



Ansichten eines Clowns

Heinrich Böll

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Bereits mit dem Vorabdruck dieses Romans in der *Süddeutschen Zeitung* wurde eine überaus intensive und ungewöhnlich weitreichende Diskussion ausgelöst. Bölls *Ansichten eines Clowns* standen über Monate hinaus im Brennpunkt des Gesprächs, und nicht allein bei der literarischen Kritik. Das Mißverständnis vom angeblichen »Antikatholizismus« des Autors trug nicht wenig zu dieser starken Resonanz bei. Jedoch hat Böll nur einen Außenseiter dargestellt, der mehr als andere unter den bornierten Phrasen, der Unbarmherzigkeit und bequemen Moral unserer Wohlstandsgesellschaft leidet. Hans Schnier, Sohn aus reichem Hause, will lieber ein ehrlicher Clown als ein Heuchler sein. Sechs Jahre lang hat er mit Marie in einer nicht legalisierten Ehe gelebt. Marie verläßt ihn, weil er sich nicht verpflichten will, die aus dieser freien Ehe zu erwartenden Kinder katholisch erziehen zu lassen. Schnier ist diesem Verlust nicht gewachsen. Einst ein durchaus gefragter Pantomime und Spaßmacher, sitzt er am Ende zum Bettler degradiert mitten im Karnevalstreiben auf den Stufen des Bonner Bahnhofs, wo Marie, die inzwischen einen einflußreichen »fortschrittlichen« Katholiken geheiratet hat, von der Hochzeitsreise zurückkehren wird...

Ansichten eines Clowns Details

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Pantea saberi says

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BlackOxford says

The Era of Prostitution

Hans, the clown in question, is a petulant, socially awkward, persistently sarcastic but articulate figure who identifies with both the Germanic Siegfried and the Jewish Christ. Although Protestant, he knows more about Catholic ritual and attitudes than most Catholics. Consequently he abhors clerics and their rituals when they pretend to more than aesthetic importance

Hans is an artist who lives for the aesthetics of his craft, which is grounded in the observation of the details of everyday life, the conventions that no one notices but which dominate human existence. "I am a clown," he says, "I collect moments." First he makes these hidden conventions visible, then he subverts them through mockery. He can't help it; this is what he has to do. He calls this his Niebelungen Complex.

As a sort of pronto-hippie, Hans rails against hypocrisy - in the state which ignores the unforgivable crimes of its citizens, of the church which has become a procedural machine concerned with politics rather than love, of the family which prefers conformity to creative expression by its members. He can't condemn however, merely marvel at the ability of his friends and family to deceive themselves. Everything in Germany - culture, politics, meaning - is prostituted - to the Americans, to TV commercialism, to insincere charitable drives.

Injury and emotional trauma force Hans into penury. No one he knows can or will help. He does the only thing possible for someone who finds himself an alien in his own land. At "the age less than thirty" he becomes Christ in the make-up of a clown miming the absurdity of everyday life on the steps of Bonn Central Station. *Vox clamans in deserto* so to speak.

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Yadgar says

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While the Nazi doctrine looms over his childhood, his worst struggle is against empowered religion in post-war Germany: the all-encompassing Catholic church which dictates social norms and behaviours. Hans loses his partner, a deeply religious and confused young woman, because he can't fake honest belief and won't bow to the dictatorship of church and state to satisfy their moral dogma. As he is reluctant to sign a paper promising that his future children will be raised in the Catholic faith, Marie leaves him, under the influence of a whole community of Catholic "advisers", both priests and laymen. Hans, broken-hearted, has to live with the feeling of having lost his true love to conventional, corporate "morality". In his eyes, Marie's

marriage to a “trustworthy” Catholic man constitutes adultery and prostitution, as she submits to a sexual relationship to satisfy not her own natural inclination, but society’s idea of correctness.

I found it fascinating to follow Böll's reflections on how easily ethical values can be turned into their opposite, depending on how you perceive yourself: as part of a corporation (religious or political) or as an individual person with a subjective inclination that doesn't recognise the boundaries that society sets, according to "objective rules, traditions and standards".

