



The Sand Child

Tahar Ben Jelloun , Alan Sheridan (Translator)

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In this lyrical, hallucinatory novel set in Morocco, Tahar Ben Jelloun offers an imaginative and radical critique of contemporary Arab social customs and Islamic law. *The Sand Child* tells the story of a Moroccan father's effort to thwart the consequences of Islam's inheritance laws regarding female offspring. Already the father of seven daughters, Hajji Ahmed determines that his eighth child will be a male. Accordingly, the infant, a girl, is named Mohammed Ahmed and raised as a young man with all the privileges granted exclusively to men in traditional Arab-Islamic societies. As she matures, however, Ahmed's desire to have children marks the beginning of her sexual evolution, and as a woman named Zahra, Ahmed begins to explore her true sexual identity. Drawing on the rich Arabic oral tradition, Ben Jelloun relates the extraordinary events of Ahmed's life through a professional storyteller and the listeners who have gathered in a Marrakesh market square in the 1950s to hear his tale. A poetic vision of power, colonialism, and gender in North Africa, *The Sand Child* has been justifiably celebrated around the world as a daring and significant work of international fiction.

The Sand Child Details

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ISBN : 9780801864407

Author : Tahar Ben Jelloun , Alan Sheridan (Translator)

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From Reader Review The Sand Child for online ebook

Haifa says

She joined the circus and it all went downhill from there.

Jenny (Reading Envy) says

This was selected as a January/February group read in my Great African Reads group here in GoodReads. So of course I had not read it until now. To be fair, it isn't the easiest book to get a copy of, and I had to wait until mine came in from interlibrary loan.

In *The Sand Child*, a father is anticipating his eighth child (and eighth daughter) so he declares that the child will be male, regardless of reality. Ahmed is raised as a man and benefits from the various perks of being male in Morocco, from household authority to inheritance. But he also must struggle with concepts of identity, family, and truth.

That's the story as first presented, but then the novel morphs into a reflection on storytelling as the same basic story is told again with different outcomes. I'm still not quite sure I know the "actual" ending, but I also am not sure I care. The language is beautiful - the translator should win some kind of prize - and I would like to share a few bits:

"I do not tell stories simply to pass the time. My stories come to me, inhabit me, and transform me. I need to get them out of my body in order to make room for new stories."

"To be a woman is a natural infirmity and every woman gets used to it. To be a man is an illusion, an act of violence that requires no justification."

"A book ... is a labyrinth created on purpose to confuse men, with the intention of ruining them and bringing them back to the narrow limits of their ambitions."

"I am haunted by my own books."

"A story is like a house, an old house, with different levels, rooms, corridors, doors, and windows. Locks, cellars, useless spaces. The walls are its memory. Scratch the stone a little, hold your ear to it, and you will hear things!"

Catherine says

J'ai lu ces deux romans dès leur sortie, j'étais étudiante en psychologie, et me voici mère de famille, ha! Si je les ajoute à ma liste ici, c'est dans l'espoir de recevoir des recommandations de livres qui ressemblent à ceux-la... mais c'est assez improbable!

L'enfant de sable: Je m'en souviens comme d'un livre extrêmement poétique et effrayant à la fois. C'était un roman d'atmosphère, alternant extrême beauté (la langue est superbe, et malheureusement les mots me manquent pour décrire un tel talent littéraire!) et la brutalité, la cruauté de certaines vies. Un des plus beaux romans ayant marqué ma période de jeune adulte. J'ai alors 'suivi' l'auteur et acheté tous ses nouveaux titres mais j'ai été décue par la suite - je n'ai plus retrouvé dans ses héros de jeunes femmes au destin tragique qui me touchaient autant que cette enfant-femme-homme m'a touchée.

La nuit sacrée: C'est la suite du premier tome mais le roman est légèrement moins bien. Peut-être parce que certains passages sont très difficiles à supporter. Trop brutal et trop abstrait comparé au premier tome.

Si ces romans m'ont marquée c'est que j'y ai trouvé deux choses que j'aime par-dessus tout dans les romans. D'abord, une beauté littéraire inouie. J'ai passé de très beaux moments à lire et relire certaines phrases que j'ai trouvées extrêmement belles. Je ne les ai plus en mémoire mot pour mot et pourtant je sais que je les ai gardées en moi. De la poésie en prose, du roman en poésie, ah, quel bonheur, ce bain dans la beauté de la langue, ça fait du bien!

