



Skaparinn

Guðrún Eva Mínervudóttir

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Sveinn hefur helgað sig þeirri list að smíða fagrar og vandaðar kynlífsdúkkur. Eftir mikla vinnutörn lítur hann út um gluggann og sér Lóu þar sem hún bisar við að skipta um dekk. Sveinn aðstoðar hana en dregst í kjölfarið inn í fjölskyldumál Lóu og tekst um leið á við eigið líf. Eins og í fyrri bókum Guðrúnar Evu er hér lýst átökum venjulegs fólks við sérkennilegar aðstæður þar sem hjálpin berst stundum úr óvæntri átt.

Skaparinn Details

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From Reader Review Skaparinn for online ebook

Mariangela says

It captivates you with the description of the characters and how they become intertwined- however it becomes very flat and at the end it just falls completely flat..

Being so familiar with Iceland I wanted to read a contemporary fiction set in this amazing land- where the weather and the darkness really take over - the mindset of the people is always fascinating to me as it is definitely shaped by the weather- darkness or abundance of light and it's "isolation" being an island far north in the middle of nowhere...

I related and understood the characters and their issues but the story could have been furthered developed and could have ended with a punch-

Nicki says

Intriguing idea for a book - doesn't quite rise to level I expected, but is beautifully written. I kind of disliked Loa, too, which wasn't great when she's one of two main characters. Sevinn, however, is a good character and I liked reading about him.

This is the first Icelandic novel I have ever read. It's quite subtle (quite an achievement when Sevinn's profession is making sex dolls!). It's very slow moving and it feels like not a lot happens, though actually it's quite eventful. Ending is very open to interpretation.

Sara Hlín says

Skrifuð af þessum frábæra höfundu á meðan hún dvaldi í Hólminum. Mjög vel skrifuð og skemmtileg. Svolítið ótrúverðug á köflum og það pirraði mig aðeins. Kannski á ég bara svona venjulegt líf? Sagar en öðruvísi og hugmyndin góð. Fær mig til að vilja lesa allar bækurnar hennar.

Anna says

Enjoyed this novel thoroughly. It was an easy read. The English translation from Icelandic is titled, "The Creator", published by Portabello books. From the back cover: "A provocative tale of isolation, friendship, the uses of sex and the art of finding salvation in the most unexpected of places."

Shirley says

An interesting read somewhat different to what the cover might suggest. As with many of the authors from the North, Mínerudóttir exhibits her own distinct style of writing which I find, apart from being a breath of fresh air, enables the reader to engage deeply and identify familiar situations and emotions in a somewhat

unusual context. Let us hope many more of her books are translated into English.

Katla says

Frekar leiðinlegt bók, mæli ekki með

Jon S. Prue says

What this book accomplishes is an examination of both female AND male sexuality. Point of narration shifts between Sveinn to Loa, with some middle chapters where the two interact blurring the order. Please do not discredit this book because of a surface reading of Sveinn's profession.

Andrew says

I don't think I've ever found a book so unremittingly bland. From a relatively interesting premise, nothing happens. Characters who need a damn good slap never get one. The interaction between the two main characters is tedious and unrealistic. Alternating chapters between those two characters create unnecessary repetition - as if the writer has deliberately set out to bore the reader and unsure of doing so has tried extra hard by doing it twice. The plot moves like a dancing glacier - one step inexorably forwards, two steps inexorably back.

Now, I'm all for ennui and existential angst, but "The Creator" has nothing to say - not "nothing new", but "nothing" - in this regard. The writing itself is flaccid and reactive. Whether this is a failure of translation or the original work itself I don't know, but it's hard to imagine that it is intentional. Ultimately, the novel is unbelievable in the worse sense of the word. One to avoid.

Harriet says

"The previous evening, just before she had nodded off in the armchair, Sveinn had told her he made dolls, but she hadn't exactly been paying attention and maybe she had imagined something romantic: puppets with extraordinary nobility in the lines of their carved faces, or pale china dolls in creamy white silk dresses. It was hardly possible to dream up something more unromantic than this."

I don't think I have ever come across such a strange book. When I had read the back cover in Waterstones I was unsure of what to expect, even more so when the assistant expressed her approval of my choice.

This book raises some important questions about mental health, sexual identity, old age, death and love. And answers most by demonstrating how coincidental life can often be.

The Creator is brilliantly written. It was so interesting to read how differently a certain scenario can be experienced by others.

I will certainly remember this book for a long time.

Aaron (Typographical Era) says

In the opening moments of *The Creator* a divorced mother of two named Lóa steers her car towards what she believes to be a service garage after it suffers a flat tire. Much to her dismay however, she quickly discovers that the location has changed hands. When a solitary man named Sveinn emerges from the building and offers her his assistance their chance meeting sets in motion a chain of events that neither could have ever hoped to foresee.

