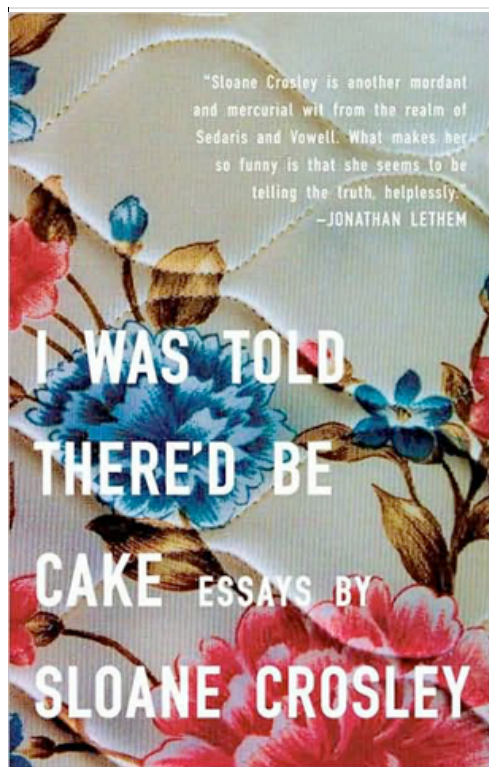


# STOPSMILING

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Sloane Crosley's *I Was Told There'd Be Cake*



(Riverhead)

Monday, April 21, 2008

To view an original video by Sloane Crosley exclusive to STOP SMILING, [click here](#)

## ***I Was Told There'd Be Cake***

By Sloane Crosley  
(Riverhead)

Reviewed by Wendy Walker

Love is in the air for former Vintage Books publicist/author Sloane Crosley. Certainly she has enjoyed a great deal of pre-publication praise, especially following Leon Neyfakh's ridiculously amorous *New York Observer* piece, printed five months prior to the launch of her debut collection of essays. There were also glowing trade reviews and a number of Q&A's with respected periodicals — certainly enough to get

some solid buzz going. Crosley also put together a hip, smartly designed website, replete with positively brilliant dioramas that accompany the book. You can check those out at [her website](#).

It's evident Ms. Crosley isn't just another bookish New York publishing type turned author. Not even remotely. This girl is one for the guys, and maybe a few girls, too. Sloane Crosley is the new cool kid on the block, and two days into her on-sale date, it's looking like she's going to sell some books, trade originals no less — a bold move (in a hardcover world) on the part of her publisher, Riverhead Books. One thing is certainly clear: This girl works hard for the money, and lately it seems she can do no wrong. She's the publishing world's Angelina Jolie, if you will.

Still, for all the fuss over Crosley being the next David Sedaris, Sarah Vowell, Dorothy Parker or even Sarah Silverman, the question remains: Is she really that funny and that witty? Will I laugh as hard as I did reading *Holidays on Ice*? Sadly, no — Sedaris is still the pinnacle for laugh-out-loud essays, in my opinion. And yet she is exceedingly sharp-tongued and her new book, *I Was Told There'd be Cake* is wildly entertaining, self-deprecating and just simply with it.

From her opening essay, where she takes on single living in Manhattan, to locking herself out of her apartment twice in one day, to my personal favorite essay, "You on a Stick," in which she gives a play-by-play of contemporary bridesmaid woes, Crosley proves to be tremendously witty and clever, and her New York stories are strangely universal. And make no mistake: Crosley's no *Sex and the City* gal. Indeed, she's the antithesis of Lauren Weisberger and, quite frankly, it's really nice to see her out there.

All said and done, it will be equally exciting to see what Crosley does next (more essays, a memoir, a novel?) and if she can expand upon this staggering jumpstart by truly defining herself as a significant contributor to the American letters. For now, she's book publishing's It Girl and a delightful addition to bookshelves everywhere.