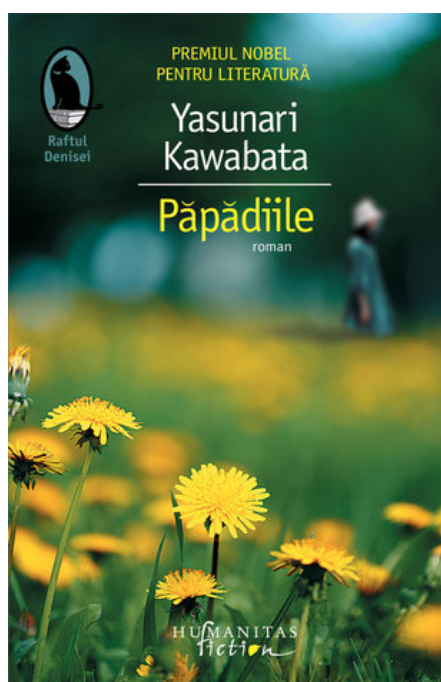




P?p?diile

Yasunari Kawabata , Andreea Sion (translator)

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Scriș cu intermiten?e, ultimul mare roman al lui Kawabata a fost publicat în foileton în revista *Shinch?* între 1964 și 1968. De la finele anului 1968, când i s-a decernat Premiul Nobel pentru literatur?, până în 1972, când î?i ia via?a, Kawabata nu a mai putut s? se aplece asupra textului. În 1970, sinuciderea bunului s?u prieten scriitorul Yukio Mishima îi submineaz? ?i mai mult starea de s?n?tate, iar textul neterminat al *P?p?diilor* va vedea lumina tiparului postum, editat, conform notelor din manuscris, de ginerele autorului, Kaori Kawabata.

Atins? de o boal? ciudat?, frumoasa Ineko ajunge în azilul psihiatric din Ikuta, iar celor dragi, mamei ?i iubitului ei, nu le r?mâne decât s? tr?iasc? tortura de a nu ?ti dac? au ac?ionat spre binele tinerei. Va putea dragostea lui Hisano s? o salveze de consecin?ele traumei care i-a afectat spiritul? Kawabata, recunoscut drept marele scriitor al clar-obscurului, l-a l?sat pe cititor s?-?i ofere singur un r?spuns.

P?p?diile Details

Date : Published March 2015 by Humanitas Fiction (first published 1972)

ISBN : 9789736898860

Author : Yasunari Kawabata , Andreea Sion (translator)

Format : Paperback 202 pages

Genre : Cultural, Japan, Fiction, Asian Literature, Japanese Literature, Asia

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From Reader Review P?p?diile for online ebook

Catty says

Recenzie pe blog:

<http://stildescrutor.ro/blog/2018/08...>

J.M. Hushour says

"Oddly, underlying the strengthened sense of her reality was at the same time an increased anxiety about the possibility that she was a fiction."

Kawabata's final, unfinished novel is a strange, like staring into the eye of a duck. That he never finished is both frustrating and intriguing, for in its unpolished form one can get a sense of what K's writing mechanism was and how much he stripped down initial drafts. I say this because the structure of "Dandelions" is very strange. It is, unlike his other novels, mostly dialogue, much thicker dialogue than he ever wrote. One can't help but wonder that he would've gutted his initial beast into the sleeker, emaciated beauties that characterize everything else he wrote.

It comes across a little clunky, but it is fascinating nonetheless. Most of the novel is the conversation between a young man and his girlfriend's mother after they've dropped the girlfriend off at a rural mental institution because the girlfriend has started to cease seeing people's faces.

I think that's probably enough to hook you. It's dark and weird and lovely, like all Kawabata and the utter lack of an ending (it doesn't end abruptly at all) is in keeping with how he ended most of his novels, that is, with no endings.

Wolfe Tone says

When I first heard this was coming out I did a little dance in the room. A new Kawabata!

Yasunari Kawabata is my absolute idol and is for me on a different level altogether from other authors. This is his final unfinished novel, though you wouldn't notice it but for a few minor temporal mistakes. Kawabata was a perfectionist and he worked on this novel on and off for almost a decade, as he did on most of his books: constantly editing.

This novel is beautifully written in Kawabata's typical poetic style. Subtly and sparsely but with suggestions of much deeper emotions and passions than are shown at the surface.

A young woman, Ineko, periodically becomes unable to see her lover Kuno. She is brought to a mental hospital by her mother and Kuno. The story consists almost exclusively of the discussion between Kuno and Ineko's mother as they touch on topics such as love, trauma, madness, memory and Japan's loss in world war 2.

