



Down All the Days

Christy Brown

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Written 13 years after his first autobiography, *My Left Foot*, this is an autobiographical novel, set in Dublin during the '40s and '50s. The author, who died in 1981, was born a spastic and for the first six years of his life could not walk, talk nor control any of his limbs.

Down All the Days Details

Date : Published May 11th 1970 by Secker & Warburg (first published 1970)

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Author : Christy Brown

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From Reader Review Down All the Days for online ebook

Thom Dunn says

When the film, My Left Foot, appeared, I found myself wondering which central character is the real Christy Brown.

Freedess says

Yazar?n kendi hayat?n? anlatt??? ve be?enerek okudu?um “Sol Aya??m” kitab?n?n devam? oldu?unu dü?ündü?üm ama ilk kitapla alakas? olmayan, okurken zerrece zevk almad???m bir kitap oldu. O kadar uzun tasvir ve betimlemeler varki cümlenin sonuna gelene kadar ba??nda neyi anlatmaya çal??t???n? unutuyorum. Fazlaca argo ve cinsellik içeren bir kitap.

Ayr?ca benim okudu?um bask? (ocak 2018) ba?tan sona yaz?m hatalar?yla dolu.

K?sacas? be?enmedim benim için bu kitab? okumak zaman kayb? oldu

M.F. Soriano says

It's got vivid portraits of Dublin slum life, but you're better off reading Angela's Ashes if you want that sort of story. The real thrill in Down All the Days is the hallucinatory brilliance Brown sometimes stumbles across with his writing. You have to fight through a fair bit of drek to get there--with lines like "Jem studiously studied his fag-end."--but you're also rewarded with lines like "the fleck of blood [...] burning like a geranium petal at sunset," or "her eyes like hard coal diamonds swimming in sperm," or my personal favorite: "Happiest were the children [...] their small bones sang in the earth forever."

A. Mary says

Elements of this novel will be familiar to anyone who knows My Left Foot, but while Down All the Days is at times explicitly autobiographical, it also explores some sophisticated stylistic strategies--occasional use of ordinary devices, pushed beyond ordinary use but not quite to the point of silliness. Brown alliterates perhaps five words in a sentence or hyphenates a string of up to seven adjectives. The novel is extremely visual, even in its traditional prose narrative sections, but when Brown writes the surrealistic dream sequences for his narrator, the characters and their strange behaviours and dialogue are vivid. This book is set among the poor, around Dorset Street, north of the Liffey in Dublin, in the 1930's and '40's. There is unemployment, violence, and drink, there is Nationalism and Catholicism, there is unrestrained reproduction--all staples in Irish writing. But this book also has some rhymed speeches that have a hint of the Greek chorus, some roiling overpopulated scenes that point to Dante, and some peculiar dissonant moments that are surrealistic Dali. One chapter most worthy of note is that in which we are privileged to hear the interior monologue as Paddy struggles home, drunk and ailing, thinking about what it means to be a man in a world where every act of desire results in another mouth to feed and wondering what happened to his life. It's a moving moment, and while it doesn't excuse the violence and dereliction, it is a rare and sympathetic treatment of an experience usually left unexplored. This is a very skillful and certain hand at work.

Dais says

I personally found this hard to read in some parts, though others flowed very well. I do enjoy getting a taste of Ireland and what life was like as Christy Brown was growing up and appreciate his struggles to be heard. But, yes, I had to push myself to get through this book.

Victoria says

I finished reading this book, Down All the Days, by Christy Brown, last night, and I was shocked, amused, and heartbroken while reading this book. It is about a (lower, I assumed) middle class family living in the slums of Dublin, and what goes on (mainly) through the eyes of one of the sons of the family, whom is disabled. I think this book shows what a truly great writer Christy Brown was. This was lyrical, poetical, and sometimes downright vulgar. But I did indeed love that. For it's different style than what I've gotten used to - it's always nice to be emotionally shocked by a book and fall in love with the language and style of writing the author had. While it is a great read for the heart, I don't think it would be for everyone's heart.

asan yilmaz says

I couldn't finish the book till the end cause it is so boring real waste of time

Phil Sun says

This is an intense, at times hallucinatory view of 1940s and 1950s Dublin. We are introduced to one family and their neighbors. The family is large and fairly anonymous, ruled by a violent, temperamental father, whose wife is often pregnant and much-besieged. Life is raucous, often short-lived in their poor community. Those years before the advent of the Pill was terrible for too, too, too many.

