



Det forsømte forår

Hans Scherfig

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Det er lykkedes Hans Scherfig ved komik, følelse, erindringsstyrke, bitre erfaringer og had og nag at sige ting om børns trivsel og vantrivsel i deres skoleår, der har gyldighed for alle børn og for alle skoler.

Det forsømte forår Details

Date : Published 1972 (first published 1940)

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Author : Hans Scherfig

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From Reader Review Det forsømte forår for online ebook

Anton Mateji?ka says

3.7

Zaineb says

Well, I was forced to read this for university so I was not really expecting to enjoy it. I am also not a big reader of Danish authors so I was expecting this to be a bad experience. I was indeed wrong about that.

This might not be a novel I will advocate to every person who asks me what to read but I will say the book started out interesting and it was not a boring novel to read as such... at least for the first half of the book.

This is, though, still not my taste, and Hans Scherfig has not been able to convince me otherwise. But as I always do, I will try to make it short and tell what is good and what is not so good.

Winning three stars:

- 1) An interesting beginning that draws in the reader
- 2) humour! satire and irony, which work very well with the characters
- 3) The different characters and their families are portrayed well
- 4) in many ways this was a well written novel

Why no more?

- 1) While I did not think of it as boring to begin with, I did begin to get tired of the constant repeating. Same information was revealed over, over and over again. To begin with I believe this was a good rhythm but grew very tired of it toward the end.
- 2) As a Student, I could understand what Hans Scherfig meant but I could not feel story line. I could not identify with any of the students though I understood what they were going through.

So yes, this is not a bad novel, and for those who like to know a little Danish literature, this is a good place to start. But I would not personally recommend to anyone.

Mathilde L. says

- read for school

Danny says

"Det Forsømte Forår" from 1940 is regarded as a classic within Danish literature. This despite its short length and simple language.

The novel seems to be somewhat of a genre hybrid in the beginning, as we are introduced to the plot as a crime novel, where the infamous Lektor Blomme gets killed. Several years later, we are at a dinner table with a lot of men, with one of them being the murderer.

However, the novel takes a turn in terms of focus, and although it keeps its audience reminded of a killer being out there, the crime aspect is toned down completely, which, of course, serves the other main aspect of the novel, namely the impact of fear and suppression. Can't say, though, that my crime hungry mind wasn't looking for a bit of suspense and mystery. As the novel progresses, it's clear as day to figure out the murderer.

There can be no doubt, though, that the novel succeeds in showing the effect of the tough treatment in the renowned "Sorte Skole". From the slowly disappearing rebellious acts to the kid that can't read anything out of joy.. it creates people afraid of living life.

What keeps this book from scoring top grades, though, is the lack of being completely able to relate to the situation. In many ways, this is a piece that works well as a historical fiction novel, but the situation and the pain of the characters is not always relatable, even though many facets are.

In the end, however, this book is nothing but recommendable.

Saxon says

installation two of Modern European Comedy and Satire cours....

Stolen Spring is a story written in 1940 that follows the often tedious life of private-school danish boys in 1920 Copenhagen. Apparently since its release, this novel has been required reading for most schools in Denmark.

The novel is marked with a very simple writing style. Scherfig's language in writing about sometimes horrid instances is strangely comical and proves to be a significant strength in the execution of the story.

Overall, the novel succeeds in being a story that mixes opposing thematic elements that can be in once instantly tragic and in the same moment be totally hilarious. However, the story has become dated and now acts more as a strange historical examination of a time since passed. Elements of its narrative now either no longer exist or have gone from the absurd to common. This causes its supposed shocking and tragic elements to not always be entirely funny but rather seem dated and irrelevant.

Pretty average overall...

Peter Fogtdal says

This novel is a Danish classic from 1940, a satirical murder mystery about a teacher who gets murdered by one of his students. The teacher is such a sadistic man that he almost deserves his fate.

Stolen Spring takes place around 1920, so it must be hard for younger Americans to relate to this satirical

novel from an exotic Scandinavian country, right? No, obviously it's not. I've taught it twice at Portland State University and the students really related to it. One can only try to guess why. Maybe it's because sadistic teachers are common at most schools - especially latin teachers? Is there something about that dead language that makes you die inside as well ...?

By the way, the novel is quite funny if you have a dark sense of humor. A bit of it is lost in an otherwise good translation. But the American version is worth reading no matter what.

Pernille says

3.5

Lauracj says

3.5 stars.

Mia Dall says

Jeg er som en af de få ikke blevet tvunget til at læse den her i folkeskolen. Alligevel virker det som om jeg har læst den her historie tusind gange før.

