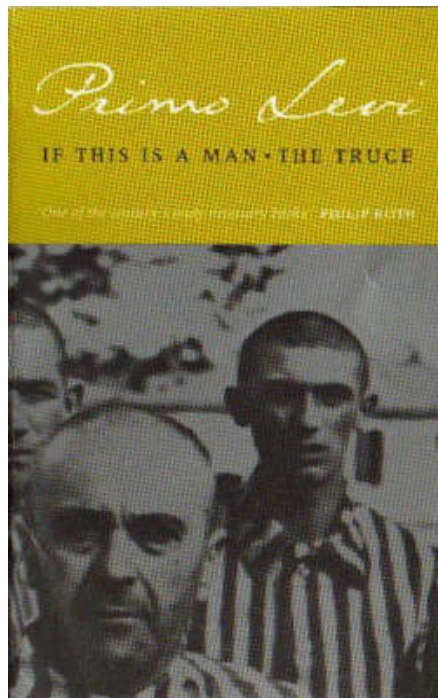




If This Is a Man / The Truce

Primo Levi , Stuart J. Woolf (Translator) , Paul Bailey (Introduction)

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'With the moral stamina and intellectual poise of a twentieth-century Titan, this slightly built, dutiful, unassuming chemist set out systematically to remember the German hell on earth, steadfastly to think it through, and then to render it comprehensible in lucid, unpretentious prose. He was profoundly in touch with the minutest workings of the most endearing human events and with the most contemptible. What has survived in Levi's writing isn't just his memory of the unbearable, but also, in *The Periodic Table* and *The Wrench*, his delight in what made the world exquisite to him. He was himself a magically endearing man, the most delicately forceful enchanter I've ever known' - Philip Roth.

If This Is a Man / The Truce Details

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jo says

Δι?βάσα μ?νο το "If this is a man/Ε?ν αυτ? ε?ναι ο ανθρωπος". Το βρ?κα εξαιρετικ?. Γραμμ?νο με σκοπ? να ενημερ?σει, να μιλ?σει στον αναγν?στη για την ζω? στο στρατ?πεδο συγκ?ντρωσης και ?χι για να σοκ?ρει και να κερδ?σει την συμπ?θεια μας. Η γραφ? ε?ναι πολ? καλ?, βρισκεις συχν? λυρικ?ς προτ?σεις κρυμμ?νες μ?σα σε παραδοσιακ? γραμμ?νες παραγρ?φους.

Συμπ?θησα πολ? τον συγγραφ?α. Μου ?ρεσε πολ? η στ?ση του να δικαιολογ? κ?ποιες πρ?ξεις των φυλακισμ?νων λ?γοντας πολ? σοφά πως κανεις δεν μπορε? να μιλ?σει για ηθικες πρ?ξεις στην αντ?θετη πλευρ? του συρματος.

Το προτε?νω.

Hadrian says

How could this be anything but harrowing? And yet the author has survived, kept some portion of humanity about him, the tiniest shred. Necessary.

BlackOxford says

The Idolatry of Power

Levi reports a recurrent dream that he and many others had in the camp: He is at home among close family and friends to whom he is speaking about his life in the camp; but no one is listening. A realisation perhaps that his experiences, the intensity of his suffering, are not merely inhuman but ultimately uncommunicable or at best inexpressible. No one who hasn't been present could appreciate the extent of loss of oneself, the reduction of a person to a consciousness of utter hopelessness, pure pain in its infinite variations of distress, hunger, exhaustion.

Nevertheless these two books are protests against this very hopelessness of the incomprehensible. In this they are paradoxical. How can his cool description of the atrocities that he endured do anything but provoke despair for humanity while simultaneously demanding admiration of Levi's immense personal humanity?

There is no heroism here - no one could willingly undergo such torture - but there is some sort of life-persistence (it cannot be accurately called courage) as pure as the pain that it accompanies. The fundamental instinct to survive as it confronts what is an absolute, opposing power, a universe composed of only these two essentials.

The camp becomes then a sort of theological enactment of the idolatry of power. Theological because absolute power is how God is defined in all Western religions; idolatrous because if this is so, the only response possible is relentless (and ultimately futile) participation in the hope of stealing the smallest bit of this power in order to survive.

