

I'm human



Le livre des baltimore livre de poche

Joël Dicker est un auteur suisse né en 1995 à Genève, où il vit toujours. Il a publié six romans traduits dans 40 langues et vendus à plus de 15 millions d'exemplaires au monde entier. Son roman "La Vérité sur l’Affaire Harry Quebert" est le plus vendu en français de la dernière décennie. En 2018, il a publié "La Disparition de Stéphanie Mailer", qui est également devenu le livre le plus vendu en France pour tous les genres. Son roman "L’Énigme de la Chambre 622" s’est classé numéro un des ventes en France et dans plusieurs pays d’Europe pendant plusieurs semaines, et son dernier roman "L’Affaire Alaska Sanders" a été le plus vendu dans la catégorie littérature/romans. Son œuvre a été récompensée dans de nombreux pays. En France, il a reçu plusieurs prix, dont le Prix Erwan Bergot pour "Les Derniers Jours de nos pères", le Prix de la vocation Bleustein-Blanchet, le Grand Prix du roman de l'Académie française et le Prix Goncourt des Lycéens pour "La Vérité sur l’Affaire Harry Quebert". Ce dernier roman a également été élu parmi les 101 romans préférés des lecteurs du Monde et a été adapté en série télévisée. Joël Dicker est un jeune trentenaire suisse qui a réussi à publier six romans dans une courte période, malgré le refus initial de plusieurs éditeurs. Il est connu pour son style écrit et son capacité à créer des personnages attachants. I just finished reading [book title] and it was a real page-turner! The story kept me engaged, even if some aspects were a bit naive or the timeline wasn't always clear. Who cares? I really imagined the characters in the book, except for maybe one or two. I pictured the houses, vacation spots, car rides, garden sizes, and all sorts of other details. I enjoyed certain plot twists, got excited by others, even if it wasn't a century's worth of intrigue - and yes, I did predict some of the upcoming plot points. The writing style was very smooth, and the story itself was easy to follow. I didn't find anything pretentious or too easy, although some situations or descriptions were simple, yeah. So, this book isn't the greatest novel ever written, but it's still a well-written one that shows how we project our own realities onto others. I'm defending this book because it's been heavily criticized, and people in France seem to have it out for successful authors unless they have an exceptional network or a super dark family history - at which point they're respected. I find it unbearable that someone like Bejgheder can say that [book title] isn't literature but rather "storytelling". What does that even mean? Writing is never easy, and writing can aim to test a style, tell a story, or both. It's true, not everyone is Flaubert - I agree - but it's time for all French authors who publish with big publishers and sell decently well (but not spectacularly) to stop thinking they're "real writers" compared to others. I also hate the pretentious discourse of certain authors (always French, mind you) who claim they write for themselves, not for readers or buyers. A book only makes sense if it's read by someone else; otherwise, there's no point in publishing it, unless it's just a ego-booster for writers with neuroses seeking pseudo-intellectual validation. In my opinion, authors should be honest: any writer would love to know they're successful and have three million readers (not that I'm saying that many people are stupid). As for me, I don't particularly like Marc Lévy's books - it's true. But apparently others do. And if Marc Lévy can get people who usually don't read to pick up a book, then more power to him! Especially since he writes his books with his own hands, without waiting for success to arrive in Rio while sipping cocktails. To sum it up, please ask literary critics to stop teaching us how to distinguish between "literature" and supposedly "stolen ideas from usurpers". It's unbearable. We don't tear down someone who writes two bestsellers in two years; instead, we highlight their strengths and encourage them to improve their weaknesses. So, well done Joël Dicker for this new book at just 30 years old - you've done it! Even without being Marcel Proust, it's a great job! - Jo la Frite PS: I put lots of English words to really annoy radical literary people, and voilà! Link: ... Signal this content Page of the critique Expected media success, because if the previous novel by Joel Dicker was controversial (too much success at once annoyed critics), it had also been number one in sales and sold 1.5 million copies a year after its release. It is certain that even readers are wary when a second