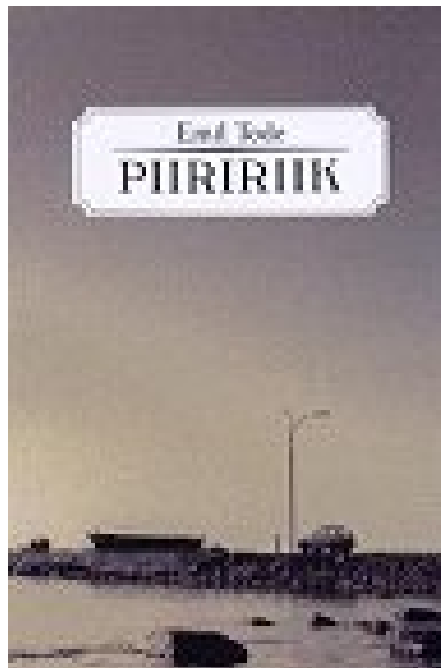




Piiririik

Tõnu Õnnepalu , Emil Tode (Pseudonym)

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) ➔

Piiririik

Tõnu Õnnepalu , Emil Tode (Pseudonym)

Piiririik Tõnu Õnnepalu , Emil Tode (Pseudonym)

Kui mitu korda ma olen läinud tagasi sellele veeäärsele kaile, sinna kus jõgi muutub äkki laiaks ja metsikuks ja metroorongid sõidavad eemal kaugel üle silla, läbi pimeduse, nagu läbi vee, nagu oleks see maailm vee all, teisel pool, mitte siin, kuhu meie kuulume. Ma vaatan veepinda otsekui piiri, mille tagant peab algama päris maailm, millest ma ootan kerkivat sinu kätt, kasvõi ringe veepinnal, märguannet, et mul on luba tulla. Aga midagi ei juhtu, ainult tuulehoog säbrutab vett ja lööb suured puud pea kohal kahisema. Keegi oigab selles kahinas valust või mõnust, kellegi läbilõikav vile kostab sillalt, kus pole ometi hingelistki, kellegi iha leiab rahulduse, keegi langeb surnult rohule, mida äsja on niisutanud kellegi seeme; liha on ümberringi valmis, mu Angelo, aga vaimu pole kuskil.

Piiririik Details

Date : Published 2003 by Tuum (first published 1993)

ISBN : 9985802594

Author : Tõnu Õnnepalu , Emil Tode (Pseudonym)

Format : Paperback 166 pages

Genre : Fiction

 [Download Piiririik ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Piiririik ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Piiririik Tõnu Õnnepalu , Emil Tode (Pseudonym)

From Reader Review Piiririik for online ebook

Noloter says

Letto ai tempi del Liceo per via di un progetto Italia-Estonia organizzato dalla mia scuola in collaborazione con la "Fondazione Maria e Goffredo Bellonci" sui nuovi Paesi membri dell'UE.

Il ricordo che ne ho è piuttosto vago, quel che è certo è che lo trovai irrimediabilmente orribile. Sarà pure colpa della traduzione estone-tedesco-italiano (glielo concedo) se lo stile è scarso, ma la storia in sé stessa è davvero pessima...

Abbiamo già abbastanza paccottiglia letteraria in Italia, che bisogno c'è di importarla anche dall'Estonia?

Sippie says

3,5/5

Cécile C. says

Surprising, but lovely. The whole novel is a rumination from the protagonist, who hovers between genders until they might almost sound like a sort of angel. There isn't a plot, not really, though you can guess at the events that happened between the protagonist and a man named Frantz. The whole novel gives off an impression of dream-like wandering, hovering between childhood memories, the present, the situation of a person who misses something, though we won't be told what (although the title helps one understand). It could be the story of a person trying to build a future without a coherent past, or of someone wandering in a place with no geography. Whatever the exact story it tries to tell, the impression remains strong, and the writing almost hypnotic.

Proustitute says

I once saw the words "border state" in a newspaper. That was how they labeled the country from which I came. It was a political term. Very appropriate, by the way. A border state is nonexistent. There is something on one side and something on the other side of the border, but there is no border. There is a highway, and a field of grain with a farmhouse under tall, thirsty trees, but where is the border between them? It's invisible. And if you should happen to stand on the border, then you too are invisible, from either side.

