



Good To Be God

Tibor Fischer

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Using the credit card and identity of a handcuffs salesman, professional failure Tyndale Corbett arrives in Miami for a law enforcement conference to discover the joys of luxury hotels and above all the delight of being someone else, someone successful.

Good To Be God Details

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From Reader Review Good To Be God for online ebook

Essie says

A truly engaging book about an average man known as a professional failure who is on the search for success and decides to take the identity of his friend who is handcuff salesman. He takes a trip to Miami only to discover the wonderful sordid world of money, coke, Guns, violence, sex, girls and..... GOD? Very humorous!

Eren says

Kitabın konusu çok şıradan?, anlatım oldukça sıkıcı? ve karışık?. Asıl konuya sadece sonlarda yo?unlaşmak ne derece akıllı?cayd? bilmiyorum ama kitabı okurken tek bir dakikam bile sıkılmadan geçmedi. Bu sene içinde okuduğum en kötü kitaptı. İlk ve son 5-6 sayfası dışında hiçbir şekilde önermediğim bir kitap. Zaman kaybıydı benim için.

Mkfs says

Midlife crisis? Gatwicklungsroman? Picaresque?

Not really sure how to classify this one. There's no real character-development, though there is nostalgia and some peripheral soul-searching. Many things happen, but there is no plot to speak of.

As always, Tibor Fischer's writing is entertaining and engaging, a healthy bit of British wordplay garnishing every page.

The fish-out-of-water story about a Londoner transplanted to Miami quickly settles into an episodic narrative of a guy who has turned out to be surprisingly good at not really doing anything. There's an attempt to create a philosophy out of this: the guy fails when he tries, but succeeds when he doesn't try, and his religious message to the masses is "don't expect a reward".

I feel that more could have done with this, both from a narrative standpoint and from a "what the hell, let's make an anti-Dianetics and see if anyone bites" standpoint. That would have made for a novel easier to recommend, but probably less enjoyable -- and certainly suffering from the hypocrisy that proselytizing the First Church of Slackerdom would entail. A truly do-nothing, expect-nothing ethos could only result in the novel we are given.

So why not? Three stars, then.

Jason says

BPT got this from the Princeton library, and, since it doesn't seem to have been published in the US, I took

the opportunity to read it. It doesn't really go anywhere, but it has a great character and some comic semi-profound recurring catchphrases. Mostly a train-read.

Jason Edwards says

If you've seen the movie *Slacker* then you know it's not about a bunch of lazy people sitting around in puddles of their own apathy; everyone in the film is more or less actively engaged in some pursuit or interest. Maybe none of them are trying to cure cancer, but the film's title forces you to reconsider the context of your assumptions. I only mention this after meditating on the title of Tibor Fischer's *Good to be God* for a week after reading it.

Tyndale Corbett decides, after giving up on hope, to become God. Fair enough; it's as good a scam as any, and not unprecedented: Buddha didn't just wake up one day to enlightenment, but had to suffer from some extremes before he deduced that extremisms just wasn't where it was at. But what kind of God will Tyndale become? What is his understanding of God?

That's what this book is about: taking a fish out of water (dirty polluted water) and seeing how it flops. Tyndale flops just fine, and finally discovers his true God-given gift: the gift of failure. It's mediocrity, that curse of the middle class, taken to the extreme. Tyndale is no Job, suffering, nor is he a Christ figure, self-sacrificing. He's almost, but not quite, a cooler, a guy who's very good at making sure nothing very good ever happens.

And that's Godlike, if your God is a God of mediocrity, middle-class hopelessness. What would the God of faithlessness be like? Tyndale is surrounded by slackers (in the sense of the film I mentioned above), apostles and witnesses to his ascension through inertia.

And (here's the review part, finally) it's all told via Fischer's wit, his flowing style, his playfulness with the written word that at times keeps you guessing (was that really a monkey spinning discs) and other times punches you right in your soul. He gives you enough stuff that you can read into the story if you want and hang symbols all over the place; or if you just want to read a mildly amusing tale about a fat Britisher living in Miami, there's that too.

Too often rich people say money isn't everything, or beautiful people say beauty is only skin deep. A middle-class guy telling us that struggling for happiness is depressing can come across as "don't know how good you got it." But feeling sorry for oneself, here, is balanced by just the right amount of thankfulness. Angels can have tattoos too, you see.

Thevioletmaniac says

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Simon Clare says

The most boring contemporary novel I have ever read. Nothing happens except a sequence of scenes that exist solely so that the author can flex his "quirky character" muscle. I got about two thirds of the way through before I realised that all this background stuff, all these inconsequential scenes, were going nowhere.

With some authors, you want them to introduce more and more minor characters as you just love hearing them described, but in this book the descriptions were so flat and devoid of spark that I found the whole thing irritating and tedious. A chore.

James says

For someone who criticized Martin Amis for recycling old junk Tibor Fischer's book feels like a rehash of his previous novels. If you enjoyed his previous books like I did this is enjoyable enough. If you are reading this author for the first time than I would recommend his earlier books as much fresher and funnier.