Deuxième point. J'ai également découvert quelque chose d'une culture lointaine que seul un bon roman peut permettre de découvrir. Pour la même raison, j'adore Rohinton Mistry qui pourtant a un tout autre style genre Zola. Ni les images extraordinaires du National Geographic, ni les meilleures théories de la neuroscience ou psychologie interculturelle ne peuvent nous permettre de comprendre, en les ressentant directement, certaines émotions et sentiments vécus dans certaines situations particulières, historiquement et/ou géographiquement. Un roman comme 'L'enfant de Sable' sait le faire.

Aron Grimsson says

I hated this book. It was on the reading list of a course I was taking so I had to finish it but it was the closest I have ever come to being tortured. Seriously, only buy this book if it is to give to a terrible, terrible enemy.

Randal Doering says

This book sucked. I've read other work by Ben Jelloun and really enjoyed "A Palace in the Old Village", but The Sand Child was miserable. The book starts out with a gripping premise, that a Moroccan man has seven daughters and really, really wants a boy. So when the eighth child is born a girl, the man decides to hell with it and declares her to be a boy, a fiction which he works hard to maintain until the end of his days. So far so good. Then the girl (whose name is Mohammed Ahmed) mopes around for fifty pages, complaining of loneliness, which gets wearisome. Then she decides to join the circus, and the story starts to get really interesting. Then the author chuckles the whole story by saying it was just a story being told by a storyteller who has died. Some of the storyteller's listeners get together at a cafe and take turns trying to end the girl's story, since the storyteller isn't around to do it for them. The story never gets finished, and we are treated to fifty pages of patently lame storytelling. I was howling for Mohammed the girl to come back and finish her story, but it was not to be. A weak story about storytelling, this story started out with a gripping premise and just falls apart. If you want to read Ben Jelloun, try "A Palace in the Old Village," which is a much, much better book than this piece of dreck.

Zanna says

What struck me most strongly about this work is the intense male supremacy it highlights. The laws of inheritance that Ahmed/Zahra's father's deception is designed to subvert are significant, and the voice-shifting, fragmented, erased and reiterated narration of Ahmed/Zahra's experience provides an interesting perspective to embody gender conflict, but I am most haunted by the seven nameless sisters, the meagre Macabeas who, being female, are excluded from public and narrative space.

Ahmed/Zahra's pain is murderous, driving her to suicidal thoughts and to flee her family. The sadness she describes reminded me of the 'gender sadness' Julia Serano mentions feeling before her transition. She longs to live as a woman, yet fears to give up the rights and freedoms of a man. She speaks about her tormenting conscience - but Ben Jelloun does not take this hint at feminist solidarity(?) further. She also speaks of being taught to consider herself superior to women, something difficult to unlearn.

The first storyteller says that Islam is the source of the social inferiority of women, and later another character describes the Koran as a book whose words have "the force of law yet lack a woman's perspective". But the story reveals how some men will go to great lengths to maintain the concentration of economic and social power in male hands, subverting Islam and the law. Ahmed/Zahra's own authoritarian behaviour in early adulthood is particularly revealing of the consequences of patriarchal socialisation. This is a skillful and nuanced part of the story.

Ben Jelloun makes careful efforts to socially place his various narrators, and perhaps I missed many of the significances of this because I lack experience of Moroccan society. However, the impression I got was that Ahmed/Zahra's story is not uncommon. While the focus on an individual (though divided) consciousness allows intense interior reflection and some character development that helps empathy, the fragmentation of the narrative suggests to me both public obsession (like the circus) and a multiplicity of people in Ahmed/Zahra's situation.

Ahmed/Zahra's body is constantly referred to as a secret that will betray her, but she also has a distinct male self with whom she corresponds. This self is fascinated by her and sometimes admonishes, but never objectifies her. For most of the book, the first storyteller speaks of Ahmed/Zahra as he/him, but switches when she begins to live, still ambiguously and partly in secret, as a woman, appropriately marking a social transition. This is the last moment of clarity for me, except a few subsequent mentions of political struggle, brief and vague but intriguing.

This style of writing, images flowing in succession submerged in interior reflections and unobtrusive transitions between tellers, is rarely a success for me. I find the bulk of the text unmemorable and the constant mention of dreams, death and so on wash over me as unaffected commonplace despite its eloquence and poetry. I accumulate an overall discomfort at sexually explicit descriptions and images of illness, aging and burial, but I find it hard to make sense and meaning from these passages.

