



Boredom

Alberto Moravia , Angus Davidson (Translator) , William Weaver (Introduction)

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) ➔

Boredom

Alberto Moravia , Angus Davidson (Translator) , William Weaver (Introduction)

Boredom Alberto Moravia , Angus Davidson (Translator) , William Weaver (Introduction)

The novels that the great Italian writer Alberto Moravia wrote in the years following the World War II represent an extraordinary survey of the range of human behavior in a fragmented modern society.

Boredom, the story of a failed artist and pampered son of a rich family who becomes dangerously attached to a young model, examines the complex relations between money, sex, and imperiled masculinity. This powerful and disturbing study in the pathology of modern life is one of the masterworks of a writer whom as Anthony Burgess once remarked, was "always trying to get to the bottom of the human imbroglio."

Boredom Details

Date : Published July 31st 2004 by NYRB Classics (first published 1960)

ISBN : 9781590171219

Author : Alberto Moravia , Angus Davidson (Translator) , William Weaver (Introduction)

Format : Paperback 320 pages

Genre : Fiction, European Literature, Italian Literature, Cultural, Italy, Classics, Novels



[Download Boredom ...pdf](#)



[Read Online Boredom ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Boredom Alberto Moravia , Angus Davidson (Translator) , William Weaver (Introduction)

From Reader Review Boredom for online ebook

Anurag says

"One can only love what he can't possess"- Proust. The novel starts with the boredom of the central character Dinno which differs from ordinary way in which this word is used . This is the boredom due to which he finds is impossible to relate to the external object as if things and people don't even exist . Due to this boredom he even fails to paint and there is an empty canvas lying in his studio which awaits brush. In turn of events he meets an young women who fails to put any impression on him and he after making love to her he decided to tell her that he wants to leave her. He is too convinced that women is in love with her and that possibly is reason why she appears boring to him just like other objects . Things gets really problematic for Dinno when he realise that the women is not that interested in him as he imagined her to be . From then on begin a deeply physiological study about the nature of love . The more indifference and mystery that girl shows , the more he becomes dangerously attached to her. For the first time he seems to abate the feeling of boredom as he is finally getting curious and attached about something , but this feeling disturbs him so much that he wishes to go back to original stage of boredom . He even contemplates to marry her so that her aura ends and he becomes a domesticated element with usual monotony of every day life and in that way he will become boring for him again . "The whole idea of marriage is unending love but mine was to end this love. ". Character of the girl is more fascinating than the dunno specially because of her terrible indifference to everything . In the end it became a quest for me to understand the psychology of the female character but like Dinno I too failed miserably .
Probably one of the best novel I read.

Stephen Durrant says

This is my third Moravia novel ("Contempt" and "The Conformist") and so far my favorite. The narrator suffers from boredom (Italian "noia"), which he defines in a very particular way: "A sense of the absurdity of a reality which is insufficient or anyhow unable to convince me of its reality" (p5). Alienated from his world, and particularly his wealthy mother, he begins an affair with a very young woman who had previously been the lover of his neighbor and perhaps even caused that neighbor's death. She is a person of astounding superficiality, which seems to hide some mystery that threatens to disrupt the very boredom to which the narrator has become so attached. The conversations between the compulsively interrogating narrator and his young lover, who maintains a stubborn grasp of only the most flat reality, are very funny and reflect a vision of the world so surprisingly different from that of the narrator that he feels compelled to find some way to reduce her to the "irreality" that constitutes his boredom (for example, marrying her and turning her into a "wife"). Moravia is a very good novelist who finds ways to tell a story of sometimes rather philosophical content in a fashion that maintains tension and keeps the reader moving forward. This was stimulating, sometimes quite funny, and a very quick read.

i.a.i.a says

La prosa di Moravia provoca continui orgasmi.

Questa è la mia recensione per [temperamente.it](http://www.temperamente.it): Una volta mi è stato detto che *La noia* è un libro pesante, senza dubbio più de *Gli indifferenti* e di altre opere moraviane. Ebbene, non posso che dissentire con chi fece quell'affermazione. "Pesante", come intendo io questo termine, non lo è affatto: argomento molto impegnativo e non certo da libro harmony (ma quando mai un'opera di Moravia – o di qualsiasi altro Autore con l'iniziale maiuscola – è stata tale?), prosa, per dirlo con dei superlativi, elegantissima, scorrevolissima, chiarissima. Insomma, moravian(issim)a. [...]

