



99 francs (14,99 Euros)

Frédéric Beigbeder

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En ce temps-là, on mettait des photographies géantes de produits sur les murs, les arrêts d'autobus, les maisons, le sol, les taxis, les camions, la façade des immeubles en cours de ravalement, les meubles, les ascenseurs, les distributeurs de billets, dans toutes les rues et même à la campagne. La vie était envahie par des soutiens-gorge, des surgelés, des shampoings antipelliculaires et des rasoirs triple-lame. L'œil humain n'avait jamais été autant sollicité de toute son histoire : on avait calculé qu'entre sa naissance et l'âge de 18 ans, toute personne était exposée en moyenne à 350 000 publicités. Même à l'orée des forêts, au bout des petits villages, en bas des vallées isolées et au sommet des montagnes blanches, sur les cabines de téléphérique, on devait affronter des logos "Castorama", "Bricodécor", "Champion Midas" et "La Halle aux Vêtements". Il avait fallu deux mille ans pour en arriver là.

99 francs (14,99 Euros) Details

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From Reader Review 99 francs (14,99 Euros) for online ebook

Caro the Helmet Lady says

When attending a big party sometimes you get to see this obnoxious guy, very drunk or high, pestering some innocent victim with his views on world politics or conspiracy theories, or shadow governments, or Rihanna being Illuminati princess. If he's less drunk he may even make sense, but he's still so annoying and yelling so loud that you just turn around and leave for whatever made up reason.

Look, Beigbeder does make sense and I bet in 2000 this book was really fresh and much shocking (*although Houellebecq did pretty much same thing in 1998 in his The Elementary Particles and did it much much better*). But mr Beigbeder is yelling **SO** loud!

So I'm leaving. Because... twerking. What? I said - for whatever reason!

Rubi says

En 13.99 visualizamos el mundo actual a través de los ojos de Octave, un publicista en la sede francesa de una gran multinacional. El mundo de las marcas, de la globalización, del capitalismo, de los engaños, de las injusticias... pero también del amor, de las relaciones personales, de la familia... Un poco de todo contado sin tapujos y sin pelos en la lengua.

Algunas ideas a destacar:

"Nadie desea vuestra felicidad porque la gente feliz no consume."

"Las personas movidas por las mejores intenciones siempre son las que acaban convirtiéndose en monstruos."

"La gente habla cada vez menos; en general, cuando uno se esfuerza en decirte las cosas a la cara, significa que es CASI demasiado tarde."

"Todo corazón que no está roto, no es un corazón."

"Para que termine una mentira no significa que empice la verdad. Cuidado: una mentira puede esconder otra mentira."

"Nos avergonzamos de nuestras emociones. Combatimos la emoción como si fuera la peste. No es deseable glorificar la sequedad."

"Borraba aquello que le ocupaba memoria."

"¿Cómo se las apañan los que no duermen para despertarse?"

"¿Sabéis cuál es la diferencia entre los ricos y los pobres? Los pobres venden droga para comprarse unas

Nike mientras que los ricos venden Nikes para comprar droga."

Ahdelina says

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Just? says

kas lieka tarp reklamini? pauzi?

Galiausiai perskai?iau roman?, kur? nor?jau perskaityti ilgokai, bet kartu ir kiek bijojau, kad nepatiks. Su modernizmu jau pati ?sitikinau, kad nedraugauju, bet vis puolu ? t? pat? ?ulin? su naujomis viltimis. Š? kart? tai – Frederic Beigbeder su „14.99 €“. Nors mano nuomon? apie ši? knyg? labai dažnai keit?si ir ne ?iaip, o beveik ? kraštutinumus, galiausiai, jei reikt? rinktis tarp „man patiko“ ir „man nepatiko“, grei?iausiai rink?iausi pastar?j?, nes skaitant patyriau daugiau neigiam? jausm?, nei teigiam? - ir ne d?l turinio, o paties romano.

