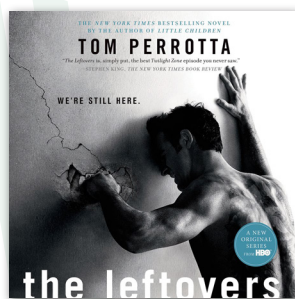


We asked Andrew DeYoung, author of *The Temps*, for his media picks that pair well with our Spotlight Selection, and he came through for us in a big way. Check out these titles he chose—all available from the hoopla Instant catalog—to enhance your book club meeting.

View the full collection here: hoopladigital.com/collection/15408



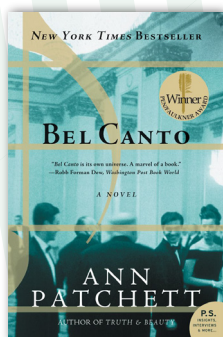
REQUIRED READING



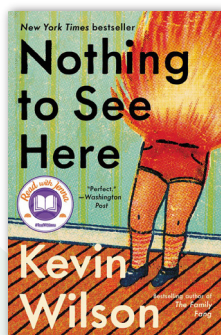
The Leftovers
Tom Perrotta's novel about a world in which a portion of the world's population simply disappears is sad, heartfelt, and somehow just a little bit funny. It was a big influence when I was writing *The Temps*.



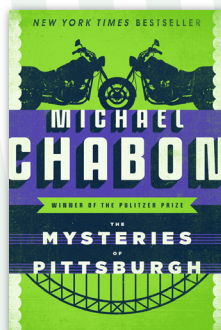
Leave the World Behind
This recent book by Rumaan Alam is a claustrophobic apocalypse novel in which the disaster is not explained, focusing instead on the emotional reactions of the characters. It's gorgeously written and utterly fascinating.



Bel Canto
This novel by Ann Patchett is about a lavish party that is taken hostage by a group of terrorists. What happens next is unexpected, as surprising alliances emerge between hostages and terrorists, leading to a perfectly contained world that exists for a short time. It's another example of a book about the unexpected social arrangements that can crop up in tightly contained settings.



Nothing to See Here
This book by Kevin Wilson is hilarious. It's about a young woman who is hired to care for two children with a strange affliction—when they get upset, they burst into flames. An example of what a skilled writer can do with an absurd premise, great writing, and a good sense of humor.



The Mysteries of Pittsburgh
This novel by Michael Chabon is one of my favorite books about characters who've just graduated from college, wasting time while they figure out what happens next.

TRAINING VIDEOS



Starring Jodie Foster, this film adaptation of Carl Sagan's novel is one of my favorite mysterious-billionaire movies, and another work of speculative fiction in which a character is led on a journey toward a collision with a great, mind-bending mystery.



You've heard of *Office Space*—but you really owe it to yourself to familiarize yourself with the other quirky late-90s movie about trying to survive the working life. About a group of office temps, this movie is notable for featuring a young Toni Collette before she became a star, alongside Lisa Kudrow and Parker Posey in a story about trying to get through the workday without losing your soul.

ELEVATOR MUSIC

I wrote *The Temps* in an attempt to capture the disillusionment of being a young person trying to make your way in the adult world of work and capitalism. My own version of that experience happened in the aughts and early 2010s, so it's no surprise that when I picked songs to accompany this novel about young temp workers riding out a global apocalypse in the office complex of the mega corporation that employed them, I mostly chose songs that happened to be in my earbuds when I was, myself, a young office worker trying to get through the work day.



"The Execution of All Things,"
Rilo Kiley, from the album *The Execution of All Things*
This song evokes a lot of the feelings of disillusionment and apocalyptic fear I tried to

capture in *The Temps*. The lyrics are a grab-bag of catastrophes, from war and capitalist exploitation to environmental decay, colonialism, and genocide. Whether Jenny Lewis is singing about these things literally or metaphorically, the song captures the feeling of living in a world where everything good is slowly being killed off in front of your eyes.



"We Will Become Silhouettes,"
the Postal Service, from the album *We Will Become Silhouettes*
One of the best songs about an apocalypse that isn't by R.E.M., this track by the Postal Service

gets close in spots to describing the actual apocalypse in my book. "All the news reports recommended that I stay indoors / Because the air outside will make / Our cells divide at an alarming rate..." Except for the cells dividing part, that's pretty close.

BOOK CLUB COMPANION: Author's Recommendations



"Where the Streets Have No Name," U2, from the album *The Joshua Tree*

Funny story—this song actually made an appearance in an early draft of this book. My

first-chapter setpiece happens at an outdoor all-company meeting, when the CEO takes the stage...and then the apocalypse happens. I had the CEO coming on to the beginning strains of this song, because I thought it was the kind of thing a billionaire with a God complex might choose as his walk-on music. Then, in the scenes of disaster that followed, the music kept playing and the lyrics took on apocalyptic significance: "We're beaten and blown by the wind...We're still building then burning down love..." I ultimately deleted the lyrics from the book out of permissions concerns, but I'll never hear the song the same way again.



"Hey Julie," Fountains of Wayne, from the album *Welcome Interstate Managers*

The Temps is an office novel, so I needed at least one office

song on this playlist. Fountains of Wayne has a few great songs about work ("Bright Future in Sales" is another), but "Hey Julie" is my favorite. It's a perfect example of the late Adam Schlesinger's compact, wry, and heartfelt storytelling style, expertly sketching a portrait of a guy who hates his job and lives to get back home to his partner, Julie. Work sucks, but love is the best thing in the world, and the joy of one can be held as solace against the soul-crushing drudgery of the other.



"1996," the Wombats, from the album *The Modern Glitch*

The little dramas of our lives happen against the backdrop of impersonal forces and huge world events, and no song

conveys that better than this one by the Wombats. It adopts the voice of a speaker yearning for the days of youth when he was blissfully unaware that "war was breaking out all around me"; now he's stuck in the more complicated world of adulthood, when "we kiss with one eye on the TV set." I can think of no better encapsulation of the modern predicament, where we try to live our lives while constantly bombarded by images of major world events and symptoms of societal disease.



"Sons and Daughters," the Decemberists, from the album *The Crane Wife*

I've long adored this song, which seems to be the anthem of a group of people emerging

from some sort of catastrophe ("we will arise from the bunkers") to inherit a paradise they create from the wreckage of the old world. It all culminates in the repeated chorus: "Here all the bombs, they fade away..." The song is almost prayerful, a fervent wish sung in the hope of making it come true. It is, ultimately, the song of my hope for the temps, and for all of us, really: that there's a better world waiting on the other side of all this disaster.