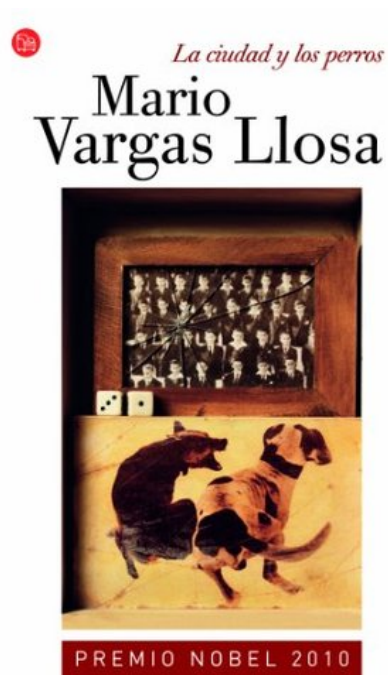




La ciudad y los perros

Mario Vargas Llosa

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) ➔

La ciudad y los perros

Mario Vargas Llosa

La ciudad y los perros Mario Vargas Llosa

En 1962, La ciudad y los perros recibía el Premio Biblioteca Breve. Así comenzaba la andadura literaria de esta obra considerada una de las mejores novelas en español del siglo XX. Los personajes de La ciudad y los perros, un grupo de jóvenes que se «educan» en una disciplina militar implacable y violenta, aprenden a sobrevivir en un ambiente en el que están muy arraigados los prejuicios raciales y las diferencias entre clases sociales y económicas; donde todos se muestran como no son en realidad y la transgresión de las normas establecidas parece ser la única salida.

La ciudad y los perros Details

Date : Published November 1st 2000 by Punto de Lectura (first published 1962)

ISBN : 9788466309158

Author : Mario Vargas Llosa

Format : Mass Market Paperback 446 pages

Genre : Fiction, European Literature, Spanish Literature, Cultural, Latin American

 [Download La ciudad y los perros ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online La ciudad y los perros ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online La ciudad y los perros Mario Vargas Llosa

From Reader Review *La ciudad y los perros* for online ebook

Yani says

Debería decir que esta novela no me gustó. Porque es violenta, porque es racista, porque es machista, porque los personajes son un asco, víctimas y victimarios de las circunstancias, porque los odié y etcétera. Y sí, he pensado en eso unas cuantas veces, pero la novela, independientemente de su temática, fue más fuerte que yo: *La ciudad y los perros* me encantó. No podía dejar de leer. Ni siquiera las perspectivas alternativas y la narración fluida y apretada pudieron hacer que abandonara el libro (de hecho, hicieron que me gustara más).

La historia arranca en el momento en que un grupo de alumnos del Colegio Militar Leoncio Prado planea robar un examen. Esto trae consecuencias que van a desatar toda la novela hasta que termina y eso me sorprendió: de una travesura se desprenden hechos y así se van articulando las vidas de los personajes (el Jaguar, Cava, Boa, Alberto, el Esclavo y demás), ya que la novela no se centra sólo en la estadía de estos durante el período escolar. De esta forma, el lector se irá enterando en medio del camino de los motivos de la elección de esa educación, de las cargas de los alumnos, de las expectativas, de las frustraciones. Pero también están los episodios en los que los jóvenes se rebelan ante la dura disciplina del colegio, que intenta hacerles adoptar a la fuerza una postura incómoda (o no tanto, porque a algunos les sale bien): hombres serios, derechos, bien machos, fieles a la patria. Todos están estrictamente vigilados por las autoridades del colegio, que imponen castigos y humillan a los alumnos cuando se les da la gana, pero que también se maltratan entre sí. El problema está en que esa presión que ejercen encuentra una escapatoria, porque los chicos rompen las reglas igual (fuman, toman alcohol, pelean).

Hay escenas revulsivas que esperaba desde el momento en que leí que era un internado de varones, porque ya me había topado con una novela con una temática parecida y no pude evitar compararlas. Esta es mucho peor, vale aclarar. En el plano de lo sexual se puede esperar cualquier cosa, pero lo que me pareció “nuevo” (por llamarlo de alguna manera) fue el brutal trato que se tenían los jóvenes durante la convivencia. Sin embargo, aquí no hay ovejas blancas: la violencia es cíclica, el daño se recibe y luego se distribuye a otro, sin miramientos. La rabia no es sólo física, sino que también es verbal (en la novela se insultan muchísimo usando las divisiones regionales y las cuestiones de hombría, por ejemplo). Ni siquiera Alberto, el que engaña con su apodo de “Poeta” y parece ser medianamente reflexivo, se salva. Y, sin embargo, ninguno tiene la culpa.