Tai „atseit“ garsiausias ra?ytojo romanas, apipintas skandalais, bet kas dar to negird?jo, tai romanas apie reklamos verslo užkulsius, už kuriuos ra?ytoj? atleido iš reklamos agent?ros. Grei?iausiai tokio apib?dinimo ir užtekt?, nors su juo sutikti ir yra sunku. Tik?jausi rasti pasakojim? apie tai, kaip vyksta veiksmai toje reklamoje, bet gavau tris ketvirtadalius svai?iojimo ir likusi? dal? siužeto nuotrup?. Kartais tai gal ir gerai, bet š? kart? man pritr?ko informacijos.

Kai perskaitai, kad romanas atskleidžia reklamos verslo užkulsius, tikiesi rasti pasakojim? apie tai, kaip reklama kuriama, kaip ji parduodama ir kaip visas tas pasaulis sukasi, o k? radau aš? Gyrim?si ir skundim?si viename, kiek daug uždirba reklamos k?r?jai, koki? marki? ir arkliai gali? automobiliais važin?ja, kokiuose viešbu?iuose ir miesto rajonuose gyvena, k? valgo, k? geria, su kokios klas?s kekš?mis miega, lyg tarp kitko ?terpiant pastabas, kaip mirtingieji yra kvailinami reklam? ir pasakotojas jau?iasi d?l to prastai. ? tem?, bet vargu ar reikia kartoti t? pat? per t? pat? ištaisai. Kalnai prekiniai? ženklai? pavadinim? šitame reklamos kontekste, skirtingai nei penkiasdešimtyje atspalvi?, atleistini, nors kartais jie ir vargino. Buvo ir kit? ?domi?

sprendim? – „reklaminiai intarpai“ su kuo toliau tuo kontraversiškesniais reklamos scenarijais. Labai gražiai ?sir?mino pats paskutinis puslapis – pad?kos su geru žiupsniu ironijos. Taigi bendrai man tikrai patiko tai, kaip rašytojas, kad ir dirbtinai, išspaud? visas simbolines alegorijas ? reklam? televizijoje ar kitose vietose. B?t? tik buv? smagu, jeigu siužetas b?t? t? pat? padar?s nat?raliai.

Šiurkš?ios ironijos ir aštraus sarkazmo ?ia netr?ko. Taip, jis ?ia tiko, bet vietomis, ypatingai pradžioje, buvo labai perspausta ir buvau net išsigandusi, kad teks rimtai kankintis skaitant ši? knyg?. Gerai, kad v?liau kažkaip ta ironija išskirst?, nuplauk? ? vietomis tikrai puikius dialogus ir jau gal?jau m?gautis ironija, kuri? galima pak?sti ar net m?gautis.

Tai kod?l ta nuomon? taip bangavo? Reikt? pamin?ti, kad visas romanas yra suskirstytas dalimis „Aš“, „Tu“, „Jis“, „Mes“, „J?s“, „Jie“. Pirmos dalies pradžioje buvau visai panikoje, nes siužeto iš viso nebuvo, pasikartojantys erotini? fantazij? ir prekini? ženkl? vaizdai erzino ir išvis buvo net tiršta nuo perspausto piktinimosi savimi ir visu pasauliu. Persijungus ? r?žim? „tu“, pasakojama toliau tas pats tik su si?lymu ?sivaizduoti, kad pasakotojas tai tu. Jau ?m? ne juokais erzinti, pamažu radosi siužetas, bet jis vis dar buvo pasiklyd?s svai?iojim? j?roje. Tokiomis nuotaikomis teko beveik vis? knyg? skaityti, gerai, kad visai gerai skait?si. Ir tuomet, kažkur tarp „Mes“ ir „J?s“ pamažu ?m? jungtis siužeto trupiniai ? kažk? panašaus ? id?j? ir aš jau prad?jau žav?tis tuo ?jimu tikslo link. Nes man b?tent ta dalis, kur viskas susijungia ir duoda galvon yra vienas svarbiausi? dalyk? knygoje. Ir ta akimirka buvo labai, labai arti, beveik j? užuodžiau, sulaukiau smagios kulminacijos, viskas staiga pakrypo tragiškon pus?n, man vis dar buvo smagu ir laukiau, kol viskas baigsis taip, kaip gal??iau sakyti, jog kelion? buvo sunki, bet rezultatas visk? atpirko.... ir tuomet per akimirk? viltys subliuško. Ne galutinai, vis tiek nuomon? galutiniame rezultate buvo gerokai geresn? nei buvo galima tik?tis pradžioje. Kas gi tokio nutiko? Ogi nuo ni?raus, nusivylim? pasauliu skelbian?io ir kiek lengvab?diško k?rinio per sekund? atsid?riau vidury keli? kriminal?, CSI stiliaus pos?ki? ir dar šlykštoko erotinio epizodo.

