

[EPUB] ★ Hombres de maíz By Miguel Ángel Asturias – Soccerjerseys-wholesale.co

Posted on 15 February 2017 By Miguel Ángel Asturias

Met De doem van de ma s lijkt de Guatemalteekse schrijver Asturias een portret te hebben willen schetsen van zijn land, en dan met name van het bergland, waar het woud en de indianen moeten wijken voor ma svelden en waar de werkelijkheid naadloos overloopt in een magische wereld. Het boek is niet zozeer een roman, alswel een verzameling aan elkaar gelieerde verhalen, die telkens samenkomen view spoiler Sommige verhalen zijn merkwaardig, zoals een hele familie die uitgemoord wordt om n persoon van de hik te doen genezen, andere hilarisch, zoals twee mannen die een enorme fles sterke drank aanschaffen voor de verkoop, maar de inhoud ervan telkens aan elkaar verkopen zodat aan het eind de fles leeg is, en ze nog hetzelfde geld hebben als aan het begin hide spoiler Overblown, melodramatic, frequently incomprehensible Magical realism at its most annoying. Social Protest And Poetry Reality And Myth Nostalgia For An Uncorrupted, Golden Past Sensual Human Enjoyment Of The Present Magic Rather Than Lineal Time, And, Above All, A Tender, Compassionate Love For The Living, Fertile, Wondrous Land And The Struggling, Hopeful People Of Guatemala Saturday Review Winner Of The Nobel Prize For Literature This is one of the best books that i ve read in, say, the last year Scratch that, the last ten years The poetic descriptions and the fancy of the articulations make love to the page I only have to offer a quoteIn the beards of the cobs, in the dusty axils of the mauve leaves and stalks as they matured, in the thirst of the earth covered roots, amog flowers like doomed flags crawling with

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insects, the fire sprung from those sparks, went about, releasing flames The night woke up fighting to trap, in its web pearled with water, the flies of light falling from the spark maker It awoke with all its articulations asleep in corners of darkness and cast its web of weepy silver turpentine over the sparks, which were already small conflagrations making contact with new centers of violent combustion, beyond all strategy, in the most skillful of skirmishing tactics Drops of nocturnal water could be heard with a resonant rain patter from the withered leaves, blood red in the glow of the flames, clinging with mist, hot with smoky down to the very marrow of dead stalks swathed in porous tissue which thundered like dry powder One enormous firefly, the size of the plains and the mountains, the size of everything that was painted with sun roasted maize, ready for threshing The rhythm in this book is resonant, it is impossible to ignore because it carries the entire novel on this roaming sound i found it similar to the wind in the book Chocolat, the same sense of a magically real mind of a natural element forming the story around its not so defined consciousness It is an umbrella of consciousness that warps itself into certain arenas, not necessarily taking to any character s specific story, but gliding in between stories and dialogue, descriptions and poetry It reminded me of Dos Passos, but told in a reserved, illustrative way not afraid to expound on the magnificence of the setting and surroundings, creating a theater of creatures and austere beings and beasts, rather than merely transgress the mundane in a brightened sense of clarity as Dos Passos did within New York In Asturias Guatemala, he encapsulates the culture within the veneer of a waking revolution of invention, amidst the death of culture the book concentrates on the doom of a failing farm community, sweltered because of the earth s inability to grow maize in the largescale because of the maize s unencumbered greed in soaking up all the nutrients Now, this detriment does not effect a singly served family, but when technology comes to town a whole world of crazy breeches in on these farmers and the mystical magical animation is born into their lives The obliterated landscape is likened to a fiery horseman who resembles the sheen of the maize crop, but becomes corrupted with greed by its viability, for the usual criminal cup o tea money and power Diabolical effects take place a mastery of

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the deity which presides over these people takes form through anger and finds resolution in mischief and destruction this tale is magical, there are features of this concept of the naugal, or a person's protective animal, and the transformation of these people into their naugal when they are forced by life crisis into a change which supercedes their emotional or physical limits For instance, a postman whose wife falls off the face of the earth changes into his spirit animal a coyote and a healer turns into a mystical creature called The Deer of the Seventh Fire who wreaks havoc on a crop and sets the fields ablaze. The book circulates around a few certain themes The most obvious being the traditional weight of farming versus the massive wholesale type that is bred by technology and innovation The book is told in a retrospective fashion, giving dominance to a dying culture whose faith in the magic of reality tries in vain to stop a monster with no spiritual element other than the insane coldness of the machine This concept is further explored with another theme about the inability to cope with lost love, the transformation of a soul into an eternal wanderer, a ghost in the purgatory beset amongst phantom clouds within this world is a microcosmic display of the discordance of an entirely changing culture, wrought with the problems of a dying tradition and faith in simplicity The book has a tremendous weight, as three quarters of it are devoted to the story of a man whose wife leaves him and he can not figure out why He spends his entire life searching for her, and because the job is not done he eventually transforms into his spirit animal forever on the quest for security in the knowledge he can not die without And how can you tell compadre, that I was in love The way you stop and listen to every woman's voice Even if she's nothing to do with you, you stop and listen There is a great sense of sadness weighing the intent of this book, saying that no matter the resolution this culture has been lost to the test of time and is no sound than a ghost's echo in a wall And yet, it is told with a great pride, a stunning amount of opulence and impressionability that emits an epic purpose surrounding the need to collect these stories and this information into a majestic, seminal story There is a sense of power in the way this inevitable tragedy is displayed, in that as an image of the past, as a presentation of a forgotten culture with a fantastic understanding of supernatural events, there is a mist of dreams