Llega un punto en donde la novela da un giro y ya no se puede adivinar el futuro. Nunca supe qué iba a pasar, porque Vargas Llosa se vale de los cambios de perspectivas y produce un engaño que funciona (o que funcionó conmigo, al menos). Uno arma su teoría, pero sólo en el final comprueba si era acertada o no. El estilo parece sencillo, no hay términos rebuscados. La única dificultad para los lectores distraídos viene de la mano de la narración que da saltos temporales (hacia atrás y hacia adelante) y cambia los personajes que llevan la historia, además de usar distintos narradores para cada punto de vista (algunos están en primera persona y otros en tercera). Esto es muy interesante porque en los episodios en primera persona uno se mete en los pensamientos de los personajes. Uno se vuelve *ellos* y te atrapan.

Casi todo lo que conté sonó horrible, incluso hasta repelente, pero es bueno saber que Vargas Llosa está exponiendo y criticando, no avalando. No es lo mismo. Leí que él fue a esa escuela y, por lo tanto, pudo aportar un poco de sus conocimientos sobre ese sistema de educación (si se le puede llamar “educación”). Esta novela me resultó muy interesante por su planteo, por su falta de moderación. Cuando uno la lee se siente mal, es muy provocativa e invita a reflexionar de una manera poco suave, como si te estuvieran zamarreando. Tal vez me lo haya tomado en serio, pero eso es lo que me sucedió. Por supuesto, tengo ganas

de seguir leyendo a Vargas Llosa porque me causó una buena impresión con su literatura.

Davide says

[2017]

Perché non avevo mai letto prima un romanzo di Vargas Llosa? Per nessuna ragione precisa, credo; soltanto per il motivo più invincibile: non si può leggere tutto quello che si vorrebbe.

Poi un certo giorno si è creato il giusto incrocio di occasioni (una prima edizione italiana trovata su una bancarella, un momento in cui non c'erano altri libri già iniziati a portata di mano...) e *La città e i cani* mi è piaciuto così tanto che ho aggiunto al volo nei "da leggere" il romanzo che Vargas Llosa scrisse subito dopo: *La casa verde*.

Allora, la "città" è Lima e i "cani" è il soprannome dato ai cadetti del collegio militare Leoncio Prado, dove vige un terribile clima di sopraffazione e violenza, che soffoca quasi completamente le aspirazioni all'amore e all'amicizia. La cultura dominante (anche fuori) è intrisa di machismo, razzismo, classismo: i padri mandano i figli come interni nel collegio militare per farli diventare "veri uomini"; se hanno molte amanti le mogli si disperano ma tutti pensano che sono dei "dritti"; ci sono continue battute violente contro i "negri", i "montanari", i "finocchi".

In questo clima generale, colpisce subito la grande capacità di far emergere un po' per volta molti personaggi (il Poeta, lo Schiavo, il Giaguaro, il Boa, Cava, ecc.), che via via sostengono i diversi momenti della narrazione non solo con il loro punto di vista, ma proprio con la loro parola, che a volte scivola verso il flusso di coscienza. Con l'aggiunta di andirivieni temporali, che complicano le cose, ma anche le approfondiscono.

Non si può dire di più senza rovinare l'esperienza della lettura, che è anche una coinvolgente ri-costruzione dell'insieme da parte del lettore, ma basti dire che si arriva ad ammirare anche quanto è saldamente governata la struttura complessiva.

Soprattutto nella seconda parte si delineano con nettezza i temi principali, che ruotano intorno alla lealtà e al tradimento, alla competizione e al desiderio triangolare; e si allarga l'attenzione dai cadetti anche agli ufficiali, e quindi all'istituzione nel suo complesso.

Ovviamente non si può dire nulla nemmeno sul finale, se non che dà soddisfazione al lettore per il piacere del riunirsi delle trame disperse, per la comprensione delle allusioni e per il sentimento di organica rappresentazione di un mondo nelle sue sfaccettature. Anche se, in fondo, è realisticamente sconsolato.

p. s. La traduzione di Enrico Cicogna è ovviamente invecchiata (leggo esattamente cinquant'anni dopo la prima edizione italiana), ma sembra invecchiata bene: è solo una sensazione di lettura, non ho fatto nessun tipo di controllo, però alla lettura è efficace.

p.s. 2 Ieri (13 giugno 2017) mi è arrivato *La Casa Verde*...

p.s. 3 E ora vedo che *La città e i cani*, con *La Casa Verde*, e con la *Conversazione nella Cattedrale* è entrato anche nel primo volume dei *Romanzi nei Meridiani*, a cura di Bruno Arpaia.

