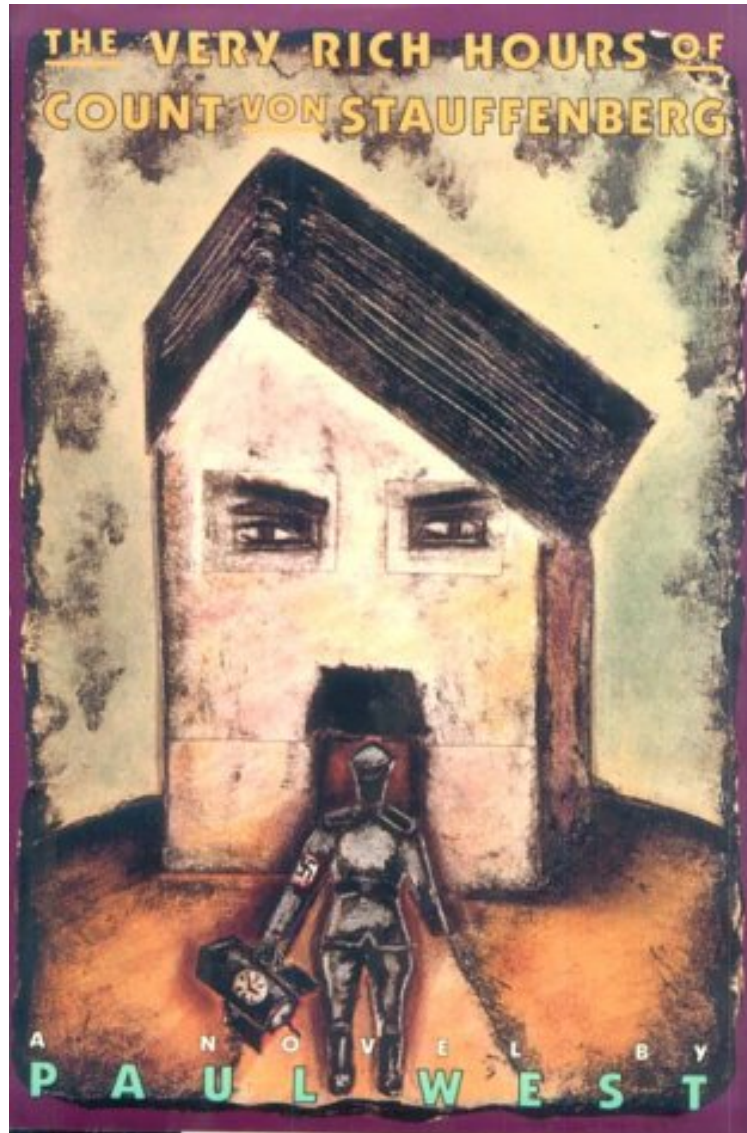


(Ebook pdf) The Very Rich Hours of Count von Stauffenberg

The Very Rich Hours of Count von Stauffenberg

Paul West

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Paul West : The Very Rich Hours of Count von Stauffenberg before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Very Rich Hours of Count von Stauffenberg:

12 of 12 people found the following review helpful. "God told Abraham that it would take only ten just men to destroy the city of Sodom.."By J from NYPaul West's fictional memoir, "The Very Rich Hours of Count Von Stauffenberg", has a sort of dreadful rollercoaster quality to it: beginning with the military career of Hitler's would be assassin from Tunisia to Poland, the slow evolution of Stauffenberg from a proud German soldier into another horrified bystander

