



Là où les tigres sont chez eux

Jean-Marie Blas de Roblès

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Eléazard von Wogau, héros inquiet de cette incroyable forêt d'histoires, est correspondant de presse au fin fond du Nordeste brésilien. On lui adresse un jour un fascinant manuscrit, biographie inédite d'un célèbre jésuite de l'époque baroque. Commence alors une enquête à travers les savoirs et les fables qui n'est pas sans incidences sur sa vie privée. Comme si l'extraordinaire plongée dans l'univers d'Athanase Kircher se répercutait à travers les aventures croisées d'autres personnages, tels Elaine, archéologue en mission improbable dans la jungle du Mato Grosso, Moéma, étudiante à la dérive, ou bien Nelson, jeune gamin infirme des favelas de Pirambû qui hume le plomb fondu de la vengeance. Nous sommes au Brésil, dans le pays des démesures. Nous sommes aussi dans la terra incognita d'un roman monstre, dont chaque partie s'ouvre sur un chapitre de la biographie de Kircher, "le maître des cent arts", ancêtre de l'égyptologie et de la volcanologie, inventeur du microscope ou de la lanterne magique. On songe au réalisme magique des Borges et Cortazar, à Italo Calvino ou Umberto Eco, ou encore à Potocki et son Manuscrit trouvé à Saragosse, sans jamais épuiser la réjouissante singularité de ce roman palimpseste qui joue à merveille des mises en abyme et des vertiges spéculaires.

Là où les tigres sont chez eux Details

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From Reader Review Là où les tigres sont chez eux for online ebook

Nathan "N.R." Gaddis says

You can put your snob in a drawer for this one. Its eight hundred pages and its encyclopedic self are more in line with Umberto Eco or Neal Stephenson than its lovely title, *Where Tigers are at Home* (taken from Goethe), would lead one to suspect. I was looking for something more in collegueship with a Bolaño or a DeLillo, even if a Gaddis or Vollmann were too much to ask.

Goethe is of course name checked. So too is Eco. And Borges makes a natural appearance in a novel set in Brazil. Flaubert is here -- naturally in his *Bouvard and Pecuchet* mode, which is what I think 'Flaubert' ought always mean on first glance --; our seventeenth century hero, Athanasius Kircher, may nearly serve as B&P's progenitor. Kircher being the last great gasp of an ancient science which was seeing itself put to sleep by the rising Cartesianisms. And he knew everything from China to Egypt.

Of the several narrative strands, all of which are developed from the beginning in unity with the others (and some say the pace is a bit slow in the getting-going), all except Kircher's play out in Brazil. There's an archeological adventure into the rain forest to find some old sea shells or something ; and things go wrong. There's some political intrigue. Some love interest. There's some nativism. There's scholarship. A joke about Heidegger. But the dominate thread is probably Kircher's which takes the form of a bio- hagio- graphy written up by Kircher's lifelong friend and disciple. Those were some crazy times!

But honest, it's a page turner. I mean, it doesn't stand behind you with a whip demanding the constant increase in rate of page turning. Those kinds of books are easily forgotten. But you will find yourself reading it in about four days. A breeze!

Which of course is part of the reason it ends up a bit further down the typical ranking system. The problem is not with the prose, which is pretty easy, but not that surface simplicity which you don't at all notice, but nor is the prose that golden gaussian jet=airliner flying through the clouds. Also, some of the dialogue clunks, which is inevitable whenever quotation marks are employed.

No, what I had to adjust to and simply swallow was the narrative point of view chosen, which is far too wide, too omniscient, to create a crushingly rigid work of art. Too much is known. Some constraint here is needed. Or more needs to be made of it. Like the handful of moments when the mind of the native chief was presented directly. More of this indirect discourse; more ambiguity. And, odd thing, if this narrative point of view constraint were tightened, the novel itself would be tightened, and those two hundred pages all the kids want to have cut, would just disappear.

