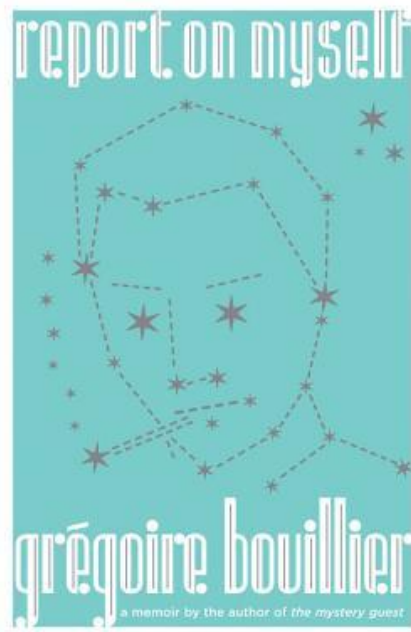




Report on Myself

Grégoire Bouillier , Grégoire Bouillier , Violaine Huisman

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Distinguished by the same charm and playful prose that helped make 'The Mystery Guest' such a cult favorite with readers and reviewers, Report on Myself is the memoir that won Grégoire Bouillier the French Prix de Flore and universal acclaim.

Here, Bouillier tells the whole crazy story of his life, from his conception in wartime Algeria to his gritty Parisian boyhood at the mercy of his working-class bohemian parents.

With trademark pithy vignettes, he illuminates his life through the stories of his four loves, beginning at age nine with the bourgeois Marie-Blanche, younger sister of his best friend, and ending with the relationship that nearly destroyed him, the aftermath of which he chronicled to such great effect in The Mystery Guest. Shot through with indelible images, bad puns, and Bouillier's gift for drawing meaning from the seemingly innocuous coincidences of daily life, Report on Myself turns on a literary revelation (in this case, The Odyssey) that helps Grégoire decode the patterns laid out by his life, while teaching us a thing or two about love and literature along the way.

Report on Myself Details

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Author : Grégoire Bouillier , Grégoire Bouillier , Violaine Huisman

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Aber so flott, zynisch und schnoddrig das alles geschrieben ist, so wenig fühlte ich mich in dem Text zuhause. Überraschungen sind gut, aber nur dann, wenn erst ein bestimmter Erwartungshorizont aufgezeigt wird. Nichts gegen Anleihen bei Homer, Tintin oder Frank Zappa, aber es darf nicht zu gewollt und unvermittelt daherkommen. Und die Personen? Überwiegend Fehlanzeige: Die Frauen sind mal blond, mal brunette, mal „sensible“, mal „glacée“, manchmal Feen oder Tyrannen, aber unterscheiden kann man sie nicht. Der schwule Bruder und der undurchsichtige Vater sind einfach nur schwul und undurchsichtig. Und die Mutter? Erst eine frühreife und selbstbewusste 68erin, dann homophob, später voll durchgeknallt und am Schluss nur noch sentimental.

Agris Fakingsons says

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[illegible]

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Peter Panic says

I want to say the author is self absorbed, but frankly isn't that what a memoir is?

Quick read, somewhat funny, and enjoyed it being not linear. Although now I have no desire to read the Mystery Guest.

Can't wait till I forgot that I read the book.

Mark says

I'm not a big memoir reader beyond the occasional dip into it through David Sedaris and others. I recognize its popularity as a genre in general, but also as a specific kind of creative nonfiction. With this comes several complications such as an insistence of it being completely true, as the sworn truth of a text separates it from a work of fiction. (Remember the James Frey explosion)

I don't particularly care about that, nor do I need to be told every moment of the author's life, I assume Bouillier chose what to not include in this book, but also to retell it nonlinearly, which keeps the book from dragging. Just take the opening section that begins with "I had a happy childhood" only to immediately undercut with his Mom asking him and his brother "Children, do I love you?" before trying to jump out a window. This is the first of many disturbing moments in "Report on Myself."

I am more interested in the basic elements of a narrative, interesting moments, people(characters), lines, thoughts. These are what pulled me through "Report on Myself" This is a challenging, thoughtful, and literate memoir.

Yulia says

For such a self-absorbed individual, Bouillier somehow has no problem leaving introspection out of his memoir. Instead, he regales us with how his birth is mystically connected to the birthdays of his previous girlfriends, to Aristotle's trial and France's armistice agreement with Hitler, to anything and everything meaningless and historical. Did you know his birthday is a palindrome? 06.22.60. Think about it. Think about it some more. It's great stuff. Unfortunately, I was too dazzled by this fun fact to want more. Yes,I'd been satiated in only one chapter! Gregoire, share yourself with others, please.
