



Ourania

J.M.G. Le Clézio

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"Ήταν κατ'ελαβή τι ο Μάριο ήταν νεκρός, θυμήθηκα όλες τις λεπτομέρειες. Οι άνθρωποι τα είχαν διηγηθεί στη γιαγιά μου χωρίς να παραλείψουν τίποτα. Ο Μάριο διέσχιζε το χωριό, λίγο πιο πέρα, στην έξοδο του χωριού. Είχε κρύψει τη βίμβα σ' ένα σακίδιο, τρέχε. Μπορεί τα παιδιά του να σκνταψαν σ' ένα σβόλο χύμα και να πέσε. Η βίμβα εξερρήγη. Δε βρέκαν τίποτα απ' τον Μάριο. Ήταν υπρόχο. Ήταν σαν ο Μάριο να είχε πετσει προς έναν άλλο κόσμο, προς την Ουράνια. Πείτα τα χρυσά πράσιν, ξάχασα κπως. Μάχρι σήμερα, μετά από πολύ καιρό, που η τήχη με ένωσε με κάποιον που ήταν ο πιο παρξένος νεαρός που γνώρισα ποτ".

Ήτσι, ο Ντανιέλ Σιλίτο, γεωγράφος σε αποστολή στο κεντρικό Μεξικό, ανακαλείται, χήρη στον οδηγό του, τον Ραφαήλ, την ιδανική δημοκρατία του Κόμπος, στις παρυφές της Κοιλιάς, της πρωτεύουσας της μαύρης γης, του τσερνοζόμ, το ανθρωπιστικό νείρο του Εμπόριο, την κκκίνη περιοχή, όπου κρατείται φυλακισμένη η Λίλι της λήμνης, αλλά και την αγήπη για την Ντλία.

Ourania Details

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From Reader Review *Ourania* for online ebook

Dorin says

Eventough at first it looked like a dummy book going towards a boy's fantasy world once you go deeper it's not that bad. I has a good positive aspects and i actually liked it in the end.

Lazarus-II says

3.5/5 or 7/10

42bit says

Few points of view in a rather exotic cultural background as for European, the main character, who seems to be French ...mentions about volcanos position...okay, few author's personal points, but mixing of three action threads gave the feeling of greediness, rotten city with rotten Emporio, blushing but weak Campos and the third a love thread. Author could cut out one of them making space for other two. While now....it is too little of each. The book Is nice, but not great. The hidden comments of socio-political systems, and presence of strawberry-slaves make it better but still not great.

Luciana Constantinescu says

Loved the world *Urania* or Campos, it's probably part of my personal utopia, but I don't know why this book was not that memorable. The ending, the atmosphere, the unresolved problem, they were all a bit like life, left hanging and by the end of the book I almost forgot what was the beginning about.

Emily says

J.M.G. Le Clézio's *Ourania* is the first full-length novel I've ever read in the original French. I'm proud of the accomplishment, since I started taking French during college in order to read Proust in the original; it feels great to be progressing toward that goal. Yay! I liked Le Clézio's writing style, and had mixed feelings about his plot: a French geologist, who as a child distracted himself from the Nazi invasion by imagining a Utopian land, travels as an adult to Mexico, where he encounters two more attempts at Utopias: an egalitarian academic Institute, and a sort of hippie commune for society's outsiders; both are doomed to failure. But more than that, it was enormously enriching (and frustrating, and empowering!) to start making this language my own on a footing of sophisticated, adult literature. Huge thanks to my friend Marie Christine for bringing me *Ourania* all the way from Toulouse!

The act of reading in a second language vastly colored my perception of this novel; much of my experience of it was the experience of reading French, rather than the experience of reading *Ourania* specifically.

