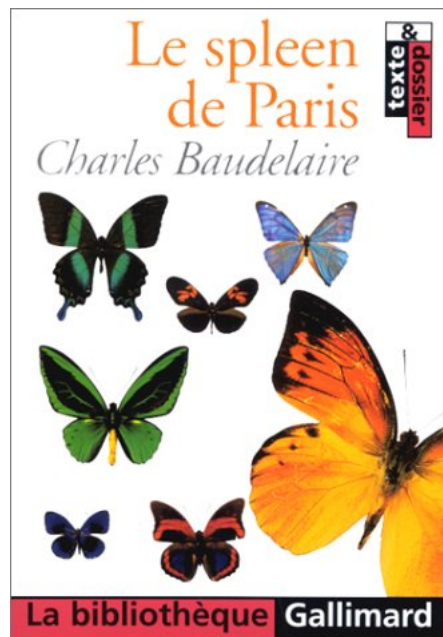




Le Spleen De Paris

Charles Baudelaire

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Le Spleen De Paris

Charles Baudelaire

Le Spleen De Paris Charles Baudelaire

Set in a modern, urban Paris, the prose pieces in this volume constitute a further exploration of the terrain Baudelaire had covered in his verse masterpiece, *The Flowers of Evil*: the city and its squalor and inequalities, the pressures of time and mortality, and the liberation provided by the sensual delights of intoxication, art, and women. Published posthumously in 1869, *Paris Spleen* was a landmark publication in the development of the genre of prose poetry—a format which Baudelaire saw as particularly suited for expressing the feelings of uncertainty, flux, and freedom of his age—and one of the founding texts of literary modernism.

Le Spleen De Paris Details

Date :

ISBN : 9782070415991

Author : Charles Baudelaire

Format :

Genre : Poetry, Cultural, France, Classics, European Literature, French Literature, Fiction, Literature

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Deniz Urs says

“...Sonra, ya?am? öylesine çetin olan Zaman’? öldürmek, öylesine a??r akan Ya?am’? h?zland?rmak için yeni ?i?eler getirttiler...”

Steven Godin says

Tell me, enigmatical man, whom do you love best, your father,
your mother, your sister, or your brother?
I have neither father, nor mother, nor sister, nor brother.
Your friends?
Now you use a word whose meaning I have never known.
Your country?
I do not know in what latitude it lies.
Beauty?
I could indeed love her, Goddess and Immortal.
Gold?
I hate it as you hate God.
Then what do you love, extraordinary stranger?
I love the clouds...the clouds that pass...up there...
up there...the wonderful clouds!

Yann says

J'aurais eu bien du mal à entrer dans l'univers très particulier de ces poèmes en prose de Charles Baudelaire (1821-1867) si je n'avais pas lu au préalable son peintre de la vie moderne, un essai dans lequel il expose son état d'esprit vis à vis de l'art: quelque chose de fugace, de fragile, sans cesse menacé par la lourdeur et la bêtise ambiante, une fleur rare à cueillir non pas seulement sur les monts Ida ou Parnasse, mais aussi et surtout dans l'activité des faubourgs, le fracas et les tracasseries de la vie moderne, les bras des amantes, les vapeurs des liqueurs, pour qui sait la voir, la saisir et la peindre.

Les quelques dizaines de textes courts qui composent cet ouvrage ne forment aucune espèce d'unité, et sont indépendantes les unes des autres. Le plus souvent, l'auteur semble tirer d'anecdotes de sa vie quotidienne un sujet frappant pour l'imagination, le jugement et la sensibilité, qu'il tourne avec un style et un vocabulaire élégant, et serre en la terminant d'une chute cruelle, d'un aphorisme riche ou d'une pensée élevée. Le bonheur n'est jamais complet ou béat, le malheur fracassant et terrible; l'émotion est le fruit d'une dissonance, d'un contraste, d'une opposition: entre le bien et le mal, l'amour et le mépris, le luxe et la pauvreté, l'illusion et le réel, la nature et la civilisation, la violence et la charité, la solitude et l'empathie. Il intéresse et inquiète à la fois, il fascine et dérange en même temps.

Mon tempérament est bien éloigné du sien; il aime l'ombre et les contrastes, je préfère la lumière et la clarté; il aime l'ivresse et la douleur, je préfère le calme et la sérénité. Et pourtant, il a réussi à me faire vibrer, à m'envouter, à me transmettre ses émotions. Cette manière d'enchanter le réel dans ce qu'il a de plus sordide ou de plus trivial, m'a agréablement surpris, charmé et conquis. Une très belle collection de textes poétiques en prose.