Per continuare la lettura: <http://www.temperamente.it/novecento/...>

Steven Godin says

Boredom by name, most certainly not by nature, Alberto Moravia has written a fascinating, thought-provoking and often deceptive novel that explores the relations between boredom, sexual obsession and wealth in the social classes of 1950's Rome. Dino, a thirty five year old failed painter, who is caught in some sort of existential crisis. Bored he is, but it's more of an empty and disengaged predicament of the world around him. His feelings are that boredom originates from the absurdity of a reality that is insufficient, boredom is the inability to escape from ones own consciousness. He would display some of the most bizarre behaviour I have ever come across in a literary character. His mother is rich, living a high life in an affluent part of the city, while Dino chooses to live in an apartment elsewhere. He is partly a pampered, spoiled mummy's boy when he so wishes, and can get hold of large amounts of money if he wants, but generally lives with little contact with anyone, and eventually gives up painting as it no longer interests him, if it ever did.

But then enter Cecilia, a teenage, sexually promiscuous model, who he meets by chance, when an old painter (Balestrieri) dies in his block. In a brief moment he invites her into his apartment studio and is drawn to her adolescent body, not quite a woman, but no longer a child, with a disturbingly obsessive mind. Cecilia is as much an interesting character as Dino, and Moravia portrays a young woman who is a step or two above the poverty line, but not yet middle class, someone who can use money, and have a practical attitude towards the possibilities of sex, and yet also exhibit an absence of envy that would make her situation the more lamentable. Dino and Cecilia would regularly engage in love-making, Cecilia out of pleasure and love, Dino out of wanting to possess her, not just physically, but totally after learning she has and had other lovers, including the late Balestrieri, who was her drawing teacher. Sounds like a powerful and disturbing read?, but what made this such a joy was Moravia's ability to evoke such a wonderful sense of humour throughout, his fiction is not really considered humorous, however in *Boredom*, it was difficult not to chuckle, or at least crack a smile at some point.

Dino in almost a state of complete frenzy and agitation, is constantly asking the most mundane of questions in an interrogation style to his mother and Cecilia, when his mother asks him to move back home, he would fire away at her wanting to know the ins and outs of how she spends her days, likewise with Cecilia, he is always talking obsessively about their love-making, her family, her lovers, her friends, her home, pretty much how she spends every minute of her life, out of a desperation not to lose her, he would buy her if necessary, to keep out of the hands of her other lover Luciani, but after starting to lose his grip he spirals out of control. Although Dino is the centrepiece of the novel, and definitely a great creation, I still found Cecilia the more fascinating of the two, someone living and dealing with adult situations, but still maintaining that innocence of youth. I would have loved to read the same story, just telling from her point of view, seeing her lover as this weird, eccentric individual and compulsive participant of stupid questions, who she takes to her heart.

Jana says

For the last ten years my older sister has been telling me to read this book. It's her favourite. Is it about boredom? She gave me that look, are you stupid, obviously not. Will I be bored? She and I, well, we don't have similar tastes.

It's a story about 35 yr.old prick Dino, Italian dandy, who is bored out of his f*ucking mind. He is filthy rich, has a Mommy dear who loves him very much and who is paying everything for him, but he hates his Mommy, because Mommy loves money. He wants to be a painter. I mean he doesn't really want to be a painter, but at least, with a brush he feels like he is at least doing something (although 'doing something' is not an imperative to him), and the truth is - he is doing nothing. He is just smoking and thinking about having sex with a glass of water, because that's how bored he is. His boredom has a face and it's everywhere. He is not depressed, but utterly lethargic and disgusting.

He meets intellectually inferior 17 yr.old girl, a lover from his deceased painter neighbour. And she starts milking the life, mind, sex, money and any decency that he has as a man. Screw you Dino, you prick with no spine, you so deserved that.

