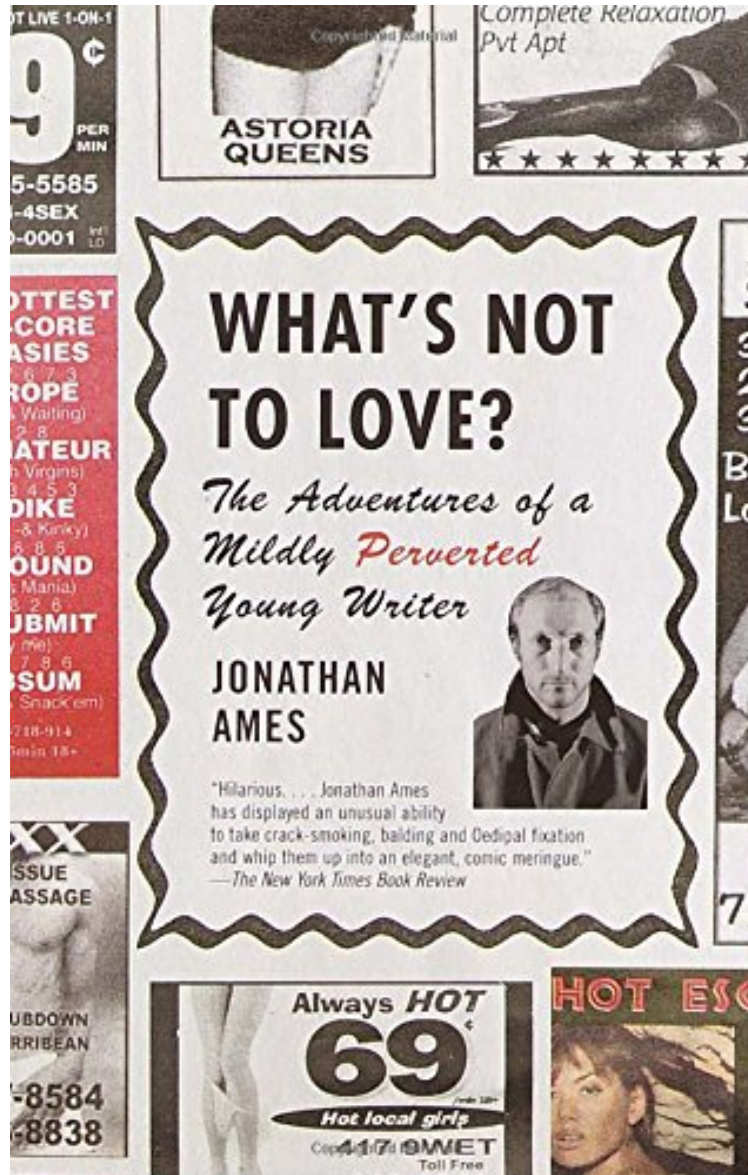


What's Not to Love?: The Adventures of a Mildly Perverted Young Writer

Jonathan Ames

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Jonathan Ames : What's Not to Love?: The Adventures of a Mildly Perverted Young Writer before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised What's Not to Love?: The Adventures of a Mildly Perverted Young Writer:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. As usual... Fantastic read. By InnocentBystander As usual, Jonathan

Ames's story-telling hooks me by the mouth. Be careful reading this in public, though! You find yourself laughing at penis jokes and artificial vaginas and blow jobs in parking lots and someone is bound to ask you what you're reading!!! :) He's so honest and genuine, and his relatable moments of thoughtful introspection are usually moments I personally feel as though no one but me has. I am wrong. His preoccupation with his bald spot, his kind of pansexual, culturally tolerant personal life is one of ironic fearlessness when juxtaposed with his sometimes crippling anxiety and depression. I saw one of Jonathan's Ames's live readings a few years back in Brooklyn -- I highly recommend spending an evening with a man wearing some kind of helmet on a bare sound stage. I heart J.A.!2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. The Man with the Chipper ZipperBy Lee ArmstrongReading "What's Not to Love" is like travelling with Walter Middy to a sex shop or getting to know the secret life of Woody Allen. Jonathan's amazing talent for relating things with understated humor and matter-of-fact delivery that most people would be embarrassed to admit they've thought about is the unity in this wildly funny book. How many guys actually talk about their fears of getting gas when making love to a woman for the first time? There's nothing less romantic than a little flatulence. And who could relate with such humor things like colonics, penile warts, or cataloging the most curvaceous waitresses while on holiday? Not a book for prudes or those who think the spiritual is at war with physical, this is an endearing ride through quite personal, brilliantly related sexual insecurity. I could call Jonathan the man with the chipper zipper. Don't miss out on this extraordinary tail. :)0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Really funnyBy Aiden KeingThis is really funny in that lovely 'I'm glad I'm not him' way. Even reading it a long time after it was released it definitely holds up.Having said that - if you enjoy his tales of painfully late puberty, you might also enjoy this book full of even later and possibly more painful late puberty. The Embarrassing Memory Murderer by David Tieck.But also read Jonathon's book. Come on, you can read two books.

