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Don't Get Too Comfortable: The Indignities of Coach Class, The Torments of Low Thread Count, The Never- Ending Quest for Artisanal Olive Oil, and Other First World Problems

David Rakoff

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David Rakoff : Don't Get Too Comfortable: The Indignities of Coach Class, The Torments of Low Thread Count, The Never- Ending Quest for Artisanal Olive Oil, and Other First World Problems before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Don't Get Too Comfortable: The Indignities

of Coach Class, The Torments of Low Thread Count, The Never-Ending Quest for Artisanal Olive Oil, and Other First World Problems:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Buy me now By DAVID LESSNERI always enjoyed Rakoff on NPR, but took my time getting to his writing. That was a mistake, as he is an essayist with a distinctive style and voice. I have bought three collections now, and am only disappointed there cannot be more. An interesting, thoughtful voice stilled too early, he stands with David Sedaris and Sarah Vowell. I would urge everyone to try at least one of his collections. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. COMFORTABLY GRANDILOQUENT By C. Taty David Rakoff follows his bestselling FRAUD with this compilation of fifteen autobiographical essays. My favorite stories in this book are LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT, Rakoff's less than jingoistic, albeit apropos, account of his attainment of U.S. Citizenship; BEAT ME DADDY, a compelling reportage on the trials and tribulations of Gay Righters; and FASTER, a tale of self renewal by starvation. These essays are delivered with Rakoff's customary grandiloquence. The man is unrelenting in his bunker-busting esoterica. Get a load of this salvo on page 26: "...one of those Capraesque anecdotes full of lachrymose inanities..." The tales are much about and indeed imbued with Rakoff's own psycho-analytico-ruminations, and maybe that's OK, because his creatively Johnsonian prose is just so enthralling. The man can handle the Queen's English, and then some. Rakoff serves up a wickedly abstruse brand of satire to be relished only by those endowed with a more than adequate lexicon. It also helps to be well versed in current affairs and in the pop culture. Consider the following: Rakoff is attending a Fashion Show in Paris. He spies actor George Hamilton in the audience, and describes him as being "...tandooried to a fare-thee-well..." This mischievously metaphorical broadside of Hamilton's legendary tan sent me into a burst of laughter. But you wouldn't be in on the humor, unless you've seen George Hamilton, and feasted on Tandoori Chicken at your local Indian eatery. And so it goes. You either get it, or you don't. There are good stories in this book, but some not as moving as to be retold. Four stars because one has to appreciate such gift in writing as the one possessed by David Rakoff. I'm looking forward to the next installment. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Give it a read By Mary J Catlett That man could write, some very good turns of phrase and humor.

A bitingly funny grand tour of our culture of excess from an award-winning humorist. Whether David Rakoff is contrasting the elegance of one of the last flights of the supersonic Concorde with the good-times-and-chicken-wings populism of Hooters Air; working as a cabana boy at a South Beach hotel; or traveling to a private island off the coast of Belize to watch a soft-core video shoot—where he is provided with his very own personal manservant—rarely have greed, vanity, selfishness, and vapidness been so mercilessly skewered. Somewhere along the line, our healthy self-regard has exploded into obliterating narcissism; our manic getting and spending have now become celebrated as moral virtues. Simultaneously a Wildean satire and a plea for a little human decency, Don't Get Too Comfortable shows that far from being bobos in paradise, we're in a special circle of gilded-age hell.

From Publishers Weekly The title of this collection of humorous essays could also serve as a warning label for its readers. They'll want to stay on guard as GQ writer-at-large Rakoff (Fraud) skewers everything and everyone he encounters. His writing is at its best when trained on the pompous and ostentatious: flying on the Concorde or visiting an exclusive, \$1,300-a-night resort off Belize. While attending the Paris couture shows, Rakoff reveals the silliness of the whole enterprise with quips about Karl Lagerfeld's pre-weight loss "large doughy rump" and the "dry spaghetti" of one model's hair. In another piece, a prominent Beverly Hills plastic surgeon tells Rakoff, "this is the Dark Ages" for cosmetic surgery (meaning that future generations will be amazed by the inevitable advances) before taking him into an examination room. While Rakoff's sardonic wit is clearly his greatest asset, it is sometimes his undoing; the same dry humor that works so well when aimed at the rich and decadent seems mean-spirited when applied to less prominent targets, like "Wildman" Steve Brill, who forages for food in New York City's parks. Still, Rakoff is generally a knowing observer of "first world problems," and his devilishly uncomfortable commentaries are generally quite funny. Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist The belly laughs start on page 7 and occur regularly throughout Rakoff's frequently impertinent, occasionally irascible, yet always inimitable take on contemporary American society. A newly minted U.S. citizen, a process he reveals in all its maddeningly hypocritical inconsistency, Rakoff embarks on a series of journalistic assignments as peculiar in their phantasmagoric diversity as, well, America itself. From the pretentious preoccupation with gourmet dining to the rigor of fasting, Rakoff contemplates the extremes to which we will go in pursuit of our particular, often downright peculiar pleasures. A trip on the Concorde is followed by a jaunt on Hooters Air, and visits to Beverly Hills plastic surgeons segue seamlessly into a tour of a cryogenics storage facility in Arizona. Whether interpreting popular culture or investigating political calumny, Rakoff's cogent observations are delivered with a comforting mixture of appropriate moral outrage and unabashed mocking wonder, as he unfailingly elicits the inherent truths behind our most cherished and churlish institutions. Carol Haggas Copyright © American Library Association. All rights reserved "If I were to die suddenly while the reading of this book were in my recent memory, I would probably beg to be

reincarnated as a bird so that I could eat seed out of Rakoff's hand. I can't write a more loving review than that."
—Popmatters "A cannily satirical tour guide." —The New York Times Book "The pleasures of reading what results when an exceedingly sharp pen encounters an exceedingly inviting target are not to be denied, and Rakoff offers many such delights in these pages." —Washington Post "The belly laughs start on page 7 and occur regularly throughout Rakoff's frequently impertinent, occasionally irascible, yet always inimitable take on contemporary American society." —Booklist "Impulsively readable . . . completely and utterly original." —Kirkus "Rakoff's strength is the turn of phrase that deftly and wittily dissects its subject at a stroke." —Chicago Tribune