Now, this sounds easy and predictable, but don't be fooled. Alberto Moravia is a magician. He is not just like that being recognized as one of the most influential Italian writers of all times. Boredom in this case is being hardcore ridiculed. For me, this book is horrible, I despise Dino, but this is the point of Boredom. Existentialism in its worst form.

Michaela says

I want to go as far as to say that this has got to be one of the finest, most psychologically captivating novels I have ever read. I've given it 4 stars, because although necessary in hindsight, the beginning was very difficult to read. I almost bailed out because of the slow and in some places stagnant narration, which made it hard to tell which direction the novel would ultimately end up taking. I'm so glad that I stuck it out.

Boredom is the story of Dino, a rich, failed painter who is disconnected from and unable to grasp reality, and so, overcome with boredom, a boredom he thinks is not in-line with the type people usually mean when they employ the term. He happens upon Cecilia, an attractive, elusive, seventeen-year old girl and ultimately destroys himself through trying to possess her.

This novel is rife with fascinating character relationships. First, there is Dino's pitiful relationship with his mother, of whom we are afforded only a glimpse of character, but Moravia's skilful weaving of dialogue with first person narrative allows us to peer far enough into her psyche to understand her emotional turmoil and leave us curious as to how deep the troubles in her relationship with Dino go. Amongst these, you are again only afforded glimpses of Dino's relationship with Cecilia, Cecilia's with the deceased artist Balestrieri, and the also Cecilia's with her parents.

I'd like to say that Moravia's work is a careful and self-conscious analysis of the desperation of love and the destructive nature of intense carnal desire, but really it's about much more than that. Really, it's a bold statement about what one should find if they are to unashamedly explore the recesses of the human soul. It's a piece of work that I feel I can't do the justice it deserves in a rushed review, written off the back of drunken

infatuation, at 9am on a Monday morning.

???? ????? Ahmad Abazed says

???? ?????? ?????? , ? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? , ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? , ????? ?????? ?????????? ????? ? ????? ?????? , ?? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ? ? ?????????? ? ?????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ,??? ?????? ? ?????? ?????? ????? ? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? , ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ? ?? ?????? ?? ?????????? ? ?????????? ?? ?????? ? ?????? ?????????? ?????????? .

??? ?????????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ? ?????????? ?????? ? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ?? ?????? , ?????????? ??? ?????? ?????? !

Melissa says

My first experience with Moravia was another NYRB Classic release of his entitled Agostino which I thoroughly enjoyed. One notices immediately from these books that Moravia is an author who is interested in exploring the depths of the human, male psyche. He is not afraid to explore taboo subjects and depict flawed characters who are trying to grapple with the trappings of their own minds.

Dino has grown up in the lap of luxury due to the fact that his mother is rather wealthy. She lives in an opulent home on the Via Appia in Italy and employs several servants, a gardener and a cook. Dino, however, decides that he wants to be a painter and he rejects his mother's wealth and lives on his own in a shabby apartment in Rome. Since he is a thirty-five year old man, it should come as no surprise that he wants freedom from any type of parental control. But his rejection of wealth does not come from an altruistic motivation to spread social and economic equality. His basic problem, as he tells us, is that he is bored. Dino has been bored for as long as he can remember, going all the way back to early childhood. Even when he takes up something for which he has an initial passion, like painting, he inevitably becomes bored with it.

Dino's long and tiresome explanation of his boredom was, indeed, boring. He is not a sympathetic character at all and at times his boredom comes across more as depression than as boredom. He has no interest in things around him, he alienates himself from his family, especially his mother, and he suddenly wants nothing to do with tasks that he used to have a passion for. This sounds more to me like depression than boredom.

When Dino meets a very young woman named Cecelia he begins an intense sexual relationship with her. She shows up at his flat every day at the same time, takes her clothes off, and they instantly make love. But after a while, Dino finds all of this terribly mundane and he becomes bored with her. In order to make her seem more interesting he even experiments with treating her cruelly, but he quickly comes to his senses and decides that the best thing to do is to end the relationship. This is the point in the story where things become interesting for Dino.