For Hans, there is nothing heroic in his sister's forced self-sacrifice for the German Reich, and there is nothing laudable in Marie's "metaphysical fright" and subsequent choice of a different partner. He - the ridiculous clown - sees the ridiculous in "collective thinking" - if that is not altogether an oxymoron, as groups tend to act without thinking, blindly following the voice of the crowd.

In the end, he is alone, sad and poor, - for success is to be found in the groupthink of established power structures, not in the individual search for freedom of thought and feeling.

He puts on his clown mask, and shows society the empty features of its hideously cracked face.

I didn't laugh at the Pierrot though. I thought I finally understood my true profession. And there is nothing worse, Hans says, than clowns that laugh at their own performance. It is for the others to sit in groups and to laugh at the sad, lonely clown.

Amir says

«

Foad says

[illegible][illegible]

[illegible]

Zainab Alvandi says

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Sara Kamjou says

[illegible]

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[illegible][illegible]

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couldn't get, like, Smokey Robinson's voice outta my head singing, you know, "The tears of a clown, when no one's around..." and that terrifying flute refrain to trumpet response nonsense like over and over and over.

Amir The Fat Bookworm says

[illegible]

Mahnam says

[illegible]

Ahmad Sharabiani says

?. ?????

so why only three stars?

well, the enjoyability factor was inconsistent. yeah, the perennial question: must art be enjoyable or entertaining to succeed? i'm not sure. for the most part i'd say yes, but does this, then, give a free pass to reject something which requires the reader/viewer/listener to work too hard? there were passages sections and chapters of *the clown* which flew by, others were more of a chore. unnecessarily. (<-- that right there's the rub. if a work feels an unnecessary chore, it suffers. if the hard work involved in, say, warhol's *sleep*, feels integral to the piece, it succeeds. although that might be a bad example: i suspect warhol never intended a soul to actually sit through *sleep*. the mere fact of its existence is all that matters.)

the best of these stories manage to simultaneously serve as history lesson (and usually illuminate a specific time/place in a way non-fiction can't touch; that is, they allow us to know how it *felt* to live there rather than hit us with a barrage of cold facts) while also offering some kind of relevance to our own time. one may argue that a work need not reach beyond the barriers of its own pages... i defer to the mozzer:

"Burn down the disco.
Hang the blessed DJ.
Because the music that they constantly play,
IT SAYS NOTHING TO ME ABOUT MY LIFE!"

for a work to transcend itself it must strike out, in some manner, beyond its own self and own time: the specific must translate into some kind of universal. and, yeah, boll's contempt for and irreverence toward the clergy, the military, patriotism, etc, is something universal and attractive; and those big issues of guilt and forgiveness are always relevant... but it doesn't arrive as feeling anything larger than the sum of its parts or more than a very specific anger and/or guilt. why? i'm not sure. as i loathe not understanding how and why i react to something, i'm tempted to come up with some kinda nice-sounding reason and forcefully declare it, but that'd be wildly disingenuous. i'm not exactly sure why boll's work (perhaps its the intentional distance he keeps us from his protagonist? the emotional coldness throughout the book?) didn't punch me in the gut and why, say, genet does. with genet one is immediately struck by how this self professed queer-coward-criminal-traitor-liar-thief running around german occupied france or a prison or palestine or berkeley speaks so directly to his/her life no matter where or when its read. a spectral hand reaches from the grave and across the decades and it matters to me. now. it 'says everything to me about my life'.

but boll fascinates me.
the clown fascinated me.
 i'm gonna read *billiards at half past nine* sometime soon.

Neda says

[illegible]

Agir(????) says

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Jenn(ifer) says

I must take the path I must take.

Hans Schnier, the titular character in Heinrich Böll's 'The Clown,' might be the most self-consumed clown I've ever met. Not that I've met a lot of clowns mind you, because ever since *It*, clowns really creep me out. Thanks for ruining clowns for me, King; I'll never be the same again...

