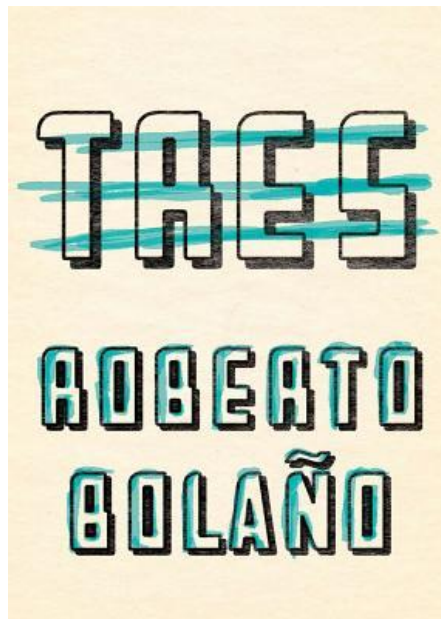




Tres

Roberto Bolaño , Laura Healy (Translator)

Download now

Read Online ➞

Tres

Roberto Bolaño , Laura Healy (Translator)

Tres Roberto Bolaño , Laura Healy (Translator)

Bolaño's own preferred literary persona was as a poet. When asked, "What makes you believe you're a better poet than a novelist?" Bolaño replied, "The poetry makes me blush less."

Tres, his most inventive and bracing poetry collection, is a showcase of the author's ability and willingness to freely cross genres, with poems written in prose, stories in verse, and flashes of writing that can hardly be categorized.

As the title implies, the collection is composed of three sections. "Prose from Autumn in Gerona," a cinematic series of prose poems, slowly reveals a subtle and emotional tale of unrequited love by presenting each scene, shattering it, and piecing it all back together, over and over again. The second part, "The Neochileans," is a sort of *On the Road* in verse that narrates the travels of a young Chilean band on tour in the far reaches of their country. Finally, a series of short poems takes us on "A Stroll Through Literature" and reminds us of Bolaño's masterful ability to walk the line between the comically serious and the seriously comical.

Tres Details

Date : Published September 30th 2011 by New Directions (first published 2000)

ISBN : 9780811219273

Author : Roberto Bolaño , Laura Healy (Translator)

Format : Hardcover 176 pages

Genre : Poetry, Cultural, Latin American, European Literature, Spanish Literature

 [Download Tres ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Tres ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Tres Roberto Bolaño , Laura Healy (Translator)

From Reader Review Tres for online ebook

Davide says

3x3

Bolaño amava dire che era più un poeta che un narratore ma solitamente i suoi lettori non concordano. Qui tre esempi per pensarci su.

Tre stelle per *Tre*: è una scelta obbligata? Più il risultato di una media.

Avrei dato anche di meno al primo pezzo, *Prosa del otoño en Gerona* (1981), e certamente di più all'ultimo: *Un paseo por la literatura* (1994). A quello che sta in mezzo, *Los Neochilenos* (1993), sta bene il valore medio.

Poesie. Sì ma corrispondenti a un'idea di poesia come forma molto aperta e accogliente; basata non sul verso, il ritmo, la densità di figure retoriche o simili ma sulla brevità dei frammenti e la ripetizione nella serie di alcune immagini, situazioni e parole ossessive (la centrale nucleare di Civitavecchia...).

«Soy voluble, una veces deseo la grandeza, otras sólo su sombra»

Dicevo che mi piacciono di meno i testi più vecchi: quelle prose liriche che tracciano brevi scene con forza onirica, sensualità e abbandono in fondo alla Spagna, con un permesso di soggiorno in scadenza e nessun lavoro. All'incrocio tra pagina di diario, rielaborazioni di sogno e appunti di lavoro per la realizzazione di un film, con personaggi e scene. Già qui, comunque, ha una sua efficacia il ritorno di elementi ricorrenti: «la desconocida», il «caleidoscopio», il «momento Atlántida».

La seconda parte si avvicina di più a un racconto (di Bolaño, naturalmente; e si pensa anche ai *Detective selvaggi*): narra infatti il viaggio verso nord di una band di musicisti (appunto Pancho Relámpago y los Neochilenos) che prima di partire visita il monumento del poeta Rubén Darío. Ubriachi e drogati, attraversano luoghi desolati, bordelli, suonano in localacci, il cantante si ammala e si trascina dietro una puttana minorenne...

Già ci stiamo avvicinando al meglio: c'è un viaggio anche nell'ultima parte, ma qui è decisamente un viaggio dentro la letteratura, sotto la forma di una serie di sogni dove Bolaño, spesso vedendosi come un detective latinoamericano molto vecchio e malato, continuamente incontra scrittori e poeti vari.