Some might identify my 'criticism' described above as a problem of 'telling' instead of 'showing.' The workshop privileging of 'showing' has got to stop. It's a false choice. And novelistically, choosing to tell is just a good an option as choosing to 'show.' Just do it well. We have far too many books 'showing' in an inept manner ; perhaps our novel=writers workshoping themselves ought also to learn how to *tell* well.

In sum ; an intelligently entertaining romp. No new ground broken. Also, this is the author's only novel trans'd into English. Worth your while.

ps if anyone can tell me on which page Kircher's poem "The Idolator" appears, I'd say "thank you!"

Ellen says

Een waanzinnig leesfeest. Anders kan ik dit boek niet omschrijven. *Waar de tijgers thuis zijn* neemt je mee naar het hedendaagse Brazilië. Naar het langs de kust gelegen Alcântara, mooi van vergane glorie, naar Fortaleza met zijn stranden, nachtclubs en sloppenwijken en naar het regenwoud van Mato Grasso. En tussendoor neemt een Jezuïtische pater je aan de hand mee op een tijdreis door het Duitsland en Italië van de 16de en 17de eeuw.

In Alcântara woont Eléazard von Wogau, sinds een half jaar gescheiden van zijn vrouw Elaine. Zij woont sindsdien in Brasilia, maar is zojuist vertrokken is naar de jungle van Mato Grasso om deel uit te gaan maken van een expeditie op zoek naar fossielen. Hun dochter Moéma woont en 'studeert' in Fortaleza, omdat ze noch bij haar vader noch bij haar moeder wilde blijven. Het is via Eléazard, dat je kennis maakt met de Jezuïtische pater Athanasius Kircher. Eléazard is namelijk gevraagd om een net boven water gekomen biografie van het Frans naar het Duits te vertalen en daar een toelichting bij te schrijven.

In *Waar de tijgers thuis zijn* worden de lotgevallen van Eléazard, Elaine, Moéma en Athanasius Kircher gevolgd, waardoor er een verhaal van verhalen in verhalen ontstaat. Wat dat betreft doet het een beetje denken aan *Het leven een gebruiksaanwijzing* van Georges Perec, waar een vleugje Umberto Eco door geschreven is, opgepept met hier en daar wat Dan Brown. Alles bij elkaar, met alle die verhalen die elkaar ook nog raken, zou dit een ingewikkeld, tamelijk onleesbaar boek hebben kunnen opleveren, maar dat is absoluut niet aan de orde. De belevenissen van de diverse hoofdpersonen zijn duidelijk gescheiden. Door de lotgevallen van de personages te volgen, geniet je op het ene moment van de Forrómuziek, dan dwaal je met verwondering door Villa Palagonia, om vervolgens een Omulu-rite bij te wonen, via touwtjesliteratuur het verhaal van de 'held' Lampião te vernemen, om vervolgens een vuurspuwende Etna te beklimmen, dan weer naar opus 26 van Stravinsky te luisteren, om er daarna achter te komen dat Bernini's fontein op het Piazza della Minerva uit de Hypnerotomachia is gekopieerd (zie pagina 38), het feest van Yemanjá bij te wonen.

In het begin stuitte het taalgebruik mij zo nu en dan tegen borst: 'mijn reputatie zal me al heel lang een worst zijn'; Eléazard die bedenkt dat Loredana 'hem nog nooit zo aantrekkelijk had geleken' tijdens hun eerste ontmoeting; de afschuwelijke uitdrukking 'zeg maar' die door Brazilianen (!) wordt gebruikt. Het doet in dat deel van het boek ook regelmatig wat gezwollen aan, met lange zinnen die in een enkel geval ook niet lopen. Maar deze (uiteindelijk kleine) ergernissen verdwijnen verderop in het boek. Wat dan overblijft is dat al eerder genoemde waanzinnige leesfeest. Uiteindelijk kun je er echt niet meer omheen en moet je bekennen dat Kircher's motto *in uno omnia* (dankjewel Brixy) door Blas de Roblés perfect is gebruikt in deze roman. Een boek om te herlezen en dan te ontdekken dat er nog veel meer in is verstopt. Bij die herlezing hoop ik dan de aanwijzingen te ontdekken die me helpen om het muziekstuk genaamd 'opus 26', gecomponeerd door Stravinsky (??) te achterhalen. Ik weet helemaal niet of het zo bedoeld is door Blas de Roblés, maar dat 'mysterie' zou ik nog graag willen oplossen.

