

**Chapter 1 : Günter Grass | Biography, Books and Facts**

*Grass's gifts as an observer of and participant in the social and political landscape are justly celebrated, as are his inimitable sense of humor, his consistent defense of the disadvantaged, and his mastery of the forms of expression he has employed over the years.*

Danzig Trilogy Danzig Krahnator waterfront postcard, c. It was followed in by Cat and Mouse German: Katz und Maus , a novella , and in by the novel Dog Years German: Der Butt is based on the folktale of " The Fisherman and His Wife " , and deals with the struggle between the sexes. It has been read as an anti-feminist novel, since in the novel the magical flounder of the folk tale, now representing male triumphalism and the patriarchy is caught by a group of s feminists, who put it on trial. The book interrogates male-female relations from the past and the present through the relationship between the narrator and his wife, who as the wife in the folk tale, insatiably craves more. In , Grass returned to the forefront of world literature with Crabwalk German: It dealt with the events of a refugee ship, full of thousands of Germans, being sunk by a Russian submarine, killing most on board. It was one of a number of works since the late 20th century that have explored the victimization of Germans in World War II. Titled Peeling the Onion German: In a prepublication interview Grass for the first time revealed that he had been a member of the Waffen-SS , and not only a Flakhelfer anti-aircraft assistant as he had long said. On being asked what caused the need for public confession and revelation of his past in the book he answered: It had to come out in the end. Grass second-guesses his own memories, throws his own autobiographical statements into doubt and questions whether the person inhabiting his past was really him. His works also show a sustained concern for the marginal and marginalized subjects, such as Oskar Matzerath, the dwarf in The Tin Drum whose body was considered an aberration unworthy of life in the Nazi ideology, or with Roma and Sinti people who were also deemed impure and unworthy and subjected to eugenics and genocide. Particularly American critics such as John Updike have found the mixture of politics and social critique in his works to diminish its artistic qualities. Even if frequently critical of Grass, Updike considered him to be "one of the very, very few authors whose next novel one has no intention of missing". John Irving called Grass "simply the most original and versatile writer alive". He took part in German and international political debate on several occasions. Books containing his speeches and essays were released throughout his literary career. During the events leading up to the reunification of Germany in 1990, Grass argued for the continued separation of the two German states. He asserted that a unified Germany would be likely to resume its role as belligerent nation-state. This argument estranged many Germans, who came to see him as too much of a moralizing figure. The Hague Convention of requires the return of art that had been evacuated, stolen or seized. Some countries refused to repatriate some of the looted art. Was gesagt werden muss was published in several European newspapers. Grass expressed his concern about the hypocrisy of German military support the delivery of a submarine for an Israel that might use such equipment to launch nuclear warheads against Iran, which "could wipe out the Iranian people". And he hoped that many would demand "that the governments of both Iran and Israel allow an international authority free and open inspection of the nuclear potential and capability of both. To be sure, the Israeli protestors were not targeting Grass personally and their anger had nothing at all to do with his literature. It was the German effort to establish cultural relations with Israel to which they objected. Grass, however, did not see it that way and may well have felt personally slighted. Awards and honors[ edit ] Grass with the West German Chancellor Willy Brandt , Grass received dozens of international awards; in , he was awarded the highest literary honour: The Swedish Academy noted him as a writer "whose frolicsome black fables portray the forgotten face of history". He was called up for the Waffen-SS in We were in the labour service and all at once, a year later, the call-up notice lay on the table. For example, novelist John Irving criticised those who would dismiss the achievements of a lifetime because of a mistake made as a teenager. Ein Spiel in vier Akten play, Mister, Mister.

**Chapter 2 : The Gunter Grass Reader : Günter Grass :**

*Günter Wilhelm Grass was a Nobel Prize-winning German novelist, poet, playwright, illustrator, graphic artist, and sculptor. He was born in the Free City of Danzig (now Gdańsk, Poland). Since , he lived in West Germany, but in his fiction he frequently returned to the Danzig of his childhood.*

