

(Download) Point Omega: A Novel

Point Omega: A Novel

Don DeLillo

*DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub*



DOWNLOAD



READ ONLINE

#604453 in Books Scribner 2010-12-14 2010-12-14 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.44 x .30 x 5.50l, .26 #File Name: 1439169969128 pages | File size: 22.Mb

Don DeLillo : Point Omega: A Novel before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Point Omega: A Novel:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Delillo and the True Life By Robert O'Brian Delillo is about finding the light in the darkness, although no literary critic will say this. Out of the noisy, speedy, metallic modern world, a light shines through and a red rose blooms. Delillo was raised on the sacraments and the sacred heart. You can tell. 4 of 4 people found the following review helpful. At the Speed of Psycho By Clayton Lachmund In James Wood's How

Fiction Works, the Harvard professor reveals that Gustave Flaubert's most intense creative longing involved the writing of a plotless novel, a piece that relied exclusively on elegant stylistic features, a story where nothing, in the traditional narrative sense, ever happened. As far as I know, Flaubert never got around to his novel without a plot - but Don DeLillo, with his two most recent works, seems to have got it covered. Not a lot happens in *Falling Man*, but then again why should it? If you're attempting to capture the confusion and torpor experienced by New Yorkers in the weeks and months following 9/11, a Bullitt-style car chase or Dirty Harry massacre just won't cut it. And if you're going to use as your narrative centerpiece an exhibition of the movie *Psycho* slowed to a speed that will have it run for exactly twenty-four hours - as DeLillo has done with *Point Omega* - then that will surely place some maddening storytelling barriers before you too. His descriptions of what it is like to undertake an extended viewing of the dramatically slowed *Psycho* - as with everything he chooses to describe - are wondrously rendered. You see the myriad cinematic details you are simply not privy to at regular speed, the usual absences now being fully registered, the trivial props taking on a bloated significance. Thank goodness *Point Omega* is only 114 pages long. Don't get me wrong; I love this man's prose. Like Cormac McCarthy, his ability to write intricate extended sentences without the assistance of semi colons or dashes sets him apart from many others I enjoy reading. In the instance of his latest work he invites us to weigh and assess the ludicrous way in which your average egocentric human considers the passing of time, surrounded as we are by the full brunt of the vast geological span. And oh, yeah, what actually happens in *Point Omega*, across the great span of its hundred-plus pages? Not a lot. But it's still riveting, it's still compelling, it's still draped in svelte poetry. Pretty good trick, don't you think? Clayton Lachmund, author of the soon-to-be-released short story collection, *The Innocence*. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A puzzle within a mystery within an enigma.... By Tony Spadarella Very creative, high-level story-telling, with its two narrators and puzzling time dislocation. This short novel's outer frame narrative, the MOMA art exhibit showing Hitchcock's "Psycho" slowed to take 24-hours to show in its entirety, has its own time sequence which is out of sync with the book's main core. The major story line deals with young film maker trying to convince a retired architect of the Iraq War into to discussing the war and his role in a one-man documentary. To this aim he pursues the older policymaker to a western desert retreat to work on the project. Interesting parallels with the Hitchcock movie begin to occur when the older man's twenty-something daughter visits them and bears mute witness to their philosophical discussions on war and the fate of mankind. At novel's end, like the sister and boyfriend searching for the "disappeared" Janet Leigh in the original Hitchcock film, these two men and we readers are left with a tantalizing mystery on our hands. This is especially evident during the novel's final section, narrated again by that other, mysterious, Norman Bates-like character who lurks in the shadows of the MOMA exhibit at the novel's opening. Thus, the end or the "omega" point is in the book's beginning. To reveal more would ruin this intellectual little gem maestro DeLillo has created for us.

A brief, unnerving, and exceptionally hard-hitting novel about time and loss as only the bestselling and National Book Award-winning author of *White Noise* and *Underworld* can tell it. In this potent and beautiful novel, the writer The New York Times calls prophetic about twenty-first-century America looks into the mind and heart of a scholar who was recruited to help the military conceptualize the war. We see Richard Elster at the end of his service. He has retreated to the desert, in search of space and geologic time. There he is joined by a filmmaker and by Elster's daughter Jessica an otherworldly woman from New York. The three of them build an odd, tender intimacy, something like a family. Then a devastating event turns detachment into colossal grief, and it is a human mystery that haunts the landscape of desert and mind.

