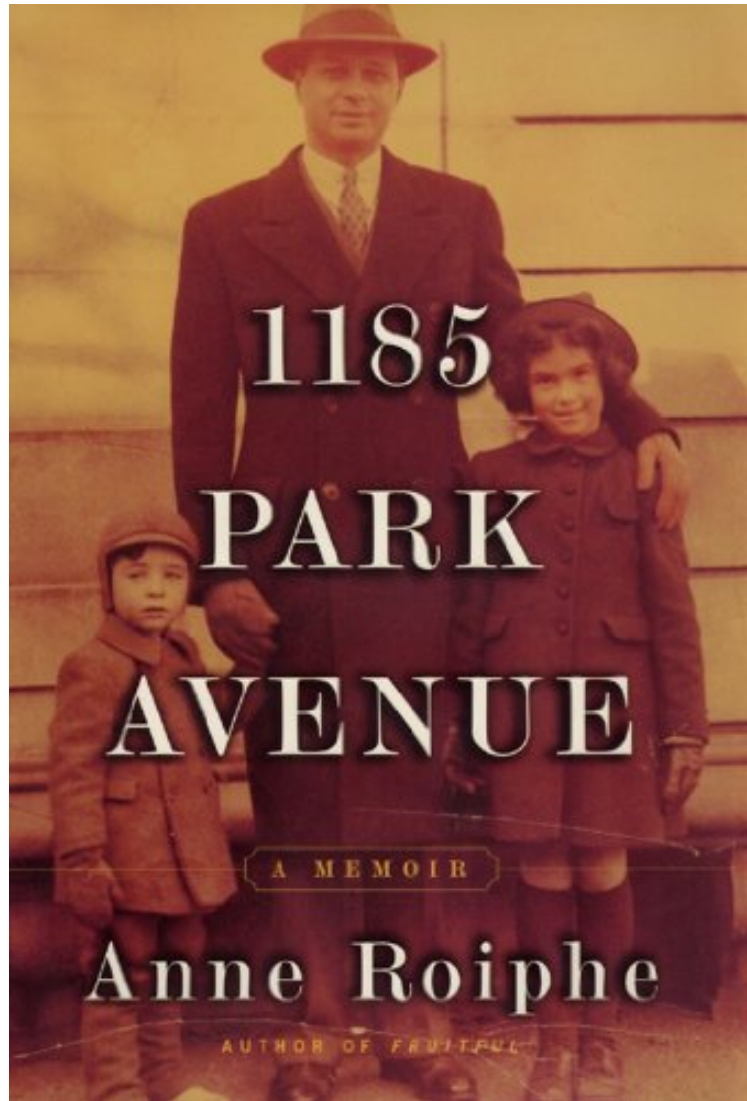


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## 1185 Park Avenue: A Memoir (English Edition)

Von Anne Roiphe

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**Von Anne Roiphe : 1185 Park Avenue: A Memoir (English Edition)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised 1185 Park Avenue: A Memoir (English Edition):

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A most brilliant memoir.Von One Fancy AngelWhen I began the first few pages of this book, on a sleepless night, I prepared to be bored by what, at first glance, seemed to be flowery language with no sweat shed.How wrong I was. Roiphe has written the best memoir I have ever encountered. Each character is so well described that I swear I could pick any one of them out in a crowd, regardless of whether they are now dead or alive. I normally have some distaste for changes in

tense, but Roiphe achieves this so artfully, I rarely noticed. Roiphe, though her descriptions are vivid and not in any sense concise, does not waste a word. I sometimes found myself unexpectedly laughing, and at one point, incredibly, weeping. Her analogies, her descriptions, her words....all are just remarkably brilliant. I will never be able to forget her family anymore than Roiphe herself will. Her talent is nearly incredible. Even when Roiphe is at her most descriptive, the reader is so present in this memoir, as if we are standing slightly to the side of Roiphe, at her elbow, throughout the entire book. We understand everything. I couldn't recommend a memoir more highly than I do this one, and at that, I couldn't recommend any book more highly than I do this one. I've found a new favorite. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Boring and cloying! Von Ein Kunde Anne Roiphe has been boring us for years in her columns in the NY Observer and her books. This new book is no exception. Her style, if that is what you call her way of writing, is so precious and overblown that you want to scream after reading a sentence. Besides, she has little nice to say about her parents or her brother, and a kind soul would keep all that to herself. She justifies her writing by claiming that as a writer, she needs to express herself in her book. What nonsense! My suggestion is to remember that she "ain't" no Virginia Woolf nor even Patty Bosworth, and we could all live happily enough without knowing what went on at some upper middle class apartment on Park Avenue. I suggest she write something challenging for once, that is about something which does not include Anne Roiphe as the center of the universe. It might do her some good to distance herself from herself for awhile. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. "Long Day's Journey into Night" in rich New York Jews Von Ein Kunde This is Anne Roiphe's memoir of growing up in the 40's and 50's in a wealthy, squalid family. Roiphe has mined this territory in earlier books. Again she offers personal and political gossip (social history, if you will) against a background of local and world history. But here there is more: a cry from the heart. Father is savage and physically absent. Mother is self centered and incompetent. Treachery and betrayal abound. Attended by an army of maids, governesses, nurses, doctors, and psychoanalysts, she, her younger Brother and the others survive for a while but at a price. In the end, only she remains. This is a ruthless, forgiving, brilliant book.

Kurzbeschreibung In this captivating memoir, novelist Anne Roiphe shows us what it was really like to grow up rich and Jewish in New York in the 1940s and 1950s. Revisiting the world of her childhood, Roiphe brings alive a cast of characters who are both difficult to love and impossible to forget. