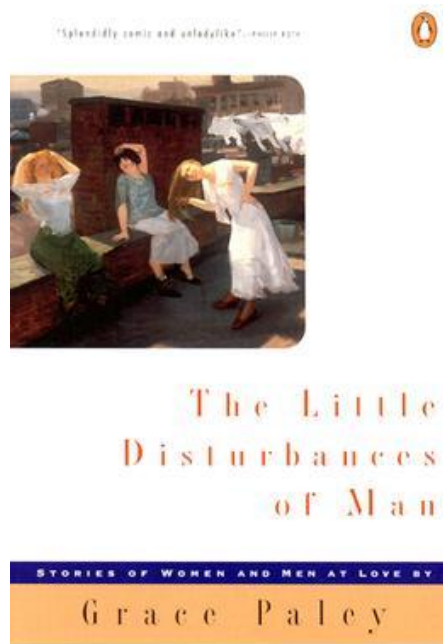




The Little Disturbances of Man

Grace Paley

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The Little Disturbances of Man Grace Paley

With a sure and humorous touch, Grace Paley explores the "little disturbances" that lie behind our everyday lives. Whether writing about sexy little girls, loving and bickering couples, angry suburbanites, frustrated job-seekers, or Jewish children performing a Christmas play, she captures the loneliness, poignancy, and humor of human experience with matchless style.

The Little Disturbances of Man Details

Date : Published January 8th 1985 by Penguin Books (first published 1956)

ISBN : 9780140075571

Author : Grace Paley

Format : Paperback 192 pages

Genre : Short Stories, Fiction, Literature, American

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From Reader Review *The Little Disturbances of Man* for online ebook

Daryn says

Grace Paley's first and best collection of stories, this includes some of the finest stories written by an American in the past 50 years: although it is hard to choose, I would say my favorites are "The Loudest Voice" and "In Time Which Made a Monkey of Us All." Paley rarely wrote again at this level, as her admirable commitments to political activism and teaching necessarily distracted her from her writing. I ran into Paley at the MLA conference a couple of years ago before she passed away and we exchanged glances and smiles--a diminutive woman with a warm and slightly sad expression.

Kate S says

This was an amusing collection of short stories. Am interested to read more of this author's work.

Glenn Sumi says

More than half a century after it was published, Grace Paley's debut, *The Little Disturbances Of Man*, remains fierce, funny and startlingly fresh.

The author had yet to discover fully her political activism – that would come a decade or so later, as chronicled in the appropriately-named *Enormous Changes At The Last Minute* (1974) – but this first book provides great insights into urban women and men dealing with sex, relationships and raising kids.

These stories pulse and throb with the ordinary struggles and satisfactions of daily life. In the opening tale, the much-anthologized "Goodbye And Good Luck," a middle-aged woman recounts her decades-long affair with a glamorous married actor from a Yiddish Theatre group, which alienated her from her sister (she's telling the story to her sister's daughter). "The Loudest Voice" is a hilarious look at a fearless young Jewish girl who takes part in her school's Christmas pageant, much to the chagrin of her immigrant father.

The characters – young or old, male or female – seize hold of their lives and try to make do when disappointments hit them. They're survivors.

One of the strongest stories is "An Interest In Life," about Virginia, whose husband, feeling trapped, has abandoned her and their many children to run off to the navy... or is it the army? She doesn't know and can't collect welfare without that information. Soon she begins accepting visits from the married son of her gossipy neighbour.

Not all the stories are of the same quality. I was disappointed by a couple at the end that feel like failed experiments.

But Paley's distinct voice is already developed: frank and wise, cobbled together from the colourful cadences of immigrants in Lower East Side apartments, streets and stairwells.

Paley is a true original, and this is essential reading for anyone interested in short stories, Jewish-American fiction and fiercely feminist urban life in the 40s and 50s.

Ba?ak Çolular says

"?nsana Hiç Rahat Yok Kendinden" birbirinden özgün öykülerden oluşuyor. Öykü okumay? sevenlerin çok be?enece?ini, bu kitapta yeni bir soluk bulacaklar?n? düşünüyorum. Özellikle yarat?c? öykü isimleri benim favorim oldu. Bunun yanı sıra kendi hayat?ndan gözlemlediklerinden yola çıkarak farklı karakterlerin ev sahipli?i yapt??? öyküler üreten Grace Paley'nin okudu?um ilk kitab? olmasına kar??n hiç yabancı?lk çekmedim, yad?rgamadım dilini. Yüz Kitap'a ne kadar teşekkür etsek az. :)

Larry Bassett says

This book of short stories was published in 1959 – a lifetime ago and it is still very fun to read. I love the NYC and Jewish settings.

