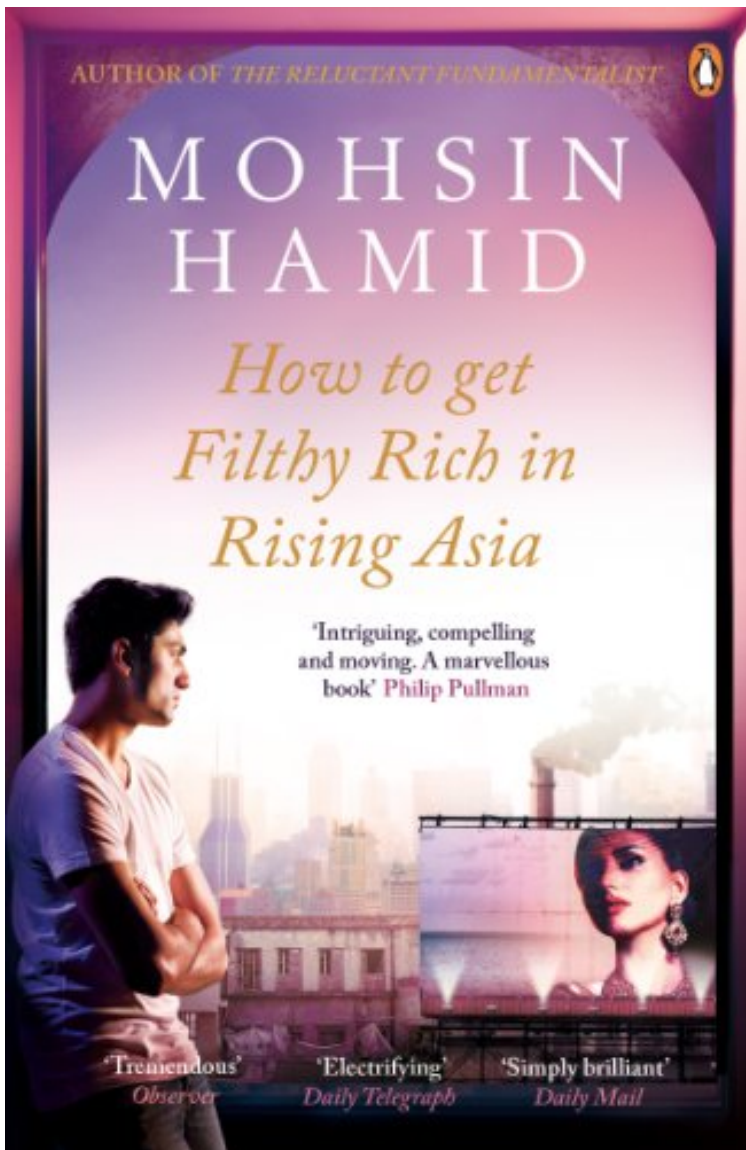


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How to Get Filthy Rich In Rising Asia



Par Mohsin Hamid
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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurHow to Get Filthy Rich in Rising Asia is Mohsin Hamid's spectacular, thought-provoking novel of modern Asia In this keenly-awaited follow-up to his bestselling The Reluctant Fundamentalist, Mohsin Hamid confirms his place as a radically inventive story-teller with his finger on the world's pulse.The astonishing and riveting tale of a man's journey from impoverished rural boy to corporate tycoon, it steals its shape from the business self-help books devoured by youths all over 'rising Asia'. It follows its nameless hero to the sprawling metropolis where he begins to amass an empire built on the most fluid and increasingly scarce of goods: water. Yet his heart remains set on something else, on the pretty girl whose star rises alongside his, their paths crossing and re-crossing in a love affair sparked and snuffed out

again by the forces that careen their fates along. The hero of the story could be any one of us, hungry for a different life. And ours too could be the fate that awaits him . . . Fast-paced, vivid and emotionally absorbing,