Luís C. says

Charles Baudelaire's Little Poems in Prose (Paris Spleen) are inseparable from Paris and the architectural, social and economic transformations that the capital experienced in the second half of the 19th century. The street plays a fundamental role in this poetry, because it represents the meeting place par excellence, a place of extraordinary mixing: the classes of the society are crossed there, the beings, crowds or individuals, are offered in their diversity, their generality or their specificity, revealing a form of their truth. How does time, the history of France and Europe, the history of ideas, scientific and technological progress change Baudelaire's vision and poetics to the point of bringing it into modernity to be one of the initiators? In the Spleen of Paris, Baudelaire becomes a man of the street, ranger, voyeur and clairvoyant. It is in this great fascinating and repulsive city that Paris is that Baudelaire seeks his inspiration and no longer in the spectacle of nature. It is here, in this place of debauchery and wanderings from which beauty sometimes arises, that it expands the field of inner experience. Turning his back on conventional poetry, he then enters modernity.

Lisbon Book-Fair 2016.

Andy says

The liner notes in the back call them prose poems but they're more like weird little vignettes. I really like Baudelaire a great deal. Every piece is refreshing: A Hemisphere In Your Hair, The Shooting Gallery and

The Cemetery, Loss Of A Halo, and Beat Up The Poor are a good place to start.

Thomas says

Baudelaire is a lover of dichotomy: rich/poor, solitude/society, excrement/perfume. "She is very ugly. She is nevertheless delectable." ("A Thorough-Bred") The unstated purpose of each poem is to transform degradation and disunity into an unsettled and ironic harmony, or at least to shine a light on the beauty of decay. They are passionate poems; they move with force, but with time it becomes apparent that each of them moves in a familiar pattern, and by the end of the collection it is comforting to find each poem discover its point of balance amidst the contradictions.

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Raul says

I feel odd labeling a book of poetry as 'read'. That's not how a book of poetry is appreciated. It's not the simple act of opening to page one, reading each page in a linear fashion, then putting it back on the shelf (or in this case, closing the Kindle). Poetry is something that one must refer back to again and again. The images sit in the back of the mind waiting to be recalled again. Then, when the mood strikes, you jump to the bookcase and frantically flip the pages to find that image once again, to find that perfect phrase, that lucid expression that just sits there like an enigmatic cat, unmoving with deep-set eyes that flash and hint at some mysterious profundity.

This is true at least of the good poetry and Baudelaire gives us bags and bags full of those enigmatic cats (please excuse the cruel metaphor) in this collection. I'm not sure why *Le fleurs de mal* gets all the attention. These prose poems read so much more pure and uninhibited by the confines of poetic tradition. How can one resist such a beautiful manifesto to life as this:

"One must be for ever drunken: that is the sole question of importance. If you would not feel the horrible burden of Time that bruises your shoulders and bends you to the earth, you must be drunken without cease. But how? With wine, with poetry, with virtue, with what you please. But be drunken."

Twisting the notion of intoxication and turning the Enlightenment, with its glorious seekers of truth and justice, on its head feels so wonderfully perverse. There is a heavy dose of Romanticism in this phrase as there is at the core of much of Baudelaire's work, but I read it as a more mature Romanticism. Not the naive idealism and ignorant aspirations that killed *Madame Bovary*, but a Romanticism that's willing to look at life right in the eyes and kick it in the teeth if need be. Baudelaire seems to be someone who was attracted to the exuberance of Romanticism, but who was unwilling to accept the falseness of it.

Maybe we could call this a pragmatic Romanticism, or a realistic Romanticism. Hoping for the ideal while

accepting the real. One example of this can be seen in Artist's Confiteor (which is "a form of prayer confessing sins, used in the Roman Catholic Mass and some other sacraments"). The poem starts with a romantic description of an autumn day. The sky and the sea. The immensity of Infinity. The Silence. The Solitude. Then, it all becomes too much. "Now the profound depth of the sky dismays me; its purity irritates me." Here we have a more realistic relationship between man and nature, Beauty and the artist, which leads to the final line of the poem: "The study of beauty is a duel in which the artist shrieks with terror before being overcome."

Mike Lester says

I once used this book to get into a girl's pants. Ultimately, they did not fit. 5 decadent stars...