The camp creates, or merely shows, an ontological reality from which there is no escape so long as power is the essence of being. Getting and keeping power is all there is. To refuse participation - if indeed that verb isn't too active a description of the act of withdrawal - is to become an unresponsive 'musselman', one merely awaiting death.

This is a system of enacted metaphysical nihilism. The title of the piece therefore becomes ironic. It could equally aptly be 'If This Is God'. Could it be that our idea of God as absolute power creates the idolatrous ideal of the deification of man through power; and through that ideal fosters the camp as its apotheosis?

Mankind as the object of infinite power to which submission (in form but not an impossible substance) is required. To become part of this society is to accept death; to refuse is to merely accept a quicker death. Which could be called more courageous?

If there is any hope within the hopelessness of the universe that Levi describes, and he makes this our universe if we can overcome the indifference of his dream-characters, can it be other than the rejection of the quest for power, the ability to coerce, by those who are without power as well as those who have it?

Of what use is Levi's witness unless we appreciate not just his condition in the camp but our own as trapped by a system of power that we impose and have imposed on us? What would the world be like if God were weak, weak to the point of complete passivity to human action? (This is, I suggest precisely the point of John Caputo's theology which is also reviewed on GR; see *The Weakness of God*: <https://www.goodreads.com/review/show...>)

Jan-Maat says

This pair of books are the Italian Primo Levi's autobiographical account of his time in the Auschwitz complex of camps in *If this is a Man* which was written soon after his return to Italy. It is as harrowing as *The Truce*, covering his liberation and roundabout return to Italy, is cheering. That journey undertaken at a time when Europe was covered in refuges and displaced persons. First task - find shoes you can walk in, second task - find a market.

Completely captivating and heart wrenching writing.

Rick Slane says

If I could I would make this book required reading for everyone over 18. It's not that long and it's not that depressing. Levi recounts events that must not be forgotten, but he does so with a spirit and humanity that I have never found in other prisoner of war type stories.

Arjen says

Impressive recount of a Jewish prisoner's days in Auschwitz and his journey home. I liked the dry, observant style. The author does not show hate for his tortures, just describes the facts. The reader is the judge.

The passage which made the biggest impression on me is where Levi talks about the camp musicians,

playing the same songs everyday when the slaves go out to and come back from work. Levi writes that even years later, hearing these innocent songs made the blood freeze in the bodies of the survivors.

To me that is a great example of the relativity of life. The song in itself is not evil, the composer is not evil, even the musicians playing the songs in the camp are not evil. But still all the lingering horrors of the camp will be connected to and unleashed by a simple, harmless melody.

Tom says

I was bought this as a Christmas present from a friend and was told simply: "No one should go on without heaving read this book". Now, I've read a few books on concentration camps (and have also visited Auschwitz and Birkenau in Poland) and wasn't convinced that another account of this atrocity should be on my 'to read' list.

I did, however, give it a go and I'm so glad I did. From start to finish Primo kept me drawn in by his fantastic use of language and the way he can put a very human face to a very inhuman act. He clearly shows that what happened was evil without having to resort to describing the brutalities and dark goings-on of that period at that place. It's more a document of the society that formed within the camps, the everyday lives of the people there and an almost humorous look into the psychology of the inmates.

The second half of the book: The Truce, is a tale of the liberation of the camps by the Russians and his journey back to Italy. This part is just as compelling as the first with the same running theme, a man trying to find his way whilst being bombarded with obstacles at every corner. It's fascinating to read how he managed to find shelter in the most unlikely of places, and how he would bargain his clothes for a chicken in villages he stumbles upon.

The greatest feat that Levi achieves is to allow the reader to relate to situations that occur, even though the subject matter isn't anywhere near as awful as it is in this book.

To say 'this book changed my life' is a cliché that I, myself, hate just as much as everyone else, but I can't think of any other appropriate phrase to sum up this book. To quote my friend: "No one should go on without having read this book".

Faith McLellan says

The second or third or fourth time I have read it. One of the most important works of the 20th century. Still stunned by how people keep on going, in the face of a bottomless abyss. Exhilarating, inspirational, full of an unfathomable spirit.

