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Date : Published (first published October 1993)

ISBN :

Author : ????

Format : Paperback 256 pages

Genre : Fiction, Cultural, Asia

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Andrew says

Chart Korbjitti-- supposedly one of Thailand's greatest modern novelists, and highly recommended to me by a Thai man trying to get in my pants at a Bangkok dive bar. While he didn't persuade me to switch teams, he did persuade me to read *Time*, so he at least scored one win.

And I was duly impressed. This is Thailand's answer to Samuel Beckett, a decrepit room full of decrepit people, some of whom are screaming about stolen money and monks and mentally retarded children and lost golden youths and the silver shadow of a lotus. The ending is one great question mark/joke-y something, and I still have no fucking clue what it means, but I know that I like it.

Jeff says

I bought this book in Thailand to continue my interests in reading the literature of the places I travel and boy was this a pleasant surprise. A post-modern onion, the book peels from exposition to stage play to movie scenes, all attempting to highlight profound philosophical undertakings.

Naturally, there is quite a bit of material lost in translation, so if you're capable of weathering the peculiarities of form and language, this is truly a deep and thoughtful book.

Pawarut Jongsirirag says

“????????????? ??????????????????”

Mon Maneprom says

<https://www.goodreads.com/book/show/1...>

Thanita says

Thoroughly moving in the most unexpected of ways, 'Time' is an brilliantly crafted novel. As readers, we are spectators to a spectator, and the layers of overlapping narrative lends itself beautifully to the layers of interpretations you can extract from this book. There are points that slightly drag - I feel Korbjitti was trying to do too much stylistically - but the overall effect of the novel makes you forgive the brief moments of boredom.

Life, mortality, human nature and the essence of Thai value and society are all brought to question; truly a book that makes you think, and makes you feel, and breaks your heart and gives you hope. My only hope is that it works equally as well in translation.

Such a fantastic read.

Mona Minnie says

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Phattaraporn Kongcharoen says

Simona says

The story with an interesting structure - we watch a theater performance about one day in the lives of older people, who are placed in a hospital ward, and for various reasons forgotten by their relatives. The story is told by unnamed film director, who - while watching performances, goes back in his memories to some of the key moments of his life, and he thinks about death, aging and what it means to be a parent. Uneventful, mundane life is reduced on the moments from the past, and ... on waiting for a death.

The narrative style is almost simple, purified, without excessive pathos and melodrama, but still, the story hits with full power and provokes readers' feelings and thoughts about their relationship to the parents and children, about the transience of life.

An interesting idea, solid executed and absolutely worthy of attention.

Brian says

Old people are funny then they die. I'll be funny one day and die too. You can laugh. It's ok.

A screen writer sits through a play about old people in an old folks home. He sometimes rewrites the play in his head.

Overall a good read. This is probably one of the best Thai writers today.

!Tæmbu?u says

Ooa says

One of the best book I've ever read.

'Time' is the master of everything and we cannot escape it so use it wisely.

Tanapume Chanachaiwong says

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Xandra says

This is a pretty good book about a Thai filmmaker in his 60s who attends the performance of a play about “the inner feelings of the elderly” set in the ward for ailing people of an old people’s home. The book starts with the rise of the curtain and ends when the curtain falls and alternates between a detailed presentation of what happens on stage, the movie director’s reflections on his own life and his ideas of how the scenes on stage would translate into a movie.

Summed up by critics as “the most boring play of the year”, the performance conveys a feeling of desolation through long moments of inaction, mundane activities like washing, feeding, sleeping, the upsetting smell of urine, the irritating ticking of a clock. The hidden desperation of the old women on stage is voiced by a man in a cell who shouts at intervals “There’s nothing! There’s absolutely nothing!”. Sometimes a relative pops in and breaks the monotony, but for the most part society turns a blind eye on these people who lost their youth, health, families, happiness, and all they’ve got left is time.

Not a book that reaches the greatest heights of psychological exploration of old age, but far from a wasted effort.

Pete Young says

A Thai film director goes to the theatre to see what has been billed as Bangkok’s most boring play of the year, in which half a dozen elderly women live their usual uneventful day in a care home for the aged. That may sound like a very dull premise for a novel, and perhaps it is, but deliberately so. *Time* earned Korbjitti his second SEA Write Award, and to find out why means ploughing through two hundred pages of rather mundane dialogue mixed with some minor personal crises. There are some winning passages in which Korbjitti gets people to look at their own lives in relation to what’s being acted out on the stage; these are the novel’s most interesting aspects as the sheer dullness of these ladies’ existence – as people essentially discarded from Thai society – makes for tough reading because there is so little in what they do that will engage a reader. We often don’t expect to encounter such uninteresting everyday activity in a novel let alone

on a stage, so it's only the varieties of circumstantial self-reflection and analysis that Korbjitti puts a few of his characters through that will give *Time* any value. Does he succeed? Within such a deliberately uneventful book it's the journey's end here that matters, and I doubt I will read a book this year that has a better ending. Its conclusion was so unexpectedly moving, as well as being downright clever, that it left me speechless, making me pause for five minutes before I could do anything else. *Time* may have an empty vacuum at its heart, but it's a worthwhile and rewarding experience and – after some further introspection – only a *superficially* hard journey getting there.

Bunny says