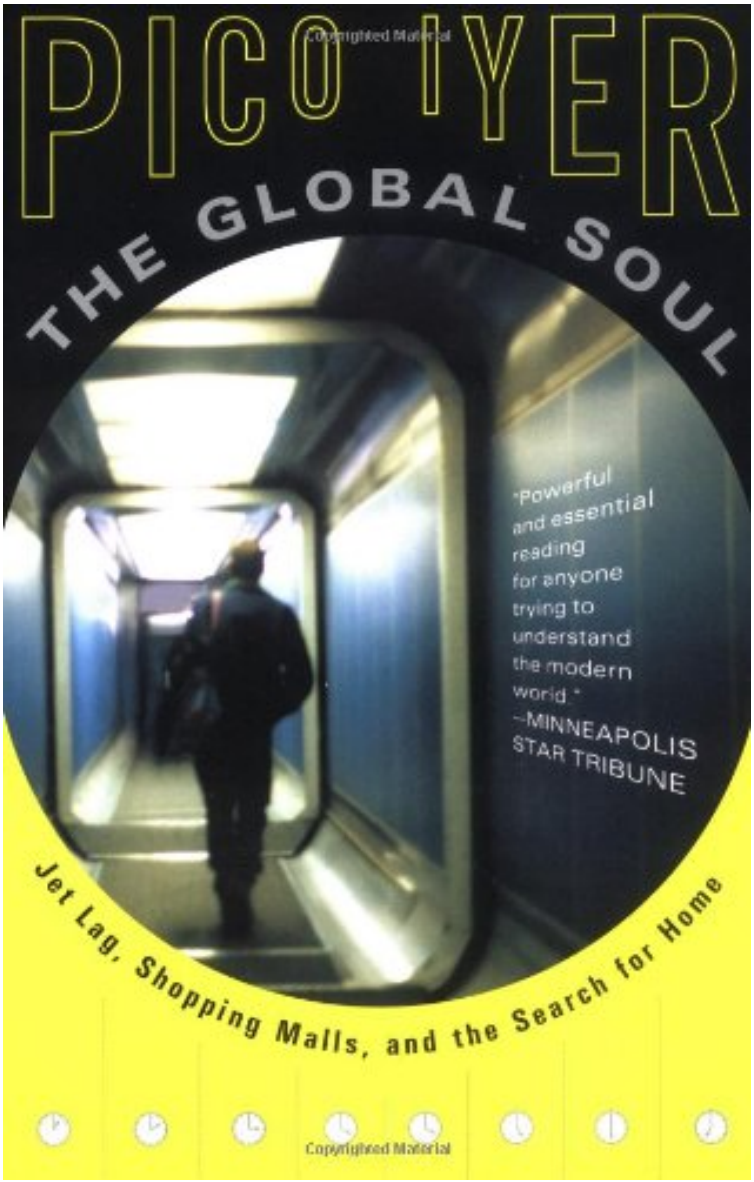
(Get free) The Global Soul: Jet Lag, Shopping Malls, and the Search for Home

The Global Soul: Jet Lag, Shopping Malls, and the Search for Home

Pico Iyer
*audiobook | *ebooks | Download PDF | ePub | DOC*



DOWNLOAD READ ONLINE

#745672 in Books Vintage 2001-03-13 2001-03-13Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 7.96 x .70 x 5.10l, .53 #File Name: 0679776117302 pages | File size: 75.Mb

Pico Iyer : The Global Soul: Jet Lag, Shopping Malls, and the Search for Home before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Global Soul: Jet Lag, Shopping Malls, and the Search for Home:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Are You a Global Soul Too?By D. R. RansdellIt turns out that there are two kinds of people--those who are global souls and those who aren't. In this book Iyer provides a useful definition

of what a global soul is. Although he uses himself as a prototype (born in England to Indian parents, sent to boarding school in the US, current resident of Japan), throughout the book he provides lots of other examples. Global souls belong to lots of places at once--emotionally, physically, spiritually. They don't know how to answer the question, "Where are you from?" because the answer is anything but simple.Iyer's book was quite useful to me because I've always been a global soul at heart. I love to travel and experience new cultures, and I feel at home in lots of different places. A few of my friends understand this because they too love to travel, etc. But many other people I know have a hard time understanding why I can't unpack my bags and stay in one place. The book gave me some clues to my own vagabonding.Reading Iyer's book gave me insight into the dichotomy between these two diverse groups of people. The book inspires me to encourage others to explore their own inner "global soul"--there's no better way to create world harmony than by knowing more about the vast types of people who inhabit it.3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Not as good as it should beBy Tyler Wigg StevensonIyer's romantic vision of the "Global Soul" (i.e., Iyer and people like him) is insufficiently self-critical in respects to its essential economic location. What Iyer imagines as cosmopolitan seems to boil down to those who are wealthy enough to occupy a rarified socio-economic -- and hence, geographic -- location. Rather than a new type of person, the Global Soul seems to be someone who likes sampling lots of different kinds of ethnic foods, dress, custom, etc. Yet the Global Soul's essential and parasitic dependency on these stable and "authentic" ethnicities, nationalities, etc., is completely unremarked-upon.Additionally, Iyer's prose, while often terrific, lapses about a thousand too many times into a simple (and simplistic) juxtaposition of adjectives to demonstrate our new global reality: "a Chinese girl eating American apple pie wearing Italian Adidas shoes made in India...jeepers, isn't the world one big place now!" (This is hopefully obvious as a paraphrase) But these descriptions float by without attendant analysis, which makes me question Iyer's journalistic chops. Too often it appears we are simply looking at the surface of reality through his eyes, without gaining insight into the phenomena boiling under the surface.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. I persisted out of respect!By stonyOh well, I was so excited to commence reading anything this guy produced..after Paul Theroux spoke so well of him.I bought this and Falling off the Map..which I'm now hoping will have more to offer than this!! What a waffler...I started skipping stanzas - never a good sign - then pages; to find him still rambling on. Any good writer can win you over with colour,nuance, emotion,texture, impressions..etc..and admittedly this is a chronicle/statistical account and he must stick to it..but by god is it tedious. Sure; if these facts are interesting to you....then by all means lap it up. But if someone/anyone is going to offer such a title..then they had best at least 'hold your attention'. To be fair; Pico is very capable as a scrivener..he just has to pick his subjects more judiciously. I will tackle 'Falling off the map'..soon and offer a critique if anyone is interested in the opinions of an aging buffoon and former global wanderer. Theroux is more my style..check him out!!!

