

FREE SIX SUSPECTS: DETECTIVE FICTION PDF



Vikas Swarup | 576 pages | 26 Feb 2009 | Transworld Publishers Ltd | 9780552775557 | English | London, United Kingdom

Book Review - Six Suspects by Vikas Swarup | BookPage

An Indian Agatha Christie Vicky Rai, the son of a high-profile Minister, has been shot dead by one of the guests at his own party. They are a glitzy bunch, but among them the police find six strange, displaced characters with a gun in their possession. India's wildest investigative journalist, Arun Advani, makes it his mission to nail the Six Suspects: Detective Fiction. In doing so, the amazing, tender Six Suspects: Detective Fiction touching, techni-colour lives of six eccentric personalities unravel before our eyes.

But can we trust Advani? Or does he have another agenda in mind? Vikas Six Suspects: Detective Fiction.

Vikas Swarup is a member of the Indian Foreign Service. Fascinating, multi-voiced slice of Indian life across the castes with political corruption at its centre. A blockbuster of a story that begins with a murder, then delves into the lives and motives of the six suspects. A Bollywood version of the board game Clue with a strain of screwball comedy thrown in. Its stock characters are easily identified: the Bureaucrat, the Actress, the Tribal, the Thief, the Politician and the American.

Each attended the party at which a man named Vicky Rai, a playboy film producer, was murdered. Each has a gun and a motive.

And although the story's geographical span is even bigger than India, the whole thing feels handily confined to the kind of isolated, air-tight setting that Agatha Christie's readers love. Thanks to such a schematic setup "Six Suspects" is gleeful, sneaky fun.

But it's also a much more freewheeling book than the format implies. Swarup, an Indian diplomat, brings a worldly range of attributes to his potentially simple story.

And he winds up delivering a rambling critique of Indian culture, taking shots at everything from racism to reality TV. Yet Mr. Swarup's style stays light and playful, preferring to err on the side of broad high jinks rather than high seriousness. A refreshing oddity. It bears no resemblance to the cookie-cutter genre books of this season. I do not normally recommend crime novels more than pages long, but I am making an exception with Vikas Swarup. It's unusual, witty, quirkily, cleverly plotted, intelligent, and along the way *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* an informative satire on Indian politics and values. Search books and authors.

Buy from... View all online retailers. Also by Vikas Swarup. Praise for *Six Suspects*. Gleeful, sneaky fun Janet Maslin, New York Times. Fascinating, multi-voiced slice of Indian life across the castes with political corruption at its centre Kirkus Reviews *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* blockbuster of a story that begins with a murder, then delves into the lives and motives of the six suspects. It bears no resemblance to the cookie-cutter genre books of this season Janet Maslin, New York Times I do not normally recommend crime novels more than pages long, but I am making an exception with Vikas Swarup. It's unusual, witty, quirkily, cleverly plotted, intelligent, and along the way it's an informative satire on Indian politics and values. Related titles.

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Six Suspects by Vikas Swarup. There's a caste system even in murder. Now Vicky Rai is dead, killed at his farmhouse at a party he had thrown to celebrate his acquittal. The police search each and every guest. Six of them are discovered with guns in their possession. In this elaborate murder mystery we join Arun Advani, India's best-known investigative journalist, as the lives of these six suspects unravel before our eyes: a corrupt bureaucrat; an American tourist; a stone-age tribesman; a Bollywood sex symbol; a mobile phone thief; and an ambitious politician.

Each is equally likely to have pulled the trigger. Inspired by actual events, Vikas Swarup's eagerly awaited second novel is both a riveting page turner and an insightful peek into *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* heart and soul of contemporary India.

Get A Copy. Hardcoverpages. More Details Original Title. Other *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* Friend Reviews. To *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* what your friends thought of this book, please sign up. To ask other readers questions about *Six Suspects* please sign up. How do you rate this book? See 1 question about *Six Suspects*... Lists with This Book. Community Reviews. Showing Average rating 3. Rating details. More filters. Sort order. Start your review of *Six Suspects*.

While I enjoyed *Six Suspects* especially the characters of Eketi and Munnathe American character, Larry Page, *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* not ring true at all, primarily because of his speech. Attempts to *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* him an ordinary, "aw-shucks" Texas hick were admirable, but his "butter my butt and call me a biscuit" style got very old after awhile, and he really was just unbelievably stupid.

