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Posted on 09 September 2019 By César Aira

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He seemed to really want us to understand that these ghosts had weiners Il sorriso misterioso dei fantasmi Si potrebbe concepire un arte nella quale le limitazioni della realt

fossero minime, nella quale il fatto e il non fatto si confondessero, un arte istantaneamente reale e senza fantasmi Forse esiste, ed la letteratura. Non si pu restare indifferenti a questo libro di C sar Aira, scrittore che, nelle parole di Bolano, sfugge a qualsiasi classificazione, collocandosi cos in una complessit vicina alla grandezza di Macedonio Fernandez Felici, disperati, illusi o ingannati, forse Ma annoiati mai C un suo testo intitolato Como me re , tipico e consueto commento nelle lettere dei suoi lettori, al quale Aira solito rispondere Non vedo cosa ci fosse da ridere Siamo quindi nel territorio delle idee, del pensiero, in questa favola ibrida, gotica e poetica, ambientata nella calda Buenos Aires e interpretata da donne Per quanto oniriche e surreali, le storie di Aira muovono alla ricerca di un alterit , un altrove, forse persino un universo sconosciuto, parallelo al nostro, in qualche modo E cos l esito logico dei suoi racconti quello speciale modello di festa a cui prende parte una sola persona, il sogno Spesso senza nemmeno curarsi di nascondere il procedimento, con tanto di metaracconto narrato alla tavola di una fantastica famiglia cilena, per l ultimo dell anno l fantasmi qui si presentano sotto forma di pensiero estraneo, occasione unica, remota illuminazione, aspirazione all eterno e quindi trasformano la scena da cartoon per bambini in visione allucinata simbolica l apertura di un vuoto, nel quale vola o cade, senza nulla di definitivo che non sia il rispondere al loro canto, l adolescente protagonista La quale investita della bellezza effimera di quel momento, nel quale si pu ancora decidere di non diventare adulti, di non oltrepassare il confine che separa gli esseri umani dalle bestie, i ricchi dai poveri, la felicit dall angoscia E infine, entra forse in un mondo alternativo, migliore e pi bello di quello presente gi solo perch altro, diverso, secondo, fuori da questo Per fortuna, scrive Aira, esiste un ancoraggio al nostro mondo, che serve a non pensare, a riposare nel piacere, ed leggere romanzi meravigliosi oggetti che si sostengono sul vuoto, come tutte le altre cose Eppure una festa, pens , aveva qualcosa di serio, di importante Era una sospensione della vita, di tutte le seriet della vita, per poter fare qualcosa senza importanza e questo non era forse importante Noi siamo abituati a vedere il tempo all interno del tempo stesso, ma quando si trova al di fuori Con la vita succede lo stesso in genere viene vista all interno del quadro generale della vita stessa sembra la cosa pi normale, l unica ammissibile Ma c erano altre possibilit , e una di queste era la festa, la vita fuori della vita. Ghosts Ghosts everywhere Ghosts hovering in the corners of an unfinished building, on its roof, telling time, extending invitations, calling The titular ghosts, the characters rendered ghostlike by their appearance then disappearance from the story The ghost of a story hovering over the text to be told, but not told The ghost of thought, the unbuilt, the unwritten The idea. A haunting story that leaves the reader feeling there is to it the knowledge the author predicts will come through a novel rather than from it Subdued, deliberate, gauzy A ghost story for the non genre reader. A little gem shoved into the last days of the year to complete my GR Reading Challenge goal the ghost of a year spent reading some truly remarkable novels Good friends, those ghosts. Fluidly mundane and metaphysical, a family drifts through a half finished luxury highrise as the turn of the new

year impends Class and cultural division, aboriginal dreamtime, the semiotics of settlement layout, atypical ghost stories, deadly ennui lot of ground covered in a compact 140 pages.

CESAR AIRA

TRANSLATED BY
CHRIS ANDREWS

GHOSTS

A patient, dense, even handed sane, attentive, purposefully naturalistic short novel populated by what seems like many undercharacterized characters milling about and talking in paragraphless dialogue as naked manly ghosts hover around and sometimes piss in arcs that produce rainbows with a metallic sheen Excellent active ending like a methodical, casually eddying river that suddenly accelerates toward its catarata Aira really shifts from static dense atmospherics to electrified sprints A tricky, shifty writer who throws changeups that is, intentionally slows things down, manifests some serious density, so a faster sentence jumps out that much quicker in comparison He was letting his thoughts show in that gentle, docile way because sleepiness was overcoming him irresistibly And both aspects of his excuse were reasonable, in a way The mood of summery exhibitionism prevailing on the site, accentuated perhaps by the imperfect, deceptive repetition from one floor to the next, didn't shock Patri even she wasn't that naive so much as intrigue her She's seen the gang of ghosts shaking their sturdy members and aiming the jets of urine at the sky, showering it over the first floor patio their favorite place for this sport until rainbows with a metallic sheen appeared in the siesta's white glare The day the big satellite dish was installed on the terrace, they spent hours doing it, perched on the edge Political suggestions re Chile Argentina I didn't quite register enough to associate the ghosts or the building etc But I liked how this sort of South American magical realism is concrete instead of verdant relentless fornicating flora and fauna, hyperbolically flowing prose saturated with the streaking plumage of a quetzal in flight in this, the tone is stable gray, the surfaces of the luxury apartment building are concrete, the ghosts are covered in a sort of concrete powder dust and pretty much keep their distance You can tell this book by its cover. I'm about to pick my life up and start again, 2,000km away in the tropics I want to take all of Aira's books with me to be the books I look back on as symbolic of this time There's a warm, easygoing, daydreamy sensibility to the writing that I could happily bathe in There's a pragmatism to the characters, and a sense of irony mixed with magical realism that could only be Latin American Reading this was a lush, atmospheric, sensual and intellectual treat. All that aside, I've agonised over how to rate this book As much as I loved the experience of reading Ghosts, there is a flaw that I just can't get past The analogies Many times throughout the book, including one instance that went for ten pages Aira embarks on complex analogies that just don't work I spent considerable effort rereading these, unsure if I was missing something or there was a translation issue, only to come to the conclusion that the analogies ARE actually underdeveloped and incomplete Aira begins an analogy then jumps ahead ten steps and says, See , expecting the reader to easily see how he extrapolates to that point, then jumps to another analogy which is only partly complete when he jumps to the next vague analogy..You see what I'm getting at An analogy should draw you a complete mental picture of a concept It should be an equation $x = a$ and $y = b$, and we know $a = b = c$, therefore $x = y = c$ also Aira's analogies read like $x = a$ therefore $c = y$ oh look, a zebra It's the assumption of the author, when he speaks to the reader, or when characters speak among

