



Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts

Donald Barthelme, Harry Bennett (Cover Artist)

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"Fragments are the only forms I trust" is one fat clue the reader might net as to the run of the current in these strange, witty, surreal short stories.

At first bewildered glance, each piece seems a montage of floating, congruent, non-congruent, time-dandling events, words, things; a montage of meaningless (for the moment) souvenirs. A mammoth balloon is inflated over the city with much talk by the natives after the artifact; Indians storm the city in spite of the excellent hand-sanded table (birch veneer on black wrought iron legs); two emphatic creatures named Edward and Pia exist in instant replays and talk in stereo static: a tiny President (forty-eight inches tall at the shoulder) may or may not cause intermittent and mass unconsciousness; and Kellerman, "gigantic with gin, runs through the park at noon with his naked father slung under one arm." Meaning may emerge, blur forth, but in this glittering clatterbang of existence no overview is possible ("The moon hates us").

With elegance and wicked glee, the author has produced hitherto buried delights in the "Isle of Vernacular." Each fragment has its visual and verbal surprise. Baffling, brilliant, and very special, this is Bertie Wooster's "Guernica."

Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts Details

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From Reader Review Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts for online ebook

Jack Waters says

I love Donald Barthelme. His writing has a big influence on mine. His story "The Balloon" is remarkable and shows why writing is fun and gorgeous and inspiring.

Igor S says

In the midst of so much dysfunction, function is interesting.

I am, as I say, not entirely sympathetic. Certain things about the new President are not clear. I can't make out what he is thinking. When he has finished speaking I can never remember what he has said. There remains only an impression of strangeness, darkness...

A great collection. As seems to be normally the case with Barthelme, some of the stories are too cryptic/over my head for my liking but when they work, they work admirably. The above two quotes are a pretty good summary of what one could feel upon reading this. And then, there is also this:

Kellerman, gigantic with gin, runs through the park at noon with his naked father slung under one arm.

I dare you to say this is not downright poetic...

Celeste - Una stanza tutta per me says

Quando ti domandai se avevi un reddito personale, mi rispondesti una cosa intelligente che però non ricordo più. La pelle della schiena che mi si squamava dopo la settimana passata sulla spiaggia. Dove me ne stavo sdraiato senza conoserti.

Scoppiettante, macabro e grottesco, Barthelme è uno degli scrittori di racconti che più mi affascinano. Tra le pagine si avverte inevitabilmente l'invecchiamento del testo (datato 1968), ma ciò rende quasi più godibile la lettura, tra Bob Kennedy, palloni aerostatici, una denuncia reiterata alla guerra e alla violenza, esperimenti con punteggiatura e lessico e molto altro. Se oggi Barthelme può considerarsi superato, è perché lo ritroviamo in molti scrittori del postmoderno della generazione di Foster Wallace, che forse hanno perso per strada - volutamente o non - il sentimento crudo che alle volte Barthelme imprime ai suoi brevi racconti.

Fredd says

The Balloon is now my very favorite short story of all time.

It's only simple on the surface.

My second favorite story in the book is *Can We Talk*.

Best narrative use of artichokes ever.

There is so much to love in this collection of stories. The author uses common colors as adjectives so skillfully that they lend substance to the story, making it almost tangible. This use of colors may sound obvious, but I've very rarely read a book where this was done so well.

When asked how i decided to purchase a book, i responded that i always read the first line to see if it "hooked" me. Donald Barthelme must know there are many other folks like me with the same strategy, and he is a master of the first line hook.

For example, the first line from *A Picture History of the War*:

Kellerman, gigantic with gin, runs through the park at noon with his naked father slung under one arm.

I want to rub the phrases off the pages of this book and slather them onto myself, so i can walk around and have people ask me "what is that fantastic scent you are wearing"?

Sandra says

Questo è un libro cui è impossibile assegnare stelle. Sono 15 brevi racconti assurdi, privi di una struttura narrativa, che colgono attimi di vita e la reinterpretano secondo l'occhio visionario dello scrittore, considerato il padre della letteratura post moderna americana. Faccio degli esempi, per far capire: nel racconto "Robert Kennedy salvato dalle acque", il senatore americano è rappresentato con "berretto nero, mantellina nera e spada", uno Zorro moderno. Nel primo racconto della raccolta, "la rivolta degli indiani", troviamo una città americana presa d'assedio dai pellerossa, in cui le barricate sono formate da portacenere, padelle, bottiglioni di liquori, vasi di fiori. C'è un racconto, "Alice", privo di punteggiatura, in cui ci si perde dietro le parole. Perché Barthelme dice che "corde di linguaggio si dilatano in tutte le direzioni per legare il mondo in un tutt'uno impetuoso, scurile".