How to Get Filthy Rich in Rising Asia creates two unforgettable characters who find moments of transcendent intimacy in the midst of shattering change. Praise for How to Get Filthy Rich in Rising Asia: 'Even more intriguing, compelling and moving than The Reluctant Fundamentalist. A marvellous book' Philip Pullman 'This brilliantly structured, deeply felt book is written with the confidence and bravura of a man born to write. Hamid is at the peak of his considerable powers here, and delivers a tightly paced, preternaturally wise book about a thoroughly likable, thoroughly troubled striver in the messiest, most chaotic ring of global economy. Completely unforgettable' Dave Eggers 'Mohsin Hamid is one of the best writers in the world, period. Only a master could have written this propulsive tale of a striver living on the knife's edge, a noir Horatio Alger story for our frenetic, violent times' Ben Fountain 'Written in the most compelling second person since Jay McInerney's Bright Lights, Big City, with which it also shares a sharp take on our frenetic, urban lives, Hamid's novel proves that the most compelling fiction today is coming from South Asia' Daily Beast 'Mohsin Hamid is the author of The Reluctant Fundamentalist and Moth Smoke. His fiction has been adapted for the cinema, translated into over 30 languages, received numerous awards, and been shortlisted for the Man Booker Prize. He has contributed essays and short stories to publications such as the Guardian, The New York Times, Financial Times, Granta, and the New Yorker.

Born and mostly raised in Lahore, he spent part of his childhood in California, studied at Princeton University and Harvard Law School, and has since lived between Lahore, London and New York. Extrait ILLUSIONS MAKING SENSE OF ILLUSIONS An essay by Mohsin Hamid In 2009, after two decades spent mostly in London and on the Atlantic coast of the United States, I moved back to Pakistan to write my third novel. I'd often visited my birth city of Lahore in the interim, sometimes for six months or even a year, but always with a fixed departure date in mind. This return, though, was different. I came with no plans to leave. Pakistan is frequently thought of as a place apart: unique, violent, troubled. And it is. But it also a piece of a whole: a world knitting itself together, an Asia being transformed. I re-entered life in Lahore to find pits being dug for office towers, a surfeit of cell-phone masts and shopping malls, proliferating traffic jams and commuter-hour radio shows. I visited Delhi, Bombay, Dubai, Bangkok and observed the same. I saw an East becoming more like the West, or rather a planet where such sweeping distinctions were dissolving. And much else seemed to be dissolving. Old ways of doing things.

Neighborhoods. A stampede for wealth was underway, pulled along by televised lives of previously unimagined opulence, beaten from behind by the switch of crushing poverty. Money was becoming religion; religion was becoming politics. Spirituality, it seemed, could wait. But death does not wait. To be human is to know ever-present mortality. And so we ache. Our selves ache. Dashing forward together, we recognize we will be plucked away, alone. In the face of this, as Asia rises, as the pursuit of money becomes paramount, as past repositories of solace are drained of meaning, what, if anything, can a novel do? Modern science increasingly suggests that what we think of as the self is an illusion. "You" are in actuality a bundle of neural processes, most of them unconscious. Yet you need the illusion of a self. And you create it with stories. With stories about who you are, and stories about your surroundings. Some of these stories may be novels. And some of these novels may play, as the novel I was writing began to do, with notions of self-help, with notions of self-transcendence, which is to say with love and with death. For novels are illusions trying to make sense of illusions, stories trying to make sense of stories. Novels, in other words, are ourselves. *Revue de presse* Dazzling, addictive, tremendous. A writer at the height of his powers with a hell of a story to tell (Guardian) Beautifully conceived and exquisitely executed (Sunday Times) The new voice of a changing continent. A writer at the top of his game (Metro) No story could be more of our time than this one. Conceptually brilliant and truly empathic (Nell Freudenberger Metro) An ultra-intelligent and knowing account of life in the developing world. Simply brilliant (Daily Mail) Isn't this the definition of great fiction, that even when it begins with a character . . . who's nothing like you, by the end you are convinced that it really is about you? That's a kind of miracle (Salon) Even more intriguing, compelling and moving than The Reluctant Fundamentalist. A marvellous book (Philip Pullman) A dazzling stylistic tour de force; a love story disguised as a self help parody freighted with sly social satire. As timely and timeless a novel as I've read in years (Jay McInerney)