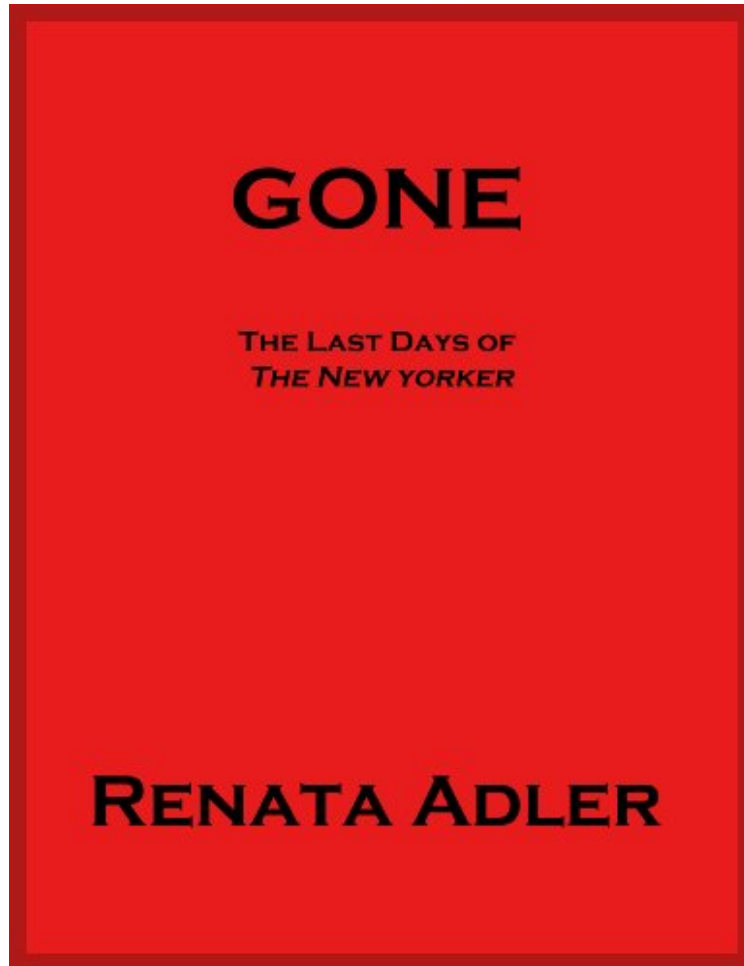


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GONE: The Last Days of The New Yorker (English Edition)

Von Renata Adler

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Von Renata Adler : GONE: The Last Days of The New Yorker (English Edition) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised GONE: The Last Days of The New Yorker (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. "I said that I would."Von Prof. KittyThis book is terse, and I like it very much. Renata Adler has an interesting way of writing which combines extremely complicated sentences full of asides, commas, and em-dashes, with stripped-down delivery like, "He asked me to go to the meeting. I said that I would." Taken together her style is like ornate bullets. Adler obviously takes time to consider everything she puts on the page, and so she is a writer who is definite. The only drawback to this book is that it is too short--Adler is so good at portraying the bizarre and intricate relationships and politics at The New Yorker that I wish she'd taken more time to establish what the magazine used to be like, and why it is now "Gone." She's not even particularly snarky about the troops of fools who've been at the magazine, but gives

