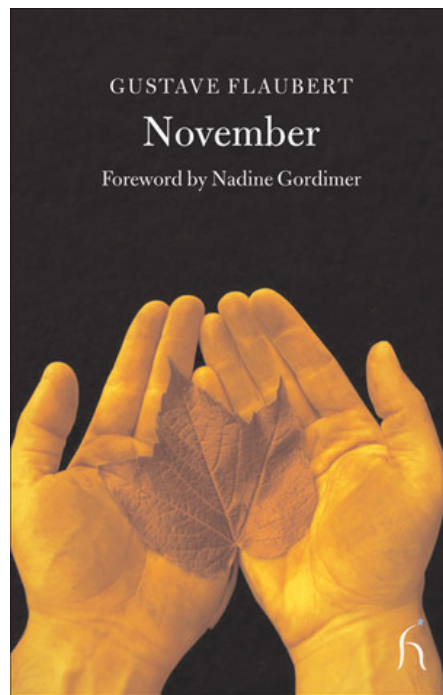




November

Gustave Flaubert , Nadine Gordimer (Foreword by) , Andrew Brown (Translator)

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An intense, passionate, and profoundly moving work, Flaubert's *November* explores the notions of desire and longing to most remarkable effect. Wrestling with the agony of loneliness, a young man withdraws deeper into himself, believing he has now reached the autumn of his life. His increasing hopelessness gives way to a yearning for romance—surely the love of a woman can deliver him the purpose he so craves? Convinced of the truth of this, he visits Marie, a kindhearted prostitute—yet Marie, too, is starved of love and longs for acceptance. Together, they form a tragic portrait of personal anguish, heralding the extraordinary outpouring of romantic longing found in Flaubert's later novels. Most famous for *Madame Bovary* and *Sentimental Education: The Story of a Young Man*, Gustave Flaubert is one of the undisputed masters of 19th-century fiction.

November Details

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From Reader Review November for online ebook

BlueBird says

"Bio sam, dakle, ono sto ste vi svi, covek koji zivi, koji spava, koji jede, koji pije, koji place, koji se smeje, koji se sasvim povukao u sebe i koji uvek iznova nalazi u sebi, kud god da krene, iste rusevine nada, koje se ruse cim se podignu, istu prasinu smrvljenih stvari, iste staze, hiljadu puta obilazene, iste neistrazene, stravicne i dosadne dubine. Niste li poput mene umorni od toga sto se budite svakog jutra i sto opet vidite sunce, umorni da zivite uvek istim zivotom, da patite od istog bola, umorni da zelite i umorni da se zgadite, umorni da cekate i umorni da imate?"

Ilse says

Chaque minute de ma vie se trouve tout à coup séparée de l'autre par un abîme, entre hier et aujourd'hui il y a pour moi une éternité qui m'épouvante, chaque jour il me semble que je n'étais pas si misérable la veille et, sans pouvoir dire ce que j'avais de plus, je sens bien que je m'appauvris et que l'heure qui arrive m'emporte quelque chose, étonné seulement d'avoir encore dans le coeur place pour la souffrance ; mais le coeur de l'homme est inépuisable pour la tristesse : un ou deux bonheurs le remplissent, toutes les misères de l'humanité peuvent s'y donner rendez-vous et vivre comme des hautes.

(photograph Friedhof Heidelberg, by André Wohlgemuth)

Leslie-ann says

I love this book. As I read it, I was constantly reminded of my favorite poem:

what would you do
if all the lovers of your years
passed by at midnight
dressed in the flesh
they wore when you
last loved them?
what do I do?
what do I say?
I loved you then,
I touch you now
with all the glow
you left in the palm of my hands.

Robin Blaser (1925-2009)

Although it appears the discovery of sexuality, love, and passion is at the forefront of the book--it is much more than that. It is about the human condition--it is about experience (both lovely and appalling)--it is about

the inanities of life and society--it is about being trapped within yourself and released--it is about coming of age, even when your grown--it is about the end of innocence and life, of spirituality--it is about haunting loneliness and the grasp of alienation--it is about the human experience that draws us into and away from ourselves and others. This text is so multi-layered that I will re-read this book many times over simply to grasp all of its implications..

I did not like the ending, but I understand its purpose. The ending is why I give the book four stars instead of five.

Eadweard says

A bit Romantic and (given the era) full of Orientalist imagery. Each sentence almost like finely sculpted marble, almost.

