I’ve Read

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All the Sad Young Literary Men

by Keith Gessen (Viking, $24.95, fiction, due in April). Tracing the lives of three young men just as they’ve hit the world after college, this is another book in the “people with issues” category that I’ve been reading so much of lately. All three do quite a bit of waffling in their post-college years— one enduring an interminably long stint in grad school, one visiting Israel and Palestine as prep for his “great Zionist epic” and being quite surprised by what he finds there, and the third meandering his way among women. Each character ends his appearance in the work somewhere in the future, past the immediate post-college years, and one gets a sense that each has grown up. Yet, there’s also the strong impression that they are still children, still lost, still waffling, but retaining the hope that they will ultimately get it together.

Who’s Your City: How the Creative Economy is Making Where to Live the Most Important Decision in Your Life

by Richard Florida (Basic, $26.00, non-fiction, due in March). This was quite interesting. It is the third book by Florida detailing his concept of the creative class, but this one is not just limited to that type of person. He looks at why a person fits in a certain place. Through meticulous studies he and his team try to figure out what makes a person choose to live in, say, Chesterfield instead of St. Louis City or Rolla. And, what it is about that person and about that place that makes one feel comfortable. For instance, I would like to visit Rolla but I wouldn’t want to live there. Same for New York City or Chicago—I love visiting but I would never move there. Florida would say that I choose to live in St. Louis because it’s affordable, it’s architecture appeals to me, it has accessible cultural amenities and I appreciate and demand the openness and curiosity and variety of my neighborhood and of the folks who live in it. And I’m not particularly excited by lots of space and nature, nor by crushes of humanity. I felt like he was a bit too big-citycentric, though, almost like he felt he had to explain why someone would want to live in St. Louis or Cleveland or Baltimore because if he didn’t explain it, no one would get it.

The Delivery Man

by Joe McGinnis, Jr. (Black Cat, $14.00, fiction). I really liked this and it was refreshing to read something not centered in New York. This is set in Vegas and chronicles, again, a bunch of post-college people waffling through life. But man, Vegas is bleak. The entire read I’m thinking, “This is not going to end well,” as I’m watching these people spiral down and down. Chase is the “delivery man” of the title and his job is to drive under-age prostitutes to their appointments. Nobody in this book is victimized by anything other than their own ambition or by inertia. There are two kinds of characters—the conniving hustler who is always trying to up the ante and has Big Plans, or the passive wanderer who is incapable of making a decision and just “ends up” still in Vegas. It has a delightful ending.

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