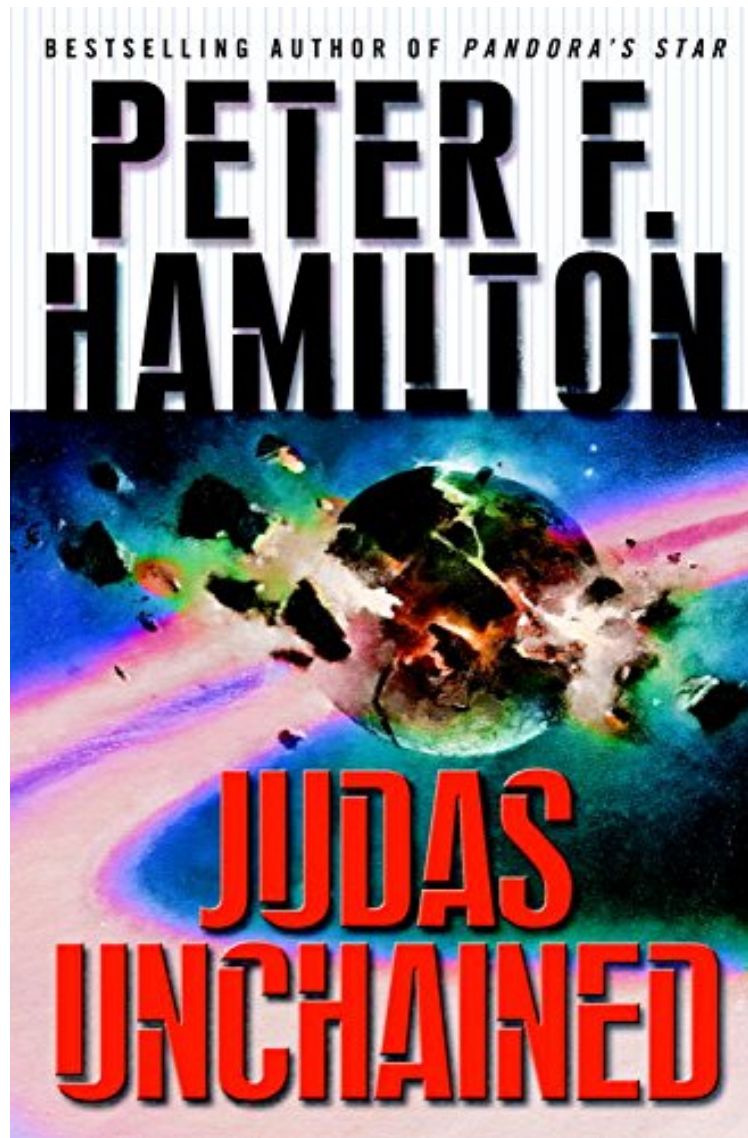


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Judas Unchained (The Commonwealth Saga)

Von Peter F. Hamilton

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Von Peter F. Hamilton : Judas Unchained (The Commonwealth Saga) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Judas Unchained (The Commonwealth Saga):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Boring to excessivity, stupid beyond beliefVon K. RottenbacherWarning: this contains a lot of spoilers, but be thankful I warned you...Maybe let's NOT start with the Dramatis Personae:You might want to skip this, if you are truly desperate to read this sleeping pill in book form.It might make the rest of the book a *tiny* bit more