Vit Babenco says

What would you make of the novel that begins like this?

“Man’s swelling his pointed dick! Squaaawk! Man’s swelling his pointed dick!” Heidegger’s harsh, nasal, drunken-sounding voice echoed around the room.

No need to worry... Martin Heidegger didn’t go mad similar to Friedrich Nietzsche.

Where Tigers Are at Home follows four interrelated lines – sardonically mythologized biography of polymath Athanasius Kircher, historical researches by French correspondent Eleazard von Wogau who reads the biographical manuscript, paleontological journey of his estranged wife into the heart of Brazilian jungles and flippant escapades of his student daughter – zigzagging between Umberto Eco, Jorge Luis Borges and ...Jules Verne, boasting, at the same time, lush colouring of its own.

Blotchy-faced apes, irritating females with flabby arms, décolletés marked with liver spots; out-of-breath divers only deigning to plunge into the night out of physiological necessity, for a breath of fresh air, and manifestly concerned to return to the glories of the center of the fazenda as quickly as possible; wizened corpses of first communicants, mummies in christening dresses, a velvety nightmare from a painting by Goya... It was crazy to be out here, in the middle of the Sertão, in the ostentatious, antiquated luxury of this grotesque house of the dead!

In this way **Jean-Marie Blas de Roblès** depicts the party of beautiful people... And with equal mastery he portrays all the strata of society.

Great role throughout the entire narration plays the use of various psychotropic substances starting with alcohol and ending with some exotic ones...

The eighth and last ancestor was the priest. And he came out of the water with his book in his hand, and he was as sterile as a castrated pig. So the Creator commanded him to stay with the Whites, and that is why we knew nothing of the existence of the priests until they came with you from the East.

But religion and propaganda are no less psychotropic than drugs and they have been distorting human consciousness since the ancient times.

Jonfaith says

Where does one begin? The sweeping scale of *Where Tigers Are At Home* is crushing to behold. But wait, I don't want to lose my focus. The experience was mine, why this was a victory for me, jon faith. I haven't felt this geyser of love for a book in a while. It wasn't a keen appreciation or anything sophisticated or technical. It simply was a joy, the way that Mason and Dixon and *Three Trapped Tigers* glowed in my 20s. I've noticed that I am drawn to the reviews of books which I love or harbor a certain desire towards. Within this tangle of the personal, there is an amazing novel. One which unfortunately pulls up lame as it ignores its three "contemporary" plotlines in deference to the nominal biography of 17th Century polymath Athanasius Kircher. J.M. Blas De Robles handles the situation with verve, keeping a deep control for the tone of his time period, much as John Banville accomplishes in his *Kepler* and *Doktor Copernicus*. Yet somehow the novel suffers. Too much of the other narrative arcs are left unresolved. The plot devices employed are themselves unsatisfactory, but alas. I was adrift in bliss for 500 pages.

P.S. But what does it all mean? No, for once I'm not waxing existential, I'm referring to the novel. For

starters, Brazil is a vast nation, populated by immense numbers of the poor. Its interior is also a primordial wilderness where tribes may wander, yet contaminated by our decadence. Officials are often brutal and corrupt. Drugs can be transportive. Or they can just fuck up your life. Oh and Queen Christina of Sweden did some wonky things 350 years ago.

