



Dom Casmurro

Machado de Assis

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A classic story of love and jealousy, Dom Casmurro is the story of Bento and his childhood love, Capitu, who overcome their parents' reluctance to marry. But Bento jealously suspects that their son is not his. But beyond this straightforward plot, Machado plays with the reader's expectations and comments on the structure of the story, blurring the line between fiction and reality and appearing very modern.

Dom Casmurro Details

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Author : Machado de Assis

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From Reader Review Dom Casmurro for online ebook

Whitaker says

Cuckold: A man whose wife has committed adultery, often regarded as an object of scorn.

O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-ey'd monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves!
- *Othello*, Act III Scene iii, lines 91-196

When tears come down like fallin' rain
You'll toss around and call my name
You'll walk the floor the way I do
Your cheatin' heart will tell on you.
- Hank Williams, *Your Cheatin' Heart*

The wife whose husband is cheating on her is a tragic victim; the husband whose wife is cheating on him is a comedic one. In the Occidental literary tradition, the cuckold is also a buffoon. How galling it must be then to suffer not only the pain of emotional betrayal, but to suffer also the humiliation of being a laughing stock. What bigger terror can there be then to a tender ego than the threat of being cuckolded?

The novel never shows us the supposedly adulterous couple *in flagrante delicto*. We spend all our time in Bento's head, which might be the only place the delict takes place. Did she? Or didn't she? Is he wearing horns? Or does he only think he does?

The genius of *Dom Casmurro* lies in its depiction of the obsession with this terror. Whether Bento actually wears horns is pretty much beside the point. We get all his thoughts as they spew out on the page, as close to stream of consciousness before stream of consciousness as we can get. Which just might make it the first novel to depict OCD: the sufferer tortured with obsessive thoughts of his greatest fears which he cannot get rid of.

Did she? Or didn't she? Who cares? Because it's all the more mind-blowingly great that we never know. For sure, that is. That she did do it. Or didn't. Or did. Or ...

Carmo says

Um livro tudo, menos óbvio. Machado de Assis orienta o leitor por caminhos que podem ser enganosos. Um único ponto de vista por parte de um narrador nada confiável que desde o início da história, ainda uma criança, ostenta características de um ser inseguro e desconfiado. Logo aqui começa a levar-nos à descrença

e a encaminhar-nos no sentido de duvidarmos de todas as evidências por si apontadas. Não havendo provas nem outros pontos de vista, a dúvida dele é a nossa certeza, e Bentinho diagnosticado como lunático.

Mas, e se esta história labiríntica foi criada com o propósito de brincar com o leitor?

E se Machado de Assis, propositadamente, nos guiou pelo caminho da ilusão mais fácil?

E se, à vista do que parecem ser as evidências de um alucinado, estiver a colocar-nos, precisamente, perante a verdade?

Seria um golpe de génio, ou não?

Nunca saberemos.

Deepthi says

Why you should read this novel?

Reasons are not listed in order of importance.

1. This novel is written by Señor Machado de Assis, one of the most-loved Brazilian writers (I can understand why!).

2. The narrator is unreliable, and we as readers know how interesting they could be. Saying Bentinho is *interesting* would be an understatement.

3. Each chapter starts with a cool title. To name a few: "Idea without legs and idea without arms", "Shake your head, reader", "In which is explained the explained", "Let us enter the chapter" and "The soul is full of mysteries".

4. Brilliant prose. For example:

"We stood there with heaven in us. Our hands united our nerves, and made of two creatures one-and that one a seraph. Our eyes continued to say infinite things, only the words in our mouths did not attempt to pass our lips; they returned to the heart, silently as they came...."

"Lovers' language, give me an exact and poetic comparison to say what those eyes of Capitu were like. No image comes to mind that doesn't offend against the rules of good style, to say what they were and what they did to me. Undertow eyes? Why not? Undertow. That's the notion that the new expression put in my head. They held some kind of mysterious, active fluid, a force that dragged one in, like the undertow of a wave retreating from the shore on stormy days. So as not to be dragged in, I held onto anything around them, her ears, her arms, her hair spread about her shoulders; but as soon as I returned to the pupils of her eyes again, the wave emerging from them grew towards me, deep and dark, threatening to envelop me, draw me in and swallow me up."

