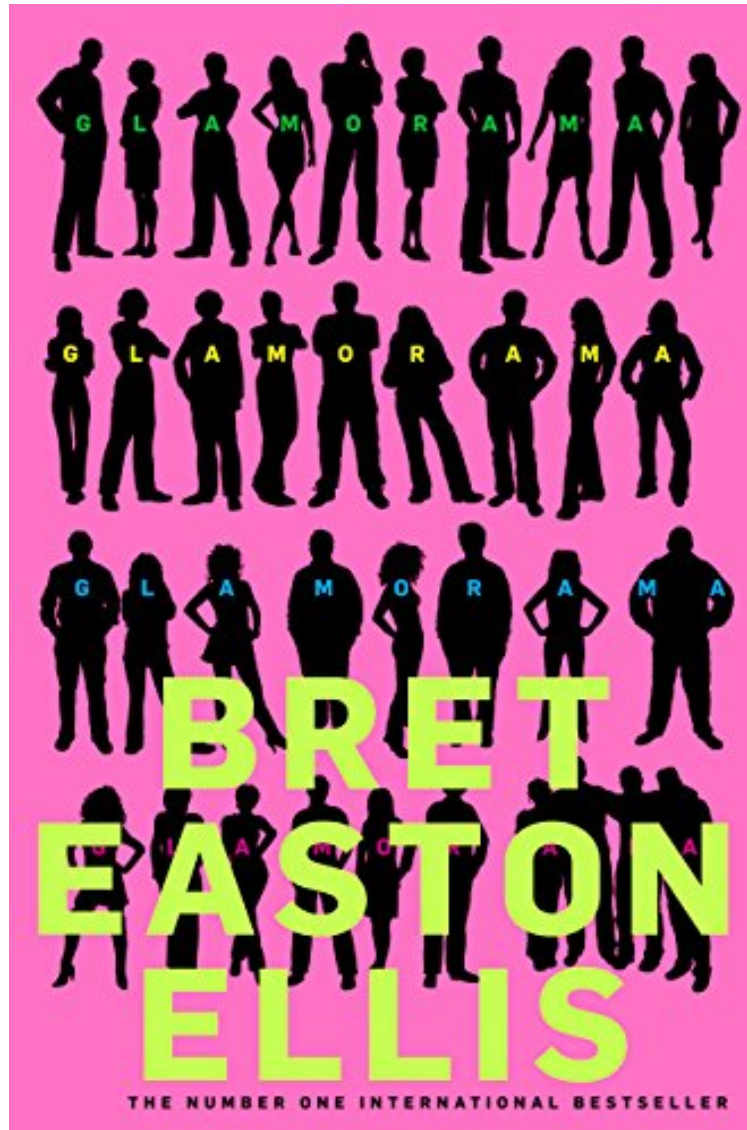


(Free download) Glamorama (English Edition)

Glamorama (English Edition)

Von Bret Easton Ellis

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Von Bret Easton Ellis : Glamorama (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Glamorama (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. You spin me right round, baby, right round... Von jeajeaGlamorama is a really remarkable novel in more than one way, and I enjoyed reading the other reviews, because they add to my understanding and perspective, still. Whether you see it as a "deep study about shallowness" or find it shallow in dealing with serious problems, you might be right, depending on what you personally expect from literature. For me, it was fun to read, it was irritating and the use of language