Oh mio amore per la lista! Eccola qui: Georges Perec, Alonso de Ercilla, Manuel Puig, Macedonio Fernández, Efraín Huerta, Enrique Lihn, Stendhal, Thomas De Quincey, Aloysius Bertrand, Gui Rosey, Li Po, Roberto Bolaño, Archibald McLeish, i fratelli Goncourt, Gabriela Mistral, Philip K. Dick, Archiloco, Nicanor Parra, Vallejo, Martín Adán, Virgilio, Paulin Joachim, Franz Kafka, Mario de Sá-Carneiro, Anacreonte, Mark Twain, Alice Scheldon, Anaïs Nin, Carson McCullers, Alphonse Daudet, Robert Desnos, Roque Dalton, Walt Whitman, Boezio, de Sade, Pascal, Baudelaire, Marcel Schwob, James Matthew Barrie. E in conclusione di nuovo Perec, che «aveva tre anni e piangeva sconsolatamente»: l'unico che ritorna, a chiudere il cerchio.

Ora vado: tocca visitare la centrale nucleare di Civitavecchia.

Jim says

I'm not normally a poetry reader, but I enjoyed this collection very much. Written in a simple prose-style, these three (tres) long poems are a fast read, but an intriguing read. Bolaño comes across as a kind of hard-boiled detective poet, trying to piece together the parts of life that puzzle us. The result is a dark view of life, but not so dark that we can't work through it and continue on our respective journeys.

The first poem "Prose from Autumn in Gerona" is about a tenuous love affair with "the stranger" who seems to be leading him around by the testes while shredding his heart, but as with all passionate love affairs, he seems enraptured by her.

The second is called "The Neochileans" which is the name of a band that hits the road in a van, on tour through the hinterlands of Northern Chile, then onward to Peru and Ecuador. Throughout the "tour", the band struggles for recognition or even simple appreciation.

The third poem, "A Stroll Through Literature" is a series of simple prose-poem statements about the poet's dreams and the various writers who appear in his dream visions.

This edition is bi-lingual with the Spanish original versions facing the English translation. For those studying Spanish, this could be useful since Bolaño's prose is fairly simple.

Nilo says

Una breve antología que como su título lo dice, se compone de tres poemas. Los cuales parecen ser más el borrador de algún trabajo que no se terminó.

La verdad es que no soporto a Bolaño ni el ego que escupe su obra, sin embargo y muy a mi pesar, no le doy una estrella ya que el primer poema me resultó algo melancólico.

Tanuj Solanki says

Dear _____, once I wrote you a poem about how your eyelids struggled against sleep as you lay in my arms. Today I've become an emerging writer and have had to use that image in a novella in which someone sleeps in someone else's arms. They, too, go their separate ways. It is difficult to think of new images when you are someone who writes the same thing over and over. As of now I'm two coffees down, it is 6 A.M. in the morning, I'm still dressed in yesterday's office clothes, and the windows in my bedroom are closed. There is also this pigeon somewhere cloying, a pigeon struggling to speak. I cannot visit you because the flights are expensive, because I cannot get an off, because the visa is a drag, et cetera. Sometimes a heart is a chimney that gives off smoke long after the furnace has been put off. I will not crumble if I see you again but it is likely that I will not see you again. There are birds inside us that migrate and return as per their whimsical seasons.

*

Along with Antwerp, this is another cracked key to enter Bolano's work. Or perhaps, this is a summary of all

he was about.

The second poem, Neochilenos, is excellent.

Sebastian says

"Necunoscuta e întins? în pat. După mai multe scene f?r? iubire (corpuri întinse, obiecte sado-masochiste ?i fe?e de ?omeri) vine momentul în care zici toamna ?i o descoperi pe necunoscut?. În înc?pere, în afar? de reflexia care înghite totul, vezi pietre, buc??i de ardezie galben?, nisip, perne cu fire de p?r pe ele, pijamale abandonate. Apoi totul dispare."

E superb? cartea, omul a fost genial. Sunt multe bijuterii strecurate în text, pe care v? recomand s? le savura?i pe îndelete.

Înc? un mic fragment ?i gata:

"Dou? noaptea ?i ecranul alb. Personajul meu st? într-un fotoliu, într-o mân? o ?igar?, în cealalt? o ce?cu?? cu coniac. Reface cu minu?iozitate anumite scene. Într-una, necunoscuta doarme cât se poate de lini?tit?. Apoi îi mângâie umerii. Apoi îi spune s? nu o înso?easc? la gar?. ?la poate fi un semn, vârful aisbergului. Necunoscuta sus?ine c? nu se gândea s? doarm? cu el. Prietenia – zâmbetul ei atinge acum zonele ridate – nu presupune niciun fel de infern."