Hans is more of a Chaplin-type clown, not a silly circus clown. He is an ARTISTE! And he won't for a minute let you think otherwise. From a very wealthy background, he falls in love with Marie, a girl from a working class family. Marie is a devout Catholic while Hans is not religiously affiliated. Yet she agrees to live with him anyway, despite her misgivings, and accompanies him on his travels as he performs in different cities. When we meet Hans, Maria has just left him; he is drunk, destitute and alone. She has left him a note, and on that note all that is written is, "I must take the path I must take."

What follows Marie's departure is a vacillation between Schnier's present state and an examination of his past – his relationships with his family members and his courtship with Marie.

While it could be said that this is a love story, it is so much more than that. It's an examination of religious dogma, German societal mores both during and after WWII, family dynamics, and of course alienation.

I found this novel to be engaging, thought provoking, intelligent and heartfelt. Will certainly be reading more Böll in the future...

°°°.°..°-°. _· ????? Ροζουλ? Εωσφ?ρος ·_·°-°.°·.°°° ★·.·^·.·★ ?????? ???????
??????? Ταμετο?ρο Αμ says

Η ματωμ?νη ψυχ? εν?ς κλ?ουν που δεν ?ταν ?νθρωπος με την ουσιαστικ? ?ννοια της ταμπ?λας,
?ταν συλλ?κτης στιγμ?ν, αναμν?σεων, παραπ?νων, ονε?ρων, περιπλαν?σεων, ενοχ?ν, παθ?ν, φιλι?ν,
φ?βων, αγ?πης και προσμον?ς.

?νας κουρασμ?νος παλι?τσος, που μ?σησε με π?θος τους θριαμβευτ?ς, τους τροπαιο?χους τους
χαμαιλ?οντες, και τους βολεμ?νους πολεμολ?γνους που προσπ?θησαν να πε?σουν ?τι μετ?νιωσαν
που συμπαραστ?θηκαν σε εγκλ?ματα, υπ? τη φασιστικ? ηγεσ?α κ?ποιων τρελ?ν και ανελ?ητων.

?λη αυτ? η μεταπολεμικ? Γερμαν?α του 1960, μεταβατικ? και ανισ?ρροπη, καλυμμ?νη με
κοινωνικ? ποικιλοχρωμ?α φασισμο?, ε?ναι η βαρι? ατιμ?σφαιρα ?που διαδραματ?ζεται η ιστορ?α
του κ?σμου του παλι?τσου μας.

Εν?ς κ?σμου ?λο στροφ?ς απ?τομες και αλλαγ?ς επιφανειακ?ς.

Εν?ς κ?σμου που δεν ε?χαν ?λοι ?σο μερ?διο στη χαρ?, στα λ?θη, στην απ?γνωση.

Εν?ς κ?σμου που απαγ?ρεψε εξ αρχ?ς στον μοναχικ? μας κλ?ουν να προβ?λει στον το?χο της ζω?
του τα ?νειρα της δ?κης του ψυχ?ς.

Τον αν?γκασαν να μπει σε ?να τρ?νο που ?τρεχε περισσ?τερο απο τις συναισθηματικ?ς αντοχ?ς
του.

Δεν μπ?ρεσε να υποφ?ρει τη ψευτι? της αγορασμ?νης π?στης, το θ?νατο στο βωμ? της ειρ?νης εν
καιρ? πολ?μου, την αδιαφορ?α, την υποκρισ?α, την ατιμ?α και την προδοσ?α σε ολα τα επ?πεδα
και τα τοπ?α της ζω? του.

Κατ?βηκε απο το τρ?νο μ?λις διαπ?στωσε πως ε?χε αφ?σει π?σω του τις πολ?τιμες αποσκευ?ς του
με ?τι τον ?ντυνε παλι?τσο-?νθρωπο και του επ?τρεπε να χρωματ?ζει τη διαμελισμ?νη του ψυχ?.
Δι?λεξε να με?νει μ?νος, μακρι? απο την αγ?λη των υποκριτ?ν και να αγκαλι?σει το δικ? του
αστ?ρι, να αισθανθε? το δικ? του ?νεμο και να καταπιε? μον?χος ?λη τη βροχ? που του
τραγουδο?σε για χαρ? και αγ?πη.