Jonfaith says

Who among us has not dreamt, in moments of ambition, of the miracle of a poetic prose, musical without rhythm and rhyme, supple and staccato enough to adapt to the lyrical stirrings of the soul, the undulations of dreams, and sudden leaps of consciousness.

Contrary to popular belief, I had never read Baudelaire until now. I've trusted Walter Benjamin and lately Calasso to provide me with a well informed ethos about this central figure. There are many concerns that this is the literature of the young, to which I shout, absurd. This is the *lettres* of the Absolute, the eternally curious.

Below the bile, there is a hum of sensitivity. Behind the debris are the tears of the sensitive. Is it forgiving, likely not? There is a buzzing pulse at play, a hum and a forgiving glance.

Carla says

Carta a Fernand Desnoyers

Meu caro Desnoyers, você pede-me versos para o seu pequeno volume, versos sobre a Natureza, não é? – sobre os bosques, os grandes castanheiros, a verdura, os insectos – o sol, talvez? Mas você sabe bem que eu sou incapaz de me enternecer com os vegetais, e que a minha alma é rebelde a essa singular Religião nova, que terá sempre, parece-me, para todo o ser espiritual não sei o quê de shocking. Eu nunca acreditarei que a alma dos Deuses habita nas plantas, e, mesmo que aí habitasse, eu pouco me importaria com isso, e consideraria a minha como um bem mais precioso que a dos legumes santificados. Sempre pensei, até, que havia na Natureza, florescente e rejuvenescida, qualquer coisa de confrangedor, duro, cruel – um não sei quê que roça a impudência. Na impossibilidade de o satisfazer completamente segundo os estritos termos do programa, envio-lhe dois trechos poéticos que representam quase a suma dos devaneios com que sou assaltado nas horas crepusculares. No fundo dos bosques, encerrado sob essas abóbadas semelhantes às das sacristias e das catedrais, eu penso nas nossas espantosas cidades, e a música prodigiosa que roda sobre os cumes parece-me a tradução das lamentações humanas.

C. B.

Ayah says

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Catherine says

A Hemisphere in a Head of Hair

Long let me inhale, the odour of your hair,
into it plunge the whole of my face, like a thirsty man
into the waters of a spring and wave it in my fingers like a scented handkerchief,
to shake memories into the air.

If you could know all that I see! All that I hear
in your hair! My soul floats upon perfumes as the souls of other men
upon music.

Your hair contains an entire dream, full of sails and masts;
it contains vast seas whose soft monsoons bear me to delightful climates
where space is deeper and bluer, where
the atmosphere
is perfumed with fruit, with foliage and with human skin.

In the ocean of your hair I am shown brief visions of a port
resounding with melancholy songs, of vigorous men of all nations
and ships of all shapes outlining their fine and complicated architectures
against an immense sky where eternal heat languidly quivers...

In the glowing fire grate of your hair I inhale the odor
of opium mingled with sugar; in the night of your hair
I see the infinity of tropical azure resplendant;
on the downed banks of your hair I inebriate myself
with the mingled odors of tar, of musk and of coconut oil.

Long let me bite your heavy, black tresses.
When I gnaw your elastic and rebellious hair
it seems to me
that I am eating memories.

Tosh says

I have this book by my bed. Before I drop my eyes into deep sleep I like to read a page or two of this book. It gives me a certain sense of dreams. Wonderful dreams.

Jimmy says

I never really understood the appeal of Les Fleurs du Mal, but so many people love it that I started to feel bad. What was I missing? Along comes this book, Paris Spleen, which is full of prose poems made of equal parts humor, cynicism, and insight (and often all three within a paragraph). I like these poems because reading it, I feel like I have a sense of who Baudelaire might have been as a person...

Plus, his humor is so odd:

Soup and Clouds

My adorable little minx was serving me supper; through the dining room's open window I was contemplating the shifting architectures God creates from vapour, those marvellous constructions of the evanescent. As I watched, I thought: "Those apparitions are nearly as beautiful as my sweet lady's eyes, the mad little green-eyed monster."

Suddenly a violent fist landed in my back and I heard a charming, raw voice hysterical and brandy-damaged, the voice of my little darling, saying: "Get on with your bloody soup, cloud merchant."

