



Spring in Fialta

Vladimir Nabokov

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All the stories were originally written in Russian:

Contents

- ????? ? ?????? (Vesna v Fial'te); English translation: Spring in Fialta (1936)
- ??? (Krug); English translation: The Circle (1934)
- ?????? (Korolek); English translation: The Leonardo (1939)
- ?????? ??? (Tyazhyolyy dym); English translation: Torpid Smoke (1935)
- ?????? ?.?. ?????? (Pamyati L.I. Shigaeva); English translation: In the Memory of L.I. Shigaeva (1934)
- ????????? ????? (Poseshchenie muzeya); English translation: The Visit to the Museum (1931)
- ????? (Nabor); English translation: Recruiting (1935)
- ??? (Lik); English translation: Lik (1939)
- ?????????? ?????? (Istreblenie tiranov); English translation: Tyrants Destroyed (1938)
- ?????? ????? (Vasiliy Shishkov); English translation: Vasiliy Shishkov (1939)
- ?????????????? ??? (Admiralteyskaya igla); English translation: The Admiralty Spire (1933)
- ?????, ?????, ????? (Oblako, ozero, bashnya); English translation: Cloud, Castle, Lake (1937)
- ??? ? ????? (Usta k ustam); English translation: Lips to Lips (1932)

'Spring in Fialta is cloudy and dull'. With his senses wide open, Victor wanders the streets. He meets Nina. Again. For fifteen years, their fleeting, chance encounters have made Nina a faint but constant presence in the margins of his life. As they happen upon one another once again, his mind wanders back into the past and relives each brief memory: their kiss in Russia, when she met his wife, when he met her husband, their affair in Paris. Each time she captivated him, each time she seemed to almost forget him, each time he noticed a lurking sense of apprehension that began to grow.

Spring in Fialta Details

Date : Published 1959 (first published 1956)

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Author : Vladimir Nabokov

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From Reader Review Spring in Fialta for online ebook

Keiren Mac says

I haven't written a review before but think this warrants an exception.

This short story showcases all the best things that can be done with the English language. It made me constantly think of Stephen Fry's talk about loving language. The way the words are placed together, the movements required of your tongue to enjoy the sensuous experience of Nabokov's sentences. It seemed that each one was crafted with the care of a most excellent word-smith.

The story itself was rich in detail though avoided anything extraneous. You see the ending from a mile away, but he drops it on you so suddenly with a bait and switch that you're left a little speechless.

Courteney Fisher says

Loved this. He's one of my favourite writers. This is a beautiful short story about chance encounters and adultery. The descriptions packed into this story were just beautiful

Flo says

Nabokov has a very Proustian way of depicting love, as a web of lies spun by the beloved who is essentially essence-less. The readership is thrown back into that same world full of signifiers without referents, just like with *In Search for Lost Time*, and *Quicksand*...

Dymbula says

Nabokov m? zkrátka uchvátil. Krátké, p?esné, skv?lé.

Travis says

After this, I mean to get to every short story he's ever written. Very nice. His prose, as ever, is the masterpiece, but his telling is just as important.

Ashley Memory says

Every aspiring short story writer should read this gem. It's a beautiful story with a flawless execution. How someone with a native language other than English could have written this is more proof of Nabokov's

towering genius.

Taymara Jagmohan says

Absolutely beautiful with its long sentences, almost jaunty in contexts, but always always so beautiful and rich! :)

It created a gusto in my heart that marched me quite humanely around the back-tracks of love's canthus. A meeting place I cannot tell you about, but this is a warm, short and delightful read. Those hopeless meetings. Are they truly hopeless? Not at all comrade. Not at all. We all have our days to pick our lessons from, because they are always happening around us, and it seems like a thrill every time to see and believe in the newness of salubrious teachings!

Ardent in touch, and lively in causes.

Lovely

'the sea, its salt drowned in a solution of rain, is less glaucous than gray with waves too sluggish to break into foam.' hahah! :D

Nina died, after telling of her promises to not love, even after those meaningful-hopeless meetings. Victor loved her, for all his timings, but she didn't. She cared much more for more than its causes. Victor still loved her, but she never returned it genuinely. It is strange how we humans play with each others' hearts, for no reason at all! none! I hope God never gives me the chance to pull prank on anyone's heart, ever.

