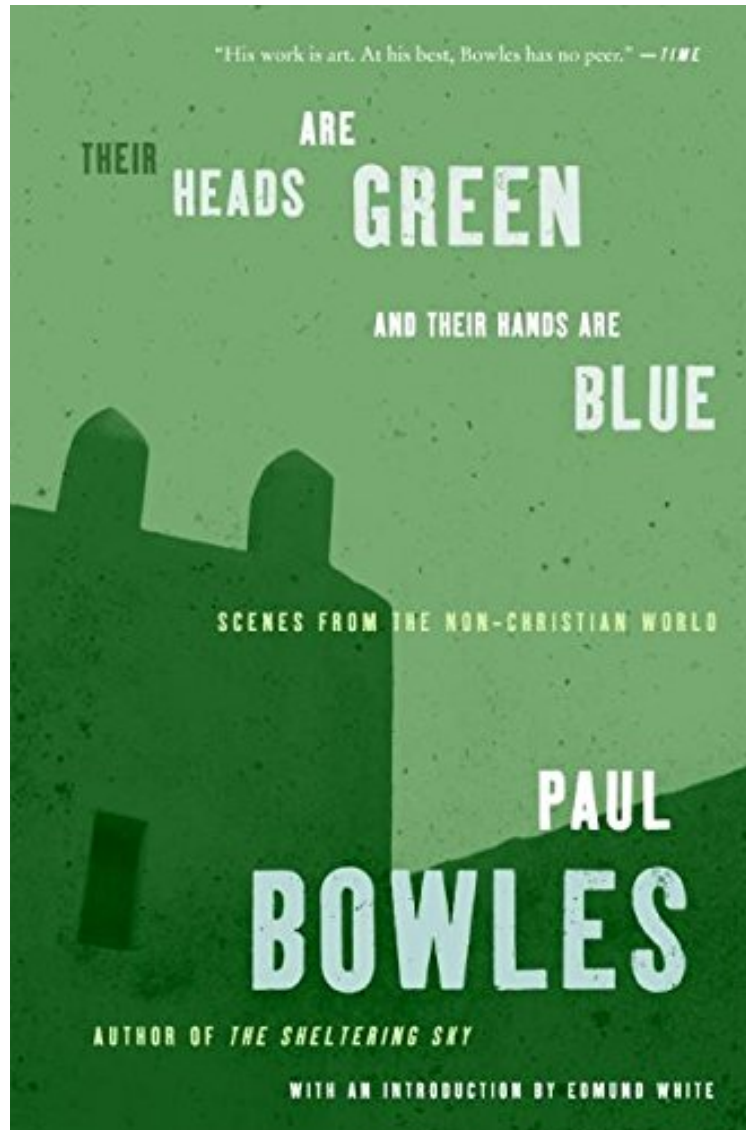


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Their Heads Are Green and Their Hands Are Blue: Scenes from the Non-Christian World

Paul Bowles

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#483538 in Books Paul Bowles 2006-06-13 2006-06-13 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .54 x 5.311, .47 #File Name: 0061137375240 pages Their Heads Are Green and Their Hands Are Blue Scenes from the Non Christian World | File size: 20.Mb

Paul Bowles : Their Heads Are Green and Their Hands Are Blue: Scenes from the Non-Christian World before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Their Heads Are Green and Their Hands Are Blue: Scenes from the Non-Christian World:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Bowles and his sanctuary or version of Shangri-la By R. DelPartoA