Reading in translation had its triumphs and frustrations for me; there were only a few passages, for example, in which I could absorb the rhythm and flow of the language, the atmosphere of the scene, in the same way I do effortlessly when reading English prose. (When I did succeed at this, I typically made the kid-learning-to-ride-a-bike mistake of realizing I was doing it, thinking to myself "Look! I'm doing it!" and then promptly losing the ability because I was distracted.) I'm not conscious of skipping over words when I read in English; in fact, I usually pride myself on being a pretty careful reader. But dealing with non-English prose really made me realize how much I take for granted when reading natively: a large vocabulary, colloquial turns of phrase, the small details of tone and cadence that create particular moods or signal different authorial styles. In French I was forced to slow WAY down, increase my levels of patience with making slow progress, and learn when to look words up and when to read for rhythm and general meaning.

Interestingly, I also found that reading in French made me hyper-sensitive to individual words - sort of like an enforced close-reading exercise. Whereas in English I am often conscious of the richness of prose overall, my reading in French currently involves more acquisition and appreciation of individual words. (I think my favorite of the words I picked up from *Ourania* is *recroquevillé(e)* - curled or shriveled up. It rolls off the tongue so nicely!) Early in the novel, I noticed the narrator's use of the adjective "vide" - empty or void, which can also be a noun and has a verb form *vider* - to describe a look in his grandfather's eyes. Shortly thereafter I started noticing the word cropping up all over the novel - a total of twenty-three instances, at least that I noticed.

"Il y avait des corbeaux dans les champs de pommes de terre, ils tenaient des sortes de réunions, leurs glapissements emplissaient le ciel vide." (15) /

"There were ravens in the potato fields; they had kind of gatherings there, their barking filling the empty sky."

"Le rez-de-chaussée était composé d'une grande pièce vide qui avait servi autrefois de dépôt..." (15) /

The ground floor consisted of a large, empty room that had at one time served as a warehouse...

"À part le bruit des moteurs, tout était vide. Aucun voix." (21)

Aside from the noise of the motors, everything was silent. Not a voice.

"Peut-être est-ce le vide de son regard, la pâleur de son visage qui me permettent de comprendre l'importance de l'événement que nous étions en train de vivre..." (22)

Perhaps it was the emptiness of his look, the pallor of his face, that allowed me to understand the importance of this event we were living through...

"Je me suis un peu perdu dans le quartier des Parachutistes. Un dédale de rues, de maisons sommaires, de cours vides." (48)

I was a bit lost in the Parachutists' neighborhood. A labyrinth of streets, of sleeping houses, of empty paths.

"Le jardin était quasiment vide." (82)

The garden [of the brothel:] was almost empty.

"Peut-être que c'est cela qui sifflait dans mes oreilles et me donnait le vertige. Ma solitude. Le sentiment du vide, du très grand vide de mon existence." (122)

Maybe that's what hissed in my ears and gave me vertigo. The feeling of the void, of the great emptiness of my existence.

"Je me souviens qu'à cet instant j'ai ressenti un vide, et mes oreilles ont tinté, parce que je venais de comprendre la folie des habitants de Campos et leur Conseiller..." (149)

I remember that at that instant I felt a void, and my ears rang, with having just understood the naivete of the inhabitants of Campos and their Conseiller...

"Je ne comprenais pas, alors il a dit: "Même si tu pouvais distinguer des milliers, des millions d'étoiles avec un télescope, ce qui est le plus grand, le plus vrai dans le ciel, c'est le noir, le vide." (188)

I didn't understand, so he said: "Even if you could identify thousands, millions of stars with a telescope, still,

the biggest, the truest thing in the sky is the blackness, the void.

"...les incursions, les violations, les maladies aussi, l'avortement fait à la hâte par la vieille *curandera* que tu appelles ta grand-mère, la racine très amère qui a vidé ton ventre..." (209)

The incursions, the violations, the illnesses too, the hurried abortion performed by the old procuress you call your grandmother, the bitter root that emptied your belly...

"Elle a un visage triste de fille sage, une frange au ras de son regard vide." (215)

She had the sad face of a wise girl, a fringe lining her empty gaze.

"Il répète ce qu'il m'a dit à mon arrivée, ce ne sont pas les étoiles qui importent, mais la connaissance du vide." (220)

He repeats what he told me when I arrived: it's not the stars that matter, but getting to know the void.

