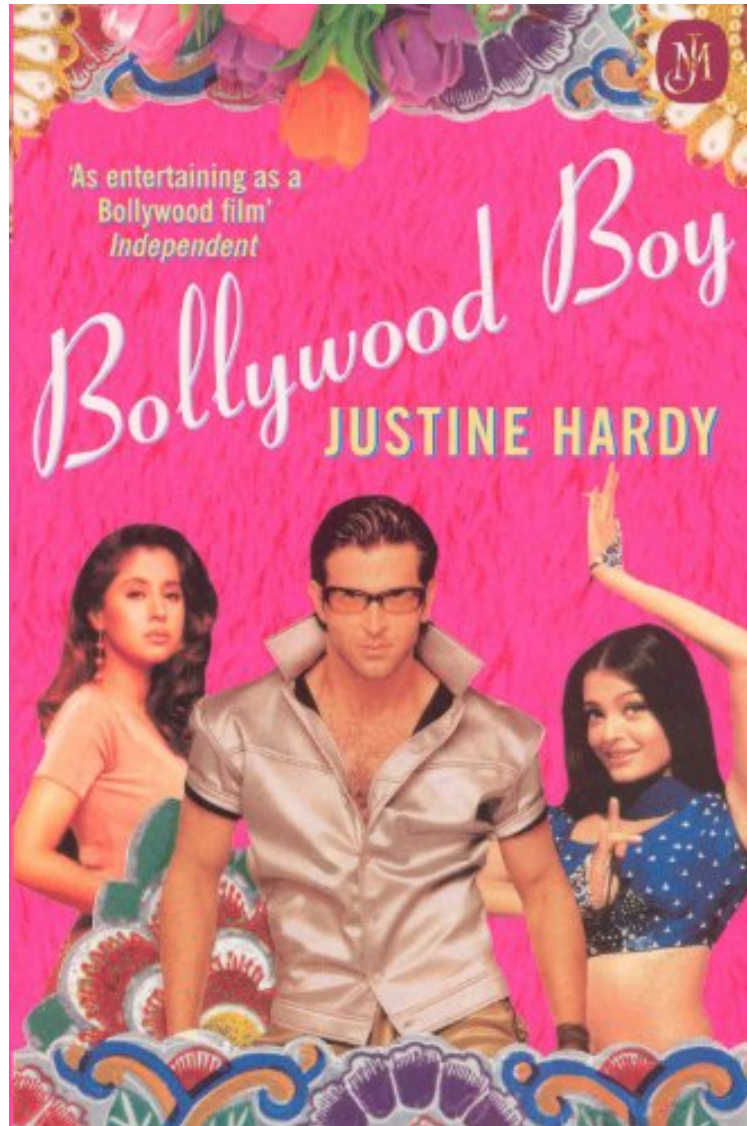


(Download ebook) Bollywood Boy (John Murray Paperbacks)

Bollywood Boy (John Murray Paperbacks)

Justine Hardy

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#8139614 in Books John Murray Publishers 2003-09 Original language: English PDF # 1 .65 x 5.06 x 7.80l,
#File Name: 0719564859264 pages | File size: 30.Mb

Justine Hardy : Bollywood Boy (John Murray Paperbacks) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Bollywood Boy (John Murray Paperbacks):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. how can you make Bollywood seem bland? By Brian Maitland
Bollywood is all about goofy dancing, singing and simplistic storylines made more complicated and illogical with over-the-top hambone acting. So where is that expressed in this book? After awhile you begin to realize, like actors in the West, these people are not any more interesting than the guy who delivers your mail. I just got completely bored at the repetitiveness of it all. I think a book on Bombay itself or on the film industry without the name dropping

