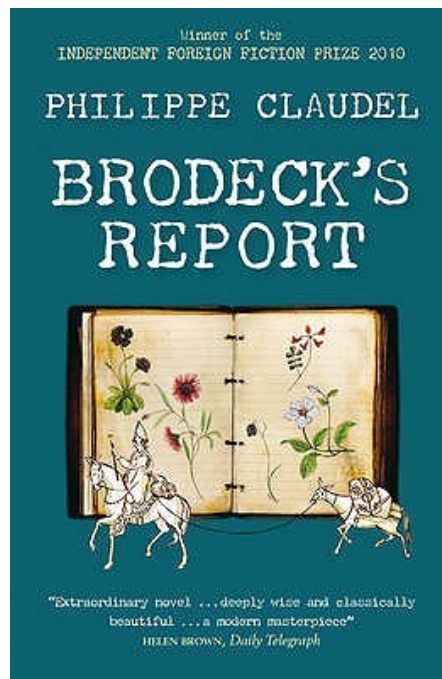




Brodeck's Report

Philippe Claudel

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Brodeck's Report Philippe Claudel

From his village in post-war France, Brodeck makes his solitary journeys into the mountains to collect data on the natural environment. Day by day he also reconstructs his own life, all but lost in the years he spent in a camp during the war. No-one had expected to see him again. One day, a flamboyant stranger rides into the village, upsetting the fragile balance of everyday life. Soon he is named the Anderer, ???the other???, and tensions rise until, one night, the newcomer is murdered. Brodeck is instructed to write an account of the events leading to his death, but his report delivers much more than the bare facts: it becomes the story of a community coming to terms with the legacy of enemy occupation. In a powerful narrative of exceptional fascination, Brodeck's Report explores the very limits of humanity. About The Author Philippe Claudel is a university lecturer, novelist and film director, born in 1962 in Dombasle-sur-Meurthe. He woke up one morning with the opening sentence of Brodeck's Report in his head: ???My name is Brodeck and I am not responsible.??? John Cullen is a translator from French, Spanish, Italian and German. He has twice been shortlisted for the IMPAC award, and was shortlisted for the Duncan Lawrie International Dagger in 2007.

Brodeck's Report Details

Date : Published January 7th 2010 by Quercus (first published 2007)

ISBN : 9781906694685

Author : Philippe Claudel

Format : Paperback 288 pages

Genre : Cultural, France, Contemporary, War, Roman, European Literature, French Literature

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From Reader Review Brodeck's Report for online ebook

Carmo says

Hesitei em escrever alguma coisa sobre este livro. Pensei em dar-lhe 5* e ficar quieta. A razão é simples: com a minha queda para a lamechice corro o risco de dar uma conotação imerecida ao livro.

Não me prendeu logo nas primeiras páginas, levei algum tempo a entrar na história e nas personagens, na verdade achei até um pouco confuso ao início.

Porém aos poucos...

...sabem como é estar a chapinhar na praia nos dias de mar calmo, quando repentinamente vem uma onda maior que vos apanha de surpresa e vos deita abaixo, vos arrasta pela areia e só vos resta esperar que recue para poderem levantar-se de novo?

É o que acontece quando se lê **Philippe Claudel**.

Não li a sinopse do livro, gosto de começar as leituras “às escuras” e deixar que a história me vá guiando, o que me levou à asneira de andar a pesquisar nomes de montes e regiões – aparentemente numa região nórdica – para vir a perceber que o local e a data dos acontecimentos são indeterminados. Adiante, que isso é o que menos importa, o homem é semelhante em toda a parte; tanto pode ser bom e generoso, como alimentar-se de um ódio profundo cujas raízes se desconhecem, cultivar o medo e a violência que se vai multiplicando e alimentando dela própria. Foi o que aconteceu naquela aldeia remota. O ódio gratuito, e os atos violentos são terreno fértil para a vingança. O protagonista, Brodeck, conseguiu libertar-se dessa espiral e focar-se no essencial: no silêncio de um amor intenso, no riso da inocência, na segurança de uma mão sempre estendida e encontrada.

Num ambiente paradisíaco são relatadas as maiores barbaridades que o ser humano pode cometer sobre o seu semelhante. Como consegue viver consigo mesmo é um mistério.

Termina com uma mensagem de esperança e a certeza de que o nosso lugar no mundo pode ser em qualquer parte. A nossa casa, será sempre onde estiverem as pessoas que amamos.

Roger Brunyate says

The Stranger

Imagine a region on the border between two powers, its nominal sovereignty shuffled between them with the ebb and flow of history. Imagine a place whose personal and place names belong to one country, but whose official language is that of the other, and whose local dialect is a hybrid known only to its inhabitants.

Imagine a land of mountains and forests, where individual villages are isolated "like eggs in nests," and where even somebody arriving from three hours' walk away will seem a stranger. Philippe Claudel was born in Lorraine, parts of which have shifted between France and Germany, but the setting of his novel is left deliberately vague. The country borders on Germany, of that there is no doubt, but the mountains seem a lot higher than the Vosges, and the isolation is more complete.

