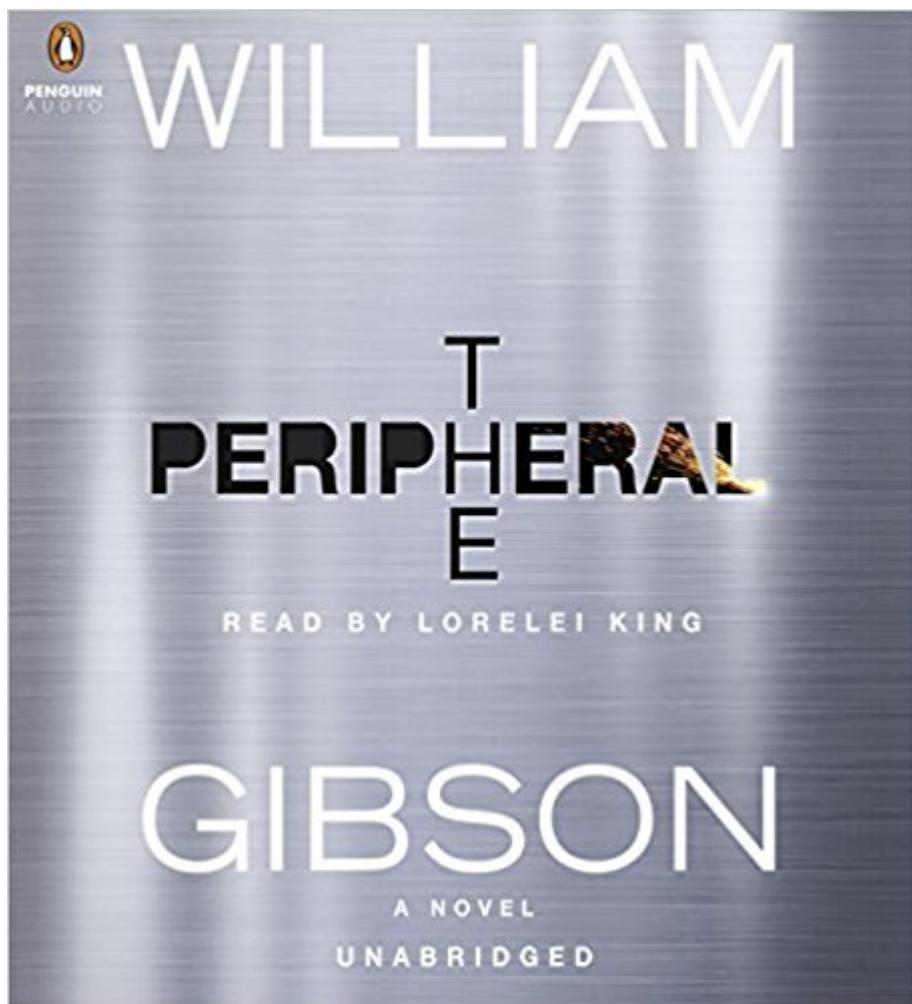**The book was found**

The Peripheral

Synopsis

William Gibson returns with his first novel since 2010â ™s New York Timesâ "bestselling Zero History.Where Flynne and her brother, Burton, live, jobs outside the drug business are rare. Fortunately, Burton has his veteranâ ™s benefits, for neural damage he suffered from implants during his time in the USMCâ ™s elite Haptic Recon force. Then one night Burton has to go out, but thereâ ™s a job heâ ™s supposed to doâ "a job Flynne didnâ ™t know he had. Beta-testing part of a new game, he tells her. The job seems to be simple: work a perimeter around the image of a tower building. Little buglike things turn up. Heâ ™s supposed to get in their way, edge them back. Thatâ ™s all there is to it. Heâ ™s offering Flynne a good price to take over for him. What she sees, though, isnâ ™t what Burton told her to expect. It might be a game, but it might also be murder.

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

â œSpectacular, a piece of trenchant, far-future speculation that features all the eyeball kicks of Neuromancer and all the maturity and sly wit of Spook Country. Itâ ™s brilliant.â •â "Cory DoctorowPraise for William Gibson:â œHis eye for the eerie in the everyday still lends events an otherworldly sheen.â •â "The New Yorkerâ œLike Pynchon and DeLillo, Gibson excels at pinpointing the hidden forces that shape our world.â •â "Detailsâ œWilliam Gibson can craft sentences of uncanny beauty, and is our great poet of crowds.â •â "San Francisco Chronicle Book Reviewâ œGibsonâ ™s radar is deftly tuned to the changes in the culture that many of us are missing.â •â "Milwaukee Journal Sentinel --This text refers to an alternate Audio CD edition.