"Rapaël a quitté son travail à la boutique de grains du marché, dès qu'il a su l'arrêt d'expulsion. Il a vidé sa chambre au-dessus du magasin..." (249)

Raphael quit his job at the grain market as soon as he learned of the order of expulsion. He cleaned out his room above the shop...

"Les bas-côtés étaient vides, les Parachutistes étaient retournés chez eux..." (250)

The road shoulders were empty, the Parachutists had returned to where they came from...

"Elle m'a regardé, j'ai lu un vide dans ses yeux jaunes." (251)

She looked at me; I read a void in her yellow eyes.

"Je suis un peu intimidé d'entrer chez Uacas. C'est pauvre, un peu vide..." (256)

I was a little intimidated to enter Uacas's house. It was poor, a bit empty...

"Avant le départ, le Conseiller a vidé tous les comptes qu'il avait ouverts dans les banques de la Vallée." (272)

Before the departure, the Conseiller closed all the accounts he had opened with banks in the Valley.

"Les journées étaient longues et vides." (280)

The days were long and empty.

"En même temps, il ressentait une douleur, un vide au centre du corps." (285)

At the same time, he felt a sadness, a void at the center of his body...

"Le bâtiment est vide, sauf trois grandes croix en bois peintes en noir..." (287)

The building is empty, save for three large wooden crosses painted black...

"La mer est vide, frisée par le vent, d'un bleu un peu gris." (296)

The sea is empty, ruffled by the wind, of a slightly greyish blue.

"Un rêve tellement effrayant que le vieil homme était apparu tout nu sur le seuil de sa maison, le corps en sueur, les yeux grands ouverts et vides, comme s'il était devenu fou." (323)

A dream so terrifying that the old man had appeared completely nude on the threshold of his home, his body covered in sweat, his eyes large and empty, as if he had gone mad.

"[Mon père:] ne me causait aucun problème, juste une légère amertume quand je pensais au vide qu'il avait laissé dans le cœur de ma mère." (324)

[My absent father:] didn't cause me any issues, only a slight bitterness when I thought of the void he left in my mother's heart.

I don't know whether I would have noticed the predominance of an equivalent word if I had been reading a novel in English; I might have read right over it, or it might have blended in with the other words or been eclipsed by other aspects of the prose. I definitely wouldn't have had access to the repetition if I had read *this* novel in English, since, as you can see from my lame attempts at translation, the different senses of *vide(r)* become at least four English terms: empty, void, silent, cleaned out. I'm not even sure if I want to claim significance here: is it remarkable to repeat "empty" twenty-three times in a 335-page novel? I'm not sure, but I do think it's interesting that the repetitions of the word tend to cluster around passages of great emotional import: the protagonist's childhood memories of World War II, the hope (of the commune Campos) and poverty (of the Red Light slums) he encounters in Mexico, his meetings with the prostitute he falls in love with (this was my least favorite aspect of the story), and the grief he feels upon learning that

Campos is being disbanded. And at least two of the above quotes are definitely a key idea in the philosophy of the novel: the Conseiller's claim that it's not the stars that matter, but the void between them. And overall, thinking back on the novel's obsession with imagining Utopian alternatives in which to live, I believe this return of the void is important: it's the thing these characters are trying to either fill or understand, the troubling, vertiginous reality of human life with which they're trying to come to terms.

