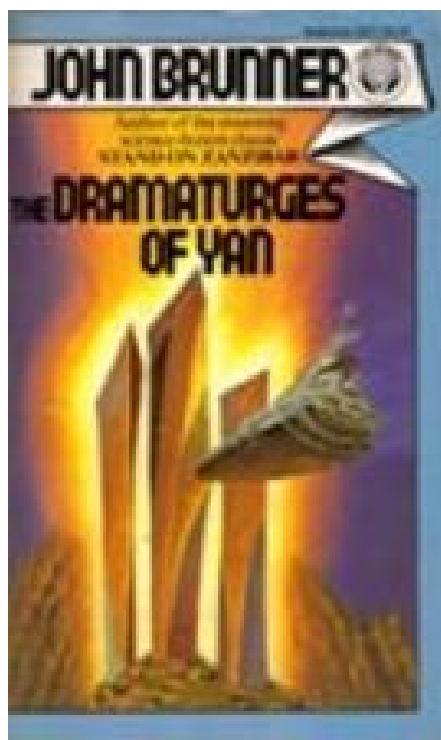




The Dramaturges of Yan

John Brunner

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The far-flung fingers of Earth's civilisation touched many corners of the galaxy, and among them was the beautiful planet Yan. Here the colonists lived a peaceful, almost idyllic life, amid ancient and secret relics, co-existing with their strange and compatible neighbours. The arrival of Gregory Chart, the greatest dramatist ever, whose productions were played out in the skies, and whose actors were also the audience, could only disrupt and destroy once the Yanfolk were aroused from their dreaming indifference . . . (First published 1972)

The Dramaturges of Yan Details

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From Reader Review The Dramaturges of Yan for online ebook

George K. says

Η πρότη μου γνωριμία με αυτόν κλασικό Βρετανό συγγραφέα επιστημονικής φαντασίας και με φησε σχεδόν απλута ευχαριστημένο, και ως είναι αυτό το βιβλίο απ' τα λιγότερο γνωστά και καλά που έχει γράψει.

Σαν σκηνική έχουμε τον πλανήτη Γιαν πάνω στον οποίο ζουν Γίνιοι και Γιανιανοί (ιθαγενείς κτοίκοι του πλανήτη). Οι άνθρωποι δεν είναι πολλοί, μόνο τριακισιοί και κάτι που ζουν σε μια μικρή παροικία, δέπλα στην πύλη Πρέλ των Γιανιανών. Οι Γιανιανοί είναι ένας σιχρός, μείλχιος και περέργος λαός, με μια πολύ μυστηριώδη και περέργη προστορία που είναι χαμένη στη λήθη (μπορεί και όχι). Η συνπαρξη Γίνιων και Γιανιανών καλά, με τους Γιανιανούς να είναι οι μοναδικοί εξωγήινοι που έχουν μια κάποια ομοιότητα με τους ανθρώπους (οι διαφορές στις λειτουργίες του σώματος πολλή, αλλά και πάλι έχουν ομοιότητες) και που μπορούν να ρθούν σε σεξουαλική επαφή με τους ανθρώπους. Ξαφνικά στον πλανήτη Γιαν καταφθάνει ο μάγας Δραματουργός Γκράγκορι Τσαρτ που κάνει παραστάσεις σε πολλούς πλανήτες και μόνο για ανθρώπους, αλλά τώρα, για πρώτη φορά, θα κάνει παράσταση μόνο για εξωγήινο λαό, με απρόβλεπτες και επικίνδυνες καταστάσεις. Σκηνή των παραστάσεων του Τσαρτ ήταν ολόκληρος ο ουρανός και ο πλανήτης και ηθοποιός το ίδιο του το κοινά.

Δεν πρέπει όμως να πω περισσότερα γιατί πραγματικά εκεί γκεείται το όλο μυστήριο της ιστορίας και που θα καταλήξει αυτό η παράσταση του Τσαρτ (πντως αφορμή πολύ το μυστηριώδες αρχαίο πολιτισμύ του πλανήτη...).

