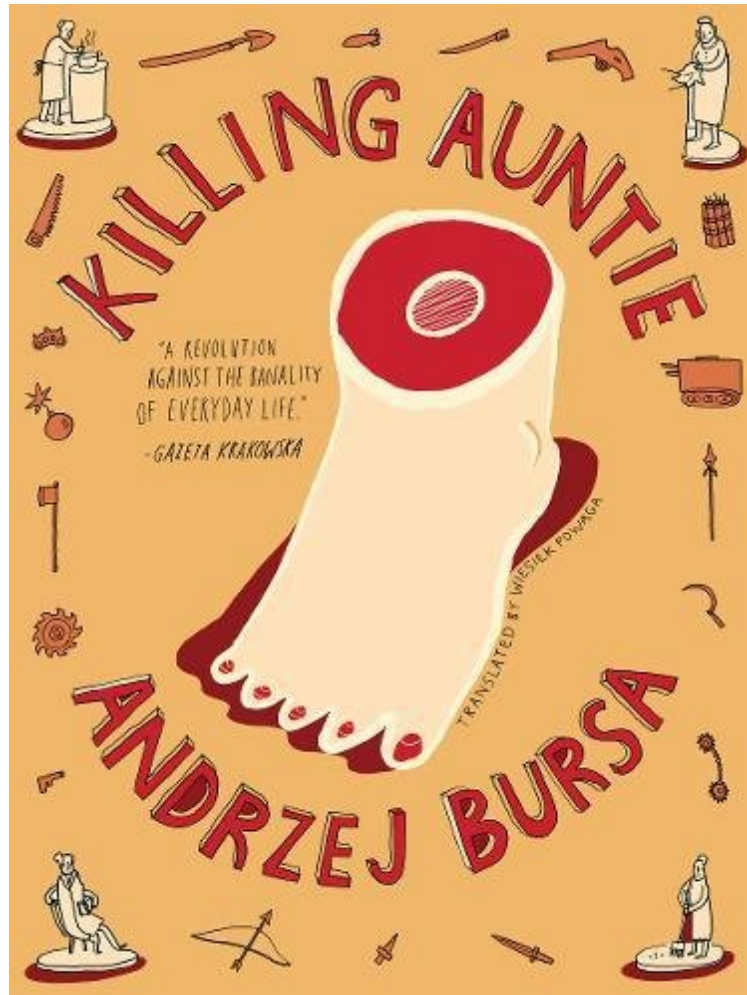


(Pdf free) Killing Auntie (Rebel Lit)

## Killing Auntie (Rebel Lit)

Andrzej Bursa

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**Andrzej Bursa : Killing Auntie (Rebel Lit)** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Killing Auntie (Rebel Lit):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. "I think ... simply ... that we are all guilty." By Pop Bop You can certainly read this as an absurdist, Grand Guignol, Camus-lite, improv variation on existentialism, ennui, and youthful despair. It starts out aimless and drifts into darker and darker humor before heading into the unapologetically surreal. You can try to impose a single thematic line on the story, or you can treat it as a series of vignettes unified by Auntie's corpse chilling in the background. If you try to force it to be a single coherent tale you have a demanding task ahead of you. If, on the other hand, you're willing to relax and treat the short novel as a series of ideas and bits, well, there is a great deal to be enjoyed here. Our hero's half-hearted exchange in a confessional is brutal. His visit from two other elderly relatives reads like an absurd version of "Arsenic and Old Lace". His ideas about responsible corpse disposal