I read the book in French (as *Le rapport de Brodeck*), to find that Claudel does something similar with language. The French (sometimes elevated, sometimes down to earth, always brilliant) is sewn with numerous German words in italics. But they are German with a French accent, German in a dialect, words

which may mean one thing but suggest others. The word for their neighbors over the border, for instance: *Fratergekeime*, with its suggestion of both brother and stranger. Added to the mostly-Germanic proper names and the vagueness about place and time, Claudel creates a kind of fog with his writing, despite the clarity of his actual descriptions. It made a doubly interesting experience for me, to add that extra layer of a foreign language not my own to a book where foreignness is a major subject.

For Claudel's fog parallels a moral miasma, where nothing is as it seems. There is absolute evil, certainly, and at least one radiant touch of absolute good, but for the most part the moral lines are not so clearly drawn. Brodeck, who admits to being a nobody, stumbles into the village inn to find all the men of the village there, following the murder of a visitor from outside, a man known only as the *Anderer* (the Other). This stranger, oddly dressed, smiling but saying little, came to them three months earlier, riding a horse and leading a donkey, and has stayed to make sketches of people and places around the village. We know nothing else about him, and only gradually realize that he is dead. Brodeck, who has had some university education, is asked to write a report that will exculpate them all for their actions. As the period appears to be just after the Second World War, there are obviously many reasons why the villagers might decide to take justice into their own hands. Brodeck writes his report at the behest of the mayor, a huge pig-farmer named Orschwir, but he feels increasingly uneasy in doing so, and simultaneously tells his own story in a separate document.

Brodeck apologizes for telling his story out of sequence, but really this is one of Claudel's greatest technical achievements. It soon becomes clear that we are dealing with a Holocaust narrative, and that Brodeck is one of the very few who have survived the camp and returned. The horror is simply there as a fact, a touchstone of absolute evil among so much moral uncertainty. Much as Styron did in *Sophie's Choice*, Claudel takes us there, then pulls away, only to return with further details later. So Brodeck's story is layered like sheets of paper cut up and folded together. It is also compressed in time; we recognize the events, but they do not fit the normal timeline. Similarly, Claudel avoids any facile type-casting. Brodeck, for instance, might be Jewish, but he might equally be Romany; at any rate, he was brought to the village as an orphan child, a stranger from far away. And the confused nationality of the villagers themselves also precludes easy classification, as friends, collaborators, or even enemies.

Claudel has a way of introducing major plot points in almost casual throwaways, but with each revelation we learn more about the other people in the story, whether these be Brodeck's immediate family (his wife Emélia, his infant daughter Poupchette—an especially tender creation—or his adopted mother Fédorine) or the various inhabitants of the village. One by one, we meet the drunken priest, the old schoolmaster, the frightened innkeeper, the nosy neighbor Göbbler (another wonderfully evocative name), and many others. We also get many different views of the *Anderer*, who says little but seems to have the power to reflect each person's character back on themselves, like a mirror. The curious thing is that the more we see the villagers as individuals, the more they seem to coalesce into a group, joining forces against all outsiders. They are shut in as much by the narrowness of their own minds as by their mountains. Much evil in those years was the result of group pathology, yet Claudel also shows us why, in certain circumstances, group solidarity is necessary.

Grim though this story is, Claudel lightens it with almost ecstatic descriptions of the mountain countryside. Its harsh facts are offset by rays of unexpected grace, unexplained events, and persistent Biblical overtones. As a novel, it is impossible to pin down, and deliberately so. It is all too easy to take a Holocaust story and tell it in the past; it happened, but it is over, and the people responsible were not ourselves. By refusing to pin people down with places, dates, and nationalities, Claudel avoids the easy distinction of Them and Us, and suggests that something very similar might happen *now*. Focusing on what happens when the survivors come home is a brave and powerful approach. I can think of only two other examples: *Dawn* by Elie Wiesel and *Wandering Star* by JMG LeClézio. Both these authors are winners of the Nobel Prize; from the evidence of

this novel, Philippe Claudel might well enter their company.

Carla Soares says

Brodeck, o escrivão, é encarregue de escrever um relatório terrível - o de um crime cometido pelo conjunto dos homens da aldeia. Ele não participou e sente, desde o início, que o relatório é uma rede para prendê-lo, mas não tem como recusar. Ao mesmo tempo, vai redigindo outro texto, o do livro que lemos, que nos vai revelando, em avanços e recuos, a sua história, a sua passagem pelo campo de concentração (certos excertos tiraram-me a respiração e são os meus favoritos), a história recente da aldeia, a da chegada do Anderer, o homem assassinado, e do como se foi construindo a situação que leva ao crime.

Deste livro, muitíssimo bem escrito, tiro sobretudo a lição do medo. Não tanto o medo no campo de concentração, esse que leva um homem a morrer de pé, após uma só palavra proferida, o mesmo que se deixa entranhar do instinto de sobrevivência e cria o Cão Brodeck. Esse é terrível, mas expectável, Calo-me. Leiam.