intrigued me. I like the the irritation of perception, and I cannot see any use in criticising the author for a book that is not written to morally "better" its readers. Thankfully this attitude has changed somewhat from the time when e.g. American Psycho was released; it must have been a horrible thing to be called a psycho killer, just because you wrote about one in 1st person narrative. Victor -as a representative of the "modern" lost man/boy- is basically an "immoral" , - I am not saying that he is *bad*- character in a corresponding environment. He reacts to moral dilemmas in a reflex-kind of way: he doesn't really FEEL it. As a consequence, everything he does, he does half-heartedly. Someone said the book starts where American Psycho ended. I don't know if it is true, but it is an interesting point of view: Patrick Bateman is actively "evil", he kills people because he can. Victor Ward is totally passive, he is portrayed to be dumb, nave, hostage to his superficial needs. Things happen to him, he only adds to "the plot" through going along, being indecisive, cowardish, on drugs, etc. Both, Bateman and Ward, show a complete lack of morals, but Victor seems to vaguely miss them. Victor is totally (he'd probably say) "gamma-ish" in his emotional development, like everybody in his world. Criteria have switched from inside to outside, and wether it is brains -like in Brave New World- or looks ("The better you look the more you see"), it is just as bad. And the people who have both are the most dangerous - an army of Batemans? Everything is so strange, unstoppable, out of Victor's reach and comprehension, the rules are without meaning. What Victor craves besides drugs, sex and music -the only way to experience anything remotely emotional- has nothing to do with reality, either: he wants to be famous. Victor is in a constant "who-cares, I am a loser, baby, so why don't you kill me"-mode, yet very frightened. That's where the drugs come in again. And that is also where he never gets the chance to deal with anything. It is interesting to see him develop at a rate of something close to turtlespeed, whereas the world around seems to be turning faster and faster. And makes him spin "like a record, baby - round, round, round round..." By the way, I loved this, his only skill - quoting from songs instead of answering questions- so much that I could never really "abandon" him. May anything have helped? The person "Victor", does it exist? Victor is outside a world and a time where Right and Wrong still were valuable - accepted and internalized. Has the "individual" ceased to exist, not only in modern philosophy? Do people like Victor exist?- The point may be: do we care. 2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. "There was no time... Von David Butcher when you nor I nor these kings did not exist." I wonder how many people caught that. I'm not sure if Ellis did himself. It seems that Ellis is divided between being astute chronicler and outraged moralizer. His analytical, indifferent mind and sensitive bleeding heart are in conflict. In the end, I believe he chooses to be the moralist. And that's a disappointment. Because he's well aware that what he's writing about is NOT novel. Our society is not "sliding down the surface of things" into a cess pool of sex, violence, drugs, and celebrity worship. We've always been in that cess pool from day one. But at times, he seems to be aware of all the implications of what he writes, including the implication of his own place in all of this: "But Bobby I'm not...political," I blurt out vaguely. "Everyone is, Victor," Bobby says, turning away again. "It's something you can't help." "We're killing civilians," I whisper. "Twenty-five thousand homicides were committed in our country last year, Victor." "But...I didn't commit any of them, Bobby" Bobby smiles patiently, making his way back to where I'm sitting. I look at him hopefully. "Is it so much better to be uninvolved, Victor?" "Yes," I whisper. "I think it is." "Everyone's involved," he whispers back. "That's something you need to know." (p.315) Everyone's involved. And that's something you need to know. There is no high perch where we can look down upon all that we find morally repulsive and criticize it without indicting ourselves. That's the way it is. And any moralizing is just contained within it. But Ellis is also well aware of where all this will eventually take us: to a horrifically beautiful orgasmic cataclysm of severed limbs, fanning blood, genital fluid, People magazines, Gucci bags, Prada suits, and a stale cold wind blowing over all of it. To a "champagne supernova in the sky" where the only question to ask all those who are morally disgruntled and shocked and to those who chose to blind themselves with illusion about this outcome will be, "Where were you while we we're getting high?" 3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Use your brain Von Ein Kunde Well I am actually more a "mainstream reader" but this is a real masterpiece which makes you think about your own existence and its purpose. Follow the anti-hero Victor an almost celebrity into a crazy world of models, drugs, sex and crime and discover the real values of mankind after a long and hard struggle. But don't expect a happy end. I first thought it strange but then I got hooked and suffered with Victor. I highly recommend this book even if you are not so much into modern literature. It's worth a try.

Kurzbeschreibung The centre of the world: 1990s Manhattan. Victor Ward, a model with perfect abs and all the right friends, is seen and photographed everywhere, even in places he hasnt been and with people he doesnt know. On the eve of opening the trendiest nightclub in New York history, hes living with one beautiful model and having an affair with another. Now its time to move to the next stage. But the future he gets is not the one he had in mind. In Glamorama, Bret Easton Ellis shows us a shadowy looking-glass world, the juncture where fame and fashion, terror and mayhem meet and then begin to resemble the familiar surface of our lives.. deGlamorama is a satirical mass-murder opus more ambitious than Bret Easton Ellis's 1990 American Psycho. It starts as a spritz-of-consciousness romp about kid-club entrepreneur Victor Ward, "the It boy of the moment," an actor-model up for Flatliners II. Ellis

has perfect pitch for glam-speak, and he gives nightlife the fizz, pace, and shimmer it lacks in drab reality. Anyone could cite the right celeb names and tunes, but like a rock-polishing machine, his prose gives literary sheen to fame-chasing air-kissers. He's coldly funny: when Victor's girl tries to argue him out of a breakup, she angrily snorts six bumps of coke, stops, mutters, "Wrong vial," snorts four corrective doses from whatever she has in her other fist, then objects to a rival at the party wearing the same dress she's wearing. You had to be there; Ellis makes you feel you are. But such satire is a very smart bomb targeting a very large barn. Models' status anxiety doesn't merit Ellis's Tom Wolfe-esque expertise. Glamorama gets better when Victor gets drafted into a mysterious group of model-terrorists who bomb 747s and the Ritz in Paris, wearing Kevlar-lined Armani suits. Oh, they still behave like shallow snobs, pronouncing "cool" as if it had 12 o's. But now when somebody swills Cristal, it's apt to be poisoned, to horrific effect, which Ellis expertly, affectlessly describes. His enfant-terrible debut, *Less Than Zero*, aped Joan Didion. Now Ellis has grown into a lesser Don DeLillo--and that's high praise. --Tim Appelo.co.uk

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