Pabaiga man netiko prie k?rinio. Ja turb?t autorius nor?jo parodyti, kad viskas yra apgaul? ir ne viskas yra taip nuostabu kaip gali pasirodyt iš pirmo žvilgsnio. Bet man visgi vis tiek nepatiko, kad reik?jo toki? drastišk? priemoni? ir nepavyko parodyti to taip pat puikiai paprastu, eiliniu siužetu. Labai nem?gstu, kai knygoje per prievart? kišamos mintys. O šitos pabaiga yra beveik vienas iš t? variant?.

Romano „14.99 €“ id?ja ?domi, neabejotinai ?domiai apipavidalinta, tik išpildymas man nepatiko – perspausta, vietomis nemalonu skaityti ir neperteik? min?i?, kaip nor?t?si.

Orbi Alter says

(Naslov)nica je SVE.

Obozavam taj osjecaj kad me satirican roman uspije zgroziti i uspaniciti, kad mi nasmije bice, pa me rastuzi, pa budem bijesna na svijet i na njega jer sta on glumata, pa me motivira, onda demotivira pa opet ispocetka sve. Naravno da zna izbacit iz tracnica s potpunom otkvacenim konceptima unutar korica. Reklame <3 Povremeno mi je znao pomaziti ego *a to se isto broji ful* s tim da izbacuje poeziju i bude dosta tesko maknuti se s odlomka jer mantram njegovu/svoju gorcinu. Genijalan.

MJ Nicholls says

“Oh, you know what Frédéric’s doing, he’s going for that *anti-marketing dollar*.”

Amorfna says

Jedva, jedva završeno. Dve tri zanimljive misli, puno dosade, osećaj lošeg akcionog filma. Begbede je in, Begbede je must, koka, kurve i definitivno kontraverzna ličnost, buntovnik, drzak, galamdžija. A sve je to tako isprazno i prežvakano i bez šarma. Sve je to tako šokantno a zapravo je bofl roba.

No uostalom, ko da mu sudi - pomama za takvima ne prestaje nikada. Zgrabi priliku i uživaj dok ide.

Bez da ulazim u lik i delo Begbedea (jedna knjiga nije dovoljna). Da?u šansu Francuskom romanu da mu u?inim pravdu.

I mislim da je to to.

Postoji bolja literatura na koju se vreme treba trošiti.

Natalie says

No matter how hard I tried, I could not finish this book. The vulgar tone of the author and his constant description of cocaine intake make it hard to absorb any marketing industry facts. I find it strange and sad that people would look up to the author like Beigbeder for advertising/marketing insights and are willing to absorb any bs that this author will spoon feed them. Furthermore, I do not understand why would I use this person as an industry reference when the only thing I know, it that his life revolves around prostitutes, drugs and alcohol...

Laurence R. says

It's strange, how you can hate someone but pity them at the same time. However, that's what happened with this book.

