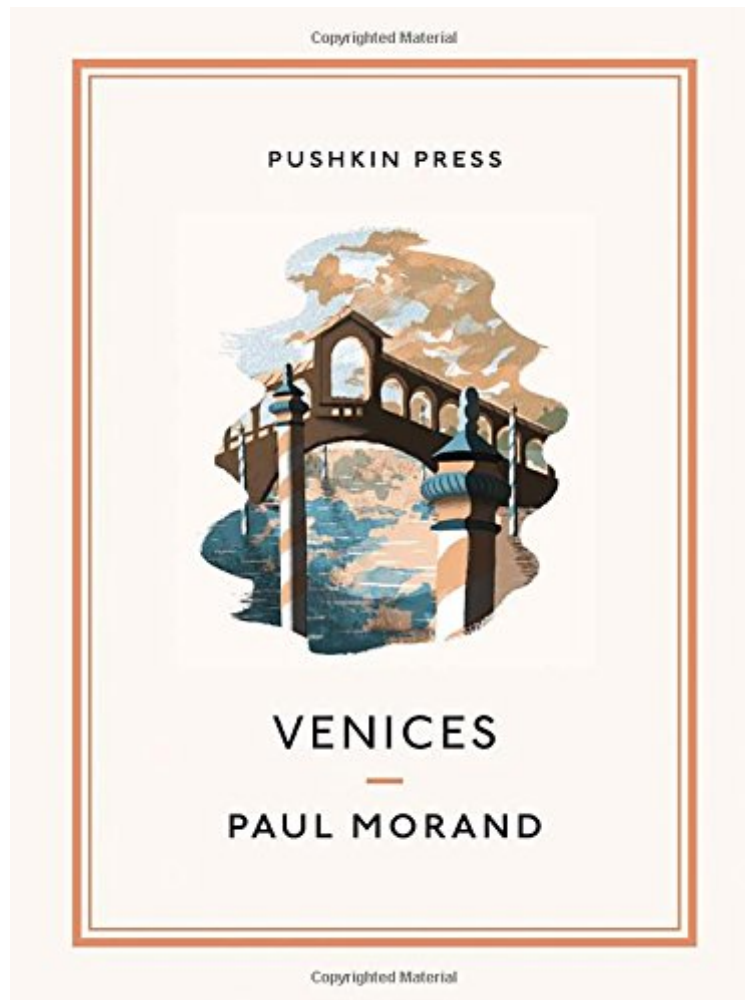


(Download free pdf) Venices (Pushkin Collection)

Venices (Pushkin Collection)

Paul Morand

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#2925084 in Books Pushkin Press 2013-09-10 2013-09-10 Original language: French PDF # 1 6.46 x .87 x 4.681, .55 #File Name: 1908968877256 pages | File size: 33.Mb

Paul Morand : Venices (Pushkin Collection) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Venices (Pushkin Collection):

2 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Atmosphere is thick. By Kerry Blue If you've never been to Venice, read this first. Never wanted to go to Venice? Read it anyway and drift into another world. 3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. What was lost By monica Morand was in his eighties when he put together this book; I say 'put together' because although there's a chronological framework it seems almost incidental and Venices, whilst being a look back through the years, is a collection of musings and memories--mostly but not altogether in relation to Venice--rather than a memoir. Morand touches upon his father's habits, Palladian architecture, his travels, office politics in the diplomatic corps, Venetian history, the way the sunlight falls on a favourite cafe. And because he was reared and for all his life kept a foot in an artistic milieu, the likes of Les Six, Diaghilev, and Proust are some of those

who people his memories, though a reader shouldn't expect telling anecdotes about the famous. As he does in the other two books I've read by him, Morand writes with a calm restraint in a style that without being in any way striking makes many others' writing seem tepid and undistinguished. Perhaps it's that calmness that makes his books so attractive--that and, in Venices, an incredibly strong sense of mood. In fact I can't just now think of another book so strongly pervaded by mood. The tone is overwhelmingly elegiac, and long after reading it I felt a bit melancholy. It's not that Morand expresses sadness or regret; he's much too urbane for that. (And when he does give way to a things-were-better-when-we-were-young complaint he ends it with 'And the young people of today are better-looking than we were.')

Rounded up from 3 1/2 stars. And by the way, if you're buying the book you might want to check which edition you'd be getting; there's another, also from Pushkin, whose cover is far less appealing than the one pictured here . . .

"It is after experiencing life that I have returned here to think about myself." Paul Morand was a diplomat, traveller, socialite and one of the most erudite and original writers of the twentieth century. Venices is his typically unconventional autobiography: an evocative account of a remarkable life lived surrounded by the remarkable. Its poised, impressionistic, poetically vivid scenes add up year-by-year to a rich meditation, full of astonishing portraits and memories, joy as well as melancholy.

About the Author Though Morand's reputation was marred for years by his involvement with the collaborationist Vichy government, this book, in its effortless elegance, demonstrates why his influence has been so great. The thread that holds it taut throughout is Venice, the city to which Morand always returned. Paul Morand was born in Paris in 1888. After studying at the École des Sciences Politiques he joined the diplomatic corps, serving in London, Rome, Berne and Bucharest. Tender Shoots, his first collection of stories, was introduced by Marcel Proust. In a long and busy life, he found time to write poetry, novels, short stories and travel books. Morand was made a member of the Académie Française in 1963 and died in 1976.