Marie says

Kohati oli tunne, et kirjanikul oli depressioon.

Suheyly says

Do?u Avrupal? bir o?rencinin Fransa'da Franz ile ya?ad??? ?eli?kili birlikteli?in roman?. ?? d?nyas?n?n birbiriyle uyumsuz hislerinin, fikirlerinde yol a?t??? ikilemler, ya?ad?klar?n? ger?ek mi hayal mi ikileminde yans?t?p okuyucusunu da her sayfa ve her mektupla ba?ka bir bo?lu?u doldurmaya y?nelten, okurken sinir olup bitince de zihindeki demlenmeyle ba?ka ?eyleri de d???nd?rten sonunda niye okudum ki dedirtse de i?ten i?e ald??? ?d?l? hakketti?ini de kabul ettiren bir roman. Biraz f?rt?nal? bir d?nyaya girmek isterseniz okunmas?nda yarar var.

Kafa kar???kl???m? ancak internette yapt???m ara?t?rmayla dindirdi?imi de s?ylemeliyim. Dahas? spoiler olaca???ndan yorumumu burada noktalyorum. Ama ben dilini ?ok g?zel kullanm??. Tekrarlar bunaltsa da alt?n? ?izdi?i ne ola ki, diye dikkati de harekete ge?iriyor.

Katri says

Kui esialgne m?te raamat pooleli j?tta sai maha surutud, siis vaikselt edasi lugedes hakkas antud teos veidi isegi meeldima. Pean tunnistama, et p?riselt raamatu populaarsusest aru ei saa... V?imalik, et loen raamatut liiga hilja. Kuna n??d on piirid lahti ja teatud kirjeldatud seigad on ammu reaalsus ning teosel polnud lugejat millegagi ?llatada. Teine v?imalus, et olen liiga noor selleks, et k?iki neid olukordi nii teravalt m?ista.

L?psisooja lehmapiimaga on aga minulgi samad kogemused :)

"Nimelt piimaklaasi, sa tead ju, et see on n??d nii moes, baaris piima juua, ja mulle see mood meeldib. Selles on midagi kirjeldamatult pahelist. T?sta huulte juurde k?rge klaas k?lma piimaga, mis maksab viisteist franki, see on l?plik ?rap?asemine k?igist neist vastikutest lehmapiimaklaasidest, mida mind lapsep?lves jooma sunniti, eriti veel maal, vanaema poolvenna Ernsti juures, l?psisooja piima! K?ogis, kus leigel pliidiraua sumisesid k?rbsed!"

Barbie'de seik on aga lihtsalt tore ja natuke teistsugune. :)

"Tema Barbie'd olid seevastu erakordselt reaalsed, ta oli neid pildistanud erinevates situatsioonides: Barbie s?nnip?ev /.../; Barbie korterisse on tunginud r??vel ja Barbie't noaga haavanud, k?ikjal verd; Barbie-R??vel tapalaval, giljotiin on langemas... Terve seeria fotosid Barbie matustest: Barbie kirstus rooside keskel, matuselised, hauak?bas...

Jean-Pierre r?akis, et ta on saatnud oma fotosid Barbie-ajakirjale, aga neid ei avaldata, sest need ei vasta reklaami n?uetele."

Frederik Raud says

See raamat on k?ige parem siis, kui sa teda parasjagu ei loe.

Marion says

- "See oli eile, see oli just praegu, see oli viis aastat tagasi, ei mina mäleta. Igatahes ma ei ole vahepeal sulle kirjutanud. Nüüd lugesin üle, mis ma kirjutanud olin, see tundus mulle lapsik ja õige. Just nii kõik läkski, alati on kõik nii läinud, nagu ma olen kirjutanud, ise uskumata: olen kirjutanud nagu und nähes ja sonides, ja pärast on see kõik kuidagiviisi täide läinud. Ma olen ma selle täide viinud? Või on see täide viidud?"

- "Olin ma ise seal põllul põlvili ja kraapisin küüntega tolmatvat mulda, ja päike andis mulle piitsa?"

