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## Henri barbusse the inferno pdf

books1001edenicTitle: L'Enfer, translated both as Hell and HellAuthor: Henri Barbusse (1873-1935)Country of Origin: France Year of publication: 1908Translation: Robert BaldickSummaryAn unnamed creeperprotagonist enters a hotel and discovers a hole in the wall above his bed, from which he observes the comings and goings of several tenants. ReviewSo, this book is set in France, as are the two previous books I reviewed for this challenge. I think I'm cursed. And even though I liked this book more than the others from the beginning, it took me forever to go through it, and I don't know how to write about it. So I'm just going to improvise. This book is a work of solipsistic philosophy. Solipsism is basically the idea that the only thing a person can be sure of is the existence of his own mind. The reality of anything outside of you is up for debate. The final paragraph of the novel is a good sum of this philosophy, or at least a good sum of the implications of this philosophy! I believe that confronting the human heart and the human mind, which are composed of imperishable longings, there is only the mirage of what they crave. I believe that around us there is only one word from all sides, an immense word that reveals our loneliness and extinguishes our brilliance: Nothing! I believe that this word does not point to our insignificance or our unhappiness, but unlike our realization and our divinity, since everything is in ourselves. The hell the title refers to is apparently the hell of man's desire to live, which Barbusse claims to be the only Hell that exists. As is evident in the excerpt above, this is much less a novel than a vehicle for Barbusse to expose his philosophy and his attempt to create something that is True and Beautiful. And one of the most annoying things about this book is how the author is so happy with himself. He constantly asserts his special status as the only person with True Knowledge of Life and Beauty and Poetry, etc. In an almost unbelievable and (unintentionally?) hilarious part in the end, the protag listens to a conversation with a famous writer in which the writer announces his intention to write a book about a man who makes a hole in the wall of his hotel room so he can spy on his neighbors. The leading role reacts with disgust and contempt, mocking the writer's efforts to present the truth of human life. I found this scene kind of bizarre, as it seems totally sincere, and it would seem out of character with the rest of the book for the author to be mocking himself. Anyway, I don't know what to do with it; if I were this book, I wouldn't want to draw attention to how ridiculously exaggerated I am. There are good and beautiful moments in this book, but a lot of it is exaggerated. Conversations between your neighbors are often florida and maudlin, mind-numbing so. Characters will continue to pages and pages about tumors, bugs and the of corpses, but not in an interestingly morbid way. Instead, it's all very dry and scientific (and a lot of science is wrong, anyway). Barbusse's sex scenes are very painful. There is a doctor who is apparently a child communist, he appears to defend the evils of property and patriotism. And there's a priest who's obviously in the book to fulfill an almost villainous role, that of the Great Bad Organized Religion. He doesn't talk like any priest I've ever heard; Barbusse's supposed devotion to the truth obviously signals a little bit in this scene. What I found most interesting is how often the protag refers to God's powerlessness or uselessness before human life, even when he is shaping up as an immensely powerless little deity - an observer who influences nothing and no one and arrutate it by doing so. In this case, I think the book contains some perhaps inadvertent truth because the way I see it, whenever men establish themselves as gods, things really go to hell. In Conclusion:I enjoyed the first hundred pages more or less, but after that it was mostly tedious. I didn't. I don't even know if I like it. But I think it's a significant book, and it deserves its place on the list. Bonus:Some excerpts from the book that I liked and/or found interesting:Although the music has achieved a perfection unparalleled in the history of man's search for art in all its countless forms... there, however, there was a hierarchy between the arts, according to the contribution that he thought was made to them; for this reason, literature occupied a place above the rest: whatever the number of masterpieces created so far, the harmony of music should not be compared with the whispered voice of a book. At the touch of humanity, things wear out with the slowness of breaking the heart. Because if an image is powerful and a poem is beautiful, that's thanks to the truth. Page 2 At the time when the pigeon case overcame him, unbalancing his life overnight, Jonathan Noel, now 50, could look back over a good 20-year period of total inequality and never expect anything important to surpass him again- beyond death someday. And that was perfectly right for him. For he did not like events, and hated those who shook his inner balance and made a mess of the external arrangements of life. My thoughts: I was very excited to receive my first book assignment when I found out what it was however, I was a little apprehensive. Having never heard of this book, and having it so far off my radar I would never have read if it hadn't been assigned to me. I found myself pretty unsure whether I would like it or not. Finally, after postponing for weeks, I read the book. I was pleasantly surprised when it took me just a day to finish it. I'd like to read something different than usual. The