would have suited the topic better. Also, what is up with the pink backdrop for the cover? Seriously, the color "pink" is what Indians associate with a Bollywood Boy? Looks more like a cover for a Hillary Duff expose. 5 of 7 people found the following review helpful. Lazy and unilluminating. By D. Futrelle. Just read this book and was pretty disappointed. It's not all bad: The writing is breezy, though at times a bit overblown (her extended descriptions of Bombay as a beautiful woman, say). And there are some funny and illuminating moments in it (the teenager who has to lie down after watching Hrithik dance; the 45-year-old bank manager and mother who compares him to Jesus.) I also had no idea that Hrithik has TWO RIGHT THUMBS (literally, webbed together) but there they are in that magazine cover reproduced in the book. But the big problem with the book is that HARDY DOESN'T TALK TO ANYONE IN THE BUSINESS except a handful of people she runs across basically by accident. Sure, she can't get an interview with HR for more than a year but, you know, she gets his big-time-director dad on the phone right away -- why not ask HIM some questions? She relates each time she gets the brushoff trying to reach HR ("sorry, he is out of station") but doesn't think to start calling other people in the business? Surely at least a few would have talked to her. And couldn't she have come up with some better questions for HR? SHE HAD A YEAR TO COME UP WITH THEM! So instead of interviews with real live film people and/or a decently researched history of Bollywood, we essentially get Justine wandering about randomly for 250 pages and chatting about Bollywood with whoever she happens to meet. Her favorite sources? The juice seller near her apartment and the gals at the beauty salon. 3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. You can't have seriously liked this. By sps4. The journalist who wrote this book infused her own feelings and opinions into every word. Bollywood Boy is not an objective work, nor is the writer's voice interesting or accurate enough to allow her bias go unnoticed. She fell in love with her main character and selfishly and rather dully used everyone she came in contact with - including us, the readers - to get where she wanted to be. It would have been great if this book were really about Hrithik Roshan, or the Hindi film industry, or the Indian people. It was just about Justine's crush. The publisher obviously doesn't know the subject matter well enough to know that there is little substance here, but did he have to, to at least recognize bad, self-indulgent writing? The arena remains clear for someone else to actually write about Roshan.

Welcome to Bollywood. This is studio city, a fantasy-fodder factory, the Bombay-based film capital of the Indian subcontinent. Here every year the Hindi film industry pumps out twice as many pictures as Hollywood to satisfy the romantic cravings of its billion-strong audience, from the mobile-wielding classes who sit in the air-conditioned comfort of big-city cinemas, to the villagers transfixed by dancing images flickering on a dusty courtyard wall. Enter Hrithik Roshan, new idol of the silver screen, seducing both the industry and the women of India in a flurry of triceps and biceps, tight T-shirts and slick dance moves. Bollywood Boy follows Hrithik's meteoric rise through the celluloid firmament. It could be straight from one of the film industry's own big-budget schlockbusters, with its heroes, heroines, villains, exotic locations, a cast of thousands, myriad costume changes and highly charged dop-de-bop dance routines. And like any good cinerama drama, there is the big chase scene as Justine tries to track down the man behind the hype, the hysteria and the silver disco suits. But there is a dark side to all of this, the moment when the lights go out and the hero stumbles - the moment in Bollywood when people die because they have not played by the underworld code. For beneath the glittering surface of India's tinsel town lurk shady racketeers who use the film industry to make serious black money. In Bombay, the underworld is king. Welcome to Bollywood.

From Publishers Weekly. Hardy's tale of fame and fortune in India's Bollywood sheds light on the subcontinent's obsessive adulation of its own tinsel town. Each year India makes twice the number of pictures produced in Hollywood to feed a billion-strong domestic audience united in their hunger for "maximum escapism and minimum reality." The fantastic productions follow a rigid, strictly censored story line that substitutes Hollywood-style sex and violence with elaborate song and dance numbers. Using the "newest, biggest and brightest star in the Bollywood firmament," Hrithik Roshan, as a model, Hardy gives the reader a personal, discursive tour of this over-the-top world of Indian film culture, from the swanky Bombay club scene to the street side chai-stalls. She introduces a gallery of Indian pop culture characters, including veteran dancer Pinky Ali, "queen of the wet-sari routines," and the "testosterone triumvirate," Shah Rukh Khan, Salman Khan and Aamir Khan, "the three good Muslim boys who hold the Hindi film industry in thrall." She also reveals the Bollywood-Indian mafia connection, where stars sign away future profits in exchange for lavish premier parties or production investments (Hrithik's father was shot for refusing to pay off Bollywood's "Big Brother"). Although Hardy's narrative is sometimes as dizzyingly detailed as a Bollywood dance sequence, both Indian film enthusiasts and neophytes will laugh at this look at Hollywood's whirling parallel universe. Copyright 2003 Reed Business Information, Inc. , both Indian film enthusiasts and neophytes will laugh at this look at Hollywood's whirling parallel universe. (Sept.) -- Publisher Weekly. Witty, poignant, intelligent, and hugely entertaining. -- Gay Times. From the Publisher. Welcome to Bollywood, the Bombay-based film capital of the Indian subcontinent. Every year the Hindi film industry pumps out twice as many pictures as Hollywood to satisfy the romantic cravings of its billionstrong audience. Enter Hrithik Roshan, new idol of the silver screen, seducing both the industry and the women of India in a flurry of triceps, biceps, and slick dance moves. In Bollywood Boy, Justine

Hardy charts his meteoric rise through the celluloid firmament. With its heroes and villains, glitter and sleaze, the story could be straight out of a bigbudget schlockbuster. But theres a dark side to this story, the moment the hero stumblethe moment in Bollywood when people die because they havent played by the rules of the underworld. And in Indias tinseltown, the underworld is king.