Jana says

Pozoruhodný literární zážitek, který vyžaduje trpělivého čtenáře se sklony k masochismu :D Jeden z recenzentů přirovnává styl tohoto díla k románům Umberta Eca. Patrně má pravdu, také to bylo místy intelektuálně poměrně náročné a jsem přesvědčená, že mi spousta vtipů, hřítek a odkazů určitě unikla :(

Paul Lunger says

Jean-Marie Blas de Robles's "Where Tigers Are at Home" is a complicated epic novel that if you can follow is actually worth the read. The story which is primarily set in Brazil is a story within 2 or 3 beginning with the biography of 17th century Jesuit scholar Athanasius Kircher whose story is the beginning of each individual chapter. From there, though, we delve into the real story that belonging to the family of Eleazard von Wogau as he writes the novel & the travels of his ex-wife & lesbian daughter. As each level of complexity unfolds throughout myriad tales of survival, sex & drugs, Blas de Robles weaves a story that is much interesting as it is at times confusing to keep things separate. If you can follow things & keep the timelines apart, this is a very good & well done novel. If not, though, mass confusion might ensue in this very different type of story that is one of the longer books of 2013.

Didier Vanoverbeke says

This was my first run-in with Blas de Roblès, after having read many a positive critique of the book. I am given to understand that this man has been a writer since the early '80s, so I have no earthly clue how this novel compares to his earlier work.

Tigers, in essence, links two storylines and frames them next to each other along 32 chapters and a very satisfying epilogue. On the one hand, we are presented with the story of Athanasius Kircher, a German Jesuit polymath / con man, depending on your interpretation, as related by his biographer, Caspar Schott. The story seemingly has no omissions, though it sometimes uses rather ham-fisted tricks of suspense to divide the story into chunks along with the actual book's chapters. It is a story with a narrator who is clearly unreliable, in the way it portrays Kircher as a figure of boundless intelligence and wit, even if his attitude may prove slightly mercurial at times. It is quite similar to what Umberto Eco has produced, as the feeling of being dragged along in a clearly compromised narrative is hard to shake (and is, in fact, part of its charm). Kircher heaps invention upon invention, yet never seems able to take credit outside of his immediate sphere of influence. He deciphers the hieroglyphs, even though people seem to doubt him at every turn (this is something the historical Kircher did lay claim to, though later scholars proved his method, and thus his interpretations, to be faulty). Caspar usually stands idly by, or is thrust into the role of bumbling servant to Kircher's mad schemes.

The second half of each chapter is dedicated to a more scattered narrative focusing on a multitude of

characters, mostly located in Brazil's Nordeste region. On the one hand, we have Eléazard, a French expat / sometimes journalist who is working on his own reappraisal of Kircher, using the Schott narrative. He is recently divorced, lives (more or less) by himself (there is Soledade, ex-maid from a previous household, and Heidegger the potty-mouthed parrot), rather dispondent at the lack of progress in his work. There's his daughter, Moéma, who seems to swing between euphoric love and the emotional abyss as she seeks flight in drugs and free love. There is Elaine, formerly married to Eléazard and getting ready to look for new fossil records in the border region between Brazil and Paraguay. We get a glimpse of the horror (and the poetry) of the favelas through Nelson and Zé, as they each try to scrape by in their own way. All these and more comprise a whirlwind narrative that, even with all the pages yet to turn, seems to be racing toward a resounding climax.

Certainly, Blas de Roblès knows how to grab the reader by the scruff of the neck. Brazil in the early 1980s is depicted as a decidedly brutal place, probably reflecting Blas de Roblès' own impressions. A society stretched by stratification to its absolute breaking point, where sometimes the only way out of the cycle of violence seems to be depravity and violence itself. Perhaps herein lies the only real issue I have with *Tigers*; not that it is inherently false in its depiction, but in how it sometimes feels laid on rather thick, especially when we get introduced to Brazil's native American population. While some of the depictions are forgivable since they clearly gush forth from the characters themselves, this is not always clear, and the depiction of Native American culture can seem heavy-handed and - dare I say it - anthropologically suspect. And then there's the obligatory fled Nazi war criminal turned cocaine trafficker.