Det er virkelig en skolebog: God bog, vigtig bog, men også lidt for gammel og ikke specielt relevant. Og dog, det var da ting man kan tage med. Det er en interessant skildring af opdragelsen af nye patriarker, det er en interessant skildring af institutionaliseret vold, som man stadig kan få meget ud af, selvom børn ikke bliver direkte slået længere. Som et stykke Danmarkshistorie er den også relevant.

De evindelige gentagelser er irriterende, og når Scherfig ikke kan modstå fristelsen til at skære sine moraler ud i pap bliver det lidt tåkrummende.

Men hvis du er i humør til lidt: "Da bedstefar var dreng, med alle de andre drenge og lussingerne sad løse og drengestregerne var fatale." Så vil jeg klart anbefale den.

Michael says

Scherfigs *Det forsømte forår* er selv i dag, med snart 75 års jubilæum, lige så aktuel som den var i 1940'erne, da den udkom for første gang. Selvom den såkaldte **sorte** skole for længst er afskaffet, er temaerne og budskaberne almennyldige, hvorfor det stadig i dag er muligt at identificere sig med eleverne og deres frygt for foråret, som betyder eksamenstid:

Man læser og læser med rødrandede øjne" [...] "Man spiser i tavshed, mens man tænker efter og repeterer. Og så læser man igen. Man har nervøs mave og kvalme og klamme hænder. Man har hjertebanken og trækninger og ømheder. Og man læser og læser [...] Det er forår. Men man har ikke tid til at tage sig af foråret. Man har forsømt hvert eneste forår i sit liv.

En ting er i hvert fald sikkert: Jeg forsømmer ikke en lejlighed til at læse *Det forsømte forår*. Det er nærmest blevet en tradition at læse den, inden eksamenerne begynder.

Rupashree Dass says

An easy to read, easy to follow book that through humour takes you on a journey to a school in Copenhagen almost a hundred years ago. Without getting too attached to the characters, one can easily feel the humiliation and pain the students go through in their daily routine. I wouldn't call it a humorous or a murder mystery book. Instead, it is a tragic book that makes you think about your life and what you can and could have been.

Hanne says

Jeg er stadig vild med denne bog, skønt jeg har læst den mange gange. Den er så velskrevet og karakteristikken af personerne er helt fantastisk - den er stadig god at læse i 2018

Michael says

Scherfigs "Det forsømte Foraar" er en udødelig klassiker, som alle bør læse, hvis de da ikke allerede, helst af lyst, har gjort det – eller hvad værre, men nok mere sandsynligt, er: er blevet tvangsinslagt til det i skolen. Hvorfor forklarer litteraten Frederik Schyberg overbevisende i sin anmeldelse af bogen (23.10.40): "Det er lykkedes Scherfig ved Komik, Følelse, Erindringsstyrke, bitre Erfaringer og Had og Nag at sige Ting om Børns Trivsel og Vantrivsel i deres Skoleaar, der har Gyldighed for *alle* Børn og for *alle* Skoler". Nærværende udgave fra Det Danske Sprog- og Litteraturselskab (2016) er et flot, indbundet genoptryk af førsteudgaven og følger således datidens ortografi (store Substantiver, aa i stedet for å).

Og der sidder elskende Par paa Selvmorderhøjen. Og Stære og Solsorter fløjter uendelig melankolsk og minder om Eksamens. Foraaret er sørgmodigt. Det kunne være så dejligt, hvis man var et Dyr eller en vild eller tilhørte en lavere Samfundsklasse. Der er Mennesker, som kan gå hvorhen de vil. Og der er Folk ude paa Landet og i Skovene. For dem maa Foraaret være en rar Tid. (s. 104)

Den er desuden udstyret med et glimrende efterskrift og noteapparat, der blandt andet karakteriserer genren, de raffinerede fortællerforhold og den beske satire. Og en tak til forlaget for at placere fodnoterne til sidst og ikke undervejs skal også lyde. De er ikke uundværlige, men undertiden overflødige, og heri består – tror jeg – også bogens succes: at den er så ligefrem, så lettilgængelig, at den ubesværet kan læses og forstås (dengang som nu) af alle og enhver. Den har ganske vist lidt over 75 år på bagen, men uden tøven vil jeg spå, den stadig bliver læst om 75 år.