Le quité una estrella. ¿Cómo es posible que le quitemos una estrella a un Premio Nobel? Después de mucho

pensarlo creo que se la quité porque de un Premio Nobel de Literatura se esperaría que aun con este nivel de maestría mostrara errores de primerizo (comparados con el resto de sus obras, por supuesto). Uno de los que interpreté como errores fue que todo ese despliegue de galanura literaria nos lleva a una conclusión donde hay historias que no se cierran (como qué pasó con la pobre Malpapeada y el Boa) o un personaje cortado a la mitad del libro cuyo pasado no se termina de desarrollar. Pero es peccata minuta, creo yo. El final que parece algo desentonante no es más que una conclusión que remarca que los dramas adolescentes no son más que una guerrita sin sentido (incluso si esta guerrita llega a sus últimas consecuencias) y que el militarismo latinoamericano ha sido siempre ridículo. Los conflictos internos retratados frente a los conflictos globales parecen la Copa América comparada con la Eurocopa (¡Ay!).

Sahar Khoshghadam says

??? ??? ????? ???? ?? ??? ?? ????? ?????? ???? ?? ??????? ?? ??? ????? ????. ?????? ??? ??? ????? ????? ?
?????? ????? ?? ????? ???? ?????? ? ?????? ? ??????? ?? ????? ?? ????? ?? ??? ? ????? ? ??? ?? ??
???? ? ??? ?? ????? ? ????? ???? ?????? ??? ????? ??????? ????? ?? ????? ????? ?????? ????? ?????? ?? ?????? ??
????? ????? ?? ?????? ??? ?? ?????? ?????????? ????? ??????? ??????.???? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?
??? ?

Solistas says

Πολ? σκληρ? κε?μενο απο ?ναν συγγραφε? που αντιπαθ? τρελ? σαν ανθρωπο αλλα διαβ?ζω
μανιωδ?ς. Δεν ξ?ρω πως γ?νεται να γρ?ψεις την Π?λη κ τα Σκυλι? στην πρ?τη σου
μυθιστορηματικ? απ?πειρα κ να καταφ?ρεις να δ?σεις κ?μπο το στομ?χι ?λων των ανυποψ?αστων
αναγνωστ?v

Ana says

Llosa's ability to build a world brick by brick is legendary, more so because every brick is dripping in character. He can describe a feeling or a look or a way of talking like no other. His characters are wonderfully complex creations that populate a world so flawed, you are amazed it's still standing. It took a little time to read through this work, because in typical South-American fashion, his literature is complicated to digest. I only recommend it to readers with patience, and who like detailed descriptions of emotion, or are otherwise inclined to like literature in its most technical form. Those readers would be rewarded with a very good story and a geniuns ending!

?λσα says

Καταπληκτικός συγγραφέας κ δεξιοτεχνής της λογοτεχνίας! Εντυπωσιαστήκα απο τις συνεχείς
εναλλαγές της αφήγησης. Πρωτοπροσωπη και τριτοπροσωπη αφήγηση χωρίς να σε κουράζει. Μου
αρεσε επίσης που ολοι οι ηρωες ειχαν "πρωταγωνιστικο" ρολο καθε φορα που εμφανιζονταν.
Παρουσιαζονταν στο βιβλιο επιβλητικά και ως εντονοι χαρακτηρες κ οχι βουβα προσωπα.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

La ciudad y los perros = The City and the Dogs = The Time of the Hero, Mario Vargas Llosa

The Time of the Hero (original title: La ciudad y los perros, literally "The City and the Dogs", 1963) is a 1963 novel by Peruvian writer Mario Vargas Llosa, who won the Nobel Prize in 2010. It was Vargas Llosa's first novel and is set among the cadets at the Leoncio Prado Military Academy in Lima, which he attended as a teenager. The novel portrays the school so scathingly that its leadership burned a large number of copies and condemned the book as Ecuadorian propaganda against Peru.

????? ?????? ??????: ??? ????? ??? 2006 ??????

?????: ?????? ???? ??????: ?????? ??????(??????) ?????? ??????: ???? ????????? ??????? ????:? ??? ????? ???????

???????? ???? ?? 1382? ????? ???? 1384? ?? 560 ?? ?????: ????????? ????? ???? ???? : 9643512134?

?????: ????????? ?????????? ?????? ??? 20 ?

??????? ???? ?????? ???? ? ? ?????? ? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ? ? ?????? ? ? ?????? ? ?????? ? ?????? ???? ?

?????? ???. «?????? ??»? ??????? ????? ????? ????? ????? ????? ????? ????? ????? ????? ????? ? ?? ????? ????? ?

????????? ?????? ??? ???? ?? ?????? ?????????? ??? ?? ??? ??? ?????? ? ?????????? ?? ?????????? ?? ?????????? ?????????? ??

?????? ?? ?????? ? ?????? ?? ???? ????? ? ????????? ???, ??? ???? ??????? ????????????? ???? ? ????????? ?????????

??? ?? ??? ????? ?? ?????????? ?????? ??????? ??????? ? ??????? ? ??????????? ?? ?????? ??????? ? ??????? ?????? ??????

?. ??????