É na aldeia que ele me impressiona. Nada já os ameaça, os soldados partiram, a guerra terminou, e no entanto os tentáculos do medo continuam a prender os aldeãos. Esse pavor é uma coisa calada e insidiosa, invisível, mas cria ódios e desconfianças, deforma as mentes e os corações, deturpa a percepção dos actos próprios e alheios, eclipsa a moral, conduz os passos de todos até ao crime. Nós, os leitores, não o recebemos todo de uma assentada, mas vemo-lo com cada vez maior clareza, conforme Brodeck vai desenrolando o seu relatório pessoal, aquele que a aldeia não pode conhecer.

É excelente, este livro.

Um nadinha mais em: <http://monsterblues-cms.blogspot.pt/2...>

Proustitute says

I am Brodeck, and I had nothing to do with it.

So begins Philippe Claudel's brilliant novel about xenophobia, narrated by the eponymous Brodeck. Of an ambiguous national identity, living in an unspecified country just on the heels of World War II, Brodeck is the outsider par excellence: a man who has spent time in the concentration camps to return home to the same villagers to find their attitudes toward him altered, his position always uncertain and unclear. This is also underscored by his changed familial relations upon returning from the camps.

Brodeck begins post de facto: The "it" with which Brodeck claims emphatically that he has had nothing to do only becomes clear by the end of the text. An incident has occurred, and the villagers have unanimously enlisted Brodeck to write a report of the events leading up to it, an act of rhetorical self-defense for the village. The collective guilt and shame the villagers feel to make such a report necessary are juxtaposed in liquid prose with Brodeck's own individualized feelings of guilt and shame, a "conflict between knowledge and ignorance, between solitude and numbers."

As he undertakes to write this report ("a cross which was not made for my shoulders and which didn't

concern me"), Claudel allows Brodeck to tap into questions of reality versus fiction, what makes something true or false (depending on the amount of people who claim something is true despite it being far from it), and also a kind of Freudian analysis of group psychology: the group's word is gospel, and Brodeck is being forced to write *for* a group of which he is not truly a part. How can a person speak for another, or for a group of others, when one's subjective truth is at variance with the account expected of those who hold and wield power?

I thought about History, capitalized, and about my history, our history. Do those who write the first know anything about the second? Why do some people retain in their memory what others have forgotten or never seen? Which is right: he who can't reconcile himself to leaving the past in obscurity, or he who thrusts into darkness everything that doesn't suit him?

Brodeck's work on the report dredges up memories of his past—not only are we privy to his pre-war memories, but we also experience along with him a resurgence of violence as his horrific piecing together of events at the camp which cause him to realize that he has been lying to himself: "of all dangers, memory's one of the most terrible." As such, we see made manifest the latent and repressed content of an individual's life, brought to the level of consciousness, a task that is related to his vocation as a writer and one that requires Brodeck's narrative to follow no logical in the way of temporality, but one that also involved a kind of subterfuge (even from oneself):

I keep going backward and forward, jumping over time like a hurdle, getting lost on tangents, and maybe even, without wishing to, concealing what's essential.

While Brodeck becomes more conscious of his own life narrative, and his complicity, this is a self-awareness that Claudel develops alongside a group of others who are asking him to do the exact opposite—namely, to repress, to document falsities, to erase, to render into nothingness. Claudel's prose is fluid, brisk, and lucid as he allows the reader, by way of Brodeck, to experience revelation and annihilation, individual growth and group oppression:

I think we've become, and will remain until the day we die, the memory of humanity destroyed.
We're wounds that will never heal.

I cannot recommend this book highly enough: it will stay with you long after you've finished journeying along with Brodeck, haunting you, making you ponder the nature of subjective truth as unwaveringly and as bravely as Brodeck does here, reconciling the horrific with the sublime: "Sometimes you love your own scars."

Bettie? says

Description: Forced into a brutal concentration camp during a great war, Brodeck returns to his village at the war's end and takes up his old job of writing reports for a governmental bureau. One day a stranger comes to live in the village. His odd manner and habits arouse suspicions: His speech is formal, he takes long, solitary walks, and although he is unfailingly friendly and polite, he reveals nothing about himself. When the stranger produces drawings of the village and its inhabitants that are both unflattering and insightful, the villagers murder him. The authorities who witnessed the killing tell Brodeck to write a report that is essentially a whitewash of the incident.

As Brodeck writes the official account, he sets down his version of the truth in a separate, parallel narrative. In measured, evocative prose, he weaves into the story of the stranger his own painful history and the dark

secrets the villagers have fiercely kept hidden.

Set in an unnamed time and place, Brodeck blends the familiar and unfamiliar, myth and history into a work of extraordinary power and resonance.

Opening: **My name is Brodeck and I had nothing to do with it.**

I insist on that. I want everyone to know.

I had no part in it, and once I learned what happened, I would have preferred never to have spoken of it again, I would have liked to bind my memory fast and keep it that way, as subdued and still as a weasel in an iron trap.

A parable of the illusionary *rex flammae papillon*.

4* Brodeck's Report

4* Grey Souls

Philippe says

Given the profusion of five star reviews, it seems I'm one of the very few people who have not fallen under the spell of Claudel's 'Brodeck'. Indeed, it seems to me Claudel set himself a hugely ambitious task in which he more or less failed.