Warwick says

This bewildering, hallucinatory book begins with the fairytale-like story of an eighth daughter who is raised

by her father as the male heir he never had. No one else in the family knows the secret; named Ahmed, (s)he is dressed as a boy, treated as a boy, and speedily inducted into the ways of the patriarchy. ‘His sisters served him his lunches and dinners,’ we are told. ‘He did not allow himself any tenderness towards his mother, whom he saw rarely.’

We are being promised, it seems, a parable about the gender imbalances of Moroccan society. Ahmed gradually retires from communal life and spends hours alone in his room, staring in solitude and confusion at his naked female body. He has absorbed what seems to be a fundamental lesson:

Etre femme est une infirmité naturelle dont tout le monde s'accommode. Etre homme est une illusion et une violence que tout justifie et priviléie. Etre tout simplement est un défi.

To be a woman is a natural disability which everyone makes the best of. To be a man is an illusion and a violence which everything justifies and prioritises. Simply to be is a challenge.

Ben Jelloun never takes the easy route when playing with these ideas. Just as it looks like he is building to a grand critique of religious authoritarianism, someone bursts out, ‘If our women are inferior to men, it’s not because God says so or because the Prophet decreed as much – but because they accept their fate.’ Later, when our protagonist goes out into the streets finally presenting as a woman, she immediately comes up against male harassment and the male gaze. But even this is presented in unusually complex terms:

Sortir, être bousculée, être dans la foule et sentir qu'une main d'homme caresse maladroitement mes fesses. Pour beaucoup de femmes, c'est très désagréable. Je le comprends. Pour moi, ce serait la première main anonyme qui se poserait sur mon dos ou mes hanches. Je ne me retournerais pas pour ne pas voir quel visage porte cette main. Si je le voyais, je serais probablement horrifiée. Mais les mauvaises manières, les gestes vulgaires peuvent avoir parfois un peu de poésie, juste ce qu'il faut pour ne pas se mettre en colère. Une petite touche qui ne démentirait pas l'érotisme de ce peuple. Ce sont surtout les voyageurs européens qui ont le mieux senti et le mieux évoqué cet érotisme, en peinture comme en littérature, même si derrière tout cela une pointe de supériorité blanche guidait leurs pas.

To go out, to be jostled, to be in a crowd and feel a man's hand awkwardly fondling my ass...for a lot of women it's extremely unwelcome. I can understand that. For me, it would be the first anonymous hand that touched my back, or my hips. I wouldn't turn round to see which face was attached to the hand. If I saw, I'd probably be horrified. But bad manners, vulgar gestures, can sometimes have a little poetry in them – just enough not to get angry. A light touch, that would not belie the eroticism of this people. It was mainly European travellers who best sensed, and best described, this eroticism, in painting as in literature – even though, behind it all, their steps were guided by a sense of white superiority.

Orientalism by way of street harassment, mediated by a transgender narrator and ultimately filtered through the gaze of a male author? You can see that there's a lot to think about in this small book. The pronouns shift and switch repeatedly, sometimes within a sentence (‘he no longer slept with the acrobats, but in the women's caravan; she ate and went out with them’). This is even more apparent in French, where even in the

first-person sections the gender of the speaker is always and unavoidably marked.

I read *L'Enfant de sable* in two one-day chunks, which was a strange experience, because the second half of the book is in many ways quite unlike the first. I see that a lot of reviewers wanted a whole novel about gender fluidity, a Maghrebi *Orlando*, but in fact that's not what this ends up being. Ben Jelloun's prose, always very poetic, starts to come apart, to fly off into something much more uncertain and metaphorical.

To be fair, he warns you at the start. 'This story is also a desert,' he (or one of his narrators) says; 'you're going to have to walk over the burning sands in bare feet, walk and shut up, and believe in the oasis forming on the horizon....' I rather warmed to this reader-unfriendly approach. As one of his walk-ons says late in the story:

Et puis un livre, du moins tel que je le conçois, est un labyrinthe fait à dessein pour confondre les hommes, avec l'intention de les perdre et de les ramener aux dimensions étroites de leurs ambitions.

Anyway, a book, at least as I see it, is a labyrinth that's designed to confuse people – with the intention of losing them, bringing them out of the narrow confines of their ambitions.

The play with gender identity turns into a much wider interrogation of the social violence that underpins patriarchy; and this, in turn, becomes an interrogation of the way narratives themselves are even told. At first, our protagonist's story is being told by one of the public storytellers in Marrakech (for more on these guys, see this obscure review that I wrote yonks ago); in the second half of the book, this voice is replaced, and then replaced again, as various characters relate their own opinions on what exactly happened to the central character. Are they even a central character anymore? It's hard to know who is who, and what is supposed to be taken seriously, which version of the truth we are expected to approve.

