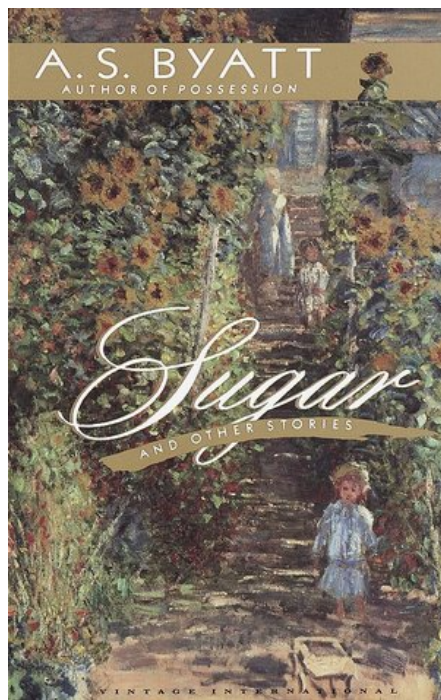




Sugar and Other Stories

A.S. Byatt

Download now

Read Online ➔

Sugar and Other Stories

A.S. Byatt

Sugar and Other Stories A.S. Byatt

A.S. Byatt's short fictions, collected in paperback for the first time, explore the fragile ties between generations, the dizzying abyss of loss and the elaborate memories we construct against it, resulting in a book that compels us to inhabit other lives and returns us to our own with new knowledge, compassion, and a sense of wonder.

Sugar and Other Stories Details

Date : Published November 10th 1992 by Vintage (first published 1987)

ISBN : 9780679742272

Author : A.S. Byatt

Format : Paperback 256 pages

Genre : Short Stories, Fiction, European Literature, British Literature, Literature

 [Download Sugar and Other Stories ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Sugar and Other Stories ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Sugar and Other Stories A.S. Byatt

From Reader Review Sugar and Other Stories for online ebook

Lisa Findley says

Every time I read Byatt, I find myself choosing my words more carefully for the hour or two after I put the book down. Her word choice is always so precise, and her tone so controlled yet revealing. I especially loved the title story, and the line "None of these words, none of these things recall him. The gold-winged, fire-haired figure in the doorway is and was myth, though he did come back, he was there, at that time, and I did make that leap." Perhaps my favorite description of the futility and necessity of words.

Ashleigh says

If you love Byatt's very specific style and sense of place, you'll enjoy these vintage short stories. I found the collection a little uneven; the standouts for me were Racine and the Tablecloth, On the Day that E.M Forster Died, and The Changeling.

Katie says

This is one of those books that makes me wish it were possible to use half-stars in rating it. It's a very uneven collection--certainly not a four-star book--but the best stories in it are good enough that three stars seems a bit paltry. Byatt's command of language is, as always, excellent, and I can only admire the way she seems to ignore all rules about story-making and to write only to please herself and work out her own ideas about fiction. The narrators of these stories are almost all intensely self-conscious; sometimes this self-consciousness works, but in other stories it's tedious.

Steffi says

Eine sehr biografische Kurzgeschichte, in der die Autorin schildert, wie sie sich während des Sterbeprozesses des Vaters an die Geschichten über ihn und seine Familie erinnert. Das ungewöhnliche ist, dass diese Geschichten nicht vom zurückhaltenden Vater selbst, sondern von dessen Frau, der Mutter der Erzählerin, teils auch mit Ausschmückungen erzählt wurden. Damit war das Buch eine interessante Ergänzung zu Eva Manesses Buch Vienna, das ich zuvor gelesen hatte und in dem es ebenfalls um phantasievoll weiter erzählte Familiengeschichte ging. Byatt leitet aus diesem nicht immer wahrheitsgetreuen Erzählen ihr eigenes Schreiben ab und verwebt in die Geschichte auch Gedanken zu Kunst (insbesondere van Gogh) und Literatur (hier hat sie mich vor allem auf Robert Brownings Buch „Der Ring und das Buch“ neugierig gemacht.) Darüberhinaus habe ich noch nie eine solch wunderbare Beschreibung der Produktion von Bonbons gelesen.

Carolyn Mck says

A fiercely written set of stories using memory, feelings, ideas, observation – all in extended, exact (and exacting) prose.

I suspect that the story about the ghost child must be Byatt's way of transforming the accidental death of her own child into a story she can deal with and is wonderfully done.

The title story winds through childhood memory and contrasts a father's truthfulness with a mother's embroidered tale. But which offers the greater truth? There is a lasting image of the sugar in a child's grandfather's factory (manufacturing boiled sweets) – making humbugs. Twines and spirals of 'spun glass'.

Byatt's precise language pinpoints the details of experience at the same time as it provides ways for readers to expand their own emotions and imagination.