Michael Finocchiaro says

Mario Vargas Llosa's first book, based on his own experiences in a military academy, is a great read and certainly demonstrates the qualities of writing that he used later and that eventually earned him a deserved Nobel Prize for Literature in 2010. The narration is non-linear and post-modern in that the voice shifts from 3rd person to 1st person and the story is told from several perspectives at once. What looks like a relatively simple story of revenge becomes something much bigger - the conditioning of young men into thoughtless soldiers, the appalling way that men treated women in Peru (I suppose that hasn't changed), the hypocrisy of upper command which always protects reputation above everything else, the desperation of being bullied and the inevitable creation of bullied...The primary character Alberto has incredible depth (and is a rather obvious standin for Vargas Llosa himself). The captain Gamboa is not the person who we think he is and is drawn out perfectly. The one confusing bit to me was the focus on the Boa character and why he had an allegiance to the Jaguar. This is a rather minor point however because the entire narrative is captivating. There are truly moments when the reader feels he is walking in Lima and its suburbs and the descriptions of life at the academy are frankly terrifying. The Leoncio Military Academy exists in real life and was so scandalized by the book that they burned 100 copies of it shen it came out.

Another interesting aspect of *The Time of the Hero* is racism. Peru was of course created from the wreckage of the Spanish conquering of the Incas by Pizarro and subsequent local wars that carved out the modern states of Columbia, Paraguay, Ecuador, and Chile. When Gamboa comes to see the Jaguar in lockup, he is surprised that the boy is not a "half-breed" like most of the kids in the Academy. There is another narrative earlier in the book, although it was hard for me to understand if it concerned Alberto or the Jaguar or someone else, where the family is a bit surprised to send this apparently white kid into the academy which they perceived as being full of half-breeds and savages. Now, I have unfortunately never visited Peru, but I have had several Peruvian friends over the years, so I know that by "half-breed", they are referring to

descendants of the Spanish colonists with the descendants of the various tribes that survived after the fall of the Incas. There is a sense of derision whenever the poorer people from the mountains - the Indians - when references to them are made. I recall that, indeed, there was this sense of superiority in Peruvian "whites" over the people with Indian origins - such as the Cava who is ignominiously humiliated and rejected from the school with hardly any sign of sadness or regret from his co-cadets. And added to this was the even worse stigma attached to people of black skin like the Slave and Verano in the academy. Vargas Llosa was describing a four-tiered system of prejudice with whites at the top, half-breeds next down, pure Indians, and then descendants of slaves with black skin at the bottom. There were also references to Chinese immigrants but they were more of a commercial nature and not really referred to in the social hierarchy. Again, having no knowledge of Lima and how the neighbourhoods are populated, numerous references are made to the apparently more affluent Miraflores quarter with its beaches compared to the less attractive suburbs and slums from which characters like the Boa originated. This is another interesting layer to the portrait that Vargas Llosa paints of the Lima of his youth.

This book also reminded me of *Cat and Mouse* by fellow Nobel laureate Gunter Grass where Grass describes life in a Nazi Youth school. Equally brutal and deadly - another awesome book if you have not read it yet.

I would highly recommend *The Time of the Hero* to fans of Vargas Llosa although it would be better to read *Aunt Julia* or *The Feast of the Goats* to get a better feel for his style before this book, because I enjoyed learning about him after reading his more mature work. This was my 5th book of his, but certainly not my last. He is quickly rising in my favorite authors list, at least tied with Marquez now.

Reza Mardani says

[illegible]

Zaphirenia says

Στη μ?ση στρατιωτικ? σχολ? Λε?νσιο Πρ?δο οι σπουδαστ?ς (ευ?λπιδες) ε?ναι ?φηβοι, μικρ? παιδι? που ?χουν ?λες τις αγων?ες, τους φ?βους και τα προβλ?ματα των παιδι?ν της ηλικ?ας τους. Μ?νο

που ταυτίζονται είναι στο στρατό και αυτές τα αλλάζει γλα. Γιατί στο στρατό τα λήθη δε συγχωρούνται, οι αδυναμίες δεν είναι αποδεκτές, οι ευαισθησίες δεν υπολογίζονται και οι φόβοι δεν μετρούνε. Στη μέση στρατιωτική σχολή Λένισιο Πρόδο οι μαθητές γίνονται άντρες με τον πιο βίβανσο, τον πιο σκληρό τρόπο. Και πώς γίνεται συνήθως σε αυτές τις περιπτώσεις, οι πιο σκληροί και βίβανοι παρ' όντες αυτές της διαδικασίας είναι τα ίδια τα παιδιά?

