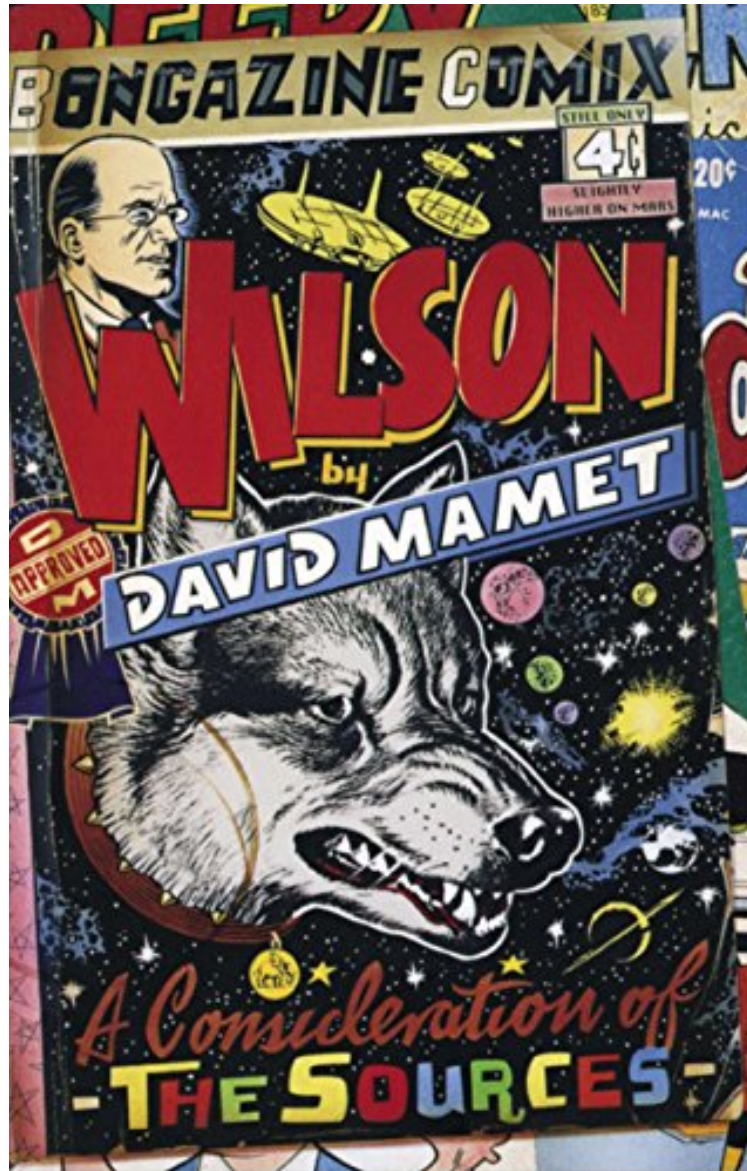


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Wilson: A Consideration of the Sources

David Mamet

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David Mamet : Wilson: A Consideration of the Sources before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Wilson: A Consideration of the Sources:

3 of 5 people found the following review helpful. A real fan of Glengarry Glen Ross By A CustomerMarvelous. Very twisted, slowly captures you in a world that reminds you of those insidious thoughts that you had trapped in a bad history class...and the plot only comes into view in the corner of your eye, but when you try to focus on it...4 of 4