Pink says

This isn't really a book that can be rated. However, since that's how we catalogue our books here on Good Reads, I'm giving it 4 stars - not 5, but just because I wouldn't want to read it again and I can't honestly say it's one of my favourite ever books. Otherwise it's 10 stars.

I was going to start this review with quotes from the book. However, after telling my Mother how good it was when she called round this afternoon, she appears to have left with it. I text her that its like living in Auschwitz, not being able to put anything down without it being stolen. Obviously a direct comparison with life in the camp.

So how do you review a book like this? If you pick it up, or think of picking it up, or even decide not to try it, I think that decision is based on the content. A book about a concentration camp survivor is never going to be light reading and some people don't want to tackle such heavy topics. Understandably so.

If you choose to read this, then you know what sort of book you're getting into from the outset. You're reading because you want to learn more. Yet what if it doesn't interest you? The introduction of my edition said something along the lines of there being a danger that people not only forget, but become complacent when talking about the holocaust. Everyone in this day and age knows what occurred and so much has been said about the war and concentration camps, that I think we become immune to the horror. We know what happened, we know that many died, we know it was horrific. So why read about it? In Primo Levi's words -

"It is neither easy nor agreeable to dredge this abyss of viciousness, and yet I think it must be done, because what could be perpetrated yesterday could be attempted again tomorrow, could overwhelm us and our children. One is tempted to turn away with a grimace and close one's mind: this is a temptation one must resist"

Yes this book is one man's memoir of 11 months spent in Auschwitz and the follow up story of his long journey home, but it is more than this. Primo Levi purposely wrote with an impassioned voice, so that he could document a true account of conditions, without seeming emotionally biased. He wrote 'If This is Man' within the first year of returning home. Why he decided to write and how he was able to do this, is amazing in every sense of the word. He was not a writer, but a chemist, yet the writing style in this book is extraordinarily beautiful and eloquent. If you have read it, I suspect that you found it tough going at times, it's not a book that can be skipped through in one sitting.

If you haven't read it, for whatever reason. Here's some points that I hope encourage you to pick it up

- The chapters are nice small bite sized chunks
- While harrowing in content, it is not gratuitously graphic
- The writing style is beautiful
- There are interesting facts about camp life, not usually documented
- Characters are well written and fascinating

The second part of the book, Levi's return journey, is an aspect that I had not read about before. I knew that many people were stranded in camps after the war, but the journey home, documented in The Truce, was of a more mammoth undertaking than I had considered. In fact for many of the miraculous survivors, this next stage was even more hellish than the camps.

This book was gruelling to read at times. It was also fascinating, educating, heartbreaking and absorbing, to name but a few adjectives. I would recommend the first story - If This is Man - to everyone who is human. To those who want to know more, continue by reading The Truce.

I want to end with my favourite and most thought provoking passage from the book. I found the quote on GoodReads and 'liked' it, which doesn't seem to quite do it justice -

"It is lucky that it is not windy today. Strange, how in some way one always has the impression of being fortunate, how some chance happening, perhaps infinitesimal, stops us crossing the threshold of despair and allows us to live. It is raining, but it is not windy. Or else, it is raining and it is also windy: but you know that

this evening it is your turn for the supplement of soup, so that even today you find the strength to reach the evening. Or it is raining, windy and you have the usual hunger, and then you think that if you really had to, if you really felt nothing in your heart but suffering and tedium - as sometimes happens, when you really seem to lie on the bottom - well, even in that case, at any moment you want you could always go and touch the electric wire-fence, or throw yourself under the shunting trains, and then it would stop raining.”

? Primo Levi, If This Is a Man / The Truce

Sofia says

It is hard for me to translate my experience of this book to words. It's not that my feelings are ambiguous, or even that I can't find the right words; my problem is that it created such an emotional and intellectual response from me, that I'm finding it difficult to know where to start, or how much of it really belongs in a review.

This is actually two books in one: "If This is a Man" recounts Primo Levi's experience of entering and living on one of the Auschwitz concentration camps, and "The Truce" follows his struggle to return home after leaving the camp. Levi writes in a remarkably contained, almost dispassionate way, which, as he explains in the afterword, is not only a consequence of his analytical and scientific mind, but also an attempt to create a valuable and valid witness account, unaffected by strong emotions.