Το "ή πηλη και τα σκυλιά" μας συστήνει όλους τους τυπικούς ήρωες που θα περιμέναμε να δούμε σε ένα τέτοιο μυθιστόρημα: τον φοβισμένο νταή που προσπαθεί να επιβίβει με κήθε τρόπο, τον περφόβνο πολέμιστή που γίνεται αρχηγός λόγω του ήρρους του, τον ήξυπνο μαθητή που μαθαίνει πως πρέπει να φέρεται για να δέχνη τί είναι προσαρμοσμένος και να μην τον "φένε", τον μιγδα που δέχεται γλα τα ρατσιστικά στερεοτυπικά σχήλια και πειρήματα των συμμαθητών του και φυσικά τον ευαίσθητο μαθητή που δεν καταφέρνει να αφομοιώσει τον τρόπο ζωής του στρατού και υφίσταται κήθε καψόνι και κήθε απάνθρωπη συμπεριφορά; απλά και μόνο γιατί είναι διαφορετικός.

γλα αυτές θα λήγαμε τί είναι κήπως αναμενόμενα. ήμως, ο υπήροχος τρόπος που τα συνδέει ο Γιόσα, με τη συνεχή μετρίβιση από την πραγματικότητα στο παραλήρημα και το μπάλιν, τον ωμρή ρεαλισμό κατά την περιγραφή των πιο σκληρών σκηνών (με ήριχτή καψόνια, ομαδικούς βιασμούς, αιματηρούς καβγίδες, πέντα μετρίξή παιδιά), δεν αφένουν τον αναγνώστη να σκεφτε; οτέ για μια στιγμή τί δεν διαβρίζει κήτι ενδιαφέρον, κήτι καινούριο, κήτι απάσιο και ταυτίζονται σαγηνευτικά. Μια μικρογραφία της κοινωνίας, πώς είναι το (κήθε) σχολείο, παρουσιάζεται μέσα από έναν παραμορφωτικό φακό που μεγεθύνει κήθε πρήξη και γεγονός γιατί πολή απλά δεν πρήκειται για ένα απλό σχολείο. Είναι μια στρατιωτική σχολή ανήλικων, στην ουσία είναι ένα αναμορφωτήριο, είναι ο στρατός. You're in the army now και γλα τα σχετικά.

ήτι συμβαίνει στη Λένισιο Πρόδο μώνει στη Λένισιο Πρόδο. Οι ευήλιπδες θα ολοκληρώσουν τις σπουδές τους και θα φήγουν, ξέχνώντας σιγή-σιγή τι συνέβη εκεί, αφένοντας πίσω τους την κτηνώδη στην οποία συμμετέχαν, ήλλοτε ως ήττες και ήλλοτε ως ήματα, θα αποβήλουν τα αντανάκλαστικά της αγής που τόσο απάρατήτα στήθηκαν για την επιβίωση τους ήσο ταν εσκήλιστοι στη σχολή. Κήποιοι θα γήνουν μέλη της κοινωνίας, θα ενταχθών, θα προσαρμοστούν, θα επουλώσουν τις πληγές που τους ήνοιξαν τρήα χρήνια απάνθρωπης μεταχείρισης από ανώτερους αξιωματικούς και συμμαθητές. Και κήποιοι ήσως ήχι.

Εξαιρετικό βιβλήο, διαβήστε το οπωσδήποτε, να έστε ήμως ήτοιμοι για τη γροθή και το ήντονο σήξίμο στο στομάχι. You've been warned.

Gauss74 says

Avevo perso la voglia di leggere, nei primi mesi di quest'anno: Quando si vive un certo tipo di problemi un'abitudine che in ogni caso conduce a chiudersi in se stessi è sempre fonte di angoscia.

La penna di Mario Vargas Llosa ha rimesso le cose a posto, cosegnandomi uno dei più immensi capolavori che abbia mai incontrato da quando ho ricominciato a leggere in modo importante.

Chi ha letto "la zia Julia e lo scribacchino" ha avuto in cambio uno sfolgorante quadro dell' America latina, e di Lima in particolare, con tutta la sua energia e la sua voglia di vivere; ed in parallelo l'amore per la scrittura (e per le donne, perchè no?) di un giovane intellettuale.

"la città e i cani" ci mostra il lato oscuro di quell'amore. Perchè quell'amore per la vita fatalmente non può prendere solo direzioni creative e sempre si traduce anche in conflitto, scontro, desiderio di distruzione.

Parlando di questo libro Varguitas dirà

«A questo mondo la violenza è una sorta di fatalità. In un Paese sottosviluppato come il mio, la violenza è esteriore, epidermica, è presente in ogni momento della vita individuale, è la radice di tutti i rapporti umani». La storia è ancora una volta autobiografica: le famiglie più abbienti del Perù vivono come un problema la crescita dei loro figli come bambini viziosi, effeminati, poco ambiziosi e per nulla desiderosi di combattere per emergere: spesso la soluzione è fargli condurre gli studi superiori in un' accademia militare, al fianco dei delinquenti di periferia chiusi lì dentro per allontanarli dalla strada. Il doversi adattare alla disciplina militare e l'essere costretti a far entrare la violenza, la sopraffazione e lo scontro come elemento logico della propria vita sarà per questi ragazzi un inferno.

