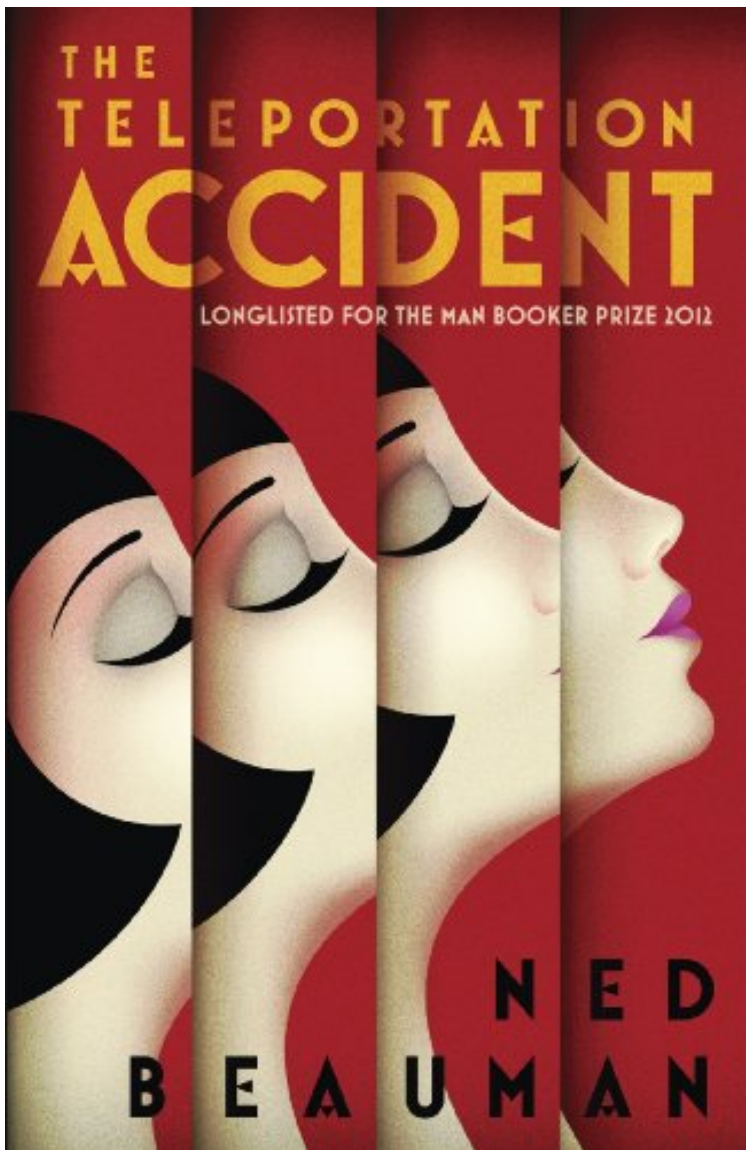


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The Teleportation Accident (English Edition)



Par Ned Beaman

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Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurHISTORY HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE HUNGOVER. When you haven't had sex in a long time, it feels like the worst thing that could ever happen to anyone.If you're living in Germany in the 1930s, it probably isn't.But that's no consolation to Egon Loeser, whose carnal misfortunes will push him from the experimental theatres of Berlin to the absinthe bars of Paris to the physics laboratories of Los Angeles, trying all the while to solve two mysteries: whether it was really a deal with Satan that claimed the life of his hero, the great Renaissance stage designer Adriano Lavicini; and why a handsome, clever, charming, modest guy like him can't, just once in a while, get himself laid.From the author of the acclaimed Boxer, Beetle comes a historical novel that doesn't know what year it is; a noir novel that turns all the lights

on; a romance novel that arrives drunk to dinner; a science fiction novel that can't remember what 'isotope' means; a stunningly inventive, exceptionally funny, dangerously unsteady and (largely) coherent novel about sex, violence, space, time, and how the best way to deal with history is to ignore it. LET'S HOPE THE PARTY WAS WORTH IT

