve szokásokat. Az elbeszél?i stílus rendkívül unalmas volt, az író ugyanis gyakorta hosszú oldalakon keresztül a cselekmény szempontjából (meg bármilyen más szempontból, ha ?szinte akarok lenni) teljesen érdektelen dolgokról számolt be odaadó részletességgel. Sokkal jobban szeretem a dinamikus történeteket, amelyekben még a leíró részek is lendületesek, err?l azonban itt szó sem volt. A feleslegesen ránk zúduló információtömegben piszok nehéz volt kiragadni a valóban fontos foszlányokat, arról nem is beszélve, hogy ezek egyáltalán nem vitték el?re a cselekményfonalat. Ráadásul az író az id?síkokban is rendszeresen ugrált, amivel alapvet?en nem lett volna probléma, ha érzékeltette volna, éppen mikor járunk – ennek hiányában viszont sokáig zavarosak voltak számomra a történések. A karakterek sem n?ttek hozzám, még *Tietjens* és *Valentine* sem, akikkel a sorozatban azért sikerült szimpatizálnom. A korabeli helyzet, valamint az akkor él? emberek nézeteinek és életvitelének ábrázolása mindenesetre érdekesek voltak, így némileg kárpóoltak. Közel sem annyira, hogy élvezzem a könyvet, ám mindenképp a ritka pozitívumok közé tartozik. Annak ellenére, hogy a 20. századi irodalmi m?vek között milyen nagy becsben tartják, összességében inkább egy negatív olvasmányélmény volt számomra.
