



El violí d'Auschwitz

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Un cop reclòs al camp d'extermini d'Auschwitz, en Daniel, un luthier jueu, amaga als nazis el seu ofici de constructor de violins.

Text de contraportada

Per sobreviure, els diu que és fuster, una feina amb una utilitat pràctica que li permet resistir les condicions de vida infrahumanes, i ajornar així la seva probable “eliminació”. Gran aficionat a la música clàssica, el comandant del camp descobreix la veritable professió d'en Daniel i aleshores el sotmet a una prova: li haurà de construir un violí que tingui un so perfecte. El luthier es posa a l'obra, però no es pot ni imaginar el càstig que l'espera si no compleix bé el sinistre encàrrec.

El violí d'Auschwitz Details

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From Reader Review *El violí d'Auschwitz* for online ebook

Greg says

I'll admit that I'm of two minds about *The Violin of Auschwitz*. Like many who have already reviewed it here, it didn't affect me as powerfully as have other novels or biographical accounts of the Jewish holocaust and the Nazi concentration camps. I think, for example, of the dark power of Elie Wiesel's *Night*, or the tremendous wisdom to be found in Viktor Frankl's *Man's Search for Meaning*, and this one simply doesn't compare. However, not all books can be Pulitzer prize winners, and that this one is not does not mean it has no value.

For me, its value lies in the symbolism I found in it, which may or may not have been intended by the author (or fully brought to life by the translator). The violin itself was symbolic of things that bring beauty and light into life. Such things allow us to transcend the difficulties, challenges, and even evils that come upon us sometimes, and our immersion in them, bringing all of our talents and energies to bear upon them, can take us out of ourselves and to a different, better place. Friends such as Bronislaw also prove to be lifelines (and we to them) in those dark times, and also in times of goodness and hope. Even the prison commander and the evil doctor are symbols, of that which is most evil and destructive, but that still has not the power to destroy us (not our shell that we call our body, but us), and can only take our soul if we allow it. Death may remove us temporarily from this world, but never from the memories of those we have loved, and who loved us, and never permanently from the eternal world.

Like others I have read of this genre, this book led me to pause from time to time, to think and ponder, and to appreciate the ease and joys and blessings of my life. That made it worthwhile.

Jibran says

Barren, sterile, lifeless prose.

The premise is inspiring: many years later, an old violin becomes a point of departure for the reconstruction of the travails of its Jewish maker, once a prisoner at Auschwitz, who had attempted to rescue his life and dignity through his craft.

This story would have turned out well in the hands of a better writer, but this time round, the promise is lost.

Abandoned 43%

Brina says

Maria Angels Anglada was an award winning Catalans author. Her worked garnered her many prizes during her life, including the highest writing award bestowed in Catalan. Her novella *The Violin of Auschwitz* details the true story of how a violin maker named Daniel used his skill as a luthier to escape the clutches of the death camps.

Daniel came from a religious family in Cracow that before the war had been violin makers. When the Germans took over Poland and forced all Jews into ghettos, Daniel's mother and sister succumbed to heartbreak. His father survived the ghetto but not the war, and the only family he had left were his fiancé Eva and a niece Regina, who was fortunate enough to be taken in by gentiles for the duration of the war. Knowledge that both were still alive gave Daniel the strength to survive each horrid day in Auschwitz.

Upon finding out that Daniel the carpenter is really a violin maker, an SS officer places a bet with a doctor that Daniel could not construct a violin rivaling one of Stradivarius. Working around the clock with assistance from his friend Bronislaw the violinist, Daniel overcomes hunger and weakness to build a masterpiece. His craft and a little luck allows him to live past the date set by the bet.

As in the majority of Holocaust narratives I have read, the imagery here is difficult to digest. Anglada's use of prose to describe music contrasts with the bleak outlook of life in Auschwitz. Told in flashback by a contemporary violinist who is a friend of Daniel's niece, Daniel's story is meant to provide hope amid the brutalities of the Holocaust.

This is the first novella of Anglada's that I have read. Some of the prose may have been lost in translation from the Catalan, but it is still a beautiful story. I would read her other novels if they are available in English and rate *The Violin of Auschwitz* 4 bright stars.

Tonkica says

Sve pri?e takvih doga?aja su tužne, teške.. Samo su neke ispri?ane bolje, a neke lošije. Kada izostane emocija, ve? imaš dojam da netko "samo" pri?a pri?u, znaš da ?eš ju vrlo brzo zaboraviti.