I have to rant a bit about what annoyed me in the novel: namely, the admittedly realistic 1970s mentality of the characters. The social sciences department where the protagonist Daniel goes to work is full of extremely obnoxious anthropologists - characters intended by Le Clézio to be obnoxious - who form a clique that dominates department events, cracking crude jokes about the Red Light area and how they want to "conduct anthropological studies" there, if you get my drift. Daniel, understandably, gets totally fed up with them, but then he goes off the deep end in the other direction and starts idealizing a young prostitute named Lili, imagining himself in love with her and wanting her to personify the buoyancy of the human spirit to triumph against great cruelty and abuse. There are passages where he remarks on how "childlike" she still is, despite a litany of abuses, all imagined in detail by Daniel, and also ones in which he calls her "immortal." Dude, I am SO TIRED of this sensitive-bourgeois-man-fancies-himself-in-love-with-young-prostitute-and-wants-her-to-alleviate-his-cultural-guilt storyline! The man in question always thinks he's such an open-minded hero for "seeing past" her corrupted façade to the wellspring of purity beneath, but he never actually, I don't know, *gets to know her* at all; he just lets her function as yet another void onto which he can project his own dreams and desires. I kept wondering whether Daniel's egotistic tendency to essentialize Lili would be addressed critically at all, and honestly I could have missed some subtleties of the French prose, but as far as I could tell, the author is sympathetic to his protagonist's angsty "love" for a woman he doesn't even know, which irked me. (There is also an essentialized portrayal of the "childlike wisdom" of a Central American Indian character, although that was somewhat balanced by other, more complex Native characters such as the French-Chocktow war veteran Conseiller of Campos.) Nevertheless, I have to admit that I found this essentializing, romanticizing tendency to be an accurate addition to Daniel's character, given his background, era, and political leanings, even if it did make him less sympathetic to me personally. So this is not exactly a complaint about Le Clézio's characterization; more a rant about supposedly liberated people who react to bigotry with "positive," romanticized stereotyping. That said, Daniel's so-called relationship with Lili is really just a detail, and overall I found a lot to love in this novel and its meditations on the flawed, transitory nature of Utopian dreams.

As an amusing little side-note, now that we're coming up on the fourth installment of the 2666 readalong: I originally started *Ourania* right before diving into Part I of Bolaño's novel, but I had to postpone it because there were so many eerie similarities in the subject matter that I was having a hard time keeping them straight. I had never before read a novel about self-absorbed professors visiting Mexico and getting romantically involved with poverty-stricken women there, so it was bizarre to coincidentally end up reading two of them at once!

Ricardo Munguia says

Novela llena de contrastes, pero aburrida por momentos y el mayor problema que tengo con ella es la forma en como está narrada, ya que el autor al tratar de generar empatía por los personajes los convierte en caricaturas, sumamente planos y superficiales, a la deriva de donde los lleva las circunstancias que plantea la historia.

En el libro se cuenta la historia de Daniel Sillitoe, un geógrafo francés quien se encuentra en la región de

Tehualcatepec, en México con motivo de hacer un mapeo de la zona. En el lugar se encuentra con diversos investigadores de un centro llamado el Emporio, quienes dicen estar fascinados por la cultura del lugar, pero en vez de integrarse a la región viven aislados en una especie de oasis lleno de lujos que contrasta radicalmente con la miseria que experimenta la región, donde sus pobladores se ven obligados a vivir en condiciones precarias, donde la explotación infantil y la prostitución son imperantes.

En ese lugar, Daniel se encuentra con Lilí, una joven prostituta a quien trata de apadrinar, pero la joven y su padrote desconfían de sus intenciones y Don Tomás, un lugareño que trabaja en el Emporio, pero que en vez de estar sumido en el esnobismo hipócrita de los investigadores, trata de ayudar a la población pero es francamente ignorado.

Las descripciones de espacios naturales son prominentes y se retrata con crudeza la vida de los pobladores quienes son explotados por sus patrones. Esta crudeza, aunque es real en muchos de las regiones más pobres del país me parece un recurso que usa hasta el cansancio, tanto que aburre y lo normaliza en la novela. Creo que es importante hablar de estos problemas, pero cuando lo agotas sin generar un ápice de conciencia, es mi opinión que fallaste al transmitir ese mensaje (puede ser posible que el autor no hubiera tenido la intención de transmitir ningún mensaje, y que solo escribe una historia en base a las circunstancias del lugar).

Los contrastes en la novela es lo que la hacen interesante, los ricos del emporio que dicen estar fascinados con la cultura, pero se aíslan de ella y los pobladores que viviendo en condiciones miserables desconfían de toda persona dispuesta a ayudarlos. En este aspecto la novela está bien lograda y uno si puede llegar a sentir la repulsión del protagonista ante los dos extremos que representan estas circunstancias.