Primo Levi was twenty-four years-old when he entered the camp (or Lager, as it was known), which is how old I am at the moment, so I couldn't help comparing myself to him, and wondering how I would have reacted to what he and countless others went through. It's difficult to imagine. The whole of the "If This is a Man" book is filled with innumerable examples of the horrific events that took place, but the one that most profoundly affected me was the "treatment" they received on the day of their arrival. Here is a group of human beings, torn from their normal lives and homes, slowly being transformed into something that is only a shadow of themselves, at best. In a matter of days, what defines them as human is reduced to nothing. This was a deliberate effect from the Nazi's part, since it was easier to perpetrate unspeakable horrors to beasts, to shadows, than to something you could recognize as a human being. It's an honest, deep-felt and terribly empathic description of what he felt and what he saw in the eyes of others, and it's chilling to the bone.

After this first part, "The Truce" is almost a relief. Although also filled with a lot of suffering and miserable conditions, it is nothing compared to what went on before, and like Levi, I felt myself recovering, almost forgetting the most gruesome details of what I had just read before.

I guess that's the way the human mind works, and I really believe that, were it not from the survival's stories and the effort on the different nations' part to keep the concentration camps as a testament of those times, humanity would, sooner or later, forget what happened, or at least remember it like we remember the Inquisition, or the Napoleon Wars. Bloody events, but events that lack the human, individual side that is necessary for true empathy and understanding. World War II will remain as a terrible scar in history of the World, but the collective memory will dwindle, and we need books like this to remind us, those who weren't there, who didn't go through it or anything like it, of how low humankind can go, and has been, and will in all probability go again.

Iris says

Vital reading for all humans.

umberto says

Reading this epic-like memoir, his first-hand accounts as one of the prisoners-of-war detained in a camp at Auschwitz as a legacy of World War II by Primo Levi was stunningly descriptive, inhumane and hopeful. My background reading was that I nearly finished reading its first part, "If This is a Man," depicting his arrest in late 1943 and his life along the ruthless route to the notorious camp at Auschwitz where he survived because the authority there needed his expertise as a chemist. Then I quitted after reading a few pages (Chapter 13 October 1944) a decade ago due to lack of motive. Till around New Year's Day, a GR friend notified me she liked my review on another of his equally-famous memoir, "The Periodic Table," and kindly urged me to read this one for his unimaginable hardships and persistence. At last I found the paperback, tried reading each episode under each title and switched to the hardcover I bought last week.

Moreover, it was a pity I couldn't substantially recall what I had read in "If This is a Man," since my reflection might be quite fragmentary and reading again on page 149 (hardcover), Chapter 13 till the end didn't help me recall anything read and quitted after such a long time. Therefore, I would like to focus my review on the second part, "The Truce," depicting his unthinkable tough and surrealism-like journey back home in Italy. First, it has since been agreed that Primo Levi naturally described people, things, camps, etc. per se, in other words, as objectively as possible. It might be done out of his character, his educated mind and possibly his god-like compassion. If you prefer reading short and long paragraphs of descriptions with innumerable good words and sense of humor, this book is for you.

I couldn't help wondering what he meant by this sentence: "... It (the announcement of their return) came in the theatre and through the theatre, and it came along the muddy road, carried by a strange and illustrious messenger." (p. 416) I would leave you to read how they knew it in the theatre in the book itself; the following three excerpts would reveal my point, the first being a complete paragraph, the second and the third being partial:

The next morning, while the Red House was already buzzing and humming like a beehive whose swarm is about to leave, we saw a small car approach along the road. Very few passed by, so our curiosity was aroused, especially as it was not a military car. It slowed down in front of the camp, turned and entered, bouncing on the rough surface in front of the bizarre façade. Then we saw that it was a car all of us knew well, a Fiat 500A, a Topolino, rusty and decrepit, with the suspension piteously deformed.

It stopped in front of the entrance, and was at once surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive people. An extraordinary figure emerged, with great effort. It went on and on emerging; it was a very tall, corpulent, rubicund man, in a uniform we had never seen before: a Soviet General, a Generalissimo, a Marshal. ...