Just as he is about to break the affair off with Cecelia she starts to become detached from him and begins missing their daily meetings. Dino is convinced that she is having an affair with someone else behind his back. All of a sudden Dino's boredom has turned to an obsession- an obsession to find out more about this woman, an obsession to find out what she does when she is not with him and an obsession to find out what

her family is like. At this point Dino can't think of anything but Cecelia and he actually longs for boredom and to be rid of what he calls his love for Cecelia. He proposes marriage to her because, in his twisted sense of logic, he feels that she will settle down and have children and then he will finally be bored of her and can finally cure himself of this love. To use marriage in order to fall out of love and become bored with one's spouse is Dino's twisted, ridiculous and morally backwards plan.

The book does not have a conclusive ending, as one might expect with an existential novel such as this one. But Dino does vow to get over Cecelia, one way or another. But in the end, it was I who became bored with his never ending desire to attain boredom in his relationship with Cecelia.

???? ???? says

[illegible]

/

???? ?? ????????? ? ???? ? ???? ???? ?
 ??????? ???? ???? ?????? ???? ? ???? ?????? ????????? ? ? !

[illegible]

??? ??? ??? ??? ??? ??? !
 ? ?? ????? ? ?? ??? ??? ?????

/

[illegible]

???

Noura Khalil says

My fave line from ??The? Boredom: "Boredom, for me, was like a kind of fog in which my thought was constantly losing its way, catching glimpses only at intervals of some detail of reality: like a person in a thick mist who catches a glimpse now of the corner of a house, now of the figure of a passer-by, now of some other object, but only for an instant, before they vanish."

No one writes like Moravia. This book is the one that makes your head feel just right fuzzy !

Guille says

Es una novela que me ha desconcertado.

Para empezar, el tedio del que habla la novela no es el tedio propiamente dicho sino un sentimiento de vacío existencial o algo parecido. En segundo lugar, este sentimiento no es sino una excusa para contarnos la historia de una pasión mal llevada. Pero es que todo este rollo que parece muy profundo, que pretende ahondar es ese alma humana hasta adentrarse en sus recovecos más huidizos, tiene como protagonistas a dos sosainas insufribles. Uno, el hombre, un adolescente treintañero de mamá, y otra, la mujer, una teen, con un (debemos suponer) tremendo poder sexual, sin nada en la cabeza (aunque puede ser que eso es lo que nos da a entender el sosainas hombre, cuando en realidad la niñita es una lista de muy señor mío; en cualquier caso nunca sabemos qué es lo que pasa realmente por su cabecita y si nos atenemos a lo que nos cuenta el susodicho sosainas eso que le pasa por la cabecita es nada ... pero literal, eh? nada, nada).

Como ejemplo, este comentario del sosainas hombre sobre la sosainas chica tan forrestgumpiano:

"Algunos pensarán, en este punto, que Cecilia era tonta y, por consiguiente, falta de personalidad, pero no era así; que Cecilia no tenía un pelo de tonta lo demostraba el hecho de que nunca le había oído decir tonterías."

Por otra parte, es Moravia, usease, un texto bien escrito y que no aburre, pero...

Ken says

It seems a more appropriate title for this book would have been *Obsession*, as it chronicles the pathetic tale of a 35-year-old painter (who doesn't paint) who is madly in love with a maddening 17-year-old girl who has already showed an older painter to his death (he died of "obsession," too, it would appear).

But maybe boredom and obsession are more closely aligned than one would think. Only through boredom does one become an addict, whether of another person or a habit doesn't matter. People are hardwired for such penchants, I guess. Look at smoking (if it doesn't get in your eyes). Drinking. Gambling. All out of the rich fertilizer of boredom. What about texting? The cellphone itself? Social networking? Like the girl in this book, all objects of obsession.

Still, 2-start credit goes to Moravia for getting me through, start to finish, despite the fact that I loathed both painter and his nymphomaniac friend (in fairness, they both qualify for *that* particular branch of "boredom").

I should have known, reading a book of this title. I was asking for it. I got it. In obsessed spades lifting chunks of boredom from the roots.

muhammad lafi says

[illegible]

????? says

[illegible][illegible]

Eddie Watkins says

When I think of boredom I think of a flat blankness and sensory living-deadness; a kind of soul emptiness so empty that there's not even enough passion to be tormented by it. But this isn't Moravia's boredom. His boredom is what I often refer to (during my own episodes of it) as alienation: a pervasive alienation from all things and all people that stifles the still straining passions thus causing quite a soul's load of torment. If his boredom had been what I typically think of as boredom then this novel would've probably been intolerable, especially at 320 pages, but... well, it was far from boring, it was fascinating.