Ο Χανς Σνηρ, ?νας εφυ?στατος μοναχικ?ς ονειροπ?λος νεαρ?ς. Κατ?γεται απο τη Γερμαν?α και
ε?ναι γ?νος πλο?σιας οικογ?νειας προτεσταντ?ν της Β?ννης.

?χει σταμπ?ρει ανεξ?τηλα την καρδι? του ο π?λεμος που ?ζησε σαν παιδ?, ?να απο τα τρ?α παιδι?
της οικογ?νειας Σνηρ, που ?ταν πλο?σια και εξασφαλισμ?νη σε π?λεμο και σε ειρ?νη απο την
εκμετ?λλευση του λιγν?τη.

Οι γονε?ς του τσιγκο?νηδες, ψε?τες, ρηχο? και αδ?στακτοι συμφεροντολ?γοι δι?γουν β?ο
μεταπολεμικ? δημοκρατικ?... μια σοσιαλιστικ? δημοκρατικ? πεπο?θηση που δεν τους εμπ?δισε να
ειναι με το μ?ρος των νάζ? κατα τη δι?ρκεια του πολ?μου, και να χ?σουν την κ?ρη τους Ερι?ττα
στ?λνοντας τη εθελ?ντρια υπερ?σπισης στα ιερ? νάζιστικ?-γερμανικ? χ?ματα.

Ο Χανς αποφασ?ζει να παραιτηθε? απο την οικογ?νεια και την κοινων?α γενικ?τερα και να γ?νει
κλ?ουν, παλι?τσος, μ?μος. ?νας καυστικ?ς χωρατατζ?ς μ?σα σε λ?σπες και ροδοπ?ταλα.
?νας ελε?θερος ρομαντικ?ς και μελαγχολικ?ς καραβοκ?ρης που αποφ?σισε να ταξιδ?ψει σε

γνώστα πέλγῃ ἀκογόντας τις σείρῃνες τῆς ἀληθινῆς ἀγῆτης.

ἦταν ἡ Μαρῆ, ἡ μῆνη γυναικα που λῆτρεψε μ᾽ ἄχρι θαντοῦ τον ἐγκαταλεῖπει μετ᾽ ἀπο ἕξι χρονία ἐρωτικῆς συμβῶσης -στο ἔνομα τῆς χριστιανοσύνης καὶ τῆς δόξης καὶ τιμῆς που ἀποκτῆει δῖπλά σε ἕναν ἐξῆχοντα ἱερωμένο- κάνεῖς μὰς δὲν μπορεῖ νὰ τὴν κατηγορῇ γιὰ τὴν κακομοιρί᾽ καὶ τὴν ἀνοησιᾶ τῆς.

ῥφύγε ἀπο τὸν ἔθεο καὶ παντοτίν᾽ δικῆς Χανς, γιὰ νὰ βολεῦτε᾽ με ἕναν ἀνερχῆμενο σὲ ψυχῆ καὶ σ᾽ ἓνα παλινῆσο τοῦ καθολικισμοῦ τῆς Βῆνης.

Αὐτ᾽ ἦταν τὸ τελειωτικῆ χτῆμα γιὰ τὸν ἀπελπισμένο μὰς κλῶν.

Βαθι᾽ μελαγχολῶ, ἀναμνήσεις κοφτερῆς που ματῶν τὴν ψυχῆ, αὐτοσαρκασμῆς, ἀνεῖπωτη ἀγῆτη, πῆκρά, τῆλμη, χιόμορ, ἀπ᾽ γνῶση, ζῆλεια, ἀπελπισῶ καὶ αὐτοκαταστροφῆ πολτοποιῆθηκαν ἔλα μὰς᾽ καὶ βοῆλιαξάν με τὸ βῆρος τοῦς ἔλα τὰ καταφῆ γιὰ τῆς ψυχῆς τοῦ Χανς.

Ὁ π᾽ νος τὸν ἀκολουθοῦσε παντοῦ καὶ τὸν μαχαῖρωνε, ῥσπου τὸν ρῆμαξε.

