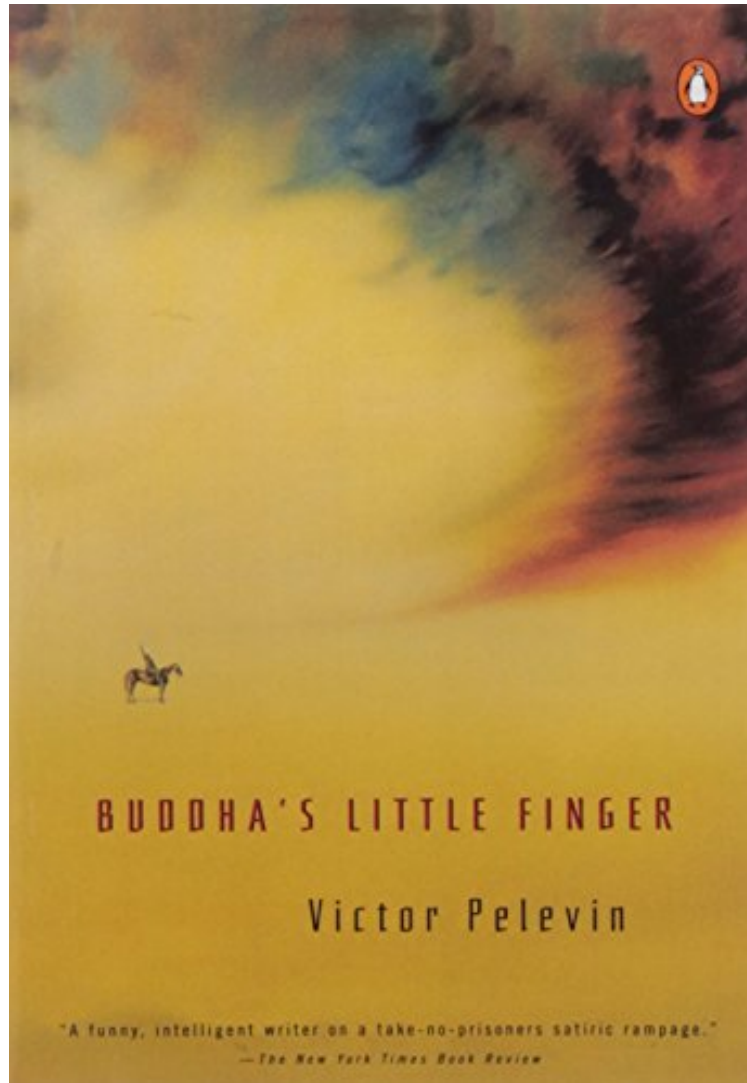


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Buddha's Little Finger

Victor Pelevin

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#168719 in Books Victor Pelevin 2001-12-01 2001-12-01 Original language: English PDF # 1 7.70 x .90 x 5.00l, #File Name: 0141002328352 pages Buddha s Little Finger | File size: 73.Mb

Victor Pelevin : Buddha's Little Finger before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Buddha's Little Finger:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Am i Creating what i see or am i just a vessel? By Alexander Khlapov It was my pleasure to see that they have translated one of the best books that Russian literature has ever given to its readers. Written during a very dark and unstable time, this has to be the most influential of the books by Victor Pelevin. If you like philosophy and spirituality, especially in the likes of Alan Watts, Ram Dass and Joseph Campbell, you will like this book. It is an exploration of who we are and what we think of the world around us. I absolutely wish

everyone could read it in the Russian original, because it is such a trip. Pelevin paints the story for you using his wicked power of bending and moving words and phrases in such a way, that i think in the future his works will be standing next to Dostoyevskiy and Tolstoy without having to explain how they got there. I have been through many Russian writers who pretend to be the new Carlos Castaneda, none of them come close to Pelevin's truthful jumps into human consciousness and illusory nature of the things we see. 100% recommended. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Must read By Alee This is my most favorite of Pelevin's works. I read it in Russian of course, but English translation is excellent as well and I love giving this book as a gift to my fellow American friends because it describes "my" Russia in the best possible manner. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Recommended By Fountainheart Very good book and quite original. I enjoyed reading it.

Russian novelist Victor Pelevin is rapidly establishing himself as one of the most brilliant young writers at work today. His comic inventiveness and mind-bending talent prompted Time magazine to proclaim him a "psychedelic Nabokov for the cyber-age." In his third novel, *Buddha's Little Finger*, Pelevin has created an intellectually dazzling tale about identity and Russian history, as well as a spectacular elaboration of Buddhist philosophy. Moving between events of the Russian Civil War of 1919 and the thoughts of a man incarcerated in a contemporary Moscow psychiatric hospital, *Buddha's Little Finger* is a work of demonic absurdism by a writer who continues to delight and astonish.