installment is announced: you have to wait until the fan club is hooked before publishing a pale copy of the first successes, waiting for the audience to be indulgent enough. Here the promise is kept: the bet is won, Joel Dicker takes us on this dark family history with verve and vigor. We are swept away and forced to follow it with great pleasure. One of the most visible tricks is this clever way to relaunch the plot using those magical formulas: "At that time I didn't know that..." "Nobody suspected that..." "It's simple but it works every time. Who are these Baltimores, whom the narrator pays homage through the book we're reading? A two-speed American family with different levels of life, but who come together once a year around Thanksgiving dinner. The Goldman cousins gather again, Marcus and Hillel forming a trio deeply bound by the ties of friendship with Woody, their adopted son. It's childhood happiness without a cloud, as long as shame and regret are hidden under a mask of family conviviality and good feelings, until they resurface. The revelation does not change the story, the drama has taken place, announced but skillfully distilled: other dramas mark the history, becoming increasingly serious, suggesting that everything is said, but no, we discover there was more to it. That's what gives the plot a thriller ambiance, even if the facts are in the past and the narrator is in a phase of reconstruction of his family history and himself. The ingredients are far from original: romantic rivalry, money, misunderstandings. This explosive mix can blow up all childhood illusions and destroy the foundations of a building, when the facade still makes an illusion. I loved this novel, maybe even more than "The Truth About Harry Quebert". Joel Dicker doesn't leave us a choice, we can't resist the urge to find out more about this family and its failures. We're dealing with a master storyteller. Link: ... Signal this content Page of the critique Once upon a time, a young woman was blinded by glitter and sequins surrounding the exit of a guaranteed bestseller novel, pulled out her credit card, and bought the said novel. Attracted by the author's reputation and the positive first impression she had made on another one of his novels published a few years earlier (which, by the way, won the Grand Prix du Roman), La jeune femme française était impatiente d'entamer la suite du roman, mais la fin fut cruelle : la supercherie littéraire la laissa vaincue, déçue, énervée et blasée. Elle se demande pourquoi elle a cédé aux sirènes de la mystification littéraire. Le livre des Baltimore est un roman qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être lu, selon l'auteur. Il critique le style détestable et l'intrigue vide de l'ouvrage. Marcus Goldman, héros du roman Harry Quebert, décide d'écrire son histoire familiale. Tout leur sourit : succès, argent, amour, etc. Mais la surface s'écaille, faisant ressurgir rancœurs et secrets de famille. Le livre est cliché et banal, sans âme ni émotions. L'auteur critique l'ouvrage pour ne pas être original et pas avoir d'âme. Lien : livreetcompagnie... Chacun a le droit de donner son avis. D'aimer ou pas. Signaler ce contenu. Les pages se tournent toutes seules dans ce livre, et c'est amusant de découvrir en quoi il consiste. Les personnages sont jeunes, beaux, riches et célèbres, et on peut s'attacher à leur déchéance. Dicker sait que son histoire n'est pas égale à celle de Dostoïevski, mais il essaie d'en faire un blockbuster littéraire. Cependant, il a du mal à doser les ingrédients jusqu'à la fin tragique promis. C'est alors qu'on arrive au "Drame", et c'est comme un masochisme de lire ces dernières pages. Mais on se sent un soulagement une fois terminé. Le livre des Baltimore n'est pas mauvais, mais il est juste... là. On peut dire que Dicker a son propre style, quelque chose de mâché et remâché qui fait que les lecteurs s'y habituent. Le livre permet d'écrire à son sujet tout et n'importe quoi. C'est une saga familiale avec des secrets et des histoires de familles, mais ça devient fastidieux au bout du compte. Les personnages sont trop beaux, riches et célèbres pour être crédibles. On en a vite marre. Le lecteur essaie de rester intéressé par les allées et venues entre les époques, mais c'est un effort en vain. Finalement, on termine le livre juste pour connaître le "Drame", mais ça ne vaut pas la peine. C'est un roman qui permet d'écrire n'importe quoi à son sujet, mais il n'a pas grand-chose de consistant. Joël Dicker's book "Dallas" or "les Feux de l'Amour" has the same twisted blows, and we love, hate, re-love, and... that's about it. I