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Of love and shadows characters

Binding: PaperBackTraductor: MIQUEL ROS GONZALEZ We're looking at a great book that brings us closer to the world of superhero comics as a whole, with one of today's best and most popular writers who is also a genuine researcher on the subject. The most controversial may be some personal opinions, although the author makes it clear from the outset that the book does not want to be a simple collection of works and writers. Morrison also gives personal comments and anecdotes, as well as his work, which perhaps throws back those who don't appreciate the Scot's work. Personally, I'm a big fan of yours and all that's the most entertaining thing for me. Author: Grant Morrison Format: The book's electronic text onbn: 9788415427667 Language: Spanish Visits: 8 The told superhero story of legendary comic book writer Grant Morrison.No has lived among us for a century. His appearance can be documented: in 1938, when the first issue of Action Comics arrived at the kiosks with the adventures of a short-sighted and shy journalist who, under a white shirt, used a net with an S. Within a few years, the heavens of the fictional world were full of mutants, aliens and vigilantes: Batman, Captain Marvel, Iron Man or X-Men followed in Superman's wake to save the world, patrolling cities defeating evil and, above all, cherishing the dreams of several generations. They're superheroes. But until they're heroes, they're the idea. That's what this story is all about. Grant Morrison is one of the best innovators in the comic book. His long list of credits includes: Batman:Arkham Asylum, JLA, Seven Soldiers, Animal Man, Doom Patrol, The Invisibles and The Filth. He's currently writing Batman and the All-Star Superman. THIS BOOK IS NOT AVAILABLE. BELOW ARE OTHER SIMILAR-LOOKING BOOKS THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU. Customers who bought this book also bought the Bubok bookstore have more than 70,000 published titles. You still can't find yours? Here are some recommended readings based on the ratings of readers who bought this same book. You weren't looking for it? Check out our full selection in the library: ebooks, paper publications, free download, specialized themes... Happy Reading! Bubok is an editorial that provides all authors with the tools and services needed to edit, publish and sell his works in more than seven countries, both digital and paper, and printing runs from a single copy. Bubok agreements allow you to sell this catalog on hundreds of digital platforms and physical libraries. If you want to find opportunities to edit and publish your book, please contact us And we're going to start editing your project. 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Why have superheroes become so popular? The answers to these questions can be found in the reading of this work, written by one of the most unwanted comic book writers.? They're superheroes. But until they're heroes, they're the idea. Is that what this story is all about? This book is the ultimate guide to the world of superheroes: in it we see what they are, where they come from and how they can help us change our perception of ourselves, our enthras and the opportunities that trouble us. Get ready to take off your suit, whisper the magic words and summon the lightning. Is it time for the world to be a err? the presentation of the book. They haven't lived with us in a century. His appearance can be documented: in 1938, when the first issue of Action Comics arrived on the news with the adventures of a short-sighted and shy journalist who, under white flaking, used the web with an S. In a few years, the heavens of the fictional world were full of demutans, aliens and vigilantes: Batman, Captain Marvel, Iron Man or X-Men followed in Superman's wake to save the world, patrol cities defeating evil and, above all, nurturing the dreams of different generations.? Guided tour with passion and knowledge for the golden age of first-hand comics?. New York Times book review. A semi-psychedelic choral biography, half essay, [Supergods] brings together hidden ideas and cosmic hallucinations experienced by author Decomics?.Wired.comGrant Morrison, (Glasgow, 1960).? As screenwriter of Superman and Batman, Grant Morrison is the most suitable person to discuss And a superhero crab? In the New York Times. Grant Morrison is one of the greatest decoction writers of all time. I wish I hadn't encountered a man his size. Stan Lee? Batman, Spiderman, X-Men, Heroes, Iron man... Why have superheroes become so popular? 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Aristotle, Metaphysics, 982b When the translation of this bizarre text was published last October in Spain, the self-styled experts in the comics had already read it in their original English edition in 2011 and looked nicely at their similar blogs. It seems that Mr Morrison tells in the first third of the book that superhero literary experts already knew it well, but since I only had a small idea, I learned and enjoyed what is important and how it says, all very vintage, sociological, spicy and colourful. Then Morrison introduces himself. history, but it might even be justified because I think the nerd's arrived (which became one of the most illustrious and best paid writers today) may also be a symbolic part of the american thebeo's external and internal history. In addition, his assessments of authors and collections are subtle because he understands that what may not be good to see like this can be seen differently or vice versa (it suits him anyway, because he talks about the publishers he works for), so that writing is interesting, vivid and modern, often performing and alternative, always something irritable and ironic , as is good for the medium, but universally admirable. Lots of titles and things I didn't know, but I know they're piled up in my virtual library, which is constantly growing, which is where it collects everything I still have to read. I'm sure there are more intellectual ways to praise them, but not as exciting as this one from the personal chronicle. Grant Morrison is a little prick (anyone can check it out on the self-promise that he will - or will - do to him like a cool superstar on Youtube), but it has to be