5. There is a chapter called *"The opera"* where an old Italian tenor explains his theory called "Life is an opera" to Bentinho. This is one my favorite chapters and hence, it gets added to my list.

6. Though the subject of this book might seem scandalous (jealousy, adultery, etc.), Assis's humor shines through out the novel. And I like smart-funny novels. Hence, on my list too!

7. Interesting characters. To name a few:

Jose Dias, a lover of superlatives and a dependent of Bentinho's family

Dona Gloria, a god fearing woman and mother of Bentinho

Uncle Cosme, who is just Uncle Cosme

Escobar, Bentinho's best friend

Capitu, a girl with tide-like eyes, with arms better than any woman ever lived or will live, Bentinho's first love and wife, the might-be-might-not-be mother of his child (Now you know why Bentinho is unreliable; the dude is confused and confuses the reader too. But, nonetheless, we as readers turn out to be smarter than him.)

Bentinho, the narrator and one of the most weird, emotional, funny, vulnerable and memorable protagonists I ever came across

8. The narrator constantly voices out to the reader as "dear reader" or "lovely reader", which I find very amusing. To know that there is atleast one person (better if he/she is fictional) in this world who needs your attention is one of the greatest pleasures in life. Bentinho is quite good at making his reader feel important.

So, read it for Bentinho. Listen to the poor guy, you won't be sorry.

Susana says

(review in English below)

Nem sei o que dizer!...

Que escrita fantástica! Quero mais!

A maneira como a história é contada, em retrospectiva mas com tanta "cor", os capítulos curtos, por vezes curtíssimos, o humor na dose certa, até a forma como o narrador/protagonista se dirige ao leitor ou leitora, consoante mais lhe convém, tudo do melhor!

Se o resto da obra de Machado de Assis tiver esta qualidade, acho que encontrei um novo autor favorito!

I'm at a loss of words!...

What a fantastic writing! I want more!

The way the story is told, in retrospective but with so much "colour", the short - sometimes very short - chapters, the wisely dosed humour, even the way the narrator/protagonist addresses the reader (him or her, at his convenience), all of it is really the best!

If Machado de Assis' other works have this kind of quality, I think I found myself a new favourite author!

Greg says

Oh, Google you have failed me. I wanted to find a nice list of books written in 1900, or at least in 1899. I failed though.

In 1899 though Nabokov, Hemingway and EB White were all born.

Henry James was somewhere between *Turn of the Screw* and *Wings of the Dove* in these years. Mark Twain was still kicking around. *The Way of All Flesh* was about this time, so was *The Awakening* by Chopin... I was hoping this list would sound better. But this list will do.

Nothing against any of these authors or their books, but Machado de Assis' *Dom Casmurro* doesn't feel like any of them. None of those books could be read and be mistaken for anything written in the past 50 years, they are firmly entrenched, like most novels are, in the time they were written. Books of different eras feel different, the language is different, their are formally different. Except for a few anachronisms there is little in *Dom Casmurro* that feels 'old', to steal what Elizabeth Hardwick writes in her introduction to the book (which I would ignore reading until after you've read the book, really, it's one big fucking spoiler), at a hundred years old this book feels like it could have been written yesterday.

Why he isn't one of the Modernist masters is beyond me, well it's not actually, that is a figure of speech. It's because Modernism in literature is still a decade away from beginning to manifest itself. It is because big fucking capital EM Modernist writing is too fucking big and important for it to originate in some literary back water like Rio de Janeiro. It's because one person writing wonderfully beautiful and groundbreaking literature but without others following suit yet doesn't make a decisive break in the history of literature.

Other reviews probably deal with the injustice of his obscurity better than I am doing here.

The book itself.

This is the simple story of a boy who's mom made a promise to god. Let me have a child that lives, and if it's a boy he'll become a priest. Growing up the boy is immersed in all things Catholic, and even plays at performing mass, all until at one point he realizes his best friend, the girl next door, is in love with him and that the feelings are mutual.

