



El Portero / The Gatekeeper (Referencias / References) (Spanish Edition)

Terry Eagleton

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Este libro describe las vivencias personales e intelectuales de uno de los mas importantes criticos de la cultura contemporanea. En un tono informal, pero no por ello exento de rigor y veracidad, Eagleton repasa sus anos de infancia y aprendizaje, los primeros trabajos y sus anos de formacion y compromiso politico con la realidad social, todo ello salpicado con infinidad de ilustrativas anecdotas que permiten ver, al final del libro, el perfil humano e intelectual de uno de los criticos mas importantes del pensamiento actual. Gracias a estas breves memorias, se comprende perfectamente como se forma un punto de vista sobre el mundo y cual es la evolucion consciente de un joven desde las primeras aficiones hasta convertirse en un analista del mundo actual. ?

El Portero / The Gatekeeper (Referencias / References) (Spanish Edition) Details

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Author : Terry Eagleton

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aljouharah altheeyb says

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Andrew says

A little bit tossed-off, reading rather like Eagleton recorded it in a few sittings and had it transcribed. But very entertaining, and occasionally quite moving, often very funny.

Jamie Banks says

Enjoyable! Eagleton writes autobiography without revealing much about his personal life, as he writes about others doing. The result is irreverent and often hilarious, while also provoking thought about the individual's experience of formal education.

James says

I'm not sure how many Catholics become self-proclaimed radicals, but Terry Eagleton claims that he is one of them. He attempts to write about his personal history 'in such a way as to outwit the prurience and immodesty of the genre by frustrating your own desire for self-display and the reader's desire to enter your inner life'. Most of *The Gatekeeper*, though, comes dangerously close to non-autobiography. It's a refusal of the genre more than a transformation of it. Eagleton organizes the book as a series of themed essays, writing outward from his own experience. The results would be easier to read and enjoy if he didn't limit basic data to such sparse parcels. His mother is known to the reader for half the book only by a description of her as a 'convent groupie', his father as a downtrodden worker who knew no better than to pay the bus fares of nuns and priests better off than himself.

More details of a hideously deprived Catholic childhood in Salford emerge in the chapter called 'Losers', but no siblings are named, and even their existence has to be deduced. It's possible to finish the book with no sense of the author's place in the birth order, a factor on which whole theories of personality have been built. The first essay, 'Lifers', explains the title. Eagleton, aged 10, was an altar-boy whose duties included attending novice nuns when they took the veil. He would also be called upon to man the convent turntable, through which privileged objects (such as Timothy the watchdog) could pass back and forth between sacred and profane realms. 'Gatekeeper' doesn't really sum up Eagleton's role in later life, any more than gatecrasher does, though he is highly conscious of having entered a world wholly at odds with anything his parents

Eagleton writes satirically about the follies of 'the group', as if he was born into it, and had no possibility of influencing its internal workings. It's understandable that he should want to avoid score-settling and minute tracings of faction, but removing himself from an autobiographical text is an impossible solution.

The Gatekeeper : A Memoir by Terry Eagleton (2002)

Memoir of a Catholic of Irish descent in Protestant England, a working-class boy whose professional life was spent at the heart of a ruling-class institution, a Marxist revolutionary who was not only tolerated, but rewarded by the liberal establishment.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

This is a thoroughly entertaining and thought-provoking memoir by a self-described "leftist theologian" (7), whose "full-time occupation," is "peddling ideas to the masses," (71) and "an activist by conviction rather than by temperament, [who] would most certainly have preferred reading Proust to picketing." (91)

Of the Carmelite Nuns he worked for as a boy: "They clung to the quaintly outmoded view that there was too much cruelty and aggression in the world for it to be merely accidental, or solvable by piecemeal reform.