I've met my share of stupid, uneducated people, but this was just too much, and for the only time in the book, I just really wanted While I enjoyed *Six Suspects* especially the characters of Eketi and Munnathe American character, Larry Page, did not ring true at all, primarily because of his speech. I've met my share of stupid, uneducated people, but this was just too much, and for the only time in the book, I just really wanted his "Mail-Order Bride" section to end as quickly *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* possible.

His appearance seemed so random, and I'm still not really sure what he was doing there. Unfortunately, this uneducated, insanely stupid American

uses very distinctively British English terms mixed in with crazy "down South" Six Suspects: Detective Fiction and metaphors, which made him even more unbelievable. I suspect Mr. Swarup's editor is a native British-English speaker who might not have noticed the following: 1.

Page refers to the flight attendant on his first-ever plane trip as an "air hostess"; 2. He talks about the "queue" at passport control; 3. He refers to the restroom as the "WC"; 4. He calls a sidewalk a "pavement"; 5. Says that someone is "in hospital"; 7. Gives the dates in the wrong order in his speech says "31 October instead of "October 31st"; 8. Refers to a two-week period as a "fortnight". I realize some of these things creep into American speech from time to time, but an uneducated, completely stupid person Six Suspects: Detective Fiction seems to have never been out of Texas and apparently doesn't even know what the Constitution is?

Highly doubtful. The rest of the book was great, though. Highly satisfying and I really wish Goodreads would let us give half-star ratings - I'd give it a 3. View all 13 comments. Aug 22, Kater Cheek rated it it was ok. There are a certain class of books in which nothing really happens for Six Suspects: Detective Fiction hundred pages, but the reader enjoys the read because the characters are so friendly, the setting so cozy, and the writing so easy.

This novel is the exact opposite. Everything happens, but the journey jars, the characters fail to charm, and occasional lapses in writing make the plot alone carry the reader along.

I found myself skimming, irritated with the prose, but wanting to find Six Suspects: Detective Fiction what happens next. And when I say There are a certain class of books in which nothing really happens for Six Suspects: Detective Fiction hundred pages, but the reader enjoys the read because the characters are so friendly, the setting so cozy, and the writing so easy.

Poor girls get mistaken for rich Bollywood stars, slum-dwellers become instantly rich and then lose it all. People fall in love with the relatives of people who killed their own relatives.

Swarup inserts any connection between two people, no matter how contrived or far-fetched, which will set up the plot. It's as melodramatic as any opera. Never have villains been so villainous, nor girl-victims been quite so piteous. While I enjoy foreign settings, and am fond of India especially, Swarup's one American character was so ridiculously stereotyped and stupid, and annoying, peppering his every sentence with aphorisms and similes until I ground my teeth in irritation that it made me doubt his other characters were any more realistically drawn.

I don't know enough about India to know if the other five main characters are also caricatures, but I suspect that they are. The author this novel reminded me most of was Carl Hiaasen.

Hiaasen also has over-the-top plots, each twist more ridiculous than the past, but Hiaasen seems plausible compared to Swarup's tale. Any one single aspect of this book's plot could provide the core of a Six Suspects: Detective Fiction poor boy finds briefcase full of cash, native comes to the big city to find a lost treasure, man must avenge his brother's death in order to marry his widowed sister-in-law but in SIX SUSPECTS the plots are heaped one on top of the other.

I could have dealt with the over-the-top melodrama more if the novel didn't take Six Suspects: Detective Fiction so seriously.

I would have preferred, having spent pages with cardboard characters, if they had over-the-top sappy happy endings to go with their oversized plots. I could also have done without the chapter which consisted almost entirely of a phone conversation. Since all the Six Suspects: Detective Fiction speak in the first person, and there are so many people to keep straight, it took me a while at the beginning of each chapter to figure out which one was speaking.

I strongly suspect that I am not the ideal reader for this, that it has, in Six Suspects: Detective Fiction, been written for Indians rather than Americans the cringe-worthy "Larry Page" character is my main proof but it hit an uncomfortable middle.

I found it too political and gruesome to be a comedy, but too ridiculously contrived to be taken seriously. View 1 comment. Sep 05, K. Charles added it Shelves: contemporarydetectiveindian. This is my pb edition, the Goodreads blurb has been altered as well you might hope.

Other than that. Nice idea, patchy execution. The "India shown in a series of different lives of characters who turn out to intersect" thing isn't super original but there's plenty of space for good treatment of it.

