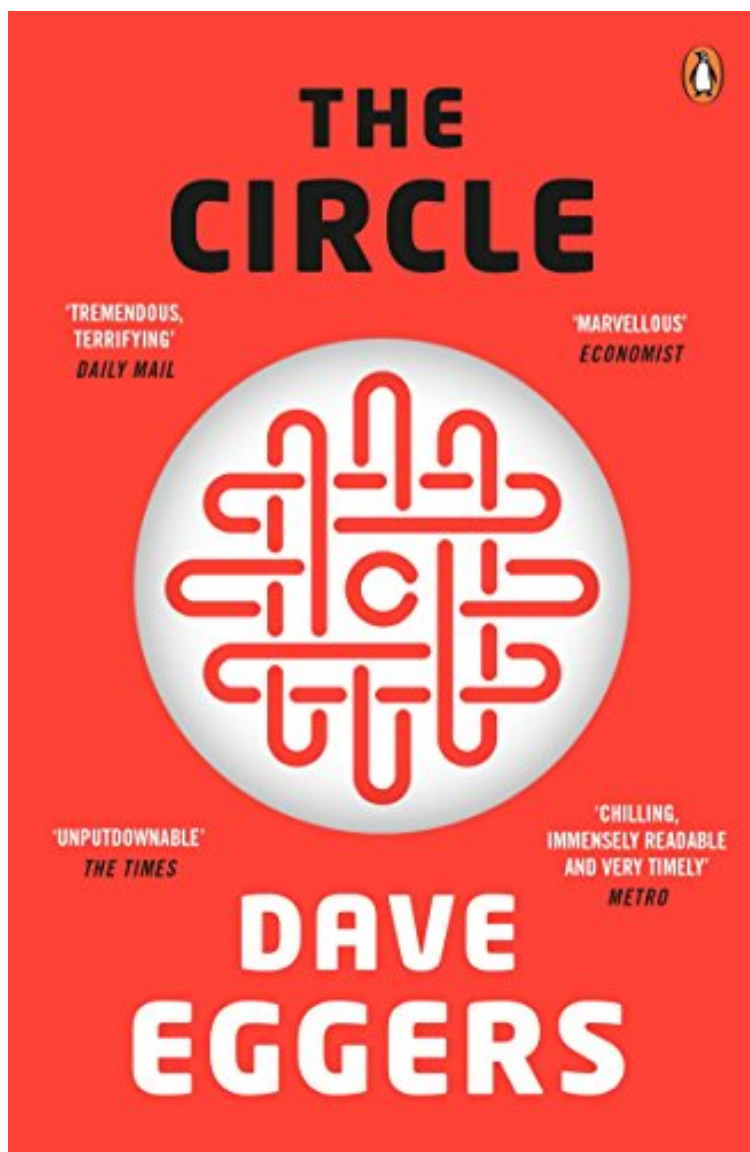


[Download pdf ebook] File size: 58.Mb

The Circle



Par Dave Eggers
*ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub |*
DOC | audiobook

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #5812 dans eBooksPubli le: 2013-10-10Sorti le: 2013-10-10Format: Ebook KindleNombre d'articles: 1

[Download pdf ebook] The Circle

Par Dave Eggers : The Circle before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Circle:

 Download

 Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurFast, thrilling, compulsively addictive - The Circle is Dave Eggers's timely novel about our obsession with the internet. When Mae is hired to work for the Circle, the world's most powerful internet company, she feels she's been given the opportunity of a lifetime. Run out of a sprawling California campus, the Circle links users' personal emails, social media, and finances with their universal operating system, resulting in one online identity and a new age of transparency. Mae can't believe her great fortune to work for them - even as life beyond the campus grows distant, even as a strange encounter with a colleague leaves her shaken, even as her role at the Circle becomes increasingly public ...'Tremendous. Inventive, big hearted and very funny. Prepare to be addicted' Daily Mail'Prescient, important and enjoyable . . . a deft modern

synthesis of Swiftian wit with Orwellian prognostication' Guardian 'A gripping and highly unsettling read' Sunday Times Dave Eggers is the founder and editor of McSweeney's, an independent publishing house based in San Francisco. He is the author of seven previous books, including *A Hologram for the King* (finalist for the National Book Award 2012), *Zeitoun* (winner of the American Book Award and the Dayton Literary Peace Prize) and *What is the What*, which was a finalist for the 2006 National Book Critics Circle Award and won France's Prix Medicis.