If you're willing to forgive the novel its extravagant and sometimes stereotypical characters, there is plenty to keep you reading. From the different registers employed, to the discussions on historical truth, the brutality, the allure, the emotional trauma; it's all here, tickling all the pleasure centers. Whiel this is a long novel, I found myself absolutely hooked once I got about 6 chapters in, and finished the final 20 chapters in an absolute sprint. This approaches some of the best high-brow suspense I've experienced in a long while.

Liviu says

an interesting book; not sure when will finish but it is quite compelling so far; US publication next year, UK or Romanian editions available now

Where Tigers Are at Home by JM Blas de Robles - this is a book that deserves all the accolades and prizes it got as it will be hard to find a better book next year when it is published in the US; on the other hand it is not really sff, though its collection of oddities and strangeness are more sffnal than many genre books, while its structure will not appeal to completist fans who want every t crossed and i dotted; hypnotic, mesmerizing and a masterpiece of world literature

I plan to have a full review soon so a few points:

- the narration has 6 strands; 5 that take place in contemporary Brazil and follow the fates of an intertwined group of people - the "middle class" von Wogau family and the various people connected with them, the rich Moreira and retainers, the poor and disabled Nelson and his "uncle" Ze - and the 6th that follows Father Athanasius Kircher life and deeds as told by faithful secretary Caspar Schott in the turbulent 17th century; this last thread is almost as big as the other 5

French news correspondent and independent scholar Eleazard von Wogau is going through a painful divorce

with archaeologist Brazilian wife Elaine and has moved to Alcantara, a decrepit provincial town where he is sent by his editors to prepare for publication and annotate, this incredible discovery, an original manuscript from the 17th century purporting to tell the life of Father Kirchner.

His student daughter Moema chooses to stay away from both parents and start college in Fortaleza, away from them, while indulging in drugs, a same sex relationship with roommate Thais and flings with various boys and men, most notable being visiting French lecturer Roetgen whom she takes on a trip to an isolated beach village

Elaine - a professor at the University of Brazilia - is going on a jungle archaeology trip of a lifetime with a few colleagues, including star paleo-zoologist Dietlev who is her current on and off lover and the just minted geology PhD Mauro, son of rich Maranhao governor Moreira who is corrupt and involved in very shady stuff as most of his money actually comes from his Countess wife Carlotta and he only administers it in her name...

In the Fortaleza Favela de Pirambu, 15 year old "reduced" Nelson is scrapping a begging and occasional thievery life and dreaming of famed outlaw Lampiao and of better things, while squirreling money to buy his dream wheelchair - Nelson has no legs from birth - while being helped/tutored by truck driver, "uncle" Ze

All these tales intertwine and get associated with the life and times of Father Kircher who was in some ways the last polymath of the pre-scientific world and who wrote tons of books on everything and more, collecting all the oddities known at the time and as he insisted of filtering everything through the Jesuit teachings, being generally wrong in everything in the sense that Aristotle is wrong in his science etc

Again a superb book that just rolls after the first 50-100 pages where we get acquainted with what is what

Paul Fulcher says

I came to this book as several respected bloggers (including one of the judges) highlighted it as the most glaring omission from the Best Translated Book Award 2014, where it didn't even make the long-list. Having read it, I share their surprise - it's certainly deserves a place as one of the top translated books published last year.

When Tigers Are At Home is centered around the figure of Athanasius Kircher, a real-life 17th century scholar.

One part set in the (near) present day tells the story of Eleazard von Wogau, a French foreign correspondent, but also Kircher expert, living in a relatively isolated part of Brazil and of various people connected with him.