Told in a 148 chapters in 263 pages the novel is something of a Cubist picture told from the perspective of the boy, now a reclusive old man living in a simulacrum of the house he grew up in. It's like super-condensed, Campbell Soup (but without any Warhol connotations) style Proust, with all of the minutia packed into single words and simple phrases but as affecting as pages of luscious prose.

There was this great line that I marked at the moment when the narrator realized that the girl next door had the same feelings for him that he had for her, maybe it was just because it reminded me of Leonard Cohen lyrics, but I liked it:

"I, future padre, thus stood before her as before an altar, and one side of her face was the Epistle and the other the Gospel. It only remained to say the new Mass, in a Latin that no one learns, and that is the catholic language of all men."

K.D. Absolutely says

My arms and my hands were practically shaking yesterday while I was in the last 50 pages of this book. One of those novels with perfect denouement. I immediately sent a text message to my brother (who gave this 5 stars) and our friend (who wants to borrow this book so I had to squeeze this in to my already tight queue of to-be-read books) telling them how beautiful this book was. I am glad I forced myself to read this now. I also told them that I was planning to dislike this book to avenge Roberto Bolano's 2666 that I rated with 5 stars and excitedly lent it to my brother. He read it and gave it a 1 star. You see, *Dom Casmurro*, got 5 stars from him and so when I was about to start this, I thought why not do the same to him? But I COULD NOT. This novel is too brilliantly-written especially the last 50 pages. It would have been a big injustice to Machado de Assis if I used him just to appease my hurt feelings for my idol Roberto Bolano. Anyway, there are other 5-star books in my brother's read folder that I am still to read hahaha. *May araw ka rin, kuya!*

Why I do I like the last 50 pages? Because I shook in anticipation. The book is told in first person by the BEST unreliable narrator that I've read so far in my almost four years of voracious reading. Prior to this, I thought that the best in my book was the guy in Julian Barnes' 2011 Booker winner, *The Sense of an Ending* (4 stars). This 1899 book by Machado de Assis truly pushed to the edge the meaning of unreliable narrator for me. **Bentinho** a.k.a., **Dom Casmurro** is wicked, childish yet funny and he has this habit to withholding his secrets until your hands and arms are shaking in excitement murmuring *what now? come on. what's the truth? tell me!*

But, why am I not giving this a full 5 stars? Take note that I am not giving you any hint on what was revealed in those last 50 pages. That part was the "real deal" in this book and I want you to enjoy it as much as I did. However, the book's composition for me is like this:

first 1-50: 3 stars (*interesting*)

middle 155 pages: 2 or sometimes 1 star (*it's okay to sometimes boring.*)

last 50 pages: 5 stars (*amazing!*)

You really have to finish the book to appreciate the story. I have a feeling that those who gave this a 1-star rating were those who were not able to bear the arduous and tiresome middle. For those who don't care about spoilers, here is the breakdown for those 155 pages comprising the middle of the book:

(view spoiler)

Reading this book is like passing through a long dark tunnel. You appreciate more the bright light at the end of it because of the dark boring path that you want to pass through.

I love this book!

Alex says

Dom Casmurro is about a lifelong love affair in which one person betrays the other; the mystery is who has done the betraying. The narrator doubles back on himself, loses track of his thoughts, lies both to us and to himself, and generally mucks everything up in a series of short, sharp chapters with titles like "Let us proceed to the chapter" and "Let us enter the chapter." Machado de Assis is apparently Brazil's best-loved author and an antecedent of the magical realist style, and I'd never heard of him until this year. Exciting! And this book is weird and wonderful.

Early on, a minor character explains that life is an opera. Not metaphorically. Satan, "a young maestro with a great future," is cast out of the conservatory of heaven after rebelling, but not before stealing a cast-off libretto of God's. He turns it into a full opera and begs God to hear it. At last God relents, but refuses to have it played in heaven; instead, he creates this world as a special stage to hear Satan's composition - which, in the lonely fleshing out, has accidentally lost or distorted some of God's themes. "Indeed in some places the words go to the right and the music to the left...Certain motifs grow wearisome from repetition. There are obscure passages...and there are some who say that this is the beauty of the composition and keeps it from being monotonous." That's cool, right? It's even better in context.