In questa disgregazione del linguaggio che Donald Barthelme realizza, solo apparentemente c'è caos, perché al lettore è lasciata la libertà di oltrepassare la barriera linguistica per trovare le idee e far emergere la saggezza dello scrittore. Una lettura difficile.

Glenn Russell says

A string of memorable postmodern, metafictional quick reads straight from the outrageous imagination of Donald Barthelme. Many of these tales I love, but none more than The Balloon, a story with such special beauty it clearly deserves its own write-up. Here goes:

Postmodern: Lyrical and light, as light as a very large feather this Barthelme's short-short begins with a narrator telling us he engineered a balloon expanding twenty city blocks north to south over buildings, from

Fourteenth Street all the way up to Central Park. With such a whimsical happening, we are a world away from Hemingway's old man sitting in the shadow of a café. In an interview, Donald Barthelme recounts when he first began writing, he wrote Hemingway-like stories but could see his efforts were awful and how his writer's voice needed to develop in a radically different direction.

Well-Constructed Fragments: This giant balloon is mostly muted grays and browns contrasted with walnut and soft yellows giving the surface a rough, forgotten quality and anchored by sliding weights on the inside. In his own creative writing, Barthelme was not so much influenced by other writers as by Abstract Expressionist painters like Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollack, Willem de Kooning and Dadaist Collage Artists like Marcel Duchamp and Jean Arp.

Mark Rothko - Work in Gray and Brown

If I squint, I can even see one of the Rothko colors turning into Barthelme's balloon!

Metafictional Meaning: "There was a certain amount of initial argumentation about the "meaning" of the balloon; this subsided because we have learned not to insist on meaning, and they are rarely even looked for now, except in cases involving the simplest, safest phenomenon." In many ways, this letting go of the search for hidden meaning is the shared fate of those Abstract Expressionist paintings. However, perhaps ironically, the search for the meaning in works of fiction, both modern and postmodern, continues apace, including meaning in Donald Barthelme's short fiction.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, but what is the purpose?: Such is the prime question forever posed in America, land of the pragmatist, the land where the only things really worth anybody's time are those which have a useful function and, even better, make money. Thus, initially, the apparent purposelessness of the balloon proved vexing for all the hardheaded city officers and municipal officials. Sure, kids can run, jump, slide and bounce on the thing but why the hell is it there in the first place?! But since the balloon could be neither removed nor destroyed (the officials tried secretly at night) and a public warmth arose for the balloon from the ordinary citizen, the balloon became a city landmark.

Balloon Takes Center Stage: Of course, occupying such a prominent position in the city, people began using various aspects of the balloon in many different ways: civic pride, sheer visual pleasure, enrich their metaphors, metaphysical speculation and, most frequently, as a point of reference to locate themselves, for example: "I'll be at that place where it dips down into Forty-seventh Street almost to the sidewalk, near the Alamo Chile House."

Quote from Jacques Derrida's "The Truth of Painting": "Aesthetic judgment must properly bear upon intrinsic beauty, not on finery and surrounds. Hence one must know – this is a fundamental presupposition, presupposing what is fundamental – how to determine the intrinsic – what is framed – and know what one is excluding as frame and outside-the-frame." And since the balloon is certainly a work of art, what would Jacques have to say about this public artwork stretching over half of mid-town Manhattan, a balloon with no hard edges, where what is inside or outside-the-frame is not clearly limited or defined?

French Deconstructionist Philosopher Jean-Luc Nancy chimes in: "Construction and deconstruction are closely interconnected with one another. What is constructed according to a logic of ends and means is deconstructed when it comes into contact with the outermost edge." Well, turns out, the outermost edge for the balloon happened after twenty-two days: the flexible, undefined, mostly unlimited balloon became depleted fabric, trucked away to be stored in West Virginia, awaiting some other time when it can make its return to be reconstructed to deconstruct all the hard edges of city life.

