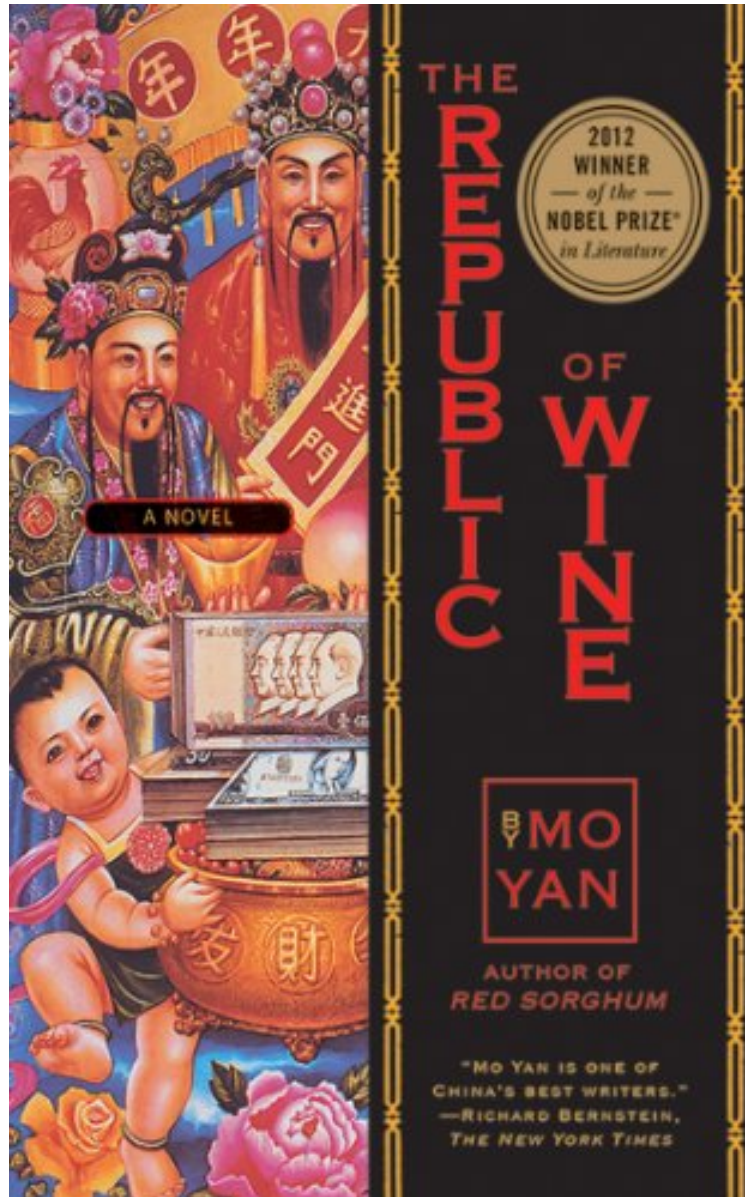


[Download] The Republic of Wine: A Novel

The Republic of Wine: A Novel

Mo Yan

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Mo Yan : The Republic of Wine: A Novel before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Republic of Wine: A Novel:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. literature for literature's sakeBy ZMMo Yan's rare and amazing imagination shines brightly in this novel. His style is, simply put, refreshingly unique. Although Lu Wenfu's "The Gourmet" on gluttony and unbelievably sick obsession with food will always remain for me the best writing on the

subject, the goings-on in Mo Yan's *Liquorland* and the mystery surrounding the meat boys et al provide an exuberantly entertaining graphic/tragic/comic account of Chinese society. Li Yidou's stories were an added bonus, especially the one about his mother-in-law and the swallows' nests and how she came to be a million times more attractive than her daughter. Despite the fantastic stories and assumptions, there was a huge sense of realism throughout, making it easy to abandon reality and simply immerse oneself in the author's absurd rendering of the absurdity of human existence.² of 2 people found the following review helpful. Good read!By Alex Canton-Dutari2012 Literature Nobel Prize Winner, Mo Yan, stated somewhere that he was influenced by Gabriel Garcia-Marquez, winner thirty years ago. Though I was curious about how his works brought about the latter's characteristics once translated into English or Spanish.I must admit that the some of the metaphorical similarity between both authors' works seems to be there, as well as creating fantasy to expose social irregularities.Mo Yan combines wine and literature to create very original metaphors, which are described while going into first, second and third person quite craftily.The e-book version does have quite a few edition flaws, especially towards the ending chapter, where all punctuation is lacking. If this was intended I must admit that a Nobel Prize Literature has earned the right to re-invent punctuation, even though it made reading a bit strenuous.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Who ate my DonkeyBy Cheryl StoneI read *The Republic of Wine* by Mo Yan and was fascinated with references to various animals like the donkey. The book was filled with images that often I would rather not have in my brain but I think that was the idea. I've traveled to China and I love the food and I really have enjoyed trying to get to know the people. Reading a novel that takes place in China (yes it's a big place)gives me perspective I might not have otherwise.I have read other Chinese authors who write fiction but so far none can compare to how Mo Yan writes. Mo Yan may have opened a Pandora's box but what has escaped seems honest and challenging for the reader.