.com At one point in the hallucinatory trip that is *Buddha's Little Finger*, the protagonist regains consciousness in a cold-water bath, with a large, naked man prodding him awake and cheerfully acknowledging that the situation "might seem quite unbearably loathsome. Inexpressibly, inhumanly monstrous and absurd. Entirely incompatible with life." That would be an understatement. Yet Victor Pelevin, who's already produced such post-perestroika gems as *Omon Ra* and *The Life of Insects*, gets plenty of comic mileage out of Pyotr Voyd's dilemma. He also puts identity, reality, and existence up for grabs, and toys with time and continuity much as Italo Calvino did in his exhilarating *If on a Winter's Night a Traveler*. A poet from St. Petersburg, Pelevin's hero finds himself caught in a temporal tug of war: on one hand, he's walking a tightrope between Reds and Whites during the Russian Revolution, and on the other, he's floating in and out of the bizarre world of a psychiatric hospital in 1990s Moscow. The revolutionary era does offer Pyotr the occasional boost. His commander, the sly and intellectually provocative comrade Chapaev, tells him that he is a "man of decisive character and at the same time you have a subtle appreciation of the essential nature of events. People like you are in great demand." That's not the sense he gets in the hospital, however, where he passes the time kneading lumps of Plasticene and sketching busts of Aristotle. Sharing a room and "turbo-Jungian" therapy sessions with three other nutters, Pyotr is all too easily submerged in their intricate fantasies. Sound complicated? Well, Pelevin offers up these parallel lives in such a kaleidoscopic jumble that it's sometimes easy to get lost. Yet those readers willing to follow the hero in his travails--to make, as it were, a leap into the Voyd--will encounter a hilarious, disturbing, and wildly inventive exploration of reality. --S. Ketchum From Publishers Weekly The ambitious, time-traveling scenario of Russian writer Pelevin's third novel finds the aptly named poet Pyotr Void tumbling between two distinct nightmares. In the first he is serving as commissar to the legendary Bolshevik commander, Chapaev, during the 1919 Russian Civil War. Pyotr pines for Chapaev's machine gunner, Anna, entertains officers who come to pinch cocaine (acquired by an accident of fate) on the pretext of discussing the nature of the intelligentsia, and feels horribly disjointed all the while. Then, Pyotr wakes up in a present-day mental hospital in Moscow distinctly labeled "schizophrenic." He observes his doctors and roommates (including an effeminate man who has assumed the identity of "Maria") until he almost feels comfortable, only to be pumped full of sedatives and returned to the year 1919. The two settings provide Pelevin, who won Russia's "Little Booker" prize for his collection *The Blue Lantern*, with plenty of room to obsess about political changes and social realities in Russia (at one point, Maria announces, "That's always the way with Russia... when you see it from afar, it's so beautiful it's enough to make you cry, but when you take a closer look, you just want to puke"). Just when the plot seems to fragment into an irretrievable mess, Pelevin stitches things up rather nicely with some loosely applied Buddhist principles. Bromfield's translation is smooth, the prose crisp, lively and humorous as well as richly philosophical. This work will surely cement the reputation of Pelevin (whose satiric novels include *Omon Ra* and *The Life of Insects*) as one of contemporary Russia's leading writers. (May) Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Seamlessly blending Russia's 20th-century history of revolution, repression, and post-Soviet depression with spoofs of the great works of literature that presaged, accompanied, or protested these events, upcoming Russian writer Pelevin shows that he is able to sustain the literary verve he first demonstrated in his short stories (*The Blue Lantern*) and short novels (*The Life of Insects*). In his intriguing new work, celebrated St. Petersburg poet Pyotr Voyd bears witness to the political and military dangers of the Russian Revolution, but he keeps waking up in contemporary Moscow, where American celebrity Arnold Schwarzenegger dominates the popular mind. By turns, Voyd is a counterrevolutionary, a mental patient, a sly poet, and a hapless lover, and he is every bit as surprised as the reader by the twists and turns of fate he must endure. The Buddha-like stance Voyd assumes also infects readers, who find themselves expertly guided through a plot that in the hands of a lesser writer would have left them frustrated by cascading impossibilities. Is Voyd mad? Is any socialized, thinking human safe from insanity?

Voyd doesn't fear for his intellect, but saving his skin becomes a kind of political game. While Pelevin's setting is Russia, he shows us that what is valuable in sustaining life is universal. Highly recommended.-Francisca Goldsmith, Berkeley P.L., CA Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.