Von Wogau has been tasked with editing a recently discovered manuscript, containing a previously unpublished biography of Kircher written by a contemporary who was Kircher's assistant.

When Tigers are at Home also contains, in interspersed chapters, the complete text of this (fictional) biography.

The real-life Athanasius Kircher was a fascinating figure, the last of the great polymaths, and as Von Wogau explains:

"He wrote about absolutely everything, claiming each time and on each subject to have the total sum of knowledge. That was fairly standard at the time, but what fascinates me about him - and I'm talking about a man who was a contemporary of people like Leibniz, Galileo, Huygens and was much more famous than them - is that he was entirely wrong about everything."

Most famously Kircher claimed to have deciphered Egyptian hieroglyphics - claiming them not to be a language of letters but rather ideograms, arcane symbols for detailed theological concepts. It took the discovery of the Rosetta stone over one hundred years later for his assertions to be proved wrong.

As he first tackles Kircher's biography, von Wogau is very hard on him e.g. calling him "a common manipulator. He tampers with facts until they make sense. His clear conscience is no excuse. The propagation of the faith, propaganda, distortion of history etc - the sequence is only too well known. The certainty of being in the right is always a sign of a secret vocation for fascism".

However, as he reads through his life story, as told by a contemporary and loyal admirer, and also discusses Kircher with his friends, von Wogau comes to revise his views, as he comes to appreciate the aesthetics of Kircher's works, his thirst for knowledge, his successes and the foundation that even his major errors provided for future scientists. Also his irrational streak was not unusual at the time and among his illustrious predecessors - Newton spent much time and money on alchemy, Kepler on the "music" of the spheres - and was only swept by the rational revolution of Descartes, a contemporary of Kircher.

The title of the book comes from a quote from Goethe's *Elected Affinities*, which, translated, reads as "No one can walk beneath palm trees with impunity, and ideas are sure to change in a land where elephants and tigers are at home".

The quote is relevant to von Wogau, uprooted from his native France, and now living in exotic Brazil, and perhaps justifies what to me was the least convincing part of the novel, the wider story in which von Wogau, and particularly his wife, get caught up. This rather lurid tale of Pentagon agents, corrupt politicians, native rites, drugs and environmental destruction is a little morally simplistic and I felt the book would have been better had the present-day parts focused only on von Wogau and his thoughts on Kircher.

This also means that the book is over 700 pages long, but it is remarkably readable, aided by the old chestnut of ending each chapter, particularly the biography, on a "cliff-hanger", as far as such can exist in an essentially philosophical book.

Huge credit to the translator Mike Mitchell for such a massive effort.

Overall almost 5 stars but not quite - but even so what were the BTBA judges thinking?

Xenia Germenis says

Αναγνωστικ? και συγγραφικ? επ?τευγμα/κατ?ρθωμα! Προσωπικ? ?κανα πολλ?ς απιστ?ες στο βιβλ?ο ?χι γιατι δεν μου ?ρεσε, αλλ? γιατ? με τρ?μαζαν οι λ?ξεις και οι περιγραφ?ς και απ? την ?λλη μου δημιουργο?σαν μια ανατριχ?λα/υπερδι?ργεση νοητικ? και σωματικ?. Πολυεπ?πεδο σε τ?πο και χρ?νο ε?ναι ?να απαιτητικ? αν?γνωσμα που μ?λλον απευθ?νεται σε "εκπαιδευμ?νους"

