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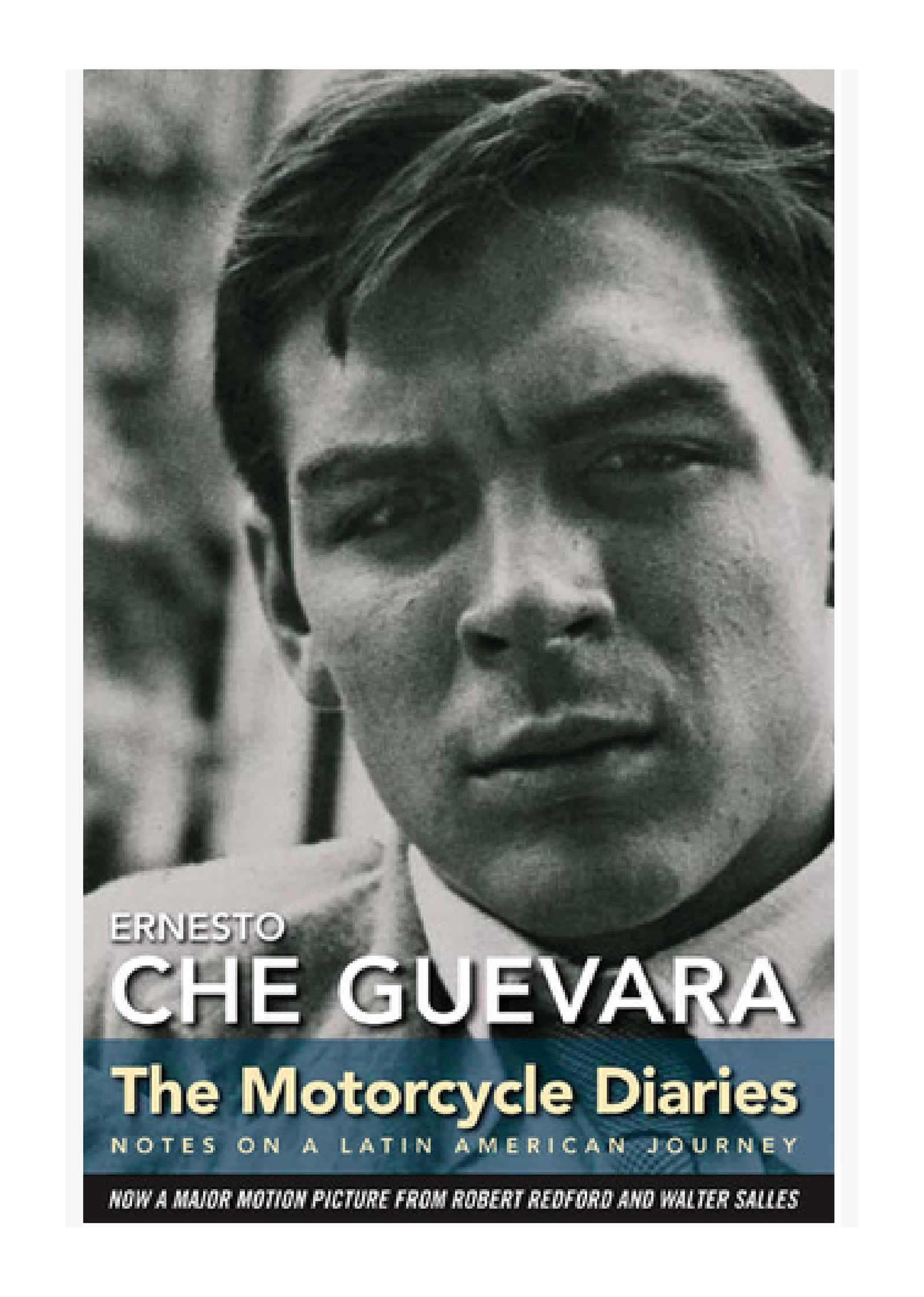
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Posted on 22 January 2018 By Ernesto Che Guevara

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[[Download E-pub]] ? Diarios de motocicleta: notas de viaje por América Latina á The Young Che Guevara S Lively And Highly Entertaining Travel Diary, Now A Popular Movie And A New York Times Bestseller This New, Expanded Edition Features Exclusive, Unpublished Photos Taken By The Year Old Ernesto On His Journey Across A Continent, And A Tender Preface By Aleida Guevara, Offering An Insightful Perspective On The Man And The IconFeatures Of This Edition Include A Preface By Che Guevara S Daughter AleidaIntroduction By Cintio Vintier, Well Known Latin American PoetPhotos Maps From The Original JourneyPostcript Che S Personal Reflections On His Formative Years A Child Of My Environment Published In Association With The Che Guevara Studies Center, Havana

A black and white close-up portrait of Ernesto 'Che' Guevara, looking slightly to the right with a serious expression. The background is blurred, showing other people in a crowd.

