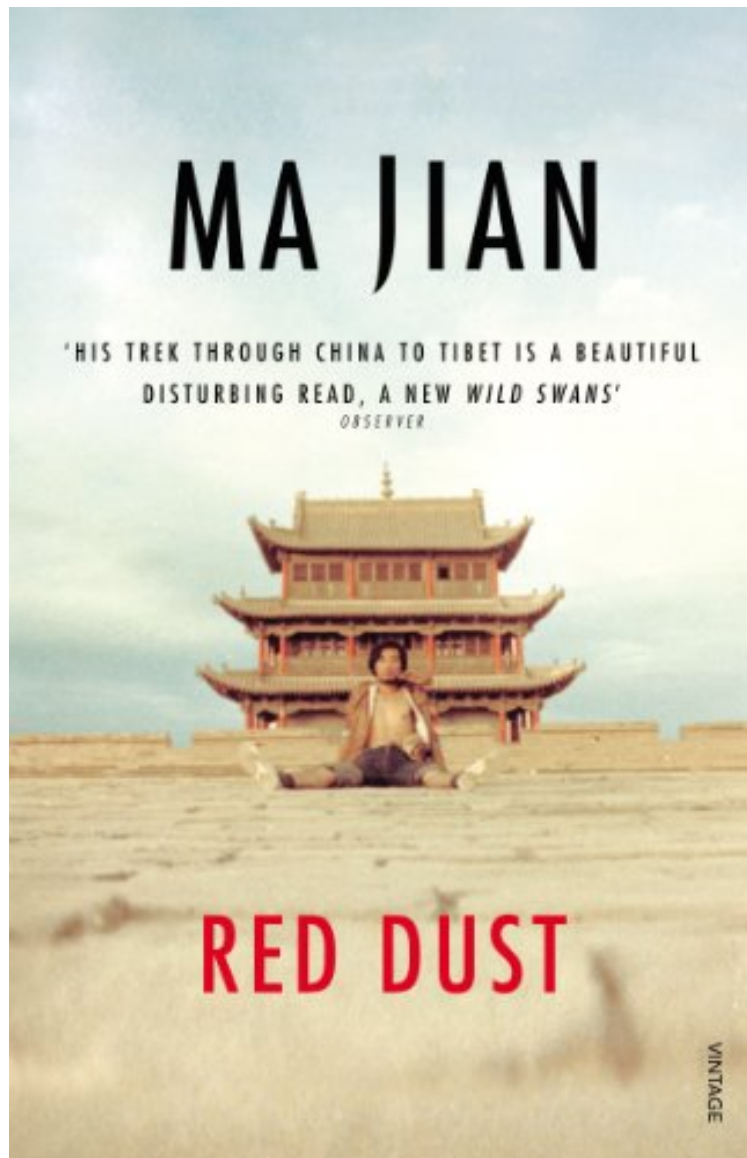


(Mobile book) Red Dust

## Red Dust

Von Ma Jian

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**Von Ma Jian : Red Dust** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Red Dust:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Trip through a dusty ChinaVon Solipsist in a CloudThis book gives a lot of insight into the way of chinese people, especially from the point of view of an artist. It is a summary of the experiences Ma Jian made when traveling through China, trying to escape the prosecution in Beijing. It is a Road Trip on which he came trough deserted regions,

meeting people in strange situations. He observes obscure manifestations of the Chinese political system, but this is not another book about the Cultural Revolution. This one tries to describe the life of China through the eyes of an artist, and not a person, who wants to point out the bad situation in China. To be honest I am quite bored of all these books about the Chinese Revolution, so this one was a little pearl. If you want to learn more about China this book is highly recommended, though nowadays the life in China has changed. But the way of thinking described here is still present in many Chinese.