book he in Paris, although I find this a bit funny considering suskind is from Germany. It begins by telling a brief 53-year history of Jonathan Noel's life. Noel, after his pregnant wife left him for a fruit vendor, decided to live a lonely and simple life. His plan worked for nearly thirty years, however, when a small disturbance threatens to interrupt his life of simplicity, it seems that nothing will be the same again. What is this terrible disturbance? A pigeon. When he opens the door of his small one-bedroom apartment to use the shared bathroom, Noel comes face to face with a pigeon. Now, which one of us wouldn't have been a little shaken by opening the door to the locked in the hallway to find a pigeon parked in front of you? But Noel reacted in such a way that I couldn't help laughing out loud after reading. After slamming the door in the pigeons' face, Noel decides to pack as much as he can in his old suitcase and vacate the apartment, promising not to return until the pigeon is gone - no long as it is. So before dare to leave the security of his apartment, Noel dresses for the coldest day of winter, making sure that everything but the smallest piece of his face is covered. Once you get to the understanding that it's mid-August, you'll see the mood in it. Only then does he dare to pause for it, just stopping long enough to make sure his door was locked before vacating the building without daring to look at the pigeon again. The next 87 pages of the book tell how that little event - a pigeon finding its way into a corridor - could possibly unravel thirty years of simplicity, and possibly even lead a man to insanity. I really enjoyed reading it, although I haven't determined why yet. Maybe because the idea of this is so unlikely or maybe even the opposite, that it could happen. Anyway, I think it's worth reading. No, it wasn't amazing or breathtaking. I didn't bring tears to my eyes or leave my heart beating. So please don't read expecting any of this because you would be very disappointed and wanting more. Page 3 books1001findserendipity Title: The Last Temptation of Christ (Number 500 in the list of books of 1001)Original title: Ο τελευταίος πειρασμός / The telefte piasmós (Greek)Author: Nikos KazantzakisLanguage read in: German (Die letzte Versuchung)Published: 1951# pages: 512Summary: The novel focuses on the life of Jesus and portrays him as a young man. Struggling to fulfill God's plan and subject to all temptations that exist for human beings: doubt, fear, depression and lust. Review: It's not easy for me to write a review of this book. On the one hand I really liked it and on the other hand, I just wanted to end it and have it finished. Let's start with what I liked. That would be the idea behind the book, the content. I embrace the idea of portraying Jesus very much a human being with doubts and fear. At this point I probably have to say say I'm not very religious. I've been baptized and I believe we can't know everything and that there's probably something out there that others would call God. But think that clinging to the Bible is ridiculous and insisting that there is only one and only one true God is equally stupid. I'm sorry if I offend anyone with those words. However, if I believed in Jesus, I would prefer to believe in a Jesus who is not only the son of God, but also a man. Because I think it makes his life and sacrifice even more meaningful if he had to fight to get there, if he had to overcome all temptations and all his doubts to fulfill God's plan and desires. I can see where ultra Catholics have their problems with the book. Especially the ending is very controversial. Jesus on the cross dreams/hallucinates of being married and having children, finally living the life he fought to reject for so long and he is happy in this fantasy before he realizes that it is all a dream and finally rejects the dream and a human life. So much for what I liked. The writing style, on the other hand, was horrible. The first hundred pages drag on forever. At school, my teacher wouldn't let me get away with that kind of writing. Mary's son here, Mary's son there, the son of Mary, the son of Mary, son of Mary, try some pronouns or synonyms for once! This improves as the novel progresses, but nevertheless it was a problem for me. I couldn't warm up to the writing style. It's so dry and dull. As mentioned before, Kazantzakis takes over a hundred pages to begin the story. I am in favor of characterization, but a hundred pages of almost no content and much characterization ... It's not my cup of tea. Conclusion: Good idea and content, but imho bad execution. Page 4 books1001bbue23Wittgenstein's Mistress by David MarksonPublication date: 1988Number of Pages: 240Influences: Wittgenstein's Tractatus, plus a series of classic and cultural references I was too lazy to investigate completely occasionally bending the mind, more often just silly, the last woman novel in markson's land was worth reading mainly because I never read anything like it. I was happy to get this book task because I like both philosophy and post-apocalyptic narratives. The only real character is a middle-aged artist, who is, or believes to be, the last human on Earth. Having been alone for many years, she seems to have gotten out of the habit of talking to people, which may have influenced her ability to tell a coherent story. She's an extremely unreliable narrator. There's nothing subtle about how her memory changes events - she's constantly correcting and contradicting herself at trivial points. Although she used to travel the world looking for other people, using abandoned cars and boats as she found them, now she is in a of beach writing his memoirs, which is this book. How strange, strange, way of writing