- "Igatahes ma ei tea, mis rahvusest ma siis tegelikult olen või miks ma kirjutan neid kirju selles imelikus keeles. Mõnikord on mul tunne, et ma ei saa sellest keelest enam aru, ta tundub nii naljakas, täiesti mõeldamatu! Tõesti, mitte mõhkugi ei taipa, muud ei mäleta kui "Saks tullep" või "Rägip üks Maggusjut". Kuidas nüüd siis seda prantsuse keelde tõlkida? Kuidas ennast sulle arusaadavaks teha? Aga siis on mul jälle tunne, et ma ei mõista ühtegi teist keelt, pole kunagi mõistnud, ainult see üks ongi. Niimoodi, poolkeeletuna, elangi."

- "Mul hakkas juba natuke imelik, ma vaatasin ringi, kus see Franz siis on, ja samal hetkel oli võõras mees mu kõrvalt kadunud, nagu oleks läbi lina läinud, see liikus kogu aeg kergelt tuuletõmbuses, ja ma nägingi Franzi, ta oli väga kaugel ja imetilluke, ta rändas, kepp käes, hauaplaatide vahel minu poole, ta muudkui tuli ja tuli, ta tuli kuid ja aastaid."

- "Tol õhtul käisin ma mitu korda trepist üles ja alla, ma jumaldan treppidega elamisi, neis on midagi dramaatilist."

- "Tead, Angelo, ma olen maailma ilu ees alati nii nõrk, kus ma teda ka ei kohtaks, ma pole kunagi suutnud talle vastu panna! Olgu see vaid möödavilksatav vaade rongiaknast, kõige hrailikum rajakene, mis lookleb viinamäenõlvade vahel. Või need kollased teeroosid, mis õielehti poetades naalduvad raudteejaama varbaia najale. Mõni banaalne tänavanurk oma bistroosildiga, köide raamatukaupmehe letil. Lõpuks need inimesed, nende korraga tuline ja õhuline hoiak. Mina, vaene, olen selle kõige vastu täiesti võimetu, jõud kaob mu liikmeist, ramm mu käsivartest."

- "Kui ma raamatupoest välja lähen, on hakanud vihma sadama, tuul on külm ja õel, vintsutab puid. Selline ilm võib minu teada olla juuni keskel ainult seal, kust ma tulin. Ma olen ta kodunt kaasa võtnud ja keeran ta paberist lahti nagu need pirukad, mis reisile kaasa võeti."

Loona says

teist korda oli veel parem

Daniel Gamboa says

I recently finished reading "Border State", and while I found it interesting enough to read it until the end, I have mixed feelings about it. I have always been fascinated with Eastern Europe, and the premise of the book, which is the experience of an Eastern-European gay man in Western Europe, sounded really good.

"Border State" is a series of letters the narrator, a gay translator from an unnamed Eastern-European nation, wrote to Angelo. However, does this narrator really exist? Is Angelo a real or imaginary? What we are reading really happened or is the narrator imagining it or wishing it would happen? Questions like these ones permeate the entire book, which give it a surreal, dream-like feeling. This surreal, dream-like feeling is helped by a narrative that wanders, and even rambles, specially at the beginning, throughout the book. After page 50, of the Italian edition I read by Iperborea, the plot started shaping up and following a more definite direction until the end.

I can understand the commotion this book caused in Estonia, and Europe, back in 1990's, although now, in 2010's, I found the book rather superficial, specially when it comes to dealing with the topic of homosexuality. We learn that the narrator is gay because of his relationship with Franz and his unrequited obsession with a priest, but he never gets deep into this. Or, perhaps, I was expecting him to have dilemmas about it while, in reality, he was totally comfortable with it? However, his dealing with the cultural shock of an Eastern-European in Western Europe is good enough to give you a sense of what this situation was like at the time.

For me, despite of what I stated above, the biggest issue with this novel is its disappointing ending. It explains why the author rambles and wanders with the plot throughout the entire novel, but this kind of ending has become old, both in books and films. Maybe it was a novelty back in early 1990's, but now, in the 2010's, it feels trite and overdone, and it left me with more questions than answers.

All in all, "Border State" is a book that it is worth reading for the superb bleak atmosphere it conveys (think of Buzzati's "The Tartar Steppe" or Highsmith's "The Tremor of Forgery"). While it is a fast read, it should be savored slowly to fully appreciate its subtleties. However, by the time I finished reading the book, I felt I had been talking to a man who turned out to be insane and did nothing but tricked me and even had a laugh at my expense once I closed the book and put it back in my bookcase.