Per gente come il Giaguaro, il Boa, il negro Vallano l'esperienza è dura ma comprensibile: chi nasce nella miseria e nello squallore delle periferie peruviane è abituato a lottare per la sopravvivenza fin dalla nascita e vive il sopruso e la violenza gratuita come uno strumento, non come un'ingiustizia. Ma Ricardo Arana, il giovane cadetto che non sa comportarsi all'interno di queste logiche e che non possiede la doppiezza necessaria per trasformare la cultura in un'arma, si trasformerà presto in un derelitto deriso da tutti senza possibilità di reagire che non sia la delazione. Pagherà questo sbaglio con la morte.

Come "la zia Julia e lo scribacchino" e' un libro sulla giovinezza, e quindi sulla scoperta. La scoperta che crescere significa anche lottare, in un gioco senza regole dove ogni sopruso è permesso, e dove la pena per lo sconfitto è vivere da derelitti ed alla fine, morire. In termini assai meno drammatici rispetto a quanto possa accadere nel Sudamerica del '900, penso che questa esperienza sia generale. Ogni volta che ci si trova ad avere a che fare con un gruppo di giovani, salta sempre fuori il perdente, lo "sfigato" di turno che sembra non trovare modo di uscire dalla sua condizione se non rivolgendosi agli adulti (e trovandosi quindi espulso per sempre dal gruppo). Se ci si guarda meglio, spesso questa figura non è altro che un ragazzo che non si trova a proprio agio nella lotta per emergere, e che pur di non scontrarsi con gli altri preferisce adeguarsi.

Un ritratto tanto magistrale quanto cinico dell'educazione militare peruviana non poteva piacere al governo di allora, che censurò immediatamente "la città ed i cani". Presto sarebbe diventato tragico protagonista di numerosi roghi nelle piazze di Lima: arma troppo affilata e micidiale la penna del genio di Arequipa che chiede terribile vendetta dell'inferno che ha dovuto passare: Fortunatamente il romanzo è sopravvissuto ed è oggi solo un immenso capolavoro da leggere, rileggere e su cui riflettere a lungo quando si pensa alla nostra gioventù od a quella degli adolescenti di oggi.

Un ultimo pensiero alla povera cagna Malpapeada adottata dal cadetto detto "il Boa". Tanto commovente nella sua fedeltà quanto raccapriccianti le torture che per divertimento e quasi con indifferenza il padrone le infligge, essa è un altro simbolo di quella violenza come elemento scontato del nostro essere che il libro restituisce. Forse questa povera creatura merita un posto di spicco in mezzo a tanti altri bellissimi cani che ho incontrato nelle mie letture.

BlackOxford says

Lord of the Flies - With Guns

As a young man I attended a federal service academy in the United States for four years. So I identify with the conditions in the Peruvian equivalent that Vargas Llosa describes in excruciating detail. From the universal use of nicknames - half of them derogatory, the other half salacious - to the continuous, and often very creative, scheming to evade and outwit authority, to the intentional promotion of sadistic and vulgar brutality in the name of camaraderie, I find myself re-living the most painful, and painfully consequential, period of my life.

A rather disturbing transformation takes place in high-testosterone young males when confined together,

voluntarily or not, and subjected to a highly regimented daily routine that is strictly enforced. Essentially they become amoral; every unregulated flaw, neurosis, or hiatus of maturity becomes exaggerated and enlarged in their resistance to a pervasive and arbitrary authority. And this regardless of their religious or ethical background. As Vargas Llosa has one of his characters muse about himself, *"Sometimes he could go for several days following a routine that made all the decisions for him, gently nudging him into actions he hardly noted."* I think the reason for this sort of demonic spiritual ennui lies in the deprivation of not simply physical freedom, but - in the case of a military academy - the insistence upon the development of an attitude of extreme social dependence. The result is a kind of hypnosis.

"This place isn't an Academy, it's a prison," says one of its officers. But not even prison puts the demand of spiritual conformity on its inmates, who are only expected to obey, not to admire, the violent ethos of their organization. In the military academy one becomes a stranger not only to one's body as it is constantly stressed by activities that are meant to be tortuous, but also a stranger to one's mind which is the real target of military indoctrination. As one of the officers in charge of the Peruvian academy exhorts his charges, *"In the army, Cadets, you've got to have respect for symbols, damn it."* This process of ideological 'formation' continues for a full year without respite until one is expected to adopt the role of 'formateur', and do what was done to oneself, to others.

