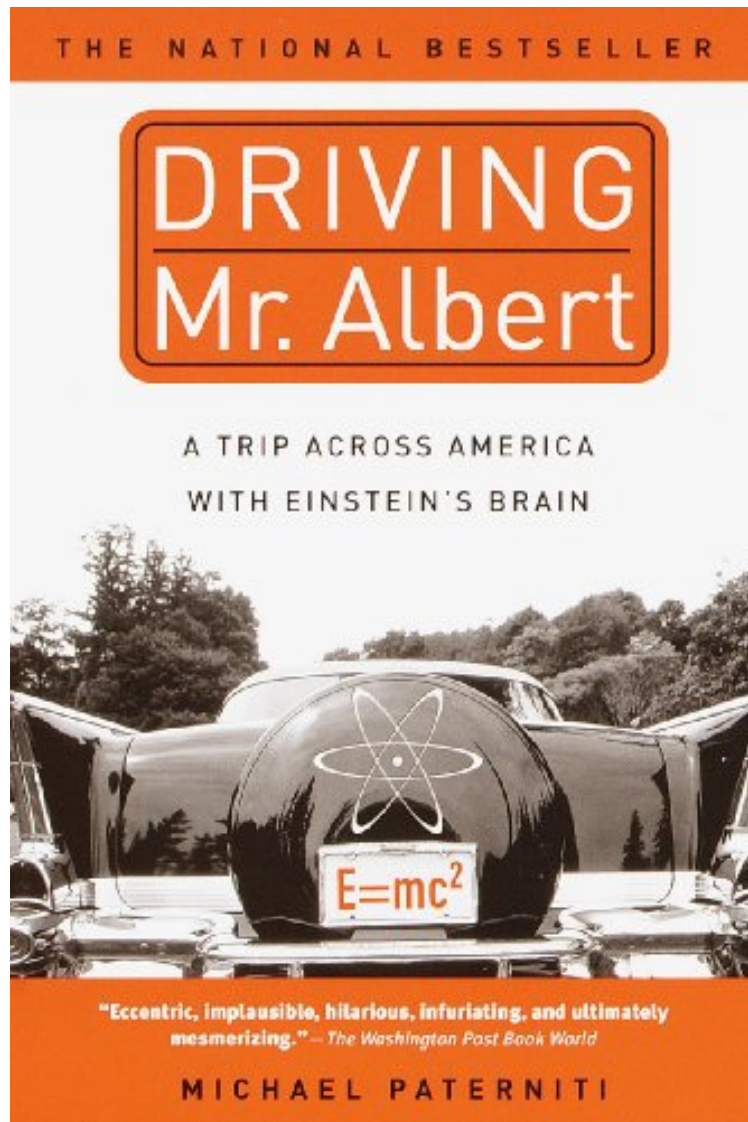


(Free download) Driving Mr. Albert: A Trip Across America with Einstein's Brain

Driving Mr. Albert: A Trip Across America with Einstein's Brain

Von Michael Paterniti

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Von Michael Paterniti : Driving Mr. Albert: A Trip Across America with Einstein's Brain before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Driving Mr. Albert: A Trip Across America with Einstein's Brain:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Too Many WordsVon DavidI have waited for a book from Mr. Paterniti since I read the original article in Harper's Magazine 1997, but Mr. Albert is deeply disappointing. Given a book length format the author has the time and space to go on about his dwindling affair and his theories of love ("You lose each other and find each other again. Every day.

Until love gathers the turtles and birds of your world and encompasses them, too."). He labors to draw clever parallels between his own life, Dr. Harvey's, Einstein's, and the laws of physics. There are gems to be found, but I'm not sure it's worth the effort.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Relative to EinsteinVon Fernando MelendezThe underlying structure of this book consists of the events surrounding a trip from Princeton NJ to Berkeley CA taken by Michael Paterniti (the author), an octogenarian pathologist called Thomas Harvey, and, in the trunk of their rented Buick Skylark, Albert Einstein's brain (suitably sliced, diced, wrapped in plastic and inside a Tupperware container filled with formaldehyde). The purpose of this trip is never clearly stated, and it may have had something to do with delivering the brain to Einstein's granddaughter, Evelyn; but although Evelyn does meet her grandfather's brain, she never takes possession of it, and the brain returns to Princeton via air travel and still under the curatorship of Dr. Harvey, the man who conducted the autopsy of Einstein back in 1955.Grotesque? Yes, there is that. When Einstein died there was a bit of a scramble for his body parts, and Dr. Harvey (allegedly with the permission of relatives and of Mr. A's executor) removed the brain and took it home with the intention of studying it; and the ophthalmologist who treated them took possession of Einstein's eyes, which are now in a safety deposit box of a Philadelphia bank. Other body parts may also have been removed by collectors, although officially Mr. Albert was cremated and his ashes tossed from a secret place into the Delaware river.The book spins an intricate web in which the facts about the trip are only a minor but coalescing force. Surreally related information, concerning body parts such as the foreskin of Christ, Buddha's toenail, the penis of Napoleon (put up at auction in 1972), the skull of Hitler, the hearts of Chopin, Shelley and Byron, Lenin's brain (sliced into 31,000 parts) are played against a show-and-tell session with Einstein's brain in a California high school, against Las Vegas gambling tables, drunken nights with a mathematician in Japan, existential banter with an ailing William S. Burroughs, and a serious conversation with Evelyn Einstein, herself a former police woman, cult-deprogrammer, and insightful wearer of the Einstein name. A riot of textures, colors, settings, and flavors. The result? A riot of a book: funny, tragic, trivial and weighty all at once.The book leaves out a great deal: that the trip took place in 1997 is something that must be deduced, for the narrative is never anchored to time (very Einsteinian, of course) and thus we are often lost as to when some action took place; likewise, there is no mention of the financial arrangements involved in the trip. Who paid for the rental car and the travel expenses? In a book based on fact readers have the right to know about such things.Despite its underlying gruesomeness, its factual lacunae, its frequent narrative messiness and the unforgivable lack of an index, I highly recommend this book as a great and multilayered entertainment.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Brain Jamming with the AlbertsVon Ein KundeI don't know where to begin . . . a spectacular journey across America and through the mind and heart of a redoubtable writer with a singular voice and vision, and with two of the most unique characters as mates - Einstein as you have never known him before, hovering like a giant sun over the passengers carrying his brain, and Dr. Harvey, an eccentric, enigmatic real life Frank J. Parnell ("Ever heard of the neutron bomb?"). I heard about this book on The Connection on NPR and immediately went out, bought it, and read it in two nights. It was far better than I even expected. The juxtaposition of Einstein's lack of intimacy and personal relationships with the writer's own need for it, and fear of leaving it behind, permanently, as he drives down America's highways with an octagenarian and a genius's brain in the trunk. The details of Einstein's life that provide a picture of Einstein as person and demigod. The trip itself, including a quintessentially William S. Burroughs moment with Mr. Burroughs himself. Truly engrossing reading. Once in a great while, a book like this comes out and redeems my faith that authentic, fresh storytelling as artform is alive and well. Brain jam through the latest great american road trip. I can't recommend it enough.