that she has! She focuses less on her own original experiences and opinions than on reminiscences and speculations about various figures in classical literature, mythology, art, and music history. The format is also unconventional, with no chapter breaks or other breaks of any kind. Most paragraphs have only one sentence. This relentless continuity creates a disorienting effect, since there are no dates, and there is no way for the reader to say that he is coming back to write on a different day, unless she describes herself to give us clues. There were two things I found disappointing about Wittgenstein's Mistress, but they probably had to do with my own misplaced expectations. The post-apocalyptic setting and philosophical foundation led me to wait for something epic, like mixing Sophie's world philosophy with the gloomy setting of The Road, for example. The idea of a human mind with the whole world to walk around out there is grandiose on a large scale. In contrast, the impression given by prose was more mundane, with much rambling disjointed by a prosaic woman. Secondly, the kind of conflict within this novel would be best represented as internal conflict, which is good, but since there is no second character present to hold her accountable for her lies and mistakes, she gets away with less than complete honesty whenever she wants. She makes an attempt to deliver the truth, and then gives up because she's tired. And who could blame her for not being motivated enough for intellectual rigour when she believes it is unlikely that her memories will be read? What I liked the most was the occasional moments of beauty. Wittgenstein's quote, The World Is All That Is The Case, seemed incredibly beautiful and deep in the context of all the confusion and regret of his lonely life. There were moments of humor, too. I liked the way she kept playing with certain phrases and ideas, like the idea of two things being equidistant from each other. Two recurring themes stood out to me between his repetitions and mini-obsessions. One of them was epistemology. She often questions how we know what we know, and her offbeat observations have led me to pleasantly new tangents of thought. The other was how people are connected to each other. As she had no connections between living people, she spent most of her time wondering how individuals who peopling their thoughts and imagination (Rembrandt, Helen of Troy, Achilles, Cassandra and Brahm's name a few) were connected with each other and how they were perceived in their time. In conclusion, it was not The Road, nor was it a great work of philosophy disguised as fiction. I think you can enjoy it if you approach with an open mind and let it open doors for you. It may inspire you to consider new possibilities of thought, and it certainly inspired me to more about Wittgenstein! In a nutshell, the plot of this book could be summed up as Last Woman in plays 'six degrees kevin bacon' with apocryphal anecdotes about his favorite figures of the past. Page 5 books1001liferativeTitle: TransitAuthor: Anna Seghers (1900 - 1983)Publication date: 1944.Genre: Classics. History of war. Literatura.Langauge read in: Alemão.Page Count: 290.Resumo/Volta do livro:Marselles in the summer of 1940: Those hunted and threatened by the Nazis gather at the edge of Europe. They rush to obtain their visas and certificates, so they can flee abroad for the safety of exile. For a short time foreign lives are connected by hopes, dreams and passions. [Source: Approximate back-flap translation] Review in 5 words or less: Very intense atmosphere | Realistic | Very good and touching story, but an annoying character almost ruined the whole book for me | Personal Rating: ◊ ◊ 1/2 of 5. Review: Traffic is told in first-person perspective by a narrator we never know by name. That's not his real name, at least. He is a 27-year-old who escaped from a concentration camp in 1937 and has been on the run ever since. Eventually, he goes to Marseille, where he takes the identity of the late author Weidel, a man he met briefly in the concentration camp. The only problem is that the narrator may be the only one around who knows that Weidel died, but before he can use the other man's name to get all the papers and seen that he needs to escape the war and Europe, he finds a number of old and new acquaintances. On the one hand, there are exactly those Germans around who fled the concentration camp with him and Weidel and who could easily betray their identity. To make matters worse, our narrator falls in love with a elusive woman, none other than Weidel's ex-wife Marie, who first left Weidel for another man and now can't stop looking for her abandoned husband. It quickly becomes apparent that Transit is largely inspired by the author's own experiences as she fled Europe. She also struggled to get a visa in Marseille before going to Mexico. Of course this causes the descriptions of Marseille during the war, the tangle of regulations that fugitives have to pass and the general atmosphere or just passing, the restlessness, the game of constantly changing emotions that goes from one extreme to the other: from fear and despair to hopelessness and hopelessness and back, too convincing and realistic to read. In fact, one cannot shake the feeling that much of the novel is a way for the author to find a way to deal with her own experiences. In addition to the great realism in Transit, stands out the dry and outstanding style of the narrator. He recounts the greatest tragedies with just a shrug - understandable if you consider what he went through and that he had to shut down to have a chance of survival. In fact, this attitude mirrored in a multitude of characters, each of them dealing in it different ways, but always