My god, Mae thought. Its heaven. The campus was vast and rambling, wild with Pacific color, and yet the smallest detail had been carefully considered, shaped by the most eloquent hands. On land that had once been a shipyard, then a drive-in movie theater, then a flea market, then blight, there were now soft green hills and a Calatrava fountain. And a picnic area, with tables arranged in concentric circles. And tennis courts, clay and grass. And a volleyball court, where tiny children from the companys daycare center were running, squealing, weaving like water. Amid all this was a workplace, too, four hundred acres of brushed steel and glass on the headquarters of the most influential company in the world. The sky above was spotless and blue. Mae was making her way through all of this, walking from the parking lot to the main hall, trying to look as if she belonged. The walkway wound around lemon and orange trees and its quiet red cobblestones were replaced, occasionally, by tiles with imploring messages of inspiration. Dream, one said, the word laser-cut into the red stone. Participate, said another. There were dozens: Find Community. Innovate. Imagine. She just missed stepping on the hand of a young man in a grey jumpsuit; he was installing a new stone that said Breathe.

On a sunny Monday in June, Mae stopped in front of the main door, standing below the logo etched into the glass above. Though the company was less than six years old, its name and logo a circle surrounding a knitted grid, with a small c in the center were already among the best-known in the world. There were more than ten thousand employees on this, the main campus, but the Circle had offices all over the globe, and was hiring hundreds of gifted young minds every week. It had been voted the worlds most admired company four years running. Mae wouldnt have thought she had a chance to work at such a place, but for Annie. Annie was two years older and theyd roomed together for three semesters in college, in an ugly building made habitable through their extraordinary bond, something like friends, something like sisters or cousins who wished they were siblings and would have reason never to be apart. Their first month living together, Mae had broken her jaw one twilight, after fainting, flu-ridden and underfed, during finals. Annie had told her to stay in bed, but Mae had gone to the 7-Eleven for caffeine and woke up on the sidewalk, under a tree. Annie took her to the hospital, and waited as they wired her jaw, and then stayed with Mae, sleeping next to her, in a wooden chair, all night, and then at home, for days, had fed Mae through a straw. It was a fierce level of commitment and competence that Mae had never seen from someone her age or near her age, and Mae was thereafter loyal in a way shed never known she could be.

While Mae was still at Carleton, meandering between majors, from art history to marketing to psychology getting her degree in psych with no plans to go further in the field Annie had graduated, gotten her MBA from Stanford and was recruited everywhere, but particularly at the Circle, and had landed here days after graduation. Now she had some lofty title Director of Ensuring the Future, Annie joked and had urged Mae to apply for a job. Mae did so, and though Annie insisted she pulled no strings, Mae was sure that Annie had, and she felt indebted beyond all measure. A million people, a billion, wanted to be where Mae was at this moment, entering this atrium, thirty feet high and shot through with California light, on her first day working for the only company that really mattered at all. She pushed open the heavy door. The front hall was as long as a parade, as tall as a cathedral. There were offices everywhere above, four floors high on either side, every wall made of glass. Briefly dizzy, she looked downward, and in the immaculate glossy floor, she saw her own face reflected, looking worried. She shaped her mouth into a smile, feeling a presence behind her. You must be Mae. Mae turned to find a beautiful young head floating atop a scarlet scarf and white silk blouse. Im Renata, she said. Hi Renata. Im looking for Annie. I know. Shes on her way. A sound, a digital droplet, came from Renatas ear. Shes actually... Renata was looking at Mae but was seeing something else. Retinal interface, Mae assumed. Another innovation born here. Shes in the Old West, Renata said, focusing on Mae again, but shell be here soon. Mae smiled. I hope shes got some hardtack and a sturdy horse. Renata smiled politely but did not laugh. Mae knew the companys practice of naming each portion of the campus after a historical era; it was a way to make an enormous place less impersonal, less corporate. It beat Building 3B-East, where Mae had last worked. Her final day at the public utility in her hometown had been only three weeks ago theyd been stupefied when she gave notice but already it seemed impossible shed wasted so much of her life there. Good riddance, Mae thought, to that gulag and all it represented. Renata was still getting signals from her earpiece. Oh wait, she said, now shes saying shes

