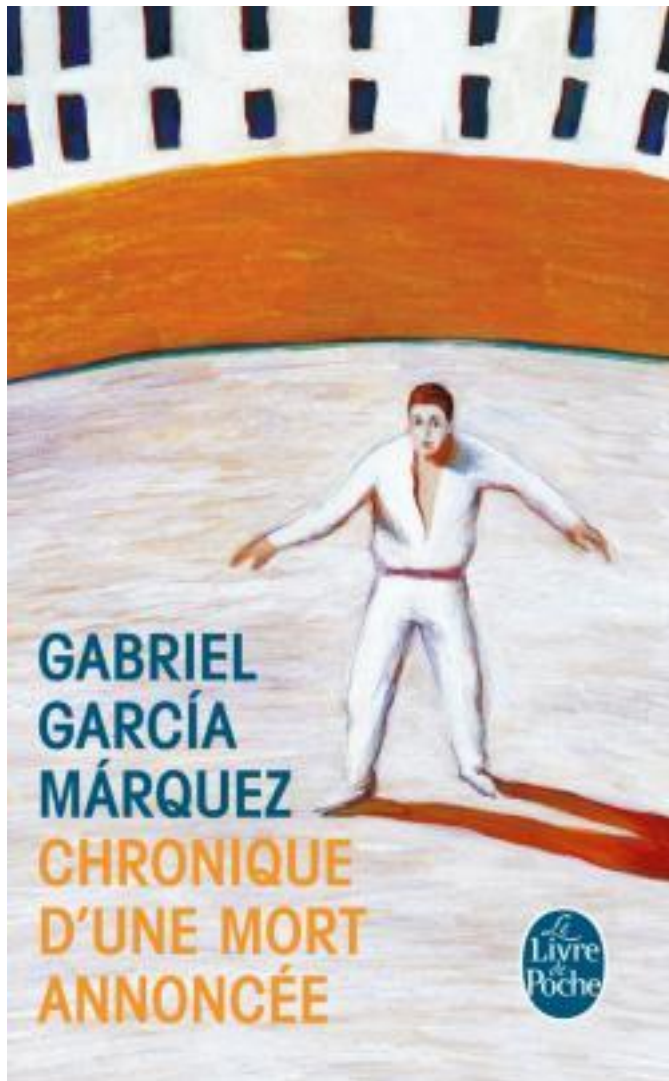

Gabriel García Márquez

Chronique d'une mort annoncée



Title: Chronique d'une mort annoncée

Author: Gabriel García Márquez

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Description

Les frères Vicario ont annoncé leur intention meurtrière à tous ceux qu'ils ont rencontrés, la rumeur alertant finalement le village entier, à l'exception de Santiago Nasar. Et pourtant, à l'aube, ce matin-là, Santiago Nasar sera poignardé devant sa porte.

Pourquoi le crime n'a-t-il pu être évité ? Les uns n'ont rien fait, croyant à une simple fanfaronnade d'ivrognes ; d'autres ont tenté d'agir, mais un enchevêtrement complexe de contretemps et d'imprévus – souvent joyeusement burlesques –, et aussi l'ingénuité ou la rancœur et les sentiments contradictoires d'une population vivant en vase clos dans son isolement tropical, ont permis et même facilité la volonté aveugle du destin. *Chronique d'une mort annoncée* est un roman hallucinant où l'humour et l'imagination du grand écrivain colombien, prix Nobel de littérature, se débrident plus que jamais pour créer une nouvelle et géniale fiction sur les thèmes éternels de l'honneur et de la fatalité.

Insightful reviews

Richard Vialet: In a tiny, coastal Latin American town, Angela Vicario and Bayardo San Román get married and have the biggest party the town had seen! But soon after, Bayardo returns his new wife to her shocked family after he realizes that her virginity has been spoiled. In an effort to restore her honor, her twin brothers murder her alleged deflowerer in cold blood (obviously not a spoiler), but not before announcing their intentions for all to hear.