Catherine says

Borders are not just a geopolitical matter - they are also a part of human nature. Our lonely anti-hero found a way to cross the border from an Eastern European country to go seek better luck and more fulfilled life in the West, but he kept the borders within himself and he was never able to abandon those. Oh, there are countries in Eastern Europe where you could easily hear capital W in West when East talked about it and looked up to the West as an example of decent life secure from political whims or purely ideologically driven decisions. Main character leaves his country, but his country remains with him in his memories of his life with grandmother, visits to her half-brother who lived in rural area and earliest love and attraction he felt for same sex. Constantly going through anxiety and remembering life in his native country, he is never able to really leave border territory of his native surroundings within himself.

Border territory is more than area where one country ends and another begins - it's part of us where solitude is heavy and drives us to seek affection, love - and at the same time makes us wish we could have more time for enjoying simple beauties of nature and think about important existential questions all alone, left in peace. But in the end, it's a state of mind equally difficult to bear in any country, no matter the ideology or geopolitical affiliation of particular state.

Imi says

The fuck did I just read?

It wasn't bad, but it was so confusing. Sometimes (s)he started to talk about things that didn't even make sense in that part of the story.

And I wrote (s)he, because I don't know if it's a woman or a man, who writes these letters to this guy called Angelo. First I thought it's a man with a friend called Franz. But then I found out they were more than friends and (s)he wanted to taste his semen. So from then on, I imagined (s)he as a she. But then a cleaning lady greets her with Monsieur. Okay, so it's a he. And after some pages, there's another hint that it's a woman, so at the end I thought it's a transvestite man.

All in all, I liked the story, and there were some really good thoughts about life, so it deserves a 3.

Dario Malic says

Pograni?ni teritorij prvo je Onnepaluovo djelo, i ujedno najzaslužnije za njegov status najcijenjenijeg suvremenog estonskog književnika. U pitanju je epistolarni roman sastavljen od nikad poslanih pisama koje neimenovani autor piše Angelu, svom poznaniku/prijatelju/ljubavniku. Ve? u prvom pismu spominje se zlo?in i ostatak romana nam malo po malo otkriva o kakvom je zlo?inu rije? i opisuje detalje koji su do njega doveli.

Ipak, ovdje nije rije? o nikakvom kriminalisti?kom romanu. Spomenuti zlo?in služi uglavnom da poveže pisma/poglavlja i uspostavi kakvu-takvu kronologiju doga?aja. Naime, u pismima pripovjeda? prepri?ava svoj životni put kroz kratke i dobrim dijelom nepovezane slike, ne vode?i se pritom vremenskim redoslijedom ve? trenutnim asocijacijama.

Glavni lik romana dolazi iz neimenovane isto?noeuropske zemlje (za pretpostaviti je da je rije? o Estoniji) u Pariz gdje radi kao prevoditelj. Onnepalu od po?etka ?ini jasnom važnost podrijetla svog junaka, kao i njegovog (istospolnog) seksualnog opredijeljenja. Stje?e se dojam da su upravo to razlozi njegove anksioznosti i op?e izgubljenosti u svijetu koji ga okružuje. Pripovjeda? sam postaje pograni?ni teritorij, na razme?i „zaostale“ isto?ne Europe i „razvijenog“ zapadnog svijeta, izme?u statusa uglednog intelektualca i pojedinca neprihva?enog zbog svog seksualnog opredijeljenja, on postaje nevidljiv.

Nažalost, kako glavni lik gubi svoju konkretnost, isto se dešava i sa samim romanom. Onnepalu cijeli roman piše pomalo snovito, fantazmagori?no, otežavaju?i raspoznavanje istine i laži, i to funkcionira sve do pred sam kraj kada se njegova svojevrsna struja svijesti raspada, te izostaje bilo kakav oblik katarze, kona?nog ushi?enja ili koje god emocije. Naravno, to ne zna?i da je roman loš, no potencijal koji ovaj vrlo interesantan tekst nosi na kraju ostaje ne u potpunosti ispunjen.

gregor says

punnitatur keelekujundid, muidu raamat mida raske käest panna