still tied up over there. Renata looked at Mae with a radiant smile. Why dont I take you to your desk? She says shell meet you there in an hour or so. Mae thrilled a bit at those words, your desk, and immediately she thought of her dad. He was proud. So proud, hed said on her voicemail; he must have left the message at four a.m. Shed gotten it when shed woken up. So very proud, hed said, choking up. Mae was two years out of college and here she was, gainfully employed by the Circle, with her own health insurance, her own apartment in the city, being no burden to her parents, who had plenty else to worry about. Mae followed Renata out of the atrium. On the lawn, under dappled light, a pair of young people were sitting on a manmade hill, holding some kind of clear tablet, talking with great intensity. Youll be in the Renaissance, over here, Renata said, pointing across the lawn, to a building of glass and oxidized copper. This is where all the Customer Experience people are. Youve visited before? Mae nodded. I have. A few times, but not this building. So youve seen the pool, the sports area. Renata waved her hand off toward a blue parallelogram and an angular building, the gym, rising behind it. Over there theres the yoga studio, crossfit, Pilates, massages, spinning. I heard you spin? Behind that theres the bocce courts, and the new tetherball setup. The cafeterias just across the grass... Renata pointed to the lush rolling green, with a handful of young people, dressed professionally and splayed about like sunbathers. And here we are. They stood before the Renaissance, another building with a forty-foot atrium, a Calder mobile turning slowly above. Oh, I love Calder, Mae said. Renata smiled. I know you do. They looked up at it together. This one used to hang in the French parliament. Something like that. The wind that had followed them in now turned the mobile such that an arm pointed to Mae, as if welcoming her personally. Renata took her elbow. Ready? Up this way. They entered an elevator of glass, tinted faintly orange. Lights flickered on and Mae saw her name appear on the walls, along with her high school yearbook photo. Welcome Mae Holland. A sound, something like a gasp, left Maes throat. She hadnt seen that photo in years, and had been happy for its absence. This must have been Annies doing, assaulting her with it again. The picture was indeed Maeher wide mouth, her thin lips, her olive skin, her black hair, but in this photo, more so than in life, her high cheekbones gave her a look of severity, her brown eyes not smiling, only small and cold, ready for war. Since the photo she was eighteen then, angry and unsure Mae had gained much-needed weight, her face had softened and curves appeared, curves that brought the attention of men of myriad ages and motives. Shed tried, since high school, to be more open, more accepting, and seeing it here, this document of a long-ago era when she assumed the worst of the world, rattled her. Just when she couldnt stand it anymore, the photo disappeared. Yeah, everythings on sensors, Renata said. The elevator reads your ID, and then says hello. Annie gave us that photo. You guys must be tight if shes got high school pictures of you. Anyway, hope you dont mind. We do that for visitors, mostly. Theyre usually impressed. As the elevator rose, the days featured activities appeared on every elevator wall, the images and text traveling from one panel to the next. With each announcement, there was video, photos, animation, music. There was a screening of Koyaanisqatsi at noon, a self-massage demonstration at one, core strengthening at three. A congressman Mae hadnt heard of, grey-haired but young, was holding a town hall at six thirty. On the elevator door, he was talking at a podium, somewhere else, flags rippling behind him, his shirtsleeves rolled up and his hands shaped into earnest fists. The doors opened, splitting the congressman in two. Here we are, Renata said, stepping out to a narrow catwalk of steel grating. Mae looked down and felt her stomach cinch. She could see all the way to the ground floor, four stories below. Mae attempted levity: I guess you dont put anyone with vertigo up here. Renata stopped and turned to Mae, looking gravely concerned. Of course not. But your profile said No, no, Mae said. Im fine. Seriously. We can put you lower if No, no. Really. Its perfect. Sorry. I was making a joke. Renata was visibly shaken. Okay. Just let me know if anythings not right. I will. You will? Because Annie would want me to make sure. I will. I promise, Mae said, and smiled at Renata, who recovered and moved on. *Revue de presse* Praise for The Circle A vivid, roaring dissent to the companies that have coaxed us to disgorge every thought and action onto the Web . . . Carries the potential to change how the world views its addicted, compliant thrall to all things digital. If you work in Silicon Valley, or just care about what goes on there, you need to pay attention. Dennis K. Berman, *The Wall Street Journal* Fascinating . . . Eggers appears to run on pure adrenaline, and has as many ideas pouring out of him as the entrepreneurs pitching their inventions in *The Circle* . . . [A] novel of ideas . . . about the social construction and deconstruction of privacy, and about the increasing corporate ownership of privacy, and about the effects such ownership may have on the nature of Western democracy . . . Like Melvilles *Pequod* and Stephen Kings *Overlook Hotel*, the Circle is a combination of physical container, financial system, spiritual state, and *dramatis personae*, intended to represent America, or at least a powerful segment of it . . . The Circlers social etiquette is as finely calibrated as anything in Jane

