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Il castello dei destini incrociati pdf

Jump to ratings and reviewsA group of travellers chance to meet, first in a castle, then a tavern. Their powers of speech are magically taken from them and instead they have only tarot cards with which to tell their tales. What follows is an exquisite interlinking of narratives, and a fantastic, surreal, and chaotic history of all human consciousness. 535 people are currently readingItalo Calvino was born in Cuba and grew up in Italy. He was a journalist and writer of short stories and novels. His best known works include the Our Ancestors trilogy (1952-1959), the Cosmicomics collection of short stories (1965), and the novels Invisible Cities (1972) and If On a Winter's Night a Traveler (1979).His style is not easy to classify; much of his writing has an air reminiscent to that of fantastical fairy tales (Our Ancestors, Cosmicomics), although sometimes his writing is more "realistic" and in the scenic mode of observation (Difficult Loves, for example). Some of his writing has been called postmodern, reflecting on literature and the act of reading, while some has been labeled magical realist, others fables, others simply "modern". He wrote: "My working method has more often than not involved the subtraction of weight. I have tried to remove weight, sometimes from people, sometimes from heavenly bodies, sometimes from cities; above all I have tried to remove weight from the structure of stories and from language."Displaying 1 - 30 of 941 reviewsDecember 3, 2021The Castle of Crossed Destinies is a kind of stories that a fortuneteller could tell... Actually tarot cards recount the tales...I decided to break what I believed a drowsiness of tongues after the trials of the journey, and I was about to burst forth with a loud exclamation such as "Health to all!" or "Well met!" or "It's an ill wind...."; but no sound came from my lips. The drumming of spoons, the rattle of goblets and crockery were enough to persuade me I had not gone deaf: I could only presume I had been struck dumb. My fellow diners confirmed this supposition, moving their lips silently in a gracefully resigned manner: it was clear that crossing the forest had cost each of us the power of speech.So tarot cards begin: The Tale of the Ingrate and His Punishment, the Tale of the Alchemist Who Sold His Soul, The Tale of the Doomed Bride, A Grave-Robber's Tale, The Tale of Roland Crazed with Love...He set down the figure of the King of Swords, which attempted to render in a single portrait his bellicose past and his melancholy present, at the square's left edge, beside the Ten of Swords. And our eyes seemed suddenly blinded by the great dust cloud of battles: we heard the blare of trumpets; already the shattered spears were flying; already the clashing horses' muzzles were drenched in iridescent foam...The Tavern of Crossed Destinies was added later and it is more abstract... Rising to his feet on his throne, the regal interlocutor changes and becomes non-categorizable; at his back it is not an angelic plumage that opens, but two bat-wings that darken the sky, the impassive eyes become crossed, oblique, and the crown has sprouted horn branches, the cloak falls to reveal a naked, hermaphroditic body, hands and feet prolonged into talons."Why, were you not an angel?""I am the angel who dwells in the point where lines fork. Whoever retraces the way of divided things encounters me, whoever descends to the bottom of contradictions runs into me, whoever mingles again what was separated feels my membraned wing brush his cheek!"Clubs, cups, coins and swords still rule the world and the wheel of fortune keeps turning,June 20, 2019Is a picture worth a thousand words? And if so, does it tell a story? Imagine Calvino setting out to create a Boccaccio or Dante situation, a setting in which travellers meet in an obscure forest and have time to spend on a storytelling adventure. Calvino would hardly be Calvino if he didn't give the project his own twist, complicating matters to the point of impossibility. His protagonists, including the narrator, discover that they are mute. How are you to share if you can't speak? They let Tarot cards speak. In sequence after sequence, the cards are arranged to tell the stories of the characters, showing their passions,their hopes, their dreams and their losses. Is that possible?Even Leonardo da Vinci needed words and writing to make the statement that he thought painting was a superior art form compared to literature. Since Antiquity, visual art and literature have been compared and evaluated according to their respective expressive power. Ut pictura poesis, claimed Horace in his Ars Poetica, but is it really true? Calvino seems to agree with