still remember that Joël Dicker knows how to entice us to read until the end of the book to know what this famous drama is all about. He is recognized for some "fulgurances" (a very big word) such as this one: People want images now. People no longer want to think, they want to be guided. They are enslaved from morning till night and when they return home, they are lost: their master and patron, that benevolent hand that feeds them, is no longer there to beat or lead them. Luckily, there's television. Man turns it on, prostrates himself, and gives his destiny to it. P 132 Maybe I expected too much? Maybe I should be less influenced by François Busnel? Should I be even more wary of bestsellers? Whatever the case, this book had the expected effect: a simple read, no need to think. And one must acknowledge that the second half of the book (especially parts 3 and 4) are more captivating. Joël Dicker explores the personalities of each character, what beings are really like, and what the hero projects onto them. He dissects the American dream mirage, the violence of society... So, once again, a very mixed opinion, and the impression that the author could have gone further in exploring the characters by being more sober about levels of living and certain clichés. Rating: 7/10 (for the second half of the novel) Link: ... "Destroy your pizza! That's life, Goldman. Humans are weak and tend to flock together in dark rooms called cinemas. And then you're hit with ads, popcorn, music, free magazines, and previews that say, 'You made a mistake, go see this other movie instead!' But you've already paid for your ticket and you're stuck! So you have to come back and watch another film that'll make you feel miserable again, and to forget about it, you'll buy overpriced snacks during the intermission. It's like there will only be a handful of people left who are resistant to this trend, huddled in the last bookstore in town. But we can't fight forever: the zombie-like masses will eventually win. "In 20 years, people won't even read anymore. That's how it is. They'll be too busy swiping on their portable phones. You know, Goldman, the book edition is over. Your kids' kids will look at books with the same curiosity we have about hieroglyphs from ancient Egypt. They'll ask you, 'What were books for?' And you'll reply, 'To dream or to cut down trees, I'm not sure anymore.' "My grandparents used to pronounce words in a way that associated certain emotions with them. The word 'Baltimore' was like gold coming out of their mouths, while 'Montclair' sounded like sour lemon juice. Baltimore was praised, Montclair was criticized. If the TV wasn't working, it was because I had messed with it, and if the bread wasn't fresh, it was because my dad had bought it. Uncle Saul's fish were exceptional quality, and if the TV started working again, Hillel must have fixed it. At equal situations, treatment varied: if our family was late for dinner and the Baltimore side was delayed, my grandparents would declare that they got stuck in traffic. But when it was the Montclair side, they'd complain about our supposed chronic tardiness. In all circumstances, Baltimore was the capital of beauty, while Montclair was the place where things could be done better. Even the finest caviar from Montclair couldn't compare to a single bite of rotten cabbage from Baltimore. "The cinema is the future, Goldman! Now people want images! They don't want to think anymore, they just want to be guided! They're enslaved from morning till night, and when they get home, they're lost: their master, this benevolent hand that feeds them, isn't there to whip them into shape. Luckily, there's television. The man turns it on, prostrates himself, and gives his destiny over to it. 'What should I eat, Master?' he asks the TV." surgelées s'imposent à tout le monde. Un homme, dégoûté, place son plat dans la micro-onde pour éliminer cette odeur désagréable. Il revient alors sur ses deux jambes et demande encore une fois : Et, Maître, que dois-je boire ? Du Coca ultra-sucré ! hurle l'écran de télévision, choquée par son apparence. Elle ordonne ensuite : Mange, cois, mange ! Que tes chairs deviennent grasses et molles ! L'homme obéit sans question. Puis, après le repas, la télé se fâche à nouveau et change ses publicités : Tu es trop gros, tu es trop laid ! Va vite faire de l'exercice ! Sois beau ! Il vous faut acheter des électrodes pour sculpter vos corps, des crèmes qui font gonfler vos muscles pendant le sommeil et des pilules magiques pour remplacer cette gymnastique que vous n'avez plus envie de faire, parce que votre digestif prend soin de la pizza.