This celestial messenger, who travelled alone through the mud in a cheap ancient ramshackle car, was Marshal Timoshenko in person, Semyon Konstantinovich Timoshenko, the hero of the Bolshevik revolution, of Karelia and Stalingrad. After his reception by the local Russians, which was singularly sober and lasted only a few minutes, he emerged once more from the buildings and chatted unaffectedly with us Italians, ...; he told us that it was really true; we were to leave soon, very soon; "War over, everybody home"; ... (pp. 417-419)

Just imagine how he has marvelously described such a 'strange and illustrious messenger'. I think it's hard not to appreciate reading these superbly descriptive pages from one of the most important writers in the twentieth century.

Second, right at the beginning of the first story, "The Thaw," he has told us something horribly inhuman of which we may never dream; however, we have to keep reading with pity and sorrow from this excerpt:
... Thus all healthy prisoners were evacuated, in frightful conditions, in the direction of Buchenwald and Mauthausen, while the sick were abandoned to their fate. One can legitimately deduce from the evidence that originally the Germans did not intend to leave one man alive in the concentration camps; but a fierce night air raid and the rapidity of the Russian advance induced them to change their minds and flee, leaving their task unfinished.

In the sick bay of the Lager at Buna-Monowitz eight hundred of us remained. Of these about five hundred died from illness, cold and hunger before the Russians arrived, and another two hundred succumbed in the following days, despite the Russians' aid.

... (p. 217)

Third, we can read his innumerable episodes on his plight as one of the detainees in search of their route back home; miraculously, he had never lost hope, he simply persisted day in day out hoping to return home. For instance, he has described how he got lost in the woods and fortunately, coolly made it in getting out of such a deceiving labyrinth as told in this excerpt:

... The first time I penetrated it, I learnt to my cost, with surprise and fear, that the risk of "losing oneself in a wood" existed not only in fairy tales. I had been walking for about an hour, orienting myself as best I could by the sun, which was visible occasionally, where the branches were less thick; but then the sky clouded over, threatening rain, and when I wanted to return I realized that I had lost the north. ...

I walked on for hours, increasingly tired and uneasy, almost until dusk; and I was already beginning to think that even if my companions came to search for me, they would not find me, or would only find me days later, exhausted by hunger, perhaps already dead. ... So I continued in the prolonged twilight of the northern summer, until it was almost night, a prey now to utter panic, to the age-old fear of the dark, the forest and the unknown. Despite my weariness, I felt a violent impulse to rush ..., and to continue running so long as my strength and breath lasted.

Suddenly I heard the whistle of a train: this meant the railway was on my right, ...Following the noise of the train, I arrived at the railway before nightfall; then I kept to the glinting railway lines, ..., and reached safety, first at Starye Dorogi, then at the Red House.

... (pp. 377-378)

Therefore, we couldn't help feeling like we're watching a horror or suspense film and imagining how we could make it and be lucky like him. In brief, this memoir is worth reading due to its testament narratives and episodes unique in horrible details unthinkable to humankind, and the best we can do is that we need to pray and hope, those who know and have power please help, that such atrocities won't and shouldn't happen anywhere again on earth.

Elena says

This book is beyond any possible rating. It is, I believe, the book that says the definitive word about holocaust and about human cruelty. After this, nothing else can be said and no explanation can be given to what men can do to other men.

Negin says

This is a powerful story of Primo Levi who was imprisoned in Auschwitz. I'm giving it 3 stars, since I felt

that his writing style was confusing and tedious.

I believe that this is the first holocaust account that I have read that has been written from an objective, rather detached and unemotional point of view, or at least the first that I can remember. I know that if I had gone through all those horrors, there is no way in God's green earth that I could have felt the same way. No way.

Some of my favorite quotes:

"One of the most important things I had learnt in Auschwitz was that one must always avoid being a nobody. All roads are closed to a person who appears to be useless, all are open to a person who has a function, even the most fatuous."

"I am constantly amazed by man's inhumanity to man."