The perspective shifts from chapter to chapter, focusing on a different character. There isn't a single central protagonist, although we suspect it is the nameless, disabled boy who is conveyed in a cart around the neighborhood by his brothers; who may or may not be Christy Brown. So much of the description feels as if it is comes from someone who is looking in, inconspicuously, at a vivid, astonishing world; someone whose yearning for adventure, unsatisfied, turns into delirium, an inchoate, often sexual rapture. For the nameless boy, shame and ecstasy are the constants of a thwarted desiring body.

Liz Polding says

James Joyce's worthy literary heir. Comparable with both the poignant Dubliners and the incredible Finnegans Wake, which made me laugh and whose playful use of language opened up a whole new

dimension in literature.

This is an incredible book. The use of language takes your breath away with its beauty and sheer audacity. The author's deft touch brings you into his world, full of warmth and humour, violence and raw, beautiful humanity. An utter treasure that will speak to the heart of anyone who knows the city and its mosaic of human experience.

NeslihanK. says

Bitirmekte çok zorlandım, ilk kitapla arasındada kadar fark var. Sanki birbirinden farklı kiler tarafından yazılmış gibiymiş, bölümler ve anlatımlarda çok fazla kopukluklar var.

Craven says

This was a dollar shelf find while traveling around, my other choice was book on the psychology of serial killers. Fortunately, my lack of palette for gory true crime won out over my current obsession with neuroscience and I got this book instead. This isn't so much of a novel as it seems a impressionistic memoir of life in a Dublin ghetto as seen through the eyes of a boy in a family of sixteen siblings who has cerebral palsy. The voice in the book walks a thin line of detached observance-due to his disability-and deep kinship with his surroundings which leads to a warm and lyrical voice of beauteous and at times abstract description. At times I was drawn to apply brakes and chew on some of his wondrous description, while others times when it becomes abstract and subjective to simply relax and float downstream in the wordplay. Down All the Days is nothing if not sensual and if Baudelaire was correct when he said a genius is someone who can recall childhood at will, than this is the best example of that. Much of the book is about sexual awakening of a young Irish Catholic, and his description of the dissonance between desire and religious repression is exquisite, that of a man who could retain such early memories so neatly and strongly until he had the vocabulary of an adult to describe them. This book was typed out with a toe of Brown's left foot which is often lauded more than the actual work. I think that's more of an example of what created Brown's inner world and his ability to put that to paper is what is truly miraculous.

Ahlem Fairouz says

Une autobiographie terrible relatant la vie au quotidien de familles irlandaises issues des quartiers pauvres de Dublin, des familles souvent nombreuses, rongées par la pauvreté et la misère. Le récit étant peint par un jeune homme paralysé le rend plus lugubre et sinistre.

Alıntı Paylaşımları says

Sanal Kiraathane girişimi olarak, takipçilerimizin göndermiş oldukları alıntılar yayındayız. En güzel kitaplar arasında en güzel kışımalar... Leziz yemeklerin tatlı bölümleri gibi... Bu kitap ile ilgili paylaşımalarımızda ait daki linklerdedir. Ne yaparsanız yapın, kitap kokusundan mahrum kalmayın. Sanal Kiraathane. (Daha fazla alıntı? www.sanalkiraathane.com adresinde bulabilirsiniz)

<https://www.facebook.com/sanalkiraath...>

Christy Brown - Sol Aya??m
Gönderen: Yasemin Ayr?ç

Nickie says

Funny old Ireland. It's a shock when, after 150 pages of assuming that you're reading a book set somewhere in the early part of the 21st century, the characters leave their home for the first time and you realise that it's the 1950s! Hard lives, marriages destroyed by drink and violence, hard catholicism, 22 children crammed arse to arse on mattresses, dead babies. No Yves Saint Laurent dresses for this lot.

It's carefully observed and beautifully detailed: "And the bells kept pealing and knots of people were thronging the streets in their Easter finery on their way to church, blessing themselves as the funeral went by in its long snake-like tedious procession through the bell-loud face-swarming iron-clanging worshipping rain-swept city." But there's something missing. Whether it's lack of a narrative thread or purpose, I don't know. But you can't help but feel, like the writer/boy who's sitting sprawled in a corner, ignored and observing that you're out of the action a little bit too much too. Still bloody good though.

Henry Wright says

The leap from My Left Foot to Down All the Days, a 15 year leap, is mind boggling. Perhaps the finest imagery in the English language. I couldn't help re-reading passages for the pure joy of the vocabulary, the rhythm, the passion.