The foreword by Elizabeth Hardwick spoils everything. You should basically always read forewords last.

Heather suggested that Tolstoy's novella *The Kreutzer Sonata* would make a good companion read, so I obediently read that next; she was totally right. They go together perfectly.

Lizzy says

I read Machado de Assis's *Dom Casmurro* so many years back that if it was not for its splendor I might have forgotten it, but a brief revisit was enough to remind me why I fell perilously in love with it. One of Brazil's literature masterpieces without doubt.

Love, jealousy and betrayal are the central themes of *Dom Casmurro*. If it reminds you of *Othello* or *Madame Bovary*, you are not too far off the mark. But, at the same time, it could not be more different. The novel is a memoir told in the first person by Bento or Bentinho, aka Dom Casmurro, his story of enduring love affair with Capitu. The title character tells us of his younger self, his love, courtship, and marriage to a memorable and colorful Capitu.

“Lovers' language, give me an exact and poetic comparison to say what those eyes of Capitu were like. No image comes to mind that doesn't offend against the rules of good style, to say what they were and what they did to me. Undertow eyes? Why not? Undertow. That's the notion that the new expression put in my head. They held some kind of mysterious, active fluid, a force that dragged one in, like the undertow of a wave retreating from the shore on stormy days. So as not to be dragged in, I held onto anything around them, her ears, her arms, her hair spread about her shoulders; but as soon as I returned to the pupils of her eyes again, the wave emerging from them grew towards me, deep and dark, threatening to envelop me, draw me in and swallow me up.”

As you have guessed, we get only his point of view, and the reader may well ask '*Did Capitu in fact betray Bentinho?*' or '*How would she defend herself if she was here?*' However, we never hear her story, but only Bentinho's reminiscences. Bentinho's love and suspicious nature fuels much of his story, but above all, the mystery is the essence of this masterpiece. Whether Bentinho actually was betrayed is pretty much beside the point. We get all his thoughts as they spew out on the page, as near and familiar as a *stream of consciousness* as we could imagine for a novel published in 1899. Indeed, *Dom Casmurro* could have been written yesterday.

The narrator goes ahead with his story and retraces himself, forgets his thoughts, lies both to us and himself, and generally confuses everything up in a series of short chapters (such as: 'The soul is full of mysteries'; 'Idea without legs and idea without arms'; 'Hangover Eyes' and 'Shake your head, reader'). And the result is magnificent. Yes, Bentinho appears wicked, funny and loves to withhold his secrets just to reveal them when you least expect. Regardless, he leaves you breathless and almost yelling at him '*Come on, Bentinho, what did Capitu do to you? Please, tell us!*'

Despite the supposed betrayal, throughout the novel there is no doubt regarding their love,

"We stood there with heaven in us. Our hands united our nerves, and made of two creatures one-and that one a seraph. Our eyes continued to say infinite things, only the words in our mouths did not attempt to pass our lips; they returned to the heart, silently as they came...."

How can a book published in 1899 seem so contemporary in style and content? That is one of Machado de Assis's merits. He is revealed here as a master novelist, as he shapes, manipulates, unites, betrays and ultimately disbands his small collection of characters with bold ease. At no point does he go too far or explain too much, leaving the reader to hesitate, question and argue with himself, and, in the end, the reader cannot help but feel compassionate towards Bentinho despite his lies or any truths.

Highly recommended!

Note: Read in Portuguese, although there is an English translation; quotes from Goodreads.