Biljana Becirovic says

Negdje sam vidjela da Violini iz Auschwitza zamjeraju nedostatak emocija. Nikako se ne bi složila s tim, emocije su vrlo snažne, ali zadržane, prikrivene, sputane strahom za vlastiti život, užasom gladi, batina, mrcvarenja. Emocija pravog majstora, istinski zaljubljenog u svoj rad, je toliko snažna da mu je omogu?ila da izdrži pakao logora na tri rijeke. Glazbeno obrazovani ?itatelj mogao bi prona?i još i više ljepote u ovom djelu. Knjiga vrijeda ?itanja, svakako.

Juliana Philippa says

Strong in its quiet simplicity, but I felt somewhat disconnected from the characters (3.5 stars)

Maria Àngels Anglada is described as "one of the most important figures of Catalan twentieth-century literature," and her talent is evident in this novel. Both the story and the writing were simple and I don't intend that as a criticism, because in my opinion this simplicity is the book's greatest strength.

The Auschwitz Violin has two frames to its central tale, so it's a story within a story within a story. The central one tells of Daniel, a young man in a concentration camp. He was a violin maker by trade and now "works" as a carpenter in the camp. Through a turn of events, he is assigned the task of creating a violin for

Sauckel, the camp commander, who collects musical instruments. Bronislaw, a young violinist, will be the one to play the violin once it's completed.

As with everything during that horrific time, nothing is clearly defined, yet everything carries an aspect of danger, with the threat of death ever present. Daniel and Bronislaw know that their lives depend on this one instrument and this one performance, though even should they survive this test, who knows what the next one will be.

The book is a very short one (109 pages), which contributed to the feeling of simplicity, yet also to the lack of depth. I did not feel especially connected to the characters, nor implicated in and bound to what their fate would be. There were a few magical moments filled with poignancy, reflecting the utter desperation and helplessness of the prisoners' situation, and showing their amazing strength of spirit. But certain other parts did not really draw me in - most notably Daniel's process of and progress in creating the violin.

The inhumane treatment that is mentioned almost in passing and the real documents that begin each chapter add to the starkness of the story and the characters' reality. Anglada's language is also at times poetic and it often contrasts with what it is she is describing. Writing of the SS officers: "From their serene (or fanatical) eyes and delicate, heinous hands hung a thin thread: life or the illusion of it" (p18). And describing the morning after several prisoners have been murdered: "The sun began shamelessly to unravel the fog, banishing it from the sky, and the names of the murdered were swept away by the wind, removed to nothingness" (p66).

Anglada is talented with words, but for the most part the book didn't affect me as much as I thought it would. The exception to this was the ending, in which the story comes full circle. These last few pages were poignant, delicate, and beautiful, and make what came before them worthwhile. I would recommend this as a library check-out though, and not a purchase.

[This review is of an advanced copy format of the book:]

Zeta Dina says

uvijek ovekujem da knjiga ovakve tematike izazove duboke emocije ali ovdje se nije dogodilo nista.to je zapravo tuzno I strasno me razocaralo, mozda je tako zbog nacina pripovijedanja, mozda je nesto drugo po srijedi, ne znam...

Sara Zovko says

Ne mogu reći da je ovo loša knjiga, ali mislim da joj nedostaje još malo razrade. Na svojih 172 stranice govori o jednoj zaista teškoj temi, jednom od odvratnijih razdoblja povijesti i spaja to sa ?arolijom glazbe i ljudskim duhom koji je sposoban svašta preživjeti, no nekako nije me previše dotakla. Lijepo je pisana zaista je, samo mi je sve to nekako djelovalo hladno. Solidna, ali ne pretjerano pamtljiva knjiga.

Lance Greenfield says

Maria Àngels Anglada brings the history of the violin made by Daniel, the Jewish luthier, during his internment in the Auschwitz concentration camp, to vibrant life.

The story opens with the playing of the violin by Regina in the present time. Her relationship to the craftsman becomes apparent about half way through the book, but is not fully revealed until nearr the end.

The brutality of the Nazis in the WWII camps is vividly described in such a way that the reader can feel the day-to-day tension. The prisoners live on a knife-edge between survival and horrific punishment, or even death. Their fortune always hangs on the balance and depends on the moods of their captors as much as on their own actions. Should one stand to attention and salute when a German officer enters the room, or continue with one's work until spoken to? The answer to that question varies, as do the consequences of the answer. Every day is filled with gambles of life for every prisoner.