From Publishers Weekly [Signature] ed by Dan Fesperman It's hardly a new experience to emerge from a Don DeLillo novel feeling faintly disturbed and disoriented. This is both a charm and a curse of much of his fiction, a reason he is so exciting to some readers and so irritating to others (notably George Will). And in the 117-page *Point Omega*, DeLillo's lean prose is so spare and concentrated that the aftereffects are more powerful than usual. Reading it is akin to a brisk hike up a desert mountain a trifle arid, perhaps, but with occasional views of breathtaking grandeur. There is no room for false steps, and even the sure-footed will want to double back now and then to check for signs they might have missed along the way. Holding down the book's center is a pair of inward-looking men: Jim Finley, a middle-aged filmmaker who, in the words of his estranged wife, is too serious about art but not serious enough about life; and the much older Richard Elster, a sort of Bush-era Dr. Strangelove without the accent or the comic props. We join them at Elster's rustic desert hideaway in California, where Elster has retreated into the emptiness of time and space following his departure from the Bush-Cheney team of planners for the Iraq War. Elster had been recruited to serve as a sort of conceptual guru, but he left in disillusionment after plans for the haiku war he preferred bogged down in numbers and nitty gritty. Finley hopes to coax Elster into sharing that experience while the camera rolls. He envisions a minimalist work in which Elster will speak in one continuous take while standing against a blank wall in Brooklyn. Anyone recalling the Bush aide who anonymously boasted in 2004 that the Administration would create our own reality to reshape the post 9-11 world will easily detect echoes of that dreamy hubris in Elster's big declarations. As the two men float ever further from the moorings of the cities they left behind, the going gets a little tedious. One suspects DeLillo

is setting them up for a fall, especially when Elster maintains they're closing in on the omega point, a concept postulating an eventual leap out of our biology, as Elster puts it, an ultimate evolution in which brute matter becomes analytical human thought. DeLillo delivers on this threat with a visit by Elster's twenty-something daughter, Jessie. From there, the dynamics of human tensions and tragedy take over, laying bare the vanity of intellectual abstraction, and making the omega point loom like empty words on a horizon of deadly happenstance. Along the way, DeLillo is at his best rendering micro-moments of the inner life. That's all the more impressive seeing as how Elster himself seemingly warns off the author from attempting any such thing, by saying in the first chapter, The true life is not reducible to words spoken or written, not by anyone, ever. From time to time, at least, DeLillo proves him wrong. Dan Fesperman is the author of six novels, most recently *The Arms Maker of Berlin*. His next, *Layover in Dubai*, will be published in July by Knopf. Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From *Bookmarks Magazine* As nearly every reviewer of *Point Omega* noted, it is hard for an author of as many great books as Don DeLillo to write anything that will not be assessed in the shadow of his earlier work. They then proceeded to do so. Some critics, noting that this novella is not nearly as enmeshed with American life as the author's longer works, defended DeLillo's right to do something different. Others saw continuities with recent titles, claiming that in *Omega Point*, DeLillo finally achieves the mystical minimalism he sought in books like *Falling Man*. But many critics saw *Omega Point* as an attenuated version of the author's best work or, at worst, a kind of self-parody. But all seemed so fascinated by DeLillo that even if *Omega Point* is just a shadow of his best-known works, they were willing to stand in it for a little while. From *Booklist* In a house in the desert, two men play a waiting game: Jim Finley waits for his host, Richard Elster, to decide whether he will appear in Finley's planned film. Elster is to stand in front of a wall and explain his role in planning the war in Iraq. Finley believes that Elster's unedited defense would be self-revealing, that the unblinking camera eye would elicit some truth larger than words. Elster, wary, toys with Finley. Gazing at the desert, he thinks in terms of geologic time, justifying himself with theories about humankind's longing for extinction. His ability to find consolation in pure theory, however, is flustered by the arrival of his daughter. Although readers will suspect early on that Finley's film will never be made, the direction of this drama is still hard to predict. Framed by an account of a man obsessed with Douglas Gordon's art installation, *24 Hour Psycho* (Alfred Hitchcock's film slowed to glacial pace), this slim novel is rich with ideas about objectivity and complicity, and time and transformation. Its subject is a satisfying next step from DeLillo's 9/11-themed *Falling Man* (2007), although, compared to the devastating conclusion of that novel, this one feels almost bloodless. Its spare topography will prompt close analysis, but, ultimately, it's no more self-revealing than its war-architect subject. --Keir Graff