This wasn't really. In part because the stories all seemed to be from different books. There's a magical realist satire of a guy possessed by Gandhi, a gritty gangster type tale, a tragedy of dispossessed and discarded underclass, a Bollywood actress in a Bollywood plot, and a spectacularly poor effort at a caricature of the American Abroad. It didn't add up. It didn't really work for me as satire or as realism because I found the tone too uneven--I'm here for tragicomedy but I think once it's caricature you do lose the emotional Six Suspects: Detective Fiction.

Shelves: fictioninternational-flavourmystery. The Plot: Vicky Rai is the playboy son of a corrupt Indian bureaucrat - he's also newly acquitted from a murder he was clearly guilty for, a verdict that has the entire country of India up in arms. When Vicky throws a party to celebrate his freedom, he's subsequently murdered - and a motley crew of 6 suspects are taken into custody for possessing guns.

A deeply dedicated investigative journalist concedes he will do what it takes to uncover the murderer of Vicky - not because Vicky himself is particularly important or Six Suspects: Detective Fiction within the story and to the reader but because Vicky Rai represents all that is wrong within the Indian justice system.

From there, Swarup divides each section of his book background, motives, evidence, aftermath into six stories written in six unique styles surrounding the six suspects. The stories are as diverse as following a tribal Six Suspects: Detective Fiction on a spirit quest to a Bollywood sex

symbol to a backwoods American seeking his mail order bride, while the styles range from diary entries to omniscient third-person to written almost entirely in dialogue.

Six Suspects: Detective Fiction - Vikas Swarup - Google книги

The Indian literary novel may be riding high, but there is such a shortage of crime fiction set in India's capital that Vikas Swarup can be considered a pioneer after producing this whopping book. *Six Suspects* attempts to expose the contract killing and fraud that bedevils Delhi. The plot is based on the murder of Jessica Lall, a model, in a bar in Here, *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* victim is Ruby Gill, a Gandhian scholar and bartender who is shot dead after she refuses to serve a notorious industrialist and movie producer.

Vivek "Vicky" Rai has already run over pavement dwellers with his BMW and poached endangered blackbuck antelope. Thanks to his father, the corrupt home minister of Uttar Pradesh, he has never served jail time; not surprisingly, he is acquitted of Ruby's murder.

During a gala to celebrate his acquittal, however, he is killed. Six gun-wielding guests are *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction*, and this sprawling, facetious tome traces the intertwining paths that led *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* disparate individuals to Vicky's farmhouse. There is the retired bureaucrat Mohan Kumar who, when not "playing sudoku on his laptop and surfing porn sites", helps Vicky's family exploit India's labour and natural resources.

For the rest of the novel, Mohan alternates between pontificating on the merits of abstinence and re-inhabiting his *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction*, sleazy self. These tracts are intolerably monotonous and predictable. Also cumbersome are Swarup's hackneyed descriptions and daft aphorisms, though he does have a redeeming eye for the disparities that define Indian society.

The fast-paced dialogues between Vicky's father, the home minister, and his various underlings illustrate well the corruption that burdens Indian bureaucracy. At one point, the home minister moves to ban the film of *The Da Vinci Code*, in order to stir communal sentiment: "If I ban the film our party will get some Christian votes in the local elections."

This is one of the innumerable instances *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* which Swarup borrows from actual political events, but his attempts to graft front-page headlines on to plot make for superficial, encyclopaedic reading. And despite trying to shove in everything Indian under the sun, Swarup makes one notable omission.

He steers clear of the Gujarat riots of which Hindu activists committed pogroms against Muslim citizens. Likewise, when he enters politically tense Kashmir, he lampoons autocratic and ignorant *Six Suspects: Detective Fiction* and Islamic fanaticism. There is nothing wrong with that, but Swarup, an Indian diplomat, lets the Indian government off the hook. This is inexcusable. In the end, Vicky Rai's murder is pinned on an innocent tribesman from the Andaman Islands, and a stream of encores await.

Six Suspects: Detective Fiction fail to pack a punch. Swarup has attempted an ambitious, complex project that required more cooking time, fewer plot lines and liberation from the desire to write a "great Indian novel".

Delhi underbelly. Hirsh Sawhney sifts through some daft writing for the clever nuggets in a sprawling Indian satire. Hirsh Sawhney. Topics Fiction reviews Reuse this content.