One element of that ambition is to want to write a book on the Holocaust which is, I think, always a very tricky proposition. Because how to speak of it without becoming crude or corny? How to cast a fresh light on this darkest of episodes? A tremendous amount has been told and shown about the Shoah. By now we - as citizens of the 21st century - have an inkling of the abysmal atrocities that have been committed. And looking at what has been happening for years in the Sudan, the Congo, and other places on this tormented planet one might indeed say that cold-blooded extermination is not a thing of the past.

It seems to me Claudel uses Brodeck's camp experience and the war as a pretext to make his point that humans are a beastly species, governed by cowardice and fear. The worldview in 'Brodeck' is clad in a uniform dark grey. There is no innocence and heroism in his world. It's nowhere to be found. Even 'dog Brodeck' can't be absolved. Literally everyone is soiled. We all know it, so we might as well forget about it. Frankly, that's a crude message I'm not able to buy into. There are many important questions swirling around this moral indictment that Claudel evades or dismisses with an irritating sleight of hand.

The other element where Claudel overstretches is in his literary approach. This is not a novel, but an allegory. There are no genuine human beings in this tale, but all characters, including most conspicuously the 'Anderer', stand for some kind of archetype. Their emotional and behavioral bandwidth is very limited.

It's obvious Claudel wanted to adapt his writing style to the exigencies of the genre: his language is rather plain, stilted almost; the book has more or less the same rhythm throughout; the metaphors and similes refer to very earthy, natural phenomena. It's almost like looking at a woodcut or one of those traditional papercuts ('scherenschnitte'). I think as a writer you are making your life very difficult by wanting to keep this interesting and lively for over 300 pages. At a certain point in time it tilts towards the sentimental.

This combination of sentimentality on the one hand and crudeness on the other is what gave me such a hard time when reading the book. I'd recommend Ernst Juenger's *On the Marble Cliffs* as an alternative: another dark and violent allegory on the rise of brutal nazism, but more subtle and as a result more powerful.

Orsodimondo says

DIE ANDERER

Ieri sera, gli uomini del paese hanno ucciso l'Anderer. È successo alla locanda di Schloss, semplicemente, come una partita a carte o la firma di un compromesso per la vendita. Era da un pezzo che covava. Io sono arrivato dopo, ero andato a comprare del burro, non ho partecipato al massacro. Io sono semplicemente incaricato di stendere il Rapporto. Devo spiegare cosa è successo dopo il suo arrivo e perché non si poteva fare a meno di ucciderlo. Tutto qua.

“Fiaba per adulti” è una definizione che normalmente mi farebbe astenere dalla lettura, non sono mai stato in grande sintonia con le favole, a cominciare da quelle per bambini, figuriamoci quelle per i ‘grandi’: mi aspetto sempre che la Morale salti fuori ogni momento con vocina querula a reclamare la nostra attenzione e a darsi un sacco d’importanza, che sdolcinate principesse ci insegnino a vivere, e vecchi saggi re dalla barba canuta ne sappiano più di tutti su tutto...

Ma questa volta l'artefice è Philippe Claudel, mi ha già regalato un libro molto bello, e almeno due regie notevoli, sono pronto a fidarmi.

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime (Ti amerò sempre), 2008, film scritto e diretto da Philippe Claudel

E questa “fiaba per adulti” non mi delude: con incedere classico e senza nessuna semplificazione, affronta, come si addice al genere, il Bene e il Male, portati all’estremo.

E sono il Bene e il Male del nostro tempo, soprattutto il Male che temiamo, che conosciamo e ancora cerchiamo di spiegare, quel Male che ha lasciato segni indelebili a Srebrenica, a Murambi, ad Auschwitz...

A volte, guardandolo, avevo pensato a qualche faccia di santo. È stranissima, la santità. Quando la si incontra, la si scambia spesso per qualcos'altro, per tutt'altro: indifferenza, derisione, presa in giro, freddezza o insolenza, magari disprezzo. Ci si inganna, e allora ci si adira. Si fanno le cose peggiori. Probabilmente è per questo che i santi finiscono sempre martiri.

Tous les soleils (...Non ci posso credere), 2001, scritto e diretto da Philippe Claude

Un uomo è stato assassinato: era uno straniero, l'Anderer, l'altro, come lo chiamavano nel villaggio in cui era giunto un giorno di maggio, subito dopo la fine di una guerra. Silenzioso e gentile, agli abitanti era comunque apparso strano e sospetto. Un diverso. Uno straniero. Generando un malessere collettivo che si trasforma in follia collettiva.

Per far luce sui fatti, Brodeck – l'unico nel villaggio che ha studiato e sa scrivere – viene incaricato di redigere un rapporto dettagliato, affinché *colui che un giorno leggerà capisca e perdoni*.

L'Anderer di Claudel mi ricorda l'ospite nel film "Teorema" di Pasolini, che arriva e sconvolge, niente rimane come prima.

Ma PPP lo risparmia, è soprattutto interessato agli effetti del suo passaggio. Nel villaggio di Claudel, invece, non c'è spazio per il dopo, prima che la luce faccia sparire le ombre, il rito va consumato, lo straniero deve pagare il suo essere 'altro', diverso.