Austen . . . Eggers treats his material with admirable inventiveness and gusto . . . the language ripples and morphs . . . Its an entertainment, but a challenging one. Margaret Atwood, *The New York of Books* A parable about the perils of life in a digital age in which our personal data is increasingly collected, sifted and monetized, an age of surveillance and Big Data, in which privacy is obsolete, and Maoist collectivism is the order of the day. Using his fluent prose and instinctive storytelling gifts, Mr. Eggers does a nimble, and sometimes very funny, job of sending up technophiles' naiveté, self-interest and misguided idealism. As the artist and computer scientist Jaron Lanier has done in several groundbreaking nonfiction books, Mr. Eggers reminds us how digital utopianism can lead to the datafication of our daily lives, how a belief in the wisdom of the crowd can lead to mob rule, how the embrace of the hive mind can lead to a diminution of the individual. The adventures of Mr. Eggers' heroine, Mae Holland, an ambitious new hire at the company, provide an object lesson in the dangers of drinking the Silicon Valley Kool-Aid and becoming a full-time digital ninja . . . Never less than entertaining . . . Eggers is such an engaging, tactile writer that the reader happily follows him wherever he's going . . . A fun and inventive read. Michiko Kakutani, *The New York Times* The particular charm and power of Eggers' book . . . could be described as topical or timely, though those pedestrian words do not nearly capture its imaginative vision . . . Simply a great story, with a fascinating protagonist, sharply drawn supporting characters and an exciting, unpredictable plot . . . As scary as the story's implications will be to some readers, the reading experience is pure pleasure. Hugo Lindgren, *The New York Times Magazine* Eggers is a literary polymath . . . The Circle is funny in its skewering of Internet culture. Holland obsessively tallies the reach of her Twitter-like Zings and enthuses about a benefit for needy children that raises not money but 2.3 million smiles (think Facebook likes). The Circle's buildings are named for epochs, so at her first party Holland gets her wine from the Industrial Revolution . . . The ideas behind "The Circle" are compelling and deeply contemporary. Holland is an everywoman, a twentysomething believer in Internet culture untroubled by the massive centralization and monetization of information, ubiquitous video surveillance and corporate invasions of privacy. Compare that to *A Hologram for the King*, in which a middle-aged man thoughtfully but powerlessly observes America's economic decline, realizing that his efforts to participate in globalization led to his own obsolescence. The two books together are saying something foreboding about America's place in the world: We have traded making physical things for a glossy, meaningless online culture that leaves us vulnerable to those who see that information in the form of data, video feeds, or our own consumer desires is power. Carolyn Kellogg, *Los Angeles Times* You can't really write a 1984 for our times, because 1984 is still the 1984 of our times. But one could think of Dave Eggers . . . new novel *The Circle* as a timely and potent appendix to it. The crux of *The Circle* is that Big Brother is still haunting us, but in an incarnation that's both more genial and more insidious. We have met Big Brother, and he is us . . . In *The Circle* Eggers has set his style and pace to techno-thriller: the writing is brisk and spare and efficient . . . When I finished *The Circle* I felt a heightened awareness of social media and the way it's remaking our world into a living hell of constant and universal mutual observation. Lev Grossman, *Time* You may find yourself so engrossed in Dave Eggers's futuristic novel, *The Circle*, that you forget about Facebook entirely. And by the last pages, you may think twice before logging on again. John Freeman, *O, The Oprah Magazine* Bravely, audaciously . . . [Eggers] takes on the online world in *The Circle*, a provocative novel named for the world's most powerful Internet firm. Set in the not-so-distant future, the novel is part satire, part corporate thriller. But mostly it's a cautionary tale about threats to privacy, freedom and democracy. Bob Minsesheimer, *USA Today* Page-turning. . . . The social message of the novel is clear, but Eggers expertly weaves it into an elegantly told, compulsively readable parable for the 21st century. . . . What may be the most haunting discovery about *The Circle*, however, is readers' recognition that they share the same technology-driven mentality that brings the novel's characters to the brink of dysfunction. We too want to know everything by watching, monitoring, commenting, and interacting, and the force of Eggers' richly allusive prose lies in his ability to expose the potential hazards of that impulse. Laura Christensen, *Vanity Fair* In this taut, claustrophobic corporate thriller, Eggers comes down hard on the culture of digital over-sharing, creating a very-near-future dystopia in which all that is not forbidden is required. . . . Eggers has a keen eye for context, and the great strength of *The Circle* lies in its observations about the way instant, asynchronous communication has damaged our personal relationships. . . . A speculative morality tale in the vein of George Orwell . . . We go on using the social media platforms that have been used against us; we post geo-tagged photos that could lead potential criminals straight to our private homes and our children's preschools, and we do all of this with full knowledge of the possible consequences. We have closed our eyes and given our consent. Everyone else is doing it. In the digital age, it