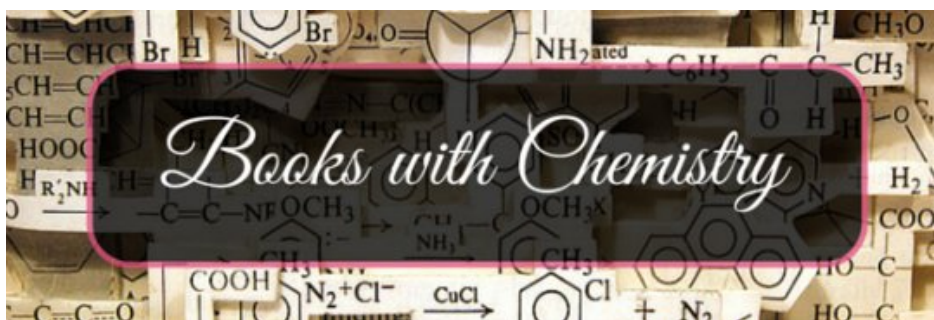
"All right, girl,' he told her, trembling with rage, 'tell us who it was.'

She only took the time necessary to say the name. She looked for it in the shadows, she found it at first sight among the many, many easily confused names from this world and the other, and she nailed it to the wall with her well-aimed dart, like a butterfly with no will whose sentence has always been written.

'Santiago Nasar,' she said"

The late master Gabriel García Márquez (with credit to translator Gregory Rabassa) has once again impressed me and captivated me with his command of language, this time in an effort to explore and document the events that surround this very public homicide. Not only does Marquez look at whether or not the Vicario brothers are right in defending their sister's honor in such a way, but even more significant, he writes a fascinating portrait of a small town, and how its collective mindset, the self-absorption of its citizens, bad decisions, unfortunate fate, and possibly straight up lies came together in an epic fail of preventing a tragedy that ultimately affect the community for years to come.

"They taught her old wives' tricks to feign her lost possession, so that on her first morning as a newlywed she could display open under the sun in the courtyard of her house the linen sheet with the stain of honor."



Vane J.:

I can't believe I had not written a review for this book. Since I'm constantly recommending it to people, I *should* have written a review at some point... but I didn't. Now is the time when I try to do it justice with this, as it is one of my fave books.

Chronicle of a Death Foretold that's exactly what this book is about: A death foretold. You may be asking yourselves, wtf *is* that? Well, that was pretty much my reaction in 2013 when I read this for the first time.

Santiago Nasar is found dead. He has been stabbed multiple times by a pair of twins (Pablo and Pedro Vicario), but really, that's nothing unusually remarkable - happens every day. What about his death makes it so impressive? **The fact that the twins told EVERYONE they were going to kill him.**

Funny thing is NO ONE believed them, as they were supposedly the role model of the neighborhood - they would never do such a thing! That's just a joke! And btw, why would they even tell they're planning a murder? Yep, definitely a joke.

Turns out they were speaking seriously.

And *that's* why it is a **chronicle of a death foretold**

The story is narrated through interviews to people who were related to Santiago in some way - be it directly or indirectly. It follows the events that led to the death: How it happened, *why* they did it, and why no one did anything... or why they actually tried to do something when it was already too late.

This book belongs to magical realism: What happens in it are things that theoretically are normal in real life, but they are so ridiculously improbable of actually happening that they are "magical." Why, you say? Well, this is not fantasy, obviously, but when you're reading the novel, you're always thinking, "please, this is NOT realistic. If someone was threatening to kill another person, people WOULD do something. They would not stay quiet."

Yeah, I agree with that, since that was pretty much me when I read this for the first (and now second) time. But the thing is that the more you read, the more sense the things make.

Improbable things suddenly become common and the usual becomes rare.

That's the effect this writer provokes.

Not only did he do that to me, but also the writing is so good (I read the original version in Spanish, so I don't know how the translations are) it grips you. He does not hide any of the facts and it's SHOWING, not telling – meaning the kind of writing we all love.

Characterization is excellent too, even when you never know the characters by some kind of narrator telling you how they think. As I said, the book is written in interviews format, so all you know about everyone is what the author of the article for the newspaper knows, including his own opinions about them.

I am really aware I am babbling right now, but I just wish you could just give this book a try. It's one of those classics that are worth it. It managed to approve the test of the 2015 rereads, which if I remember correctly, has just been approved by one series of all the books I reread.

Anyway, please, please, PLEASE add this book. If you're a fan of magical realism, you should read this too. I know latin-american authors are not very popular, but at least give this one a try. He really deserves your reading time.

I have not read anything else by this author, but I sure will. My mother has recommended me [One Hundred Years of Solitude](#) and [Love in the Time of Cholera](#)... and I have plans of reading another one of his books. If you have read and liked one of those books, then this is just for you; if you didn't like them, then eh-h-h-h; BUT if you're a newbie, I repeat: READ THIS.