Amidst all of the stress and anxiety, Daniel is awarded the opportunity to create a perfect musical instrument for the Camp Commandant. His chance comes when he observes a fellow prisoner, a violinist called Bronislaw, being berated by the Commandant for playing bad notes. Daniel can hear the fault in Bronislaw's violin, and knows exactly what it is. Risking his life, he steps forward to point out a split in the shoulder of the instrument. He is allowed to make the necessary repair, demonstrating his expertise.

Suitably impressed, the commandant orders Daniel to make the perfect violin and allows him to choose his tools and materials.

Daniel knows that failure could put his life on the line.

The translation from Catalan to English by Martha Tennent must be good, as the strength of feeling, which must have been in the original, comes shining through.

There is some tiny thing, which I can't quite identify, which is lacking in this book, for me, but it is well worth four to four-and-a-half stars. I would thoroughly recommend it to any of my friends.

Elizabeth (Alaska) says

Luthier: A maker of stringed instruments; a violin-maker. This was a new word for me and I'll be looking to use it in word games.

There are plenty of holocaust stories. As difficult as they are to read, as horrible as the real life they reflect, somehow most of the stories that come to us are stories of perseverance, a will to live, in the face of such hell. This little novella is one of them. Though I might have wanted more, it does what it set out to do. I may look for more by this author, but I will also look for more by this translator. Only because of its brevity am I giving it 4 stars.

Annie says

Primeiro livro lido de 2017!

- Realmente não foi o melhor livro sobre esta temática que li. "A Canção de Embalar" bate aos pontos este livros, mas não deixou de ser uma leitura interessante e de "abrir os olhos"
- Um dos meus maiores problemas com este livro é o facto de o autor esperar que o leitor saiba as partes estruturais de um violino e as ferramentas e técnicas utilizadas para a sua construção. Ao longo dessas descrições a única coisa que consegui retirar foi o que a personagem estava a sentir enquanto trabalhava no violino.
- Também acho que fomos lançados para a história deste personagem e, a seguir, retirados a frio. Fiquei um bocadinho perdida, apesar de o fim da personagem ter sido explicado.
- Acho que este livro não é tão representativo do Holocausto, mas sim uma história movida pelo personagem que, por acaso, se encontra naquela situação.
- Os documentos, apesar de eu dar valor ao facto de ser verdadeiros, passaram-me completamente ao lado e foi complicado fazer a ligação entre o documento no início do capítulo e a parte da história em que nos encontrávamos

No geral, foi uma leitura normal. Nada de especial ou memorável, mas não má de todo.

Julia Harrison says

Readability: Off the charts easy to read; I finished this in a spare hour while my father watched yet another repeat of Poirot. This isn't necessarily a good thing, though - this book is about the Holocaust, one of the most horrendous events ever to occur in our history, and a throwaway hour in front of the fire seems ... empty, unsatisfying, possibly even disrespectful. The very word 'Auschwitz' makes me shiver, feel a little nauseous, darkens everything around me, but this book evoked none of that feeling: it was quick and easy, and those are the two things I feel Holocaust fiction should *not* be. However, if I was to step off my soapbox for just a second or two, I suppose I would admit that the clear, precise language (I'm reading the English translation from the Catalan, so I'm not judging the original work at all, which perhaps is much more powerful linguistically than the translation) is quite refreshing, and allows the story space to breathe rather than clogging it up with any heavy over-description or artistic flourishes.

Impact: The problem is, though, that there isn't really enough story, or at least any real emotional impact to the story, that would make it strong enough to survive without some interesting language. The premise for the book is full of potential: a Jewish luthier imprisoned in Auchwitz III - Monowitz, the labour camp - is ordered by a mercurial, brutal Kommandant to make him a violin, or else he will be handed over to the camp Doctor. I'm aware of the debate on how the Holocaust has become a minefield of emotion and story for writers, but my view as it stands is that while there is a huge amount of Holocaust fiction out there that is added to every day, it is a subject that, when it is handled well, can be extremely, shockingly powerful. It is also one of those subjects that the literary world may feel a little saturated by, given the sheer amount of writing it produces, but the fact remains it is an historical event which should never be forgotten, which is