Sin embargo, en lo personal creo que esta novela se quedo a medias. Es una novela que destila crudeza, pero sin dar un mensaje claro. La novela esta escrita en un estilo muy romántico donde las emociones y descripciones (las buenas y las malas) se detallan con un lirismo que puede resultar chocante, y en eso junto con los personajes unidimensionales impidieron que yo pudiera disfrutar del libro. Creo que hay mejores novelas del autor ("Desierto", por ejemplo), y en realidad no recomendaría este libro mas que aquellos que lo quieran tener nada mas como una curiosidad. Pero es mi opinión y seguro habrá más de una persona que este en desacuerdo. Si te interesan historias con contrastes donde se detalla al extremo la pobreza, te podría interesar, solo no esperes sacar nada de ella.

Annika Janssen says

Le Clézio heeft een meeslepende schrijfstijl. Met veel aandacht voor het ingewikkelde gevoelsleven neemt hij je mee naar een voor het hoofdpersoonage ook nog onbekende onherbergzame streek in Zuid-Amerika waar hij tijdelijk als expat komt te wonen. Zoals in meerdere van zijn boeken wisselt Le Clézio verschillende 'narrators' af om het verhaal dat hij vertelt zo compleet mogelijk te maken. Ditmaal gunt hij ons een kijkje in het leven van het Regenboogvolk, een commune die het hoofdpersoonage probeert te redden. Ook dit is geen verhaal met een duidelijk begin of plot, maar slechts een fragment van een leven.

Adam says

Booring

Corinne Stoppelli says

Ourania est (encore et indéfiniment) l'un de ces fabuleux voyages introspectifs "à la Le Clézio" dont on ne saurait se lasser.

Les thèmes forts (amour, utopie, liberté) sont traités avec cette indescriptible candeur, cette légèreté de plume dont il détient le secret.

À la lecture de Ourania, l'on ressort un peu grandi, un peu ému, mais surtout enrichis d'une ouverture à la différence sensiblement plus grande.

J'en redemande!

Danielle says

Boeiend en goed geschreven verhaal: het verhaal van de geoloog zelf, die van de 'Campos Commune' en die van de 'intellectuele kolonie'. De 3 verhalen zijn zijdelings met elkaar verbonden en geven niet alleen een mooi tijdsbeeld, maar laten ook zeker zien hoe we in de wereld omgaan met zwakkeren en hoe juist de zwaksten in samenlevingen tegen elkaar worden uitgespeeld door de rijkere en machtigen. Dit alles zonder te preken, maar door gewoon een goed verhaal te vertellen dat je laat nadenken.

Ik baalde aanvankelijk dat de bieb dit boek alleen in het Nederlands had. Mijn eerste boek van Le Clézio dat ik gelezen heb, heb ik namelijk met erg veel plezier in het Frans gelezen (Ritournelle de la faim). Het taalgebruik in dit boek is wat lastiger dan in Ritournelle de la faim, doordat er veel wetenschappelijke (geografische) termen in voorkomen, dus achteraf wel prettig dat ik toch de Nederlandse editie gelezen heb, dat heeft me veel opzoekwerk bespaard.

Veterini says

Je crains d'avoir un problème avec Le Clézio et d'avoir parfois du mal à différencier la naïveté rousseauiste à tendance exotique et le cliché.

Cela étant, il y a une réelle réussite à passer de la réalité dans ce qu'elle a de plus glauque à l'utopie fantasmé et idéalisé. L'histoire en elle-même, un géologue qui s'installe dans une communauté scientifique mexicaine, a d'ailleurs tendance à passé derrière le mélange des différentes utopies (inspirée de Sparte et Athènes peut-être) et du monde contemporain. Cela donne parfois l'impression de tourner à vide au niveau de l'intrigue mais offre un aspect intemporel voir mythique enthousiasmant.

Haïthem Qlii says

3,5/5

Judit Kovacs says

Kind of disappointed.

I bought this on a whim, based on the description on the back. The premise sounded great, plus the author received a Nobel prize for Literature, so I thought it would be much better, and much more interesting.

Maybe the author's other books are more interesting, but this started out with an interesting idea, but the main character and narrator becomes really dull, and doesn't really develop during the story.