finding a way to protect yourself. The effect on the reader, however, could not be greater. It is exactly the way the narrator has gotten used to all the tragedies that happen around him, which make these tragedies twice worse than there is a constant reminder that these things are not so extraordinary. They hardly deserve to be mentioned - and that's what's really horrible in my opinion. Now it can be said that Transit deals with nothing more than an attempt to escape a man, but that would make the book an injustice. I feel like the core of the book is much more centered on the narrator's struggle to survive as an individual. He gets caught in his network of lies and identities, in his clever plots that should bring some gain (in the form of visas, getting food or affection), but effectively he is getting lost. There is a very revealing part that shows this very well to the end of the book where the narrator is shocked to discover that for the first time someone is willing to help him who in itself takes him by surprise, but that person is willing to help him because he is himself. Previously, he successfully convinced himself that his own story, though sad and exciting, is simply too unusual to justify being told, as so many others struggle with a more difficult fate. In fact, it's not until you come to rest and stop playing your little games, that the narrator comes back into contact with himself and experiences an appearance of peace. Having read all these observations, it seems quite obvious that Transit is a highly impressive book, yes, I agree with that, but there was one part that really moved me. That is, Marie, Weidel's wife and the woman the narrator (and many other men) fall in love with. I'm not sure whether or not Marie should be a sympathetic character, but to me she represents many things I hate and unfortunately every time I actually got into the story Marie would appear (or the narrator's obsession with her) and immediately make me moan and want to put the book aside. Marie is a woman who made one man after another fall in love with her (admittedly, it is unclear whether or not she did it on purpose). She left her parents as a young woman in order to accompany Weidel because he could show her the world. She then left Weidel because another man, the doctor, offered her a way out of the bombed-out city from where she was fleeing. It seems that in a sudden attack of conscience by leaving her husband, she delays the doctor's escape at a time when both could have fled relatively safely and finally, when it seems that the doctor is fed up with her and leaves, it doesn't take a minute to decide that she is the narrator's wife now. Unexpectedly the doctor returns and Marie changes again, using those men who care for her. Before the narrator by Marie (never explained what is so so about her, too) he's with a woman named Nadine who he perceives as very cold and calculating. Ironically, in the end, it's Nadine who shows compassion and helps the narrator while I haven't seen Marie do a single thing in the book that wasn't done for her own benefit. It really got me allite and it's the reason why the book has a relatively low rating from me. I just couldn't enjoy it because of this fixation with Marie.The Verdict: Transit deserves its place among the 1001 books that should be read? Definitely, in my opinion. It tells an important and touching story and was undoubtedly written by a very skilled author. It has depth, is realistic and there is enough substance to the book that could serve as a basis for discussion for a long time. It's just that I didn't like reading. I understand intellectually that it is a good book, moments and scenes touched me but overall I was relieved when the book ended. Marie's characterization really got on my nerves and the narrator's obsession with her distracted from the parts that might have come to me. Would I recommend reading it? Yes, actually, because it's a story worth telling. I just hope you enjoy the actual process of reading it more than I do. Links: @ wikipediaThe other books I read by this author: --- Page 6 Previous Entry | Next Entry books1001brenbelThe Long Goodbye by Raymond Chandler1953e-book/ Black Lizard/Vintage Books53 chaptersSummary (from inside the book): Marlowe befriends a lucky war veteran with the scars to prove it. Then he learns that Terry Lennox has a very wealthy nymphomaniac wife, whom he divorced and remarried and who ends up dead. And now Lennox is running away and the cops and Marlowe.My crazy gangster are after the review. First I have to tell you that Raymond Chandler was on the reasons I wanted to be Marlowe.My writer. Does that mean I think all he wrote was gold? Raymond Chandler is one of the founding fathers of the noir genre. His writing is fluid and still retains a certain grain for him. There are passages where you can see his writing skill in full bloom (there is a passage where he describes the different types of blondes). Their characters seem to have some of the caricature for them, but they still allow us to believe in their reality. Philip Marlowe is a hard but compassionate man, as familiar with literature as he is with gangsters. And in him Chandler made a hero who is man and bigger than life. The story combines that of Terry Lennox and his destiny with Roger Wade and his destiny. It's something Marlowe takes to the staff. And it will allow Chandler to pass through a world of rich and poor, through betrayal, murder, and various twists and turns and lead us to an ending that will make us feel for Marlowe. I think this book should definitely be in the 1001 books to read before you die list. And even if it wasn't, I still a 5 out of 5. Tags: Tags: Tags:

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