αναγνώστες, καθώς τα γεγονότα, οι χρονολογίες, η Ιστορία και η Φιλοσοφία, εναλλασσονται διαδοχικά απ' μια ακολουθία γεγονότων τα οποία εξελίσσονται στην Βραζιλία. Η βία του χθες δεν διαφέρει με τη βία του σήμερα, η διαφθορά, το ψέμα και η ανάγκη να πιστέψουν όλοι σε κάτι μοναδικό και απάτηλο. Οι ιστορίες της Ελνινε, του Ελεζάρ, της Μομά, του Μούρο, του Νέλσον, του Ζε μπλκονται μέσα στον κόσμο του 17ου αιώνα, στον κόσμο ενός μοναχού (Αθανάσιος Κίρχερ). Ο κόσμος του Κίρχερ -που είναι ο άνθρωπος λίγο απ' όλα (λίγο αληθινός, λίγο ψευτής, λίγο επιστημών) δεν διαφέρει από τον τρελό και παράξενο κόσμο της Βραζιλίας και των ηρώων. Οι περιγραφές της Βραζιλίας είναι μεγάλες δειξ και ανατριχιαστικές, όπως και ο ξεφρενός κόσμος των ναρκωτικών. Εάν σκεφτείτε να το συγκρίνετε με άλλα βιβλία -πως αυθαίρετα δοκίμασα να κάνω και εγώ- μάλλον θα βγείτε χαμνοί. Αφστε να σας παρασφεί το ίδιο το βιβλίο μέσα στο δικό του χωροχρόνο, και αφεθείτε στη μαγεία του.

Tudor Ciocarlie says

A book as large and fascinating as life itself.

Edith says

J'ai fini la lecture juste avant de me coucher hier et je suis encore en train de digérer la fin.

C'est excellent. J'adore les romans à plusieurs voix. Des voix uniques au début et qui en viennent à faire une chorale. Et le refrain étant Athanase Kircher.

On sent la jungle à travers le livre. J'avais vraiment l'impression d'y être. (Fallait le faire quand même quand je lisais ça avec un -20C dehors.)

Superbe couverture. Imprimé avec deux polices de caractères peu communes. C'est vraiment un bel objet...en plus d'un excellent livre.

Amanda says

I can't remember the last time I was this happy to finish a book. I really did not enjoy this one. Had I not been the one who nominated it for a group read I would have DNF'd it way back at the first rape scene. Not only did I not enjoy reading this book I found very little to discuss. There are 6 story lines that all start out together and very, I mean very, slowly come together and the end feels like a big rush to connect everything. I only really found one of the story lines interesting and it had an extremely unsatisfying ending. I know this has gotten a lot of 4 and 5 star reviews so perhaps I missed the point or maybe I didn't put in the work necessary either way it wasn't for me.

Ombledroom says

Τρισμύγιστο, αριστουργηματικό, αξέχαστο. Ευτυχισμένες ήρες αναγνωστικές ηδονές. Μακρύ να έχει 50000 σελίδες. Ήνα απ' τα καλύτερα μυθιστορήματα που έχω διαβάσει ως τώρα. Φοβόμαι να

πω το καλύτερο μην πείσει το ρόφι του Ντοστογιέφσκι και με πλάκώσει. Ήχι δεν θυμίζει Ντοστογιέφσκι. Ήχει βέβαια πολλές επιρροές απ' πολλούς, μα κι αυτό υπ'ρ του είναι, καταπεί συνείδει με τα λογοτεχνικά μου γόστα. Ήνα ρεαλιστική ηθογραφία βαθύτατα φιλοσοφική, με ήντονα ιστορική, ανθρωπολογική, κοινωνιολογική και εγκυκλοπαιδική στοιχεία, με καταγιστική γραφή, πολυφωνική, περιπετειώδες, ερωτική, αναρχική, και με θαυμαστή συνοχή, κεντημένο!... Δύσκολο να συνοψιστεί σε μια παράγραφο αυτό το καλειδοσκοπικό δημιουργήμα του Μπλάς ντε Ρομπλές – ποιος είναι αυτός ο εξηντήρης μυθιστοριογράφος; Πώς προέκυψε έτσι ξαφνικά και σφοδρά στη βιβλιοθήκη μου; Ποιό ήταν τ'σα χρόνια;

Stratos says

Η απήλαυση της αγήγωσης!