Traveller: Brilliantly told....

I've just re-read this novel; and I've just remembered why it stuck with me after reading it the first time.

I have since learned that the novella is based on a true story, in which the author himself had been involved. This caused the book to carry even more of a disturbing impact for me.

The novel (novella? it's rather short) starts off in detective/journalistic investigative fashion; at first it seems casual and desultory; the narrator seems to be merely reporting. However, in spite of the text having the discipline and surface appearance of a journalistic style, when you realise that the author himself was emotionally impacted by the events, it dawns on you that the author has been attempting to work through his own horror and grief and helplessness at the events described in the book. The disciplined style in which he narrates, and the way in which he arranges the seemingly eclectic (but upon reflection obviously thoughtfully arranged) recollections, adds to the haunting and reflective qualities of the narration.

It is only at the very end of the book that the author exposes one to the more visceral horror of the events, and here the journalistic, almost dispassionate narrative style serves to very effectively portray the horror inherent in this death that was so thoroughly foretold.

The material has been so cleverly arranged that the narration picks up in emotional impact as

the "investigation" develops, and the story finishes off with a visceral climax that leaves you feeling as if you had been punched in the solar plexus.

It is a brilliant look at a set of events that was precipitated not only by acts, but by a certain mindset, - a single sexual act (the deflowering of Angela Vicario) ended up affecting an entire town, and the effects could still be felt twenty seven years later.

At the start of his investigation the author sets out to seek answers as to the "why" the death happened. Throughout the book he presents a thousand "if only's"; - of instances of how the death could have been avoided if only this or that had happened slightly differently.

The townspeople seem to believe it was a *fait accompli* because it was either ordained by fate, or, since it was a deed of "honour" within a certain religious mindset, it "had to" be done.

I get the feeling that these are not the sentiments of the author himself though, and that at the end, he is left with the same rage of helpless incomprehension; which is yet subtly laced with a certain fatalistic acceptance, that he leaves the reader with. The most ironic twist for me was that it was the victims' own mother, who, at the very end, while actually trying to save her son, unwittingly finally sealed his fate.

PS. It would seem that whomever did the Goodreads description introducing the novel, got hold of the wrong plot. It doesn't describe quite the correct set of events that take place in the novel, or even the actual POV of the novel, but oh, well...

Célia Loureiro: "- Mataram-me, menina Wene" A minha primeira experiência com Gabriel García Márquez foi, precisamente, com o "Cem Anos de Solidão". A cada livro ou mesmo frase que leio dele, posso apenas constatar que não estava preparada para ler essa obra-prima quando me aventurei nela. Não consegui gostar, não me apaixonei pelo surrealismo sul-americano que tanta beleza imprime às obras deste autor. Na altura alguém, vendo-me com perfil de escritora no Goodreads, veio dizer-me, em privado, que só poderia escrever caca se tinha atribuído 1 estrela à obra-prima do Gabo. Na altura evoquei o evidente: não me identifiquei, não gostei. Uma classificação a uma obra artística é sempre mais um manifesto de percepção do que algo de aproximado a uma verdade absoluta. Não há verdades absolutas quanto à arte, mas há verdades incontornáveis. E é incontornável que o Nobel colombiano é um contador de histórias exímio. Há um grande debate aí pelas redes sociais, a propósito da qualidade das obras/gosto pessoal dos leitores. eu digo isto: se se quer avaliar a alma de um livro, a sua qualidade humanística, olhe-se aos leitores. Quem leu? Quem gostou? E daí retirem as vossas conclusões. Já que usei a palavra caca acima, vou chamá-la de novo: escreve-se muita caca hoje em dia. Há um culto do "escrever": as palavras caras, os floreios, o cliché, a piada fácil, a tentativa de criar um tcharan no encerrar da ideia que, na maioria das vezes, me suscita um "?" e um enrugamento de testa. Mas que raio...? Onde anda o conteúdo? Onde andam os contadores de histórias? eu digo-vos, a meu ver, onde é que eles andam: À escuta. Atrás das portas, nas esquinas, nos becos. É o tipo de cigarro nas beças a duas mesas da vossa, ao pequeno-almoço. É o que finge ler o jornal enquanto vocês conversam com a vizinha na paragem de autocarro. É o que olha pela janela do metro enquanto vocês falam ao telefone. É o miúdo que se põe hirto enquanto vocês discutem, em casa e de janelas abertas, confiantes

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