They were thus freaks and deviants, at least from the standpoint of those moderate, reasonable folk who suspect that there is nothing much awry with the planet which a touch more mutual understanding, a spot of civil rights or a few more bags of grain might not patch up.... For them, the flaw of the world ran so deep that it cried out for some thoroughgoing transformation, known in their jargon as redemption." (14)

Of Catholicism: "Its esoteric doctrines seemed no more applicable to everyday life than trigonometry was applicable to pressing your trousers. Like magic, it was a highly determinate system but entirely self-confirming, with all the exceptional clarity of a hallucination. Catholicism was less about good deeds than about how to keep the charcoal in your thurible alight or knock another fifty years off your allotted time in purgatory. It was less about charity than candelabras. We were pious and heartless, strict-minded and mean, pure-living and pagan." (30)

Of Christianity: "For Christianity, one is saved not by some exotic cult or ritual, but by the quality of one's ordinary, unglamorous relationships with others, by feeding the hungry and protecting the widows and orphans from the violence of the rich." (41)

Of Wittgenstein: " ... nothing could be more at odds with the pluralistic, demotic, open-ended inquiries of his later work than the man himself: autocratic, haughtily patrician, driven by a fatiguing zeal for moral perfection and afflicted by that strange mania known as Protestantism, for which everything is a potential sign of salvation or damnation. If only he had learned to be a little less moral, he might have been more assured of salvation." (66)

Of Jesus: "Jesus, friend of the shit of the earth ... is largely hostile to family values, has almost nothing to say about sexuality, and demands that we love strangers as much as we love our kinsfolk." (122)

Of Mormons: "Teaching Mormons about ideology is something of a coals-to-Newcastle operation, rather like instructing the Spice Girls in public relations or encouraging Mike Tyson to work up a bit of aggression." (147)

Of my natal city: "Hell would have been a welcome respite from Provo, Utah." (149)

And here are some of my favorite bon mots from this book:

"Equally science-fictional is the belief that capitalism will finally get round to feeding the world." (17)

"The difference between the young and the old is that the young still believe in the concept of maturity." (45)

"It is a sign of just how bad things are that even the modest proposal that everyone on the planet gets fresh water and enough to eat is fighting talk." (85)

"When in political doubt, the left intelligentsia throw a conference or launch a journal. There is nothing wrong with conferences, as long as one realizes that they are more anthropological rituals, at which the like-minded may gather for mutual recognition and consolation, than theatres for genuine learning. Conferences are liturgical celebrations, affirmations of solidarity, symbolic spaces for those who speak a language (whether of socialism or orthodontics) unintelligible to most of their fellow-humans, and who therefore need from time to time to relax with those of their kind, as a cross-dresser might feel the gathering urge to withdraw from the world of the bank or bakery and ease into a pair of corsets." (97-8)

"A radical is one who cannot overcome her astonishment that there are people in the world who believe, by

and large, that this is it." (101)

"Poverty is not the best school for learning to savour things in themselves." (103)

"It is the good who will enter the kingdom, but the fine who make life worth living in the meanwhile." (106)

Paul says

I actually abandoned this before the end because I found the language and content pretty foul to be honest. I bought it because it was highly recommended in a blog by someone I respected. Honestly Carl - not such a true man if this is anything to go by.

Josh Wade says

My first Terry Eagleton book on my swing back to the Leftism of my early twenties, (slightly now more informed) I am simply giving this 5 stars because of the number of times I actually laughed out loud. His self deprecating humor in the Politicos section is regards to Dialectical Materialism makes this worth the quick read. As a bonus the section on the bygone generation of Oxbridge Dons is pretty funny too.

Sam says

Enjoyed

I enjoyed learning about him and I always like learning about England and it's Universities. He's funny and it was a joy to read.

Aran says

In which Terry Eagleton picks and chooses; claims to loathe Oxbridge and the upper-classes while striving desperately to appear a raffish wit of precisely the Oxbridge type. Spiked with funny moments and the odd potent insight into culture's embedded elitisms, but Eagleton's own eagerness to embed himself within the elite he decries cannot so easily be brushed off by comparing himself, with cod-modesty, to Oscar Wilde and Wittgenstein.

Sarah says

Hilarious. I guess it's a testament to his intellect that Terry Eagleton manages to seem like he's just running

his thoughts off his tongue, never trying too hard, or waxing too eloquent. Makes quite a few jabs at pop culture (as always), but this is an amusing memoir if not an illuminating one.

Let's just say it makes you feel smarter after you read it.

Haneen Albahis says

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