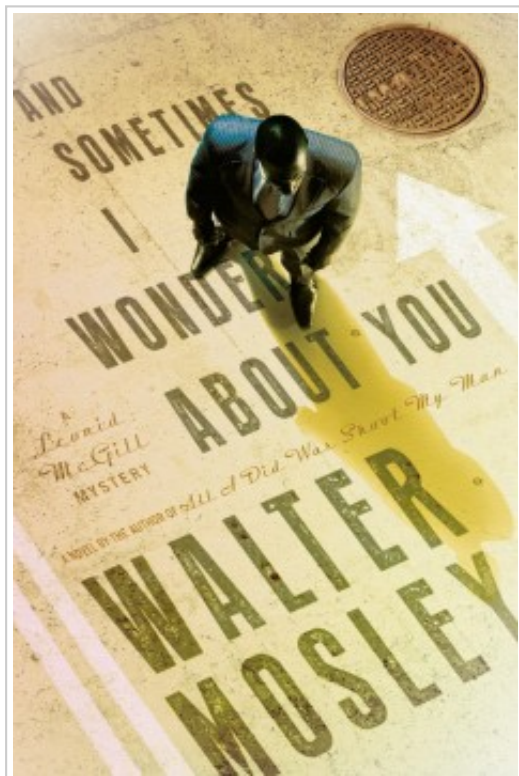


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And Sometimes I Wonder About You

by Walter Mosley

Price: \$26.95(Hardcover)

Published: May 12, 2015

Rating: 0.0/5 (0 votes cast)

From the Publisher: The welcome return of Leonid McGill, Walter Mosley's NYC-based private eye, his East Coast foil to his immortal L.A.-based detective Easy Rawlins. As the Boston Globe raved, "A poignantly real character, [McGill is] not only the newest of the great fictional detectives, but also an incisive and insightful commentator on the American scene."

In the fifth Leonid McGill novel, Leonid finds himself in an unusual pickle of trying to balance his cases with his chaotic personal life. Leonid's father is still out there somewhere, and his wife is in an uptown sanitarium trying to recover from the deep depression that led to her attempted suicide in the previous novel. His wife's condition has put a damper on his affair with Aura Ullman, his girlfriend. And his son, Twill, has been spending a lot of time...

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What We Say

I'm a selfish man. I wanted more stories about Easy Rawlins and detective Leonid McGill -- the character author Walter Mosley seemed to be offering in his place -- just would not do. Now that Rawlins is back, I can approach McGill with a light heart. This noir-ish hero is a criminal gone good, a short man with a tall shadow. Like Rawlins and indeed like a lot of pulp detectives, McGill seems to attract dangerous and beautiful women with ease. Also like Rawlins, his life is complicated. He lives and works in New York City and McGill's extended family -- covering biology, emotion and need -- is wide-ranging. In his fifth novel, McGill is juggling a LOT of balls. Varied plots include a Fagin-like underworld figure with literally hundreds of orphaned children at his command, a rich and powerful woman with a poisonous secret she'll kill to protect, a Che Guevara-like father back from the shadows, a wife in name only who has attempted suicide, and a seductive damsel in distress who just might be McGill's soul mate. Which is a depressing thought, since she has no soul, implying McGill misplaced his somewhere along the way. Like I said, a LOT of balls in the air. Mosley is having a lot of fun here. True, McGill is so prone to insights they begin to blur; shove a gun in his back and he'll philosophize, offer a bribe and he'll go off on a mental tangent about money and so on. A few less aphorisms and they might have more weight to them because pound for pound they're as solid as this one-time boxer turned knight errant. McGill's contemporary stories don't have the weight of history behind them the way Mosley's do. In a way, they don't even have the presence of New York City as such. But then, neither does New York City any more, hollowed out as it is by Russian oligarchs, Aran sheiks and a Duane Reade on every corner. McGill fortunately provides his own personality. Fans will dive in and newcomers will enjoy catching up. -- Michael Giltz

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