Guillermo Macbeth says

Muy bueno. La poesía de Bolaño es melancólica, literaria, extraterritorial. Su densidad corre pareja con su infinita soledad. Sus temas fuertes no son nunca un arribo a destino, un desarrollo o un corolario. Al contrario, sus obsesiones son axiomáticas, son puntos de partida, se toman como evidencia rotunda. Bolaño poeta se piensa a sí mismo como desterrado, exiliado, inmaduro, fuera de tiempo y lugar. Sus amigos están muertos. Sus interlocutores son otros poetas que también están muertos. Están muertos los detectives salvajes, esos buscadores fracasados de la identidad latinoamericana. Está enfermo el cuerpo, lo cual es un anticipo de la muerte. Bolaño no tiene dinero para vivir. No tiene lugar para vivir. Esa imagen difusa que llama momento Atlántida siempre se escapa, quizás esté muerto. Las mujeres de su sosiego siempre lo dejan. El reconocimiento al poeta nunca es oficial. A las visas de México y España que le dan permiso de residir pero no de trabajar -en España- se le suma la universidad desconocida. Sólo la visita onírica de otros escritores lo acerca a una conversación fugaz, le regala algo de comida y vino. Opino que este libro comparte una visión densa de muy buena calidad poética. A la vez, creo que la narrativa de Bolaño se entiende mejor desde su poesía de la identidad, del desarraigo, de la revolución fracasada. Muy buena lectura.

Michael says

El lector perspicaz (no fue mi caso) adivinara tal vez que el librito tiene tres historias, o poemas, o dos poemas y una historia, o un poema y dos historias y que de ahí el título.

Tres, coincidentemente, es el numero de estrellas que le doy (a nada que haya escrito Bolano se le puede dar

menos). La clasificacion (por demas innecesaria, por cierto) que se les debe dar se me hace particularmente dificil con "Prosa del Otono en Gerona" (aunque claro, ya con el titulo Bolano nos ahorro el trabajo).

El primer y el ultimo escrito exhiben algo de la incoherencia de Bolano, aunque para mi caso en particular, sin el disfrute habitual que algunas de sus incoherencias me producen. Los "Neochilenos" (escrito del medio) es el que mas se parece a una narracion (en verso). Los otros dos tal vez se acercan mas a un poesia en prosa.

No es de lo mas logrado de Bolano, pero de Bolano hay que leerlo todo (todo). Y con Bolano tambien se puede estar en desacuerdo, no con su opinion de Paz, o de Allende, o de Coelho, pero si con su propia opinion de "Tres": en una entrevista del 2001 en "El Pendulo", Bolano comento que "Tres" es "uno de mis dos mejores libros".

Peter Evans says

Bolano's works have been recipients of the attentions of three very fine translators.. in this case, Laura Healy, who has translated much of his poetry into English. The Tres publication shows both the Spanish and their translations side by side.. and I'm blessed with a partner whose fine grasp of languages is a real boon. She has read me many of the Spanish versions in Tres, and while the language defeats me, the sonic qualities, the tones and modulations are a marvel, at least to me.

Read in English, Tres is an interesting collection of both prose and poetry, and a mingling of the two.. with narrative in poetry, and poetry in prose.. the book is a showcase of a truly great writer whose masterpiece novels are just that. This collection may be a fine read pre the tackling of 2666 or Savage Detectives, both grand favourites of mine.

clarissa says

"Questo per me potrebbe essere l'inferno". Il caleidoscopio si muove con la serenità e la noia dei giorni. Per lei, alla fine, non c'è stato nessun inferno. Ha semplicemente evitato di vivere qui. Le soluzioni semplici guidano le nostre azioni. L'educazione sentimentale ha un solo motto: non soffrire. Ciò che si allontana può essere chiamato deserto, roccia con aspetto d'uomo, il pensatore tettonico.

Il paradiso appare, velocemente, nella visione generale del caleidoscopio. Una struttura verticale piena di macchie grigie. Se chiudo gli occhi, mi balleranno dentro la testa i riflessi degli elmi, il tremore di una pianura di lance, quello che tu chiamavi il gaietto. E poi, se tolgo gli effetti drammatici, mi vedrò camminare nella piazza dei cinema verso le poste, dove non troverò nessuna lettera.

Mi sono avviata alla scrittura di Bolaño tramite i racconti e mi sono addentrata nell'autore attraverso i romanzi. E poi è arrivato il momento della poesia, ed è sempre un momento critico, si pensa che chi fa il romanziere non possa essere anche un poeta e forse, in fondo, è proprio così. Ma ci sono le dovute eccezioni,

come Carver ad esempio. E Bolaño. Qui c'è tutto ciò che in quel che ho letto di Roberto fino ad ora giaceva sotto le parole, ben nascosto in mezzo alla carta delle pagine. Questo volumetto si compone di momenti struggenti, di attimi che sfuggono dalle mani e che Bolaño afferra prima che volino via. Mi sono commossa, che fosse questo, la commozione, il mio momento Atlantide, il mio caleidoscopio, il mio inferno e il mio paradiso insieme?