Beautiful writing.

Love,
Taymara.

Jiří Böhm says

Setkání s Nabokovem po bezmála 20 letech. A jsem rád, že nadšení z četby jeho knih a povídek je stále stejné. Je to slast. Podle mne je Nabokov jeden z nejlepších spisovatelů minimálně 20.století. Jeho popisy zdánlivě nudných okamžiků života, prvních emocionálních vzrušení, lidských charakterů - závidím mu jeho imaginaci a schopnost převést ji do slov a vzt. Navíc umí skvěle vystihnout jakýsi intelektuální, sociální i politický kvas, který byl od začátku 20.století přítomný jak v tehdy carském Rusku, tak v poválečném Německu a USA. Takže tebe? pomyslíme, na jakou knihu se vrhnu jako další!

Bird Ville says

Ik registreerde een boek op BookCrossing.com!
<http://www.BookCrossing.com/journal/12945897>

Simon says

Ultima Thule is probably the worst thing I've read from Nabokov, the embodiment of the quote "They were so preoccupied with the fact that they could, that they didn't stop to think if they should".

Rebecka says

This collection of short stories is really a collection of masterpieces. So many short stories by other authors are either boring or overly dramatic and lacking in depth. These are all perfect. Every story has its reason for existing, they are all important no matter what topic they focus on, and they are all very impressive. I really love Nabokov for focusing on how horrible human beings are (that would be the red thread of this volume), and for showing it in so many different ways. He is constantly touching on the same topic, but he never writes the same story twice.

The downside would be that Nabokov is damned hard to read in Russian.

Eric Cartier says

Exquisite writing. Not every story intrigued me, but those that did were gripping. As always, Nabokov commands and deserves your full attention.

Kirsty Hughes says

So heavy with words. Which sounds awful coming from someone who claims to love reading, but seriously. This short story has (I think) EIGHT flashbacks. I don't know. It was just too much for me to get into without enough intrigue.

Cheryl says

I am fond of it because I feel it in the hollow of those violaceous syllables the sweet dark dampness of the most rumpled of small flowers, and because the alto like name of a lovely Crimean town is echoed by its viola; and also because because there is something in the very somnolence of its humid Lent that especially anoints one's soul.

With this story, he made me love the springtime in Fialta. Now I see why critics have argued that this story is Nabokov's lament on a lost love, an extramarital affair he had, or an ode to Russia. But really, why make

assumptions because an author chooses to tell a story using the first-person, 'I'?

The pulse of the distant sea, panting in the mist...the jealous green of bottle glass bristling along the top of a wall.

This is all love language. Nabokov's control of prose is stunning, as usual. Though some of these short stories are not what you would expect from an average short-story collection, one only has to think of *Lolita* to be reminded that Nabokov never writes what is expected.

The stories are dense but opulent; with themes of loneliness, sadness, exile, memory, and self-struggle present. The characters' innermost thoughts are aggrandized, becoming a part of the setting, the story, the place. Melancholy is paired with happiness and relief in the most unusual ways.

There is also sex in its subtle, literary form:

Her eyes rested on the lower part of my face as if she were lip reading, and after a moment of reflection, she turned and rapidly swaying on slender ankles led me along the sea-blue carpeted passage.

Nabokov places no limitations on his female characters. Nina is spunky and carefree, and yet you see the struggle that both characters must face because they are being--well, too carefree.

I did not yet realize the presence of the growing morbid pathos which was to embitter so my subsequent meetings with Nina, I was probably quite as collected and carefree as she was...

Nina is a breath of fresh air. She was beautiful, flawed, good, kind, and selfish. All those things and more that you want to see in a realistic female character. So much so, that the main character saw her as a friend and lover, unable to properly categorize her; unable to be more, yet unwilling to be less:

Again and again she hurriedly appeared in the margins of my life, without influencing in the least its basic text.

Maria says

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