It is a strange, lonely and captivating story that shows Kawabata in all his brilliance. And which treats its characters with unrivaled sensitivity.

Gabrielle Jarrett says

The unfinished novel of Kawabata (2017 translation by Michael Emmerich) remained unfinished because Kawabata choose to end his life. Is Dandelions the reveal of his own struggle with his death? With his life? It is certainly a ping-pong game of the struggles of two protagonists, possibly imparting Kawabata's own struggle. The decision to suicide is very often a ping-pong debate. The two protagonists, Ineko's mother and Ineko's lover have just left the young woman Ineko in a clinic or treatment facility for the mentally ill. The entire story is told through the dialogue of lover and mother. Her mother believes she is mentally ill and needs treatment. Her lover believes she is not mentally ill and will only improve if he marries her.

Ineko's symptom is the sudden disappearing of body parts of Kuno, the young lover, while they are making love. The disappearing parts symptom began when she was fifteen during a ping-pong tournament. Suddenly the ball disappeared. Yet she hit it twice more, as it continued to bounce, then fainted.

I found the fascinating draw of the novel to be the mother's mental illness revealed. She seems to believe Ineko, then questions her. She questions Kuno ceaselessly, as she doubts him also as she does her daughter, in a very subtle and dangerous way. The term 'gaslighting' from the 1939 film "Gaslight" applies. The pattern of the mother and the lover having conflicting inner thoughts as well as those thoughts when shared causing conflict between them sets a ping-pong dance that can only end in madness. For one of them. Unless Ineko continues to carry it for them.

I see Ineko's mother as highly influential in creating Ineko's disorder. She also toys with Kuno's mind when they spend the night in adjoining rooms, where they discuss Ineko and her first night at the clinic, five minutes from them. In addition to the mother setting up Kuno by doubting his reality, she appears to be on the track of seduction.

Is Kawabata reviewing his own conflicts/questions of continuing to live or die? He portrays the workings of two characters in conflict within their own minds as well as with each other in a perfect mind-bending manner. We will never know. The story is unfinished as his life is finished. I plan to read more of Kawabata, the first Japanese Nobel Prize for Literature winner.

Jonathan yates says

This is a little piece of magic that will continue to make me believe in the power of literature to see the world as a bigger place. His attention to detail, both physical and emotional is unmatched.

Gardy (Elisa G) says

È risaputo che Kawabata fosse uno scrittore incapace di lasciare andare i suoi romanzi, sempre pronto a correggerne anche le minime asperità con aggiustamenti e riedizioni continue.

Quando si suicidò sulla sua scrivania venne rinvenuta l'ennesima versione del suo capolavoro, Il paese delle nevi, che dalle prime bozze alla sua morte il premio Nobel non smise mai di modificare.

La pubblicazione in inglese di Dandelions consegna quindi al lettore italiano un romanzo differente rispetto alle versioni riviste e profondamente meditate che siamo abituati a leggere. È un Kawabata allo stato grezzo (un'espressione quasi ossimorica data l'ossessivo lavoro di cesellatura che sta dietro ogni singola frase della sua produzione), incompiuto, talvolta incongruo, in cui manca la stratificazione delle opere precedenti.

Eppure *Dandelions* è un romanzo bellissimo, pur essendo poco più che una bozza pubblicata a capitoli su varie riviste letterarie, interrotta tra l'altro anche da un lungo ricovero ospedaliero dell'autore.

Il romanzo è ricolmo di tutti gli elementi caratterizzanti la scrittura di Kawabata e a un livello altissimo: la spanna temporale brevissima in cui si innestano continuamente flashback sempre più articolati e rivelatori, il cromatismo allegorico, una giovane donna amata e amante i cui desideri e pensieri costituiscono motivo di speculazione per i protagonisti del romanzo.

Certo le parti dialogate tra i due personaggi principali (la madre e l'amante di Ineko, una giovane donna costretta a un ricovero in una clinica specializzata per via di una rara e bizzarra patologia psicologica) talvolta si avvitano così tanto su se stesse da essere esasperanti, ma ci sono così tanti grandiosi passaggi a punteggiare il romanzo come bocche di leone che si finisce per perdonare tante ripetizioni e lungaggini.

Da lettrice appassionata di Kawabata e del folto circolo di autori novecenteschi morti suicidi in Giappone non mi hanno stupito i riferimenti ossessivi al suicidio e alla morte, mentre invece sono rimasta colpita da quelli in cui Kawabata riflette sull'impossibilità della lingua di descrivere e racchiudere i sentimenti.