I will steal some quotes from other GR reviews that say just what I would want to say about this book:

Half way through the first paragraph—“Only a person like your mama stands on one foot, she don’t notice how big her behind is getting and sings in the canary’s ear for thirty years. Who’s listening?”—I realized I was in the company of some very special literature. In less than seven lines, Paley had declared herself, her work, deserving of my full attention and respect.

...

This book outlines the sexually charged life we lead as human beings and how that can be complicated by communication, distance, closeness, and much more. Gorgeous little volume from a beautiful writer.

...

I found that the language in each story relatable and hilarious almost the entire book. The curse words are so expertly placed, you would swear Paley has made poetry of profanity.

...

Written in New York in 1959, this collection of stories involves real love, real life, and the real city of New York. This collection can serve as a Bible for women in relationships. It gives a variety of situations; some that you would never think you could experience in a lifetime but are certainly possible.

...

The book never flinches away from difficulty or sexuality, and although the sarcastic/cheeky narrative voice is not generally my favorite sort, something (perhaps the not-too-sensitive, uneducated nature of the characters) saves it from being grating and ultra-ironic.

...

Some pretty terrific stories with quite awe-inducing sentences. Paley's descriptions and the weaving of her characters' stories in such short bursts are robust; sometimes sad, other times comedic.

...

There is a frankness and wit here, as well as the palpable love you want in any short story, that just breaks you in half. In Paley's case the love is entwined with sex-- one turns into the other and back again. That may sound sort of precious, but she is hilarious and fun. I hate when

people refer to her as "saucy" or "brazen," as if Philip Roth or Saul Bellow weren't saucy or brazen, but you can't deny that she is.

...

I love Grace Paley's voice--the idiosyncratic, strong, quirky, voices of her mostly women characters. She almost writes in a NYC dialect of her own making. These short stories are almost like plays--carried mostly by dialogue or monologue. I love the fact that Paley was a peace activist in the 60's.

All I can add is that this is, for me, an easy five star read.

I read this collection of short stories as a part of Grace Paley's book *The Collected Stories* . I am delighted to get Paley's three short story collections all in one hard cover binding.

Lee says

Less political than her second collection and maybe therefore not as charged or textured? Here's a self-critical comment cleverly embedded in the collection's last story:

"'What's the matter with you? Don't put yourself on a platter. What are you -- a roast duck, everything removable with a lousy piece of flatware? Be secret. Turn over on your side. Let them guess if you're stuffed. That's how I got where I am.' The organization of his ideas was all wrong; I was drawn to the memory of myself -- a mere stripling of a girl -- the day I learned that the shortest distance between two points is a great circle. 'Anyway, you ought to think in shorter sentences,' he suggested, although I hadn't said a word. Old Richard-the-Liver-Headed, he saw right through to the heart of the matter, my syntax."

That's about as accurate as possible a review of the dominant formal dealio herein.

Chantal says

Earlier this month I came across Grace Paley's *The Little Disturbances of Man* on the clearance rack at Half Price Books. At two bucks, I knew this was a book to buy—I'd heard Paley's name mentioned perhaps a dozen times in and around the Bennington campus—but that was all I knew of Paley. I began reading *The Little Disturbances of Man* oblivious to anything and everything about the author or her work.

Upon opening the book, I was pleasantly surprised to learn that it was a short story collection I was to embark on. Then, I was quite impressed with the first line of the opening story, "Goodbye and Good Luck": "I was popular in certain circles, says Aunt Rose."

Half way through the first paragraph—"Only a person like your mama stands on one foot, she don't notice how big her behind is getting and sings in the canary's ear for thirty years. Who's listening?"—I realized I was in the company of some very special literature. In less than seven lines, Paley had declared herself, her work, deserving of my full attention and respect. I wanted to immerse myself into these stories, assuming they would live up to my sudden and grand expectations.

They did. Cozied up in my favorite wingback, sipping at hot tea with milk, in the quietest room of our home, I devoured *The Little Disturbances of Man*.

The experience was, for me, like answering the door to a big box of long stem roses in March, when my birthday has long since past and my anniversary is still months away. Like ordering spaghetti bolognese to discover the most delicious flavors tucked in that most common dish.