" Pero el corazón humano es inagotable para la tristeza: una o dos alegrías bastan para colmarlo, mientras que en él pueden darse cita todas las miserias del mundo y vivir como invitadas. "

" Hay días en que vivimos dos existencias; la segunda se convierte en tan solo un recuerdo de la primera. "

Elizabeth (Alaska) says

Everywhere it is said that *Madame Bovary* is Flaubert's first novel. This book is 15 years earlier than *Bovary*. It is fiction, but doesn't quite conform to the notion of a novel. It was written when Flaubert was just 20 years old, but is written from the perspective of an old man who remembers his youth. Four pages in, he begins to recount his thoughts when attending the circus.

Those were the first women I ever loved. My mind would whip itself into a frenzy thinking about those strange-shaped thighs, clad in pink tights, and those supple arms, swathed in rings that the dancers would clash together behind their backs when they bent over backwards so far that the plumes of their turbans touched the ground. I was already trying to imagine what woman was like (we think of women at every age: while still children, we fondle with a naive sensuality the breasts of those grown-up girls kissing us and cuddling us in their arms; at the age of ten, we dream of love, at fifteen, love comes along; at sixty, it is still with us, and if dead men in their tombs have any thought in their heads, it is how to make their way underground to the nearby grave, lift the shroud of the dear departed woman, and mingle with her in her sleep); thus, woman was an alluring mystery for me, one that troubled my poor childish head.

This is an odd little book. The GR description is quite accurate, but I'm afraid it makes it sound as if there is more story than actually exists. Flaubert's genius is already apparent, but he had not yet learned how to structure his story. In this, he also didn't quite have a story, but presents rambling thoughts.

I'm glad I read this. I have some perspective on this author I didn't have before reading it. However, I think I wouldn't attempt it again, even if it is just 100 pages.

Dalibor Vasi? says

'ljudsko srce je neiscrpno za tugu; jedna ili dve sreće ispune ga potpuno, sve nevolje citavog covecanstva mogu tu da zakazu sastanak i da u njemu zive kao gosti'

Florencia says

Maybe happiness too is a metaphor invented on a day of boredom.

Cody says

"Flaubert horny, Michael." cool to see lil this weird lil horndog try to sort out his feelings about babes. goodluck flowbert i hope you find the nooknook you deserve

there is something quite dreadful about an ugly person; from a distance he fills you with horror, and from close up with disgust; when he speaks, you suffer; if he weeps, his tears irritate you; you feel like beating him up when he laughs and, in silence, his motionless face strikes you as the seat of every vice and every base instinct.

As for seducing a young woman, he would have felt less guilty if he had raped her; to yoke someone to you was for him worse than murdering her.

Finally, last December, he died, but slowly, little by little, by mere dint of thinking, without any organ being affected, the way one dies of sadness - which will appear rather difficult to people who have suffered a great deal; but you have to put up with it in a novel, for love of the marvellous.

Resigned to being bored everywhere and by everything,

Ana Daji? says

"Ali zar i sreća nije isto tako jedna metafora izmišljena jednog dana punog dosade?"

Nesrazmerni says

Pet zvezdica zbog Floberovog stila i pronalaženja sebe skoro u svakoj rečenici priče.

Ovo je brutalna ispovest jednog mladića. Flober zaranja u svoje najdublje i najiskrenije predele svog srca i svoje ličnosti i o njima govori sasvim iskreno. Usled nemogućnosti da pronađe ljubav "dostojnu sebe samog" on luta svetom i u svemu nalazi privremen mir iz kojeg kasnije proizlaze dosada i očaj. Uporedo sa svojim lutanjima Flober nailazi na Mariju, svoju prvu ljubavnicu, koja poput njega ne uspeva da pronađe ovekaj kojeg bi mogla voleti svim svojim srcem.

ilknur a.k.a. iko ? says

bi kere zaten benim, -ço?unlukla- beni anlatan kitaplar? ald???m? biliyoruz art?k geçiyorum. evet, kitapta bana ait olmamas? mümkün bir k?s?m, cümle ve ya nokta bile yok. (haz konusu belki bende daha hafif ve daha farklı? aç?dan, ama temel aynı?)

yani böyle güzel bi kitap yok! ama nas?l güzel, nas?l fevkalade, nas?l müthi? bir eser; böyle bir tesir etme, böyle bir sarsma, böyle bir nüfuz etme yok! ayaklar?m?n alt?ndaki zemin kayd?.

sadece kitapta "ben" vard? diye demiyorum. hakikaten muhte?em. Flaubert her zaman ba? tac?m olmu?tur ama bu! ya abi yok böyle bi?i yok.
nys.