Στα τεχνικά ζητήματα, η γραφή πέρα μα πέρα πολύ καλά κατά τη γνώμη μου, όχι ριστή όμως, οι χαρακτήρες πολλοί και χωρής ιδιαίτερη εκβήθυνση, αλλά δεν με απασχόλησε και τόσο πολύ αυτό, η πύλη γενική ατμόσφαιρα πολύ ωραία και με έκανε να ξεχάσω απ' την καθημερινότητα, οι περιγραφές της ζωής στον πλανήτη Γιαν αλλά και του ίδιου του πλανήτη πολύ ωραίες και παραστατικές, και οι περιγραφές των σχέσεων που είχαν οι άνθρωποι μεταξύ τους αλλά και με τους Γιανιανούς πολύ ενδιαφέρουσες, αν και χωρής πολύ βέθος.

Απ' τα διάφορα σχόλια απ' δω και απ' εκεί που βλέπω για το βιβλίο αυτό, καταλαβαίνω ότι πολλοί είναι λόγο απογοητευμένοι επειδή το όλο κνσεπτ του βιβλίου είναι τόσο μεγάλο που θα μπορούσε να έχει θεαματικά αποτελέσματα, αλλά δεν είχε και τόσα πολλά. Εμένα πάλι μου έρεσε η ιστορία και με τα αποτελέσματα που είχε, σ'γούρα δεν είναι αριστουργηματικό ή εξαιρετικό βιβλίο, αλλά σ'γούρα είναι πολύ ενδιαφέρον.

Artur Coelho says

É Brunner, mas ainda não o escritor experimentalista que corre riscos de Stand on Zanzibar. Neste livro segue uma estrutura mais clássica de ficção científica, focado numa história de contacto entre a humanidade e uma inteligência alienígena.

A pequena colônia humana do planeta Yan convive amigavelmente com os curiosos costumes dos nativos do planeta, herdeiros estagnados de uma civilização avançada que legou misteriosas estruturas. Há um erro de identificação na natureza da civilização alienígena. O que parecem ser indivíduos são células de uma consciência planetária dormente, que desperta com o contacto com a humanidade. Ao despertar, prossegue com o plano de viajar pelo espaço da única forma que concebe, usando o planeta como veículo. Esta impossibilidade física aniquilará o planeta e exterminará a inteligência colectiva conhecida como Dramaturga de Yan.

Apesar de assente num intrigante e convincente mundo ficcional, e numa narrativa bem estruturada que revela os mistérios ao ritmo certo, é um livro demasiado normal, dentro dos parâmetros da FC.

Mark says

The end is weirdly prescient of one of the concepts in Cameron's Avatar--that of a world-sized collective entity composed of discrete smaller organisms. Proof that this is not exactly a new concept. Brunner, of course, does it better and without any of the violence.

The other interesting thing is that one of the main characters is a (sympathetically portrayed) poet, and said world-consciousness winds up being an artist, albeit an insane one. Brunner doesn't try his hand at any actual poetry, though, which is a shame.

Ευθυμ?α Δεσποτ?κη says

Απ?στευτες ιδ?ες και εξαιρετικο? χαρακτ?ρες συνοδε?ουν μια ?πια, στα ?ρια του πρ?ου προσ?γγιση του τι θα πει εξ?λιξη και τι θα πει τ?χνη. ?να απ? τα κε?μενα εφ που δεν προδ?δουν την ηλικ?α τους παρ? μ?νο απ? μικρολεπτομ?ρειες, συμπ?κνωσε σε ελ?χιστες σελ?δες, μικρ?τητες, π?θη, κολλ?ματα και λανθασμ?νες αντιλ?ψεις εν?ς ολ?κληρου ε?δους και τα ?θεσε σε αντιπαρ?θεση με τα αντ?στοιχα εν?ς ?λλου ε?δους, ?να ε?δος που θεωρε? τον εαυτ? του πιο εξελιγμ?νο.