From the acclaimed author of Video Nights in Kathmandu comes this intriguing new book that deciphers the cultural ramifications of globalization and the rising tide of worldwide displacement.Beginning in Los Angeles International Airport, where town life?shops, services, sociability?is available without a town, Pico Iyer takes us on a tour of the transnational village our world has become. From Hong Kong, where people actually live in self-contained hotels, to Atlanta's Olympic Village, which seems to inadvertently commemorate a sort of corporate universalism, to Japan, where in the midst of alien surfaces his apartment building is called "The Memphis," Iyer ponders what the word "home" can possibly mean in a world whose face is blurred by its cultural fusion and its alarmingly rapid rate of change.

.com Pico Iyer's book of essays about international locales contends that the modern world-scurrying citizen, pushed by business demands or political migrations, can easily lose both roots and sense of home. Airports have morphed into cities where scores of languages are spoken, thousands work, and millions travel through mazed villages of McDonalds, massage parlors, and self-help groups that twist along for miles; the Dallas-Fort Worth airport alone grabs more space than Manhattan. And city life is no different: Iyer's apartment building also houses an immigration office, banks, four cinemas, dozens of restaurants and nearly 100 boutiques; the technologically plugged-in businessman with whom he stays has five phones across the world, a dozen international bank accounts, and travels more than a pilot. Whether in Toronto--where in larger schools nearly 80 languages may be heard--London, or at the Olympics in Atlanta, Iyer witnesses the overlapping of hundreds of heterogeneous cultures, often pushed by corporate concerns toward commercial homogeneity and powered by technology that offers an office in the sky. The picture painted by Iyer--himself a confused and well-traveled multicultural citizen--is extreme, sci-fi, and futuristic even though set in the present: a global village turned spinning metropolis, with so many fragments set loose in its gyrations that it threatens to explode the minds of its residents. But even this shell-shocked world traveler finds peace, concluding that a simpler life may be a richer one and that home is simply where the frazzled mind decides it will be. In an era when new frontiers open monthly, when frequent flyer miles serve as currency, and constant change may be a lifestyle demand, Iyer's frantic words and dizzying images may prove as prophetic as Alvin Toffler's Future Shock. --Melissa RossiFrom Publishers WeeklyA swirl of locations, time zones and cultures marks Iyer's (Video Night in Katmandu) breathless

look at today's world, where borders are passed through as quickly as an airport gift shop. To the author, the concept of the global soul is flexible. It could mean someone who, like the international consultant who carries five different plane tickets at all times, calls the road home, or it could represent the citizen who combines a multicultural past with an equally colorful present. "For a Global Soul like me--for anyone born in several cultures--the challenge in the modern world is to find a city that speaks to as many of our homes as possible," Iyer writes. (An ethnic Indian, Iyer grew up in England and the U.S.; today he splits his time between California and Japan.) He blends an exploration of people like himself with the places they inhabit--the netherworld that is an airport, cities separated from their pasts like Hong Kong, the ethnic m?lange of Toronto and the improbable urbanity of Olympic-host Atlanta. Many of these locales are at once Everyplace and No Place, and Iyer deftly captures the rootlessness of those who dwell there. As he does in his magazine pieces, Iyer brings a fine spiritual current to his writing, and his descriptive talents are unsurpassed, even if he lets his mouth hang open a little too wide marveling at the postmodernism of it all. Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Library JournalIyer, who appropriately describes himself as "a global village on two legs," takes readers on a fascinating series of journeys aimed at discovering whether one's concept of "home" is still valid in an increasingly global, borderless world. In his previous work (e.g., Video Night in Kathmandu), Iyer explored similar themes; here, traveling to Los Angeles Airport, Hong Kong, Toronto, Atlanta, England, and Japan, he addresses everything from how Libya's Gaddafi defines the concept of the "global village" to the meaning of "Canadian exceptionalism." To be sure, this is not ordinary travel reportage: Iyer delves pointedly into cultural and social criticism and political and philosophical analyses with a refreshing sense of curiosity and very little cultural stereotyping. Throughout, he relies not only on his extensive travel experiences but also on his background. Born to Indian parents in England, he was raised in California and now spends much of his time in Japan. Naturally, all that variety may account for his heightened appreciation of the nuances in human cultural interaction. Highly recommended for all collections.-Ali Houissa, Cornell Univ., Ithaca, NY Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.