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Aleksandr Kuprin

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?????????? ??????? Aleksandr Kuprin
[English title: The Garnet Bracelet]

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Date : Published 2008 by ?????????? (first published 1910)
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Author : Aleksandr Kuprin
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Genre : Cultural, Russia, Classics, Literature, Russian Literature, Fiction, Romance

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From Reader Review ?????????? ??????? for online ebook

katerina says

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Olga HL says

Russian classical literature. Comeback to school times. This novel is in the school program in Russia. I was happy to read Kuprin again.

It is a very touching, dramatic and sad book. The way Kuprin tells the story seems smooth and melodic. Real music. The words are simple but they are intertwined in laces. I'm impressed by the beautiful figurative Kuprin's language.

Simple beginning, ordinary scenes but in the last chapters all was changed, and the story was poured out on us. Fast and dashing but very gently and sadly. The story which devastates. I can't say I agree with this concept of the ideal love. Such love which fills all of you, dazzles you, makes you crazy ... But it is very interesting to read about such a love.

And I really feel sorry for Vera who happened to be in such a situation. When she became involuntary responsible for the feelings that she didn't want and for the death of a person who loved her.

It was interesting to listen to the old man Anosov with his brilliant reflections on love and marriage.

Kuprin's stories are brilliant classics which are worth of reading.

Anna K?avi?a says

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Ksenia Pleskach says

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Sarah says

A really nice novel, easy to read but super short and thats what i hated the most !!

Its about true love and how it can change our life

TarasProkopyuk says

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Galya says

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Amit says

I must admit written on the time of Soviet era this story by Aleksandr Ivanovich Kuprin is very rich in the sense of good literature. No doubt about at all. But there's some issue of course as I am reading it now in the time when everything changed & got that huge difference everywhere. It's about the time of course. It is impossible to think such a tragedy that happened on that book. I repeat nowadays or says in this present time it is indeed quite impossible to believe...

I wish I could be diplomatic in here while writing my review. The fact is it was all about love. The prime thing that the author indicated perfectly. The kind of love that only exists in his time but not now. I am not offending the value of Love. No, Never. What I really want to say is that it was an ok story for then but for now it's not worth the time. Though who do love to read romance genre very much this is for them. But of course it's a rich Soviet literature & of course I loved it...

1. *'How strange it is,' said Vera with a thoughtful smile, ' that I am holding in my hands an object which may have been touched by the hands of the Marquise de Pompadour, or even Queen Antoinette herself. . . . Do you know, Anna, you must be the only person in the world who could conceive of the mad idea of making a lady's note-book out of a prayer-book. However, let's go in and see how things are getting on.'*...

2. *'That's a funny question to ask, Anna. Of course I was afraid. Don't you believe the people who tell you that they are not afraid and that the whistle of bullets is the sweetest music in the world to them. A man like that is either crazy or else he is boasting. Everybody is afraid. Only one fellow will lose all self-control, and another holds himself well in hand. You see, the fear always remains the same, but the ability to hold yourself in hand develops with practice; that's why we have heroes and great men. And yet, there was one occasion when I was almost frightened to death.'*...

3. *'Well ... let us say . . . that you are an exception. . . . But look, why do most people marry? Take a woman. She is ashamed of remaining an old maid when all her friends are married. She does not want to remain a burden on her family, wants to be independent, to live for herself. . . . And then, of course, there is the purely physiological necessity of motherhood. Men have other motives. In the first place, he is tired of single life, of lack of order in his room, of restaurants, dirt, cigarette-stumps, torn clothes, debts, unceremonious friends, and so on. In the second place, it is better, healthier, and more economical to live a family life. In the third place, he thinks of the possible children, and says to himself: 'I shall die, but a part of me will still remain behind. . . .' Something like the illusion of immortality. Then, again, there is the temptation of innocence, as with me, for instance. Sometimes men think of the dowry. But where is love, disinterested, self-sacrificing, expecting no reward—the love about which it has been said that it is 'more powerful than death'? Where is the love, for which it is joy, and not labor, to make a sacrifice, give up life, suffer pains? Wait, wait, Vera, I know that you are going to tell me about your Vasya. Yes, I like him. He is a good fellow. And, perhaps, in the future, his love will appear in the light of great beauty. But, think of the kind of love I mean. Love must be a tragedy, the greatest mystery in the world! No life comforts, calculations, or compromises must ever affect it.'*...

4. *'Oh, yes, surely, Vera. And I'll say even more. I am sure that every woman is capable of the loftiest heroism in her love. When she kisses a man, embraces him, becomes his wife, she is already a mother. If she loves, love for her is the whole purpose of life, the whole universe. It is not her fault that love has assumed such disgusting forms and has become degraded simply to a small amusement, a sort of convenience. It is men's fault, for they become satiated at twenty, and live on, with bodies like those of chickens, and souls like those of hares, incapable of powerful desires, of heroic deeds, of adoration before love. People say that it was different before. And if it wasn't, did not the best human minds and souls dream of it—the poets, the novelists, the artists, the musicians? A few days ago, I read the story of Manon Lescaut and Cavalier de Grioux. . . . Would you believe me that I wept over it ? Now tell me truly, doesn't every woman, in her inmost*

soul, dream of such a love, which is all-forgiving, modest, self-sacrificing, self-denying?’...

My Honest Thought :

Anna Nikolayevna –

Although this book is all about Vera Nikolayevna (her sister) I did fall in love with Anna. I just can't help it. You see the way the author described her character I just can't help but keep fascinated about her. I really her charisma, her speech and the way she listen attentively to her grandpa with that childhood posture. I can only imagine that very image in my mind and can replicate that image forever in there. But of course I didn't like the fact that what she did to her sister. I didn't like the fact that at the same (though they are princess) they are married but someone else so then love them or adore them secretly in their mind. Yes I know you can't blame that very thing, right? As sometime you just can't control your mind because to point out accurately Love can't control by your mind or say by anything. It's has no boundary no matter how foolish it seemed. Anyway I wish in the end I could read more about Anna then Vera. Never mind of course...

Anosov Yakov Mikhailovich –

The fighter of Army. Who fought in war. Grandpa of Anna and Vera. Of course he is like someone supreme in their life. As they both adore him. Always felt joyous whenever he come and join them. It was from their childhood time. I do love that figure. This guy did say something that make me thought very deeply about the thing that really always need to have the 2nd thought. Special thanks to the author for this very special character...

Vera Nikolayevna –

I won't spoil anything in here. But one thing is certain. It's not Vera who was responsible for the act of that man. She is naive about it. What can be said? As I already mentioned something can never be controlled by anything. & it called Love. It's the most complicated matter that while you think you understand very well but in the end you will never fully understand it (with respect to everyone I mean no offense with my words). In my opinion maybe it will remain forever complicated. Anyway Vera the princess, very modest, got that very kind heart. I really enjoyed my time while reading about her. She got that such a diligence posture about her that make me respect toward her, make me more attentive to read about her furthermore. But of course as I say I have no wish to spoil that very twist; for now I think what she did in that last part of the book was unsurprising. Because a lady like her with such a dignity yes I can expect it from her character...

Thanks to the author -

Aleksandr Ivanovich Kuprin...

c?ng r?m says

tr?i m?a ban tr?a ??c sách, ch? c?p poko ng?i k? bên
??c xong c?m thí thi?c mai m?n vì h?i nh? mình không ??c nhi?u tác f?m z?n h?c c?a các b?ng nga ha
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