management are treated with ridiculous seriousness. As I read I kept reminding myself that this book was not written now, when satire and dark humor are acceptable and even fashionable in Eastern European writing. It was written in the 1950's, when such a piece was revolutionary, transgressive and dangerous. Now I know that many schools of literary criticism teach that context, author's intent, and so on are irrelevant, but it seems to me that knowing that this book was dangerous in its time and that distributing it was an act of real courage, adds immeasurably to my appreciation and admiration of the work. Bursa played the tormented rebel firebrand card, and this, his only novel, establishes his credentials in that regard. So, this is a funny, sad, provocative, wise, frustrating and anarchic book. It rewards the adventurous reader, which for me was quite enough. (Please note that I received a free copy of this book without a review requirement, or any influence regarding review content should I choose to post a review. Apart from that I have no connection at all to either the author or the publisher of this book.) 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Existential amorality in Poland By Paul Mastin In a college Philosophy and Literature class, which focused on 20th century existentialism, I got hooked on Camus, Sartre, and Kafka. So when I saw Polish author Andrzej Bursa's novel *Killing Auntie* compared to Sartre and Kafka, as well as to Dostoevsky and Joseph Heller, I thought I'd check it out. Let's just say that one way to be disappointed in a book is to begin reading it with exalted expectations. *Killing Auntie* begins with Jurek confessing to a priest that he has killed his aunt. He thoughtlessly, purposelessly, spontaneously decides to beat her over the head with a hammer. The rest of the book deals with the aftermath: scheming to cover up the crime, to prevent his other aunt and grandmother from discovering his deed, dealing with a new romance, and, mostly, disposing of the corpse. The tone of the story and the attitude that Jurek conveys is reminiscent of a character from Kafka or Camus. The phrase "the banality of evil" comes to mind. Jurek has no real ethical moorings from which to reflect on his act. The confession doesn't seem to be meaningful, except to highlight the titillation of the priest experiences upon hearing about a real crime in his confessional. Jurek does realize that others will view his act as repulsive, thus his reluctance to tell his girlfriend about it and his attempts to hide the corpse from his aunt and grandmother. I think Bursa was attempting to pen a reflection on the evil in all our lives. He makes it explicit in his defense to his girlfriend: "I wouldn't blame you [if you are offended by my confession], just like I wouldn't blame anyone for anything, and not because I don't . . . have the right, but because I'm not convinced there is such a right. I think . . . simply . . . that we are all guilty." Ah, the existential bliss of amorality. We are all guilty, therefore none of us is guilty. The philosophical message comes through to a certain degree. I just wish he could have wrapped up the story more effectively. The last couple of chapters were quite a disappointment. So, bottom line, in terms of style and substance, *Killing Auntie* might be compared to *The Stranger* or some of Kafka's work, but it falls short of the literary and philosophical standard set by those works. Thanks to Edelweiss and the publisher for the complimentary electronic review copy! 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. American Psycho (Polish Style) By Kitty Honeycutt This has to be one of the most insane books I have ever read. Jurek is a highly disturbed individual with an imagination that borders on complete insanity. "*Killing Auntie*" is a book that stays in your mind long after you're done reading and leaves you morosely puzzling over the finality. Mr. Bursa, may he rest in peace, is one of those storytellers with the unusual ability to mix the macabre with humor and disturbing passion. I would recommend this book to anyone with an interest in traversing the minds of the twisted and criminally insane. A short read that will leave you wanting more.

"Deliciously wicked . . . readers will also find plenty to enjoy (one sequence of unwitting cannibalism is particularly memorable)." —Publishers Weekly "Fast-moving and witty in style and tone, this novel is one not soon forgotten." —World Literature Today "There's considerable charm to Bursa's clever variation on the story of youth seeking purpose . . . A nicely off-beat little novel." —The Complete Review "The Polish postwar firebrand Andrzej Bursa acquired a reputation as a quick-burning, existentially tormented rebel. . . . Yet Bursa's dark humor and deadpan satire . . . keep utter bleakness at bay." —The Independent "A revolution against the banality of everyday life." —Gazeta Krakowska A young university student named Jurek, with no particular ambitions or talents, is adrift. After his doting aunt asks him to perform a small chore, he decides to kill her for no good reason other than, perhaps, boredom. *Killing Auntie* follows Jurek as he seeks to dispose of the corpse—a task more difficult than one might imagine—and then falls in love with a girl he meets on a train. Can he tell her what he's done? Will that ruin everything? "I'm convinced—simply—that we are all guilty," says Jurek, and his adventures with nosy neighbors, false-toothed grandmothers, and love-making lynxes shed light on how an entire society becomes involved in the murder and disposal of dear old Auntie. This is a short comedic masterpiece combining elements of Fyodor Dostoevsky, Jean-Paul Sartre, Franz Kafka, and Joseph Heller, coming together in the end to produce an unforgettable tale of murder and—just maybe—redemption. Andrzej Bursa was born in 1934 in Krakow, Poland, and died twenty-five years later. In his brief lifetime he composed some of the most original Polish writing of the twentieth century. *Killing Auntie* is his only novel. His brilliant career and tragic early death established him as a cult figure among restless and disenchanting youth.

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memorable).”—Publishers Weekly"Fast-moving and witty in style and tone, this novel is one not soon forgotten."—World Literature Today"There's considerable charm to Bursa's clever variation on the story of youth seeking purpose ... A nicely off-beat little novel."—The Complete "The haunting theme of the novel may bring to mind Dostoevsky, but its macabre originality is strictly that of the author ... Andrzej Bursa emerges from the pages ... as a provocative, interesting, original and highly talented though always angry young man."—World Literature Today"Dead at 25 in 1957, the Polish postwar firebrand Andrzej Bursa acquired a reputation as a quick-burning, existentially tormented rebel ... Yet Bursa's dark humor and deadpan satire – finely captured here by translator Wiesiek Powaga – keep utter bleakness at bay."—The Independent"A revolution against the banality of everyday life."—Gazeta Krakowska