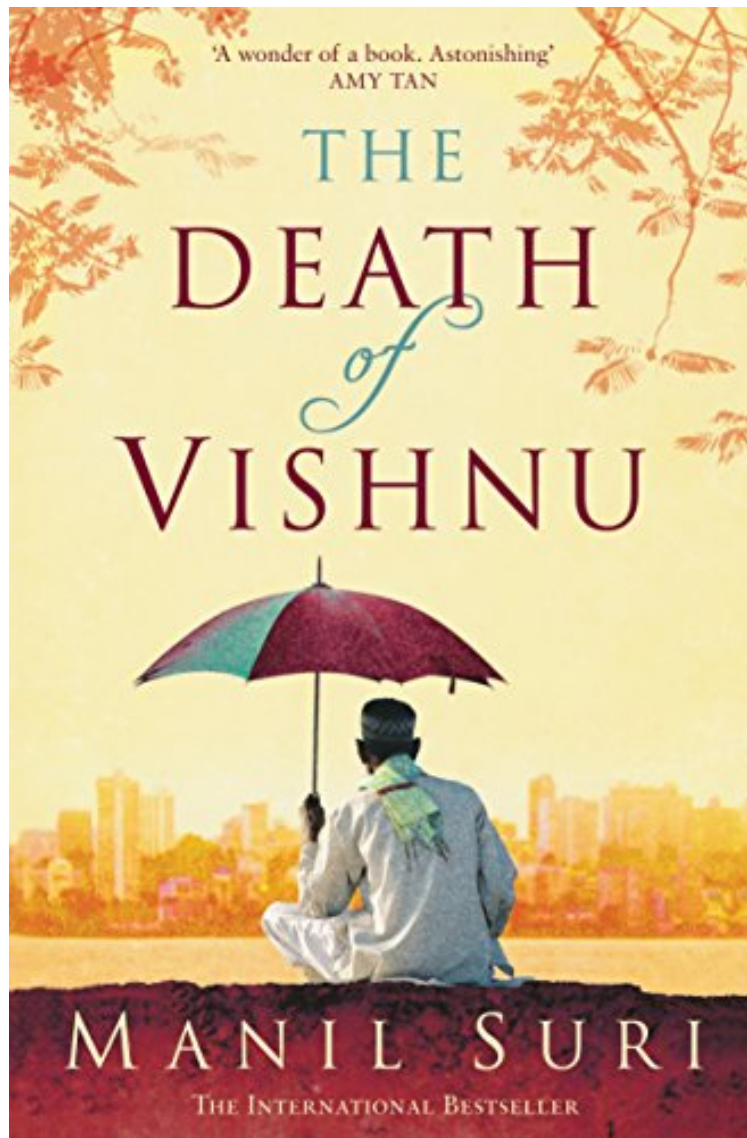


[Free pdf] The Death of Vishnu

## The Death of Vishnu

Von Manil Suri

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**Von Manil Suri : The Death of Vishnu** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Death of Vishnu:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. NiceVon CustomerVery nice and funny in the beginning, it gets more and more philosophical ... and a lttle boring. Very nice and sophisticated language, though.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Sprachgewaltig aber irgendwie unvollendetVon margaritaishnu liegt sterbend auf dem Treppenabsatz eines Wohnhauses in Mumbai. Er

liegt in seinem Erbrochenem, er hat sich eingensst, er stinkt. Die Nachbarn nehmen dies zur Kenntnis, eine Nachbarin stellt ihm seinen Morgentee hin, falls er noch nicht gestorben ist. Aus der Anfangsszene heraus gestaltet sich ein Geschichte, in der die Leben der einzelnen Hausbewohner mehr oder minder miteinander verwoben sind. Dabei kann man nicht sagen, dass es sich um eine freundliche, wohlgesonnene Hausgemeinschaft handelt. Kommunikation besteht in erster Linie aus Streitereien, alternativ hat man nichts miteinander zu tun. Vishnu kennen allerdings alle, denn als selbsternannter Hausbote spielt er im Leben aller eine gewisse Rolle. Während er im Sterben liegt erinnert sich Vishnu an seine Kindheit, seine große Liebe und kommt zu der Überzeugung, dass er gerade dabei ist als die Gottheit Kalki zurückzukehren. Hier entfalten sich grandiose Szenen, menschlich sehr berührend, bunt, farbenprchtig und auch in Teilen lustig. überhaupt schreibt Suri sehr sprachgewaltig. Gerüche, Farben, Erscheinungen sind immer wieder bewältigend. Allerdings luft das Buch ins Leere, am Ende hat man das Gefühl man hat einfach mal hinter alle Türen geschaut und ist dann weitergegangen. Selbst der Tod Vishnus bleibt am Ende irgendwie unbedeutend. Da das Buch aber nicht als Mosaik angelegt ist, in der jede einzelne Episode tief geht, sondern aus meiner Sicht eine zusammenhängende Geschichte erzählen möchte, hat es mich nicht so richtig gefesselt. 2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Perfekte Unterhaltung Von Matthias Lutz "The death of Vishnu" beschreibt das Leben in einem Mietshaus der indischen Metropole Neu Dehli. Vishnu, der "Laufbursche" der Hausbewohner, liegt im Sterben und lässt sein Leben Revue passieren. Während die beiden hinduistischen Familien noch darüber streiten, ob ein Notarzt gerufen werden sollte und wer dafür die Kosten übernimmt, trümt Ahmed Jalal, der mit seiner Frau und seinem Sohn der einzige muslimische Bewohner des Hauses ist, während er neben Vishnu im Treppenhaus schlft, etwas, das seine und die Welt seiner hinduistischen Nachbarn beinahe aus den Fugen geraten lässt... Manil Suri hat seine Charaktere so gut erdacht und beschreibt sie mit so viel Einfühlungsvermögen, dass es nicht viel Phantasie braucht, um sich vorzustellen, dass es so ein Haus wirklich gibt. Und auch wenn das Sujet des Romans eher zum Nachdenken anregt, so gibt es doch einige Stellen, an denen man schmunzeln oder sogar lachen kann. Ein bisschen Hintergrundwissen über die indische Götterwelt sollte man sich allerdings anlesen, damit man auch die kurzen Passagen über die Mythologie - und vor allem das Ende des Buches - versteht.