The other thing that bothered me was the changes in the person of the narrator. There are a few chapters where two of the secondary characters write letters. These sound exactly the same like the narration before it. Maybe it's just me, but I have a problem from the start if a story is in first person. This was especially bad in the case of this book for the last few chapters. The narration suddenly changes to third person and to an omniscient narrator. And then back again to first person for the main character Daniel's narration.

There is also an appendix with a description of the trip that the main character Daniel takes at the end of the book. And a series of rules of the cult. These are entirely out of context. These may have been useful at the start of the section with the cult and maybe right after Daniel goes on the trip. But at the end of the book? Why?

All in all it's not terrible, and it's not great either, but very much mediocre.

There are a few (very few and very short) passages and ideas that are interesting, and I would have loved to further explore them, but sadly that didn't happen.

This would have been much better if it was a bit more detailed and a little longer. But hey, I'm not the writer.

Laure Valentin says

C'est toujours délicat de donner son modeste avis sur un écrivain aussi majeur que Le Clézio. Je ne me hasarderai pas à commenter le style littéraire de l'auteur, qui est non seulement irréprochable, mais en plus largement validé par bien plus experts que moi, à savoir le comité du Prix Nobel de Littérature.

C'est un livre à la fois dur et léger, comme très souvent chez cet auteur. Sa plume toute en finesse peut mettre en évidence l'aspect le plus sordide de l'humanité comme, l'instant d'après, ses caractéristiques les plus pures. C'est l'un de ces romans dont l'écriture est à la fois si riche et si fluide que l'histoire en elle-même, en tant que succession d'anecdotes, compte finalement assez peu. C'est d'ailleurs cette qualité qui fait d'un roman une oeuvre littéraire et d'un auteur un écrivain.

Il se dégage de ce texte une profonde tristesse – toute sud-américaine, d'ailleurs. Les visages que l'on y croise sont tous marqués par la dureté de la vie et, comme le narrateur, on n'est jamais que spectateur de leurs existences.

Pourtant, au-delà de la mélancolie ambiante, c'est aussi un texte parsemé de notes d'espoir que l'on croit déceler. Ourania, c'est la communauté de Campos, une utopie. L'idéal est noble, mais par définition, il appartient au domaine des idées et n'est donc pas fait pour les expérimentations concrètes. Mais cet idéal aura tout de même semé quelques graines, jusque chez le narrateur qui ressort changé de ces récits et ces rencontres.

La citation qui me semble parfaitement résumer ce livre, c'est : « Il y a des endroits où, qu'on y ait été heureux ou malheureux, il n'est pas possible de revenir, de se contenter d'être de passage. »

En conclusion, une excellente lecture. de ces textes qui élèvent tout en subtilité.

Nevcihan Oktar says

Clêzio Ourania’sın ilk sayfasında çocukluğundan ve annesinden bahsederken “Kitap okumay? da severdi ve ben gerçekliğin bir s?r oldu?unu ve insan?n ancak hayal kurarak dünyaya daha yak?n olaca??n? ondan ö?rendim.” Derken 16. yüzy?lda ya?am?? olan Montaigne ise “Her ?eyin Göreceli?”i” adlı denemesinde “Ya?am? bir dü?e benzetilenlerin sand?klarından çok daha fazla haklar? var galiba. Dü?te ruhumuzun sürdü?ü ya?am , gördü?ü i?, kulland??? güç uyan?k durumumuzdan hiç de a?a?? kalm?yor. Ku?kusuz dü?teki ya?am daha gev?ek, daha bulan?k ama aradaki fark hiç de gecenin karanl???yla gün ????? arasındaki fark gibi de?il; hay?r, daha çok karanl?kla gölge arasındaki fark gibi: Ruh birinde uyur, ötekinde uyuklar. Her ikisinde de aslında karanl?klar içindeyiz, ama birinde daha az, ötekinde daha çok. Bir uyan?ken uykuda bir uyurken uyan???z. Uykuda gördüklerimiz pek o kadar ayd?nl?k de?ildir, ama ay?ken de her ?eyi pek o kadar p?r?l p?r?l, apaç?k göremeyiz.” Derken ayn? duygu ve dü?ünceleri birkaç yüzy?l arayla da olsa payla???yorlar.