William Gibson is the author of Neuromancer, Count Zero, Mona Lisa Overdrive, Burning Chrome, Virtual Light, Idoru, All Tomorrow's Parties, Pattern Recognition, Spook Country, Zero History, and Distrust That Particular Flavor. He lives in Vancouver, British Columbia, with his wife.

Excellent book but perhaps not a wise choice for your first Gibson novel. The first few chapters will only make sense in retrospect. The plot as a whole does not fully make sense at all. Prior readers of Gibson are used to this. Gibson does flashy technodystopia and this is his best in some time [which given the high quality of the worst of his writing should be a sign]. Fast pace, a few good characters, an excellent talent for dialog and setting. The ending won't exactly resolve anything but its so much fun I doubt anyone will care. A wonderful melange of time travel, printed matter, nano tech, declining Atlantic civilization, kleptocracy, postmodern art and ever so much more. The politics are mildly left but not to the point of preachy. The two worlds created in the novel cry out for more stories. Remains to be seen if we shall get them. If not I am quite sure the author will invent new worlds to amaze and amuse me.

It's great to see William Gibson looking farther ahead again. I read Neuromancer, Count Zero, and his earlier stuff when I was a kid and was transformed. Although I thought his later works were outstanding, Peripheral is the first one of his later generation of novels where I really felt he was taking a risk. When you think about it, there are few other authors who risk as much everyone time they write a book. Gibson was, after all, the guy who coined Cyberspace and got us thinking about VR before there was such a thing so when he writes a novel of the future it's no small feat. So, to see him look farther down the road again on such grand a scale is simply wonderful. Overall, reading the The Peripheral is like riding a Gigacoaster designed by Stanley Kubrick and Anthony Burgess. Things may seem confused during the initial climb, but once you get to the top of the first hill it's a wild and gratifying ride.

I'm less than a hundred pages into The Peripheral, a book I've been looking forward to for a long time: a William Gibson science fiction novel. Gibson is unique, a true visionary, a major first poet and creator of both the cyberpunk genre and the term "cyberspace." His visions have been co-opted by both Madison Avenue and Hollywood in the same way that the visuals of J.G. Ballard's childhood memories of China fleshed out his Empire of the Sun, to then pass through Spielberg's film adaptation and out into our advertising visuals and all

other graphic media. And like the late Ballard (an admitted influence), Gibson can write arresting sentences and deliver authentic strangeness. His metaphors, descriptions, and observations are often quoted and often hard to forget. (It must be noted that cyberpunk is largely dead due to substance of its inherent truth — the human-technology interface and its results — having been absorbed into everything, much like sugar in American food. The author has said, "It seems to me that we all live today in a sort of partial condition of 'Internetness,' and daily less partially.") Gibson's last two novels were set in modern times, yet the poetic sensibility serving his concepts made the here-and-now feel creepy, surreal, and lacking in innocence. The Peripheral, on the other hand, is solid science fiction, where much is unfamiliar. The story is set in two timelines, the first a near future that intersects with a second some seventy years later, this one defined by an event called the jackpot, a world-changing convergence of slow-growing global maladies. The first timeline's characters are siblings living in a depressed rural town in the American South where the main economy is drugs. Burton is a Marine specialist with a PTS-like disorder; his sister Flynne is a professional gamer hiring out to others, but with an acquired distaste for "shooters." Burton is hired by a faceless entity to Beta test a virtual security game, but farms the job out for two nights to his skilled sister who witnesses a horrific murder in the environment. "It's just a game," she says. It's not. Flynne is greatly disturbed by the violence she witnesses, as a mentally healthy person should be. This makes her unusual, if not as a sympathetic viewpoint character, but in the gaming world, centered largely as it is around testosteronic endeavors that desensitize its players to killing. Inhabiting the second timeline are a wealthy Russian layabout, his private security team, a performance artist (for lack of a better description), her publicist, her sister, and an elderly policewoman, one of whom had originally hired Burton. This timeline is uncrowded and, oddly, historically unconnected to the first. I shouldn't say more because as of this writing I haven't yet finished the book. So why would I write a review now? Because the initial setup to Gibson's story is itself so good that's it's better than most books out there. Now I've finished it, and if you're interested in where our civilization is very likely going — or if you just like to read — you should try this book. The novel isn't an easy read at first. SF writers generally drop you into their worlds without explaining the furniture in a direct manner; doing so is awkward. Instead you figure it out, and how long that takes depends on the author's mercy and how experienced you are with the genre; for example, connecting the author's "fab" to "fabricating" (as from a 3D printer) will possibly help you understand, and a "moby" high in the clouds would