Perhaps all of Jonathan Ames' problems--and the genesis of this hilarious book--can be traced back to the late onset of his puberty. After all it can't be easy to be sixteen with a hairless "undistinguishable from that of a five year old's."This wonderfully entertaining memoir is a touching and humorous look at life in New York City. But this is life for an author who can proclaim "my first sexual experience was rather old-fashioned: it was with a prostitute"--an author who can talk about his desire to be a model for the Hair Club for Men and about meeting his son for the first time. Often insightful, sometimes tender, always witty and self-deprecating, What's Not to Love? is an engaging memoir from one of our most funny, most daring writers.

From Publishers WeeklyThe publisher likens Ames's first nonfiction book to "a twisted man's version of Candace Bushnell's classic, *Sex and the City*." But that comparison does Ames a disservice. Not only can this novelist (*I Pass the Night*; *The Extra Man*) and former New York Press columnist (the book is a collection of his columns) write circles around Bushnell, as well as around Ames's fellow ex-Press sex columnist, Amy Sohn, but Ames's columns reveal a sweet, wide-open soul, despite their outr? subject matter. And make no mistake, the matter is very outr?. The first column of 33 (and an epilogue) arranged in loose chronological order concerns how Ames, who entered puberty only on the cusp of turning 16, felt the need before then to hide his "little," hairless penis from his high school tennis teammates and coach, and how he ran to his mother's bed to show her his first erection. Further columns relate his experiences with flatulence, diarrhea, enemas, VD, prostitutes, first love and so on; in each case, Ames details his adventures with humor, poking incessant fun at himself and his obsessions. Occasionally, his comic timing can seem forced, and the humor shtick; in fact, Ames is a performance artist as well as a writer. But more often the book is laugh-aloud funny and delightfully wry. Above all, though, it's suffused with a wonderful compassion and sense of tolerance--Ames likes to hang with transvestites and considers his closest friend an amputee misfit whose claim to fame is the Mangina, an artificial vagina he wears onstage. There are strong echoes of Henry Miller here, in Ames's embrace of the human condition in all its variants, but Ames is his own man, his own writer (with an elegant, assured prose style)--and deserves hordes of his own fans. Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Library JournalAmes's work can usually be found in the New York Press column "City Slicker," and this is a collection of some of these columns. Ames chronicles his life's adventures, from delayed puberty through venereal warts, crabs, enemas, and blowjobs on the streets of Venice. The book jacket warns you that Ames "often crosses the line of 'good taste,' " which is quite true: this is definitely tongue-in-cheek, cosmopolitan humor. His warped adventures may shock some readers, although obviously his column has fans. The book focuses on stereotypically male topics like sex, drugs, and bodily functions. If you enjoy reading about the joys of producing an erection while holding in gas, this is the book for you. There are insightful moments that provide a glimpse into the struggles men face--baldness, penis size, part-time fatherhood. Seriously, there is some good stuff here for the reader who doesn't mind taking an outrageous path to get to it. Recommended for large public libraries.-Kathy Ingels Helmond, Indianapolis-Marion Cty. P.L. Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Kirkus sA mildly perverted, mildly humorous compilation of Ames's New York Press columns into one chunky memoir of sex-ridden angst. From his young days in a back-straightening corset to the traumas of his delayed adolescence, from encounters with prostitutes (both female and transsexual) to his personal recreation of Mann's *Death in Venice*, Ames (*The Extra Man*, 1998) marshals his

adventures with his penis for increasingly strained comic effect. Knowing what the word "onanism" means does not constitute humor, of course, yet Ames spends many pages trying to convince the reader that he is indeed really, really funny for just this kind of vocabulary (and related experiences). Sex with a prostitute who ends up throwing a cup of hot tea in his face is not so much funny as it is pathetic, despite his cheerful chirps to the contrary. Likewise, his venereal diseases do not contribute to any newly discovered comic territory: the "w"(art) on his "p"(enis) may have been of utmost concern to him, but how many times has the embarrassed trip to the drugstore for sex-related products or treatment already been depicted elsewhere? Oddly, the most amusing parts of Ames's memoirs are the ones not specifically related to his own sex life: the stories of him defecating on himself (both in the south of France and New York City) portray a sense of urgency perhaps only experienced by one with equally explosive bowels, whereas his friend's invention of the "mangina" provides the most fruitful exploration into new and dizzying perversions. Angst-ridden sex is funny, la Philip Roth; tongue-in-cheek memoirs are funny, la David Sedaris. Ames can be their water-boy for now, and maybe he'll join their company when he lets his humor develop organically rather than throwing it into the reader's face. -- Copyright ©2000, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.