This intensive indoctrination, which is explicitly meant to dis-inhibit whatever ethical reservations one has about military service, is direct and unambiguous. For example: if any member of a unit screws up, all suffer. And all are informed why they suffer and who is to blame. The effect of collective guilt is invariable: the weakest in the unit, those who typically screw up, are persecuted by the group until they measure up or leave. If weakness is not found, it is fabricated in order to facilitate the system. Vargas Llosa knows the routine for creating a victim: *"He was normal enough when he got here to the Academy, but you and the others gave him such a hard time you made an idiot out of him."*

Both the physical and psychological therapy are carried out by those who are only slightly older and more mature than those over whom one has charge. These 'leaders' have only recently undergone the same regime that they are expected to execute. The only training they receive is what they have undergone as victims one or two years previously. They believe, because they are taught, that it is their duty to become figures of unpredictable and sadistic authority to those subordinate to themselves.

Not infrequently, given a lack of experience, judgement, and conscience, their sadism becomes literal and is carried beyond the merely symbolic. And since there are severe restrictions on the access of adults (experienced officers) who could supervise the application of punishments to the barracks, it is not unusual for discipline to get grossly out of hand. As one of the protagonists points out: *"The officers don't know anything about what goes on in the barracks."* They are absentee warders who prefer not to know the details of barracks life lest they be held accountable. The lunatics do run the asylum.

Vargas Llosa captures this unique and uniquely primitive sociology of barely controlled violence so accurately that it gives me flashbacks. I have no idea whether conditions have altered very much in these institutions in recent decades. I doubt, though, that its essential intimidation and post-adolescent cruelty has been questioned. To eliminate these would be to abolish its core.

After a lifetime of experience in other business, academic and social institutions, I have encountered this kind of existence nowhere else. Its purpose remains a mystery to me since any practice of its mores outside its walls, even in the regular military, would be met with derision and resistance. During the VietNam war, my own epoch, young, 'motivated' West Point graduates were taught the limits of their academy ethos by 'fragging' in the field, that is, the killing of an officer by his own men. In *The Time of the Hero*, the

inadvertent 'escape' of the academy mores threatens to destroy the entire Peruvian military. As the secret of its deceptivity becomes public, the entire institution is compromised.

My experience suggests that the 'outing' of the military academy is a good thing. It deserves institutional criticism and castigation. I have never perceived that the experience of the military academy regime is in any way useful in building what is typically called character. The academy is an uncivilized existence which has no points of contact with family, business, or social life. Studies have shown that success during one's academy training are entirely uncorrelated with one's advancement in the service, much less one's broader success or satisfaction in life. Rather, the reason that the sociology continues to exist, to the extent that it does, is that it has existed.

This is known as tradition, 'we do it to them because it was done to us'. Tradition, from the Latin root *tradere*, a word connoting simultaneously 'passing on' and 'betrayal'. Both Vargas Llosa and I have little doubt about which interpretation is more appropriate. Tradition is simply a rationalization for continuing abuse. I note with considerable dismay how many of my colleagues from those long-gone days support the kind of systematic political bullying of the current White House. Finally, they appear to believe, they have a Commander-in-Chief worthy of their own training and civic ideals. The effects of indoctrination are indeed penetrating and long-lived.

Vargas Llosa's epigram from Jean-Paul Sartre neatly summarizes our common experience of the institution of the military academy and its consequences for the society that harbors it: *"We play the part of heroes because we're cowards, the part of saints because we're wicked: we play the killer's role because we're dying to murder our fellow man: we play at being because we're liars from the moment we're born."* Perhaps the academy is, as Vargas Llosa implies in the way he presents his narrative alternately inside and outside its walls, merely a more intense, a concentrated version, as it were, of the male-dominated society that moulds it.

Sonia says

La ciudad y los perros deja, tras ser leído, un gran silencio de respeto en tu mente.

¿Cómo hablas de lo mucho que te ha gustado un libro cuando su contenido es tan odioso, repulsivo y violento? ¿Cómo hablas de unos personajes machistas, abusivos, pervertidos y trastornados y al final decides que a lo mejor no han tenido la culpa? Miren lo que ha logrado Vargas Llosa, hablando de una falsa educación e ideas retorcidas de virilidad, moralidad, disciplina y justicia como si fuera natural, pero con un tono que te dice claramente que no se trata de otra cosa que una crítica directa (si no, pregúntenle a las autoridades que quemaron mil ejemplares en el patio del colegio en el cual se ambientó esta novela, que además tuvo como alumno al mismísimo autor). Y no es una crítica a los alumnos del Leoncio Prado, que no han sido más que víctimas de las "doctrinas" inculcadas para enderezar a un muchacho, sino a la misma milicia, a sus impostores, a sus conveniencias, y todo lo que repercute en esa juventud que no hace más que actuar en consecuencia de lo que se les está quitando, la inocencia.

Voy a ser completamente sincera porque este libro empecé a leerlo el año pasado y tuve que dejarlo. Supongo que no estaba lista para el martillazo en el cráneo que representa esta obra. También porque me supone un reto la literatura hispanoamericana y ha sido un gigante que he tenido que enfrentar, pero aquí estoy, y así estuve, pegada a este libro hasta que lo terminé e impresionada por la complejidad casi insuperable de este autor. Estas obras, para que gusten, tienen que entenderse muy a fondo, si no solo parecerán un montón de páginas llenas de podredumbre y perversión social que no tienen ningún sentido.