Η κλ?μακα μεγ?θους των γεγον?των ε?ναι κυριολεκτικ? πλανητικ?. ?πως και η αναγνωστικ? ευχαρ?στηση.

bluetyson says

isbn,original

Nick says

Until a somewhat rushed and annoying ending, I had planned to give it 4 stars. The basic concept, of man encountering intelligent aliens who were at one time more advanced than mankind, but now apparently are not, has been done many times. The reason for their stagnation, as it finally developed, was fascinating. The

interaction with "art at all costs" entertainer was a clever plot twist, at least at first, as it echoed the circumstances which had supposedly brought the folks of Yan to a halt, 10,000 years in the past. Ten millenia in the past, the folks of Yan had an amazingly advanced technology. Then something or someone destroyed their planet's moon, turning it into a close-in ring which still drops small bits of rock, an ongoing meteor storm that divides the planet into two safe zones. A small human enclave has colonized the world, and views the natives as being backwards and primitive, but in possession of odd artifacts and an eleven-volume poem from the old culture. The folks of Yan are so humanoid that the Yan folks view humans as something worth imitating, and yet...

I think that Brunner wrote this book as a "time out" from his longer works done around the same time.

Edward Butler says

An elusive novel, *The Dramaturges of Yan* boasts big ideas, sensitive characterizations, and a vivid locale, but after setting the stage in painstaking fashion races to an overly discursive and disappointing ending. One would have to think a novelist of Brunner's obvious talents could have done more with this material. I'm giving it a generous four stars, though, because I enjoyed it so much up to a point, and the novel is too slender to wear out its welcome.

To some degree, I guess that I just disagree with the choices Brunner made for where this book should go, choices which must count on some level as an author's prerogative, of course. There is no doubt but that this story could have gone in many different directions. But even if one accepts the validity of Brunner's choice of what story he wished to tell, the execution is rushed and makes little use of the interesting cast of characters Brunner assembled.

An intriguing book, though, that brought to mind another I'd read recently, *Embassytown* by China Miéville. One could measure the changes in the philosophy of mind since Brunner's day by noting the extent to which the role played in *Dramaturges of Yan* by *consciousness* and its physiological ground, is played in Miéville's novel by *language* as constitutive of consciousness and even, in a certain respect, determining biology.

tENTATIVELY, cONVENIENCE says

review of
John Brunner's [The Dramaturges of Yan](#)
by tENTATIVELY, a cONVENIENCE - August 31, 2014

As w/ so many Brunner bks, most of what I potentially have to say about this 1 wd contain too many spoilers so I'll approach it somewhat abstractly instead. I've been on a Brunner review spree ever since my review of [The World Swappers](#) of February 18, 2013 (<http://www.goodreads.com/book/show/23...>). This is approximately the 39th bk I've read & reviewed by him so far & I'm still enjoying it so Brunner hasn't disappointed me (cf Keith Laumer whose work I got sick of pretty quickly).

Right off the bat, before we even have a chance to run for home-plate, or even to nibble off of it, there's 'wild vs gene tinkering', a subject of some interest to me since I tend to be an 'endless' object maker (&, hence, material-manipulator) who has deep respect for wildness:

"A few years ago he had decided to tinker with the faulty gene in the original species which sometimes caused it to revert to the wild state, its flowers mere balls of characterless green fluff, and achieved spectacular success" - p 5

Loaded words! "faulty gene"! What makes a gene "faulty" exactly?! In this case, its no doubt healthy reversion to its "wild state" wch, however, humans find aesthetically unappealing b/c its flowers become "characterless green fluff"!!!! Ah, the endless myopic selfishness of humanity.

But that has nothing to do w/ anything so let's move on.

"He half-turned in his chair, stretching out a hand to prod Pompy, and froze in mid-motion. Over the distant silhouette of the Mutine Mandala the white disc of the moon was rising.

"But there was no moon on Yan, and had not been for nearly ten thousand years." - p 11

Now we've furtively groped our way to home-base & the story's beginning to pant or to be pantless.