Some more quotes, for those who read Portuguese:

* "*Mas a saudade é isto mesmo; é o passar e repassar das memórias antigas*"

* "*Não podia tirar os olhos daquela criatura de quatorze anos, alta, forte e cheia, apertada em um vestido de chita, meio desbotado. Os cabelos grossos, feitos em duas tranças, com as pontas atadas uma à outra, à moda do tempo, desciam-lhe pelas costas. Morena, olhos claros e grandes, nariz reto e comprido, tinha a boca fina e o queixo largo. As mãos, a despeito de alguns ofícios rudes, eram curadas com amor, não cheiravam a sabões finos nem águas de toucador, mas com água do poço e sabão comum trazia-as sem mácula. Calçava sapatos de duraque, rasos e velhos, a que ela mesma dera alguns pontos.*"

* "*Tinha então pouco mais de dezessete... Aqui devia ser o meio do livro, mas a inexperiência fez-me ir atrás da pena, e chego quase ao fim do papel, com o melhor da narração por dizer. Agora não há mais que levá-la a grandes pernadas, capítulo sobre capítulo, pouca emenda, pouca reflexão, tudo em resumo. Já esta página vale por meses, outras valerão por anos, e assim chegaremos ao fim. Um dos sacrifícios que faço a esta dura necessidade é a análise das minhas emoções dos dezessete anos. Não sei se alguma vez tiveste dezessete anos. Se sim, debes saber que é a idade em que a metade do homem e a metade do menino formam*

um só curioso. Eu era um curiosíssimo, diria o meu agregado José Dias, e não diria mal. O que essa qualidade superlativa me rendeu não poderia nunca dizê-lo aqui, sem cair no erro que acabo de condenar; a análise das minhas emoções daquele tempo é que entrava no meu plano. Posto que filho do seminário e de minha mãe, sentia já, debaixo do recolhimento casto, uns assomos de petulância e de atrevimento; eram do sangue, mas eram também das moças que na rua ou da janela não me deixavam viver sossegado. Achavam-me lindo, e diziam-mo; algumas queriam mirar de mais perto a minha beleza, e a vaidade é um princípio de corrupção.”

** “Nem eu, nem tu, nem ela, nem qualquer outra pessoa dessa história poderia responder mais, tão certo é que o destino, como todos os dramaturgos, não anuncia as peripécias nem o desfecho. Eles chegam a seu tempo, até que o pano cai, apagam-se as luzes, e os espectadores vão dormir. Nesse gênero há porventura alguma coisa que reformar, e eu proporia, como ensaio, que as peças comesçassem pelo fim. Otelo mataria a si e a Desdêmona no primeiro ato, os três seguintes seriam dados à ação lenta e decrescente do ciúme, e o último ficaria só com cenas iniciais da ameaça aos turcos, as explicações de Otelo e Desdêmona, e o bom conselho do fino lago: "Mete dinheiro na bolsa". Desta maneira, o espectador, por um lado, acharia no teatro a charada habitual que os periódicos lhe dão, porque os últimos atos explicam o desfecho do primeiro, espécie de conceito, e, por outro lado, ia para a cama com uma boa impressão de ternura e de amor:*

*Ela amou o que me afligira,
Eu amei a piedade dela.”*

Carolina Paiva says

Já considero este livro como um indispensável na estante. Perfeito para leitores mais experientes como para quem ainda não se apaixonou pela literatura. É cativante pela sua simplicidade e tom intimista. Foi assim que Machado chegou ao meu coração e ocupou um lugar nos preferidos.

E agora?

Agora vou continuar a conhecer a obra do autor, parece-me que com Machado não há que enganar: é sempre uma boa aposta. As páginas viram-se, o livro termina mas o sentimento de aconchego permanece.

Aqui coloco vídeo de opinião completa.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4tkd1...>

Claudia says

Machado de Assis é um escritor brasileiro, considerado um dos melhores contistas do seu País. Nunca tinha lido nada, apesar de integrar todas as listas de autores para ler antes de morrer. Posso agora respirar de alívio com esta minha falha. Não podia ter sido uma experiência literária melhor ou mais surpreendente.

O livro "Dom Casmurro" foi editado em 1900. Pensava que ia encontrar uma narrativa descritiva e aborrecida, acabei por encontrar o oposto. Machado Assis conseguiu criar uma obra que não expõe tudo e

nunca deixa de ser interessante. Deixa nuances soltas em relação ao tema central e levanta questões interessantes ligadas às manobras das suas personagens. Diz que é um livro sobre traição e ciúme. Não acho que seja assim tão linear.

