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Max Frisch , Geoffrey Skelton (Translator)

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From the author of Man in the Holocene, an examination of the effects of a crime of passion. Translated by Geoffrey Skelton. A Helen and Kurt Wolff Book.

Bluebeard Details

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Vanessa says

It's strange, I mean... it has no "real" conclusion, except your own, so it's a piece of inflection by the idea of playing with different realities in time as the characters "forget" the real reality, or the one that carries the consequence of a murder, so the evasion is just the way to play the reader to make their own conclusion.

Philippe says

Just as I flipped the final page of this novel we found ourselves queuing at a toll booth on a French motorway.

My wife: "Look at that car in front of us. That dog has precious little space in the booth".

Our son: "But so does our cat when we ferry her to grandma in her little pet carrier."

Me: "That's true. And perhaps these people in front of us are only using the motorway for a very short while. The dog might be out of the car very soon."

Guilt? Innocence? Different perspectives, many questions, few answers.

pax says

Kein Wort zu viel, kein Bild verschwendet. Eines jener seltenen Bücher, die mich mit einem leisen "wow" ob des Könnens des Autors hinterlassen. Also: wow.

Ahmet Toköz says

Kendinden el birli?iyle öldürülecek kadar nefret ettirmek...

Molloy says

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Tim says

Naja. Die Frage nach Schuld und Unschuld, respektive Passivschuld, Erinnerungsvermögen, Verdrängen und

Vergessen ist durchaus interessant, allerdings fand ich die Geschichte doch etwas fad und abgestanden (erschiene 1982).

Blogbaas Van 'tVliegend Eiland says

8,5/10

David says

Creepy, and a bit surreal - in a subtle way for most of the story but forcefully so near the end.

Amorfna says

Ostavila je na mene toliki utisak da sam zaboravila i da sam je procitala pre 20 dana.

Procitacu je nekad u buducnosti jos jednom, mozda mi jednostavno nije bio period za nju.

notgettingenough says

Over the last few weeks I've read The Luzhin Defense, followed by Bluebeard and then Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?

Originally I was going to write some stuff here about the central characters and compare them with the original Outsider. I was going to say things like this:

Maybe it is a contradiction in terms, to put 3 books about outsiders in the same review, but I can't stop myself.

We have here a chess player, a doctor who might or might not have murdered a wife and a chickenhead. They all share a trait lacking in the original Outsider: they are all able to induce a sympathetic response from the reader. I don't believe we have any capacity to understand Camus's Outsider and without that, how can we have sympathy? It is easy to empathise with the others, however apart they may be from our own lives. It is impossible for Camus to put us in the shoes of his Outsider. It IS possible to become the crazy chess player, the murderous doctor, the mentally deficient chickenhead. Indeed it is Dick's great strength that his characters slip into you; no matter that they are hypothetical consequences of a hypothetical world.

I can't help wondering how I would have felt about Nabokov if I'd read him last instead of first. I thought he was getting away with being clever and ornate at the time. But to read the spare prose of Frisch next made me question this. And sharing with Dick the suffering of his characters meant I started wondering if Nabokov really had a clue what he was writing about. He says things that hit the mark for sure and his general thesis that chess saves the hero's life until his dogooder wife-to-be starts interfering is completely faithful to the real world. I would scarcely be the only chess player to associate with Luzhin's discovery of the game, a discovery that means life is suddenly tolerable. But something makes me distrust Nabokov's

potrayal of the Outsider, and I'm tired of trying to figure out what it is.

That's the sort of thing I was going to say.

But I'd rather read. Consider me a goodreads outsider.

Armin Hennig says

Steffies Kommentar zwingt mich ja fast zu einer Rezi, also Folge ich den Spuren von Mäxchen Frisch und Recylce einfach einen Eintrag von heute Morgen aus dem Gantenbein-Thread:

Eifersucht und ihre Auswirkungen, an diesem Thema hat sich Max Frisch Zeit seines Leben geradezu zwanghaft abgekauft, auch in diesem ziemlich zahnlosen Erguss, der inhaltlich etwa 15 Seiten Gantenbein entspricht, aber auf zehnfache Länge gestreckt wurde. Ein neuer Aspekt ist vielleicht ein Selbstgespräch des frei gesprochenen Frauenmörders beim Pinkeln im Wald. Ein fiktiver Gerichtsdialog, in dem sich Blaubart für die Verrichtung seiner Notdurft rechtfertigt und diverse Variationen durchspielt, in denen manches gerade Geschehene wieder ungeschehen gemacht wird.

Eine Lektüre so erfrischend wie Altmännerpisse, eher eine Wohltat für Frisch-Hasser.

Tsvetelina Mareva says

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Mikee says

This is a powerful tautly written book about guilt and innocence, and how these states can not be decided by anyone outside oneself. Deeply moving.

Two years ago I wrote:

A strange book. A woman is murdered. Her ex-husband is acquitted of the crime. (You find this our at the very beginning). He denies guilt but his memory is cloudy. For the rest of the book he is reliving the trial and

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Conny says

"Blaubart" ist im Original ein französisches Märchen von Charles Perrault, nachzulesen hier:
<http://gutenberg.spiegel.de/buch/char...>

Max Frischs Blaubart heisst Felix Schaad und wurde verdächtigt, seine Ex-Frau ermordet zu haben, schliesslich aber - aus Mangel an Beweisen - freigesprochen. Der Text ist eine Montage aus innerem Monolog und der Gerichtsverhandlung in Schaads Erinnerung. Sein anschliessender Freispruch bringt ihm jedoch keine Erleichterung; die Frage nach Schuld bleibt allgegenwärtig. "Mangels Beweis - wie lebt einer damit?"
