



Dvori od oraha

Miljenko Jergović

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"Dvori od oraha" je roman koji je zapravo prica o dvadesetom stoljecu kroz porodicnu pricu jedne dubrovacke obitelji ispricanu obrnutom hronologijom, prica pocinje 2001. godine i završava se 1878. godine u vreme austrijske okupacije Bosne. U toj knjizi sam na neki nacin hteo opisati kako velika povijest izgleda i djeluje u iskustvima nekih obicnih smrtnika jer cijeli zivot sam i od svojih djedova i baka i od svojih roditelja slusao te price o vaznim istorijskim dogadjajima u njihovim zivotima koji su potpuno drugacije interpretirani nego sto su bili interpretirani u sluzbenoj istoriji. Od ubistva Franje Ferdinanda u Sarajevu 1914. godine pa do nekih stvari koje deluju manje ubitacno poput oprostaja Grete Garbo s filmskog platna ili smrti Rudolfa Valentina. "Dvori od oraha" su pokusaj nekog panoramiziranja tog naseg jedinog i najvaznijeg, dvadesetog vijeka.

Dvori od oraha Details

Date : Published by Rende (first published January 1st 2003)

ISBN : 9788683897629

Author : Miljenko Jergovi?

Format : Paperback 511 pages

Genre : Fiction

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From Reader Review Dvori od oraha for online ebook

Vit Babenco says

We tend to idealize the past: ‘those were the days...’ But **Miljenko Jergovi?** brings the reality back to us – *The Walnut Mansion*, full of dark postmodernistic irony, is a whirlwind of misfortune, it is a rich and colourful tale about the tragic fate of a woman and a tragic fate of the nation.

When you’re little and you measure life in days and not years, you often see a miracle happen, but more often you’re disappointed and convinced that there wasn’t any miracle.

The narration of *The Walnut Mansion* goes backwards – from the present into the past... from the river-mouth to its fountainhead... from grandchildren to children and from parents to grandparents: the history of the heroine for five generations.

There was an entire male world in Regina’s head, picturesque as Godard’s Paris, in which every man’s ultimate goal was to spray his semen wherever he went, and, if possible, inside her child. She hated them with every bit of strength in her big heart. However, if someone told her she’d gone too far because it wasn’t normal to call one’s own daughter a slut or anyone who eyed her a maniac, she acted like her hatred was the highest and holiest form of motherly love. When it came to sex, she felt extremely protective, although her feelings toward the one she was protecting didn’t differ very much from her attitude toward Dijana’s real and imaginary men. The girl reminded her of the tragedy of her own life and therefore had to be punished. In her dreams, at least.

The history of the world, the history of the country, the history of the individual: they are thoroughly interlocked and indivisible...

In the summer of 1968 the old man turned eighty-five, and Luka Sikiri? was told in a Paris cancer clinic that he had three months to live. He strolled down streets where children played war. They turned over cars, smashed display windows, pulled granite cobblestones from the street, and hurled them at the police, shouting their revolutionary slogans. The policemen shot tear gas at them and swung their batons, and many of them ended up in the hospital with bloody heads. They were forbidden from shooting at the children. The parents, against whom the revolution was started, forbade it. The stupid cops’ brains couldn’t comprehend this as the nurses tended to their wounds, and not even the most intelligent people would have comprehended this were it not for books, movies, and especially philosophical treatises that would turn 1968 into a significant historical event, more important than all the wars fought in French colonial Africa and maybe more important than the war in Vietnam, in which thousands and millions, mainly nameless slant-eyed primates, were being killed in the name of the same ideals against which the children of Europe had risen up. No answer would ever be given to the question of how a revolution, in which the counterrevolutionaries were not allowed to shoot, could be such an important historical event, but its meaning would finally be known in ten or fifteen years, when the children in the streets of Paris had grown up into replicas of their fathers.

And whatever happens to the individual or the country the history of the world continues.

Those who pass judgment usually don't know that they've passed judgment on someone. Just as those who are condemned don't learn anything about those passing judgment either, no matter how hard they try and no matter how sweet revenge seems. No one succeeds in taking revenge on anyone in this short life.

History is written in blood... from the first letter to the last.

Sve says

[illegible]

Piet Michael says

"Das Walnusshaus" ist sicherlich eines der besten, episch angelegten Bücher über das 20. Jh.! In erster Linie über die Geschichte der Regina Delavale und ihrer Familie, oftmals auch über Dritte, die mit der Familie auf irgendeine Weise verbunden sind, wird die Geschichte des bosnisch-kroatischen Raumes rekonstruiert. Unglücklicherweise, versagt Jergovics Handwerk irgendwo in der Mitte der Erzählung und lässt einzelne Kapitel abgeschlossen wie eigene Novellen erscheinen, und kriegt dann erst in den letzten zwei Kapiteln die Kurve zurück, um es wieder als "umgekehrten Bildungsroman" ausklingen zu lassen. In einem breiten Panorama von Städten, Krisen zwischenmenschlicher Natur und Kriegen erhält der Leser einen profunden und glaubhaften Eindruck vom jugoslawischen Kulturraum, und das im Rückblick. Die Handlung beginnt nämlich mit dem Jahr 2000 und endet, dank der subtilen Erzähltechnik fließend, mit dem Jahr 1905. Das Buch ist so voller Leben, die sich allesamt temperamentvoll lieben und streiten, dass man als Leser schon nach 5 Seiten, trotz möglicher zwischenzeitlicher Unterbrechung, wieder hineingesogen wird, und sich schwer tut, nicht weiter zu lesen. Eine ähnliche Wirkung hat vielleicht noch "Krieg und Frieden".