ERNESTO

CHE GUEVARA

The Motorcycle Diaries

NOTES ON A LATIN AMERICAN JOURNEY

NOW A MAJOR MOTION PICTURE FROM ROBERT REDFORD AND WALTER SALLES

I began dressing slowly, a task which wasn't very difficult because the difference between our night wear and day wear consisted, generally, of shoes. Two buddies take a break from their medical studies to tour their home country of Argentina, then Chile, Peru, Columbia, and Venezuela. What gives this fun, youthful adventure a different twist in addition to the fact their destination is a leper colony is that one of the buddies is Che Guevara, the guy who would go on to fight with Castro in the Cuban Revolution, and then to take up other fights in the Congo and then in Bolivia, where at age 39 he was captured and killed and then became an icon. Most of the book is about how they found ways to get from one place to another and what they ate, and I understand from my own travels on the cheap that it really can be all about these two things. His diary gives us the feel of being on the road: survival, adventure, the companionship of travelers, the kindness of strangers. What's interesting about the journey of this book is that it helped make Che Che Che, by the way, is just the Argentinian version of mate or pal, but those of us who've seen the t-shirts, the posters, we know what the name means to us. It means rebel. What he saw on this trip: poverty and illness and injustice turned him from middle class doctor into revolutionary. You can see it in passages like this, which starts out like a tame entry in a Peruvian tourist's diary: The most memorable part of Lima is the centre of the city around its magnificent cathedral. The church facades and alters demonstrate the complete range of Churrigueresque art in their love of gold. It was because of this vast wealth that the aristocracy resisted the armies of America up to the very last. Lima is the perfect example of a Peru which has never emerged from its feudal, colonial state. It is still waiting for the blood of a truly liberating revolution. The reading ranged from tedious to startling, unsettling to inspiring. I'm very happy to have had the experience. I have always been intrigued by this charismatic, utterly good looking, athletic man who was instrumental to the toppling of the Cuban government, and who is now largely forgotten, remembered only as a mythological figure in legends about faraway lands. Suddenly this May, I chanced upon a biography of his in a book fair and grabbed it. At that time, I'd only heard of his name. I knew he was some kind of revolutionary. But nothing had prepared me for what was to come. The biography tormented me for weeks on end, and I spent days thinking about him. It was traumatic for me. And it wasn't as if I was over sensitive to accounts of extreme violence, bloodshed or revolutions, or a sentimental, weepy girl. But I was not prepared to meet a man so deeply committed to the cause, without bothering which country he was fighting for. It was enigmatic for me how Guevara, born into an affluent family, immensely good looking, lively, easy going, friendly and with a prosperous future earmarked for him, would later become one of the most determined, daring and charismatic guerilla leaders. Here was a compassionate man not only outraged by political, social and economic injustice, but also one who transcended nationalistic barriers, the roots of which were, undoubtedly, sown in his travels through Latin America. An Argentine who fought for Cuba, and then, instead of resting on his laurels for the rest of his life, went off to fight in Congo, coming to his end in

yet another warfare in Bolivia. So now I didn't lose the chance to read this little book I did not find it particularly useful in any way I'd looked for insights, but I didn't get any that I hadn't already gained. It did not entertain too well. It wasn't sloppy or anything, but it wasn't as extraordinary as I'd expected. Of course, I'd wanted some new revelation about his motorcycle tour through Latin America. In that sense, I was disappointed. But then, it was about Guevara, and I eagerly lapped up every little detail I could, like a star-struck fan clamoring for every single gossip about her favorite celebrity. What I clearly liked about the diary is that it was humorous and light-hearted in tone, but not flippant. Che's compassion showed through in his reflections on poverty and his accounts of indigenous people, his awareness of the richness of a Latin American culture, which, though distinct in every country, was, as he realized very soon, still bonded with each other through a common tradition and race. The historical bits thrown in with his account were quite interesting, and whetted my appetite for Latin America, which Allende's *Daughter of Fortune* and Neruda had already aroused some years ago. By itself, it is little more than disjointed, hasty vignettes of their journey in 1951-52 with his friend Alberto Granado on a motorcycle they called *La Poderosa II* The Mighty One, punctuated by humor, amusement and compassion. Despite the lightness of the prose, which is, in fact, quite charming in many places, it is of little value in isolation. It is obvious it was a personal diary, not intended to be published. Without Che being who he was, these serve as nothing more than a light-hearted, one-time read. Its appeal lies in the fact that this was one of those times that struck a deep root in Che's mind, which was later to prove crucial in making him what he was. It was one of those little, seemingly unimportant incidents that shaped his already conscientious nature. It was not a turning point rather, it was one of the slight turns that happen in degrees, imperceptibly, that in the long run, changed the course of his life, and that of Cuba. It is well known now that but for Che, Castro would not have had his landmark victory. *A Note in the Margin* provides a comparatively deeper idea of what Che was, and it was further sealed by the appendix at the end, titled *A Child of my Environment* Speech to medical students, 1960. It is clear that Che's Hippocratic Oath came from the heart, not from a book. His speech elucidates what he considers the duty of a doctor, and also throws light on his political views. The three stars are for the book objectively. The fourth is for Che because I read this not as a travel memoir, but as a way to understand Che. In that young, handsome 20-something lad, I was seeking the sparks that were to make some youngster called Ernesto, Che Guevara. I read it in an attempt to gain insight into a man who has not been adequately honored. A man who was selfless to the very core. A man who threw away his family, his children, his clearly prosperous, comfortable life to serve an ideology. Here was a remarkable man who was as passionate and compassionate as he was intelligent. Who was alive to the sorrows of the poor than he was to his own comforts. He was determined and daring. No one has affected me so profoundly before. The fourth star is in his memory, a mark of respect. Despite this being a one-time read for me, I refuse to give an objective three-star rating. I rarely pick up

