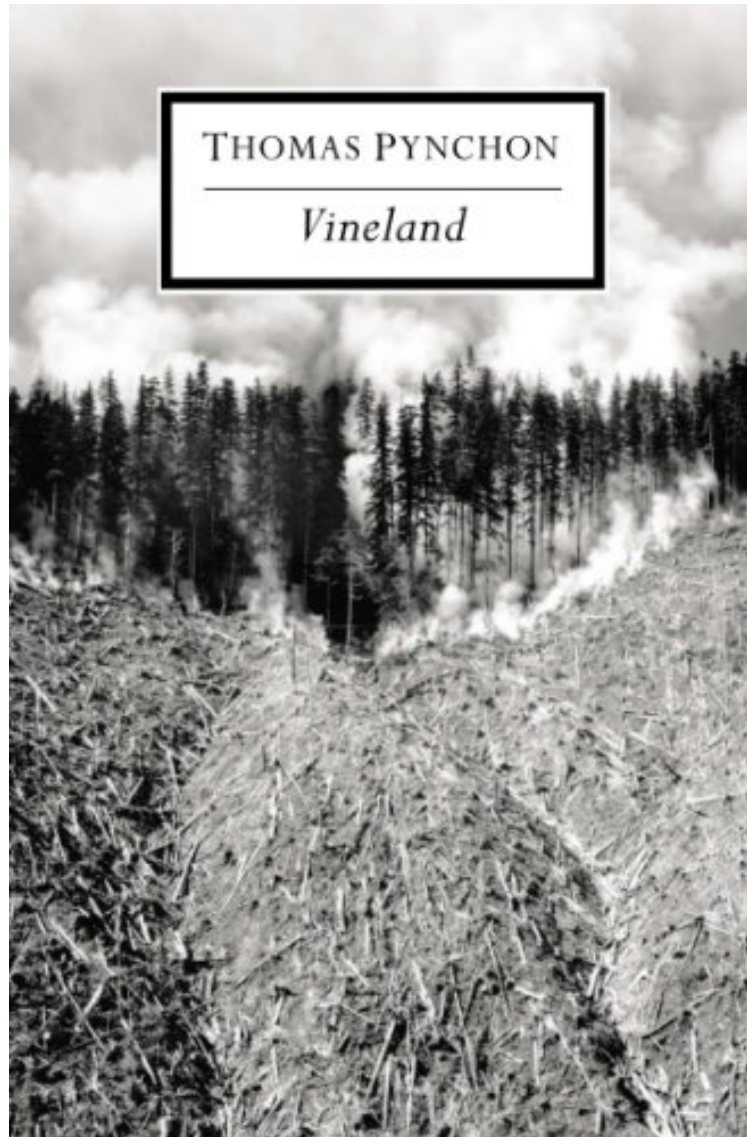


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## Vineland

Von Thomas Pynchon  
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**Von Thomas Pynchon : Vineland** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Vineland:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A Trip Into the PastVon Ein KundeIn Vineland, Thomas Pynchon takes us back to the Reagan era of 1984 California.The book begins with Zoyd Wheeler waking up on a fine summer's morning to some Froot Loops with a little Nestle's Quik on top. Zoyd lives in Vineland County, California, a fictional, forest-filled refuge for ageing flower children.

And Zoyd play the part of ageing flower child to the hilt. He is a parttime keyboard player, handyman and fulltime marijuana grower who retains his disability benefits by jumping through glass windows once each year on television. Zoyd has become a single parent to his teenage daughter Prairie since the mysterious disappearance of his wife, Prairie's mother, Frenesi Gates. A radical filmmaker during the 60s, Frenesi allowed herself to be seduced by Brock Vond, a federal prosecutor who was responsible for Frenesi's transformation from hippie radical to FBI informant. Two decades after Frenesi's "disappearance," Zoyd is still looking for her, as is Vond, as is Prairie. The plot then becomes dense and tangled with flashbacks and flash forwards. Much of the book is simply gross exaggeration that is fairly preposterous and, at times, very funny. Pynchon has a penchant for working symbolic meaning into his titles. Vineland is no exception. Vineland is, of course, the name of the mythical California setting of the book, but it is also the name Leif Ericsson gave to North America. As such, it was the name for a land untouched by human hands. The exact opposite happens to be true of 1984 California, as anyone who's ever visited the area knows full well. Vineland exhibits none of the experimental prose that made Gravity's Rainbow so famous. In fact, the language employed in this book is flat and simple. For some reason, this flatness seems to work. Essentially, Vineland tells the story of an aftermath that seems inevitable when viewed in retrospect and, as such, it is Pynchon's darkest book. Pynchon celebrates the sixties but goes on to lament their aftermath. He celebrates America while condemning the way its inhabitants have been destroying themselves. With Vineland, Pynchon took one step closer to hell than he did with even Gravity's Rainbow, becoming ninety-nine percent suicide and one percent nostalgia. Vineland's one ray of hope shines in the character of Prairie, yet even Prairie shines none too brightly. During one of the book's most pivotal moments the only thing she can think of to do is to sing the Gilligan's Island theme song. Vineland is Pynchon's only book dealing with the present. While the ludicrousness of Home Shopping, MTV and malls have not passed unnoticed, Pynchon does see more humor than unrelieved bleakness in the present state of America. But he is worried, that is plain to see. While more bleak and barren than Gravity's Rainbow, Vineland at least holds out a few rays of hope.