Revue de presse Less than two years after his multi-award-winning debut **BOXER BEETLE** Ned Beaman returns with another fizzing firework of a caper, featuring as many cracking escapades as its predecessor . . . His prose is wonderfully discursive and buzzes with originality, while scenes of pure farce nod respectfully to Thomas Pynchon and Hunter S Thompson . . . his bold characterisations, slapstick humour, slick similes and tangential subplots are sublime. A strong, smart follow-up that proves Beaman is more than comfortable with the hype he's created for himself. (Time Out) It brims with weirdness, time travel and perfect one-liners (Joe Dunthorne, Observer Books of the Year) Terrific . . . if there was ever any worry that he might have crammed all his ideas into his first book, this makes it clear he kept a secret bunker of his best ones aside. (Guardian) If you care about contemporary writing, you must read this . . . **BOXER, BEETLE** was acclaimed as the most inventive fictional debut in years, buzzing with energy and ideas, and Beaman's second novel keeps up the pace' (Tatler) Funny and startlingly inventive . . . Beaman is a writer of prodigious talent, and there are enough ideas and allusions and comic set pieces in this work, longlisted for the 2012 Man Booker Prize, to fill myriad lesser novels. (FT) [Beaman] is blisteringly funny, witty and erudite . . . Beaman manages to combine the intrigue of a thriller with the imagery of a comedy. It makes for an excellent read. (Daily Telegraph) This is an unquestionably brilliant novel, ribald and wise in equal measure . . . a witty and sometimes deeply moving fictional exegesis of the Modernist twilight.' (TLS) I'm sure it's the funniest novel on the list. (Evening Standard) A glorious, over-the-top production, crackling with inventive wit and seething with pitchy humour . . . A beguiling success . . . Ingenious . . . There is such an easy felicity in Beaman's writing and such a clever, engaging wit . . . that one feels he could write something as much fun every two years. The prospect of which makes me very, very happy indeed. (Scotsman) An extraordinary, Pynchonesque flea-circus of a book... Ned Beaman's pyrotechnical comic novel, his second, is as violently clever as you'd expect from his earlier book, **BOXER, BEETLE**... [a] frantically entertaining pasteboard extravaganza (The Sunday Times) He's done it again . . . Beaman does adolescent male lust and anomie with the verve of a young Amis and this is a great romp of a novel, delightful in its inventiveness. (Prospect) A hoot - very clever and charming, with an awesome range of reference. (Sunday Telegraph) Funny, scandalous, decadent and erudite, **THE TELEPORTATION ACCIDENT** is a hugely enjoyable madness with flavours of Pynchon, Huysmans and Jerome K. Jerome. (Nick Harkaway) Beaman, whose first novel **BOXER, BEETLE** was widely acclaimed, sets out his stall as a latter-day Evelyn Waugh in this dazzling satire that begins in 1930s Berlin. Biting black comedy. (The Times) Ned Beaman is a very funny writer, but also a very serious one. His second novel is a glorious rigmarole of satire, insanity, genre tropes and aching romantic pain, but never doubt that it is an essentially serious book. (Independent) Its meticulously crafted plot skitters from sci-fi to noir thriller; with comedic interludes and some romance for added sizzle . . . you'll be left bedazzled. (Daily Mail) Beaman has a huge gift for satire and the wry phrase... brought together so immaculately you never notice how hard he's working. (Word Magazine) A novel that turns everything on its head, Beaman's book is critical, funny and deliciously deviant. (The List) Ned Beaman is a writer of unceasing invention and his second novel is replete with ideas. (Metro) Popping with ideas, fizzing with vitality and great fun to quaff. (Independent on Sunday) Ned Beaman has written another very pleasing comic romp through the 1930s, offering a second offbeat perspective on the rise of the Third Reich. It is, once more, full of good jokes, erudite winks and historical whimsy . . . Beaman excels at both the grand, jostling structure and the individual sentence. His similes are often inspired, his dialogue is frequently hilarious, and his ability to keep all the plates spinning, as the story dashes between years and continents, is very impressive. (Literary) Lovable, brilliant and entertaining . . . Beaman takes a huge range of styles and genres and pushes them and bends them often to glorious effect . . . Beaman has a huge talent for metaphor and simile and hits with almost all of them. My personal favourite was 'there was enough ice in her voice for a serviceable daiquiri' - very Raymond Chandler. Also brilliant are some of his characters - notably Colonel Gorge who suffers from 'ontological agnosia' brought on by sniffing too much of the car polish that has made him rich, which means that he cannot differentiate between pictures and reality. That this references back to the Brechtian approach to theatre is just one example of the cleverness of Beaman's approach. But mostly, Gorge is just hilarious . . .

Beaman is one of the most innovative young writers around and is one to follow.

(www.thebookbag.co.uk) It is brilliantly witty, with a pace edging on breathless. Every stage is like the