is better to be unsafe than to be left out. G. Willow Wilson, San Francisco Chronicle Eggers surveys our privacy-annihilating, social media-infested world, recoils in horror at the inevitable consequences, and unleashes a primal scream: Enough! Stop! Stop liking and sharing and tweeting and texting! Stop it all! Readers who share Eggers concerns about the Facebook-opticon, the surveillance state that leaves no shred of daily life unscrutinized, this superficial, hollow sense of community spanned by digital connectivity will flock to stand before this brave rallying flag. . . . The world that the Circle is delivering to the online masses is very much our world. This isnt science fiction . . . We need a legion of Dave Eggers in the world today, calling out the dangers. Andrew Leonard, Salon Eggerss works pulse with life . . . The Circle pushes his art even further . . . Eggerss work, part dark comedy, part sobering glimpse into the near-future, stuns for two reasons: Maes humanity and compassion are apparent even as she helps erode our civil liberties; and two, it doesnt feel like science fiction. It feels like the next horrific but very plausible small step for mankind. Josh Davis, Time Out New York, five stars You cant read The Circle, Dave Eggerss novel about a powerful internet company, and not recognize the books dystopian vision in our own obsessions with sharing and social media. The novel, set in the near future, is an engaging mix of social satire and cautionary tale . . . captures the perils of the internet and, in particular, the over-the-top utopianism sometimes espoused by technology executives more than any other novel of recent years . . . both hilarious and foreboding. Allan Hoffman, The New Jersey Star-Ledger Ripped from recent headlines about privacy, technology and social media . . . A book that begins as a lighthearted cautionary tale grows into a claustrophobic portrait of relentless effort to achieve the culmination of closing the Circle. Richard Galant, CNN Entertaining . . . A sense of horror finally arrives near the end of the book, coming . . . through the power of Eggerss writing . . . The final scene is chilling. Ellen Ullman, The New York Times Book Gripping . . . Set in the not-too-distant future, Eggers' story takes us inside a shiny-happy California-based media corporation called the Circle . . . a compelling exploration of how individuals excitedly opt into a corporately-controlled culture of complete surveillance billed as a community, transforming privacy into a quaint notion possessed only by the nostalgic . . . The Circle's brilliance lies in convincingly taking us inside an extreme vision of what is nascent in the 21st century cyber-utopianism we all endorse, showing us how the visions of digital media moguls are championed and propagated by an overly-willing society . . . Eggers creates for us a surprisingly contemporary world that seems strangely familiar to regular social media users a world into which all of us excitedly join without much prompting. Rob Williams, Policy Mic What fuels this novel is its thunderbolt of an idea: digital culture is suffocating us and, whats more, is doing so under the duplicitous guise of widespread human beneficence . . . This is a novel about the silence inside your head . . . a powerful argument for turning off your iPhone and going for a walk. Alexander Nazaryan, Newsweek Dave Eggers is fast becoming one of our fiercest and most compelling writers on the dark side of technology. [The Circle] is a gripping and highly unsettling read. Edmund Gordon, The Sunday Times (UK) It has taken Eggers the 13 years since his breakout memoir to give us a book that truly matched A Heartbreaking Work in Progress but with The Circle, Eggers has given us everything . . . when you put down the book and go to check your email, you might just realize that we are living the fiction . . . [The Circle] takes place before a fall that we might really be approaching, and its this compelling sense of impending, unpredictable doom that makes this work of fiction feel very real, and very necessary. Jason Diamond, Flavorwire Dave Eggers real heartbreaking work of staggering genius might be this one. The Circle is todays version of dystopian classics such as George Orwells 1984 or Aldous Huxleys Brave New World. Eggers novel is terrifying, funny, real, suspenseful and visionary . . . Always keeping the focus on Mae, Eggers brings up all the Big Brother issues of our time: privacy, democracy, memory, history and the quality of how were connecting. Holly Silva, St. Louis Post-Dispatch Eggers has updated Orwells vision by inverting it. In 1984, the members of the Party are watched by Big Brother; in The Circle, it is the people who watch the government . . . Perhaps our need for privacy will erode as technology continues to develop and the world continues to change. Or perhaps humans will still occasionally cling to the need for privacy simply because it is an essential quality of being human. Either way, the fact that these questions linger long after finishing this book is a testament to the multiple layers and potential lasting impact of The Circle. Karl Hendricks, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette The Circle is a deft modern synthesis of Swiftian wit with Orwellian prognostication . . . a work so germane to our times that it may well come to be considered as the most on-the-money satirical commentary on the early internet age . . . The pages are full of clever, plausible, unnerving ideas that I suspect are being developed right now . . . The book is also very funny . . . A prescient, important and enjoyable book, and what I love most about The Circle is that it is telling us so much about the impact of the computer age on

