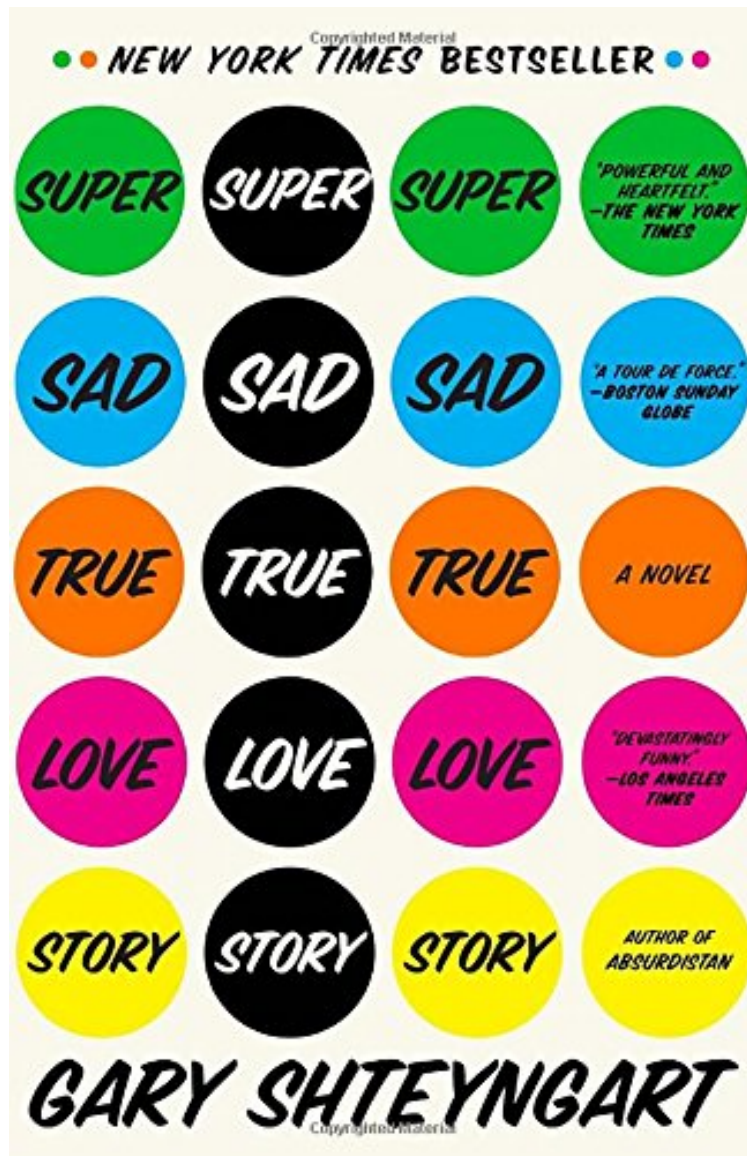


(Free download) Super Sad True Love Story: A Novel

Super Sad True Love Story: A Novel

Gary Shteyngart

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#120029 in Books Gary Shteyngart 2011-05-03 2011-05-03 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .70 x 5.20l, .60 #File Name: 0812977866334 pages Super Sad True Love Story A Novel | File size: 47.Mb

Gary Shteyngart : Super Sad True Love Story: A Novel before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Super Sad True Love Story: A Novel:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Paints a terrifying picture of exactly wehre were headed with technology By Shelby W Paints a terrifying picture of the future; where technology is king and privacy doesn't exist. Well written and completely believable. I can't walk past someone texting and walking without thinking of think book and the implications of allowing technology to rule your life. Read this, it will change the way you look at social

media (especially the 'story' function of Snap, Insta and FB), how you perceive privacy, and what you're willing to put on the internet.³ of 3 people found the following review helpful. Super sad, super energy, but a sputtering, at times wobbly second half