Massimo Girotti in 'Teorema' di PierPaolo Pasolini, 1968

Era come uno specchio, non aveva bisogno di dire niente. Rimandava a ciascuno la sua immagine. O forse era l'ultimo inviato di dio, prima che lui chiudesse bottega e buttassee via la chiave. Gli specchi possono soltanto rompersi.

Dio non c'è più in questa parte del mondo che corrisponde al confine francotedesco, zona di vini pregiati: se mai è esistito, adesso non c'è più, è andato via, ha visto la Guerra e ha scelto di andarsene.

Anche il prete non crede più alla sua esistenza. Dio non è degno della maggior parte degli uomini, perché *se la creatura ha potuto generare l'orrore, è soltanto perché il suo Creatore gliene ha suggerito la formula.*

Claudel anche qui affronta una Guerra: dopo la carneficina della guerra di trincea nella Prima Mondiale in *Le anime grigie*, adesso siamo alla Seconda, ai lager, qui chiamato Campo.

Brodeck, il protagonista, citato nel titolo originale, e cancellato nella traduzione in italiano (*Le Rapport de Brodeck*) il narratore, e colui che stenderà il Rapporto, è a sua volta un altro *Anderer*, è arrivato bambino non si sa da dove, ma tutti ricordano che viene da un altrove e questo basta, per lui si apre il cancello del Campo, dove imparerà che prezzo può avere la sopravvivenza, e cioè che *l'unica morale vincente è la vita, soltanto i morti hanno sempre torto.*

Avant l'hiver, 2013, scritto e diretto da Philippe Claudel

Eppure, sia l'Anderer che Brodeck sono anime gentili, dolci, sensibili:

È sempre stato difficile per me parlare ed esprimere l'essenza del mio pensiero. Preferisco scrivere. Allora mi sembra che le parole diventano docilissime, tanto da venire a mangiare nella mia mano come uccellini, e ne faccio più o meno ciò che voglio, mentre quando cerco di riunirle nell'aria, mi sfuggono.

Non è solo la piccola comunità (il villaggio ha circa quattrocento abitanti) che è incapace di accogliere e inglobare: anche la grande capitale reagisce allo stesso modo, è la folla in sé che nasconde il delitto, perché nella folla ognuno si cela dietro il vicino e perde individualità, può così dar corpo alla sua paura ed esprimere senza timore di punizione la sua viltà e ferocia.

Il finale è un'altra immagine forte che emerge dalle pagine di Claudel: Brodeck prende i suoi cari e parte, se ne va, ed è impossibile non pensare a Enea col padre Anchise sulle spalle e il figlio Ascanio tenuto per mano che si allontanano da Troia in fiamme – qui non c'è il fuoco, ma probabilmente le stesse tenebre, anche se la scena è immersa in una luce così viva da sembrare quasi rassicurante.

Gian Lorenzo Bernini: Enea, Anchise e Ascanio, 1619, Galleria Borghese di Roma

Luís C. says

End of the Second World War, in a village, a foreigner is murdered. Brodeck writes nature notes for his

administration. Asked by the villagers, he agrees to write a report on the facts that led to this tragedy. Meticulous, orderly, in search of truth, he embarks on this writing after having obtained the agreement of these fellow citizens, to make appear the truth even if this one disturbs. The gray souls have become black, very black, Claudel builds his novel as a puzzle, from one character to another, from one period to another, he does not judge, he describes what Brodeck discovers, no need to 'to bring judgment, the facts justify themselves,' the Anderer 'has paid with his life, cowardice, the fear of the unknown, intolerance in what he has most abject. The story in the end is timeless, the human stupidity brings its share of horrors at any time. Claudel succeeds in a novel that haunts, that ice. His writing is clear, precise, no frills and it's simply overwhelming. It also serves that literature.

Lisbon Book-Fair 2016.

Moira Macfarlane says

Ademloos (her)lezen, zo'n boek dat ik de tweede maal nog zoveel meer waardeerde dan bij het eerste lezen. Claudel heeft een prachtige schrijfstijl (en compliment voor de vertaling van Manik Sarkar). Ingetogen en subtiel, met een enorme zeggingskracht. Het thema is zwaar, over de angst voor alles wat anders is, het monster dat een mens in de massa kan worden en de eenzaamheid van het lijden als men daarin zijn menselijkheid is verloren. Hoe vergeet je wat gruwelijk was en onmenselijk, als dat wat niet mocht overleven toch terugkeert, kan men leven met zijn eigen onvermogen? Claudel schrijft gevoelvol en beschouwend, maar niet verontschuldigend.