Fransız coğrafyac? Daniel y?llar sonra annesinin k?rm?z? kitabından esinlendi?i Ourania ad?n? verdi?i dü? ülkesiyle kar??la??r Meksika’da. Daniel bir ara?t?rmaya kat?lmak için gitti?i Meksika’daki otobüs yolculuğunda genç delikanlı Raphael ile kar??la??r. Daniel’e göre bu ciddi ifadelili çocuğun cüretkar??? belki safl???a varan teklifsiz bir hali vardır. Romanda Raphael Campos’u anlat?r. Daniel ise Antropologlar Tepesinin bilim adamlarından biridir. Ancak Emperio’da huzursuzluk hakimdir. Clezio romanda Campos ve Emperio’yu bize bir yandan Daniel’in de?erlendirmeleri bir yandan da Raphael’in gözlemleriyle anlat?rken daha ilk sayfalarda Emperio’yu tanımlad??? bir paragrafta sanki sonundan da haber verir. (Sayfa 39) Ardından Emperio’da verdi?i “Toprakbilim” konulu konferansta vadiye hükmeden toprak sahiplerini ve ticaret acentelerini hedef alan konu?mas?yla farkında olmadan fitili ate?ler Daniel. Yine Montaigne “Kitaplar” adlı denemesinde “ Bir düzeni sarsanlar, onun y?k?lmas?yla ilk ezilenler olur ço?u kez. Karga?al??? ç?karan, yarar?n? kendi görmez pek; ba?ka bal?kç?lar için sular? bulandırm?? olur.” Der. Daniel bu konu?may? yaparken Emperio’yu hedef almam??r?r ku?kusuz ama ne yaz?k ki hedef ald??? kapitalist güçler Emperio’nun da finansörleridir. Clezio Meksika ve Latin Amerika’nın siyasi yap?s?n? gerçekçi bir dille anlat?rken bu anlat?y? ütöpik Campos anlat?m?yla harmanlayarak okuyucuya sunmuştur.

Aslında Daniel ilk ba?ta ne aramaya geldiğinden pek emin de?ildir. Belki bir uzaklaşma belki de tersine gerçekliktir arad???. (Sayfa 42) Sebep ne olursa olsun a?kla da bulur Daniel, Dahlia’yla. Aralarındaki iliki sadece cinsellikten ibaret olmasa da bir yan?yla da ba?lı?lıktan, bağımlı?lıktan ve bir ölçüde sorumluluktan da uzaktır. (Sayfa 81 ve 82)

Bir yandan da Lagunal? Lili’nin pe?ine dü?er Daniel. Lili kapitalist düzen içinde sömürülen Latin Amerika’dır ayn? zamanda. Ama yine de saftır. Kötülük üzerinden pis bir su gibi ak?p gitmiştir. Daniel Lili’yi bulduğunda amac? özür dilemekken bunu dile getiremez. Bir yandan da onun tek s???na?? olan evine gidip kokusunu solumak , hayatından beslenmek istedi?i için kendini suçlu hisseder. (Sayfa 85-86-87)

Empero’daki bilim adamlarından bazıları Lili’nin ya?ad??? bölgede ara?t?rma yapmak isteyince ç?kar sahipleri huzursuz olurlar ve Lili esrarengiz bir biçimde ortadan kaybolur. Daniel hem Lili’nin ortadan kaybolmas?yla birlikte onu bulmak için çabalar hem de Raphael’in gözünden, kaleminden Campos’u ya?ar. Campos Meksika’da bir vadiye, çilek tarlaları?n ortasında, gözden ?rak bir topluluktur. Cinselliğinin serbest oldu?u, çocukların kral muamelesi gördü?ü, paran?n kullan?lmad???, aile kurumunun tersyüz edildi?i, toprağın, suyun, güneğinin, y?ldızların Campos ve Camposlular için ya?amsal de?erinin önemle vurguland???. Yazar Campos’u daha gerçekçi kılmak için kitabın arkasındaki ekler bölümüne “Campos

