

(Read free) Here at the New Yorker

## Here at the New Yorker

*Brendan Gill*

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**Brendan Gill : Here at the New Yorker** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Here at the New Yorker:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Not As I RememberedBy Zoe H.I was disappointed. I read this book quite a few years ago and enjoyed it enormously at the time, but when I re-read it more recently, it seemed dated and unimpressive. Also, Gill's ego is as big as all outdoors and although a few of the selections are interesting and give a refreshing and close-up view of the luminaries (e.g., Eleanor Roosevelt),they are always in relation to Gill himself. It seemed to me that, speaking generally, the subjects of the individual essays are too often no longer widely known. Their interest is personal to Gill himself and his self-importance. There is very little "dirt-dishing" which is surprising for a guy like Brendan who, though admittedly very urbane and gregarious, is frankly a bit of a yenta. All told, I bought the book because my previous copy was in tatters and now I have to say that I'm sorry it did it.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Kindle Customersuch a good old memoir.4 of 6 people found the following review helpful. Next Time, Make It "Here At Starbucks"By D. P. ReedLoved reading it the first time only later discovered how HTNY glossed over what actually had been an anything-but-smooth relationship between Harold Ross William Shawn (1st 2nd TNY editors, whose chart comparison indicated an anything-but-harmonious working relationship).In 1997, needing a replacement for my original disintegrated paperback copy, I took one look at the \$16 price tag - for a paperback! - in disgust, threw it back on the bookstore shelf. I'll get one for far less than that, eventually.Post Note (04/09/10): And that's exactly what happened, when the opportunity presented itself recently to obtain a \$6.00 edition from .It amazed me during the re-reading that so many of the stories in HTNY - first read @ 30

years ago - still sounded very familiar; it was as if I had only read them for the first time a year or two earlier. But the book's impact - so tremendous decades earlier - had been defused. If you are impressed by an author when your youthful idealism is still flourishing, the same writing decades later - after that idealism had been given the bum's rush (William Shawn's two wives, etc.) - doesn't stand a chance of having the same effect. After re-reading HTNY, I felt a most uncomfortable ambivalence. The writing is fine, particularly in respect to Thurber's bizarre antics, but Gill's loquaciousness was off-putting (particularly after he complained that other writers went on interminably). In examining the facets of everything, he stuffed sentences like sausages. This is an editing failure that complimented other editing oversights that did not go unnoticed. And his Jekyll and Hyde treatment of Ross was equally disconcerting, tantamount to dirty pool. In the beginning chapters, Gill's recollection of Ross was a portrait of an offensive Neanderthal that barely could walk in an erect position; the last forty pages or so is a too-glowing tribute to Ross's talents, vision, and dedication, with a brilliant analysis by William Shawn about Ross that concluded the book. Six dollars turned out to be the perfect price for this flawed trip back into the past. Frankly, I was much more impressed with the recent work of the author's son, who about a year ago wrote a brilliant piece in a local New York newspaper about the drastic (and eventually beneficial) changes that ensued in his life after he had lost his high-paying advertising job and ended up as a Starbuck's employee. I would have paid ten dollars that morning, for the newspaper, had I known of its contents ahead of time.

For over sixty years Brendan Gill has been a contented inmate of the singular institution known as the New Yorker. This affectionate account of the magazine, long known as a home for congenital unemployables, is a celebration of its wards and attendants: William Shawn, Harold Ross's gentle and courtly successor as editor; the incorrigible mischief-maker James Thurber; the two Whites, Katherine and E. B.; John O'Hara, "master of the fancied slight"; and, among a hundred others, Peter Arno, Saul Steinberg, Edmund Wilson, and Lewis Mumford. Brendan Gill has known them all, and by virtue of his virtually total recall, keen eye, and impeccable prose, his diverting portraits of these eccentrics in rage and repose are amply supplied with both dimples and warts. Here at the New Yorker now updated with a new introduction detailing the reigns of Robert Gottlieb and Tina Brown is a delightful tour of New York's most glorious madhouse.

.com Brendan Gill sold his first story to the New Yorker in 1936, when he was 21, and has worked there ever since. When his irreverent memoir appeared in 1975, it caused the most delightful of frissons, because the outside world then knew little about his workplace. Gill declares that "in the old Ross-Shawn days, what hadn't happened at the magazine was more worthy of note than what had." In reality, of course, a great deal was happening, and Gill seems to have heard and remembered it all. (This edition also contains a 1997 introduction, complete with acute and politic comments on the Bob Gottlieb and Tina Brown regimes.) But Here at the New Yorker is far from an exposé, consisting instead of the recollections of a lucky man who loves his work and many of his fellows. Each reader will have his or her favorite anecdotes. Gill remembers taking the subway with Marianne Moore, who was squeezed next to two high school musicians. "Miss Moore stared with admiration at the drum, then said to the boy holding the drumsticks, 'Sonny, when the time comes, give it a big bang just for me.'" And, speaking of big bangs, the old New Yorker was far more squeamish--an organ in which bare nipples were nowhere to be found. Its first editor, Harold Ross, shown a cartoon complete with one such entity, growled: "Take that goddam tit up to Mrs. White and ask her what to do about it." His successor, William Shawn, shared his modesty though not his speech patterns. When Mr. Shawn asked the novelist Henry Green what led him to write *Loving*, Green's reply wasn't quite what he had expected. Alas, readers, you must turn to page 386 of this endlessly charming book for the offending response. From the Back Cover For over sixty years Brendan Gill has been a contented inmate of the singular institution known as The New Yorker. This affectionate account of the magazine, long known as a home for congenital unemployables, is a celebration of its wards and attendants - William Shawn, Harold Ross's gentle and courtly successor as editor; the incorrigible mischief-maker James Thurber; the two Whites, Katherine and E.B.; John O'Hara, "master of the fancied slight"; and, among a hundred others, Peter Arno, Saul Steinberg, Edmund Wilson, Lewis Mumford, and Pauline Kael. Brendan Gill has known them all, and by virtue of his virtually total recall, keen eye, and impeccable prose, his diverting portraits of these eccentrics in rage and repose are amply supplied with both dimples and warts. Here at The New Yorker now updated with a new introduction detailing the reigns of Robert Gottlieb and Tina Brown - is a delightful tour of New York's most glorious madhouse. About the Author Brendan Gill (1914-1997) was a staff writer for the New Yorker for over sixty years. He was the author of over twenty books, including his memoir, *Here at the New Yorker* (also available from Da Capo Press/Perseus Books Group), three works of fiction, and biographies of Cole Porter, Tallulah Bankhead, and Charles Lindbergh.