Hugh says

It is always a little sad to reach the point where there is no more fiction to read by a favourite writer - let's hope she still has more to come. This was Byatt's first collection of stories, the last book she published before *Possession*, and although it lacks the thematic unity of most of her later story collections, it still contains some fine writing. There are some recurring themes - death (two of the stories involve ghosts) and how real life inspires the writing process.

The first story **Racine and the Tablecloth** is a moving tale of a clever girl who is bullied at school and feels antagonised by her teacher. Like some of the other stories here this one is a little elliptical.

For me the least convincing piece was **The Dried Witch**, a rather macabre story set in a primitive village, which is interesting because its style presages some of her later fairy stories.

On the Day that E.M. Forster Died is a story of a writer that must be at least partly autobiographical - she has a number of disparate ideas for her next novel and while sitting in the British Library she sees that they would be more powerful as part of a single larger work, and feels that the shadow cast by Forster has been lifted - those who have read the Frederica quartet (*The Virgin in the Garden*, *Still Life*, *Babel Tower* and *A Whistling Woman*) might recognise this description. For me this quartet and *Possession* are Byatt's most complex and rewarding works. The story then moves off on a tangent to a decidedly odd encounter with an old acquaintance who tries to involve her in a bizarre conspiracy.

The penultimate story **Precipice Uncurled** is a curious story of a talented young painter falling in love with a friend of Robert Browning, and his death in a fall from a mountain in the Apennines where he is trying to capture the light. I suspect my ignorance led me to miss some of the resonances and context for this one, but it is interesting because it was probably written when she was already thinking about *Possession*.

The final story **Sugar** gives the collection its title. Sugar is about family history and the way stories are filtered and changed by the teller - the narrator compares her parents' conflicting memories of her grandfather, the owner of a boiled sweet factory, and the stories of her aunts and uncles.

As always with Byatt there are plenty of ideas here and this is a rewarding read, but perhaps not the best starting point for someone new to her work.

Lisi says

Klappentext:

Die Geschichten von Erde und Luft handeln von Gegensätzen und Widersprüchen, von Liebe und Tod, Vergangenheit und Gegenwart, Hoffnung und Furcht, Begegnung und Trennung. Entstanden sind sie im selben Zeitraum wie der große Roman Besessen.

In der Erzählung „Das Zimmer nebenan“ empfindet eine Frau den Tod ihrer Mutter zunächst als Befreiung aus bedrückender emotionaler Enge. Den Stimmen, die sie in ihrem leer stehenden Elternhaus zu hören glaubt, will sie durch den Verkauf des Hauses entfliehen. Doch die Stimmen der Vergangenheit sind allgegenwärtig.

In „Racine und das Tischtuch“ steht der Eltern-Kind Konflikt im Mittelpunkt, wenn eine hochbegabte Schülerin im Internat gegen eine kleinkarierte Lehrerin aufbegehrt.

Wie eine Erscheinung aus einer anderen Welt tritt in der Erzählung „Der Wechselbalg“ ein junger Mann in das Leben einer berühmten Schriftstellerin; er sieht der Hauptfigur in einem ihrer Romane verblüffend ähnlich.

In der Erzählung „Am Abgrund“ finden sich alle Themen und Motive der Romane Antonia S. Byatts auf eine beklemmende Weise verdichtet.

Meine Meinung:

Ich habe mehrmals versucht dieses Buch zu lesen, nur um es dann wieder wegzulegen. Gestern habe ich es dann doch wieder in die Hand genommen, mit dem Vorsatz es endlich mal zu lesen. Die Erzählung „Im Zimmer nebenan“, hat mich ziemlich verwirrt und etwas verunsichert zurückgelassen, ich konnte den Sinn dieser Geschichte nicht ganz erfassen. Auch kommt mir das Ende seltsam vor, hat sich die Hauptperson die Stimmen nur eingebildet? Ist sie wieder mit ihren Eltern vereint, oder eben doch nicht? Das kam für mich ehrlich gesagt nicht ganz raus und ich hatte leider nicht die Geduld mir die Geschichte erneut zu Gemüte zu führen.

Dagegen gefiel mir „Racine und das Tischtuch“ schon bedeutend besser. In diese Schülerin konnte man sich irgendwie besser hinein fühlen, vermutlich vor allem deswegen, weil meine eigene Schulzeit noch nicht so lange zurück liegt. Ich habe geahnt, dass sie es nicht leicht haben wird, sobald ich von der Vorschrift gelesen hatte, niemals alleine in die Kirche zu gehen, und der schicksalhaften Schüleranzahl von 29. Ich habe den Kopf geschüttelt, über die Lehrer, die das nicht erkannt haben und ihr erlaubt haben, sich an ein Zweierpärchen anzuhängen. Aber alles in allem regt diese Kurzgeschichte doch zum Nachdenken an und hat mir gut gefallen.