denouement of a great crime novel refigured as science. The reader is constantly challenged (and rewarded) as occurrences alternate between being clear and nebulous. Genuinely exhilarating. (We Love This Book)At times THE TELEPORTATION ACCIDENT is as bloody-mindedly difficult as Egon Loeser, but it builds slowly, brings its threads together with great skill, and Ned Beauman turns a good phrase as his characters dance their line between the cleverly obnoxious and the obnoxiously clever. (SFX)Praise for Boxer, Beetle (:): a piece of staggeringly energetic intellectual slapstick . . . it's crammed with strange, funny and interesting things (Sam Leith, Guardian)an enjoyable confection; witty, ludicrous and entertaining (James Urquhart, Financial Times)An astonishing debut...buzzing with energy, fizzing with ideas, intoxicating in its language, Boxer, Beetle is sexy, intelligent and deliriously funny (Jake Arnott)A rambunctious, deftly-plotted delight of a debut (Observer)Ned Beauman's astonishingly assured debut starts as it means to go on: confident, droll, and not in the best of taste . . . Many first novels are judged promising. Boxer, Beetle arrives fully formed: original, exhilarating and hugely enjoyable. (Peter Parker, Sunday Times)Frighteningly assured (Katie Guest, Independent on Sunday)Exuberant . . . There are politics, black comedy, experimentation and wild originality - and I haven't even got to the beetles. Terrific. (The Times)Debut bout is a real knockout . . . dazzling (Daily Express)Its ambitions are enormous, in terms of the range, energy and quality of the writing (Literary)Dazzling . . . As in PG Wodehouse and the early Martin Amis the tone is mischievous and impudent without being merely jaunty or wacky . . . in Erksine and Broom we have two endlessly curious heroes whose thoughts are fascinating even at their silliest. (Leo Robson, Express)A witty, erudite debut . . . thick with trivia, it confidently takes on British fascism, the Thule society, anti-Semitism, atonal composition, sex, and the class system . . . An articulate and original romp . . . often gobsmackingly smutty. Beauman is one to watch. (Katie Allen, Time Out)Not one for the easily shocked, young scribe Ned Beauman subjects the reader to a parade of ghoulish events and ghastly theories throughout his dazzling first novel Boxer, Beetle . . . deeply researched and punchily written, this is an utterly unique work that marks the London-based author out as an exciting new voice in fiction. (The List)Beauman skips with panache between his dreadful version of the present and the macabre absurdities of a period when cock-eyed science and rabid anti-Semitism provided a toxic cocktail for the upper classes. His killer irony evokes early Evelyn Waugh, and his lateral take on reality Will Self at his unsettling best. This is humour that goes beyond black, careening off into regions of darkness to deliver the funniest new book I've read in a year or two. (Pete Carty, Independent)Clever, inventive, intelligently structured, genre-spanning, as magpie-like in its references as any graphic novel, and above all, an enjoyable, high-octane read through a fascinating period in history. (Rob Sharp, Independent on Sunday)The 1930s are wonderfully evoked, and the historical sections of the novel are taut, thematically rich and extremely well written . . . it takes real skill to make a tragic hero out of the five-foot, nine-toed alcoholic Seth Roach . . . it's clear from this compelling debut that Beauman can perform the complicated paradoxical trick required of the best 21st-century realist novelists: to take an old and predictable structure and allow it to produce new and unpredictable connections. (Scarlett Thomas, Guardian)An edifying treatise on the absurdity of eugenics and racial theories, and probably the most politically incorrect novel of the decade - as well as the funniest . . . Monstrous misfits with ugly motives are beautifully rendered in a novel where Beauman's scrupulous research is deftly threaded through serious themes in a laugh-out-loud-on-the-train history lesson. (Anna Swan, Sunday Telegraph)I can only gape in admiration at a new writing force and wonder what he's going to produce next. (Victoria Moore, Daily Mail)The scenes set in the past are reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh's Decline and Fall in their grotesque stupidity and amorality, and the present-day characters are as ruthless as any in modern noir fiction. It also makes a persuasive argument for the moral repercussions of Darwinism and the absurdities of fascism and repressed homosexuality, but that's just three aspects of a witty, fascinating and romping read. (James Medd, Word)Beauman writes with wit and verve. (Carl Wilkinson, Financial Times)THE TELEPORTATION ACCIDENT is a hilarious picaresque that begins in Thirties Berlin (though one so littered with ketamine, haircuts and sad young literary men that it could pass for Dalston in 2012) . . . Beauman manages to be seriously intelligent and seriously funny at the same time (Tim Martin, Daily Telegraph Books of the Year)Présentation de l'auteurHISTORY HAPPENED WHILE YOU WERE HUNGOVER. When you haven't had sex in a long time, it feels like the worst thing that could ever happen to anyone. If you're living in Germany in the 1930s, it probably isn't. But that's no consolation to Egon Loeser, whose carnal misfortunes will push him from the experimental theatres of Berlin to the absinthe bars of Paris to the physics laboratories of Los Angeles, trying all the while to solve two mysteries: whether it was really a deal with Satan that claimed the life of his hero, the great Renaissance stage designer Adriano Lavicini; and why a

handsome, clever, charming, modest guy like him can't, just once in a while, get himself laid. From the author of the acclaimed *Boxer*, Beetle comes a historical novel that doesn't know what year it is; a noir novel that turns all the lights on; a romance novel that arrives drunk to dinner; a science fiction novel that can't remember what 'isotope' means; a stunningly inventive, exceptionally funny, dangerously unsteady and (largely) coherent novel about sex, violence, space, time, and how the best way to deal with history is to ignore it. LET'S HOPE THE PARTY WAS WORTH IT