Yasalar?” n?, Campos’un krokisini koymu? ve Paricutin’dan Tepalcatepec Vadisine Yol Haritas?’n? da eklemi?tir. Çocuklar’n okula gitmeye ihtiyac? olmayan, kimsenin bo? zaman?’n?n olmad??? kendine has bir dile sahip olan Campos’ta huzur ise Yol Kaç?’n? Efrain Corvo yüzünden bozulur. Dan?’man Anthony Martin bu durumu “Bu adam’n Campos’a niye geldi?ini sezinleyememi?tim. Adam öldürdü?ünü, tek derdinin saklanmak oldu?unu. Bize kat?lmak için de?il, bizi yok etmek için geldi?ini.” ?eklinde ifade eder. (Sayfa 160) Aldaberto Aranzas?’n Campos’u tahliyesiyle birlikte Campos’tan sürgün Noel Haftas’nda ba?lar. Ard’ndan Daniel ve Dahlia da Emperio’ya veda ederler. Emperio’da da f?rt’na dinmi? yeni düzen kurulmu?tur. (Sayfa 177)

Kitab’n sonlar’ndaki “Yollarda” ve “Yar’m-Ay Adas?” bölümlerinde yurtlar’ndan olan Campos’lular’n s?radanla?m??, y?pranm??, hastal?kl? betimlemeleri içimizi burkar. (Sayfa 192) Campos’u ele geçiren Aldaberto Aranzas?’n da sihrini tamamen kaybetmi? bir Campos’a sahip olu?u okuyucuyu biraz olsun rahatlat?r. Ama Yar’m-Ay Adas?’n?n ulusal bir park oldu?unu okuyunca o ada üstündeki Camposlular’n hali bir kez daha burkar içimizi. (Sayfa 206) Her ?eye ra?men hepsi yeni bir ya?am kurmak için çabalarlar. Raphael Zacharie di?erleriyle gitmez ve kitapta ilk kez bu bölümde Raphael’in gözünden anlat?c? Daniel de?erlendirilir. (Sayfa 207) Hoatu ile Raphael’in konu?mas?’n?n ard’ndan Camposlular “bir efsane kokusu” ile yeni bir ütopyaya do?ru yola ç?karlar. Lili de s’n?rla birlikte bir ya?amdan di?erine geçi? yapar.

Daniel yirmi be? y?l sonra al?c?s’na ula?amadan dönen zarf? görünce Orta Amerika’ya neden gitti?ini de ke?feder. Ama bu ke?if onu sadece güldürür. (Sayfa 216) Daniel bir bilemedin iki günlü?üne gitti?i Dahlia’n’n yan’nda kal?r. Onu tutan Dahlia’n’n evlat edindi?i sonuncu çocuk Cattleya’d?r. Bence Cattleya Daniel’in kendi çocu?u olmasa da neslin devam’n? dolay?s?yla ya?am? temsil eder. Daniel de gezegenin tüm olumsuzluklar’na ra?men Ourania ülkesinin gerçekten varoldu?undan emin olan kendisiyle birlikte tan?kl???n? yapan Dahlia ile birlikte ya?ama devam eder.

?sveç Akademisi Le Clézio’ya verilen ödülle ilgili aç?klamas’nda, romanc’y? “içinde bulundu?umuz medeniyet devri ve ötesinde insanl???n ka?ifi; duygusal co?kunun, ?iirsel maceran’n ve yeni ayr?l?klar’n yazar?” olarak tan?mlam?? Clézio’nun ya?am öyküsünü okuyunca onun gerçekten bir dünya vatanda?? oldu?unu kavr?yor insan. ?nsano?lunun huzur ve mutlulu?unun asl’nda temelde çok basit olan yeme-içme, bar’nma , cinsellik, güven ortam? içinde bir arada ya?ama ihtiyaçlar’n’n kar??lanabildi?i ortamlarda var olabilece?i gerçe?ini iyi bir kurgu ve ak?c? bir dille yaz?lm?? bu roman ile yeniden kavramak çok keyifliydi. Yaz’nda insan’n ke?fini yeni diller yeni yazarlarla yeniden yapmak dile?iyle...