Pero uno llega a entender a los personajes. Uno acaba comprendiendo el origen del racismo y la maldad, el deseo de poder y jerarquías, las creencias ajenas, la vergüenza, todo, pero no lo justificas, solo entiendes, ya no estás en penumbra.

Aplaudo la superposición, siempre simultánea, de las perspectivas de este libro. De los puntos de vista de los diferentes personajes que arrojaban dudas o respuestas, que te hacían retroceder y cuestionarte lo que habías deducido, porque si fue o no este el culpable, si es o no este un cobarde, todo eso da giros sin parar que te hacen dudar absolutamente todo para que al final venga el mayor choque de todos, eso que sospechabas pero no te atrevías a concluir definitivamente. Las herramientas utilizadas para sujeción al lector fueron muy poderosas. Unas perspectivas muy objetivas, otra subjetivas, otras mixtas, una omnisciente, una en tercera y algunas en primera persona; hay que meterse de lleno en el libro para llevar la secuencia sin perderse porque de un párrafo a otro ya no habla el mismo personaje, y puede que del presente haya un salto al pasado de otro personaje, lo cual te ayuda a vislumbrar su futuro o a entender el presente ajeno que acabas de leer. Es todo un rompecabezas muy bien armado, intercalado, claro está, para trabajar la audacia de quien lee.

El diálogo final ha sido estupendo. Esa mezcla de una conversación con otra, de una pregunta formulada en el presente y que la respuesta no sea de entonces sino del pasado, de otra persona ausente, me maravilla porque no cualquier autor tiene el poder de llevarlo a cabo de una manera tan prolija que el lector sepa de inmediato de qué se trata.

Me ha encantado la ambientación tan concreta. La ubicación espacial de cada acontecimiento, con referencias y nombres, que casi me ha llevado hasta el Perú y me ha ayudado a seguir a cada chico por las calles de su barrio o por los pasillos del colegio, principal escenario. Nos ha sumergido en cada vida de una manera casi demasiado personal, invasiva.

El Jaguar, El Poeta, Boa, Cava y El Esclavo son personajes inolvidables. Ambiguos, extraños, perdidos, inadaptados, pero con una historia que marca, contada de una manera tan incisiva que asusta. Y no te deja olvidar.

Ali says

When ever I come to names such as “Llosa”, “Borges”, “Cortazar”, “Fuentes”... I wish I knew Spanish language, as I’m sure works by these authors would have a different aroma and melody in their own tongues. Llosa is, for me, one of the greatest story tellers, whose works give me deliciousness in Persian as well, (if it’s translated by Abdollah Kowsari, for example). Mario Vargas Llosa uses a highly sophisticated techniques with a very delicate language in multiple viewpoint, as if I’m listening to “Sare”, my childhood story tellers whom supposed to drown me in sleep, but was keeping me awake instead. Llosa takes you to a place, and while you get used to the situation, become a bit relax, he leaves you for another situation, another character in another place, force you to follow him as a sleepwalker, burning of curiosity, apprehension and restlessness, while he continue to make new situations with new chracters out of nothing, absolutely relax with a smile on his lips. He doesn’t explain the characters, but procreates them and leave them on your lap, and disappears...

?????? ?? ????? ????? ?????? ????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ????. ????? ?? ?? ????? ??? "????? ?????? ?????????? ??????" /
??? ?????? (????? ? ??? ?????)? "??? ??? ??????" / ????? ?????? (????? ? ????? ??)? "??? ??????" / ????? ??? (?????
? ????? ??)? "????? ?? ??? ?? ????" / ????? ?????? "??? ??????" / ????? ?????? (????? ? ????? ??)? "??? ??? ??????" /

George Georgiadis says

Luís C. says

Novel that revealed to the world the literary talent of Mario Vargas Llosa in the early 60s, *The Time of the Hero* is now considered a classic of Latin American literature. An autobiographical background, the plot unfolds at the Leoncio Prado Military College in Lima, where a violent code of conduct permeated the daily life of the cadets - an experience lived by the author himself, sent there by the authoritarian father. Coming from all parts of Peru, most humble in origin, with their own family problems and insecurities, the young inmates portrayed in this novel are forced to survive in a brutal and hostile environment where justice almost never prevails and superiors, although rigid with discipline, barely know what is happening in the quarters. Out of sight of the officers, students get drunk, play cards, fight each other. Older humble beginners - treating them for Dogs - and create a vicious circle of domination and cruelty. It is in the midst of this pressure that some young men will come together and form a cohesive group, the Circle, as the only way to reject the veterans' threats. But neither will the Circle be free from violence, and its members will become as implacable as the others.