"Ik dacht aan de grote Geschiedenis en aan mijn eigen geschiedenis. Kennen degenen die de eerste schrijven de tweede? Hoe komt het dat het geheugen van de ene mens dingen bewaart die anderen vergeten of nooit hebben gezien? Wie heeft er gelijk: degene die zich voorneemt de dingen die gebeurd zijn niet in het donker te laten verdwijnen of degene die alles wat hem niet uitkomt in de duisternis stort? Misschien is leven – overleven – niets anders dan besluiten dat de realiteit niet reëel is, dan een andere realiteit kiezen als de realiteit die je kent ondraaglijk wordt. Trouwens, is dat niet precies wat ik in het kamp heb gedaan? Koos ik er toen niet voor te leven in mijn herinnering en de aanwezigheid van Emélia, en mijn dagelijkse leven te verbannen naar de onwerkelijkheid van een nachtmerrie? Zal de Geschiedenis een grote waarheid zijn die bestaat uit miljoenen aan elkaar genaaide individuele leugens? Vergelijkbaar met de dekens die Fédorine vroeger maakte, toen ik klein was, om eten te kunnen kopen: ze zagen er prachtig en gloednieuw uit, een regenboog van kleur, maar ze bestonden uit restjes textiel in vormen die niet bij elkaar pasten en wol van onduidelijke kwaliteit en onbekende herkomst."

Poonam says

Read this as part of **2018 Ultimate Reading Challenge, Category: "A book translated from another language"**.

4.5 stars

This book was originally written in French and I read the English Translation of it.

This is one of those books that has a soul to it. It's not just words written on paper but every single thing here is soo much deeper.

The beauty of the story it, it does not specify the time-line it takes place in but certain references made me think of WW2.... **But the scary thing is, it can be some place where this is happening right now or it can be a place where this may happen in future.**

Makes one realize that the world has evolved in certain areas but in some cases the world is *stagnant as a pool of dirty water*.

Brodeck is our main protagonist and we see the world through his eyes. He has suffered a lot and still suffers. Looking at his suffering made me wonder how life can be this unjust and cruel to one person in particular?

"God? Well, in that case, if He exists, if He really exists, let Him hide his face. Let Him put His two hands on His head, and let Him bow down. It may be, as Peiper used to teach us, that many men were unworthy of Him, but now I know that He, too, is unworthy of most of us, and that if the creature is capable of producing horror, it's solely because his Creator has slipped him the recipe for it."

-- Really the things that Brodeck went through one after the other made my heart hurt a lot.

This story also deals with Herd mentality which is one of the dangerous things to be caught-up in..

"I thought about what those men had just done. I had known them all for years. They weren't monsters; they were peasants, craftsmen, farmworkers, foresters, minor government officials; in short, men like you and me."

This story shows that sometimes there is strength in just surviving and not fighting back! There are lots of angles to this story that I loved but also broke my heart. **By the end of it all, all I wanted was Brodeck to find peace.**

Ana says

A história narrada neste livro decorre numa aldeia remota, *num tempo e lugar não definidos*, mas que podemos situar no pós Segunda Guerra Mundial a talvez algures na região fronteiriça franco-alemã. Um dia, um estrangeiro de apresentação e hábitos singulares, todavia obsequioso e gentil, instala-se na aldeia. Inicialmente é recebido de forma pacífica mas, aos poucos, os habitantes locais começam a vê-lo como um corpo estranho - *De Anderer*, "o outro" - que desperta fantasmas adormecidos e esqueletos no armário, e acabam por proceder ao seu linchamento matando-o.

Brodeck, um escrivão sobrevivente de um campo de concentração, é incumbido pelas autoridades de escrever um relatório sobre o incidente, em moldes que desresponsabilizem a população interveniente. Enquanto vai escrevendo esse relatório "oficial", escreve também um outro, mais secreto, em que não só dá conta do seu passado, como exhibe um retrato da aldeia e dos seus habitantes, e expõe as suas próprias reflexões sobre o acontecido e aquilo que ele considera ser a verdade dos factos e das motivações que conduziram ao incidente.

O Relatório de Brodeck é um livro soberbo, poderoso e terrivelmente actual, que, com recurso a uma escrita primorosa, nos fala da condição humana e do lado mais negro dos seres humanos, do preconceito, da amoralidade, da falta de empatia, do ódio gratuito, enfim, da desumanidade que neles pode grassar, sobretudo quando estes se podem esquivar à responsabilidade individual, acobertando-se sob o anonimato das massas e dos comportamentos colectivos. Imperdível.

Nora|KnyguDama says

Vos paskai?ius "Brodeko" anotacij? - iškart buvau suintriguota. Knygoje bus lie?iamos Antro Pasaulinio karo, holokausto temos. Tiesa - ?domumas tas, kad n? vieno iš ši? žodži?, kaip vokie?iai ar žydai - romane n?ra. Visk? nujauti ir suvoki pats. O ši? tem? aš savotiškai bijau. Žinot filmus "Pianistas", "Gražus gyvenimas" ar "Berniukas dryžuota pižama"? N? vieno nesu ma?iusi. Kod?l? Ogi tod?l, kad kai man apie juos pasakodavo - ašaros upeliais tek?davo. Tai kas b?t? savom akim ma?iusi ir dar labiau visk? išjautus? Savaites b??iau nemiegojusi, o mintys b?t? ramyb? pražudžiusios. Bet aš ma?iau pus? "Šindlerio s?rašo". Taip, tik pus?, nes mano ir taip jautri širdis nepak?l? t? siaubing? ?vyki? ir žiaurumo. Tikrai buvusio žiaurumo, o ne išgalvoto. Šiek tiek dreban?ia širdim kibau ? "Brodek?" ir jau su pirmaisiais puslapiais giliai pasin?riau ? jautri?, tyli? ir skausming? Brodeko gyvenimo istorij?.