By Ward Jones I got tired, after a while, of Eunice and Lenny. Their self involvement, of mind and even more, body. Leavened, of course, by humor, profanity, and sheer craziness, all driven by the energy of Gary Shteyngart. He has truckloads, all armored by a sterling vocabulary. But the satire, as other reviewers have mentioned, is slowed by the mire of our current culture, the beat this gross out if you can mentality that rules the I Photoing, texting and blogging. In "Super Sad" the apparatus take pictures of emotions, the poles monitor bodily data. Not that far away, even the possibility of perpetual living and breathing in a decay proof body you could see General Electric and Pfizer, say, teaming up on. But at its core the weakness of the novel is the personal relationships between Lenny and Eunice, even more between Eunice and Joshie, they're both satirically superficial, by design perhaps, but still superficial. And the email messaging, at first mildly interesting becomes over the course of this seemingly long novel, whiny. But the greatest part of my displeasure (shared by other reviewers) is the look in the mirror, the seeing where our country is headed, to a dead and final end, a kind of Africa in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Hard to laugh or even chuckle at the Chaplinesque zaniness this adroit author paces when that's where the road leads.⁷ of 8 people found the following review helpful. Youth Is Wasted On The Old

By Gregory Zimmerman Here's a shocker: We're all going to die. Here's another one: Getting old sucks. So Lenny Abramov does what any self-respecting 39-year-old plagued by these sudden realizations would do: He falls in love with a much younger woman who has some serious daddy issues, and leans on her to be his fountain of youth while she leans on him for money, a place to live and security. And now you've pretty much read the entirety of Gary Shteyngart's new novel Super Sad True Love Story. Well, I guess the novel has slightly more to it than that. The story takes place in a dystopic near-future New York City, and America is on the brink of collapse due to its massive debt to China. Books are known as "bound, nonstreaming media artifacts," American is losing a war with Venezuela, and people use Blackberry-like devices called äppäräti (the umlauts are Shteyngart's) to stream data and learn basically anything about anybody (like Credit Rating, for one). Shteyngart's is a pretty easily recognizable dystopia -- a totalitarian version of America in which citizens are carefully watched. But it's this component of satire that really is the strength of the novel, and the most fun part about it. Lenny, who is your prototypical lovable loser, tells us the story via his diary entries, and his girl, 25-year-old Korean-American Eunice Park, supplements his version of events with emails and IM conversations with her mother, sister and best friend. When we meet Lenny, he has just decided that he's going to live forever -- he figures he might as well, since that's the business he's in. Lenny works for Post-Human Services, a division of a huge corporate conglomerate. His job is to find High Net Worth Individuals (HNWIs) who are interested in staying "forever young." (The crappy 80s song by Alphaville makes a few appearances in the novel too, just to make sure you are really getting Shteyngart's theme.) Lenny's boss is already well on his way in this process -- he's a spry 70-year-old who looks like he's in his mid-20s. Lenny first meets Eunice in Rome while he's prospecting for clients, and through a series of too-convenient maneuverings and odd justifications, she comes to live with him in New York. So, a novel about the youth-aging dichotomy moves on to a novel about a sad middle-aged man clinging to scant hope that his lady will be able to talk herself into loving him -- instead of staying with him because he treats her well and takes care of her. It really is sad, in the sense that you want to feel badly for Lenny, but does anyone ever really feel bad for "that" guy? And it's also sad in the sense that we've seen this trope way too frequently. It's not original, and neither is the poor middle-aged guy scared of his own mortality. We get it, Shhhhhhteyngart. Aging sucks! And poor, mid-life crises-based decisions (like supporting a young vixen who doesn't love you) aren't the answer! And, again, the "love" story here is pretty predictable. Lenny loves Eunice unconditionally, but Eunice doesn't love him. But he's so nice and good to her, she wants to make herself love him. Will she succeed? So as the novel rushes to its conclusion, and things change rapidly and dramatically, we're sitting here thinking "I already kind of know what's going to happen, and I've already solved all the 'mysteries.'" This is probably going to end in a pretty anti-climactic conclusion." And it does. The cool, creative dystopian future isn't enough to carry the too-common, dull themes and its boring (though somewhat droll) caricatures of real people. Shteyngart is a clever, funny writer (almost too much so from time to time), but his jokes, winks and pop culture references don't altogether save this sucker. Three stars for the not-so-super, actually pretty sad, with elements of truth, love story.