Again, this little short-short is but one of an entire list of imaginative snappers in this collection. Please treat yourself to some metafictional fun and postmodern brain teasing by picking up this collection of Donald Barthelme. I mean, have you ever encountered better story titles than See the Moon?, The Dolt, Game, The Indian Uprising, The Police Band, The Picture History of War or Robert Kennedy Saved from Drowning?

Chik67 says

...ma soprattutto pagine introvabili, ormai da mesi. Appena risbuca finisco di leggere l'ultimo racconto. Perchè questa è roba buona davvero!

Helpdesk! Dovreste aggiungere l'opzione temporaneamente smarrito.

e invece no. Si era semplicemente nascosto. Anche se, con un atto di prestigio, nel nascondersi ha fatto svanire un po' della magia che aleggiava nelle sue pagine e ora questi racconti mi lasciano un retrogusto di boh?

Un'analisi letteraria dettagliata di questa raccolta di racconti che a detta di molti scrittori (non unico DFW) è uno dei capisaldi della narrativa USA del XX secolo potrebbe così riassumersi: "c'è o ci fa?"

Nella impossibilità di trovare una risposta a questa domanda tra pagine che oscillano tra lo scintillante preziosismo letterario e la delirante presa per il culo, pagine su cui d'altra parte frotte di scrittori dilettanti si sono esercitati producendo sterco dall'inconfondibile odore di sterco, il mio giudizio resta giudiziosamente sospeso, dubioso, confuso.

A volte dà proprio l'impressione di saperla lunga.

Anche Silvan dava l'impressione di saperla lunga.

Paul Bryant says

In the final story we find the following sentence : "Fragments are the only forms I trust." This was jumped upon rabidly by many commentators on Donald Barthelme's spaced-out, intellectual, reserved, lunatic cut-up short story capers. Ah ha! Here is the key! So much so that in a written interview in 1972 DB issued the following response:

"WRITER CONFESSES THAT HE NO LONGER TRUSTS FRAGMENTS"

"Trust 'Misplaced', " Author Declares

"Will Seek 'Wholes' in Future" He Says

NEW YORK, June 24 (A & P) – Donald Barthelme, 41-year-old writer and well-known fragmentist, said today that he no longer trusted fragments. He added that although he had once been 'very fond' of fragments, he had found them to be 'finally untrustworthy'.

The author, looking tense and withdrawn after what he described as 'considerable thought', made his dramatic late-night announcement at a Sixth Avenue laundromat press conference, from which the press were excluded.

"Fragments fall apart a lot," Barthelme said. Use of antelope blood as a bonding agent had not proved....

In this little book of 15 littler stories you will find yourself alternating between suppressed cries of Brilliant! Unspeakably recherché yet humane humour! and What is this crap? An 11 year old could have written this! Hucking fell, what tosh! For for every "Blackbird" or "Long Long Long" there is a "Bungalow Bill" or "Rocky Raccoon" – it's a White Album experience. & having made that comparison (they both came out at roughly the same time in 1968) I noticed that "Happiness is a Warm Gun" is the most Barthelmelike song :

She's not a girl who misses much. She's well acquainted with the touch of the velvet hand like a lizard on a window pane. The man in the crowd with the multicoloured mirrors on his hobnail boots lying with his eyes while his hands are busy working overtime. A soap impression of his wife which he ate and donated to the National Trust.

Sounds just like some of the more experimental (read “can’t make head nor tail”) items here.

The famous ones here are “The Indian Uprising”, “The Balloon” and “Robert Kennedy saved from Drowning” – this latter I thought was too cool for school and in need of tripping up but others think differently. (RFK read it and asked “Well, does he like me or not?”) DB descends into squishy spaced-out autobiography in the middle (“Edward and Pia” and “A Few Moments of Sleeping and Waking”); but the best are just I mean stunning –

The Balloon

Report

Game

Alice

See the Moon?

And to nail down this unconscious Beatles/Barthelme intersticity – the last song on the White Album is John Lennon’s surprising tender lullaby “Goodnight”, sung by Ringo :

Close your eyes and I'll close mine

Good night, sleep tight

Now the sun turns out his light

Good night, sleep tight

Dream sweet dreams for me

Dream sweet dreams for you

And Donald ends with a lovely one called “See the Moon?” an uncharacteristically poignant meditation to his unborn son:

In another month Gog leaps fully armed from the womb. What can I do for him? I can get him into A.A., I have influence. And make sure no harsh moonlight falls on his new soft head.