Mais aqui: <http://amulherqueamalivros.blogs.sapo...>

Paulo Hora says

Fui um pouco casmurro e demorei mais de um ano a pegar neste livro, desde que o comprei.

Mal comecei a ler, percebi que estava perante uma obra invulgar. Além de uma narração esplêndida (quase perfeita, diria mesmo), o livro vai-nos abrindo portas aos poucos e poucos. Vai-nos fazendo desconfiar. Depois começamos a desconfiar da nossa desconfiança.

Tem também, em muitas passagens, um tom irónico e o próprio ambiente naquela família é digno de caricatura.

Neste último ano, felizmente, li muitos livros de língua portuguesa e poucos foram os que a trataram com mais distinção do que Machado de Assis.

David says

Remeber those days when growing up in a Catholic household the mother always wanted the male child to enter into Seminary School so they could become a priest? After all, mothers know best. And maybe win some celestial favour.

Our stubborn young Bentinho has his path made clear thanks to mom. But like every great story, why not add in a love interest, Capitú. Talk about a monkey wrench. Temptation is too great; temptation is a sin as well. Add in Senhor José Dias, Tío Cosme and prima Justina for commentary and moral reflection. Add in a good friend Escobar from the Seminary to widen our young Bentinho and Sancha to tempt. Bentinho is a very jealous man; envious of everyone.

Thus you have a Brazilian version of a Shakespearean comedy (minus the rhyming couplets). What a true comedy of errors. A real treat to read.

Obrigado Susana!

Leola says

I adored this novel.

First published in 1900, and set in Rio de Janeiro during the latter-half of the 19th century, it follows the

fortunes (and misfortunes) of Bento Santiago, otherwise known by his pseudonym of 'Dom Casmurro.' From the outset that pseudonym reveals a lot about our narrator, and the melancholic and suspicious nature which fuels much of his story.

Love ranks highly in this novel, surpassed only by the jealousy which often goes with it, and here Machado appears as a master of the novelistic form, uniting, betraying and ultimately disbanding his small collection of characters with confident ease. At no point does he go too far or explain too much. On the contrary, throughout the novel he demonstrates a wonderful reserve as storyteller, leaving the reader to doubt, argue, second-guess and, in the end, pity Bentinho and his psychologically-driven narrative.

This is a novel which has not received the critical attention and readership that it deserves. Machado's prose is delightful, full of sly humour and a lyrical dialogue which makes the 260 pages of text pass by effortlessly. By the end I felt as though I had spent the afternoon hiding in Bentinho's garden, overhearing his confession or conversation, whichever you prefer.

Oziel Bispo says

Reler dom casmurro foi um grande prazer..

que livro delicioso de se ler com seus capítulos curtos e adoráveis , Machado de Assis tem um jeitinho especial de escrever que nos cativa, seu jeito de interagir com o leitor é um recurso fantástico. ..A história também ajuda , uma grande história de amor com todos os ingredientes peculiares possíveis ; ciúmes, promessas e talvez traição! O grande mistério ainda persiste não dá saber se realmente Capitu traiu Bentinho, cada leitor terá sua interpretação, eu particularmente acho que não. ..Ótimo livro

Teresa Proença says

Capítulo 99 (de 148):

"A leitora, que é minha amiga e abriu este livro com o fim de descansar da cavatina de ontem para a valsa de hoje, quer fechá-lo às pressas, ao ver que beiramos um abismo. Não faça isso, querida, eu mudo de rumo."

Foi assim, com este jeitinho meigo e divertido, que Machado de Assis me prendeu durante horas a **Dom Casmurro** - poucas vezes fechei o livro entre a primeira e a última página.

Como quase todos os romances, **Dom Casmurro** é uma história de amor, acrescida de ciúme e de possível infidelidade. O narrador é Bentinho que suspeita da traição de Capitu, a qual ela desmente e Machado de Assis nunca confirma. As opiniões dos leitores dividem-se entre a culpa e a inocência de Capitu. Será Bento Otelo e, simultaneamente, Iago, ou Capitu foi mesmo infiel? Eu não tenho qualquer dúvida...