to the atrocities of the Third Reich painted with agonizing, poetic precision. His court martialing of an "old friend" who brutally shot two elderly Polish women (and subsequent emotion for this very action) is the first step in a long journey to Hitler's "Wolf's Lair" and a go-for-broke attempt on "S'gruber's" life. Giving voices to the tragic figures of German Resistance members like Hans Oster, Henning Von Tresckow, Leber, Olbricht and Ludwig Von Beck, West's sometimes skillful and sometimes awkward poetic, postmodernist style adds color to a little known and little appreciated series of ill fated events inspired by conscience and driven by the manic fury of a few principled men determined to prove that not all of "Hitler's Germany" was in fact "Hitler's Germany". For all the novel's failings--the foremost being West's attempt to transform every common phrase uttered by the Resistance fighters into lofty French Symbolism--the scene in which Stauffenberg plants his briefcase bomb next to Hitler is written with the precision worthy of a real poet: "The texture of the explosion that of a shredded rainbow poisoning upward as a reverse waterfall. I thought I felt the heat. I knew I smelled the reek of burned hair, and my first thought, pardonable in an assassin, was "That is Hitler burning: his ideas are shrivelling on the pyre of himself, his mustache has gone, his eyes like those of a dead trout, matted and grayish green. I could taste his death on the still summer air. The trademark forelock had gone off with a foaming crack, like guncotton, and the outside snakebite of his nostrils no longer channeled air" (pg 178). If only. Had it not been so tragic, the July 20th conspiracy would take on the character of a comic opera or a play written by Ionesco. Misfire after misfire; false step after false step. People bumping themselves off left and right, often only to fail and fall into the hands of the Gestapo half fried. And, behind all of this absurd grisliness, the purest ideals of humanity. In the narrative, Stauffenberg's soul survives his execution by General Fromm and is forced to witness the subsequent loss of lives, kangaroo trials, and horrid deaths of his family and friends. Somehow, in all of this, West's imaginary Colonel manages to find the spirit of life and vitality even amongst the "death feast" that followed the bomb's failure. Stauffenberg indicts himself for the failure, and West seems to as well, though I'm not sure how accurate this is: how could the members of the Conspiracy really believe that a man so badly wounded could pull this off? And how could Stauffenberg possibly have known that Hitler survived the blast or that Fromm would immediately turn on him? It was more a symbolic act than an attempt at success, as many historians have noted: as early as 1938, Stauffenberg and company doubted that any uprising would succeed but that the attempt simply had to be made for the sake of historical record. And here we have it in Paul West's stunning novel.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. I really like that this is based on historical facts. By kelzer Somewhat hectic in the fast paced plot line and so many characters that I occasionally got lost. I really like that this is based on historical facts. 14 of 18 people found the following review helpful. Damning with faint praise... By A Customer To say that the most intriguing aspect of Paul West's novels are the titles may be damning with faint praise. But the titles are great. "Lord Byron's Doctor", "Bela Lugosi's White Christmas" and, of course, "The Very Rich Hours of Count Von Stauffenberg". These are wonderful titles. They tease one into contemplation - what about Lord Byron's doctor? And why the doctor? They create contradictory images. Bela Lugosi brings to mind darkness, bats, vampires and blood. To picture Bela Lugosi frolicking through a White Christmas (with Bing crooning in the background) could cause a slight brain cramp. More than the titles, I am drawn by the subjects Mr. West chooses to explore. Jack the Ripper stalking the women of Whitechapel through the fogs of London. Lord Byron, who was, according to Caroline Lamb, mad, bad and dangerous to know. And the rich Von Stauffenberg, rakish in his eye patch, who carried the bomb into a meeting with Adolf Hitler in an abortive assassination attempt. So we have interesting subjects, intriguing titles. Enough so that I picked up and looked at a copy of *The Very Rich Hours of Count Von Stauffenberg*. LOVED the cover. Trying to think of a word to describe Mr. West's style, "dense" came to mind. This is a densely written book - lots and lots of words. But the words don't always move one forward in the story. Instead, it feels as if one has fallen into an eddy of words, and only after whirling about in place for a while does one spin out of the eddy and move on to the next. When only half way through the book I realized we were fast approaching the moment of Von Stauffenberg's demise. Since the book is written in his voice, I was curious as to how Mr. West would deal with the rest of the book. I had underestimated the man. The death of the narrator didn't phase the author in the least. I hadn't expected that. Drawn by subject, title and cover, I also read *The Women of Whitechapel*. And now, as curious as I am about Lord Byron's doctor and Bela Lugosi's Christmas (white or otherwise), I'm gonna have to give it a pass

Called one of the most original talents in American fiction by *The New York Times Book Review*, Paul West is a continuously surprising and satisfying writer, whose oeuvre stands as one of the most important in American literature in recent decades. With these reissues, *Overlook* and *Tusk* continue its program of publishing the brilliantly lyrical fiction of Paul West. In *The Universe, and Other Fictions*, Paul West embraces galaxies and molecular events, creating singular fiction as combustible and astonishing as Creation itself. In *The Very Rich Hours of Count von Stauffenberg*, West weaves a brilliant tapestry of fact and imagination about the ill-fated attempt to assassinate Adolf Hitler. In the dark literary thriller, *The Women of Whitechapel* and *Jack the Ripper*, West brilliantly recasts the Jack the Ripper story, drawing on up-to-date research and his own dazzling imagination to plumb the lower depths of Victorian England.

About the Author A naturally gifted spiritual medium and healer, Paul has been listening to, writing and speaking the Voice For God (Holy Spirit) and Jesus for many years. He is a seasoned channeler and author and continues to apply the forgiveness principles of A Course in Miracles to his own life. You are encouraged to have an open mind and heart as you listen to the words which have come through him, as an offering of clarity and peace. Surrender to your divine guidance and allow yourself to be lifted up into illumination. We are all awakening together. After receiving the book, please consider returning to write a short review/rating - your feedback is very powerful in helping more people to develop trust, and is very much appreciated. Thank you. Visit us online at www.voiceforgod.net