Die Erzählung „Der Wechselbalg“ war etwas verirrend und hat mich trauriger weise stark an meine Schullektüre erinnert. Eine Geschichte, die zwar interessant klang, die aber bis zum Schluss eigentlich nicht aufgeklärt wird und die mehr Fragen offen lässt, also dass sie beantwortet. Auch muss ich zugeben, dass mir die beschriebenen Charaktere darin einfach sehr unsympathisch waren und ich mich stark zum Weiterlesen zwingen musste.

Und die Erzählung „Am Abgrund“ habe ich nur deswegen noch fertig gelesen, weil es die letzte war und ich das Buch einfach beenden wollte. Ich kann mich weder an die Hauptperson noch an den Inhalt erinnern, was wohl genügend darüber aussagt, wie wenig mir diese letzte Geschichte zugesagt hat.

Fazit:

Obwohl mir im Endeffekt einige Geschichten doch ganz gut gefallen haben, werde ich ziemlich sicher von dieser Autorin nichts mehr lesen, zumindest nicht, sofern ich mir das Buch nicht in der Bücherei ausleihen kann. Ich fand es zwar interessant diese Geschichten zu lesen, habe das Buch aber auch nur deswegen

endlich in die Hand genommen, weil es schon über 2 Jahre auf meinem SuB versauert und ich es endlich davon streichen wollte. Ich spreche weder eine Leseempfehlung aus, noch eine Ablehnung, aber meinen Geschmack haben diese Geschichten einfach nicht getroffen.

Vicki says

4 1/2 stars

Dwheeler11 says

This collection of short stories contains the underlying themes of fear, futility, and the uncertainty of life. As always, Byatt's prose is beautiful to read, but this collection leaves one with a sense of unease.

Moir Russell says

I felt very conflicted about this book. The majority of stories in it were extremely unpleasant, and several -- "The Dried Witch," "In the Air" -- so painful I couldn't read them in full. Byatt is not at all in her best in the realistic short story medium; her plots stop short in that maddening manner so common to modern short story authors, so it's as if the last third of the story itself remains unwritten, and only a few times (at the end of "On the Day that E.M. Forster Died," in parts of "Racine and the Tablecloth") does she achieve that true compression of theme and time which is necessary in the form of good short stories. She also seems very preoccupied with death and the impossibility of an afterlife, to a distressing extent (for the reader, if not for her). The stories themselves lack the fine observation of characters over years which give depth to novels like *Still Life* and the rich varied intellectual tapestry of dozens of different ideas that enlivens *Babel Tower* and *Possession*. (In this she is interestingly unlike her *bête noire*, D. H. Lawrence, whose short stories are far finer than his novels. I also confess my interest in this collection was stirred by her supposedly handing the book to an interviewer to use for personal background.)

And yet, the final two stories -- "Precipice-Encurled," serving perhaps as a kind of mini-*Possession* or rough sketch for *Angels and Insects*, and "Sugar," which is explicitly, openly a story about the storytelling novelist (and her fabricating mother) herself -- are amazing, well worth the price of the book, redeeming and rescuing everything else. So I don't really know how to rate his book. I greatly disliked over nine-tenths of it. But that final tenth was fantastic.

Emily says

I enjoy Byatt's short fiction much more than her novels. Perfectly formed, and they stick in my head for years.

Darceylaine says

The collection of short stories is true to Byatt's style, her loving attention to describing every day and sublime objects. Her beautiful use of language. Her immense vocabulary and knowledge of literary and artistic culture, her assumption that her reader speaks French, German, Italian and Latin, so there is no need to provide translations for passages in other languages. Or explanations of her cultural referents. Not having attended Cambridge myself, I tend to get bogged down. But her language is so beautiful and careful, it's worth the work. This collection in particular seems to be focused mostly around death, memory, and fear. If you haven't read any Byatt before, this might not be the place to start.

Maria Beltrami says

Che scriva complessi ed esaltanti romanzi vittoriani, che scriva delicati racconti, la Byatt è una scrittrice che rasenta la perfezione.

Nell'uso del linguaggio, dove ogni parola è non solo al suo posto, ma assolutamente necessaria; nella delicata complessità delle trame, perfettamente equilibrate, vere, commoventi; nella descrizione dei personaggi che sono a tutto tondo anche nei racconti più brevi.

Una splendida lettura.

Chris Browning says

I really liked "In The Air," enjoyed "The July Ghost," and was ambivalent to everything else. 2.5, rounded up solely out of lingering good will for *Possession*.

Gemma Williams says

I must admit to being completely in awe of AS Byatt. I am always struck by her qualities of great, luminous intelligence, her keen eye, her amazing sense for detail, especially emotional detail. I wonder what it's like to be her and just be seeing so much and understanding so much! I get the sense of this incredibly rich inner life, so complex and layered and full of possibility. Reading her makes the world seem bigger and denser and brighter and more important. This wonderful book of short stories demonstrates a wide range of styles and moods, from witty ghost stories to precise, intimate memoir, from savage fable to the terrors of daily life. Byatt invests the smallest details with so much meaning that it points at living, and experiencing, in a deeper and more completely human manner.