Diana says

Sueños, poesía y nostalgia.

Adriana Scarpin says

Prosa del Otoño em Gerona e Los Neochilenos mantêm a qualidade de Perros Romanticos, mas Un Paseo por La Literatura é excepcional, lê-lo é acordar de um sonho entusiasmante. Mesmo assim ainda prefiro o Bolaño prosador.

Paulina says

34. I dreamt I was a really old Latin American detective. I lived in New York and Mark Twain was hiring me to save the life someone without a face. It's going to be a damn tough case, Mr. Twain, I told him.

35. I dreamt I was falling in love with Alice Sheldon. She didn't want me. So I tried getting myself killed on three continents. Years passed. Finally, when I was really old, she appeared on the other end of the boardwalk in New York and with signals (like the ones they use on aircraft carriers to help the pilots land) she told me she'd always loved me.

Bolaño makes me feel like everything is possible again; as if I've just missed the last train home, but everything is fine.

jeremy says

roberto bolaño liked to fancy himself a poet above all, yet his novels and short stories are what have garnered him the most posthumous renown. *tres*, published originally in his native spanish in 2000, is the second collection of bolaño's poetry to appear in english (translated by laura healy, whom also rendered *the romantic dogs*). *tres*, per its title, is divided into three distinct parts, each of which is rather unlike the other.

the first part, "prose from autumn in gerona," was written in 1981 and chronicles through poetic prose the narrator's unrequited love. "the neochileans," the book's middle entry, is a lengthy verse poem recalling an itinerant band's travels north through chile and into peru. composed in 1993, "the neochileans" could well be the musical companions of the more literary and equally adventurous infrarealists that bolaño used as the basis for *the savage detectives*. the final section, "a stroll through literature," finds bolaño offering his trademark insights, with both humor and cleverness, about a disparate array of authors new and old. these

dream pieces, from 1994, demonstrate not only Bolaño's extensive devotion to his literary predecessors, but also the ways in which these fellow craftsmen have had a lasting influence on his daily life and imagination.

tres is a strong collection of work; one that complements his other fiction quite well. thematically similar to many of the stories for which he's so beloved, the poems that comprise *tres* serve as accomplices in the realm to which all of Bolaño's characters inhabited. as with *between parentheses*, his recently translated collection of non-fiction, *tres* illustrates that Bolaño was no mere novelist content to explore other forms of writing via the occasional vanity project, but instead a master of nearly any format to which he turned his prodigious talent.

"prose from autumn in gerona," excerpt:

"this could be hell for me." the kaleidoscope moves with the serenity and torpor of the days. for her, in the end, there was no hell. she simply sidestepped living here. simple solutions guide our actions. sentimental education has only one motto: *don't suffer*. the thing moving away can be called desert, rock that looks like a man, the tectonic thinker.

"a stroll through literature," excerpts:

31. i dreamt that earth was finished. and the only human being to contemplate the end was franz kafka. in heaven, the titans were fighting to the death. from a wrought-iron bench in central park, kafka was watching the world burn.

34. i dreamt i was a really old latin american detective. i lived in new york and mark twain was hiring me to save the life of someone without a face. it's going to be a damn tough case, mr. twain, i told him.

51. i dreamt the dreamers had gone to the flower war. no one had come back. on the planks of forgotten barracks in the mountains i managed to make out a few names. from far away a voice was broadcasting over and over the orders by which they'd been condemned.

Danae says

Siempre digo que no sé leer poesía muy bien, supongo que es porque espero algún tipo de método para hacerlo de alguna supuesta forma correcta y en la narrativa las técnicas que distinguen un trabajo bueno de uno malo se pueden detectar. Al final los libros de poesía que me gustan me gustan porque me gustan y punto.

Este libro me gustó mucho, está lleno de imágenes fascinantes. "Prosa del otoño en Gerona" es bellissimo y "Los Neochilenos" es especialmente emocionante.

Ricardo Rodríguez Quintero says

«Prosa del otoño en Gerona» cuento caleidoscópico, historia de la desesperación, del hastío, del cambio y del

olvido: **Uno.**

Sea *roadie* de «Los Neochilenos». Dueños de más ganas que de dinero o talento. Acompáñelos mientras las llantas de su camioneta serpentean en los Andes, recorriendo un caminito de hormiga por la quebrada costa pacífica desde Chile hasta Ecuador: **Dos.**

Viaje onírico, collage de pequeñísimas ficciones pobladas de *cameos* «Un paseo por la literatura»: **Tres.**
