

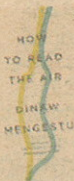


ALSO ON THE RADAR



Travels in Siberia, Ian Frazier

Mr. Frazier's road trip through Siberia, undertaken in 2001, have put to great use his descriptive powers, his sympathetic eye and his ability to weave history into an intimate personal narrative. Recently excerpted at great length in *The New Yorker*, the book sees one of our best journalists blazing a trail through trash-ridden roads, frozen former gulags and vast barren wastelands of one of the strangest places on earth.



How to Read the Air, Dinaw Mengestu

The Beautiful Things That Heaven Bears, Mr. Mengestu's 2007 debut, was hailed by *The New York Times* as "a great African novel, a great Washington novel and a great American novel." His sophomore effort is more expansive yet, following a son of Ethiopian immigrants who breaks with his own life in New York City to retrace the steps of his parents' journey to America, from Addis Ababa through the American South.



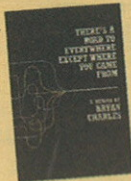
The Instructions, Adam Levin

Gargantuan, antic and relentlessly violent, Mr. Levin's 1,000-plus-page debut seeks to meld the tradition of the tough Jewish hero (from David and Goliath to the novels of Mr. Roth) to the sprawling, footnote-drenched metafictional epics of David Foster Wallace. It may be most remarkable for infusing the whimsy (the hero is a 10-year-old) of the *McSweeney's* set with a real sense of menace.



Inferno (a poet's novel), Eileen Myles

A denizen of the East Village and a mainstay of the downtown poetry scene, Ms. Myles in this autobiographical book charts her progress from the Catholic environs of Arlington, Mass., to the Manhattan of the 1970s, where she comes into her own as a poet (and a lesbian) and falls in with the likes of James Schuyler, Kathy Acker, Alice Notley and Ted Berrigan.



There's a Road to Everywhere Except Where You Came From, Bryan Charles

Mr. Charles moved from to New York to become a writer, but on Sept. 11, 2001, he found himself an office worker for Morgan Stanley in the World Trade Center. A novelist and music writer, Mr. Charles here mines a genre (the Midwesterner adrift in the city) perennial to our literature since F. Scott Fitzgerald, who never had to deal with falling towers.

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