?ia neminimas nei kaimelio kur Brodekas gyvena, nei šalies pavadinimas. Kaimelyje Brodekas gyvena su dukrele Pupkete, žmona Emelija ir aukle Fedorina. Vyras - vienintelis išsimokslin?s žmogus kaime, kuriame gyvena paprasti, dideli? vertybi? nepuosel?jantys žmon?s. Kart?, ? j? kaimel? atvyksta pekeleivis, kurio vardo mes taip pat nežinome, o autorius j? vadina ANDERER (vert, Kitas). Ir jis tikrai kitoks - mandagus, protingas, daug šypsosi ir kiaurai permato gyventoj? ydas. Pastarieji pradeda jo nem?gti, o gal bijoti ir j? nužudo. Žiauriuose žudyn?se dalyvauja visi tik ne Brodekas, kuris - savo nelaimei - užaina ? smukl? kaip tik tada, kai vyrai ANDERER ir nužud?. Kaimo meras liepia Brodekui parašyti apie tai raport?. Brodekas sutinka, mat su ANDERER j? visgi siejo artimesnis ryšys. Rašydamas raport?, vyras pamažu skaitytoju ?sileidžia ? savo skaudži? patirt?. Tada mes ir suvokiame, jog vyko karas, o Brodekas buvo ištremtas ? stovykl?, kur su juo elg?si siaubingai. Brodekas buvo priverstas elgtis kaip šuo, miegoti b?doje, d?v?ti antkakl?, laižyti priži?r?tojamus batus. Jis mat? daug mirties, paty?i?, žudyni? ir apie tai itin jautriai mums pasakoja. Ta?iau kartu mes matome koks stiprus ir protingas Brodekas - kaip atsitiesia po gniuždan?ios patirties, kaip meil? žmonai j? ne kart? išgelb?ja, koks tapo jo poži?ris ? žmonių po siaubing? karo padarini?.

Tai ne?tik?tinai emociškai stipri knyga. Brodekas pasakoja apie šird? verian?ius dalykus su tokia ramybe, jog skaitant ?sivaizdavau j? juos šnibždant. Jis neatpasakoja patirto siaubo kaip dramatišk? išgyvenim?, nenaudoja pompastišk? žodži?. Kalba apie tai kaip tiesiog apie savo gyvenimo etap?. Ta ramyb? kartu ir keista, ir trikdanti ir ašar? spaudžianti. Ne kart? skaitydama apsiašarojau, mat knyg? skai?iau itin susikaupusi, visk? d?jauši širdin. Knygos rašymo stilius - vienas ypatingiausi? roman? dalyk?. Praeitis su dabartimi pinasi neju?ia, kartas nuo karto ?terpiami kitos kalbos žodžiai j? n? never?iant. Skaitytojas pats turi rasti raktus ? nežinomo kaimelio pasaul?. "Brodekas" man paliko labai stipr? ?sp?d?. Nujau?iu, jog knyga turi ne vien? pasl?pt? reikšm?, tad žinau, jog j? skaitysiu dar ne kart? ir atrasiu vis naujų min?i?. Tai labai stiprus, intelektualus ir jautrus romanas skirtas skaitytojams ieškantiems kitoki? knyg?. Tai žvilgsnis ? žiauri? pasaulio istorij? kitu kampu.

Sawsan says

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Rosie says

"Eu escolhi viver e a minha punição é a minha vida."

**Um livro com um título sem pretensão e que custa escandalosamente uns meros 4.90 (na wook) !
COMO É POSSÍVEL??? O livro é soberbo!**

Na verdade não sabia o que me esperava, simplesmente que estava muito bem cotado no Goodreads.

Inicia modestamente e evolui para um livro para a vida.

Somos arrebatados!

Será possível algum dia superar o que se vive, como vítima directa, num holocausto?

As mazelas são tantas, tão profundas, muito para além do corpo, gravadas a ferros no seu íntimo, que permitirá viver de novo, ou apenas sobreviver?

Será possível haver uma réstia de esperança e renascer das cinzas?

Senti-me impregnada de horror, de nojo, de indignação, de dor, de infindáveis adjectivos deploráveis sobre o ser humano. Que malévolos conseguimos ser, que cobardes.

E, senti-me arrepiada pela resiliência e pelo amor acima de todas as coisas.

A aldeia pitoresca isolada sobre si mesma, o rio, as florestas, os animais, as árvores, os rochedos das montanhas, as personagens e as suas singularidades completam um quadro difícil de esquecer.

Tudo o que disser ficará alguém do que me provocou.

Imperdível!

"... Em todo o caso, posso jurar que não houve sofrimento ... faltam-me os órgãos essenciais para experimentar a dor. Não os possuo. Retiraram-mos, um a um, no campo de concentração. E depois, infelizmente, nunca mais os recuperei."