an honest account of her experience. As someone who has been writing complaint letters to The New Yorker since the age of twelve I relish Adler's astute sniping, and I will be sending the book at once to my mother, who has been writing letters of complaint for much longer (she used to routinely send back all of the subscription inserts to demonstrate how annoying and content-free they were). It is true that there was a type of article that was a New Yorker piece and now that standard has dissolved; and the magazine has been disappointingly dumbed down from a Literary Publication to a subscription-driven Conde Nast rag. Do give read this book if you have ever wondered what happened to the New Yorker since Harold Ross. And the next time you want to blast off a letter to David Remnick, just send highlighted pages of "Gone" instead. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. It's flawed, but Renata makes her case. Von Petsounds If you were ever one of those readers Adler describes--an automatic re-subscriber to The New Yorker--you can't possibly read this book without nodding many times in agreement with her thesis: that The New Yorker used to be a publication that led its readers, as opposed to the Newhouse marketing tool it became under Tina Brown (and to a lesser extent, Robert Gottlieb), a publication that sought to Find Out What The Hip Folks Wanted and Then Give It To Them. As those of us who loved the magazine for many years know, what Si and Tina created was a People Magazine with pretensions. I found her view of magazine publication fascinating, and while I am more hopeful than she that some small part of what The New Yorker used to be can be--and is being--revived, I think she is right in saying that the unique and wonderful thing that The New Yorker used to be IS gone for good. She makes her case. But I also agree with the reviewer who is an editor. There are sentences in this book that are simply impenetrable; the reader can easily get lost in them and, arriving at the period, wonder where the heck he or she is. It's also true that many of Adler's stated feelings appear to be contradictory. Why is she on the phone to Tina Brown, congratulating her on being named editor, when she must surely know what Brown will do with the magazine? But conflicting feelings are common in families, so perhaps Adler can be forgiven her ambivalence on that basis. As to the reviewer who gave this book one star but admitted he hadn't read it, what on EARTH is THAT about? If you ever loved The New Yorker, I think you'll find this book interesting. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. an author in need of help Von Rowan Jacobsen Rarely has a book been so guilty of all the qualities it professes to disdain. Adler's book pretends to lament the style of publishing that existed at the New Yorker under William Shawn, but she depicts Shawn as such an incompetent noodle--and paints the New Yorker offices around him as something more fitting in a Marx Brothers' film--that one wonders why she admired him at all. Indeed, he seems to have been largely responsible for destroying the magazine himself. Adler's schizophrenic voice no sooner criticizes Lillian Ross for trashing Shawn in her book than Adler does it herself. She seems to have no control over her own pen, clearly stating her lofty intentions to stay out of the fray and not directly comment on Ross's book, then immediately launching into a multi-page attack on the very same. Worst of all is her abysmal prose: she complains bitterly of the famed New Yorker style of copyediting, which she thinks meddled too much with writers' work, but without them she is virtually incapable of writing a lucid sentence. Her line of thought stops halfway through, circles back on itself, gets hopelessly tripped up in a bramble of ill-advised commas, and has pretty much given up the goal of finishing its point by the time it throws in the towel with a period. Clearly Adler's reputation intimidated her new editors, who didn't do their job. Please, Renata, I'm an editor; before you try to publish again, give me a call--I can help!

Kurzbeschreibung From a legendary journalist and star writer at The New Yorker -- one of the most revered institutions in publishing -- an insider's look at the magazine's tumultuous yet glorious years under the direction of the enigmatic William Shawn. Renata Adler went to work at The New Yorker in 1963 and immediately became part of the circle close to editor William Shawn, a man so mysterious that no two biographies of him seem to be about the same person. Now Adler, herself an unrivaled literary force, offers her brilliant take on the man -- and the myth that is The New Yorker -- disputing recent memoirs by Lillian Ross and Ved Mehta along the way. With her lucid prose, meticulous eye for detail, and genuine love of The New Yorker, Adler re-creates thirty years in its history and depicts Shawn as a man of robust common sense, amazing industry, and editorial genius, who nurtured innumerable major talents (and egos) to produce a magazine that was -- and remains -- unique. Her ensemble cast -- all involved in legendary friendships, feuds, and love affairs -- includes Edmund Wilson, S. N. Behrman, Brendan Gill, Calvin Trillin, Dwight MacDonald, Donald Barthelme, Hannah Arendt, Pauline Kael, S. I. Newhouse, Robert Gottlieb, Tina Brown, and practically everyone of note in and around The New Yorker. Above and beyond the fascinating literary anecdotes, however, Adler's is a striking narrative that follows the weakening of Shawn's hold over the magazine he loved, his reluctant attempts to find a successor, and the coup by which he was ultimately overthrown. It is a wonderful piece of reporting, full of real-life drama of Shakespearean dimensions, which Shawn himself surely would have loved. From www.goodreads.com. de Renata Adler's fulminating, fascinating defense and prosecution of her longtime employer The New Yorker may not be the best book ever written on the subject. Brendan Gill's *Here at the New Yorker* remains the classic, and Nancy Franklin's profile of Katharine White in *Life Stories* is more graceful and insightful. But *Gone* is without doubt the hottest (as ex-editor Tina Brown might say) chronicle of the magazine's history: a scathing portrait