Sveinn manufactures sex dolls for a living. Not the plastic blow-up kind, but heavy, expensive, life-sized pieces of art that are hand crafted from silicone. In fact, the first thing he notices about Lóa's appearance is that with the exception of her hair, she has almost nothing in common with the faux girls that he creates. Sveinn muses that she "resembled typical drawings of the first women settlers: large, round eyes, and big, shapely bosoms that rested firmly, on a sturdy, solid torso, and legs like two magnificent pillars." He invites her in for wine and dinner while he fixes her tire, and after returning to discover her passed out in a chair, leaves her to sleep away her exhaustion.

READ MORE:

<http://www.typographicalera.com/creat...>

Rebecca says

An interesting concept, but I found the execution quite sloppy.

This might be due to the translation, but I'm inclined to think not, as in addition to some rather clunky description and dialogue the overlapping dual perspectives created a very awkward and repetitive structure. Ultimately, the book felt like it was amping up to a final act that never happened and the ending left me swinging in the breeze.

Some promising stuff, but buried under quite a lot of snow. Shame.

Greg says

A generous three because the work starts to deal with deeper matters and the idea that change can be both drastic and hard to enact.

I liked that neither narrator was omniscient and that both of their minds were clouded by their pasts and socialization. Sometimes this ventured into stereotypes, but generally it was well done.

Brett Francis says

I wanted to like this book more than I actually did. Though it was quirky and had interesting characters, the "his side, her side" gimmick got tiresome quickly and I lost interest in either character's viewpoint. Was nice to get an idea of Icelandic fiction, but overall not my favorite.

Cenhner Scott says

Una mujer soltera, madre de dos hijas, la mayor con una depresión marca Acme.

Un hombre soltero, que hace muñecas sexuales y el único contacto que tiene con gente es con sus clientes.

La casualidad hace que a ella se le pinche la rueda del auto frente a la casa de él; él la hace entrar hasta que termine de comer. Ella se poné en un pedo atroz y se queda dormida; él aprovecha para cambiarle la rueda del auto y después se va a dormir. Ella se despierta, lo ve dormido, chusmear la casa y decide robarse una muñeca porque capaz que le sirve a la hija para curarse. Sí, ella está loca como una cabra.

Lo que pasa con el libro es que la historia es muy grande (la mina inestable y perdida, el tipo ermitaño y antisocial, la hija suicida, los clientes del tipo que son tan frikis que te la pasás el libro entero pensando "ahora entra uno de los clientes y los cagan a tiros a todos"). Y aunque la historia es tan grande y compleja, todo está enfocado en cosas chiquitas. La historia grande transcurre, pero el foco está puesto en cosas pequeñas. Es muy curioso, y está bien contando; cada capítulo está contado desde la perspectiva de alguno de los dos, entonces leer lo mismo dos veces pero desde una óptica distinta ayuda a reforzar esto de correr el foco de la foto grande.

Ruby Tombstone [With A Vengeance] says

Reading this book is exactly like watching one of those sweet, stylish Scandinavian films that pop up at film festivals, where nothing really happens, and there are no big revelations, but it's all. just. so. QUIRKY. Don't get me wrong, I'm a big fan of quirky. I just think there could have been more.

The two central characters are both great, multi-layered and flawed:

Sveinn: a forty-something "grumpy old man" who makes beautifully life-like sex dolls, and who doesn't so much hate women, as fear that they look down upon him, as he looks down on his clients.

Lóa: a woman struggling with her acutely anorexic teenage daughter, her "forgotten" younger daughter, a growing dependence on alcohol, and a sense of guilt that she's not being the best mother she could possibly be.

There's also a rich cast of other quirky (there's that word again) characters to fill out the landscape.

There's a fairly decent premise: Man makes sex doll, strange woman steals sex doll. Man's life is threatened by an anonymous stalker. Woman's teenage daughter goes missing. Two lonely, isolated people find each other and help each other to survive very hard times, despite not actually liking each other.

Human kindness transcends the ugliness of life. Salvation ensues. There's even a very well executed device of alternating points of view between the man and the woman, subtly demonstrating that there are two

different realities in play, the "truth" presumably lying somewhere in between. Miscommunications inevitably lead to dire misunderstandings, which are both tragic and comical in places.

So what's missing? I just don't know. All the ingredients are there. The writing is excellent: Nothing too flashy, but Minervudóttir can clearly write. Perhaps it's the way the plot fizzled toward the end? The lack of real surprises, despite having put everything in place to accommodate a giant plot twist, had she wanted to go that way? Perhaps it's all just a little too.....nice? I'm not sure. At the end of the day, I couldn't shake the feeling that I was watching a festival film that was atmospheric & quirky, but ultimately had very little to say.