Araz Goran says

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Asl? Can says

K?saç?k öykümsülerden olu?uyor Paris S?k?nt?s?. Baudelaire'in yazd?klar? hem çocuksu ço?kunluk ve ne?eye, hem de bilgece bir vazgeçmi?lik ve ironiye sahip. Co?kusuna da, pes etmi?li?ine de yolda? hissediyorum kendimi. Evet ben de "bulutlar? severim... i?te ?u... ?u geçip giden bulutlar?... e?siz bulutlar?"

ve evet ben de "dünyanın d??nda neresi olursa, al?p ba??m? gitmek istiyorum."

Ben Baudelaire'i çok sevdim, pasaklı köpeklere ?iirler düzen kim varsa, al?p ba?r?ma basabilirim.

--Bir de bana uzaktan uzaktan Sait Faik'i ça?r??t?rd? yazd?klar?ndaki hissiyat. Ayn? ?eyi dü?ünüp hissedene var m?d?r merak ettim.

Tedb0t says

Charles says it best himself: "Which ones of us, in his moments of ambition, has not dreamed of the miracle of a poetic prose, musical, without rhythm and without rhyme, supple enough and rugged enough to adapt itself to the lyrical impulses of the soul, the undulations of reverie, the jibes of conscience?" Probably my favorite of his works.

Guido says

Meraviglioso esempio di poesia come metodo per indagare la verità: il poeta sfiora e rivela col suo linguaggio tutto ciò che parole più concrete e meno ambigue lascerebbero, inevitabilmente, nell'ombra. Probabilmente, neppure Baudelaire avrebbe saputo spiegare come si possa far luce su quei misteri senza nominarli; ci accontentiamo, per così dire, dello spettacolo offerto dalla sua prosa, abbandonando ogni pretesa di comprenderne la meccanica, ed evitando così di soffocarne l'incanto. Ma queste piccole rivelazioni sono incontestabili, e altrettanto inconfutabilmente fuggevoli - si rivelano alla prima lettura di questi brevissimi testi, e ne resta un'impressione indefinita come quelle lasciate dalle immagini di un paesaggio intravisto da un finestrino, o dalla voce di un passante che si perde tra la folla. La rilettura non permette di ritrovare quella sensazione, ma in compenso se ne scopre un'altra - un altro paesaggio che scorre, un'altra voce che si perde. Per questo credo che questo libro sia eterno: imprevedibile a ogni nuovo approccio, come il ritmo ipnotico di una danza antica, come le diverse suggestioni stimulate da una stessa sfumatura di colore.

Baudelaire seppe comprendere i vantaggi che avrebbe avuto liberandosi dalle costrizioni dei versi. Il suo unico riferimento dichiarato è Bertrand, del quale ammira senz'altro la libertà espressiva, ma *Lo Spleen di Parigi* è decisamente più moderno e complesso dell'opera del suo coraggioso predecessore. I primi componimenti sono quasi dei racconti, assomigliano a parabole o favole, di gusto vagamente orientale. Nei successivi, però, la prosa poetica di Baudelaire acquista sicurezza, e il libro assume una forma più precisa e meno sperimentale. Parigi, capitale immensa e custode di infiniti particolari umani, diviene l'ambiente di personaggi reali e fantastici: l'esperienza del reale e quella dei sogni si intersecano inestricabilmente; si avanza per le vie scoprendo angeli morenti nel fango e demoni padroni di ricchi palazzi, oasi di luce divina e tuguri maleodoranti. Il poeta diviene pittore: il suo debito nei confronti delle arti figurative è testimoniato, in maniera simbolica ma molto efficace, dall'ultimo poema. Nelle sue parole non manca mai un pensiero, un'intenzione evidente, che fa di quelle atmosfere così varie uno strumento di conoscenza.

Questi poemi in prosa sembrano - non so proprio trovare un altro termine per descriverli - *accoglienti*: descrivono una situazione precisa, un pensiero, ma nello stesso tempo creano uno spazio per ospitare i pensieri e i sentimenti di chi legge - uno spazio dove ci si può muovere, riflettere, ricordare la propria vita. Siamo ancora molto legati a un ideale di arte che risponde a esigenze antiche: scrittori che propongono con forza i propri tormenti, le proprie vicissitudini, le proprie conquiste, per arricchire con quelle esperienze la

vita di chi li leggerà. La Parigi così varia e trascendentale di Baudelaire, spazio illimitato che sembra poter contenere il dolore, la felicità, le conquiste di ogni essere umano, appare tanto più moderna e vivibile.