Brooke Salaz says

Strange, unsettling, dark tale of a mother and her daughter's boyfriend dropping off the daughter at an insane asylum. After travelling to a sparingly described town by train whose defining feature is a profusion of dandelions, they reluctantly leave Ineko with the other 'lunatics' because of her increasing bouts of somagnosia where she will cease seeing the body of another. We only meet her through their reminiscences and thoughts about her for the few hours of the novel's duration from the dropping off until they turn in at the rather rundown and otherwise unoccupied inn where they are spending the night in the town where the asylum is located. Atmospheric and with hints of the supernatural, a white rat seen by only Kuno along with a white dandelion, the mother's impression of a fairy in what seems an ordinary child to Kuno and the evocative ringing of the bell at the asylum triggering images of Ineko now and in the past. Unfinished at the time of the author, Kawabata's, suicide. Beautiful in its simplicity and a feeling of hidden inner depths.

Sorin Hadârc? says

E oarecum ciudat s? termini un roman a c?rui scriere a fost îtrerupt? de moartea scriitorului. Într-un fel e memorabil a?a... S?-l termini într-un fel imaginar, dar pe ce linie de subiect? S? urm?re?ti traiectoria tensiunii erotice dintre mama eroinei ?i iubitul ei? Sau s? rezolvi misterul cecit??ii care-i estompeaz? trupul logodnicului? Încurcat? situa?ie...

Erin says

I liked this book, but it was not very easy to read. To read this is to listen to an ongoing circular conversation between 2 people over the course of a day, which is interesting because it made it so apparent that unlike many books, Kawabata captured beautifully what real conversation sounds like. It has the appearance of not being carefully constructed with a coherent narrative. Characters repeat themselves and argue the same topic while coming to different conclusions without acknowledging or realizing it. Careful construction is not a bad thing, but it does say something for alternate possibilities for telling a story.

Will E says

Too bad it was never finished. This is pretty great but is missing, not necessarily an ending, but some key piece to tie some really compelling threads together.

Bookaholic says

Mult? senzualitate ?i tandre?e e de g?sit în romanele construite în jurul conceptului specific culturii japoneze tradi?ionale – mono no aware –, potrivit c?ruia secretul vie?ii const? în puterea de a vedea ?i de a savura frumuse?ea efemerului, de a putea sim?i fream?tul vie?ii pe suprafa?a lucrurilor... Flori de cire?, p?p?dii, licurici, b?taia mereu alta a clopotelor care sunt menite s? spele p?catele ?i emo?iile distructive, priviri ?i suflele care se hr?nesc cu frumuse?ea „nimicurilor” trec?toare. Uimire, celebrare a vremelniceii ?i a hotarului absen?ei.

O astfel de poveste este ?i P?p?diile, romanul neterminat al lui Kawabata, început în 1964 ?i abandonat în 1968, dup? primirea premiului Nobel autorul renun?ând la scrierea acestuia, fiind puternic marcat ?i de sinuciderea prietenului s?u, Mishima. Pân? la propriul suicid din 1972 nu l-a mai reluat, r?mânând neterminat, sau mai degrab? nesfâr?it.

Romanul este povestea metaforic? a lumii scindate între v?zut ?i nev?zut, între prezen?? ?i absen??. În centrul s?u g?sindu-se chiar un personaj absent. Într-un ora? luminos ?i cald precum o p?p?die, împânzit de altfel de p?p?dii, se afl? ceva care, în aparen??, nu i se potrive?te: un spital pentru nebuni, construit în incinta unui templu budist. Clopotul pe care îl bat bolnavii e singura form? prin care le transmit celorlal?i realitatea existen?ei lor, Kawabata reluând aici această imagine a clopotelor prezent? ?i în alte scrieri, imagine care se înscrie în sfera frumuse?ilor efemere cu reverbera?ii în lumea l?untric?. Prin sunetul clopotelor, nebunii anun?? c? exist?, de?i ceilal?i aud doar un clopot care bate ora exact?. Ecourile vin îns? din spatele suprafe?elor, ideea g?sindu-?i la un moment dat o sfer? mai larg? de semnifica?ii: „Cu to?ii, în mod normal, ne str?duim s? ?inem sub control nebunul din?untru. Nu-i nimic r?u dac? iese la suprafa?? când se bat clopotele de la temple”. Avem fiecare ni?te acuzatori în suflele care bat clopotele.