the idea in the beginning, but his stories crumble and disappear in the artistic arrangements he is imagining while looking at the multiple meanings each card contains.Different stories are interlinked, and give the cards new potential for interpretation. Literature jumps in to fill the gaps in the visual narratives. We meet Faust, King Lear, Macbeth, Oedipus and many others while the narrator tries to find his own story in the cards.Literature like painting? Lessing, in his Laokoon, defined literature as a sequence of episodes and painting as one important moment in focus, and in a way, Calvino has managed to merge these two ideas into a sequence of defining moments minus the connecting tissue of narrative context.This is quite the opposite of what Hofmann did in his literary description of Brueghel's The Parable Of The Blind, turning the description of the painting into a long episode - connecting the brush strokes by adding interpretation and meaning.Why would Calvino do a thing like that? Is there any meaning in his ambiguous mutation of the functionality of art and literature?I would say let the tarot cards speak. The Hanged Man says:"Lasciatemi così. Ho fatto tutto il giro e ho capito. Il mondo si legge all'incontrario. Tutto è chiaro. "The world clearly makes more sense if it is read from the upside down position. I agree, Calvino! Bravo!1001-books-to-read-before-you-diesepteMber 8, 2017Ah, to be drunk with a pack of tarot cards. Or was it speed? Not sure. It could be PCP. But whatever the drug, this collection of short stories surrounding the obvious use of tarot cards to write stories or re-write common tales or to lay down the structure of alchemy or to just have a plain ole good time is a concept I can love in pure concept terms, and do, but just how much did I love this exact work?Um. Well. Some parts were fun and funny and the deep story concepts were really rather cool, but getting deep into any of it except for the stories we already know by heart was a real pain. I kinda felt like we were playing with little green interchangeable army men one moment and then we were having an intellectual discussion about high alchemical concepts and symbolism and the structure of the soul versus the medium versus using the soul as a coin to create philosopher's gold directly, with the obvious fail associated with it.Of course, if that's too complicated to enjoy, then I'd recommend avoiding this book because that was just a tiny, tiny part. The rest seems to be a random shuffle and subsequent interpretation. Fun, in a way, but oddly dissatisfying.2017-shelf fantasy metaphysicsJuly 24, 2009'I always feel the need to alternate one type of writing with another, completely different, to begin writing again as if I had never written anything before.'And this reads Italo Calvino's The Castle of Crossed Destinies. There are times when I forget just how much I love Calvino's writing. This is a very short book, but one that requires intense concentration to read – in fact, it requires intense concentration right up until the point where you realise that you simply aren't smart enough to get this book in its full and breathtaking complexity. That moment for me was page 38 in the Picador version that I own – at least, that is the moment I truly knew that there are depths to this book I have no hope of ever being able to plumb. Not unlike trying to read Kant's various categories in the Critique (and also finding myself lost in a mind infinitely more logical than mine can ever hope to be) I read this book with mouth-gaping awe. As TS Eliot put it, 'il miglior fabbro' (the better craftsman).Now that I've probably put you off reading this book, let me see if I can make you want to read it.A man is lost in the forest after a long, dangerous and arduous journey. In the distance, as it is getting dark, he makes his way there and in a room where a great number of other people are already seated and eating and drinking. He joins them and is about to begin talking when he discovers that he has no power of speech at all. This surprises him, but in watching the others at the table he soon discovers that they too have lost the ability to speak.When the food and wine are cleared away all that is left on the table is a pack of tarot cards. One of the 'guests' flips through the pack and then selects cards with careful deliberation and sets them down in two rows. These cards (and the manner in which they are placed on the table) tell his story. Another guest then begins his story, also by laying down cards on the table – this time crossing the two rows with two columns. In this way elements of the first story are reused in the second story. In the end there is an enormous spread of cards across the table in which twelve interlaced