people found the following review helpful. Twisted meta-history
 By E. A. Solinas
 If you locked Vladimir Nabokov's "Pale Fire" and Mark Z. Danielewski's "House of Leaves" in a dark room together, the resulting love child might resemble David Mamet's "Wilson: A Consideration of the Sources." This quirky, twisted "novel" takes a look at literature, pop culture, and... oh, come on, no one can tell. Imagine a future where the literary history of the world has been put on the computer, and then the entire Internet has crashed. Culture and history as we know it have vanished. So now only a few fragments remain, and must be pieced back together with painstaking (and sometimes insane) skill. Not to mention a lot of (pitiful) academic bickering. The result is an intricate study of the Bootsie Club, the haunted stories of Binky Beaumont, the mysterious death of Woodrow Wilson's wife, Lola Montez, soap, the Cola Riots, analyzation of the peculiar diary entries ("Dear Diary, I am surprised that I am surprised anymore"), fragments of novels, and interestingly weird poetry. It's almost impossible to fully describe "Wilson: A Consideration of the Sources," especially since it is only a novel in the sense that everything in it is fictional. Don't expect a linear storyline, or a story in one chunk. That's too normal, too ordinary, and too little fun. So Pulitzer-winning playwright/screenwriter/novelist Mamet takes a different route. It has no beginning. It has no real end. It can be read backwards, forwards, or from the middle outward. It's constantly self-referencing. It's a giant mass of snippets, anecdotes, and analyses. And while at first it seems like a dense, nonsensical mass of fictional bits, eventually the brain adjusts to it. Mamet spoofs the pompous tone that academics use -- there are studies of nursery rhymes in here! The smallest and most ridiculous bits of literature and history are studied, such as the Joke Code, a philosophical look at humor. In a possible homage to Nabokov, he also peppers the whole thing with footnotes. Every time the text seems to be getting too serious, Mamet throws in a footnote that proclaims "Why? Because it makes a pretty picture" or proclaiming, "Yah yah yah yah. I'm rubber and you're glue." And don't forget his poetry: "The ponderous burdens of the few/to license, nay, inaugurate the new/peregrinations of the Wandering Jew..." Postmodernist comedy is at the heart of Mamet's twisted meta-history. "Wilson: A Consideration of the Sources" is hard to get into, but becomes weirdly funny when you "get it."
 3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. HATS OFF GENTLEMEN!
 * DAVID MAMET IS A GENIUS!
 By Bishop Baker
 The case can be made for this amazing(1) book with three little words: Huzzah for WILSON! Imagine you have been commissioned by the Misanthropological Society of Mars in the year 2006(2) to dissertate about life on the bugbog(3) planet, but find that all life and vestige of civilization have been wiped out by something or another, and that all that remains are some pages of an annoying book called "Misanthropology" (op. cit.). Get the idea? WILSON is not about that at all, but it is an amazingly amusing book; witty, philosophical, likened unto Nabokov's "Pale Fire" (q.v.) because of the footnotes, or unto Mendoza's "Sin Noticias de Gurb" (q.v.) which has no footnotes, but is in Spanish.(4) (1) Or amusing, as the case may be.(a) (2) A Martian day is 40 minutes longer than an earth day, and we can presume(b) that earth and Mars have a common 1 A.D. origin. With this info, can you calculate the length of a Martian year?(c) (3) The planet earth is so described in "Misanthropology: A Florilegium of Bahumbugger" (q.v.), wherein is posed an unnerving riddle-me-ree, to wit: What do you get if you cross a buzzbug with a diet colt?(d) (4) Ja ja (a) Or maybe not (b) An unwarranted presumption? Who cares? (Dr. Livingstone, I presume) (c) Based on the information given: no way, Jose[1] (d) Answer: Buzz Liteyear, or a bugling. (Don't get it? Derive the middle term)[2] [1] Ha ha. To research Martian years, try Google. [2] Don't read further unless you give up on the middle term, which follows: A diet colt is a lite yearling. (N'est-ce pas? Now go back and get it.)* In some versions, AND GENTLELADIES! (too wordy). Trout suggests GENTLEPEOPLE! (doesn't resonate). I say, let it STET.

When the Internet-and the collective memory of the twenty-first century-crashes, the past is reassembled from the downloaded memories of Ginger, wife of ex-President Wilson. The transcripts take the reader on an intellectually breathtaking tour through David Mamet's baroque, fragmented world, where nothing is certain except the certainty bestowed by the academy. After the Cola riots, the fire at the Stop 'n' Shop, and the death of my kitten, what remains? Does the Joke Code still operate? Has anyone seen my copy of Bongazine? Can Jane of Trent unlock this paranoia? What were Chet and Donna doing in the boathouse? And just who does Ginger think she is? In playing with the ideas of perception, accuracy, and truth, Wilson dares to doubt them all.

"Enticing...Mamet targets with luscious savvy and deadpan irony the limitless pretense of academics." "Enticing . . . Mamet targets with luscious savvy and deadpan irony the limitless pretense of academics." (Joseph Dewey, " of Contemporary Fiction") "As erudite as can be, engagingly mischievous and occasionally a little chilling." (Kevin Jackson, "The Sunday Times") "Enticing . . . Mamet targets with luscious savvy and deadpan irony the limitless pretense of academics." (Joseph Dewey, " of Contemporary Fiction")
 About the Author
 David Mamet's Glengarry Glen Ross won the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1984. He is also the author of Writing in Restaurants and On Directing Film, both available from Penguin.