Maria Ferreira says

A aparência que denuncia um adultério.

Esta história é interessante e dá que pensar...

...Capitu deitou-se com o amigo para porque o amava? ou porque ambos, Capitu e o marido, queriam muito ter um filho?

...Como se caracteriza o amor entre pai e filho, quando o pai sabe, à nascença, que a criança é fruto do seu genes? e quando sabe que não o é? O que é que muda na relação entre pai e filho.

Consegue um pai renegar o amor do filho, que tanto amou, após descobrir que ele não lhe é legítimo?

E se os homens decidem fazer o teste de paternidade? à mínima desconfiança em que a criança não apresenta qualquer parecença com ele.

Ana says

Dom Casmurro é (a alcunha de) Bento Santiago, um advogado entre a meia e a terceira idade, que é também o narrador desta história. Como nos é revelado logo no início, a sua alcunha provém dos seus "hábitos reclusos e calados". Mas nem sempre Bento Santiago teve esses hábitos como o próprio nos conta. De família abastada, Bentinho (como era conhecido na infância e juventude) teve uma infância feliz, brincando com sua vizinha Capitolina (Capitu), acabando essa amizade por evoluir para outro tipo de sentimento durante a adolescência. Mas Bentinho tinha nascido para, devido a promessa de sua mãe, vir a ser padre. Apaixonado, tudo faz para escapar ao destino eclesiástico traçado por sua mãe, e assim poder casar-se com Capitu.

Dom Casmurro é uma narrativa onde se conjugam o romance, a crónica de costumes, a ironia, o suspense e a ambiguidade. A questão central da história acaba por não ser nunca confirmada ou desmentida, cabendo ao leitor (com o qual o narrador frequentemente interage e dialoga) analisar os indícios e impressões e formular a sua opinião ou tomar o seu partido. Será Capitu realmente culpada? Ou inocente e vítima de um delirante mal-entendido? Culpada ou inocente do quê?... poderão perguntar (~~quem não leu as sinopses que estão cheias de spoilers~~), mas eu não vou aqui revelar. Vou só dizer que a despeito de todos os indícios (carregados da subjectividade e parcialidade de quem os apresenta) tendo a acreditar que Capitu, pese embora os seus "olhos de cigana oblíqua e dissimulada", é inocente.

Achei a prosa de Machado de Assis cativante, com uma maneira de jogar com as palavras que a torna muito harmoniosa. Apesar dos elementos que situam claramente a acção num contexto e época específicos (a sociedade brasileira do século XIX) nunca senti estar perante uma obra datada. Atrevo-me mesmo a dizer que alguns aspectos da abordagem narrativa lhe conferem uma certa modernidade. Foi sem dúvida uma leitura muito prazerosa de um autor que deve merecer a atenção de todos os que reverenciam a língua portuguesa.

Hugo says

Clube dos Clássicos Vivos

"O mais decisivo que se pode afirmar sobre a obra é que, logo que se acaba de ler, fica-se com vontade de a reler. Quantas obras há assim?" *Helder Guégués*

Ahmad Sharabiani says

Dom Casmurro (Realistic trilogy #3), Machado de Assis

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Joselito Honestly and Brilliantly says

I do not know how to review this novel. Reading it was like watching a great chess master play, or like when he shows you a great game he has played. Move by move, you watch, mesmerized. Narrated in the first person, he even teases you every now and then: go here and see this beauty; go back several moves, recall the logic of what has happened; no, could this be really the meaning of what went before? But this is not a mystery novel. There is no crime to solve. Or maybe there is, but one can't be sure. Early on, you'll think this is a love story. I am convinced that I saw here the most masterful dramatization of first love, ever, in literature (or at least the literature I had known, so far). But this isn't a love story as love stories go.

I can only imagine, if this book will be chosen for book discussion of any of the groups here in goodreads, there could be disagreements that could lead to war, which can only be settled in peace if Machado de Assis resurrects (he died in 1908) or if, magically, his characters in this novel come to life and answer our questions.