Aleksandar Šegrt says

"?ini mi da pisci orijentalne provenijencije (ili oni koji se tako ose?aju) malo previše energije troše na stil naracije. pa kao oni kaligrafi kojima je bitnija lepota slova nego šta piše, možda tako i propuštaju priliku da napišu re?enice koje ?e zaista dugo odzvanjati"

i dalje mislim šta sam mislio na pola knjige. sad još i mislim da je ovo napisano sa tendencijom da bude veliki roman, i u velikoj meri namera je uspela.

Bezimena književna zadruga says

Ovo je simfonijski savršeno napisan roman, mocartovski, tužan kao rekvijem. Ovo je najbolji roman napisan na jeziku oko kojeg se imena nikada nismo dogovorili. Ovo je knjiga koju s ponosom treba stavljati na police pored najvećih dela klasične književnosti. Ovo je i jedini udžbenik istorije ovih prostora koji ima smisla pročitati.

<https://bezimenaknjizevnazadruga.word...>

Zhanet says

When I started to read this - the first 50 pages or so - I was thrilled to discover that this author actually describes people getting angry; people getting so mad, so furious that they throw curses at each other and use one hell of a bad language in order to blow off their steam. How very refreshing! It made me realize how often novels describe people being wronged and not defending themselves...

Maria says

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Nicko D says

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Holly Cruise says

I am prefacing this with a warning that I don't read much fiction (too many history books to read) and that some of what I say might be the result of this.

This is a curious book. At some points it was so brilliant, so breath-takingly sharp and real and painful that it was a pure joy and pleasure to read. And at other points it was ridiculously banal, waffling about completely irrelevant things or obsessing over gratuitous details or (the worst crime) assigning thoughts to female characters which I, a female human, would like to assure all male humans we do **not** think/do.

The characters were also a mixed bag. Knowing very little of Croat history, though keen to know more, I felt I picked up a lot from how the characters interacted with the events around them. History would either touch them directly or at a distance, lightly or devastatingly. This was immensely satisfying and carried the book through some of the less engaging chapters. It felt like a meditation on a nation, and a nation of many peoples.

However, at times this meant that I couldn't work out if the characters were acting as humans or as cyphers for the events surrounding them. The most direct moments of puppetry (the divergent fate of the two brothers in WWII, or the husband fleeing with his Jewish ally) were some of the strongest and most gripping parts. But at other times the characters were acting in ways which weren't quite human and I couldn't work out if they were badly written or if there was some deeper metaphor in their behaviour that I wasn't picking up on. It was frustrating because characters not talking to each other like real humans would is one of the my least favourite things in any form of media, unless there is a good reason for these unnatural behaviours. Unfortunately, I felt this befell both of the main female characters at times.

Overall, well worth a read and it wasn't a struggle to finish, even if I had to pull myself through some sections.

Andrija says

Kada sam poceo da aktivno citam, negdje u ovo vrijeme prosle godine, poceo sam sa Jergovicem, i to Buick Rivera, vidio sam koliko je istinito ono sto veli Karlos Ruiz Zafon, da su knjige ogledala i da vidimo u njima ono sto vec postoji u nama.

Tako je sa svakom Jergovicevom knjigom koju sam procitao pa i ovom. Jergovic pise o onome sto svi znamo, i vidimo ali ne govorimo: o uzasnom polozaju zene koji se provlaci kroz cijeli prosli vijek, pa i samim tim muskarca od kojeg se ocekuje da ratuje, lomi, bude bezosjecajan i ne place, ali u sustini - balkanskog covjeka koji je kroz sve ratove, sva stradanja zapravo gurnut u 21. vijek.

Melita says

Knjiga o velikoj istoriji i malim ljudima u njoj. Bolno prepoznatljivi univerzalni ljudski tipovi u okviru ex-yu

Raya says

What a long journey it was! Almost 100 years of the most turbulent and dramatic times on the Balkans. Telling one's life backwards puts a whole new perspective on how I read my life. While the end might be ugly and tormented, the beginning is full of promise and hope. Just for a moment the whole world stands still knowing there's a glint of happiness after all, a promise for a new and better tomorrow. I think we somehow tend to forget it while growing old. And Jergovi? reminds me/us that I/we should not. I am sure that each of us holds the memory of a "Walnut Mansion", an idyllic piece of childhood that reminds us who we were in the beginning.

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Nevena says

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Bandit says

It's always an honor to be the first to review a book. This was a fairly random selection found on netgalley. I enjoy historical fiction and wanted to find out more about the Balkan region, but a giant book by an unknown (to me) author required commitment. So anyway, I committed, although I managed to get through most of it in one day despite the bulk. Was it worth the time...yes, mostly. Despite the informative, though somewhat pedantic, and very lengthy introduction, the book has a pretty decent narrative, quite readable, when it didn't drag itself down. When it did, though, there were page long sentences and plaintive soliloquies. It was a heavy read, no pun intended since I read it on Kindle, heavy, bleak, desultory history of a century of Balkans, pre, during and post the failed experiment of Yugoslavia. Mind you, expecting happy literature from eastern Europe is akin to expecting nutritional value from McDonalds. Sad despondent nations struggling to make their way through a very difficult 100 or so years. Told in reverse order from primarily a female perspective of one family over generations it almost makes one believe that unhappiness can be genetic. Starting the story with a crazy 97 year old woman and tracing her life back through countless disappointments, set backs and betrayals until her very childhood that once surprisingly held a promise of a good happy life within the walls of the eponymous mansion. This was genuinely an epic story, its span and ambition were most impressive. It was somewhat laborious of a read, tended to lack sympathetic characters and certainly a depressing one, but as a history lesson it worked well, quite edifying in fact. The reverse chronology was done excellently too. And the ending was terrific, perfectly apt conclusion to a fairy tale slammed into reality. Interesting reading for anyone intrigued by the region.