themselves, that the logic is clear, concrete and irrefutable and that the other is not only following the logic but extrapolating for themselves. But it isn't. So towards the end of the book, I began to think of the analogies as if they were the vague musings of the characters themselves, rather than effort on behalf of the writer to impute something to the reader. This helped, as the reader can easily accept flaws on the part of a character in a novel, but those flaws are much harder to come to terms with when they are the fault of the author himself. It was at this point, I realised I was merely a character in Aira's book and disappeared in a puff of metafiction. Despite the flawed logic, even the analogies have a beauty to them. Take this one for example, from the middle of a ten page series of linking analogies about I don't even know what. But the Australians, what do the Australians do? How do they structure their landscape? For a start they postulate a primal builder, whose work they presume only to interpret the mythical animal who was active in the dreamtime, that is, a primal era, beyond verification, as the name indicates. A time of sleep. The visible landscape is an effect of causes that are to be found in the dreamtime. For example, the snake that dragged itself over this plain creating these undulations, etc etc. These curious Aborigines make sure their eyes are closed while events take place, which allows them to see places as records of events. But what they see is a kind of dream, and they wake into a reverie, since the real story the snake, not the hills happened while they were asleep. At the end of the day, I adore this book, flaws and all. Fuck it. I'm giving it 5 stars. |READ EBOOK ?

Los fantasmas ?

On A Building Site Of A New, Luxury Apartment Building, Visitors Looked Up At The Strange, Irregular Form Of The Water Tank That Crowned The Edifice, And The Big Parabolic Dish That Would Supply Television Images To All The Floors On The Edge Of The Dish, A Sharp Metallic Edge On Which No Bird Would Have Dared To Perch, Three Completely Naked Men Were Sitting, With Their Faces Turned Up To The Midday Sun. No One Saw Them, Of Course.

From Ghosts

Ghosts Is About A Construction Worker S Family Squatting On A Building Site. They All See Large And Handsome Ghosts Around Their Quarters, But The Teenage Daughter Is The Most Curious. Her Questions About Them Become And Heartfelt Until The Story Reaches A Critical, Chilling Moment When The Mother Realizes That Her Daughter S Life Hangs In The Balance.

The dusk was provisional, indifferent, subtle. Its compartments of light were home to no one, for the moment, but anyone could see their image cut out of a photograph and stuck to the beautiful heavenly roof. It made a lot of sense when I read of Aira's constant flight forward in his writing. I find the resulting effect of his form of composition to be alternately distracting and mesmerizing. The aimlessness, the digressions, they can either overwhelm or carry along. It depends on whether I've successfully made it into Aira's hypnotic, dreamlike space. There was at least one section here where I had to put the book down because I knew I wasn't there and, particularly considering the book's brevity, it seemed wrong to continue. There is a melancholic heaviness about this one perhaps it's the oppressive Buenos Aires sun beating down upon the little unfinished apartment perched atop that towering unfinished building. Or

perhaps it is the presence of Patri herself, and the ghosts that surround her. It is New Years Eve and a Chilean family is preparing to celebrate with family and friends The book is set almost entirely in an unfinished luxury high rise in Argentina, where the Vinas family stays during a short term job assignment security detail for the building The condo is also haunted by a collection of nude male ghosts The oldest daughter, Patri, is invited to a party that will cost her her life Can her mother s love save her Does she need to be saved The story is creepy, even a little unsettling The relationships and characters are authentic in the way that magical realist characters can be, a sincere earnest way just beyond your peripheral vision A thoughtful experiment in magical realism, GHOSTS meanders through some philosophical ruminations, and the reader slogs along Aira muses over great ideas life, love, boredom, etc The reader is repaid for their patience, however, with culminating weirdness at the end This book is really short, but if you are the type to absorb vague philosophies from fiction get lost in daydream, you might find it takes a surprisingly long time to get through the 138 pages. So many ghost penises I think they were supposed to have Literary Significance, but that was an awful lot of them to describe in frequent detail in such a short novella. I mean, I get the implied symbolism there regarding view spoiler unwanted attention prostitution rape of the character and or the poor hide spoiler

New Post

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Devil's Gonna Get Him

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Lust, Loathing and a Little Lip Gloss

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The Butcher

A Good Excuse to Be Bad

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Black Water Rising

Bad Boy Brawly Brown

The Man in My Basement

Fear Itself

A Rage in Harlem

Casanegra

A Red Death

Blanche Among the Talented Tenth

Blanche Cleans Up

The Cutting Season

Blanche Passes Go

Land of Shadows

Freedom is Not Free

Bayou City Blues (Rashard "Stone" Williams Mysteries #2

Black Orchid Blues

Harlem Redux

