

8-2019

Review of I Heart Oklahoma

Michael F. Russo

Louisiana State University and Agricultural & Mechanical College, mrusso1@lsu.edu

Follow this and additional works at: https://repository.lsu.edu/libraries_pubs



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), and the [Modern Literature Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Russo, M. F. (2019). Review of I Heart Oklahoma. *Library Journal*, 144 (7), 90-91. Retrieved from https://repository.lsu.edu/libraries_pubs/55

This Book Review is brought to you for free and open access by the LSU Libraries at LSU Scholarly Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in Faculty Publications by an authorized administrator of LSU Scholarly Repository. For more information, please contact ir@lsu.edu.

The latest novel from Roy Scranton (*War Porn*) begins in the tradition of “road” novels, with Jim, Suzie, and Remy, a trio of friends (and lovers) embarking on a video project to observe and document Trump’s America. As they travel, relational complications inevitably develop, but are never quite resolved. While part one of the book pays homage to Kerouac, Nabokov, and other prose minstrels of the American highway narrative in language that approaches poetry, parts two and three blow a tire and veer way off the freeway into a ditch. For reasons that evade detection, the names of the characters suddenly change, and the writing--at times resembling verbal jazz--becomes, to put it kindly, challenging, with sentences that seem almost computer-generated in their randomness, even occasionally descending into gibberish. (“Tak stug wam dak enten chapeau silas.”) Mercifully, the last part of the book manages to get all four wheels back on the asphalt. Suzie, now solo, writes the story of two serial killers, though it’s not clear how this relates to anything else in the book. VERDICT: Prose soars in places, but the book will definitely try the patience of anyone grounded in traditional prose constructions.

The latest novel from Roy Scranton (*War Porn*) begins in the tradition of "road" novels, with Jim, Suzie, and Remy, a trio of friends (and lovers) embarking on a video project to observe and document Trump's America. As they travel, relational complications inevitably develop, but are never quite resolved. While part one of the book pays homage to Kerouac, Nabokov, and other prose minstrels of the American highway narrative in language that approaches poetry, parts two and three blow a tire and veer way off the freeway into a ditch. For reasons that evade detection, the names of the characters suddenly change, and the writing--at times resembling verbal jazz--becomes, to put it kindly, challenging, with sentences that seem almost computer-generated in their randomness, even occasionally descending into gibberish. ("Tak stug wam dak enten chapeau silas.") Mercifully, the last part of the book manages to get all four wheels back on the asphalt. Suzie, now solo, writes the story of two serial killers, though it's not clear how this relates to anything else in the book. VERDICT: Prose soars in places, but the book will definitely try the patience of anyone grounded in traditional prose constructions.