frans?z edebiyat? pirimdir. zaten Madam Bavory'den herife tutkunum. Flaubert'in dilini çok severim. ancak daha önce, son okudu?um dostocu?umda da bahsetmi?tim, klasikler ad?na bir ?ey hat?rlam?yorum. ve ?imdi okurken, her ne kadar sadele?tirilmi? ya da eksiltilmi? okusam baz?lar?n? eskiden (çünkü vitamindik, ve fakirdik), o zamanlar nas?l hayretler içerisinde okuduysam ve nas?l doyumsuz bir tat ald?ysam ?imdi de aynı? ?ekilde duyumsad?m bunlar?. yani *betimlemeleri, mecazlar?, ç?kar?mlar?, psikoanalizleri, at?flar?, ifadeleri,, art?k edebiyata dair yap?labilecek ne kadar söz sanat?, biçim ve biçem ad?na ne varsa, hepsinde bamba?ka bi?i bu kitap. kitab?n b?rak?n verdi?i mesaj?, alt metnini, diyaloglar?n?, hikayesini ya da ne anlatt???n? falan, bunlar için bile bu kitap ba?yap?t. ve k?sa bir ba?yap?t. kahrolas? k?sa!*

betimleme sizce de tap?las? bi'?ey de?il mi? hele de romantikse!

?imdi gev?ek gev?ek kitap için 'ergenli?inde cinselli?i, a?k? deneyimlemeye ad?m atan (ve bakirli?ini kaybetti?i kad?nda tak?l? kalan sefil) bakir bir genç' diye de yorabilirim ama ay?p olur. bu kitapta bahsedilen ?eyler haz, a?k ve sevi?mek; orgazm, sevme ve seks de?il. mesele yaln?zca cinsel arzu de?il ;salt arzu, arzulama fiilinin ta kendisi. kitap sadece bunlar da de?il. protagonistin veya Marie'nin bahsettikleri yaln?zca bunlar de?il. ya?am ve ya?amak ad?na harika metinler var ve bu kitab?n do?as?nda, haki?, gerçek ve asl'olarak, arzu a???rl?k merkezi.

peki o son ne öyle?

beni öldürmeye ne hakk?n var?

beni a?latmaya peki?

bir de ?eye ?a?t?m, kitab?n müstehcenli?i. (tamam hani okudu?umuz romancelara göre hiçbir ?ey de asdfasf) kitapta var yani. acaba zaman?nda sansür yemi? mi merak ettim, bakt?m ancak böyle bir ?ey okumad?m. *tabi benlik bir s?k?nt? yok, ziyadesiyle memnum oldum okumaktan o sahneleri.* sadece yay?m tarihi itibariyle dü?ününce bi 'oha nas? yani dorian gray elli y?l sonra bas?ld? ve sansür yedi' oldu (tmm pek do?ru bir kar???la?t?rma de?il ama). belki aradaki fark frans?zd?r sdfadfasd

ithaki bence yine harika i? ç?kartm??. arad?m tarad?m, kitab? daha önce yine ithaki çevirmi? ama kitab? tükenmi? olarak bile bulamad?m sadece bi' kitap kapa?? ç?k?yor. çeviriyi sevdim, imlas?nda, yaz?m kurallar?nda falan s?k?nt? yoktu. zaten 'dünya klasikleri serisi'nin kapak tasar?mlar?, iç dizayn? ve yaz? biçimlendirmesi çok iyi yay?nevinin.

« "Koltukalt?ndaki enfes bir k?vr?m, sanki omzunun gülümsemesiydi..."»
esenlikle
xoxo

Carloesse says

La lettura di questo breve romanzo in una pausa (ho rimandato un poco l'attacco alla lettura del quinto volume) della "mia" *Recherche* mi ha messo direttamente sotto gli occhi il quanto Proust affondi profondamente le proprie radici in Flaubert, scrittore da lui venerato, peraltro maestro riconosciuto da tutti, già ai suoi tempi, una sorta di "padre della lingua letteraria francese" un po' come da noi il Manzoni. Ma se accanto alle questioni di grammatica e sintassi, di eleganza linguistica, di uno stile che trovi perfetta corrispondenza tra forma e contenuti narrativi attraverso una strada ardua e sofferta, fatta di continue e faticose scelte e revisioni, che troverà una direzione ancora più decisa verso una vera "estetica" solo a partire dalla *Bovary*, già qui, in questa opera giovanile e riconosciuta "acerba" dal suo stesso scrittore che non a caso scelse come sottotitolo a questo suo lavoro "Frammenti di uno stile qualsiasi", si possono incontrare "in nuce" non solo alcuni temi che troveranno un più deciso (e diverso) sviluppo nella *Bovary* stessa, come peraltro chiaramente sottolineato da Giuseppe Aloe nella nota introduttiva a questa edizione, ma anche nella *Recherche* proustiana.

