Don DeLillo’s new novel, *Zero K*, ignites the imagination at the sentence level.

His sentences are a work of art, packed with vivid images of life, death and ideas. A person reads DeLillo for his beautifully crafted sentences.

DeLillo is arguably one of the great authors of our time and is certainly one of the most prolific.

The author has written sixteen novels including *Underworld*, *White Noise* and *Mao II*.

His expansive catalogue can be seen as a lifetime meditation of global proportions. His novels are chalk full of possibilities, introspection and contemplation of what it means to be an American today, what it means to exist in the present historical moment that he sees as both idyllic and bleak.

His novels paint a picture of a world burning with war, falling apart at the seams, more primitive and dangerous than ever, and yet thrusting itself far, far into the technological future.

These books lay out the problems of the world clear as day and the questions they pose are pertinent and poignant.

They ask the reader to consider the present day in a larger way, to strive to understand the muddy connections that exist all across the world; language, war, death, international politics, right down to the small things, little things we forget to remember day to day.

*Zero K* exists and moves within the theoretical mindspace of Jeffery Lockhart, whose stepmother is planning to undergo a radical procedure in order to cryogenically maintain her body and her mind.

This is a book of ideas, first and foremost.

Several prominent ideas are threaded throughout the book, weighing against each other, beautifully, from sentence to sentence, word to word.

They emerge and grow and become clear in tandem with each other.

The nature of the self and its reliance on the external world, death, language, and the tendency of humanity toward chaos and war all play a part in the narrative thread.

The majority of the novel takes place in a think tank, cult, hospice and futurist establishment hidden somewhere in the barren wastes of Eastern Europe called The Convergence.

The Convergence is the home of a group whose sole purpose is to find ways to transcend death.

It is a place where billionaire investors go to die and be cryogenically frozen with the faith that, sometime in the future, they will be reborn, deathless.

They are a group who believes that the world is presently on a route to destruction, that the prevailing mindset of mankind is one oriented toward death and obscurity.

They are a group of visionaries who have not only set out to imagine a post-racial, post-war, post-death world, but have made strides to create it.

The location itself is a place of bare minimums, and necessities, intermittently dotted with disturbing abstract art and rolling screens displaying all forms of death and strife.

It is in this place that the protagonist begins his descent into himself. Undistracted by the everyday rigors of life, surrounded by surreal, bare artwork, he spends his time considering what this group’s pursuit means for humanity, what it means for the individual, and what it means for the self.

DeLillo’s characters are almost all philosophical polymaths. Their mystic contemplations on the nature of things juxtaposed with words that positively glow on the page are what make up the core of a DeLillo novel.

Often their meditations are played out in a format that is reminiscent of Beckett’s style, stripping away, piece by piece, the elements of individual and nationalistic life, sloughing off language itself in the pursuit of ontological answers.

The novel thrums with bright life and new ideas all the way through until its extremely satisfying conclusion.

You should most definitely read this book over the summer.

Zero K *was published by Scribner in May 2016.*