2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Chinesischer Jack Kerouac - positiv wie negativ  
 Von Gernot Ernst  
 Ma Jian hat einen Reisebericht aus dem China Anfang der 90er geschrieben. Unzufrieden mit seinem Leben, auf der Suche nach Wahrheit und Unmittelbarkeit bricht er auf, um durch China zu reisen. Er trifft viele Menschen, die ebenso wie er Kunst produzieren, oft Gedichte, auch Bilder, Musik, eine Bohème. Eigentlich ist es schon historisch, ein Bericht von einem Teil Chinas im Aufbruch, ohne dass die Hauptpersonen wissen, wohin. Vieles an dem Buch erinnert an Kerouacs "On the Road" und anderen Büchern. Er ist ehrlich gegenüber anderen und sich selbst. Ähnlich wie Kerouac ist Ma Jian am meisten mit sich selber beschäftigt. Es klingt nebenbei an, dass eine gute Freundin niedergestochen wird und im Krankenhaus liegt, mit unsicherer Zukunft, aber er beschäftigt sich mit seiner Buddha-Natur. Sein Umgang mit Frauen ist im wesentlichen widerlich (auch hier Ähnlichkeiten mit Kerouac). Seine politischen Reflektionen sind ungefähr genauso pubertär wie seine religiösen, wenn man davon absieht, dass er eigentlich erwachsen ist und ein Kind hat, um das er sich im übrigen auch nicht kümmert. Fazit: Das Buch ist lesenswert, wenn man diese unangenehmen Teile aushält. Es zeigt faszinierende Bilder eines Chinas, das es in dieser Form bereits nicht mehr gibt.

1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Outcast reviews China  
 Von Ein Kunde  
 There are so many clichés about China in the West - positive and negative - and Ma Jian shocks the reader by adding new ones. He depicts his native China as a country of immense diversity, in a way only an outcast could have done it. Jian often crosses the line of what the reader may deem as "politically correct" in a communist China and one wonders, how the author left his country in the end and stranded in London. Unfortunately, this part of the story is omitted. But, at least, that provides room for a sequel.

Kurzbeschreibung  
 In 1983, Ma Jian turned 30 and was overwhelmed by the desire to escape the confines of his life in Beijing. With his long hair, jeans and artistic friends, Ma Jian was under surveillance from his work unit and the police, as Deng Xiaoping clamped down on 'Spiritual Pollution'. His ex-wife was seeking custody of their daughter; his girlfriend was sleeping with another man; and he could no longer find the inspiration to write or paint. One day he bought a train ticket to the westernmost border of China and set off in search of himself. Ma Jian's journey would last three years and take him to deserts and overpopulated cities, from scenes of barbarity to havens of tranquillity and beauty. The result is an utterly unique insight into the teeming contradictions of China that only a man who was both an insider and an outsider in his own country could have written.

de  
 On very rare occasions, a book can be so fresh, vivid and sincere that its integrity will be apparent almost before you have begun reading it. This brilliant account of a three-year exploration of China during the first wave of economic liberalisation following the death of Mao Zedong is one such book. In *Red Dust*, Ma Jian tells the story of how, on his 30th birthday, facing arrest for spiritual pollution in his journalistic job in Beijing, he fakes an attack of hepatitis and flees into the Chinese hinterland. Uprooting himself from a bohemian lifestyle and his estranged wife and child, Jian walks vast distances and immerses himself in the remotest parts of China. Travelling clandestinely, and with little or no money, Jian survives by doing odd jobs and publishing poetry and short stories through his network of literary friends. At the same time, he has amazing adventures: on one occasion he finds himself lost in the desert with no water for three days; later on he has to scale a huge cliff with no equipment. There is nothing emasculated or sanitised about this genuine adventure. Jian is forced to live from his wits. At one time he has to mug his own muggers back to rescue his camera; then he scrapes a living by selling scouring powder as toothpaste. These escapades, beautifully translated from the Chinese by Flora Drew, are told in an understated and elegant style, and, with Jian's status as both an insider and outsider, provide a complete portrait of what life is like for ordinary Chinese people in a way that no foreign writer could ever emulate. By turns poetic, wise and brave, *Red Dust* is worthy of a place alongside other great books of Chinese literature, such as *The Mountain Village* and *Wild Swans*, as both a classic work of travel writing and a compelling meditation on the spiritual bankruptcy of an age when all humanity's Gods have been shattered. --Toby Green

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 Honest, raw, insightful. . . . The Chinese equivalent of *On the Road*. Time  
 [Mas] powers of description make every page buzz with life. . . . Someone who could rank among the great travel writers. The New York Times  
 Book A Sino-beatnik travelogue, [and] a fascinating search for self. Mother Jones  
*Red Dust* is a tour de force, a powerfully picaresque cross between the sort of travel book any Western author would give his eye-teeth to write, and a disturbing confession. The Independent (UK)  
 Ma captures the feel of wandering off China's beaten track, which is to say most of the country, far from the tour buses and souvenir stands. Los Angeles Times  
 From the Trade Paperback edition.