Ποτ᾽ δὲν τῆς κρῆτησε κακῶ.

Ὡς ναυαγῆς ἀναζῆτησε κ᾽ ποῖα λιμανῆκια γιὰ νὰ ἡσυχῇ καὶ νὰ κλῆψει με τὴν ἡσυχῶ του. Δὲν τὰ βρῆκε, καὶ ἔλα ἔγιναν ἀκῆμη πιο σκληρῆ. Τὸν πλῆγωσαν, τὸν μ᾽ τῶσαν, τὸν ἐξ᾽ ντῶσαν σὲ ἀσταμῆτητο κυνηγῆτ᾽ τῆς φαντασῶσης νὰ ἀκουμπῇ π᾽ νῶ στὴν ἀγῆτη.

Ἐκεῖνη μῶς ῥεσε π᾽ νῶ του καὶ τὸν ῥλιῶσε. Τὸν ἀποτελεῶσε.

Ἡ πραγματικῆτητα ἦταν πολλῶ νοῦμερα μεγαλῆτερη ἀπο τὶς ἀντοχῆς του.

Ποτ᾽ δὲν τῆς κρῆτησε κακῶ.

Ποτ᾽ δὲν σκ᾽ ῥήκε νὰ τὴν ξεχῇ σὲ ἄλλη ἀγκαλιῆ. Του ἦταν ἀδῆνατο νὰ γ᾽ νει προδῆτης τῶν ὀνερῶν του.

Παρ᾽ πονα τῆς κρῆτησε πολλῶ.

Πικρῆ παρ᾽ πονα μ᾽ νο...

με τὴ σκ᾽ ῥψη τοῦ συνεχῆς ἐπικοινωνοῦμε μὰς᾽ τῆς, προσπαθοῦσε νὰ τῆς στεῇ λει τὰ μηνῆματα του, τὶς σκ᾽ ῥψεις τοῦς, τὶς συν᾽ θειες τοῦς, τὴν ἀγῆτη του.

Ποτ᾽ δὲν τὸν ῥκουσε...

Ἐκεῖνος ἐπ᾽ μένε κι ὅλα τὰ ὑπ᾽λοιπὰ μ᾽ ῥη τῆς ζωῆς του τὰ π᾽ ῥασε κ᾽ νοντας ῥνειρά.

Κυνηγῶντας παλινῆς ἀγαπημῆνες στιγμῆς γιὰ νὰ τὶς φυλακῇ σὲ τὸ παρ᾽ ν καὶ τὸ μ᾽ ἄλλον.

Παραπλανῆθηκε ἀπο ἔλα κι ἀπο ῥλους. Δὲν ὑπ᾽ ῥχε πια ν᾽ ἦμα μὰ ὅτε καὶ κ᾽ ποῖα οὐσιᾶ.

Δὲν ὑπ᾽ ῥχε ὅτε ἐλπῆδα ἀφο᾽ ἐῇ κλεῖσει ἀπο μ᾽ νος τοῦ ὅλες τὶς ἐξ᾽ ῥδους κινδ᾽ νου.

Ντ᾽ ῥθηκε καὶ β᾽ ῥτηκε τὴν τρ᾽ ῥα του καὶ κατ᾽ βηκε ὡς τὸ σταθμ᾽ τῶν τρ᾽ ῥνῶν νὰ τὴν περιμ᾽ νει ἐκεῖ που κ᾽ ποτε ἐῇ ξεχῇ τὶς πολ᾽ τιμὲς ἀποσκευῆς τῶν ὀνερῶν του.

Ποτ᾽ δὲν μ᾽ ῥεσε νὰ καταλ᾽ βει πῶς γ᾽ νεται νὰ χ᾽ νεσαι ἀπο ἐκεῖνους που μ᾽ νο πολῶ, μὰ π᾽ ῥα πολῶ, ἀγῆτησες.

Καλ᾽ ἀν᾽ γνῶση!!

Πολλοῶς ἀσπασμοῶς!!