non fiction And whenever I do, it s usually a hit or miss, I either like it or hate it I have this idea that most of the non fiction I have read, especially memoirs, are books that didn t sit well with me However, I decided to give the genre another chance, and after reading this book, I am glad that I did. So what is this book about This is the diary of the Argentine doctor and revolutionary, Ernesto Guevara, known by his nickname of Che, as he traveled around South America with his friend Alberto Granado, using a motorcycle The travel was done in 1951 52, leaving from Argentina, crossing the Andes to the other side in Chile, then heading up to Peru, Colombia and Venezuela Along the way, Che experienced several facets of life in South America that later on shaped his revolutionary outlook in life. As I was reading this, I cannot help but make comparisons to another travelogue that I have read recently, and that was Jack Kerouac s *On The Road* I read this travelogue a few months ago, when I was in Mexico And at that time, I wasn t impressed This time, I loved what I read And perhaps the only way I can review this book properly is by comparing it to something else. First, it helped that I was quite familiar with the places that were mentioned in the book Reading about Che s impressions of Cuzco made me nostalgic about the place And judging from what he wrote, it seems that little has changed in that corner of Peru The fact that I have been to Saqsayhuaman, Tambomachay, and other places that he has mentioned while traveling in the Sacred Valley definitely helped in appreciating this work Perhaps that is one factor why I liked this travelogue better than *On The Road*, in that this one focused a lot on the scenery and the local culture. Second, I appreciated the gradual mental change that was reflected in Che s writing He had a middle class rather affluent background, and here he was, faced with the grim realities of South America He encounters indigenous peoples such as the Aymara, the Quechua, and the Yagua who live in the interior, and witnesses the poor realities that these people face He also encounters a leper colony and sees the unlucky situation that they are in This gradually molds his thinking into Marxism, as evident in his prose The final sentence especially illustrates this, when he proclaims that he is sacrificing himself to the authentic revolution, bracing his body, ready for combat, as the bestial howl of the victorious proletariat resounds with new vigor and hope It was quite an idealistic ending. Personally, I am not sold to the idea of Marxism and Communism, as I feel that humans are inherently selfish This I think is the one general flaw which makes the idea of Communism a failure Looking back at history, we see how several Communist states became corrupt it was never a utopian state where everything is equal However, I can also see Che s point of view If you re on the bottom end of the social spectrum, you would wish that life were a little bit easier, hoping that the the riches those bourgeoisie enjoy would trickle down to your own plate That s the hope Alas, it is easier said than done. These Diary notes provide us with an earnest and fetching account of a young Che, a middle class kid, not yet embarked on the violent and heroic road that stretched past these early trails Not particularly educational or insightful, but yet strangely moving The carefree bikers turn into compassionate observers of humanity along the course of this journey, thus fulfilling the

purpose of the journey, at least in retrospect The passion and the compassion shines through the entire text and a youthful hope enlivens it, and that is part of its lasting appeal As the following passage makes clear, how much of this book is observation and how much is later interpretation is hard to judge All we can be sure is that this is how Che saw the journey as he looked back on it In nine months of a man's life he can think a lot of things, from the loftiest meditations on philosophy to the most desperate longing for a bowl of soup in total accord with the state of his stomach And if, at the same time, he's somewhat of an adventurer, he might live through episodes of interest to other people and his haphazard record might read something like these notes. And so, the coin was thrown in the air, turning many times, landing sometimes heads and other times tails Man, the measure of all things, speaks here through my mouth and narrates in my own language that which my eyes have seen It is likely that out of 10 possible heads I have seen only one true tail, or vice versa In fact it's probable, and there are no excuses, for these lips can only describe what these eyes actually see Is it that our whole vision was never quite complete, that it was too transient or not always well informed Were we too uncompromising in our judgments Okay, but this is how the typewriter interpreted those fleeting impulses raising my fingers to the keys, and those impulses have now died Moreover, no one can be held responsible for them. The person who wrote these notes passed away the moment his feet touched Argentine soil again The person who reorganizes and polishes them, me, is no longer, at least I am not the person I once was All this wandering around Our America with a capital A has changed me more than I thought. As the book slowly moves from casual observation, to detailed description, to heart-felt indictments and finally to loud declamations of a future that has to be wrought at any cost, the reader might find it difficult to follow the spiritual evolution of a middle class kid that is compressed into this narrative unfortunately, for modern middle class readers, that is precisely what is expected of Che Also, the structure of this progression was a little too neat for my liking, but with Che the myth is everything and is an essential component of enjoying these Diaries Embrace it.

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