Hello there, Gog. We hope you'll be very happy here.

Zalman says

Quintessential Barthelme, this is his second collection of short fictions, which includes the classic "Robert Kennedy Saved from Drowning". That story appeared in the April 1968 issue (#3) of the New American Review, only a couple of months before Kennedy's assassination. I happened on a used copy of NAR #3 about a year later, and this little "story" of Barthelme's simply blew me away. I hadn't yet become acquainted with other experimentalists of the time, so "Robert Kennedy" was like nothing else I'd ever read. After that I bought "Come Back, Dr. Caligari", "Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts" and everything else Barthelme published as soon as it appeared.

Presented as a series of short vignettes, each with its own subtitle, the piece appears to be "about" Robert Kennedy, but is not based on any personal knowledge on the author's part. Written in a dry, unsentimental, pseudo-biographical style, the descriptions and dialog cut back and forth between gossipy sounding tidbits ("He has surprising facets. I remember once we were out in a small boat. K. of course was the captain."), ambivalent or contradictory statements purporting to provide a "balanced" picture ("He is neither abrupt nor excessively kind to associates. Or he is both abrupt and kind."), utter trivia ("The dandelion salad with bacon, I think"), and flights of fancy bordering on the absurd or magical ("K. in the water. His flat black hat, his black cape, his sword are on the shore. He retains his mask.")

Barthelme admitted later (to Arthur Schlesinger) that he'd never talked to Kennedy nor to anyone who had, that he'd used only one actual quote from Kennedy in the piece, and that his impressions of Kennedy were drawn second hand from television and newspaper accounts (my interpretation of his statements to Schlesinger, 16 July 1977, from a footnote in "Robert Kennedy And His Times," by Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.). The result is something of a multifaceted portrait made up of smaller portraits, adding up to a fictional character who both is and is not Robert Kennedy, that partakes of the Kennedy myth while creating a mythical Kennedy. For me, the portrait takes on an added dimension of unintended poignance in the light of Kennedy's subsequent murder.

The piece is rich with cultural references. Calling Kennedy "K." could be a reference to "Joseph K.", the protagonist of Kafka's "The Trial." The story's title is derived from "Boudu Saved from Drowning" ("Boudu Sauvé Des Eaux"), Jean Renoir's 1932 movie (adapted from an earlier play by René Fauchois). What the story shares with the whole of Barthelme's work is a concern with contemporary culture, particularly our exposure to a seemingly endless barrage of disconnected detritus and media dreck (like this review, for example). Ultimately, Barthelme's Kennedy, like many of the author's other "characters", is a cultural artifact, which might be less than entertaining if the stories were not leavened by imaginative writing, unexpected juxtapositions, magical situations, and considerable wry wit and irony. If that appeals to you, read this book.

Sandra says

Sono 15 brevi racconti assurdi, privi di una struttura narrativa, che colgono attimi di vita e la reinterpretano secondo l'occhio visionario dello scrittore, considerato il padre della letteratura post moderna americana. Faccio degli esempi, per far capire: nel racconto "Robert Kennedy salvato dalle acque", il senatore americano è rappresentato con "berretto nero, mantellina nera e spada", uno Zorro moderno. Nel primo racconto della raccolta, "la rivolta degli indiani", troviamo una città americana presa d'assedio dai pellerossa, in cui le barricate sono formate da portacenere, padelle, bottiglioni di liquori, vasi di fiori. C'è un racconto,

“Alice”, privo di punteggiatura, in cui ci si perde dietro le parole. Perché Barthelme dice che “corde di linguaggio si dilatano in tutte le direzioni per legare il mondo in un tutt’uno impetuoso, scurrile”. In questa disgregazione del linguaggio che Donald Barthelme realizza, solo apparentemente c’è caos, perché al lettore è lasciata la libertà di oltrepassare la barriera linguistica per trovare le idee e far emergere la saggezza dello scrittore. Una lettura difficile. Non è il mio genere.