enjoyable.*****START DRAMATIS PERSONAE CRITIQUE*****It starts off the list of incredibilities this book assaults its reader with. The character listing includes such tiny hints as: Humans So-and-so Halgarth, secret agent of the Starflyer Such-and-such Halgarth, another secret agent of the Starflyer Bruce bla-bla, Starflyer's secret killer Alessandra Baron, Starflyer's secret agent Aliens Starflyer, secret alien This was such an incredible showstopper for me, that I was tempted to instantly return the book. By God, I should have done it! How much more can you do to spoil ANY suspense that might have remained at the end of the previous book? Maybe only by saying: "Hey, this is the last chapter at the beginning, so you will know how the book ends!" But that's possibly the only way to spoiler even worse than I am right now. And I was fair, I was warning you with more than an obvious alert at the beginning.*****END DRAMATIS PERSONAE CRITIQUE*****Now, where the first book introduced masses of new technology without giving the slightest hint what they were, or how they might work (not exasperatingly long descriptions, heck, a paragraph would have sufficed), this book does the exact opposite. It introduces a handful of new tech gadgets, and then splurges across many pages in describing each single aspect of a tech that was outdated even at the time of publishing of this book, leave alone more than 300 years in the future. But no, the author decided that it was still sufficiently unknown to warrant enough pages to make a natural-born bureaucrat drool at the amount of red tape it would require to bind it together. I'll give you a short list of the face-palm-worthy moments from the beginning of the book. Fission-powered Spruce, er, sorry, Carbon Goose airplanes as transport on a planet which had well below freezing temperatures at the equator, to avoid creating RUNWAYS (yes, air-boat style planes, on a planet with freezing temperatures EVERYWHERE, arrgh). Now add to the ludicrousness of fission powered airboats on a planet that ONLY supports frozen runways, or even worse partially frozen water-ways covered in icy slush, that the planet already was irradiated by its neutron star binary component. The author claiming that enough salinity would prevent water from freezing at standard pressure at -15C was just the icing on the wat... er, cake. Aaargh, Nuff said. Aaargh! Solar-Windmills generating power in space. Barely acceptable so far, because purely photo-voltaic solar pannels would have been more effecient, especially with cheap superconductor tech. But not being placed close enough to the neutron star so that the gravity of the star would keep it stationary vs the solar wind pressure generated is stupid in the extreme. Using it to power the wormhole to another starsystem transfer is okayish, but then transmitting that energy via a tiny wormhole, which in itself obviously needs a HUGE amount of power is totally counter-productive. But having the windmill store its power to make propulsion possible that powers it back into it's starting position over five hours of continuous propulsion is stupid beyond belief; especially when the author claimed only a few sentences earlier, that would be too much like an infinity/perpetual motion engine. Ow, face-palm! Placing a transfer train station 8 km from the central station is also stupid beyond belief. So that you have to transfer EVERYTHING AND EVERYONE there by CAR! Between two train stations. Ow, ow, ow! My face starts feeling flater already, thanks to all the face-palms. Claiming that a kilometer long strip in front of said central station (ie at least 100 meters wide) would be CROWDED and PACKED by a population of 10,000 people demonstrates the author has NO idea what crowded means. That's an area of a total of 100,000 meters. So each and every person on that space has 10m of space, or a square of appr. 3.3m per side. Standing in the center of that area each person would not even be able to shake another person's hand because they couldn't reach far enough. That's how uncrowded this area is. A standard county fare ground is more packed than that. Ow, smack, ow, smack, ow! Face approaches pancake status. The list of inconsistencies and illogical approaches the author subjects his readers to continues throughout the book. While the first book did not bore us with needlessly excessive descriptions of totally useless tech, traveling, planetary settings that would NEVER be revisited ever again in the book, etc. this book does the opposite. A single little travel arrangement is splurged out over more than 30 pages; something which was summed up in ONE sentence, or even a single phrase in the first book. The whole travel arrangement has NO other use than increasing the word count. Nothing plot relevant happens at all during those 30 pages. Except possibly that the number of double-handed face-palms I experienced when reading them increased to the 'flattened-face'-threshold. Hmm, maybe I should sue Mr. Hamilton for injuries to my face? To be honest, I would consider this book of nearly therapeutical value for people who do not suffer from automatic face-palmage at outrageous stupidity. Because for anyone suffering from insomnia this book could be considered a definitely non-addictive solution for their condition. Don't buy, don't read. You can spend your time more productively watching paint dry. 0 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Space-Saga unchained Von McNulty Ja es ist lang - manchmal mit Lngen - viele Charakte - wenn man zu schnell oder zu langsam liest verliert man (leicht) den berblick, zuztlich mu man auch noch einen berblick behalten welches Wurmloch welchen Planeten verbindet. Wie bei der Night-Dawn Triologie mu man es einfach mgen, in viele viele Details eingeweiht zu werden. Aus meiner Sicht ist hier der Weg das Ziel - es ist nicht das Ziel die Geschichte "Alien-Invasion/Flucht abzuwenden", das geht sicher in weniger Seiten. Nach einem Viertel ist man einfach in der Welt drin. Und in der Krze liegt die Wrze ist es def. nicht Es hat ein paar logische Fehler - aber es gibt einen Zusatzstern fr den Einstieg - ich sage nur "Yo, dudes, how's it hanging?" Was ich mir von Peter Hamilton wnsche: Bitte schreibe eine kurze Anleitung wir man eine Story zwischen 2000 und 3000 Seiten schreibt - mit 4 bis 5 Handlungsstrngen und 50 Hauptpersonen und schick sie an George R.R. Martin PER EINSCHREIBEN ;-)) 0 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Als SF-Fan kann ich es nur empfehlen! Von Josi Eine fantastische Fortsetzung des atemberaubenden ersten Teils, die

einen würdigen Abschluss findet! Die Welten, Charaktere, fremde Lebewesen/Kulturen und politischen Strukturen, die er erschafft, kommen ohne Probleme an Grenzen wie Star Wars oder Rhodan heran. Hamilton lässt im Kopf einen Sci-Fi-Film ablaufen, dessen Intensität selbst heutige Filmtechnik nicht erreichen könnte.