This is basically made to shock people. You read about cocaine, prostitutes, fraud and people who trick your mind to get richer and richer, so obviously, you wouldn't find your new favourite character in there. The main character, Octave, is interesting, even though he's awful, but the things he did made me cringe so much. The fact that he's not able to love made me really sad and pity him, because his conception of love is so far from what it really is. Also, when he's ruined by cocaine, the things he said and did made me embarrassed for him, because he become nothing more than an idiot. If you want something that'll convince you not to take cocaine, read this.

The plot is incredibly weird. Nothing much happens, but when something does happen, it's as if it were normal, when it's not. I was really confused and I wondered very often if everything was real or just produced by Octave's cocaine-filled mind. It's a mixture between reality and fiction, which I only realized afterwards.

I did love the writing style. It's beautiful, provocative and interesting. From the very first page, I was hooked and I couldn't get enough of it. I'd read anything by this author now, because I absolutely love his writing style. I'd recommend this book to everyone for this reason, because my book basically looks like a rainbow because of everything I highlighted. That's saying a lot, since I almost never highlight in books.

If you're ready to face all the drugs and sex in this book, I'd say go for it. The reading experience is awesome, even without a character to love.

Emeline says

Il y a des comparaisons interessantes et nous offre une perspective encore plus effrayante du monde actuel ..mais ça reste un publicitaire qui écrit, il est vulgaire et sans talent littéraire. Beaucoup de déballage de culture ("ne lisait que des écrivains suicidés.." suivi d'une grande liste de noms sans intérêt. etc...), d'imitation pâle d'écrivains qui portent, eux, bien ce titre.. mais rien de transcendant. La recherche du style n'aboutit à rien (désolée mais c'est pas en changeant de pronoms tous les 10 chapitres que le livre est soudain original et intelligent). Personnellement j'ai vraiment trouvé une sorte de mégalomanie incurable chez le personnage..sans compter son penchant à décrire ses fantasmes (peu originaux et répétitifs comme l'a dit une autre critique) ce qui est censé mettre de la modernité (c'est moderne d'être con et vulgaire..) et du réalisme dans le texte....On repassera.Si le début pouvait sembler intéressant, le reste se dégrade de plus en plus. Le seul point positif est que tout se déroulant assez vite, le lecteur est pris par le courant. Ce qui très agréable, un livre chiant qui de lui-même fait vite passer l'ennui qu'est sa lecture.

Le livre est un peu à l'image des pubs d'Octave: grotesque et sans originalité particulière avec beaucoup de provoc' pour attirer, du pseudo-intello pour frimer, "on forget" comme dirait les inconnus.

Valentyna Zelena says

He is annoying, frustrating, provocative and sometimes disgusting, but many of his ideas are unfortunately true. We all have price, all our choices are controlled, advertisement world is f**ked up, we get it. But gosh, over 200 pages of self-centered love, describing how cool am I, and how I hate the world I literally live in every day - it is too much. And towards the end it makes very little sense, though you may try to fish out some very meaningful insights.

Marysya Rudska says

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Iskander says

Crazy and ingenious. This story tells us how powerless we are in the hands of media sharks if we spend most of our time watching the box.

The author described very well of our modern world.

Aristotle once said that "a human is a society animal," he was definitely right.

The author tells via protagonist how miserable our society made by commercial producers or any other masters of PR. They make our choices, likes, and dislikes; they tell you what car to buy, they show you how to dress just to be a very close via various fashion magazines. They make for ya "Idols" which you should blindly follow. They show you modern technologies, which you should buy all the time, like the cell phones. That's why every one of us who respects his or her life should turn off "the Box." And spend more time by reading basic and simple handbooks, and teach our kids to do the same. And show them that it is cooler to have a huge home library than any collection of X-Box and Sony PlayStation video games. I remember a wise quote from Denzel Washington's book -- children have never been superb at listening to their elders, but they have never failed to imitate them.

Svetlana says

It's not Dostoevsky, but I like French literature and particularly Beigbeder. His books seem to be the revues of our contemporary life with its illnesses, contradictions, hysteria - explosions inside and outside the person.

????????? says

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