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20 000 leagues under the sea book review

Ostensibly an oceanic travelogue, 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea'involves rather less travel than it does log: comprising for the most part long, hideously boring lists of marine life and scientific definitions and discussions of the same, its a lengthy Wikipedia entry without a moderator swinging by to do a clean-up. While at least these lists can be skimmed over in book format, spare a thought for those of us enduring the same in an audio version. A better title might be Jules Vernes Taxonomy of Fish (Unabridged). When Verne isnt listing things, hes tracing the journey of the Nautilus, a vast submarine vesseland admittedly an awesome creation for its timecalled home by the hermit-like, nihilistic Captain Nemo. Nemo seems to have resigned himself from the civilised world, with which his political ideals conflict significantly, and instead seeks out a life of academia and peace beneath the seas, where he has created his own autonomous micro-nation abord his ship. Hes a tragic figure, having withdrawn so utterly from humanity that despite his zeal for learning and furthering his awareness, he is ever limited to his own perceptions: his library, though huge, comprises only old works, and though he is a practising scientist, he has no other peers with whom he might discuss and debate his ideas and his merits. And while his discoveries are impressive, they are fundamentally useless in that they will never have any use beyond the immediate demands of the Nautilus. He may rule over his own world, but one cant help but see it as somewhat of a pyrrhic victory. Perhaps, then, its little surprise that when marine biologist Pierre Aronnax (and the bonus cargo of Aronnaxs faithful servantand perhaps lover? Conseil and Ned Land, Canadian fisherman extraordinaire) ends up on the Nautilus, Nemo has little inclination to let him go. (Finally, an educated middle class in the land of the Nautilus!) What occurs is a series of ambivalent discussions and escape attempts the three gentlemen perceive themselves alternatively as passengers and prisoners, and are torn between their desire to be a part of Nemos world of discovery, and their existences as part of a wider society. As in much of Vernes work, we see formal scientific theory do battle with the more pragmatic approaches of everyday life: Aronnaxs aloof formalisations are constantly challenged by Ned Lands empirical observations, and the value of the different positions is assessed throughout the novel. Science isnt the only thing that gets a working over, however. There are myriad other themes that are placed in (not especially subtle) opposition. Nemos pacifism is contrasted with his willingness to become a kidnapper, and the mismatch in loyalty between Aronnax and Conseil is shown frequently. But, goodness, its hard work teasing out this stuff from the marine life handbook that makes up the majority of this novel. When dozens of pages at a time are given over to left-handed snails and the creation of pearls (in seemingly real-time), the story lags rather pathetically in its wake. Though definitely an influential novel, its the literary equivalent of hiding a cup of zucchini in a chocolate cakeonly Verne forgot the chocolate. Rating: (okay) Purchase 20,000 Leagues Under the Seafrom Amazon | Book Depository UK | Book Dep Many readers of the English language will never know the real Verne, and I'm not talking about those who dislike reading. Indeed, many well-meaning folks from the English-speaking world have picked up and read a book titled 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' cover to cover, and yet still know next to nothing of Verne, due to his longstanding translation problem. And as an interesting note, Jules Verne, classic pulp author, innovator of science fiction, originator of 'steampunk'--or was he? Many readers of the English language will never know the real Verne, and I'm not talking about those who dislike reading. Indeed, many well-meaning folks from the English-speaking world have picked up and read a book titled 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea' cover to cover, and yet still know next to nothing of Verne, due to his long-standing translation problem. And as an interesting note, twenty thousand leagues does not refer to the depth of the Nautilus, but the distance traveled. Since his earliest publication, when the author was still alive, translations of his work into English have been abhorrent. For speakers of other languages, he is considered an intelligent, thoughtful, deliberate author, not a half-competent penner of fun pulp adventures (and this isn't some Baudelaire/Poe error on their part). Indeed, it's created a catch-22 in literary studies: current translations of Verne are so bad that no one wants to read or study him, so there's little demand for new translations. How bad are the old translations. How bad are the old translations? Bad. Often up to 25% of the text is cut. Character names are changed, as are plot points and events. Anything which might reflect poorly on British colonial policy is left out. Verne's carefully-researched scientific facts and numbers are arbitrarily changed or deleted. 