hugely important to our psyche, and a wealth of writing - both the good and the bad - is an inevitable side-effect of that. This book, however, fails to rise to the levels of the really good, affecting fiction relating to the topic. The premise may be good, but in the execution there is no sense of urgency or danger; I never felt involved in the story or in Daniel's situation. The whole thing feels flat, from his character and the ultimatum he is presented with to the description of the camp and its horrors. The only moments that stirred some genuine interest and emotion in me were the real copies of documents rescued from Auschwitz with which Anglada has framed each of her chapters, and the descriptions of how the violin is made. The former are affecting because they are real, and need no description to convey the horror behind their existence, and the latter seem to spring Daniel's character to life; his passion for his craft is visceral and exciting whereas in the rest of the book, his feelings are vaguely drawn or feel skipped over by Anglada. Aside from these brief interludes, however, *The Auschwitz Violin* was a huge disappointment for me - although at least it is a short enough book that I didn't regret spending time with it too much.

Adam says

On the back of this slender volume, Tatiana de Rosnay is quoted as having said, "*Read this little book and it will haunt you for ever.*" Having read it, I doubt that it will.

Everything that is described in this brief, concisely written novel might have possibly happened in the peculiar atmosphere that reigned in Auschwitz. Yet for me, the narrative voice did not ring true.

Daniel was a maker of stringed musical instruments before he entered the Nazi concentration camp system in Auschwitz. When, quite by chance, the commandant of the particular camp in which Daniel was interned discovers that he had a skilled instrument-maker amongst his inmates, he orders Daniel to make a violin, which has the quality of a Stradivarius. Daniel begins this task, and eventually learns that his life depends on him producing the instrument. He discovers that his life is part of a wager made between the commandant and the camp's doctor. If he is unable to make the violin, he learns that will be handed over to the doctor who is keen to use him in one of his inhumane, usually lethal, experiments.

The plot is good as far as it goes, but I did not like the way that the book was written. It seemed to me that the authoress had done a great deal of reading about the Holocaust ('Shoah'), and that it affected her deeply enough to want to express her reactions to it by writing a novel. I have also read much about this tragic episode of 20th century history, but did not feel that Maria Angels Anglada was able to evoke the gloomy, hopeless atmosphere of the camps with as well as writers such as Primo Levi and David Ben-Dor (who were, it must be said, survivors of the concentration camps).

In brief, this book added little or nothing to my appreciation of the horrific nature of the Nazi's crimes against humanity during the 1930s and 1940s, and I cannot recommend it as being worth reading, even though it takes little time to read.

Ana Rodrigues says

Não era bem o que estava à espera.

É a história da construção de um violino em Auschwitz

Oana says

This is a hundred pages beautiful, haunting and powerful novella about a luthier imprisoned in a sub-camp of Auschwitz, forced to make a violin, which can save or end his life. Though I've read a lot of World War II and Holocaust literature, I surely didn't feel this one as *just another Holocaust book*, because its tone was different. For a change, this wasn't a biography of a survivor, but historical fiction, so the typical graphic gore, violence and cruelty we find in this type of novels weren't the prime subject, but just a sideline, the story being concentrated more on a man's inner struggle to harbour his humanity, hope and dignity, in the middle of the horrors inflicted by Auschwitz.

Very beautifully written, lyrical and not at all melodramatic, *The Violin of Auschwitz* might as well be considered a love story between a man and its beloved craft, the exquisite violin which will be forever proof of some things that shouldn't have never happened.

Lynne King says

Emily Dickson defined so well the element of pain when she wrote:

"Pain has an element of blank;
It cannot recollect
When it began, or if there was
A time when it was not.

It has no future but itself,
Its infinite realms contain
Its past, enlightened to perceive
New periods of pain."

And pain, both mental and physical, make up the fabric of this beautifully poignant but also somewhat brilliantly-depressing novella.