of a world with the mad logic of Alice's Wonderland and intrigues as viciously intricate as anything in le Carr. Adler's narrative zooms like a speedboat through decade after decade of controversy. Still, *Gone* is essentially a heart-shredding account of the fall of a dynasty--that of longtime editor William Shawn, one of the century's crucial journalistic geniuses. "Mr. Shawn was the father," recalls Adler, "Lillian Ross, the mother. The son was Jonathan Schell; the spirit was J.D. Salinger. This family, it seemed to me, was ferociously judgmental." Yet nobody is more ferocious than the author herself, who was taken into the bosom of this family and stomps all its members to smithereens. According to Adler, she was one of the lucky few invited into the circle of Mr. Shawn's biological clan, not to mention the parallel world of his mistress and "office wife" Lillian Ross. The author is quick to take Ross to task for her own trash-talking memoir of Shawn. Yet Adler is hardly a whit less destructive in *Gone*, although she wields the shiv with far greater literary skill. Indeed, those who still worship at the late editor's shrine will be shocked at her portrait of Shawn as a cruel despot who nurtured and destroyed talent according to meticulously articulated, infinitely arbitrary, altogether lunatic rules adjudicated by himself alone. Apparently he had three main responses to criticism: silence, lies, and high-handedness cloaked as high-mindedness. Adler rages at Shawn's hypocrisy, citing his refusal to give his son Wallace Shawn a job on the basis of the magazine's "No Nepotism rule." Not only was this rule nonexistent but the editor rubbed salt in the wound by hiring Schell instead, who happened to be the younger Shawn's college roommate. Adler notes that the writers who bullied the conflict-averse Shawn tended to prosper, while those who revered him withered away, unpublished. Amazingly, she blames literature's loss of Salinger on Shawn: the ever-elusive author of *The Catcher in the Rye* "said that the reason he chose not to publish the material he had been working on was to spare Mr. Shawn the burden of having to read, and to decide whether to publish, Salinger writing about sex." Space, alas, prevents full comment on all of Adler's red-hot disclosures. Suffice it to say, however, that like a certain Truman Capote piece she insists on trashing, Adler's memoir of her office family is written in cold blood indeed. -- Tim Appelo

Pressestimmen "Newsweek" Fourteen pieces of reporting and criticism which vibrate with control, confidence, and zest.

Michiko Kakutani "The New York Times" Two things hold "Pitch Dark" together and give it speed and magic. The first is Miss Adler's gift for language and observation. She seems capable of writing about anything from tent caterpillars to metaphysics with intelligence and wit; and the second is her willingness to write candidly, even rawly, about emotions....She can delineate the hurt of being the lover, not the loved, in a line; convey the paranoia of traveling in a strange country with an image; and read the end of a romance in gesture.

William Shannon "The Washington Post" Renata Adler...has written a bombshell. It is brilliant in its analysis, relentlessly argued, and unsparing in its moral and professional journalistic judgments....Only a mind with her elegance and sensitivity to nuance could have produced this remarkable book, and a mind of this quality is rarely caged by an ideology.

Donald Barthelme Renata Adler's new book is a brilliant series of glimpses into the special oddities and new terrors of contemporary life -- abrupt, direct, painful, and altogether splendid.

John Leonard Nobody writes better prose than Renata Adler.