Sentimental Surrealist says

Donald Barthelme Saved From Drowning

Blargle McGargle & the Infinite Whininess

As Frank Black tells us at the start of "Monkey Gone to Heaven" (everyone sing along now: "THIS MONKEY'S GAAAAHN TO HEAV-UN!") "there was a guy." This guy accused Rick Moody of being the worst writer of his generation. I don't remember his name, and even though I'll have to look the guy's article up to get the quote I'll need in a second, I'm still calling him Blargle McGargle and nothing you can do will change that. Now, it's hard to argue that Moody is a great writer, but the worst of his generation? Hardly. Anyway, Mssr. McGargle accused Barthelme's characters of being "reductive cardboard constructions," which I'll concede is a phrase with a nice flow to it, but only if McGargle concedes that what he's written buys hook, line, sinker and even the floppin' fish freshly caught into the Propagandic Cult of Realism in Literature. Barthelme might not portray realistic characters, but he doesn't try to portray realistic characters, and holding him to realism is just as goofy as tearing Huckleberry Finn or the Grapes of Wrath critical new ones because they aren't metafictional enough. From what I've gathered, Barthelme basically wrote for kicks, and ah what kicks they are.

The Opening Salvo

"The Indian Uprising" is a hell of a story. It juxtaposes a war against the Comanche, complete with bizarre lists of the various everyday implements conscripted into defending against the war, with descriptions of a narrator's love life. It really doesn't do anything more than intercut between those. No climax or anything, but what the hell is this, a Hollywood movie? We don't need the big shootout at the end as long as the results keep us wanting to know what'll come next, as is definitely the case in "the Indian Uprising" - you ask yourself how much more absurd it can get, and then it gets more absurd, and the jenga-tower of ridiculousness becomes rewarding and, dang-blast it, *funny*. Not the best story to read on public transportation if you want to look sane. Then "The Balloon" is either about the ways people interpret fiction or a balloon. Either way, it's fun and fascinating; Barthelme gets a lot of mileage out of describing a bizarre situation in clinical terms. As should you.

What Barthelme Means to Do, As I Understand It

You shouldn't go into these stories looking for plot and/or character development, so much as various riffs. Tone is important to Barthelme, as is humor, as is form and free movement between ideas (not even big ideas, just ideas), as is creating a certain state of mind; c.f. "Game," which this week is my favorite Barthelme story because of how it uses escalating paranoia as escalating stakes. Because there are stakes in Barthelme stories, and they do escalate, and that's really all you need for a story.

When Barthelme Doesn't Work Out

What you're left with is a disjointed mess. There are a couple of disjointed messes here - I didn't particularly care for "This Newspaper Here," for example - but when he works out, and he works out more often than he doesn't, he loves to hit the gym that Don B, you get brilliantly disjointed stories like "A Picture History of the War," where a man carries his naked father under his arm and asks questions about sex and sexual repression. Not much of "Picture History" hangs together, but it's entertaining as hell. I unfortunately can't tell you what the magic formula is for a good vs. bad Barthelme story; ultimately, I think it's that I find some more interesting, conceptually or whatever, than others. That's the thing about Barthelme: there's a relationship between "good concept" and "good execution" in his work, although whether the relationship is so strong as to be a rule, I don't yet know.

Forms and Functions

You might find yourself asking why Barthelme made some of his decisions over the course of this collection, and I think the answer is "because he felt like it." He seems to me a writer whose whole process is born out of self-indulgence, but really, we must ask ourselves, is this such a bad thing?

Marcello S says

Troppo strampalato per le mie vedute ristrette.

Mi ha fatto ricordare quando a vent'anni ho provato a leggere Pynchon per tirarmela, fallendo miseramente.

Anche adesso che sono un ometto il postmoderno estremo mi dà qualche noia.

Qualche picco, in generale parecchio irritante. [53/100]

La rivolta degli indiani **XX**

Il pallone **XXXXX**

Questo giornale qui **XXX**

Robert Kennedy salvato dalle acque **XX**

Relazione **XXX**

Il testone **XXX**

La banda della polizia **XXXX**

Edward e Pia **XX**

Qualche momento di sonno e di veglia **XX**

Parliamo pure **X**

Partita **XXXX**

Alice **X**

Storia fotografica della guerra **X**

Il presidente **XX**

La vedi la luna? **X**

Gabriel Congdon says

What's there to say about Barthelme that hasn't already been said?