A NEW YORK TIMES NOTABLE BOOK SELECTED ONE OF 10 BEST BOOKS OF THE YEAR BY MICHIKO KAKUTANI, THE NEW YORK TIMES NAMED ONE OF THE BEST BOOKS OF THE YEAR BY The Washington Post • The Boston Globe • San Francisco Chronicle • The Seattle Times • O: The Oprah Magazine • Maureen Corrigan, NPR • Salon • Slate • Minneapolis Star Tribune • St. Louis Post-Dispatch • The Kansas City Star • Charlotte Observer • The Globe and Mail • Vancouver Sun • Montreal Gazette • Kirkus Reviews

In the near future, America is crushed by a financial crisis and our patient Chinese creditors may just be ready to foreclose on the whole mess. Then Lenny Abramov, son of an Russian immigrant janitor and ardent fan of "printed, bound media artifacts" (aka books), meets Eunice Park, an impossibly cute Korean American woman with a major in Images and a minor in Assertiveness. Could falling in love redeem a planet falling apart?

.com A Letter from the Author People often ask me, “Mr. Gary, why don’t you write more books?” And I say to them “Why don’t you write more books, huh?” And they say, “But seriously. You’ve only published three books and you’re almost forty. What’s wrong with you?” Well, the thing is I can polish off a book in a week or two (eat my shorts, Jack Kerouac), but the modern writer has many other obligations. The first step in promoting your book is to make a video starring James Franco and featuring other authors such as Jeffrey Eugenides, Mary Gaitskill, Jay McInerney and a cute weenie dog. Between writing the script, casting, and suing various catering companies, the process can take up to two years. Then the modern writer has to go on tour. Since my last book, *Super Sad Something or Other* came out eight months ago I have given 249 readings in the United States and in dangerous foreign countries such as Colombia, Russia and Scotland (I still can’t legally talk about what happened in that Glasgow pub). For the paperback I will give another 249 readings hitting the pasta-paella belt in Southern Europe, but also venturing into unheard-of smaller cities in America, such as Tempeh, which I’m pretty sure is a kind of vegan food as well as a small metropolis. When you add the trailer filming time to the touring time to the two weeks it takes to actually write a book, that’s four years and two weeks. And then there’s the post-touring-filming-writing-suing-your-caterer stint in rehab, which, depending on your publisher’s rehab budget, can take up to another year. So you see writing a book and then selling it to wonderful book buyers such as yourself is a long and chilling process. Thank you for your support. My next book *20 Things I Learned the Hard Way in a Dank Glasgow Drinking Establishment* From Publishers Weekly Starred. Shteyngart (*Absurdistan*) presents another profane and dizzying satire, a dystopic vision of the future as convincing—and, in its way, as frightening—as Cormac McCarthy’s *The Road*. It’s also a pointedly old-fashioned May-December love story, complete with references to Chekhov and Tolstoy. Mired in protracted adolescence, middle-aged Lenny Abramov is obsessed with living forever (he works for an Indefinite Life Extension company), his books (an anachronism of this indeterminate future), and Eunice Park, a 20-something Korean-American. Eunice, though reluctant and often cruel, finds in Lenny a loving but needy fellow soul and a refuge from her overbearing immigrant parents. Narrating in alternate chapters—Lenny through old-fashioned diary entries, Eunice through her online correspondence—the pair reveal a funhouse-mirror version of contemporary America: terminally indebted to China, controlled by the singular Bipartisan Party (Big Brother as played by a cartoon otter in a cowboy hat), and consumed by the superficial. Shteyngart’s earnestly struggling characters—along with a flurry of running gags—keep the nightmare tour of tomorrow grounded. A rich commentary on the obsessions and catastrophes of the information age and a heartbreaker worthy of its title, this is Shteyngart’s best yet. (Aug.) Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From *Bookmarks Magazine* If we are indeed as oversexed, consumer-obsessed, gadget-distracted and dangerously superficial as Gary Shteyngart paints us in his exuberant and devastating new novel...--and let’s face it, we are--will such an acidly funny, prescient book be wasted on us? ponders the *San Francisco Chronicle*. If the critics’ reactions are any indication, the answer is a resounding no. Juxtaposing Lenny’s brooding diary entries with Eunice’s self-absorbed text messages, Shteyngart crafts a chilling yet disturbingly familiar tech-addled dystopia. A few shortcomings, including some contrived plot developments and Lenny’s puzzling attraction to the vapid Eunice, distracted some critics, but they failed to mar Shteyngart’s overall vision. Living up to its title, *Super Sad True Love Story* skillfully balances a charming, poignant romance with a savagely funny send-up of American culture. Editor Jon was complaining in his letter about the lack of books by younger writers on today’s culture--here’s a book he should try.