"Briefly, he found himself wondering what it would be like to make love again with a girl having breasts and a skin all of one colour, who needed sometimes to break off from a kiss because she had to breathe in through her mouth. But that had nothing to do with his problem. Nothing at all. It was irrelevant." - p 12

Yes, we're at home base - or are we in left field? Regardless, add this one to the list of SF bks that touchdown upon sex between humans & humanoids (or non-humans) from other planets - the yr of publication being 1972: not the earliest such story but still having a place in this history before more recent, & probably more pretentious, contenders. But let's kick off elsewhere now:

"The notion of "carving softness" lacked the paradoxical quality of the original, because carving suggested knives or chisels, hard sharp edges, whereas the root associations of the Yannish words implied that the tool was softer than the material being worked—like water eroding a rock. Yet "eroding" had overtones of long patient geological processes, while the Yannish verse made it clear that what happened took place instantly!" - p 17

Translation thrown a curve ball, the broom of the curling iron, the grid-iron has got me by the short-hairs, a hairy predicament this mixed metaphors translation biz, a real KO. But Brunner's always higher than par for the course (of the River Smor):

"Now, as though a supernal finger had beckoned them equatorwards, the potential gradients of the polar stratosphere stretched into long easy declines down which poured the brilliant discharges of the arctic night. Huge draping curtains of luminosity shook out their folds along the course of the River Smor, bluish and yellowish and occasionally shifting without warning into deep red. Free radical sown from above sparked fresh reactions, so that the curtains seemed to draw apart, looping upwards and becoming vast double inverted rainbows with the colours interchanged. On the airy stage for which the aurora now formed a sort of proscenium arch, magnificent pyrotechnics began. Intangible jewels glittered, fiery wheels resolved, blasts of lightning threaded whiter than the eye could bear down the black-with-silver background of the night." - p 21

Love those fireworks after the game but is it really appropriate for checkers? Maybe it's b/c "They did not educate their children in groups; instead, they transferred them—starting the day after birth—along an incredibly subtle network of relations, which might easily taken them to a dozen cities or villages, to let them gradually absorb the "life-style" of their race." (p 36) One of those relatives being Dr. Lem, whose name is the spitting image of a certain Dr. Stanislaw Lem, Polish SF writer extraordinaire. But I'm getting out of the ball-park here. These sportscasters are a pain-in-the-ass while the plaster-casters are something else entirely:

""Oh, it's only a news-machine," he said after a pause. "What's wrong with that?"

""You'll find out," Ducci said grimly. He had his own premonitions of what was going to emerge from all this, and they weren't pretty. "Get over there and inactivate it."

""But that's illegal! They're allowed to go anywhere, if they don't invade privacy," Guiseppe pointed out.

""I don't mean wreck it," his father snapped. "Just delay it for a while." Retrieving the binox, he studied the thing's angular, glinting form, long legs tipped with climbing hooks and suction-pads disposed around the self-powered motor unit and the cluster of extensible sensors. "Luckily it's one of the old marks, an Epsilon, not a recent one like a Kappa or Lambda. It'll take a while to orient itself. Go on—feed it a rumour or something, send it on a false trail. It's important!"" - p 38

That's right, it's "illegal"! Three strikes & you're out! But it's not really foul play. But I'm giving you a bad tip on the horses, the cock fights, the fowl play.

""Alchemy," Chart said, "Are you familiar with the magical and alchemical manuals they wrote on Earth some fifteen hundred years ago?"

[..]

""They were composed in a sort of association-code, using agreed conventional images—dragons, astrological figures, various oblique references of that kind. Provided one had been trained in the jargon, one could read them with relative ease. Outsiders, however, found only obscure and baffling nonsense.["]" - p 84

Like Crowley's "drinking the elixir from the curcubite", eh? Witness "The Postman Always Rings the Homunculous of Woody Allen & Hollis Frampton Twice" here:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ovbUq...> . "["]Is there a human culture in the galaxy? If there is, then *I built it.*"" (p 90) Home run!!

Monica S. says

Thought provoking on a planetary scale

Misha says

Some strong strengths and weak weaknesses. Cool idea, and once it pulls together it is strong, but a very slow start, poor scene breaks, and a constant insistence on "Oh, what was that word they used to have... *insert common word, to show it's the FUTURE*"

Janek Bogucki says

This was an enjoyable read but it suffers from an unsatisfying ending.

The 1970s vision of what a WWW would be like is quite interesting but does little to rescue the ultimately

underdeveloped story arc.