2 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Amazing... Von Ein Kunde

In this, his first novel in 17 years, Pynchon tells the story of what happened to those who fought the government in the 1960's. "Vineland" is a well written critique of American society in the 1980's, the decade in which the American government could finally claim control and ownership of its citizens. The story takes place in the year 1984 creating a wonderful parallel to Orwell's legendary novel.

0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Not as awful as everyone said... Von Philip Welsh... or perhaps all those years of amyl nitrate poppers have compromised my sense of smell. But I don't think so. The 70s and 80s were in many ways defined by their ambiguities, their polylayered deceptions which hid still more deceptions, and the pertinent sense that a sort of cultural rubicon had been crossed -- people were supersaturated, viewing the ten million options for What To Do Next from the rictus of a rec-room sofa -- the cultural lines had begun the Great Homogenesis process of blurring each role into every other role, making us all merely facets of the many-faceted moment (not such a bad thing, but then again, neither is the BORG, if you look at it in the right light) -- anyway, my point or hypothesis is that the various Zeitgeists Pynchon was tapping into in "V." and "Gravity's Rainbow" and to a lesser (i.e. more contemporary) extent "The Crying of Lot 59" reflected a world wherein language had not reached the level of decay it would come to in our era -- a thing and its name were much closer to each other then (even in the case of the elusive V., scattering the selective alphabet soup of her name in her wake for anyone to follow) -- and this of course must be reflected in the hows and wherefores of the telling. "Vineland" wouldn't work if TP had written it like he wrote V. Or "Gravity's Rainbow." Or even "Mason Dixon," for that matter. That said, one gets the feeling Pynchon probably WAS hitting the ganj as early in the day as Faulkner used to like to hit the bottle, and that mildly-but-definitely-a-bit-removed, intrinsically stoned tone to much of the book both adds immeasurably to its more paranoid and/or hallucinatory passages, and detracts from its readability -- even for Pynchon, there are lengthy swathes of prose here which seem impossible NOT to get lost in, and leave one with the feeling of having just swum through a pot of two-week-old stew: glad to have made it through alive, sure, but did I have room in my belly for Seconds? No, Ma'am, thanks all the same, but I'm watching my figure.

Kurzbeschreibung Later than usual one summer morning in 1984 . . . On California's fog-hung North Coast, the enchanted redwood groves of Vineland County harbor a wild assortment of sixties survivors and refugees from the Nixonian Reaction, still struggling with the consequences of their past lives. Aging hippie freak Zoyd Wheeler is revving up for his annual act of televised insanity when news reaches that his old nemesis, sinister federal agent Brock Vond, has come storming into Vineland at the head of a heavily armed Justice Department strike force. Zoyd instantly disappears underground, but not before dispatching his teenage daughter Prairie on a dark odyssey into her secret, unspeakable past. . . . Freely combining disparate elements from American popular culture: spy thrillers, ninja potboilers, TV soap operas, sci-fi fantasies Vineland emerges as what Salman Rushdie has called in The New York Times Book that rarest of birds: a major political novel about what America has been doing to itself, to its children, all these many years. Pressestimmen "A major political novel about what America has been doing to itself, to its children,

all these many years...One of America's great writers has, after long wanderings down his uncharted roads, come triumphantly home" (Salman Rushdie New York Times Book )"Vintage stuff - funny, fantastically inventive, packed with improbable erudition" (Times Literary Supplement)"A essential novel of our fin de siecle, a finger pointing the way out of the 1980s" (USA Today)"His descriptive powers are breathtaking...Pynchon proves once again to be the master of what might be called the highbrow conspiracy thriller" (Wall Street Journal)"One of the funniest, most cleverly written, superbly characterised and beautifully structured books that I have read by a living author" (Time Out)Werbetext'Exhilarating and wretchedly funny. The most important and mysterious writer of his generation' - Time