Paley's talent for prose and her gift with language—evidenced, so markedly, in a small print, I didn't initially observe, on the book's cover, "Stories of Women and Men at Love"—were what first had me rubbing my palms together. Then, it was her genius with dialogue, so natural, so pointedly accurate, so shrewd, that had me grinning. But it was Paley's characters that had me smitten: the delicious Aunt Rose; the cunning child temptress, Josephine; the so-likeable and so-tragic Freddy; the sad, strong, complicated, beautiful, abandoned Virginia; the wise and comical Charles C. Charley and his savvy, silly Cindy. Her clever, pleasantly understated plots and her instinct for poking at the obscurities, the intricacies, innate to the relationships of men and women—that was, for me, the sweet cream-cheese frosting on Paley's cake. Reading Paley's *The Little Disturbances of Man* was, for me, a most delectable experience.

Teresa Proença says

Meia dúzia de contos um bocado chochos. São mais, mas já não os li, pois não estou para me contrariar com leituras que não me aquecem nem me arrefecem...

Elizabeth (Alaska) says

The cover of this edition has a line from Philip Roth: "*spendidly comic and unladylike*". My sense of humor seems at variance with many, but I did find many amusing lines. The unladylike is spot on. There is no real sex in these, but the situations are obvious. I was shocked. Not because of so much sexual activity which involved pre-marital sex, free-sex, and outright adultery, but because this little volume was first published in 1956 in the United States. This was a time when a girl was sent off to her "aunt" for an extended stay and the pregnancy never referred to. Sex outside of marriage simply did not happen. Oh. Well, if there were unwanted pregnancies, then maybe people were having sex and authors like Paley could write about it. But definitely unladylike.

My favorite story was the first, *Goodbye and Good Luck*, where a young girl gets a job as a ticket seller at a Jewish theater and then is wooed off her feet by an older actor. *The Pale Pink Roast* was another I enjoyed, wherein a woman is abandoned by her husband but, with pluck and charm, manages to supplement her welfare check due to the weekly attentions from the married son of a neighbor. In *The Loudest Voice*, Jewish schoolchildren are cast as the stars in the Christmas play.

I admit there were a couple of stories that wandered far from quirky and all the way to bizarre. These failed to interest me. Paley writes in a breezy manner that corresponds to her stories. She gets the voice right for the characters that inhabit her stories. Thoroughly enjoyable, but due to a couple of misses, I'm giving this just 4 stars.

Garrett Zecker says

Beautiful short stories that may be some of the most notable of Paleys. She is a seamstress with characters that walk off of the page and transform into our brothers, sisters, grandparents, mothers, and fathers. This

book outlines the sexually charged life we lead as human beings and how that can be complicated by communication, distance, closeness, and much more. Gorgeous little volume from a beautiful writer. This book will warm you in more ways than I can describe... After reading this, pick up more Paley. She is like that fun old lady that is your aunt - a little too cute at times and always sneaking up with a funny, inappropriate innuendo. Real, fun, short, sweet, this book is a fine dessert that could be the light follow up any hefty literary meal.

Yvonne says

A friend sent me an article about Grace Paley written by George Saunders at the New Yorker magazine. I was so intrigued by the article which sang her praises and described her as "one of the great writers of voice of the last century" that I reserved two books of hers from my local library.

Yes indeed she is a funny and dazzling writer. These short stories are feisty, sexy, witty, non sentimental, set in another time and yet people don't change. They just express themselves differently. The stories narratives reminded me a bit of the strong, fast talking dame and that was the voice I often used to read in. But there is so much more.

You would be better off to read George Saunders article in the New Yorker to fully appreciate the genius of Grace Paley.

<http://www.newyorker.com/books/page-t...>

Here are some examples of her prose and conversation style that jumped out at me,

"The rabbi's wife said, "It's disgusting!" But no one listened to her. Under the narrow sky of God's great wisdom she wore a strawberry-blond wig."

"Well, by now you must know yourself, honey, whatever you do, life don't stop. It only sits a minute and dreams a dream."

"All, why do you think she liked me? All you little psychoanalyzed people, now say it once, in a chorus: "Because she is a masochist and you are a sadist."

No. I was very good to her. And to all the love she gave me, I responded. And I kept all our appointments and called her on Fridays to remind her about Saturday, and when I had money I brought her flowers and once earrings and once a black brassiere I saw advertised in the paper with some cleverly stitched windows for ventilation. I still have it. She never dared take it home."

