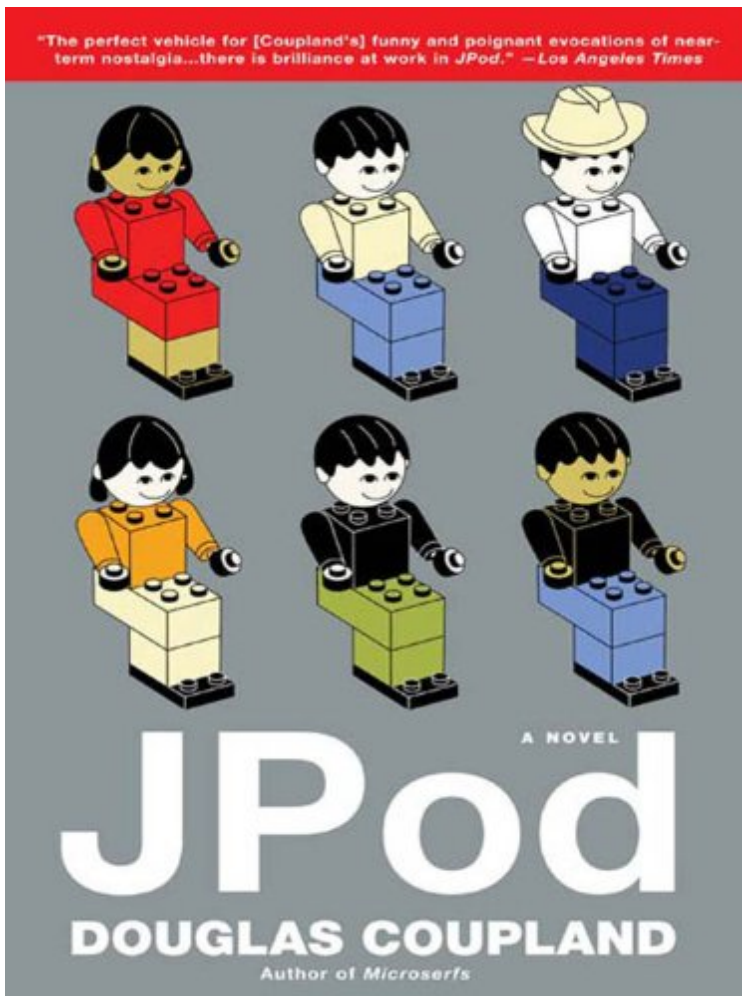


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JPod



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Description :

Présentation de l'auteur JPod, Douglas Coupland's most acclaimed novel to date, is a lethal joyride into today's new breed of tech worker. Ethan Jarlewski and five co-workers whose surnames begin with "J" are bureaucratically marooned in jPod, a no-escape architectural limbo on the fringes of a massive Vancouver game design company. The jPodders wage daily battle against the demands of a boneheaded marketing staff, who daily torture employees with idiotic changes to already idiotic games. Meanwhile, Ethan's personal life is shaped (or twisted) by phenomena as disparate as Hollywood, marijuana grow-ops, people-smuggling, ballroom dancing, and the rise of China. JPod's universe is amoral, shameless, and dizzyingly fast-paced like our own. Praise for JPod: "JPod is a sleek and necessary device: the finely tuned output of an author whose obsolescence is thankfully years away."-New York Times Book "It's to [Coupland's] credit that in JPod he's still nimble enough to take the post-modern man-too young for Boomer nostalgia and too old for youthful idealism-and drown his sorrows in a willful, joyful satire that revels in the same cultural conventions that it sends up."-Rocky Mountain News "It's time to admire [Coupland's] virtuoso tone and how he has refined it

over 11 novels. The master ironist just might redefine E. M. Forster's famous dictate 'Only connect' for the Google age."-USA Today "Zeitgeist surfer Douglas Coupland downloads his brain into JPod."-Vanity Fair .com Already dubbed Microserfs 2.0 by some pundits--a winking allusion to Douglas Coupland's previous novel Microserfs, which similarly chronicled pop-culture-damaged twentysomething misfits flailing, foundering, and occasionally succeeding in the high-tech sector--JPod is, like all of Coupland's novels, a byproduct of its era and yet strangely detached from it. Only this time with a bold and very crafty narrative device: Douglas Coupland, novelist, is a character in Douglas Coupland's novel. Which, when you think about it, makes sense since the type of people Coupland depicts are precisely the type of people who consume Coupland novels. As the once-great comedian Dennis Miller might holler, "Stop him before he sub-references again!" Readers familiar with Coupland's oeuvre know what to expect with the characterizations here. They also know that Coupland on a roll is both savagely observant and laugh-out-loud funny: "Bree was showing someone photos of her recent holiday visiting Korean animation sweatshops. She was bummed because she couldn't get into North Korea: too much legal juju. [She said] 'I just wanted to know what it's like to be in a society with no technology except for three dial telephones and a TV camera they won from Fidel Castro in a game of rock paper scissors.'" Much of the book is like that, built on granular and meandering exchanges between characters about . . . stuff. While JPod's flow is hobbled by some preposterous twists and character traits and by random words, phrases, and numbers splattered gratuitously across successive pages in oversized typeface, it's hard to imagine Coupland fans walking away disappointed. --Kim Hughes