His poetry is surprisingly good. This collection includes some cool short stories that are hard to find elsewhere I did not write *The Tin Drum* for an audience, because I did not know any audiences. I wrote first of all and second of all and third of all for myself, for Anna, and for friends and acquaintances who happened to drop in and were forced to listen to this or that chapter, and I suppose I also wrote for an audience summoned by my imagination. After Auschwitz, people think differently; we force ourselves to think differently, and wherever Auschwitz is repeated, we have to think of Auschwitz as the established measure. The unspeakable cruelty of individuals was not new, but the sleek anonymity and what one might call hard work of pushing paper was new: What chance do I have, after the third playing of a Jimi Hendrix record and the enthusiastically itemized features and components of a Land Rover, to use this abstract number -- a number that seems as if it will never be anything but abstract -- to explain something that for children becomes meaningful, or, to put it trivially, exciting, only when it is presented as a private, individual case, like that of Anne Frank? The more famous a man gets, the fewer friends he has. When Fame helps you, he never lets you forget it. When he hurts you, he says something about the price you have to pay. I certify that Fame is boring and only rarely amusing. The betterment of the world ought not to be the monopoly of embittered people with stomach trouble. I am repelled by all those who are able to prestidigitate subjective wrong into objective right. I fear all those who want to convert me. My courage is confined to being as little afraid as possible; I do not give demonstrations of courage. My advice to all is not to make love in a hurry like cats. That goes for you, too, children, later on. I like buttermilk with radishes. I like broken old people. I, too, repeat my mistakes. I was pretty well badly brought up. I am not faithful - but attached. How a people persecuted for centuries was suffering from having to be an occupying power; how now that they were confirmed by their success in the war, people responded to critical questions by referring to military security Israel squandered its reputation by increasingly setting up house in both the occupied territories and the already annexed ones. Israelis began to buy up land, defense settlements were established, and Arabs in the occupied territories were treated like colonial subjects. The first was to be anticipated; the second calls into question the feasibility of parliamentary democracy. We can no longer speak of a free West with conviction if it can be shown that Western politics is being steered by multinational corporations. All of us, myself included, have become susceptible to our own immediate, everyday concerns - the specter of economic stagnation, the threat of unemployment. A year paved with good intentions. Too scattered in its contradictions to be sobering. Western parliamentarism gone threadbare with corruption and capitalist hubris. One day she could no longer tolerate the sound that apples make when a person with decent teeth bites into one and proceeds to devour it in solemn tranquility down to the hard core. I come bearing not a message but my own helplessness, which I would like to explain. But first my thesis: I am convinced that human beings have been overwhelmed by the results of their own expertise. While they may be able to extract wonderful discoveries out of their knowledge, their technological skills, and their investigative curiosity, these milestones of human progress stand in the midst of a society that is eminently barbaric, albeit in a sense that can be illustrated brilliantly with advanced statistics. Human science is capable of directing the reentry of a space capsule and its happy astronaut passengers down to the square mile where it will land, but we can only "roughly estimate" the millions of famine victims who die each year. We no longer think of this in precise terms, no longer want to know the precise details. Precise numbers are tallied up only for airplane crashes and robberies and the taking and freeing of hostages Where the dead are concerned, we can only count up to a hundred. Anything more than that becomes abstract, can no longer be identified; it gets repressed or shunted out of the way with religious hairsplitting, and is not addressed. But the consequences of their actions usually leave them bewildered, as if they had had no idea what those would be. They behave like children; that is, they act irresponsibly. The UN created hope. Everywhere people realized that global problems could only

be solved from the standpoint of a world government. Hunger is war, too! All the great religious ideas are declarations of peace. Hinduism, and Buddhism both teach tolerance. Nothing is left of this. Tolerance has become impatience; neighborly love has degenerated into bigoted self-righteousness. Capital yields its return in abuses of power. And all that has survived in communism is the revolutionary slogan. Everywhere people who believed and were betrayed are suffering. They are not players; they are played with. Kept in the dark, these many hundreds of millions of roughly estimated illiterates cannot see through the corruption, recognize the misuse of power or disprove a single lie. Where there is no strong hand to oppress them, they are mollified instead by pious promises and the clever assessment of their inconsiderable wants and needs. Well outside of this growing misery, a privileged international elite spends its time in carefully demarcated security zones. It may not possess political power itself, but the politically powerful are the guarantors of its petty freedoms. We most definitely will survive. Born in , I belong to a generation that bears to this day the responsibility for the German crime - the genocide of six million Jews -- and is neither able nor willing to forget it. Six millions Jews murdered. Once again, a rough estimate. The too-immense abstract number. After the whole world believed that this, the gravest crime in history, would act as a curative shock, would have its causes plumbed and brought to light, and that restitution for it would be necessarily cathartic. Nothing of the sort has occurred. Just as before, minorities are discriminated against and murdered in the hundreds of thousands. Instead of shocking us, the abstract number has simply been suppressed. The world watches from the sidelines or involves itself in the preparations with only a mild sense of shame. Hunger has become a commonplace. Nothing can acquit us. Cynicism celebrates the survival of the fittest. What if Indian poverty, like all other poverty, is merely the result of class and caste power, of mismanagement and corruption? Albert Camus published his essay in , in the middle of the war. I read *The Myth of Sisyphus* in the early fifties. But what is my stone? The toil of piling words on words? Or love, with all its epileptic fits? Or the fight for justice, that boulder so hard to push upward and so ready to tumble? I also laugh at the stone, which wants to make me the hero of its overandoveragain. Sisyphus is a good advertisement. You are a good traveling companion. I took it for granted that along with my writing I would do the share of the political work that seemed to be incumbent on me as a citizen. The concentration of capital and the monopoly status of the giant corporations are largely removed from democratic control, thus highlighting the impotence of freely elected parliaments. The European Enlightenment, which in the 18th century gave birth to the ideas or concepts that still shape our lives - socialism, liberalism, and probably capitalism as well - also developed the notion of tolerance. Anyone who is prepared to accept Michel de Montaigne as the father of the European Enlightenment may be amused to note how absurdly his descendants have reviled him as a reactionary. The time it takes. Those are the best hours. Even Reason is tired of going about in sackcloth and ashes. Ever since she was deified, long before the French Revolution, as the alpha and omega of European Enlightenment, and set up in the course of the Revolution in her own temples and shrines, Reason has become as much a myth as has our notion of progress: We can unseal anything. Nothing is hidden from us. We will not tolerate any missing information. If a present-day John, a writer say, were to set his revelation down on paper, it would come out as some doom-and-gloom dime novel, a trivial science-fiction brew. Literature has always been sure of one ally: Literature has always had superior staying power. Can human beings stop thinking about themselves.

### Chapter 3 : GÃ¼nter Grass - Biographical - calendrierdelascience.com

*The Gunter Grass Reader by Gunter Grass, Helmut Frielinghaus (Editor), Sir William Martin (Translator) starting at \$*  
*The Gunter Grass Reader has 2 available editions to buy at Alibris.*

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### Chapter 8 : GÃ¼nter Grass - Wikipedia

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*GÃ¼nter Grass was born in Gdansk, Poland on October 16, to a German father and Kashubian mother. In his younger years, Grass was a member of Hitler Youth. He was injured in the Second World War and also kept captive as a prisoner of war from after which he worked as a miner and a farm laborer.*