Cenhner Scott says

Un tipo vive una vida de mierda en Inglaterra y un día se le aparece la oportunidad de irse unos días a Miami. Le gusta tanto que se queda a vivir ahí y se pone a trabajar de cura, con el fin último de hacerse millonario haciéndole creer a la gente que él es dios.

Así de improbable como es el argumento, es igual de difícil creer lo que sucede a los protagonistas. Pero ese no es el problema.

Los personajes secundarios son muchos, algunos son muy interesantes, pero sus historias están completamente desconectadas del resto de la historia. Es como si los hubiera metido ahí a la fuerza el autor. Casi te da la impresión de que Fischer tenía escritos muchos cuentos que nunca terminó, y decidió usarlos todos juntos en forma de novela.

Lo triste es que algunas historias son realmente buenas, y como cuentos hubieran funcionado muchísimo mejor. Todo junto, mezclado y revuelto... Se deja leer, te reís un par de veces, pero no mucho más.

Tengo otros dos libros más de Fischer para leer; espero que sean mejores que este.

Altbaslik says

Öncelikle lafa ?uradan ba?layabilirim. Konumuzun dinle, diyanetle bir ilgisi bulunmamaktad?r. Baz? insanlar vard?r, hayattaki olas?l?k teorilerine meydan okurlar. Her 36 zar at???m?zdan birinde dü?e? atmay? bekleriz ya, baz? insanlar 360 kere denerler, bi dü?e? bulduramazlar. Kahraman?m?z bu çe?it bir insan evlad?. Olas?l?k teorisine geri dönersek, dü?e?i 361. denemede tutturmayaca??n ne malum? Kitab?n konusu

tam da bununla ilgili. Ba?kas?n?n pasaportu ile, ba?kas?n?n i?lerini yapmak için Miami'ye yerle?ip, orada her türlü pislik i?e bula?an bir avantüristin hikayesi. - Devam? için: <http://altbaslik.com/#sthash.9uk0hhgk...>

Alex Clare says

If I wanted to be pretentious, I'd call it picaresque. It's a stream of consciousness, with no point or destination and you go with the flow.

Sam Quixote says

The book is something of a mix. It starts out with a guy with no job and no life who's given a chance to go to Miami and while there figures out that he's been aiming low all his life and that's why he's failed - now he wants to aim higher, in fact highest: he will become God. Or at least that's what he's going to tell people and endeavour to become.

So far so good. But the story never really takes off. Initially he tries to figure it out by becoming a sort of assistant preacher (sub-Heiropant is the title) in a church wonderfully titled The Church of the Heavily Armed Christ. Then after the leader of the church goes to take care of his ailing mum, our hero steps in and becomes leader of this church.

I'll stop there because the story branches out into too many sub stories and the review'll go on forever. Suffice it to say each aspect of our hero's life is explored fully. He needs a place to sleep, we meet a new character and we meet the others who live there and their stories. He needs some money, we meet a new character and he becomes a drug dealer and we find out about that world. He gets sidetracked by slapstick goons, caricatures of "low lifes", a high class prostitute, a creepy flatmate, a slacker undertaker, some evil old women running a corrupt church, an immigrant with a heart of gold, a millionaire who pretended to be poor, I'm only remembering part of it but there are many more characters here usually with single names like Napalm and Sixto. Hmm.

You're probably thinking "what's wrong with that, sounds like a ripping yarn!" and you're sort of right. Only, Fischer's style is skewed. Sometimes it's trying too hard to be funny, sometimes it's being too preachy for its own good ("life isn't worth trying, doing things is basically waiting speeded up, you never get anywhere planning" - I'm paraphrasing but the repetitiveness of some of our hero's thoughts are a bit dull), sometimes it's being too kooky, sometimes it's being too "noir". The whole becoming God thing is touched on toward the end but for the most of the book it's about a bloke who knocks around Miami meeting eccentrics and having an alright time of it while commenting heavily on "life".

It's an alright book, I enjoyed it, it passes the time, and it's much better written and far more interesting than the average novel available today. But is it a classic or something I'd even remember 10 years, maybe even 1 year from now? Probably not. It had the potential to be more than it ended up being really. "Survivor" by Chuck Palahniuk is a better book if you're looking for a bloke who becomes a messiah story.

Adrian says

I really like his narrative style - it has a (rather worrying) familiarity to it.

The only downside I have with all his stuff is that the first book of his that I read was *The Thought Gang* - and that was so good it makes everything else seem a bit weak by comparison - but it's still a good book.

Akeiisa says

What the book jacket suggested this story is: a down on his luck Englishman steals an identity and decides to pretend to be God in order to make lots of money. In the process of convincing people in Miami he's God, hilarity ensues.

What it really is: a down on his luck Englishman borrows a friend's identity to get away from his woes and decides to make a fresh start in Miami. Part of this fresh start includes conning people into believing he's God, except he doesn't really try that hard. He spends the bulk of his time running around Miami meeting "interesting" people, having a series of close calls, complaining about an "embarrassing medical condition" which is never described, and none of it is really funny.

Andy Payne says

Utterly magnificent.

Extraordinary wisdom, conveyed through the sharpest wit, topped off with the greatest punchline since *Catch-22*. Reminded me of *The Sellout*. My book of the year so far...