KurzbeschreibungAlbert Einstein's brain floats in a Tupperware bowl in a gray duffel bag in the trunk of a Buick Skylark barreling across America. Driving the car is journalist Michael Paterniti. Sitting next to him is an eighty-four-year-old pathologist named Thomas Harvey, who performed the autopsy on Einstein in 1955 -- then simply removed the brain and took it home. And kept it for over forty years. On a cold February day, the two men and the brain leave New Jersey and light out on I-70 for sunny California, where Einstein's perplexed granddaughter, Evelyn, awaits. And riding along as the imaginary fourth passenger is Einstein himself, an id-driven genius, the original galactic slacker with his head in the stars. Part travelogue, part memoir, part history, part biography, and part meditation, Driving Mr. Albert is one of the most unique road trips in modern literature..deDriving Mr. Albert chronicles the adventures of an unlikely threesome--a freelance writer, an elderly pathologist, and Albert Einstein's brain--on a cross-country expedition intended to set the story of this specimen-cum-relic straight once and for all. After Thomas Harvey performed Einstein's autopsy in 1955, he made off with the key body part. His claims that he was studying the specimen and would publish his findings never bore fruit, and the doctor fell from grace. The brain, though, became the subject of many an urban legend, and Harvey was transformed into a modern Robin Hood, having snatched neurological riches from the establishment and distributed them piecemeal to the curious and the faithful around the world. The brain itself has seen better days, its chicken-colored chunks floating in a smelly, yellow, formaldehyde broth, yet its beatific presence in the book, riding serenely in the trunk of a Buick Skylark, encased in Tupperware,

reflects the uncertainty of Einstein's life. Was he a sinner or a saint, a genius or just lucky? Harvey guards the brain as if it were his own. From time to time, he has given favored specialists a slice or two to analyze, but the results have been mixed. Physiologically, Einstein's brain may have been no different from anyone else's, but plenty of people would like the brain to be more than it is, including Paterniti: I want to touch the brain. Yes, I've admitted it. I want to hold it, coddle it, measure its weight in my palm, handle some of its fifteen billion now-dormant neurons. Does it feel like tofu, sea urchin, bologna? What, exactly? And what does such a desire make me? One of a legion of relic freaks? Or something worse? Traversing America with Harvey and his sacred specimen, Paterniti seems to be awaiting enlightenment, much as Einstein did in his last days. But just as the great scientist failed to come up with a unifying theory, Paterniti's chronicle dissolves at times into overly sincere efforts to find importance where there may be none, and it walks a fine line between postmodern detachment and wide-eyed wonderment. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, the book offers an engrossing portrait of postatomic America from what may be the ultimate late-20th-century road trip. --Therese Littleton *Pressestimmen* "Eccentric, implausible, hilarious, infuriating, and ultimately mesmerizing."-- *The Washington Post Book World* "A splendid peek into the weird side of American life. Driving Mr. Albert is a work of ... uncommon intelligence."-- *Newsweek* "One of the most fascinating and memorable road trips since Kerouac's *On the Road*."-- *The Denver Post* "Driving Mr. Albert is entertaining, absurd, real, deep and informative ... in a world in which it seems that all the good ideas have been taken, it is singular."-- *The Boston Globe* "Paterniti seems to have been favored by that happy little god of travel writers who sits on one shoulder and whispers ... the perfect anecdotes, the perfect set pieces at the perfect moments. ... It's a brain, in fact, that I'd be happy to travel with again."-- *The New York Times Book*