Trovo qualche cosa in più di una semplice somiglianza di fondo tra Marcel e il protagonista privo di nome di questa storia che ci viene narrata in forma diaristica (ma continua, senza una pausa) come una ricostruzione tardiva della propria vita, del proprio invecchiamento precoce senza avere conseguito alcunchè, interrogandosi sulle emozioni, sui sentimenti, sulle sensazioni provate, le brevi o lunghe passioni suscitate dagli amori più immaginati che vissuti (uno solo concretizzato o suscitato tardivamente dal ricordo di un'esperienza di una sola notte con una prostituta), sulle pulsioni realmente provate, sulla sua incapacità ad agire e soffermandosi sulle dilatazioni e contrazioni del tempo e della memoria. Anche a voi ricorda qualcosa?

Questo unico protagonista della storia ripercorre così, ancora giovane ma già piombato nel proprio personale autunno (preannunciato già fin dal suo inizio e ancora prima dal titolo), un Novembre precoce che lo porterà ormai solo alla sua fine, senza alcuna speranza, senza alcun annuncio di una successiva primavera, la sua breve esistenza; ma il tema ritroverà nelle opere successive dello stesso Flaubert, e poi in Proust, un diverso e ben più ampio sviluppo e respiro.

Acerba o meno che sia, quest'opera mostra già un'impronta di straordinario talento, e dello sforzo comunque compiuto (pur con qualche caduta) nella ricerca di una sorprendente eleganza di stile. E merita così qualcosa di più di una fugace occhiata.

***Marija* says**

Opis doživljaja sveta i ljubavi je divan i skoro se savršeno slaže sa mojim doživljajem. Prelepo.

Kasnije se ne pronalazim toliko...

"Rekao sam vam da sam voleo sunce; onih dana kada sija, u mojoj je duši još do nedavno bilo ne?eg od one vedrine blistavih horizonata i nebeskih visina."

"O, na kolika su me putovanja navele kutije od ?aja."

Rachel says

Do not be put off by the adolescent objectification practiced by the narrator in the beginning of this novella, as he gazes obsessively at each woman he encounters - this is a profoundly moral book, in all its youth and naivete, a book about people searching for a mutual experience of sexual pleasure, freely and enthusiastically chosen. Behind its romanticism and overwrought language, it is a scathing condemnation of all sexual relations involving coercion, all the ways in which the women of Flaubert's society were required to submit to sex they did not desire. I found the moral fervor of the twenty-year-old Flaubert who wrote this book startling and exciting.

For all that, it is a young book, a slip of a thing, without much nuance or development, still rife with the mistakes and excesses of youth. Wonderful to see Flaubert's development, from *Memoirs of a Madman* to this to *Madame Bovary* and *Salammbô*.

Alex Flynn says

I've had a chance to reread the book. I must admit I skimmed the ending the first time, but finding myself on a train, I had the chance to read it more thoroughly. I also read the introduction which informed me that this was written when he was 20. Not quite juvenalia but not quite fully developed work. I found some of it to be directionless, including long passages about all the places in the world the character would like to visit, and a sort-of afterwords about his miserable life. The true jewel within this work, however, is the story of Marie, the prostitute the protagonist visits. It was a wonderful narrative about searching without ever finding, and contains some of the basis of what I believe would be more fully examined in *Emma Bovary*. Additionally, the discussion afterwords about lost love and the character never seeing her again is wonderful.

---Original Review---

Flaubert is horny. That is pretty much what I got from this book. Also he is an amazing writer, but I already knew that. The book charts the sexual awakening of a young man, reflecting on his youth (even though he ain't all that old), and a prostitute he loved/was devirginized by. It has wonderfully mellifluous passages reflecting on life and love and is worth it for the prose alone. It is easy to see the machinations of the more mature and accomplished Flaubert in this work, however, in and off itself it is minimalistic. As an artistic statement perhaps it makes sense in context of his later critique of sentimentalist and romantic literature, since this boy is more a realistic depiction of a young man than the chivalric heroes of his contemporaries. It

did seem more like something belonging in *In Search of Lost Time*, with its reflections on the meanings of the past, but since I have only read *Madame Bovary* I am not qualified to make such statements. I am going to read *Sentimental Education* next, and this seems like the early draft from what I've heard. It also is an excellent example of the Flâneur, which James Wood writes about in *How Fiction Works*, so perhaps it was an important influence on later french literature. I would need at least a Masters to get into this.