I don't normally read books about the Holocaust as although I empathise with what happened to the Jewish people in the camps, I find literature of this period in history generally very depressing. I only found out today through research that it is in fact a genre, which somewhat surprised me:

Gerald Levin states:

"Little is known about how traditional literary genres came into existence. More is known about recent genres; but most discussions of genre treat them synchronically, without consideration of their historical development...The literature of the Holocaust is usually discussed as a class of literature defined by its subject – the destruction of European Jewry by Germany, chiefly in the years between 1942 and 1945, and not by its form. Thus the statement of Elie Wiesel, 'A novel about Auschwitz is not a novel or else it is not about Auschwitz.' "

Mr Levin added: “The pattern of the literature was established after the Second World War by diaries and journals that survived the Holocaust, notably those of Anne Frank and Emmanuel Ringelbaum, and later those of Chaim Kaplan, Moshe Flinker, Janusz Korczak and Primo Levi. These writers not only witnessed the Holocaust but sometimes confessed helplessness or incomprehension of events.”

I cannot even begin to imagine how these survivors felt after the event, knowing what they had seen and lived through would be eternally retained in their memories. It’s horrifying to even contemplate. That’s the main reason why I never read “Sophy’s Choice”; I saw purely the film but even with the brilliant interpretation by Meryl Streep, it was “painful” to watch. Sophy did indeed have a rather brutal choice to make. The poignancy and the desperation in the minds of these Jewish prisoners and the sheer brutality of life in the concentration camps, and also knowing that there was only one way out.

So you’re probably thinking why did I decide to read “The Violin of Auschwitz”? Well, firstly it was the word “violin” (one of my two favourite musical instruments; the other being the cello) in the title and secondly, the write-up which clearly demonstrated the author’s thinking process and it certainly appealed to me, called to me in fact:

“Written with lyrical simplicity and haunting beauty—and interspersed with chilling, actual Nazi documentation—The Violin of Auschwitz is more than just a novel: It is a testament to the strength of the human spirit and the power of beauty, art, and hope to triumph over the darkest adversity.”

And finally, I knew for sure that I would be enthralled by this book. And that was certainly the case.

“In the winter of 1991, at a concert in Krakow, an older woman with a marvellously pitched violin meets a fellow musician who is instantly captivated by her instrument. When he asks her how she obtained it, she reveals the remarkable story behind its origin...”

And so through Regina, we hear the incredible life of her uncle Daniel, which is a mixture of poignant, haunting beauty and yet in parallel with unbelievable horror, but the catalyst is the self-effacing but determined survivor, Daniel, a Jewish luthier. He’s at Gehenna, in the Three Rivers Camp, one of the relatively small Auschwitz sub-camps but he was fortunate in that he had been placed to work for Commander Saucel, “a refined but sadistic giant of a man”.

This man was inherently evil and it was interesting to read about what finally happened to him and in tandem with the other villain, Dr Rascher, the camp’s doctor, whose main thrill and reason for being was experimenting on the human body.

The days are long and hard though, with very little food (basically turnips) and Daniel finds himself becoming weaker and weaker. He’s constantly tired and wonders how much longer he can stay alive. His luck turns though when he’s asked about his occupation and he automatically answered with the half-lie of “carpenter, cabinetmaker”. He felt that it sounded better than “luthier”. It’s strange that his thought process would have gone in that direction as he was finally asked to make a violin.

Well one day, the Commander decides that Daniel would indeed make him a violin. I wondered why until I read that Sauckel “collects” musical instruments and there’s the inference that they may have been “stolen” which certainly appears likely.

So thanks to making the violin, life was slightly better now; no beatings, no whippings, a little more food but what he hadn’t realized was that Saucel had entered into a bet with Dr Rascher regarding the “tonal” quality

of the violin. If the violin is up to the Commander's satisfaction, he'll receive a case of Burgundy wine from Dr Rascher but if it isn't, well Daniel will go to the experimenting doctor. It transpires that Rascher prefers beer to wine, the inference being that he's more interested in acquiring people, i.e. bodies, for his experiments as opposed to "things" such as wine.

But it's Daniel's determination to finish the violin that gives him that tiny effort to stay alive regardless and the author so exquisitely describes his struggles, his thoughts of Eva and his pre-camp life.

There's even mention of Oskar Schindler which seemed fitting:

"the kind-eyed guest, a friend of Tisch's, a man by the name of Schindler, a benevolent 'goy'.

It is Bronislaw, Daniel's friend in the camp, who finally plays the violin for the commander and what a wonderful outcome.

And what finally happened to Daniel? And as for the violin itself? What happened to that? Well the only way to find that out is to read this spellbinding book.