Tân?ra Ineko este adus? aici de c?tre mama ei ?i de c?tre iubit: suferea de cecitate fa?? de corpul uman, o boal? stranie, „în care refuzi s? vezi o parte din tine, sau din persoana iubit?, sau din propria-?i via??. Ca ?i cum acel loc profund r?nit din inim? e atins de orbire”. E o boal? a c?rei cauz? nu poate fi stabilit?. Nu se ?tie dac? la baza ei st? trauma mor?ii tat?lui ori pur ?i simplu delicate?ea ?i subtilitatea sunt cauza bolii. Brusc, din când în când, dispar buc??i ale lumii din jurul lui Ineko. Începe cu mingea de ping-pong, pe care o love?te totu?i f?r? a o vedea, ?i culmineaz? cu dispari?ie trupului iubitului în momentul actului sexual. B?rbatul îi iube?te boala, îns? mama este disperat? ?i hot?r?te s? o interneze într-un spital de nebuni. Tot ce urmeaz? este dialogul dintre mam? ?i amant, imediat dup? ce o las? pe Ineko la spital, raportarea lor la situa?ie fiind diferit?. Vocea lui Ineko nu se mai aude. Tân?ra devine un personaj pierdut, nev?zut. Tr?ie?te doar în dialogul tensionat deseori, discu?iile dintre cei doi trezind amintiri sau deschizând întreb?ri r?scritoare: Delicate?ea poate duce la nebunie? Ne salveaz? perspectiva, modul diferit de a vedea lucrurile? U?urarea con?tiin?ei ?ine de interpretare? Sunt legate între ele nenorocirile? Autoacuzatorii sunt nebunii cei mai slabi ?i cei mai puri? Filosofia înseamn? a gândi plecând de la ceva ce ai sim?it? De ce nu vedem ceea ce ar fi firesc s? vedem? Bun?tatea poate fi un act de cruzime? (continuarea cronicii: <http://www.bookaholic.ro/papadiile-ro...>)

Connor says

"deeply strange" is correct. The novella is two people connected by an absent third, bound together by a few repeating symbols. A tree carving, a bell ringing, a man falling off a cliff on horseback. They are sort of motifs for the whole work.

It wasn't exactly my favorite Kawabata, but it was of the most interesting.

Ana says

Nu inteleg: autorul cartii acesteia a primit premiul Nobel pentru literatura. Nu inteleg de ce. Nici nu stiu cum sa scriu o recenzie pentru lucrarea de fata pentru ca nu m-a impresionat cu nimic. Dialogul este simplu, povestea nu este atat de interesanta, iar lectura este mult prea laxa pentru ceea ce as considera eu un autor demn de Nobel. Este primul autor japonez care a primit premiul, si cred ca o sa mai citesc alte carti de-ale lui ca sa gasesc scriitura pentru care a fost aclamat.

Mihai07 says

mi-a pl?cut în special prima parte foarte mult, povestea mi-a captat aten?ia ?i m? f?cea s? m? transpun în acel univers. ultimele 60 de pagini mi s-au p?rut mai pu?in reu?ite ?i s-a sim?it clar faptul c? autorul avea s? se sinucid? înainte de terminarea c?r?ii, întrucât insufl? foarte mult? triste?e ?i melancolie.

Chris says

Emmerich has made some nice contributions to English translation of Japanese prose and poetry, but this is not one of them. This translation feels overall too academic, inartful, and altogether untrue to the original. With Dandelions, there are too few things about which I'm happy that Emmerich does and too many things that he does with which I disagree.

In my view, the major flaw: One thing that I've always admired about Kawabata's writing is how seamlessly he can weave differing narrative points of view in a given passage, or even a given scene, without disrupting the reader, and while remaining in an omniscient point of view. Often, if within the text, Kawabata will trigger such a change in viewpoint through static, simple, consistent imagery and/or a character deep in thoughts that lead out to their point of view or version of events. (Ok, and sometimes it's more abrupt, as in The Lake.)

The problem with Emmerich's version of this text is that the point of view seems never to shift as it should - it's far too omniscient, constant, and even rigid. Compare the voice at the beginning of the book with the scene surrounding, for example, page 70. (view spoiler)

Anyway, without a strong, flexible narrative voice (or, maybe, voices?), this nuance in narrative perspective is all but lost to the reader. And that's really a shame. Is something like that easy to translate into English? No, I can't imagine that it is. But Seidensticker seemed able to work in the feeling nicely in a number of his translations of Kawabata's works, so it's possible to achieve it to some extent.

Maybe someday someone will take the time to translate ???? into something that doesn't feel like a polished document in a time capsule, but a living, breathing text. Maybe that someone will be Emmerich in 20-30 years, who knows? I think he could certainly do it. He just didn't do it here.