'Diving suit' becomes 'life vest' and in several incidents, translations of Verne, and you're likely to find they differ greatly in length, content, and story. Indeed, even the title in French does not end with 'sea', but 'seas'. Sadly, picking up a copy of the book, new or used, and you are still likely to get one of these terrible translations, since they are in the public domain. But we need suffer beneath this maltreatment no longer, for recently, several scholars have labored to bring to us faithful and well-researched translations. F.P. Walter donated his translation to Project Gutenberg, and it may be found here, while William Butcher's, which includes a critical introduction and footnotes, is available here. Reading through these, it must be clear that Verne is not a pulp author, with more imagination than sense, but then, it's also difficult to describe his work as science fiction or steampunk. For the first, all the technologies he puts forth are not fictional, but real, current technologies: submarine is much larger and more advanced than any other, but it's hardly the same leap as a race to the moon or a journey through time. Indeed, as with Doyle's Professor Challenger stories, it is not man who is fantastical, but the world around him. As for 'steampunk', the Nautilus skips right past steam and diesel and is wholly powered by chemical batteries and electricity, with nary a cog or flywheel to be found. As for the writing itself, it is intelligent, the characters strong, and Verne is quite capable of giving us those little insights which subtly alters our perception of the various events--the squid, meeting with this or that vessel, the undersea gardens, travel to the antarctic--these are all scattered throughout the story willy nilly, as if it were a real travelogue, tied together by the real central plot, which is the conflict between the captain and our heroes. But since fiction is artificial, it does not make sense for the author to pretend that it isn't, so I found it disappointing that the individual occurrences of the plot rarely seemed important, nor did Verne build up to them or create a letdown, afterwards. The famous scene with the giant squid was particularly disappointing and anti-climactic, emerging suddenly and then over in a few moments. It's something I've been struggling with as I work on my own Victorian sci fi novel: ensuring that each scene has purpose on its own, and flows from one to the next. It need not even be a clear flow of events: flow can also be achieved through mood, tone, and pace. Verne's book owes a great deal to Moby Dick, a book which bravely thrust from scene to scene, but where each scene was conceptually interconnected with the one after that, even if one was about the classification of whales and the next about someone being swept out to sea, there was still a conceptual link between them. Verne's digressions of science and classification are not bound up in the purpose and philosophy of his story, as Melville's are, which leads to another problem that I have been carefully weighing in my own writing: what to include. Again and again, Verne spends long parts of chapters listing through types of fish seen outside the ship. Some of these are like Ovid's lists: full of lovely images, colors, and shapes, a melange of words and sounds that approaches a sort of poetry. Some contain humorous or interesting details which have some bearing on the situation at hand. Yet in many instances, they are merely long, dry, and add nothing to the book. It certainly makes sense, as our narrator is a trained classifier, and duly interested in such things, but one of the rules of fiction is that we leave out reality when it is dull or extraneous, or pass it by with a few words, as Verne does dozens of time, commenting on the passing of days or weeks in a paragraph or even a sentence. To me, leaving in such long-winded, repetitious digressions was a mark against the book. But then, science fiction is very fond of such digressions, and Verne also indulges in the other kind: the long chapters of explanation about length, tonnage, and the particulars of undersea travel, all taking place at the slow pace of a Socratic dialogue: 'but then how do you replenish these sodium batteries being, as you are, always at sea', 'well, you see, I distill it from the very . . .', and so on. And of course, almost none of these myriad details are ever shown to be important again. My general rule is to only go into detail so much as it: I. Impacts the story directly II. Sets an artistic mood III. Symbolically explores the philosophical ideas in the book, orIV. Is amusing, in and of itselfBut then, Verne is not only indebted to Melville, but to Poe, and his disjointed, bizarre story The Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym of Nantucket-his only foray into the novel, and one of those books that is so flawed and unusual that it has inspired whole generations of authors who feel that, with a bit more focus and tightening up, they might turn its form into something quite strong. So, when we rush from carefully-detailed and researched science and plunge into silly, unsupported tall tales in Verne, we can, to some degree, thank Poe, whose story started as a straightforward travelogue and ended as some kind of religious symbolic fever dream. But it is strange to me to see Verne spend a chapter talking meticulously about the tonnage of the Nautilus and what volume of water would be required to sink to certain depths, and then claiming that sharks can only bite while swimming upside-down and that pearl divers in Ceylon wouldn't be able to hold their breath for more than a minute at a time. It just goes to show that no matter how much careful research and deliberation you put into a book, you're still going to make errors, so in the end, you might want to focus more on your story, plotting, and pacing (things you can control), and less on endlessly researching things that could just as easily be passed over without the story losing anything (except length). And overall, this is what I wish Verne had done. While I respect the intelligence and precision with which he pursues his work, and I would definitely not rank him among the pulps, the very rich character story at the center of the book was too lightly touched upon, when, as in Frankenstein or Moby Dick, it could have been the focus, and made for a much stronger book. The characters, the conflicts, and the psychology were all there, but in the end, we leave the book without a completed arc. ...more

