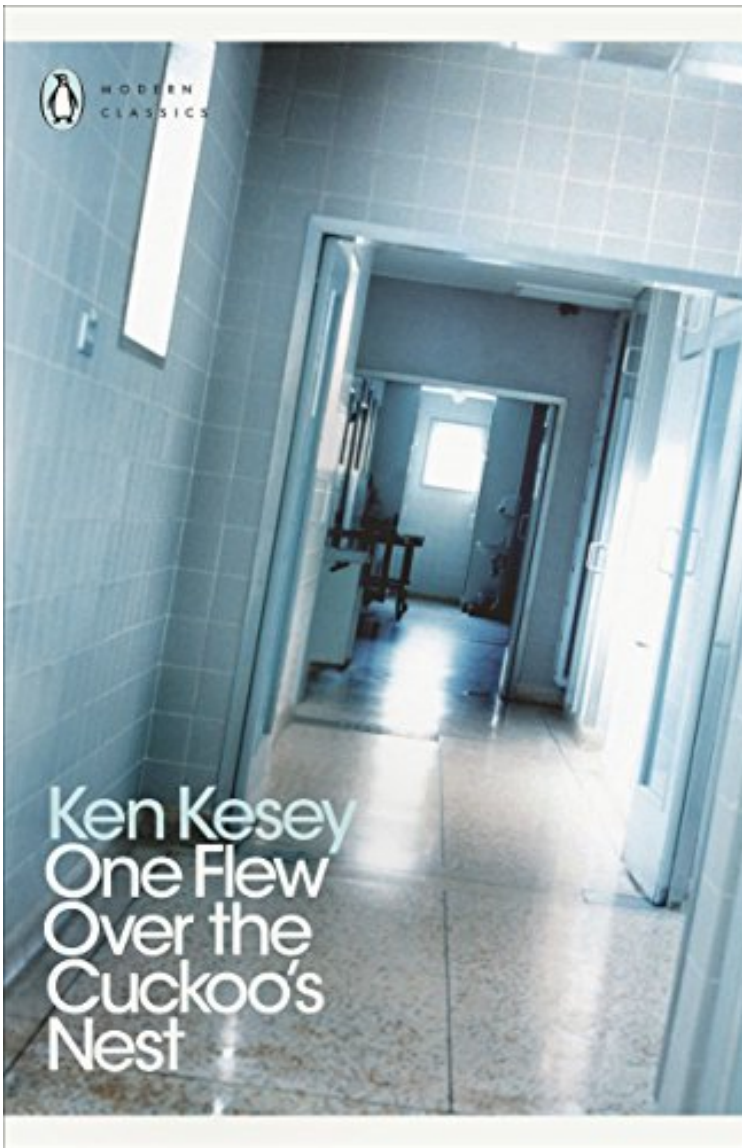


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One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest



Par Ken Kesey
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Description : Description du produitMcMurphy is a lusty, profane, life-loving fighter who rallies the other mental-hospital patients around him by challenging the dictatorship of Big Nurse. It soon becomes a grim struggle for the minds and hearts of the men.

Prsentation de l'diteurBoisterous, ribald, and ultimately shattering, Ken Kesey's One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is the seminal novel of the 1960s that has left an indelible mark on the literature of our time. Here is the unforgettable story of a mental ward and its inhabitants, especially the tyrannical Big Nurse Ratched and Randle Patrick McMurphy, the brawling, fun-loving new inmate who resolves to oppose her. We see the struggle through the eyes of Chief Bromden, the seemingly mute half-Indian patient who witnesses and understands McMurphy's heroic attempt to do battle with the awesome powers that keep them all

imprisoned. Contains illustrations and a preface by the author, as well as an introduction by Robert Faggen. Extrait Sketches Psychedelic sixties. God knows whatever that means it certainly meant far more than drugs, though drugs still work as a pretty good handle to the phenomena. I grabbed at that handle. Legally, too, I might add. Almost patriotically, in fact. Early psychedelic sixties... Eight o'clock every Tuesday morning I showed up at the vet's hospital in Menlo Park, ready to roll. The doctor deposited me in a little room on his ward, dealt me a couple of pills or a shot or a little glass of bitter juice, then locked the door. He checked back every forty minutes to see if I was still alive, took some tests, asked some questions, left again. The rest of the time I spent studying the inside of my forehead, or looking out the little window in the door. It was six inches wide and eight inches high, and it had heavy chicken wire inside the glass. You get your visions through whatever gate you're granted. Patients straggled by in the hall outside, their faces all ghastly confessions. Sometimes I looked at them and sometimes they looked at me. but rarely did we look at one another. It was too naked and painful. More was revealed in a human face than a human being can bear, face-to-face. Sometimes the nurse came by and checked on me. Her face was different. It was painful business, but not naked. This was not a person you could allow yourself to be naked in front of. Six months or so later I had finished the drug experiments and applied for a job. I was taken on as a nurse's aide, in the same ward, with the same doctor, under the same nurse and you must understand we're talking about a huge hospital here! It was weird. But, as I said, it was the sixties. Those faces were still there, still painfully naked. To ward them off my case I very prudently took to carrying around a little notebook, to scribble notes. I got a lot of compliments from nurses: "Good for you, Mr. Kesey. That's the spirit. Get to know these men." I also scribbled faces. No, that's not correct. As I prowled through this stack of sketches I can see that these faces bored their way behind my forehead and scribbled themselves. I just held the pen and waited for the magic to happen. This was, after all, the sixties. Ken Kesey Audiofile Kesey renders his own characters exactly as he wrote them, giving perfect nuance to each one. Listeners who haven't seen the film will have little trouble getting into the story as the abridgment does not impact the main plot. An NPR interview with Kesey, included as the second half of the last disc, fleshes out the man behind the semiautobiographical story, with insight into his employment in a mental health facility as well as his experimentation with drugs. Through both the reading and the interview, Kesey is revealed as a deep thinking man with an affinity for many of his book's characters. S.M.M. AudioFile 2007, Portland, Maine-- Copyright AudioFile, Portland, Maine