"Still he made more sense in his conversation after that, and I poured fresh tea to tell him how my husband used to like me because I was a passionate person. That was until he took a look around and saw how in the long run this life only meant more of the same thing. He tried to turn away from me once he came to this understanding, and make me hate him. His face changed. He gave up his brand of cigarettes, which we had in common. He threw out the two pairs of socks I knitted by hand. "If there's anything I hate in this world, it's navy blue" he said. Oh, I could have dyed them. I would have done anything for him, if he were only not too sorry to ask me.

"You were a nice kid in those days," said John, referring to certain Saturday nights. "A wild, nice kid."

Adam says

"I served myself hot coffee in the living room. I organized comfort in the armchair, poured the coffee black into a white mug that said MAMA, tapped cigarette ash into a ceramic hand-hollowed by Richard. I looked into the square bright window of daylight to ask myself the sapping question: What is man that woman lies down to adore him?"

Highlights: "The Pale Pink Roast," "The Loudest Voice," "An Interest in Life," "Two Short Sad Stories from a Long and Happy Life," "In Time Which Made a Monkey of Us All."

Orsodimondo says

BREVI TRISTI STORIE DI LUNGHE VITE FELICI

Mi ha colpito Grace Paley, o meglio, mi hanno colpito i suoi racconti: sono fuori dal coro, possiedono un ritmo insolito, si muovono come uccelli sui rami, sono composti da un orecchio perfetto.

Piccole storie, molto dialogate, che con una frase, con un pensiero trasportano anni dopo, poche pagine per racchiudere squarci di esistenze, banali solo in apparenza: possiedono la magia unica del quotidiano, *l'incessante rumore di gioia* che arriva dalla stanza accanto.

Quaranta anni di attività e solo quarantacinque racconti per un totale di 370 pagine: più qualche poesia, e poco altro.

Tempo dedicato ai figli da crescere, all'attività politica, alla vita di tutti i giorni: infatti diceva *L'arte richiede tempo e la vita è troppo breve. C'è tanto altro da fare oltre a scrivere.*

Cecillia V. says

The Little Disturbances of Man: a compilation of eleven short stories written by Grace Paley. Written in New York in 1959, this collection of stories involves real love, real life, and the real city of New York. This collection can serve as a Bible for women in relationships. It gives a variety of situations; some that you would never think you could experience in a lifetime but are certainly possible. It serves as a compilation of experiences that would give advice for any woman in a relationship, good or bad. Paley allows her readers to jump into her character's lives with her vivid descriptions and real-life situations. Any reader can put him or herself in the shoes of any of these characters, regardless of how out of the world each story is.

Paley speaks through her characters, not limiting herself to one perspective. Every point of view is touched on, even the man's side. In her short story, "The Contest" Freddy is the narrator and gives perspective as to what a man would think in the situation that the woman cannot simply live without commitment, which happens quite often in society. She also gives the perspective of a younger girl in "A Woman, Young and Old" who is madly in love with an older man. The perspective comes from the young girl in love and the mother whom is against the absurdity of it all. Paley aims mostly for women to read this. I cannot see very many men who are willing to read any further into a book past the title page which reads "The Little Disturbances of Man." However, she does give the position of both men and women along with multiple

angles of each: a single mother, a lover, a kind man, a soldier, a woman who has an affair.

While reading these eleven short stories, I felt as if Paley made the lives of her characters so open to me in a way that they seemed vulnerable. The exposure of the characters was so strong at some points that even I felt vulnerable with them. One thing about Paley was that she simply opened up the lives of these characters for readers to observe the troubles or successes of these love stories. Her words left no room for judgment. Although her tone can be very sarcastic, it is difficult to judge a character when it feels as if that character is you. Feeling so in touch with characters like Virginia from “An Interest In Life” who had an affair or John Rafferty whom was sleeping with Virginia, or Dorothy (Dotty) from “The Contest” who wanted more than sex out of her relationship or Freddy who was not ready for that kind of commitment, it is hard to judge them when Paley makes you feel what they feel throughout the entire collection.

“The Little Disturbances of Man” is a guide for women, free of judgment, simply for observation and a source for advice. Grace Paley’s eleven short stories are the experiences and help from your older sister or extra friendly aunt that you never had.