probably be a dirigible, right? But connecting Ã¢Â ÂœstubÃ¢Â Â• to Ã¢Â Âœa new and divergent branch of timeÃ¢Â Â• is impossible until the author feels like helping you. Commenting on this learning curve, Gibson says in a Jonathan Sturgeon interview, Ã¢Â ÂœI knew that some readers would be unwilling to put up with it.Ã¢Â Â• He also knows Ã¢Â Âœthat a certain kind of reader, one with a second cultural level of acquired skills, would be right at home.Ã¢Â Â• And letÃ¢Â Â™s remember that this big book with its huge concepts is part murder mystery, however bizarre or complex, so being left in the dark is essential to its enjoyment. Gibson has populated his work with more and more women over the course of his career and deepened their characters to full realism, but his casts tend to the masculine regardless of gender. Judging by their responses, these women, while seemingly bestowed with all the feminine depth that can be extended to a reader, move through his plotting under a shadow of noir that darkens all his work and thus mutes most overt emotion. The richness is indeed there but, as in the work of so many male authors, itÃ¢Â Â™s off the page. A Gibson world can be outright brutal, or at the least, tense with a strangeness rendered in incredible tactile detail, and although his women survive in these worlds, they do so seemingly at the expense of the maternal instinct. As a visionary, I see a line that extends to Gibson from Samuel R. Delany, another unique stylist, writer of uncanny sentences, and one of the first presenters of the cyber trope of Ã¢Â Âœjacking inÃ¢Â Â• (interfacing a human nervous system with technology). Delany, no stranger to poetry himself, originally came up with a reality, in his Towers series, lived by people unknowingly dreaming in boxes, a concept of course ripped by the Matrix series of blockbuster films forty years later. And although both writers made their mark, DelanyÃ¢Â Â™s profound literary influence on the genre is overshadowed by GibsonÃ¢Â Â™s on modern culture as a whole, exploding as it did in the mid-eighties from Neuromancer, his first novel. (Whose virtual reality dataspace was called the Matrix Ã¢Â Â¦) It was the right book at the right time, with itÃ¢Â Â™s iconic first sentence: Ã¢Â ÂœThe sky above the port was the color of television, tuned to a dead channel.Ã¢Â Â• Noir indeed. I donÃ¢Â Â™t remember if GibsonÃ¢Â Â™s collar was turned up in the author photo for that book, but it is for this one.

I really really want to like every new Gibson book. Neuromancer unlocked a new world to me. Gibson's newer books about advertising and global commerce/war have been, if not as revolutionary as the Sprawl trilogy, remarkably adept at uncovering the memetic oddities of the information age. Gibson has been remarkably successful for three decades at pushing himself to explore frontiers of developing human capabilities.The Peripheral, I must reluctantly say, feels a bit like Gibson has phoned it in, perhaps for the first time in his career (with the possible exception of

some of his short stories). Nearly every major trope is half-heartedly borrowed from other, more vital works from other authors. They are not particularly well-integrated into a cohesive, Gibsonian whole. There are still those sudden, dazzling meditations here and there for which Gibson is justifiably known, and the novel as a whole would be reasonably good airplane reading fare, but you will not find the world-wrenching spell cast in earlier Gibson books.

The Peripheral pulls the reader into a fully-realized world populated by characters who seem very real and worth caring about. The driving ideas behind the plot are not necessarily original (e.g., contact between parallel worlds, a form of time travel, nanotechnology) but are combined in an original and quite interesting way. The plot could be said to center on a mystery, the apparent murder of an inhabitant of the "original" world, witnessed by an inhabitant of its analog continuum in the context of what she believes to be a very advanced virtual reality game. It jumps between the parallel continua and is enjoyably complex in its development, with political, economic, and paramilitary action and intrigue. All of this is anchored by the main POV characters in the two worlds, as they work together and with others to solve the initial mystery, which is found to be only a very small part of a much larger scheme involving both worlds. I've greatly enjoyed Gibson's earlier work, starting with Neuromancer, (I haven't read his more recent work after Pattern Recognition), and The Peripheral compares very well.

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