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somewhere that explains the entire hallucination, composes a story within the mundane expectations of a life so ordinary to lead slip handedly those too dumb to handle a world beyond our own through the prosaic climax of our stupid plot structure birth, age, then death There is something fantastic within this world, and it is victim to the same coffins that lie the forgotten communities which housed the presences of gods and fairies and mountains of creation waiting ot be explored again This book flirts with the idea, playing with a hatch not afraid to be opened and it is constructed with the vitality of a nymph, the eloquence of a solid dancersubterranean structures begin speaking without lips, a direct rigid voice propelling the song of the firefly wizards from the human throat into the booming cavity of those diamond throated grottoes The voice explodes, it is a petard opening out within the secret ears of the rocks, but the echo picks it up and molds it anew like clay, sculpting its modulations, until it is changed into a tinkling glass from which those who were not defeated at the bottom of the earth drink the potable flight of birds, lest they be defeated in the sky Oameni de porumb sau, mai pentru noi, oameni de m m lig , f r os, slabi, alimenta i de speran e himerice iat un diagnoz realist , un certificat de sclav emis de unul din granzii literaturii latino americane E at t de trist soarta oamenilor de porumb nc t nu i mai este mil de ei, fiindc mila este ultimul esut viu pe care i cl desc destinul. , Amo este libro Amo su complejidad, la historia, los giros, la escritura Es uno de mis favoritos, sin duda. This is the original magical realism Latin American novel written by the Nobel winning author Asturias It was written in 1949 perhaps including parts written separately and earlier and set ostensibly at the turn of the century 1900s Guatemala given telegraphs and light bulbs are mentioned This is the third Asturias novel I ve read including Mulatta and Mr Fly and I think only his second after The President so I did know what to expect. This is one of those potentially difficult to follow , hard to grasp the story , challengingly descriptive style, muddled novels which could end up boring and poorly rated if the style is a surprise to you This is a mix of Faulkener s Absalom , GGM Hundred Years , virtually any of Cela s novels e.g The Hive and the realism of Torres The Land. This critical edition is virtually a college book with almost as many pages dedicated to the introduction, notes to the text, translation, history, Nobel

speech and several other sections as the novel itself about 300 pages For example the translation has to deal with many indigenous words which are relatively unknown to normal Portuguese thereby at the end of chapter 1, only 17 sides you re already on footnote 68.The basic story, which you only really get to understand at the end is Gaspar Ilom is a local rebel leader of an uprising against the colonial leaders like Colonel Godoy on behalf of the abuse by Maize growers burning forest, depleting the land etc Gaspar, fails to defend the massacre of his troops, and is poisoned with the help of the Zacatones family and vanishes dies Godoy s son Machojon never reaches Candelaria Reinoso to propose Maria Zacatones becomes the sole survivor of her family after a revenge attack aged just one Years later her blind husband, Goyo Yic, realises she s gone missing, under her new name of Maria Tecun, seeks her thus fulfilling the myth legend of vanished Tecunas Nicho Aquino, the postman, delivering money laden letters across the Maria Tecun ridge is feared lost and Hilario is sent to catch up with him Nicho becomes the legendary coyote in the mountain mist and too vanishes I could go on and mention our characters but then it gets complicated.The style is very engaging, poetic, metaphorical, symbolic The analogy and life of the jungle life oozes from the descriptions of vegetations, wildlife, the people, the clash of cultures The tale is complicated, and if you like your stories layed out simply then this isn t for you A couple of quotes Night like day Solitude of a great mirror Vegetation creeping like smoke along rocky soil Squirrels with the leap of chocolate froth in their tails Moles moving like lava trying to perforate the earth before it grows cold, and lolling this way and that Gigantic parasites with flowers of porcelain and candy floss Pine cones like bodies of tiny motionless birds, sacrificed birds of dry petrified with terror on the ever convulsing branches And the unceasing lament leaves dragged along by the wind Sadness of the cold burnished moon The maize blighting moon But maize costs the sacrifice of the earth, which is also human I d like to see you carry a maizefield on your back, like the poor earth does And what they re doing now is even uncivilised, growing maize to sell it I think I did actually prefer the extreme Mulatta and Mr Fly for style I can understand why this is a crucial work for depth etc but equally why you would be entitled to score it lowly for confused story. I

have written to the publisher about doing a second print run, or somehow getting this back in print, as 1 I really want to read it, but cant afford the second hand copies floating around 2 it is in the UNESCO Catalogue of Representative Works, its author won the Nobel Prize, and it is widely considered a hugely important work of Latin American fiction. A powerful book and I have no words to describe it it is that sort of book, which makes you feel a bit smarter after you read it There is magical stuff, or better said legends, there is reality and social issues, there is love and betrayel, there is war, there are great usages of the word who would have thought, that words can be so flexible The multitude of quotes I wrote here speaks for this Respect for the translator, it wasnot an easy translation, for sure This is that sort of book you need to read in your mother tongue.