Kurzbeschreibung Vishnu, the odd-job man in a Bombay apartment block, lies dying on the staircase landing. Around him the lives of the apartment dwellers unfold - the warring housewives on the first floor, the lovesick teenagers on the second, and the widower, alone and quietly grieving at the top of the building. In a fevered state Vishnu looks back on his love affair with the seductive Padmini and comedy becomes tragedy as his life draws to a close. The title of Manil Suri's first novel gets right to the point. His protagonist, having purchased the right to sleep on the ground-floor landing of a Bombay apartment house, slips slowly from a coma into death. As this aging alcoholic takes leave of the earth, his neighbors surround him, arguing over who gave Vishnu a few dried chapatis, who called the doctor for him, and who will pay for the ambulance to cart him away. Meanwhile, the hero of The Death of Vishnu is lost in memories. Drifting through increasingly vivid scenes from his past, he recalls his relatively rare snatches of love and joy--and especially his romance with Padmini, a self-involved prostitute. On one particular day, it seems, he stole one of his employer's cars and drove his love interest to the honeymoon town of Lonavala, where he showered her with gifts and finally lifted her veil to kiss her like a bride: Then the absurdity of the situation strikes him. The preposterousness of his images, the foolishness of his feelings, the comicality of chasing currents that skim across Padmini's face. He thinks how absurd this whole trip has been, how absurd is the presence of the two of them in Lonavala, how absurd is the scenery itself that stretches before them. He thinks of poor, ridiculous Mr. Jalal, waiting back in Bombay for his Fiat, and of how Padmini will react when he asks her to buy them petrol so they can get back. Vishnu also recalls his secret passion for Kavita Asrani, the beautiful teenage daughter of one of the families for whom he works. Given the protagonist's focus on his hapless love life, the scope of Suri's dazzling debut may appear narrow. However, the apartment house upon whose floor Vishnu spends his final hours functions as a microcosm of Indian society. It helps to know even a smattering about Hindu mythology or India's religious conflicts. But even if you don't, there is plenty to relish in The Death of Vishnu, with its comical, richly drawn characters, loving attention to the details of everyday life, and provocative exploration of destiny and free will. --Regina Marler.co.uk Not wanting to arouse Vishnu, in case he hadn't died yet, Mrs. Ashrani tiptoed down to the third step above the landing on which he lived, teakettle in hand. So begins Manil Suri's The Death of Vishnu, a comically trenchant depiction of the inhabitants of a slum building in Bombay. This is a world of small things, of truculent housewives engaged in a war of mutual suspicion, of selfishness and ignorance and of the poverty of existence, both spiritual and material. With dexterity and acuity, Suri plunges the reader into the bounded world that his characters inhabit, with each story existing as a separate unit, occasionally interacting with another, reflecting the invidiously withdrawn way they share the house. The inhabitants include dreamer Mr Jalal and his frustrated wife; Mrs Ashrani and her political intrigues; teenagers Kavrita and Sumil's sexual attraction and elopement: and Vinod's solitary existence, mourning the loss of his one love. Existing in displacement, outside these residents' lives, is the eponymous Vishnu, who, as the novel opens, lies dying

on the landing of the stairs. He has lived there for many years, earning his leftover stale chapattis, tea and place to sleep through running errands (badly). The residents argue over who is responsible for calling an ambulance, for saving his life, and manoeuvre to absolve themselves from responsibility. As Vishnu slides closer to death, the reader travels with him along the road to death, and the actions and thoughts of those who live in the house are revealed to Vishnu and the reader with a god-like omniscience. As his spirit journeys further and further away from his body, Vishnu begins to believe he is transcending to godhead. Fellow resident Mr Jalal believes so too; an implacable searcher for a meaning, a reason for life, he believes that he has finally found truth when he dreams of Vishnu's transformation. His despairing wife, however, tries with increasing desperation to hide her husband's apparent slide into madness from the neighbours. Gradually, the intensity and heat of their emotions becomes magnified and the turmoil and conflict within the house heats up and boils over, turning stifled neighbourly relations into outright aggression, intolerance and abuse. Suri keeps this remarkable novel moving with alacrity, conveying the smallness of their lives through his often hilarious characterisations, which illuminate the absurdities of human nature divided by prejudice, moral hypocrisy and greed. --Alison Jardine