

(Free) Nothing Personal

## Nothing Personal

Jason Starr

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#4014833 in Books 2000-03-15Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 .67 x 5.17 x 7.77l, #File Name: 1568581610256 pages | File size: 20.Mb

**Jason Starr : Nothing Personal** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Nothing Personal:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Four StarsBy Teresa WilsonThis was a fantastic book! Couldn't wait to get to next page ! Highly recommend it!0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Just okBy Ashley D'OrioThis was not one of my favorites by Jason Starr..the story line was interesting at first but it kinda just lost me

towards the end1 of 2 people found the following review helpful. improbable from the word go/ its a TOTAL waste of time and moneyBy thomas m devlemingthis is perhaps the most dreadful book i have ever read...improbable from the word go/ its a TOTAL waste of time and money, not to mention the trees or pulp that went into the printing... totally unbelievable and DREADFUL

The DePinos are miserable, living in a rundown apartment above a deli on Tenth Avenue. The Sussmans live in a posh building on the Upper East Side. When Joey DePino loses his job and is threatened by his bookies and loan shark, he involves the Sussmans in a sick, desperate plan to pay off his gambling debts. But ad exec David Sussman has his own problems trying to stop his suddenly psychopathic mistress from ruining him, and he won't go down without a fight. As the lives of the DePinos and the Sussmans become increasingly intertwined, Joey and David plunge their families into an amoral world where anything is possible and nothing is personal. Part crime novel, part unflinching satire of compulsive gambling, eating disorders, and cold-blooded evil, *Nothing Personal* firmly establishes Jason Starr as one of the most exciting young noir novelists around.

.com With his debut novel, *Cold Caller*, Jason Starr emerged on the mystery scene as heir to the bleakly cynical Jim Thompson (*The Grifters*) and James M. Cain (*Double Indemnity*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*). His follow-up effort, *Nothing Personal*, confirms Starr's position at the cutting edge of the revival of classic American noir, tracing in sharp relief lives of extinguished opportunity and of petty troubles that accumulate, somehow, into major crimes. Thus it is that hapless Joey DePino, saddled with an incurable gambler's optimism--but even worse gambler's luck--finds himself threatened with the deadly wrath of irate and unpaid bookies. What to do? Drift into an inept plan to kidnap Jessica Sussman, that's what. Joey's wife Maureen and Jessica's mother Leslie were childhood friends, and Joey has endured enough anemic evenings at the Sussman's Upper East Side apartment in New York to feel entitled to a little ransom retribution. Too bad for him that David Sussman, Jessica's father, is currently trying to end an affair with a psychopathic coworker. Hell hath no fury, as everybody knows, and the result is a tangled mess of motive, mistaken identity, and murder. The lives of the Sussmans and the DePinos--so different on their (respectively) gilt-edged and tattered surfaces--form parallel strands intertwining and accelerating toward a dark nadir. As a genre, noir is an acquired taste: be warned that Starr tends to forsake character development and verisimilitude for an irony outlined in exceedingly broad strokes. You may find yourself getting heartily sick of both the Sussmans and the DePinos--but take comfort in the fact that Starr himself has an equally low opinion of his characters, and is only too ready to offer them up, in the finale, as grist for a biting sharp dinner-party mill. --Kelly FlynnFrom Publishers WeeklyNoir devotee Starr's jet-black [...] thriller has attitude to spare. Too bad it doesn't have wit and style to match: his all-too-familiar venture into James M. Cain territory is populated by a cast of paper-thin, exceedingly unpleasant characters, all of whom quickly outstay their welcome. [...] In the hands of a master of tongue-in-cheek edge, like Elmore Leonard, or an expert practitioner of the down-and-dirty melodrama, like Donald Westlake's alter ego Richard Stark, [the premise of this book] could provide the foundation for a sharp, caustically funny sendup of marriage, adultery and obsessive behavior. Unfortunately, Starr's approach is much more run-of-the-mill. His dialogue is flat and listless, lacking the necessary staccato, noirish bite; his plotting is mundane and his observations ("Maureen's insecurity was something Leslie could always count on. No matter how bad things got in Leslie's life, Maureen was always a step lower") are uninspired to the point of banality. Although it moves along smoothly and just manages to retain the reader's interest throughout, Starr's novel proves to be a decidedly low-wattage thriller. Film rights to *Spice Factory*. (May) Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Library JournalBy ably balancing the intertwining lives of two married couples, Starr (*Cold Caller*) has written a well-crafted second novel that should help establish his presence as a force in the noir genre. The first couple are the DePinos, who lead a poor, distressed existence, especially compared with the seemingly perfect and complete life of the wealthy Sussmans. When Joey DePino falls heavily into debt to bookmakers, he drags the Sussmans, without their knowledge, into his scheme to get the money he needs. While the DePinos' problems are obvious, Joey's actions quickly expose the Sussmans' numerous, less visible troubles. Starr keeps a firm command of the story throughout, conveying the level of depravity people are capable of while providing a wonderful tale that keeps the reader laughing. This should be popular with fans of Patricia Highsmith or anyone who enjoys dark studies of the human character. A nice addition to public libraries.-Craig L. Shufelt, Gladwin Cty. Lib., MI Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.