collection of magazine articles and essays make-up Paul Bowles reflections of his travels of the world Their Heads are Green and their Hands are Blue, Scene From the Non-Christian World. Derived from a line from Edward Lear's poem The Jumblies. And like Bowles a well-traveled man who reflected his experiences through his writings in a nonsensical manner, especially the ever famous The Owl and the Pussycat. All noted in the introduction, travel pieces, exoticism, strongly against homogenizing force of westernization (19). Meshed with cultural and traditional observations, Bowles takes readers to the southern bounds of India to the former Ceylon, which is now Sri Lanka. Very vivid descriptions of the landscape-natural resources, climate, diverse people of native Tamils, Sinhalese, colonial, Christians, Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims that breathes Bowles interest within general religious connotations. In addition, he focuses upon the Colombo-Chinese immigrants in the markets, cityscape of the aroma and sights that are depicted in the first 18 pages. Thereafter, Morocco becomes the focal point within the rest of the book and symbolic to Bowles personal journey to understanding traditions outside of his own but much within the lines of a travel log that is formatted with nine separate articles. Well before Bowles finally called Tangier his home in 1952, one can see that he drew a great interest before that with much poetry, metaphysical, philosophical perception of the landscape around him and more so with the sky arid landscape is the final arbiter. When you have understood that great trinity of monotheistic religions Judaism, Christianity and Islam (19). He suggests out of the three religious traditions Islam is the greatest strength upon daily routines. For instance, from rituals and customs that disperses to cultural circles that radiate to the native population of Berbers with their artistic crafts; Moslem paint, abstractions that also influenced writers that played out in the late 1940s and 1950s, ex-patriots that ventured off once again into a brave new world that was different from 30 years before with the Lost Generation when most lived in Europe. Bowles followed that generation that continued to reverberate with common cultural friendships, Bowles established with Gertrude Stein and Beats William S. Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg that traveled and spent time in Tangier, Morocco. One of the interesting chapters in the book comes quite early in Africa Minor and the assertion of North Africa as a haven for the beat generation; music-mad, through radio, phonograph and tape recorder, exotic items as congo drummer or American Jazz of Art Blakey (22). These elements comprise of a somewhat hybrid culture of influence that Bowles writes as a roller coaster ride, but acculturation contributes to placing things into perspective of an ancient past of Muslim to European in a country that during the writing of the book still living in the colonial present. Furthermore, the landscapes speak with distinction; the mountains and deserts show a clear window to the country's past. In essence, readers may perceive after reading Their Heads are Green and their Hands are Blue, one looking in from the outside and how Bowles takes that stance of the exotic as an alien one worth understanding. And with that the articles and the photographs that are also near the end of the book exhibit parts of a changing world that have preserved their long-lived traditions. 8 of 9 people found the following review helpful. Equals His Better Short Fiction By Gustave O. Frey I like this book better than some of Mr. Bowles' longer fictional efforts. He is good at relatively short accounts, where his rich life experiences are related through highly descriptive prose. Bowles captures the abnormal psychology of the planet itself more so than that of the individual, which is better left to Camus or Faulkner. Also, he is able to find some humor and meaning in the Western-Arab relationship, which helps relieve some of the strain of our current showdown, which Mr. Bowles foresaw. Especially funny to me is an account by Bowles of finding a filthy rag at the bottom of a pail of murky water he and his Arab travelmate had been using for drinking water. They up and left the "hotel" (and town) that day. Also of interest are chapters on Ceylon. Bowles seems to be more capable writing about real people and events than he is when functioning in the only slightly altered world of his fiction. I think it has something to do with him being an emotional loner. Like Sartre, he is more of an observer, more of a thinker, than a writer, so his fictional characterizations are, like Sartre's, often wooden and unconvincing (to me at least). To this viewpoint, he would strongly object I think. But, notice I refrain from calling him a moralist or a philosopher. If he were a painter, I would classify him as a post-impressionist like Matisse (great colorist, intriguing designs, romantic, but limited by "decorative" priorities.) And, like Matisse, he never really shocks me like a true Fauve because, no matter how gruesome the details of the narrative, his narrative voice is always too cultivated. He can't help it; he's from New England. For his fictional style to match the content, his manner would need to be cruder, like Kirchner or Vlaminck. And he is really not a portrait artist like Dickens, Joyce or Faulkner either. Or, maybe it's that his portraits capture places and milieus more so than individual psyches. In this book, it doesn't matter because he is truly in his element: he travels wildly, observes meticulously and remembers creatively. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Learn how other people live and think. By Ron DeVoo I enjoyed this humorous and insightful description of life in foreign countries in the middle of the last century.

Their Heads are Green and their Hands are Blue is an engaging collection of eight travel essays. Except for one essay on Central America, all of these pieces are concerned with locations in the Hindu, Buddhist, or Islamic worlds. A superb and observant traveler, Paul Bowles was a born wanderer who found pleasure in the inaccessible and who cheerfully endures the concomitant hardships with a matter-of-fact humor. These essays provide us with Paul Bowles' characteristic insightfulness and bring us closer to a world we frequently hear about, but often find difficult to understand.

About the Author Paul Bowles was born in 1910 and studied music with composer Aaron Copland before moving to Tangier, Morocco. A devastatingly imaginative observer of the West's encounter with the East, he is the author of four highly acclaimed novels: *The Sheltering Sky*, *Let It Come Down*, *The Spider's House*, and *Up Above the World*. In addition to being one of the most powerful postwar American novelists, Bowles was an acclaimed composer, a travel writer, a poet, a translator, and a short story writer. He died in Morocco in 1999.