It's the story of a rich, highly analytical man, an artist who has abandoned painting, who, while suffering through a protracted case of "boredom", gets involved with a teenage woman with big tits and womanly hips who has not a single analytical nerve in her lovely headpiece. She is in fact a psychic blank with grinding hips, and she is far too much for our analytical protagonist to handle.

There is one very telling passage somewhere near the middle of the book where Dino, our protagonist, observes that Cecilia, our hips, suffers from the same boredom as he, but doesn't know it as she's never known anything *but* that boredom, and so she is not tormented as he is tormented. This is just one of many sticking points that prevent Dino from fully possessing/understanding Cecilia, and the novel is propelled by his attempts to possess/understand her so that he can discard her and disentangle himself and get on with his life of boredom.

It's an excruciating tale, relentless in its coldly analytical momentum, but it's also humorous in its own way. It's humorous in the way that only the humorless can be. That is to say, there is no attempt at humor, but there's something inherently humorous about obsessive analysis confronting that which eludes analysis, such as sex or a purely instinctual woman who only lives moment to moment. There is also something inherently humorous about the after-the-fact analysis of such encounters, as of an alien entity describing life on a distant planet where every little rule of conduct is different from a previously known norm; a transformation of the mundane into the inalterably odd. I'm not saying that I laughed out loud while reading *Boredom*, but there was enough of this humor to maintain the narrative at a jaunty pace.

And what a pace it was! I could not put this book down. There's a cool crispness and clarity to the narrative voice, with every sentence inevitably linked to the next, so that even the excessive detail that is invariably the product of over-analysis was just so much more to enjoy. But I did have one gripe with the translation, though this nit might've been in the original; and that was a weird dialogue tic expressed through the contraction "d'you", as in "do you". Why this was insisted on I couldn't figure out, as the rest of the book is written in a clean and orderly way. Even the dialogue is clean and orderly besides this little tic. I found myself trying to pronounce "d'you" and it just sounded stupid, as I couldn't entirely cut out that initial "o". Try it and you'll see.

Troy says

Yet another "existential" novel about a disaffected rich prick going through an existential crisis. Like Sartre's protagonist in *Nausea* or Huysmans' *Against Nature*, the protagonist here is a spoiled twit who feels disconnected with the world, but he calls it "boredom." Fair enough.

Our poor little rich boy has stopped painting (it's boring) and really isn't doing much other than spying on his neighbors (but only half-heartedly since that's also boring).

Enter one 17 year old vamp who, except for sex, is even more disconnected than he is, but has none of his intellectual curiosity (but even then, he's only interested in himself and his boredom, not in the rest of the world). He decides to dump her (she's boring) but she starts acting weird which annoys the shit out of our protagonist because he thought he, like, totally possessed her, but now she's acting on her own. So he becomes obsessed and no longer bored and realizes that she is a stand in for the mystery and abject otherness of the world. He decides he must *possess* her and then, and only then, can he dump her (because she's boring). But until he possesses her, she's not boring.

Like any good existential novel, there is no real ending. I mean, he does half-heartedly try to kill himself, and very briefly attempts to kill her, but only barely. And he's still bored at the end, but not as much.

Oh yeah, I forgot: he hates his mother because she's rich and is obsessed with money. It is well written and it is compelling, but it drove me insane - which is what it wanted to do.

GiuseppeB says

Moravia, da vivo, non mi piaceva.
Questo è il primo libro che leggo, penso sarà anche l'ultimo.
Da morto, Moravia, continua a non piacermi.
Amen.

Tosh says

I love Alberto Moravia's work. A hard title for someone to get excited about - but this book is anything but boring.

A story of a wealthy man who is extremely bored with life. Out of spite and just to play a game he decides to seduce a young girl who is from the lower class. Of course what happens the girl becomes an object of obsession for him that drives him nuts. A great novel!