Just go with it. Ben Jelloun will take you off somewhere; you might not want to go, but he'll take you anyway, and then drop you, miles from where you started, looking around in an unfamiliar landscape, full of new and strange ideas.

Selma Šljuka says

Brzo se ?ita, upija se u zenice. Potpuno druga?iji sil pisanja i pripovjedanja, potpno neobi?no slaganje re?enica. Neobuzdana pri?a. Natrpana emocijama izme?u redova. Prelazim na drugi dio :)

Naori says

Almost nothing happened in this book. I never give ratings this low, and I hate to do that, but honestly, it felt like the author was struggling with the concept of non-consensual gender re-assignment and then just wrote an entire book about someone spiraling out of control because of it. There are hundreds of thousands of books and films about people who are assigned a certain gender at birth and then struggle later on, individuals who are forced through this as an adolescent; there are also extensive books coming out of this

region about families socially transforming one of their female children into a male in order to provide many things for the family in terms of status, social mobility, financially, etc. It is clear that in this story, that got out of hand. But it began with that occurrence, and then the rest of the book was just the main character, pretty much shut in his/her room, trying to cope with the ramifications of that. It was heavily and unrelentingly patriarchal, and not just on a cultural level but on a familial level. I found myself being swallowed up by the writing itself but not the narrative at all. However, what I will say is that I adored the way it was told. I love when in contemporary literature there is an exultation of the story teller, the bard, the local orator. This not only glorified that but also allowed for the story teller to interrupt the storytelling towards the end in a way that finally jolted you back into the plot for a moment. Not enough to change anything, but the focus of that role was so lovely for me.

Again, seduced by the author's words...

"This story has something of the night; it is obscure and yet rich in images; it should end with a feeble, gentle light. When we reach dawn, we shall be delivered. We shall have aged by a night, a long, heavy night, a half-century, and a few white pages scattered in the white marble courtyard of our house of memories. Some of you will be tempted to dwell in that new residence, or at least to occupy a small part of it, suited to the dimensions of your bodies. I know that the temptation to forget will be great: oblivion is a spring of pure water that must on no account be approached however thirsty you may feel. For this story is also a desert. You will have to walk barefoot on the hot sand, walk and keep silent, believing in the oasis that shimmers on the horizon and never ceases to move toward the sky, walk and not turn around, lest you be taken with vertigo. Our steps invent the path as we proceed; behind us they leave no trace, only the void; So we shall always look ahead and trust our feet. They will take us as far as our minds will believe this story." (8)

This is beautiful but reading it over now it seems like somewhat of an omen for what is to come in the story....Hmmm

Nate D says

This is a deeply strange book well beyond its unusual initial premise, that of an Islamic Moroccan girl raised as a boy to thwart sexist inheritance law. The early, fairly direct, study of social conventions and restrictions shifts as the protagonist takes on self-awareness and finds voice in the narrative. Soon, the story is overrun by sex, sexism, and sexuality, by desire and divided identity. As identity fragments, so does the narrative, as it changes hands between many tellers, some of whom die, disappear, contradict, or fabricate, until our protagonist is all but lost. At which point a certain blind librarian appears in pursuit of these vanishing traces. This last underscores the fascination and frustration of the novel, as any true human element and narrative cohesion is lost to in a somewhat arch and removed postmodern house of stairs. Contradictorily, this is just when Jelloun himself, perhaps appearing from behind his devices, seems to want most to reach us with pathos and political urgency. It almost works. Though flawed, it's a fascinating book, and a wholly singular study of Islamic North Africa.

Teresa says

O que eu deveria fazer era ir ler, ou dormir, e não perder mais tempo com esta "criança mal parida". Mas como não sei o que hei-de ler, nem tenho sono, vou destilar veneno.

No princípio é tudo muito bonito. Há um contador de histórias que se propõe contar a vida de um homem. Convida os ouvintes a entrar pelas sete portas de uma muralha, em que a primeira (a da entrada) é a porta da quinta-feira, a segunda da sexta-feira e assim sucessivamente. Como cada porta tinha um significado eu, para não perder pitada, escrevi tudo num papel. Chegou ao domingo, mandou-nos infiltrar pelas brechas das muralhas e esmerdou-se tudo. Lá fiquei eu a olhar feita parva para o meu papelinho: então, e agora, o que faço a isto?