Bebs Andersen says

Den er så dejlig Scherfigsk. Jeg hører hans stemme, mens jeg læser. Sætningerne med opremsninger og som

starter med og. De skal læses med betoning og langsomt. Gentagelserne er med til at sætte tempoet ned. Hold nu op. Det er 40 år siden jeg læste den sidst, i mellemtiden har jeg set filmen, og nu altså læst den igen. Den er stadig god. Gad vide om den stadig læses i skolen?

Larissa says

A semi-autobiographical, satirical take on life in the Danish school system in the 1930s and 40s, Hans Scherfig's *Stolen Spring* comes to the dispiriting conclusion that the higher education system stunts the development and growth of both students and pupils, crushing their greatest desires and talents in an effort to mold them into productive, but unhappy and ill-equipped members of a hierarchy-obsessed society. Or, as Scherfig was quoted as saying, "...The school's task is to foster the particular characteristics that are desirable in a society which uses the unrestrained struggle of wild animals in nature as a model for human freedom."

But really, it's quite funny...

The novel opens on an event some twenty-five years before the majority of the book's action begins—the suspicious, but unaccounted-for death of Head Teacher Blomme, who literally beat Latin into his unfortunate pupils at the unnamed 'gray school' which centers the story's action. Out for a pre-dinner walk along the lavender-trimmed paths by a Copenhagen harbor, Blomme opens a tin of malt drops ("his only vice"), pops one in his mouth, and a short while later is dead: Strychnine poisoning. Fast forward twenty-five years to the class reunion of one of Blomme's former classes—"...Among the nineteen gentlemen there were people who could offer expert opinions on the head teacher's death. There were doctors who were knowledgeable about poisons. There were jurists who were knowledgeable about criminals. And there was a psychoanalyst who was knowledgeable about the peculiarities of the human psyche. And the murder was also present."

Given the book's premise, two things become immediately surprising: that Scherfig has not actually written a proto murder-mystery, and also that the whole book is actually extremely funny. In regards to the latter first:

Scherfig writes about the routine corporal punishment, peer-led taunting and ostracizing, public humiliation at the hands of mentors and teachers, and bureaucratic curriculum ("This year will be one long cram session. Their future is at stake. Much of it is only review. They already covered most of the information for the university qualifying exam last year. But it is the ambition of the school that its graduates should know much more than the graduates of other schools.") with the uneasy swagger of one's whose made it through. It's the type of badge-of-honor that all of us wield when we're able—"I survived Public School! "Our family didn't have any money!" "I was taunted and exiled by my peers because of my thick glasses!" Miserable memories tend to be the funniest once you've gained enough distance, and so Scherfig's winking takes the day-in, day-out grinding down that each pupil goes through and gives it the shades of irony and absurdity that can't help but make you chuckle.

As for the murder plot bait-an-switch:

Once the scene has been set, the narrative flashes back to the character's school years where Blomme, though horrible, is only one of many awful aspects of an average day. He may verbally mock his students in class, but then there's also the teacher who screams and hits students while their reciting their French exercises, just waiting for them to make a mistake so that he can hit them harder. There's the natural science teacher who fails his most talented student because the boy can identify plants and animals that the teacher

cannot. There's the older boys who have suffered so much at the hands of their own elder classmates that retaliate on their younger classmates (under the observation of their teachers) with twice as much venom. And on the flip side, there are the honestly congenial and harmless teachers who become the brunt of their students' torture for no other reason than they are the only ones who they can take their aggression out on. And the teachers who had loftier goals of becoming famous writers and thinkers but were themselves discouraged from following up on these ideals in favor of taking up a 'useful' profession. In this environment, everyone suffers and everyone is beaten down to something less than they might have been.

It's a cycle, we come to see, day in and day out. Having spent their previous evenings studying late in the morning hours, the boys run to school late, where they are slapped around for their tardiness. They shuffle from class to class where they recite rote information. They are hit when they can't remember. At lunch, they're tormented. In class again, they torment their teachers with elaborate tricks and arbitrary revenge. They go home with twice as much homework as the night before, where they stay up late to study for exams. They are late to school...

In short, Scherfig seems to be indicating that it was inevitable that someone in this environment was going to snap. That perhaps it's not so surprising that one of the students carefully and intentionally bore a hole in his teacher's malt drop, added poison, and thereby avoided being flunked in Latin that year. It all seems so absurd already—why should this seem unexpected? And so, the murder line fades into the background, only one consequence of a system that was bound to bring people ruin. A far greater loss, Scherfig tells us, is the loss of the students' youthful goals and ideals, the selves they could have been: "The world was green and luxuriant. They let their springtimes go to waste. And now it's getting late."