Kurzbeschreibung Peter F. Hamiltons superbly imagined, cunningly plotted interstellar adventures are conceived on a staggeringly epic scale and filled with fully realized human and alien characters as complex as they are engaging. No mere world builder, Hamilton creates entire universes and he does so with irresistible flair and intelligence. His previous novel, the acclaimed *Pandora's Star*, introduced the Intersolar Commonwealth, a star-spanning civilization of the twenty-fourth century. Robust, peaceful, and confident, the Commonwealth dispatched a ship to investigate the mystery of a disappearing star, only to inadvertently unleash a predatory alien species that turned on its liberators, striking hard, fast, and utterly without mercy. The Prime are the Commonwealth's worst nightmare. Coexistence is impossible with the technologically advanced aliens, who are genetically hardwired to exterminate all other forms of life. Twenty-three planets have already fallen to the invaders, with casualties in the hundreds of millions. And no one knows when or where the genocidal Prime will strike next. Nor are the Prime the only threat. For more than a hundred years, a shadowy cult, the Guardians of Selfhood, has warned that an alien with mind-control abilities impossible to detect or resist the Starflyer has secretly infiltrated the Commonwealth. Branded as terrorists, the Guardians and their leader, Bradley Johansson, have been hunted by relentless investigator Paula Myo. But now evidence suggests that the Guardians were right all along, and that the Starflyer has placed agents in vital posts throughout the Commonwealth agents who are now sabotaging the war effort. Is the Starflyer an ally of the Prime, or has it orchestrated a fight to the death between the two species for its own advantage? Caught between two deadly enemies, one a brutal invader striking from without, the other a remorseless cancer killing from within, the fractious Commonwealth must unite as never before. This will be humanity's finest hour or its last gasp. From the Hardcover edition.

de Peter F. Hamilton's flair for huge, star-spanning SF adventures continues with *Judas Unchained*. This concludes the single long novel--over 1,800 pages in all--whose first half is *Pandora's Star*. Humanity's interstellar Commonwealth is in serious trouble. Thirteen of its hundreds of worlds (linked by wormholes and high-speed trains) were lost to a first mass attack by the insanely hostile alien Primes. The controlling Prime intelligence, MorningLightMountain, can imagine no way of dealing with first contact but genocide--and has the resources to do it. Amid political and personal chaos, it's becoming clear that the war was arranged by a third party. For centuries, only the fanatical, outlawed Guardians cult believed in this mysterious influence called the Starflyer. New evidence emerges, only to vanish again. Key figures are destroyed by near-invincible assassins crammed with inbuilt "wetwired" weaponry. One determined detective is on the track, but she faces massive political opposition. The multi-stranded action follows many criss-crossing human stories, with fights, pursuits, quests, deaths, resurrections, exotic landscapes and armaments, good sex, and several interesting aliens. Betrayals are frequent, thanks to brainwashed Starflyer agents in positions of trust. Only the Guardians have a scheme to deal with the Starflyer itself--a grandiose strategy known as "the planet's revenge"--but no one trusts those crazy cultists. In space, the arms race becomes dizzying, with Prime doomsday weapons used against suns while frantic human research leads to "quantumbusters" so appalling that there's serious moral debate about their use. Can we face the guilt of total genocide, even against a horror like MorningLightMountain? Or is there some way to force this psychopathic genie back into the bottle? The action climaxes in a long, exhilarating chase sequence spiced with ultra-violent skirmishing as the Starflyer comes into the open at last. Stormgliding, an extreme sport introduced in book one, becomes vital to the race against time. Meanwhile, rival starships with different plans chase one another to the Prime system. Hamilton delivers the expected multiple payoffs with suitable pyrotechnics and a satisfying scatter of happy endings. A long, colourful, suspenseful example of modern British space opera. --David Langford.co.uk

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