Continuei a ler porque o enredo era interessante: um casal que tem sete filhas e nenhum filho (numa sociedade onde as mulheres não valem puto, é um drama). À oitava gravidez da mulher o marido decide que vai ser um rapaz. Não foi e o coitado do pai teve de sacrificar a ponta do indicador na circuncisão.

O "menino" cresce, faz-se um "homem" e começam os problemas. Isola-se num quarto, dorme e sonha (aqui já bocejo) até que não aguenta mais (nem eu) e sai para a vida nocturna marroquina (e eu para a leitura acelerada). Entra num circo e, como o contador da história morreu, fica-se sem saber o que aconteceu à mocinha.

Aparecem outros contadores que inventam uma catrefada de disparates. O último, pelas indicações (cego, bengala, Buenos Aires, biblioteca, labirinto, Sul, areia, Zahir, etc) parece ser o Jorge Luis Borges a fazer uma caldeirada dos seus contos. Isto já li atravessado...

Porque é que eu leio estas coisas?

- 1) vi-o num mapa-mundo literário, no local geográfico de Marrocos: <https://verne.elpais.com/verne/2017/0...> ;
- 2) só custou três euros (também conta).

Continuo sem sono e sem saber o que ler a seguir. Mas vou andando que amanhã é... sexta-feira - o dia da "porta que só deixará passar a felicidade. A única que se desloca e que avança ao passo do destino. Só pára para aqueles que não gostam do seu destino."

Dagio_maya says

"Essere, semplicemente essere, è una sfida"

Marocco. Anni '40.

Nasce donna ma è l'ottava femmina e da subito il padre, che si sente oltraggiato dal destino, decide che comunque sarà maschio: si chiamerà Ahmed.

Da subito si è catapultati in una struttura narrativa tutt'altro che lineare:

un cantastorie si presenta al suo pubblico come detentore delle memorie scritte di pugno da Ahmed.

Il racconto, tuttavia, sarà motivo di litigio tra altri che sostengono di sapere come veramente sono andate le cose e si passeranno il testimone conducendoci in storie all'interno della storia...

E' un labirinto; è come perdersi tra i vicoli della Medina.

"Questa storia ha qualcosa della notte"

...ma...

... *"Questa storia è anche un deserto"*.

(view spoiler)

La dimensione onirica e delirante imbriglia la lettura: non la si può, dunque, definire scorrevole *.

Non mancano, tuttavia, riferimenti più precisi alla Storia (e quindi una dimensione più reale) dove un popolo sottomesso comincia a sentire il colonialismo come un fastidioso prurito.

Così si dipana la storia di questa donna dalla voce greve ed il viso barbuto; di questo uomo dai seni schiacciati fin dall'infanzia.

Difficile convivere con un essere ed un apparire che non combaciano.

” Essere donna è una menomazione naturale della quale tutti si fanno una ragione. Essere uomo è un'illusione e una violenza che giustifica e privilegia qualsiasi cosa. Essere, semplicemente essere, è una sfida. ”

* Edit- Leggendo altro libri di Tahar Ben Jelloun ho poi scoperto che non si trattava di una scelta narrativa particolare ma il vero e proprio stile dell'autore: un po' lirico, un po' ripetitivo ad effetto ciclico. Una peculiarità che divide molto i lettori.

Ellen Pierson says

From the beginning this story is veiled – a story within a story. On the novel's fifth page we are introduced to a 'storyteller' who has already begun the tale of Ahmed, a Moroccan man who is actually a woman. The temporal progression is linear at first. Through the storyteller, we hear of the woes of Ahmed's father, whose wife has given birth to seven daughters. Determined to be the architect of his own fate, he announces that his eighth daughter is his son. Ahmed grows up with the realization that 'he' has been privy to many things from which, as a girl, he would have been excluded. He welcomes his circumstance at first, but as he grows older its burden begins to weigh on him. The story begins to unravel, losing track of itself in both time and space through various digressions. The storyteller disappears and several listeners from his audience take it upon themselves to finish the story. They provide three possible endings along with commentary and analysis, including many frank statements that Islam punishes women and that their society is hypocritical about gender and sex. Yet despite these directly critical remarks the novel becomes overwhelmingly vague, implicit and indirect. There are multiple subplots along the same lines as Ahmed's story: women who are disguised, or who disguise themselves as men, perhaps suggesting that gender COULD be both rigid and fluid and Islamic societies. In the end, though, the overriding statement seems to be that while it's quite obvious to everyone that men and women enjoy inequitable privileges in this society, the problem becomes somehow unspeakable. The harder the characters search for explanations, rationalities, or plausible outcomes, the more fleeting they become, and the story slips away. I wouldn't say this was one of those books I could read over and over, but it's written in an interesting way with considerable skill.