"Ó pequena Poupchette... alguns dir-te-ão que és filha de ninguém, filha da ignomínia, que foste gerada pelo ódio e o horror. Alguns dir-te-ão que és a filha abominável do abominável, a filha da desonra, já desonrada antes de nasceres. Peço-te que não os ouças. Eu digo-te que és a minha filha e que te amo. Digo-te que do

horror nasce por vezes a beleza, a pureza e a graça. Digo-te que serei sempre teu pai. Digo-te que as mais belas rosas nascem por vezes numa terra conspurcada. Digo-te que és a aurora, o amanhã, todos os amanhãs, e que só interessa o que faz de ti uma promessa. Digo-te que és a minha ventura e o meu perdão. Digo-te, minha Poupchette, que és toda a minha vida."

Hameed Younis says

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Jill says

There are many reasons we read: for enlightenment, escape, education, and in some rare instances, to confront ourselves with truths and insights we never would have encountered otherwise.

Brodeck is one of those rare instances. It is, quite simply, one of the best contemporary books I have ever read. And I have read a lot.

The book – which reads like an allegory or dark adult fairy tale – transcends those genres by strongly tethering itself to recognizable events and images. Brodeck, by many indications, appears to be Jewish, yet he served as an acolyte to a priest in his youth, implying that he isn't. The locale appears to be in France's Alsace-Lorraine, yet many of the geographical features do not fit. And the Nazis have wrecked havoc in the region, yet they are never mentioned by name.

What we DO know is this: Brodeck has been taken prisoner of war and has scratched and scraped his way to survival, serving as "Broderick the Dog" to sadistic camp officials. Against all odds, he has returned to his insular village where he is greeted with less than 100% enthusiasm.

And now, an elusive stranger referred to as the Anderer – the Other – has appeared in the village with his horse and donkey and sketch pads, serving as a mirror to the truth of the village's betrayals....its cowardice dishonorable conduct, spinelessness and moral stain. Early on, we learn that the village participated in a mass murder of the Anderer and it falls upon Brodeck – a low-level bureaucrat who now makes his living cataloguing the area's flora and fauna – to write a whitewashing report about the event.

Brodeck himself is "the other"; he is an orphan, with only the sketchiest recollections of where he comes from and how he got to where he is. He knows that "each of us was a nothing. A nothing handed over to death. Its slave. Its toy. Waiting and resigned." His survival has not changed that fact: "The others the ones who came out of it alive, like me – all of us still carry a part of it, deep down inside, like a stain. We can never again meet the eyes of other people without wondering whether they harbor the desire to hunt us down, to torture us, to kill us."

His quest to discover what really happened to the Anderer is also a personal quest; to find out his own back story. At the start, the reader knows little: we know he has a mute wife Amelie and a young baby daughter and that he is merely tolerated by the village. As the book progresses, the picture begins to fall more and more into focus.

As he interacts with the various members of the community, he at one point meets with the village priest. In one of the most harrowing passages, the priest says, “Men are strange. They commit the worst crimes without question, but later they can’t live anymore with the memory of what they’ve done. They have to get rid of it. And so they come to me, because they know I’m the only person who can give them relief, and they tell me everything. I’m the sewer, Brodeck. I’m not the priest; I’m the sewer man.”

This book achieves something I thought would be impossible in literature: it universalizes the Holocaust. It offers up Brodeck as “every man” and his tormenters as “every man” as well. It reveals mankind’s ability to perpetrate the worst deeds and to turn its collective eye elsewhere when heinous deeds are being perpetrated. It displays our fervent struggle to forget and to absolve ourselves in the worst of times.

The prose is luminous and masterful. For that, I must partially give credit to the incredible translator, John Cullen. In reading international books, I’ve learned that a good translator can make or break a work of literature, and Cullen does Philippe Claudel proud. As for Claudel, his insights are astounding and his words are transformational. Some of the scenes are exquisitely painful to read; I gasped and shed tears on some of the more horrific.

Some evocations to works such as Camus’ *The Stranger* and Ibsen’s *Enemy of the People* come to mind but make no mistake: this is a highly original work. In the end, I knew that I had read something fiercely important – a modern masterpiece.

Azumi says

Me ha hecho sufrir mucho, he sufrido por el Anderer, por la yegua y el asno, por Brodeck y su familia. Es una historia dolorosa y triste y da que pensar.

Ilustra perfectamente lo que el hombre es capaz de hacer por miedo.

Claudel se va a mi lista de favoritos a la de ya.

Teresa Proença says

“Acreditas realmente que os sonhos sejam mais preciosos do que a vida?”

Ana Lúcia says

Inexplicavelmente, algumas vezes, sabemos que vamos amar um livro, mesmo antes de o ler.

Este é um destes livros...

Acabei de o ler ontem à noite e ainda sinto a alma e o coração atordoados.

Nada me poderia ter preparado para tamanho abanão emocional e deslumbramento.

Nada do que possa escrever fará justiça a tamanha perfeição.

Carla says

Doloroso. Belo. Perfeito.

Nem uma palavra sublinhada ao longo de todo o livro (não há frase que não mereça essa "honra").

É impossível olhar o mundo com os mesmos olhos depois deste livro.

É ainda com o coração alvoroçado que assumo que a culpa é toda minha. Eu é que quis (muito) ler este livro.