Ben Loory says

i'd read and loved paley's story "wants" in an anthology somewhere and so i figured i'd try this collection of hers a try. unfortunately, this collection is her first, 12+ years before "wants," and the stories are much longer and "normaler" than that brilliant little jewel. it's impressive how she changes voices so completely and convincingly from one story to the next, but in the end only one of these stories (the first, "goodbye and good luck") actually had any emotional effect on me, and none of them are particularly imaginative. she writes good sentences but my overall reaction was: *eh... so what?* maybe her later collections are better, but i can't say i feel like looking into them right now.

Zana says

«Ao fim destes dias regressei à minha vida. Quando nos encontrávamos, Vlashkin e eu, só nos saudávamos com Olá e Adeus, e depois durante alguns tristes anos apenas acenávamos com a cabeça, como que dizendo: «Sim, sim, sei quem tu és».

«Por exemplo, a gerência - gente de vistas curtas - já não lhe oferecia determinados papéis de personagens mais jovens. Tolos. Que homem mais novo saberia da vida o bastante para ser tão jovem quanto ele?»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «Adeus e Boa Sorte»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

«A avó lançou-me um olhar infeliz.

- Passa-se o mesmo com todos os filhos - explicou. - Primeiro são antipáticos, depois vão-se embora.»

«- Ah, isso... desde a tua idade já me apaixonei umas doze vezes.

- Mas eu não, já decidi, quero o Brownny! Vou arranjar um emprego, e quando o serviço dele terminar mando-o para a universidade. Ele é muito esperto.»

«A mãe exibia uma das suas disposições sombrias e indolentes, infalíveis para atear fogo a certos homens.»

«Vivendo como vivo uma auto-estrada de desconsolos, alegra-me ouvir no quarto ao lado os rumores de uma felicidade incessante.»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «As Idades da Mulher»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

«- Oh Peter - disse Anna - estás a trabalhar?

- Caramba - continuou ele - continuas com as mesmas mesquinhas preocupações... Claro que estou a trabalhar. Como diabo pensas que vivo. Lá naquela Esmola City alguma vez te faltaram os teus oito e meio por semana?»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «Um Assado Côm de Rosa Pálido»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

«Levante-me eu cedo ou tarde, pouco importa, o dia foge-me sempre. De verão ou de inverno, seja a sombra das árvores suspeita de um matiz ou impiedosa certeza, nunca alcanço os Rice Krispies antes do meio-dia. Ambição não me falta, e viso longe. Assestei pontaria a um destino particular, porém não sou dado a precipitações. Entretanto, mantenho-me de olhos abertos e bem vestido.»

«Vais-te rir, mas acho que vives de uma forma muito primitiva, sempre à beira do abismo. Se estás ao pé do rádio, ouves música; se estás ao lado do frigorífico, atafulhas-te de comida; se descobres uma rapariga a dois metros de ti, é logo para esfolar e pôr no espeto.»

«Tenho vinte e nove anos de idade e não estou a ficar mais novo. À minha volta vejo os jovens licenciados colarem as pernas arqueadas aos degraus da Escada do Sucesso. Dotty Wasserman, Dotty Wasserman, o que te posso dizer?»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «O Concurso»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

«Certo Natal o meu marido ofereceu-me uma vassoura. Não acho que tenha feito bem. Ninguém me há-de convencer de que a intenção era boa.»

«Ela viu a tristeza do mundo estampada no meu rosto. Mrs. Raftery não é a pior das pessoas. Disse-me: «Procura consolo à tua volta, minha querida», e com o dedo nervoso apontou os camionistas a almoçar do outro lado da rua, segurando a comida contra as ancas, encostados às plataformas de descarga. E abriu a mão para incluir também todos os homens que subiam ou desciam a rua em busca de um lugar decente para almoçar. Não deixou sequer de fora os seis estivadores a preguiçar sob o toldo do mercado de peixe. «Se o

mercado não lhes deu cabo dos pulmões e do estômago, desaparecem mundo fora. Não estejas desapontada, Virgínia. Nesta terra, homem nenhum dura toda a vida.»

«- Eras uma miúda adorável, naquele tempo - disse o John, querendo referir-se a certas noites de sábado. - Estouvada e adorável!

- Aaah - respondi, desgostada. O que quer que eu naquele tempo fosse, abriu caminho ao que hoje sou. Eu era fresca, era. Se tivesse uma filha igual a mim, esbofeteava-a até ficar com os olhos trocados.»