In this hypnotic epic novel, Mo Yan, the most critically acclaimed Chinese writer of this generation, takes us on a journey to a conjured province of contemporary China known as the Republic of Wine a corrupt and hallucinatory world filled with superstitions, gargantuan appetites, and surrealistic events. When rumors reach the authorities that strange and excessive gourmandise is being practiced in the city of *Liquorland* (so named for the staggering amount of alcohol produced and consumed there), veteran special investigator Ding Gou'er is dispatched from the capital to discover the truth. His mission begins at the Mount Lou Coal Mine, where he encounters the prime suspect Deputy Head Diamond Jin, legendary for his capacity to hold his liquor. During the ensuing drinking duel at a banquet served in Ding's honor, the investigator loses all sense of reality, and can no longer tell whether the roast suckling served is of the animal or human variety. When he finally wakes up from his stupor, he has still found no answers to his rapidly mounting questions. Worse yet, he soon finds that his trusty gun is missing. Interspersed throughout the narrative and Ding's faltering investigation are letters sent to Mo Yan by one Li Yidou, a doctoral candidate in *Liquor Studies* and an aspiring writer. Each letter contains a story that Li would like the renowned author's help in getting published. However, Li's tales, each more fantastic and malevolent than the last, soon begin alarmingly to resemble the story of Ding's continuing travails in *Liquorland*. Peopled by extraordinary characters a dwarf, a scaly demon, a troupe of plump, delectable boys raised in captivity, a cookery teacher who primes her students with monstrous recipes Mo Yan's revolutionary tour de force reaffirms his reputation as a writer of world standing. Wild, bawdy, politically explosive, and subversive, *The Republic of Wine* is both mesmerizing and exhilarating, proving that no repressive regime can stifle true creative imagination.

.com *The Republic of Wine* is a novel Joseph Heller might have written had he been Chinese. As it is, the honor goes to Mo Yan, one of China's most respected writers. Set in the fictional province of *Liquorland*, this tall tale begins with a rumor of cannibal feasts featuring children as the delectable main course. In response, Chinese officials send special investigator Ding Gou'er to look into the allegations. He arrives by coal truck at the Mount Lao Coal Mine, where he meets the legendary Diamond Jin, Vice-Minister of the *Liquorland* Municipal Party Committee Propaganda Bureau, a man known for an epic ability to hold his booze. Almost at once, Ding's worst fears seem to be realized when he is invited to a special dinner, given enough alcohol to stun an ox, and then served what appears to be "a golden, incredibly fragrant little boy." Horrified, he attempts to make an arrest and in the ensuing confusion, accidentally puts a bullet in the main course. The braised boy was now a headless boy. The unsmashed parts of his skull had tumbled to the edge of the table's second tier, between a platter of sea cucumbers and another of braised shrimp, pieces of head like shattered watermelon rind, or pieces of watermelon rind like shattered head, watermelon juices dripping like blood, or blood dripping like watermelon juices, soiling the tablecloth and soiling the people's eyes. A pair of eyes like purple grapes or purple grapes like a pair of eyes rolled around on the floor, one skittering behind the liquor cabinet, the other rolling up to a red serving girl, who squashed it with her foot. Despite his hosts' explanation that the boy's arms are made of lotus root, his legs of ham sausage, and his head from a silver melon, Ding remains suspicious--until he is rendered so addled by wine that he ends up eating half an arm all on his own. As Ding continues his investigation, Mo Yan sends up the Chinese preoccupation with food, drink, and sex even as he daringly explores the nature of his country's political structure. A lesser novelist might be satisfied with just this one narrative thread; Mo

Yan, however, has bigger ambitions. In between chapters chronicling Ding Gou'er's adventures in Liquorland, the author has inserted letters and short stories purportedly sent to him by one Li Yidou, a doctoral candidate in Liquor Studies at the Brewer's College in Liquorland, and an aspiring author in his own right. The correspondence between fictional character and author allows Mo Yan to wax satirical on the subject of art, politics, and the troubling point where the two intersect in a Socialist society: "One of the tenets of the communism envisioned by Marx," the hopeful Yidou writes, "was the integration of art with the working people and of the working people with art. So when communism has been realized, everyone will be a novelist." In such a society everyone might write novels, perhaps; but as *The Republic of Wine* masterfully demonstrates, only a first-rate artist like Mo Yan could pull off such a subversive and darkly comic metafiction so seamlessly. --Alix Wilber

From Publishers Weekly

Decadence and debauchery in post-Mao China find a scathing satirist in the author of the lauded *Red Sorghum*, as he waxes metafictional in this savage, hallucinatory farce. The tale is set in an imaginary Chinese province called Liquorland, where custom dictates the consumption of mind-boggling quantities of sundry fine liquors. Other appetites are indulged, outrageously, and alarming reports of widespread infanticidal cannibalism prompt party authorities to dispatch special investigator Ding Gou'er to intervene. The rash Ding, however, quickly becomes debauched himself, drinking to the point of mental breakdown, feasting at a gluttonous banquet whose menu may include braised baby and entangling himself in a perverse, violent sexual relationship with the female driver of the truck that chauffeurs him to town. Ding's lover/driver is also the wife of Liquorland's vice-minister of propaganda, Diamond Jin, a drinker of legendary capacity--and Ding's prime suspect. Between updates on Ding's progress, the author inserts letters exchanged between Li Yidou, an aspiring writer and Ph.D. candidate in liquor studies at Liquorland's brewer's college, and the famous author Mo Yan. Li Yidou sends his conscripted mentor short stories telling of a rare liquor made by apes, the young writer's inappropriate attraction to his elderly mother-in-law, the culinary preparation of donkey genitals and the cultivation and butchering of infant boys. Mo Yan responds to his prot?g? with criticism and reports of his own writing efforts. Ultimately, Yo Man (the character) visits Liquorland and shares some of the experiences of the dissolute inspector Ding. Mo Yan (the author) fashions a complex, self-conscious narrative structure full of echoes and reflections. The novel grows progressively more febrile in tone, with pervasive, striking imagery and wildly imaginative digressions that cumulatively reveal the tremendous scope of his vision. (Apr.) Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc. Both clever and deeply emotional . . . Mo Yans style is vibrant. (The New York Times Book)