acknowledged that here you've known how it happens. Until his historic journey meets Alan Moore, a Brit like him, a comic Messiah whose he can't hide this respect, but whose paternity he seeks to kill, in the Oedipus complex mixed with a complex of indulgentness that makes his complex truly complicated - Freud plus Adler no less. Of course, it's completely useless: Moore ignores this mosquito as Galactus hitting the issue, and besides, he would never have demeaned himself to write confessions (when he had the chance to do so, in the voice of fire he just thoroughly described his birthplace of Northampton). Neil Gaiman, more grateful, often says that the first thing you need to know about Moore is that he is a genius; If such flattery were true, the second thing is to say that he is a bastard and that Morrison certainly has good reason to want to shake off his repressive influence. Grant Morrison with his daimón Worryingly, on page 325, Morrison suddenly comes out with a mystical oligo-freny outburst in Kathmandu related to his weapons as a psychedelic writer of futurism to convince the reader that he has been selected for a special mission he communicates or has already communicated in his next comics. That's what the book was all about, the reader wonders. This is how Ron Hubbard would start, and so does he want to sell us a new church with him as high priest, some of those experts have thought. But then the vision gets diluted and he talks to us again about comics, his own and. from those close to him, gradually tempted to offer us philosophy, philosophy, so to speak, not of the Son of Man, but of the Son of Superman. That's why he's going to say that we're already superdioses (the original subtitle is in the superhero era of our world, so that the book's calling was the phenomenology of the spirit of poplar culture) if we take our eyes off mortal everyday life and project it on a whole life on Earth designed as a great animal of pseudo-reconsension , as dictated by his mystical outbreak. Men in particular have developed a series of prosthetics that we call technology (the terms of the explanation are mine) that give us powerful paragonable superpowers for Superman, so it's not uncommon for us as a species to be fully Superman or at least Clark Kent will open our shirts. Because Superman is a saint, a paladin of all virtues, and we are obviously not or are not yet... Philosophically, Morrison's suggestion is that we assume the pragmatic criterion that, as Jodie Foster said in Contact, the world isn't like that or a handle, but as we do, if we take Superman as a divine measure of man, it doesn't matter that man created Superman. Fiction is bigger than us. Feuerbach might have been proud. Spinoza, who argued that atheism was not a metaphysical issue for him, but ethical, and that therefore philosophically, only philosophically. God also saves enormous distances. A strategy in which Superman's character is confused not with his human ancestry - in other words, the knowledge that Superman had asked us in two dimensions is not a theoretical difficulty for him, but greater evidence that we protect in us that ontological potential in five dimensions - reminds me of Rainer Maria Rilke's next paragraphs of famous letters to a young poet. , when in the sixth letter to Kappes, at the beginning of the 20th century, he writes: Why does he not think more accurately that He is the one who is yet to come, the one who has not yet come to eternity: Coming, the highest fruit of the tree of which we are the leaves? What's to stop you from projecting his birth in the coming period? And what deprives you of your own life, how can you live a painful and beautiful day in the long history of magna prefez? Can't you see that everything that's always born is a start? Couldn't this be His principle, because everything begins to be so beautiful in itself? If He's the Most Perfect, shouldn't He forcibly precede Him with something less great so that He can choose his own. fullness and abundance? Shouldn't he be the last one to cover everything in himself? What would be the point of our existence if what we wanted had already been?... Just like bees sand and collect honey, so do we pick up all the sweetest to build Him. We can also start it as soon as possible. Least present: as long as it happens out of love. Work and then rest. With silence. With a lonely joy. After everything we do alone, without participants or followers, we start what we don't know, and our ancestors couldn't know us. However, those who passed so long ago are still inside us. As a deposit, inheritance and foundation. As a burden that weighs on our destiny. Like blood bursting and as if it rises from the depths of time. Is there anything that can take away hope of burying him, the furthest away, the Supreme?... Of course, paper and celluloid superheroes, just as they were born, sometimes die when ancient deities were born and died, but all gods are brought back from the dead, and every god is the exact succession of the gods. Morrison's social comics, which he calls relevant, such as small, and funny, sociable, massed, vulgar fans, even less so. He loves the greatness of a cosmic superhero, that irreversible cultural meme with Hegelic social objectivity, and himself is possessed by a kind of magician (a magician of chaos like Moore, although he hints that he was in front of her and alone), which is almost normal because, like old-fashioned uncles, she hints at gods telling their stories... In short, he can be given criticism, predictably, always: Superman and others are ethnocentric, often wasps, represent lucrative business, living in political limbo, etc. One observation can be added - I do not know if there is more criticism. Morrison sometimes mentions the world gnostic without giving it any precise meaning. Gnostics, as Hans Jonas studied, believed that Christ is a kind of reflection of a true God above the creator of the evil World, and later of a man who bears a divine spark on his own. This saving information is within reach of just a few of the inferior ones who face this world from above, and I fear that the images of these entertaining lucubrations of the elegant and fifty comic book lord will go more if he was culturally aware of the one I recommend anyway... Recommend...