«- (...) Vai, Virgínia, desabafa. Deita tudo cá para fora; é a única forma de matar a dor.

Em geral era um prazer obedecer-lhe. No entanto, custava-me revelar-lhe certos aspectos mais cruéis. Sentia-me como que a tentar regressar à ressequida garganta de um pesadelo, quando recordava que o meu último dia de felicidade fora a meio de certa semana de Março em que contei ao meu marido que estava grávida de Linda.»

«Durante todo o ano se manteve com um ataque de sinceridade: «Este miúdo come mais do que nós os cinco todos juntos», exclamava. «Pára de te empanturrar, meu palerma», dizia ao Phillip.»

«Nada disto contei ao John, pois me parece que andar a contar como outro homem a destratou desvaloriza muito uma mulher.»

«Dir-se-ia que a única coisa verdadeiramente indispensável à sobrevivência dos mais aptos é um interesse na vida, seja ele bom, mau ou peculiar.»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «Um Interesse na Vida»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

«(...) fechei-me como uma ostra. (...) mantive um tal silêncio que ainda hoje, quando me lembro, sufoco de respeito por mim mesmo.»

«Viver com a Cindy proporciona-me muitas alegrias. No domicílio de outra geração, deparam-se-nos importantes oportunidades de adquirir conhecimentos. E, justiça lhe seja feita, é sempre com gentileza que ela se refere ao futuro. Estou convencido que daqui a seis ou sete anos será uma mulher maravilhosa. Desejo-lhe sorte; nessa altura seremos já, um para o outro, estranhos.»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «Um Irrevogável Diâmetro»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

«- Para que precisas tu de privacidade, hã? Não me digas que é para a enfiar nas raparigas?»

«Com o desgosto Mr. Teitelbaum havia para sempre voltado as costas ao seu vizinho - o Homem - e adoptara definitivamente o olhar de soslaio dos gatos, o saltitar dos pássaros e a inclinação de pescoço dos cães. Como um papagaio a única coisa que achava para dizer e repetir quando Eddie fazia o seu intervalo da tarde era: «Não deixes a porta aberta, Eddie, senão eu e os pássaros voamos.»

«Os olhares dos dois encontraram-se e, devido à irrevogável dor, não se desprenderam. Foi nesse momento

(afiançou Shmul mais tarde, depois desse e de outros acontecimentos) que Eddie se despenhou de cabeça no coração de uma profunda depressão. Um desespero tal que requereu toda a sua atenção durante anos.»

«Enquanto Eddie tomava a decisão de enlouquecer o mais rapidamente possível, outras decisões, em outros lados, estavam a ser tomadas. Mr. Teitelbaum, por exemplo, decidiu morrer de desgosto e velhice - dois estados frequentemente associados -, e foi essa a última decisão dos Teitelbaum. Shmul sentou-se para pensar e o pai deserdou-o.»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «Nos Dias Que de Nós Troçaram»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

«- Se és tão genial, Bubbles, por que é que nem sequer uma casa tens?

- É que acabo justamente de me encontrar - disse ele, escapando-se para dentro. De fora, era a imagem simétrica de um rosto com um centro morto. Tinha os olhos azuis. As pupilas eram escuras e imóveis. Nunca olhava as coisas pelo canto dos olhos, voltava sempre a cabeça para as fitar.»

«- De qualquer modo, devias pensar com frases mais curtas - sugeriu ele, embora eu não tivesse articulado palavra.»

«- Então, o que pensas dele? Nada mal, hem? É a vaga do futuro. Um homem que sabe empregar o ócio.»

Grace Paley, «Pequenas Contrariedades da Existência» (conto «A Verdade Vem Sempre Ao de Cima»), tradução de Paula Castro, Relógio D'Água

Tutku says

2.5' tan ???

Kitab? çok sevemedim maalesef. Sonlar?nda bitirmek için cebelle?tim. Yazar?n diline bir süre sonra al??t?m fakat okuma heyecan?m öyküler ilerledikçe azald?. Özellikle birkaç öyküde ' Ne anlamal?yd?m?' diye dü?ündüm. Anlam yükleyemedim, ho?lanmad?m. Sevdi?im 1-2 öykü ve baz? k?s?mlar oldu fakat etki b?rakmad?lar üzerimde...