Evi * says

Recensione remember.

Agosto 1994. Assisto alla rappresentazione dell'omonimo spettacolo di danza della Compagnia del "Balletto di Sicilia Zappalà danza" nell'Anfiteatro di Zafferana Etnea: notte perfetta, estiva, calda, cielo stellato, blu , ombra buona dell'Etna, profumo dolce di gelsomino, musica, quando la Sicilia era Sicilia bella.

Il dubbio sino alla fine ho pensato che Ahmed fosse veramente un uomo, poi il dubbio si scioglie.

Tornata a casa subito a comprare il libro: lirico, poetico tutto si chiarisce, più limpido dello spettacolo di

danza.

Danza e parole a confronto.

Marina (Sonnenbarke) says

Recensione originale: <https://sonnenbarke.wordpress.com/201...>

Questo libro mi incuriosiva per vari motivi: perché di Ben Jelloun avevo letto finora soltanto il breve saggio *Il razzismo spiegato a mia figlia*, perché mi serviva per il mio giro del mondo coi libri, e infine, soprattutto, per la trama.

Di cosa parli il libro è presto detto: in una famiglia marocchina sono nate sette figlie e, all'arrivo dell'ottavo bambino, tutti sperano vivamente che stavolta sia un maschio. Questo perché per tradizione è solo il figlio maschio a poter ereditare, altrimenti la fortuna paterna va agli altri parenti e alle figlie femmine non restano che briciole. Inutile dire che anche l'ottavo figlio sarà una femmina. Ma i genitori, insieme alla levatrice (le uniche tre persone a parte del segreto), si mettono d'accordo già prima della nascita di crescere il piccolo come un uomo anche se sarà una femmina. E infatti, così faranno. La bambina si chiamerà Mohamed Ahmed e tutti la considereranno un maschio, ignari della verità.

Questo naturalmente pone dei problemi, per esempio al momento della circoncisione o quando la bimba inizia a sviluppare i seni o le vengono le mestruazioni. Ma la famiglia riuscirà a porre rimedio a tutte queste difficoltà, e per tutti Ahmed sarà sempre un maschio.

Finché si arriva inevitabilmente alla crisi, quando Ahmed mette in discussione la propria identità. Primo segno di questo sarà il diario lasciato da Ahmed e ritrovato soltanto alla sua morte, in cui per la prima volta racconta la propria storia.

A raccontare la storia vera di Ahmed è inizialmente un uomo che si pone nei confronti del suo pubblico essenzialmente come un cantastorie, e queste prime parti del racconto mi sono piaciute molto perché, pur seguendo il diario, hanno in qualche modo carattere orale, ad esempio per il fatto che il narratore si rivolge spesso al suo pubblico, che non è solo quello dei lettori, ma prima e soprattutto quello delle persone che lo stanno fisicamente ad ascoltare.

In seguito la narrazione si ingarbuglia e vengono fuori altri narratori, finché il tutto non si fa terribilmente onirico e assume l'aspetto di un sogno, di una fantasia, di una storia vera ma dai molti finali, o di una bugia, o di tanto altro ancora, a seconda dell'opinione che il lettore deciderà di farsene. Questo carattere onirico l'ho trovato davvero eccessivo, e se si pensa che, a quanto leggo, i romanzi precedenti di Ben Jelloun presentavano questa caratteristica in maniera ancora più pronunciata, non posso davvero dire che mi venga tanta voglia di approfondire la conoscenza di questo autore.

Ciò non toglie che il romanzo mi sia piaciuto: una trama interessante, uno svolgimento altrettanto interessante per quanto a mio parere confuso. La scrittura l'ho trovata un po' troppo altisonante e magniloquente, in particolare quando sentiamo la voce diretta di Ahmed, che pare un filosofo con poco contatto con la realtà, e forse era proprio questo l'intento dell'autore.

Infine, per quanto riguarda la mia personalissima esperienza di lettura, raggiunge la sufficienza ma lì si

ferma, per i motivi che ho provato brevemente a descrivere. Non so se consigliarlo o meno, ad ogni modo è molto breve e potete sempre decidere di provare, dato che non dovete dedicare molto tempo alla lettura.