Ammara Abid says

Sorrowful turmoil

arcobaleno says

Ne pas chercher à comprendre

Quanto è avvenuto non si può comprendere, non si deve comprendere, perché comprendere è quasi giustificare... Ma se comprendere è impossibile, conoscere è necessario.

Non trovo parole adeguate per esprimere il mio commento a questa testimonianza di Primo Levi. Colpisce la razionalità di questo grande Uomo, che non indugia in giudizi e accuse, non usa toni recriminatori né accattivanti, non cerca pathos. Non è necessario. Applica il semplice metodo scientifico, cui la sua mente è abituata: fa riaffiorare nella sua memoria i fatti essenziali, li libera da quelli inutili e ce li presenta, con linguaggio semplice ma curato.

Dice lui stesso nelle note in appendice (pag. 330):

Nello scrivere questo libro, ho assunto deliberatamente il linguaggio pacato e sobrio del testimone, non quello lamentevole della vittima né quello irato del vendicatore: pensavo che la mia parola sarebbe stata tanto più credibile ed utile quanto più apparisse obiettiva e quanto meno suonasse appassionata; solo così il testimone in giudizio adempie alla sua funzione, che è quella di preparare il terreno al giudice. I giudici siete voi.

Quello che si legge entra e strugge. E non si dimentica.

Shovelmonkey1 says

Philip Roth called this "One of the century's truly necessary books". Primo Levi's description of surviving in

the arbeitslager at Auschwitz-Buna is the story of human tenacity and the determination to find a way to survive in the face of incomprehensible and overwhelming odds. Reading this book and books such as *Fateles* by Imres Kerstz give an incomparable picture of the atrocities committed in Germany and Poland by the Nazis. These activities were facilitated in part by a Europe which couldn't or wouldn't understand. If this is a Man is a fantastic book and one that really did need to be written, not only so it could be read but because Levi needed to write it in part to come to terms with what happened to him.

However, I was possibly more fascinated by the little told story of what happened in Europe after the truce was called and liberation came to the death camps. It is difficult to imagine the chaos in Central Europe as hundreds of thousands of sick, malnourished and poverty stricken prisoners of all nationalities were left stranded thousands of miles from home. The repatriation process must have been phenomenal, especially with all lines of communication and many transport networks completely destroyed as a result of the war. Primo Levi uses "The Truce" to describe how difficult it was to return home and makes a strong case demonstrating surviving the arbeitslager was just the first step in a longer battle for liberation.

Paul Bryant says

"However this war may end, we have won the war against you. None of you will be left to bear witness, but even if someone were to survive, the world would not believe him. There will be perhaps suspicions, discussions, research by historians, but there will be no certainties, because we will destroy the evidence together with you. And even if some proof should remain and some of you survive, people will say that the events you describe are too monstrous to be believed – they will say they are the exaggerations of Allied propaganda and will believe us, who will deny everything, and not you."

This is such a stunning statement. Levi puts it into the mouth of a contemptuous SS officer speaking to a Jewish kapo some time in 1943. Reading it in the 1980s I was thinking well, at least Primo Levi and all the other great writers and historians have made sure that this greatest of horror stories has been documented and believed. Reading the same speech 20 years later, I'm not so sure. Now we have many people telling us well, you know, the Holocaust was just one amongst many - they happen all the time. Which is not so, and misunderstands, even from well-meaning motives. And tragically the Holocaust is inextricably bound into the DNA of the creation of the state of Israel, so that Israel is accused of using the Holocaust to prop up its own ultra-defensiveness and expansionism. (Remember the "Eleventh Commandment" : "Thou shalt not grant Hitler any posthumous victories.") And so this infests the whole pro-Palestinian rhetoric which has a vile tendency to shade over towards Holocaust denial (our current but by no means only example being Ahmedinejad).

Just another grand example of the hideous knots us human beings love to tie whilst living on a beautiful little planet on the edge of a galaxy, itself one of millions of others, spinning in the glistening vastness of this universe.

Chrissie says

This book includes the two books *Survival in Auschwitz* and *The Reawakening* by Primo Levi. The American and European publications have employed different titles. The book ends with an excellent "Afterword". This too is written by the author. I recommend this edition.

This book is quite different from other holocaust books, by its very lack of emotion. It is a clear statement of

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