I don't know, lots of stuff. Or maybe no stuff. I'm going to take my amateur thoughts for a walk here.

For moi, DB is the most perfect writer of the last generation and to this day nobody has breathed on the neck of his Strange Style. I toil in this field myself. For DB being the trailblazer he was, I've hiked some of those hikes and let me tell ya, they are tremulous and lead to some desolate places (and I always get lost on the way back.)

But enough about me! (OR, or not. More about me.) No, no it is not only the sideways thought (as perfect as crystal) alone that keeps Barthelme newness so car-smelling. It is, but the sideways thought can only move laterally if the sideways story makes space for it. Sustaining the Strange, not as easy as it feels, or looks, sounds (DB's hittin' ya on all senses). In George Saunders' essays "Don't Remember Its Name" he says that these stories are mountains yet. That underneath the entail-shaped clouds the actions still resemble mountains. They peaks at about 80% and trail down from there like any other story. I'd disagree on certain story's, "Paraguay" "On Angels" Lots of them. And that's why he's so great, he's a virtuoso in these matters. But George is right for the most part and that's its what makes his success so startling. So many lines have nothing to do with the story. Story itself as thin as an outline.

Here's a part of a page:

"In the shower I refrained from speaking about you to anyone.
In the store where I buy news buttoned up tight. Because the owners are in the mountains. Where surely I would be had I decided not to make us miserable.
I said: I seem to have lost all my manuscripts, in which my theory is proved not once but again and again and again, and now when people who don't believe a vertical monorail to Venus is possible shout at me, I have nothing to say. You peer into my gloom."

That's a section of "Can We Talk". So much of his writing is like this: it's doesn't add to character, it doesn't progress story, it is its own thing. Barthelme writes in sentences, not paragraphs, or pages, sentences. The sentences are shaped like stones that lead, can you believe it, to a mountain. That's the feat! It's like letting your mind huff oxygen.

Woah, got a little lofty there. But these are my tremendous sensations. This book is 50 years old and it's still so modern. They'll be caving these puppies into the walls of some time pharaoh's tomb, take my bet for it.

Vit Babenco says

Donald Barthelme turns on some weird ultraviolet light and in this light our everyday life at once turns into *Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts...*

There really is a generation gap. The younger is the young generation and the older is the old one the wider is the gap:

"The little girl jabbed again hitting the thin thigh that time and said 'we know exactly how little it is and even that is money down the drain why don't you die damn you dirty old man what are you contributing?' Then I explained about this newspaper here sprinkled with rare lies and photographs incorrectly captioned accumulated along a lifetime of disappointments and some fun."

And there is a very easy way to acquire knowledge and become sagacious:

"In the West, wisdom is mostly gained at lunch. At lunch, people tell you things."

And whatever one does one always must fight wars:

“‘Yes, yes,’ the chief engineer said, ‘there is doubtless much truth in what you say, but we can't possibly lose the war, can we? And stopping is losing, isn't it? The war regarded as a process, stopping regarded as an abort? We don't know how to lose a war. That skill is not among our skills. Our array smashes their array, that is what we know. That is the process. That is what is.’”

And any human being has a very sinful nature so one must confess sincerely:

“Kellerman falls to his knees in front of the bench. ‘Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I committed endoarchy two times, melanicity four times, encropotomy seven times, and preprocity with igneous intent, pretolemicity, and overt cranialism once each.’”

But despite all the absurdity and unnaturalness of our practices and acts we continue to live and enjoy our ways of living.

Marco Simeoni says

Sperimentazioni innaturali, racconti insofferenti

*originalità 3**

Barthelme tira la corda osando molto con questi 15 racconti postmoderni. E sovente, la corda si spezza: mancanza di punteggiatura, periodi degni di voli pindarici nell'iperspazio, plot e trame insensate rendono questa raccolta un esempio di sagace punteruolo fastidioso che molesta i neuroni. Penso che il suo più grande limite sia bearsi dell'estrosità fine a se stessa e non rendermi partecipe del processo creativo.

Migliori racconti:

- 1) Il pallone
- 2) Partita
- 3 La banda della polizia

I peggiori racconti:

- x) Parliamo pure
- y) Storia fotografica della guerra
- z) La vedi la Luna?