stories are told. The stories can be read up and down, or down and up, or right to left, or left to right.Tarot cards have a symbolic meaning, obviously enough, but that meaning depends in these stories on the card's position it appears within the story itself and on the story that is being told as much as on the image depicted on the face of the card. So that the two of clubs – a card with two wooden clubs crossed on its face, can mean two paths intersecting or it can mean the beginning of a battle.This is a book that does what poetry does – it weaves meaning out of images while at the same time referring to the history of poetry (or literature) as a way to give those images additional context and content. I don't know how familiar you might be with TS Eliot's 'The Waste Land' – but basically, it does much the same thing, taking lots of lines from European poetry and literature and smashing them so as to play with the shattered pieces scattered across the floor. In that poem there is a fortune-teller 'with a wicked pack of cards' called Madame Sosostris. It would be hard to be too surprised that she might make an appearance in this book as well.My Good Reads friend Paul did this review of this book – ... And while I can understand his frustration, this book is much better than he might make you think. I do understand that someone might think it is all a huge wank (or a drunken bet gone horribly wrong) but I can only accept that until you get to 'I Also Try to Tell My Tale' – from that moment on this book becomes something completely different from what you might have imagined it was going to be. (I wouldn't mind betting – if I was a betting man – that Paul topped out of frustration before this part of the book on the basis that he had worked out where this one was going)From then on until the very last breath of this book it becomes something else – something that justifies any incomprehension or difficulty that might have troubled you up until this point. Let's be completely frank here – if you are not about to pull your hair out by the time you get to this point in the book you have completely missed the point of the book and need to cut back on the drugs you are taking (they are, quite obviously, not doing you any favours at all).But from the moment the King of Clubs from the Ancien Tarot de Marseille is dropped onto the table you will find it virtually impossible to stop reading. The descriptions of St Jerome and St George (which has you saying – oh so that is what that stuff meant) and then the three tales of madness (where Hamlet, MacBeth and King Lear are smashed together) are so mind-blowingly well written and so damn clever and so insightful that it makes you come away thinking you have at least a vague idea of why people waste quite so much time reading this Literature rubbish in the first place.You know, you really could see this book as some sort of post-modern wank of meta-fiction, the sort of book one might read at University for forty-five years followed by a PhD thesis explaining the connections between the Oedipus myth and the sorts of fairytales that Calvino himself documents in his Italian Folk Tales and, of course, the ever-present and potent images found in the humble tarot pack. BUT this is a book based on the real obsession of the author, a writer who decided one day to see if he could make patterns out of rows of tarot cards so as to literally use them to tell stories and to then see if he could link those stories together and also somehow write them up in a way that complemented the sting of images he had produced on the table before him. As he said, he finally published the book in the hope of exorcising this obsession which was becoming all-consuming. (Again, I'm not a betting man, but I would put real money on my belief that publishing the book really didn't help)And for those of us who have spent a lifetime obsessed with choices:'...every choice has its obverse, that is to say a renunciation, and so there is no difference between the act of choosing and the act of renouncing.'I would also be prepared to bet that Calvino liked to read Hegel. You know, perhaps I'm more of a gambler than I like to pretend.November 13, 2022Italo Calvino kitabın başında uzunca bir önsöz ile yazım sürecini anlatmış. Kitapta iki öykü var: "Kesişen Yazgılar Şatosu" ve "Kesişen Yazgılar Meyhanesi". Her iki öykü de farklı başlıklara sahip sekizer öykü içeriyor. Birçok hikayede bir kartın tarot kartı olarak gerçek anlamı değil, kartın üzerindeki resmin veya resimlerdeki ayrıntıların yorumlanması esas alınmış, bu nedenle tarot bilgisi olmadan da rahatça okunabiliyor öyküler. Aslında Calvino aklındakileri tarot kağıtlarına yükleyerek hikayeyi istediği gibi şekillendiriyor. Kağıtlar sadece araç, amaç Calvino'nun