Bülent Özgün says

7/10

Çevirmeni **Aylin Ülçer** yüzü suyu hürmetine alm??t?m bu kitab?. Kendisi ne çevirdiyse, sevdi?im türde olsun olmas?n, ilgimi çeksın çekmesin okuyorum/okuyaca??m. Onun yerlile?tirmeleri, buldu?u kar??l?klar bende hayranl?k uyandır?yor.

Bu itkiyle okurken birden kitab?n kendisini de sevmeye ba?lad???m? fark ettim. Paley'nin günlük hayat? anlat?rken kulland??? zaman zaman ac?kl? zaman zaman alayc? dili ho?uma gitti.

11 Öyküden olu?an eserin tamam?nda güçlü kad?n öykü ki?ileri öne ç?k?yor. Bu "güçlü" s?fat?n?n çok kullan?l?p içinin bo?alt?ld???n?n fark?nday?m. O yüzden hemen nas?l "güçlü" olduklar?n?n alt?n? çizeyim: Tüm ba? ki?iler kendi seçimlerini yap?yor ve bunlar?n sonuçlar?na cesurca gö?üs geriyor.

Onlar delice sevdikleri erkeklere canlar? tak edince "Hadi Güle Güle, U?urlar Olsun" diyebiliyorlar.

"Hem Genç Hem ?htiyar Bir Kad?n" olarak tutkular?n?n pe?inden gitseler de olgunlukla dizginleri ellerine alabiliyorlar.

Yeni bir hayat kursalar bile eski e?lerine duyduklar? sevgi bitmediyse onlar? sevgiyle kabul edebilecek kadar olgunlar.

S?n?ftaki "En Gür Ses"e onlar sahipler ve bu gür ses sadece erkek egemen topluma kar?? de?il, az?nl?k olman?n derdiyle de ç?k?yor.

"Hayattan Bir Beklenti"leri yok çünkü istediklerini elde edebilecek kudretteler. E?leri erkekliklerini kan?tlamak için sava?a gitse bile toplumun onlara biçti?i "kad?nl?k" görevlerinin ötesinde bir varl?k gösteriyorlar.

Çocuklar?n? nas?l yeti?tirdikleri hakk?nda afaki konu?an erkeklerin a??zlar?na paylar?n? bir güzel veriyorlar. O çocuklar ki yeri geliyor annelerinin "kar??s?nda" yeri geliyor "yanlar?nda" duruyorlar. Her birinin güçlü ki?ilikleri var.

Bu güzel eserde tek bir öykü var ki kitab?n genel çizgisinden sap?yor: "Hepimizi Maymuna Çeviren Zaman" Ba?l?k her ne kadar ya?lanmaya dair bir i?aret verse de öykü "absürt" bir hava içinde ak?yor. Ba? ki?i Eddie'nin ilginç deneylerinin arkas?nda alayc? bir sava? kar??tl??? seziliyor.

Gerçi tüm öykülerin bir yan? sava?la ilgili. Sava?la da??lan yuvalar ve ekonomik buhran.

Yukar?da az çok anlatmaya çal??t???m halleri daha iyi anlayabilmeniz için baz? al?nt?lar b?rak?yorum. Bu cümleler öyle güzeller ki yerlerinden sökülünce bile etkilerini kaybetmiyorlar:

"Rosie, ah Rosie," dedi bana bir gün. "Gül yüzündeki saatten anlad???m kadar?yla, otuzuna gelmi? olmal?s?n." (s. 17)

Bunu ilk önce annemin yüzünde fark ettim, zaman?n çürük elyaz?s?, yanaklar?na bir a?a?? bir yukar? kargac?k burgac?k çiziktirilmi?, aln?na ileri geri karalanm??t? ve bu yaz?y? bir çocuk bile okuyabilirdi - ihtiyar, ihtiyar, ihtiyar yaz?yordu. Ama yüre?imi as?l parçalayan, bu ac? gerçe?i Vlashkin'in o harika yüz ifadesi üzerine karalanm?? görmek oldu. (s. 18)

"Nereye gidiyorsun Peter?" Anna antreden seslendi ona, gürültücü çocuklar?n ve unutulmu? ?emsiyelerin yurdundan. (s. 46)

"... O çocuklar?n sesleri pek c?l?z; hem neden ba??rs?nlar ki onlar? ?ngilizceyi, do?u?tan sular seller gibi biliyorlar. Melekler gibi alt?n sar?s? saçlar? var. Oyunda rol almalar? o kadar önemli mi sence? Noel... yeryüzünün bütün mal? mülkü... hepsinin sahibi onlar zaten." (s. 56)