Darlene says

I have read many Holocaust stories and they have all touched me profoundly.... this book (a novella actually), *The Violin of Auschwitz*, was not an exception. This is a sort of 'story within a story.' It begins in 1991, with a woman performing a concert with a 'perfectly pitched' violin. A fellow musician is enthralled with the beauty and the way this instrument sings and approaches the woman to find out its story. Regina, the woman, tells the history of the violin. It was crafted by her father, Daniel, while imprisoned in Auschwitz. The crafting of this violin turns out to be the result of a bet between the Kommandant of the camp and a sadistic camp doctor. If Daniel can craft the instrument within a particular amount of time, the Kommandant wins a case of Burgundy wine; if not, the doctor will then be permitted to use Daniel in his cruel, torturous experiments.

This, and every other Holocaust story, never fails to astonish me with the bravery exhibited and the resilience of the human spirit. These stories move me and leave me filled with hope, that even facing the most unimaginable horror and evil, human beings (and these human beings in particular), can manage to retain that essential goodness and hopefulness that makes us uniquely human. Even though this was barely more than a short story, I was captivated by Daniel's story and I realized when I approached the end of the book, that I had been holding my breath in anticipation of discovering Daniel's fate.

There is a passage which I think sums up perfectly the resilience and inner goodness and hope which was demonstrated by Daniel and all the prisoners of Auschwitz..... "hearing in the distance shouts directed at the newly arrived prisoners, he marveled that his heart had not completely died, that he could feel for others, that compassion for others now could spring from him like a tiny blade of grass emerging not from some wasteland but from the rich earth..... despite the months of cold, hunger and threats, his body bruised by beatings, the tremendous effort to stifle the cries when he was whipped, learning not to long for anything, not to think of anything beyond the immediate; despite it all, his heart was alive."

Beautiful. I am just sorry that this story was so short.

Doreen says

I decided to take a break from the poor reading choices I've been making recently and read this novel, just arrived in the mail today. It was a swift read -- the book barely breaks 100 pages -- but so refreshingly good! It describes a Jewish prisoner in a concentration camp whose vocation as a luthier is discovered, whereupon he is commanded to make a virtuoso violin to rival the works of Stradivarius. Saying anything more would ruin the story, but I will say that I particularly enjoyed this passage, from pgs 65-66:

"[The:] siren sounded, announcing that, despite everything, a new day was commencing... The sun began shamelessly to unravel the fog, banishing it from the sky, and the names of the murdered were swept away by the wind, removed to nothingness."

This book is, especially, a treat for people who love stringed instruments the way I do.

I received this book gratis from Goodreads' First Reads program.

Mark says

Read this short novel over breakfast this morning which involved my failing to start any other work until 930 but it was worth the need for any catch up. It is the story of Daniel a young jewish violin maker, technical term Luthier, who is taken from Warsaw and imprisoned in the horror of a concentration camp. Here he struggles with the bestial cruelty and unpredictability of the Nazi guards and along with the other men he is caught up just in the need to survive but for him his great gift, his great talent gives him a strange lifeline.

The commandant, a brutal and vicious sadist, makes a pact with the equally appalling camp doctor and Daniel is ordered to make a violin to rank with a Stradivarius and, unbeknownst to him, they lay a bet on the success of the creation. If it is acknowledgably wonderful, the Commandant wins a case of Burgundy Wine, if it is not, Daniel will be condemned to be used in the Doctor's experiments.

The power of this little work is the way the disgusting nature of this cruelty sits so bizarrely alongside the beautiful descriptive passages of his lovingly creating, in the midst of the horror, a wooden miracle which can sing out and above the evil. I do not know where Anglada learned her knowledge or love of wood and its properties but it is very emotive.

She writes astoundingly powerful sentences which echo and resound and as always the beauty of the work of the translator, here a woman called Martha Tennent, has to be acknowledged too.

'The sun began shamelessly to unravel the fog, banishing it from the sky and the name of the murdered were swept away by the wind, removed to nothingness '

or again

'he marveled that his heart had not completely died, that he could still feel for others, that compassion for

other men could spring from him like a tiny blade of grass emerging not from some wasteland but from the rich earth '.

These are two little examples of her prose which hasn't the slightest shade of purple and yet is truly lovely

Dora Santos Marques says

A minha opinião em vídeo: https://youtu.be/y7Xqi06f_VY

Este livro desiludiu-me bastante. Esperava muito mais...

Gostei dos documentos reais de Auschwitz no início de cada capítulo.