human beings in the only form that can do so with the requisite wit, interiority and profundity: the novel. Edward Docx, *The Guardian* (UK) Eggers's past work has tackled sociopolitical issues such as the justice system, Sudanese refugees, and the plight of public school educators. *The Circle* gives him a new soapbox, and if he can convince a mass audience that Google is even a little bit evil, he'll have produced some of the most subversive commercial fiction ever written. The novel is a pro-privacy, anti-tech manifesto masquerading as a Dan Brown thriller. Its Evgeny Morozov dressed in John Grisham's clothing. Seth Stevenson, *Bloomberg Businessweek* Step away from whatever tweet you're composing for your 484 followers. Don't click like on that Facebook photo of a friend's kids. Dave Eggers chilling and enormously absorbing new novel *The Circle*, about encroaching tentacles of the world's most powerful Internet company, demands your thoughtful and committed attention. Karen Valby, *Entertainment Weekly* A fast-moving conspiracy potboiler . . . a zippy, pulpy read that puts pressing issues into sharp relief. Jessica Winter, *Slate* *The Circle* is *Brave New World* for our brave new world . . . Now that we all live and move and have our being in the panopticon, Eggers's novel may be just fast enough, witty enough and troubling enough to make us glance away from our twerking Vines and consider how life has been reshaped by a handful of clever marketers . . . There may come a day when we can look back at this novel with incredulity, but for now, the mirror it holds up is too chilling to LOL. Ron Charles, *The Washington Post* *The Circle* may be . . . more fable than novel, but it has all that in common with *Brave New World*, *Animal Farm*, *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, and *Fahrenheit 451*. One hopes that it will enjoy pride of place with those books in classrooms, as a reminder that surveillance and transparency were not always judged merely by what they might do for us. Stefan Beck, *Daily Beast* Eggers's writing is so fluent, his ventriloquism of tech-world dialect so light, his denouement so enjoyably inevitable. Alexander Linklater, *The Observer* *The Circle* is intelligent and quirky, engaged and affecting and confirms Eggers' place as one of the most interesting novelists currently writing. Stuart Kelly, *The Scotsman* Dave Eggers takes the growing inescapability of social media and personal technology to clever and chilling places in his new novel. Patrick Condon, *Associated Press* Game-changing . . . a fast-paced and suspenseful story . . . Eggers has produced the fable for our wired times. Bethanne Patrick, *AARP.org* Most of us imagine totalitarianism as something imposed upon us but what if we're complicit in our own oppression? That's the scenario in Eggers' ambitious, terrifying, and eerily plausible new novel . . . *Brave and important and will draw comparisons to Brave New World and 1984.* Eggers brilliantly depicts the Internet binges, torrents of information, and endless loops of feedback that increasingly characterize modern life. But perhaps most chilling of all is his notion that our ultimate undoing could be something so petty as our desperate desire for affirmation. *Booklist* (Starred) A stunning work of terrifying plausibility, a cautionary tale of subversive power in the digital age suavely packaged as a Silicon Valley social satire. Set in the near future, it examines the inner workings of the Circle, an internet company that is both spiritual and literal successor to Facebook, Google, Twitter and more, as seen through the eyes of Mae Holland, a new hire who starts in customer service . . . Eggers presents a Swiftian scenario so absurd in its logic and compelling in its motives . . . sneaking up on the reader before delivering its warnings of the future, a worthy and entertaining read. *Publishers Weekly* (Starred)