Extrait "Oh God. I feel like a refugee from a Douglas Coupland novel. That asshole. Who does he think he is? Come on, guys, focus. We've got a major problem on our hands. The six of us were silent, but for our footsteps. The main corridors muted plasma TVs blipped out the news and sports, while co-workers in long-sleeved blue and black T-shirts oompah-loompahed in and out of laminate-access doors, elevated walkways, staircases and elevators, their missions inscrutable and squirrely. It was a rare sunny day. Freakishly articulated sunbeams highlighted specks of mica in the hallways designer granite. They looked like randomized particle events. Mark said, I can't even think about what just happened in there. John Doe said, I'd like to do whatever it is people statistically do when confronted by a jolt of large and bad news. I suggested he ingest five milligrams of Valium and three shots of hard liquor or four glasses of domestic wine. Really? Don't ask me, John. Google it. And so I shall. Cowboy had a jones for cough syrup, while Bree fished through one of her many pink vinyl Japanese handbags for lip gloss phase one of her well-established pattern of pursuing sexual conquest to silence her inner pain. The only quiet member of our group of six was Kaitlin, new to our work area as of the day before. She was walking with us mostly because she didn't yet know how to get from the meeting room to our cubicles. We're not sure if Kaitlin is boring or if she's resistant to bonding, but then again none of us have really cranked up our charm. We passed Warren from the motion capture studio. Yo! JPodsters! A turtle! All right! He flashed a thumbs-up. Thank you, Warren. We can all feel the love in the room. Clearly, via the gift of text messaging, Warren and pretty much everyone in the company now knew of our plight, which is this: during today's marketing meeting we learned we now have to retroactively insert a charismatic cuddly turtle character into our skateboard game, which is already nearly one-third of the way through its production cycle. Yes, you read that correctly, a turtle character in a skateboard game. The three-hour meeting had taken place in a two-hundred-seat room nicknamed the air-conditioned rectum. I tried to make the event go faster by pretending to have superpower vision: I could see the carbon dioxide pumping in and out of everyone's nose and mouth it was purple. It made me think of that urban legend about the chemical they put in swimming pools that reveals when somebody pees. Then I wondered if Leonardo da Vinci had ever inhaled any of the oxygen molecules I was breathing, or if he ever had to sit through a marketing meeting. What would that have been like? Leo, thanks for your input, but our studies indicate that when they see Lisa smile, they want a sexy, flirty smile, not that grim little slit she has now. Also, I don't know what that closet case Michelangelo is thinking with that naked David guy, but Jesus, clamp a diaper onto him pronto. Next item on the agenda: Perspective Passing Fad or Opportunity to Win? But first, Katie here is going to tell us about this Friday's Jeans Day, to be followed by a ten-minute muffin break. But the word turtle pulled me out of my reverie, uttered by Fearless Leader our new head of marketing, Steve. I put up my hand and quite reasonably asked, Sorry, Steve, did you say a turtle? Christine, a senior development director, said, No need to be sarcastic, Ethan. Steve here took Toblerone chocolate and turned it around inside of two years. No, Steve protested. I appreciate an open dialogue. All I'm really saying is that, at home, my son, Carter, plays SimQuest4 and can't get enough of its turtle character, and if my Carter likes turtle characters, then a turtle character is a winner, and thus, this

skateboard game needs a turtle. John Doe BlackBerried me: I CANT FEEL MY LEGS And so the order was issued to make our new turtle character accessible and fun and the buzzword is so horrible I have to spell it out in ASCII: {101, 100, 103, 121} Back in our cubicle pod, the six of us fizzled away from each other like ginger ale bubbles. I had eighteen new emails and one phone message, my mother: Dear, could you give me a call? I really need to speak with you its an emergency. An emergency? I phoned her cell right away. Mom, whats up? Whats wrong? Ethan, are you at work right now? Where else would I be? Im at SuperValu. Let me call you back from a pay phone. The line went dead. I picked it up when it rang. Mom, you said this was an emergency. It is, dear. Ethan, honey, I need you to help me. I just got out of the Worst Meeting Ever. Whats going on? I suppose Id better just tell you flat out. Tell me what? Ethan, I killed a biker. You killed a biker? Well, I didnt mean to. Mom, how the hell did you manage to kill a biker? Ethan, just come home right now. Ill be there in twenty minutes. Why doesnt Dad help? Hes on a shoot today. He might get a speaking part. She hung up. On my way out of the office, I passed a world-building team, standing in a semicircle, staring at a large German-made knife on a desktop. Whats up? I asked. Its the knife were using to cut Aidans birthday cake, a friend, Josh, replied. I looked more closely at the knife: it was clownishly big. Okay, its hardcore Itchy Scratchy but so what? Were having a contest were trying to see if theres any way to hold a knife and walk across a room and not look psycho."