Zavall? ihtiyar anam, bo?az?na benden kocaman bir parça dü?ümlenmi? halde, gözü arkada gitti öbür tarafa. O s?rada askerdeydim ama anlad???ma göre son sözleri ?u olmu?: "Freddy'yi Eleanor Farbstein ile

tan??t?r?n." Kad?ndaki cürete bak?n hele. Beni bir mal gibi vasiyetine eklemi? resmen. K?z karde?imi asker t?ra?l? o reklam yazar?na, o gastronomi uzman?na b?rakm??. Babam? teyzelerin merhametine terk etmi?. S?ra bana gelince, ki güya onun en k?ymetli varl???, gönlünün buzdolab?ndaki en iyi et parças?yd?m, tutmu? beni de Ellen Farbstein'a b?rakm??. (s. 63)

On gün sonra Girard, "Babam nerede?" diye sordu.
"Bana soru sorma ki sana yalan söylemeyeyim." (s. 72)

Benim anlatacak kayda de?er bir ?eyim yoktu. Hele ?imdi, John konuyu böyle gözümün içine içine sokunca, hayat?m?n yan?p kül olmu? her gününün duman? utançla tütmeye ba?lam??t? ve o duman yüzünden güzel geçen say?l? anlar? bile tam olarak göremiyordum. (s. 75)

Vücudunun bölümleri, ister görünür, ister örtülü olsun, gözü ok?uyordu. Çocuklu?un ve ihtiyarl???n bütün abart?l? kemikleri, genç k?zl???n s?cac?k ahenginde uykuya dalm??t?. (s. 93)

Gece uyumadan önce fark?nda olmadan dua ediyorum. Kalkt???mda da öyle. Tanr?'ya dua etmiyorum, çocuklu?un o birle?tirici hat?ras?na dua ediyorum. Faith, sen ihtiyar dedenin Kadi? duas?n? okuyunu unutabilir misin hiç? Hay?r, sonsuza dek kula???nda kalacaktır o ses. (s. 112)

Sonra da, Alcatraz hapisanesinde siyah beyaz parmakl?klar?n ard?na hapsedilmi? bir kral gibi ebediyen mezara gömülmü? kalbim, o?lumun k?sa, tombul parmaklar?n?n aras?ndan s?zan ???kla çizgi çizgi ayd?nland?. (s. 127)

Çeviriye ve düzeltiye diyecek söz yok. Tek bir dü?ük cümle tek bir yaz?m hatas? bile görmedim. Editör **Derya Önder**'e de buradan sayg?lar?m? sunuyorum.

Hele bask?s?. Ah öyle güzel bir bask?s? var ki kitab?n. Kapak tasar?m?, çizimi, dokusu; sayfalar?n rengi, dokusu, yaz? düzeni; her ?eyiyle harika bir bask?. Kapak tasar?m? ve çizimini yapan **Melis Rozental**'?n ellerine sa?l?k.

Frabe says

Grace Paley (1922-2007) ha scritto solo racconti - pochi, tra l'altro. Questa è la sua prima e più nota raccolta, del 1959: apprezzabile tuttora, lo fu particolarmente all'epoca, per lo stile singolare e innovativo - con Saul Bellow e Philip Roth tra i principali estimatori.
(Grace Paley fu inoltre una pacifista... molto "battagliera", soprattutto ai tempi del Vietnam.)

Northpapers says

"Under the narrow sky of God's great wisdom, she wore a strawberry-blond wig."

I first read this collection in October of 2015. On that first time through, I stopped and re-read "The Loudest Voice," the story from which I drew that quote about the wig, at least four times, once aloud to a group of friends who may or may not have shared my enthusiasm for it. It's hard to tell sometimes.

I received *The Collected Stories of Grace Paley* for Christmas, and I decided to open 2016 by reading *The Little Disturbances of Man* again before moving on to her other collections. There's something in these stories that I haven't seen elsewhere. She demonstrates the kind of warmth and grace to be found in the most potent complaint.

Her central concern seems to be the predicament of women in our world, but all of life seems to find a place in that theme, and so we end up with these rich, multi-faceted little narratives full of humor and tragedy and telling detail.

But Paley's voice is the main thing for me. She seems to listen with her whole heart, and leaves all the emotional tones of the lives of her characters intact and resonant. I don't quite know how she does it yet. I plan to keep coming back to these stories to find out.
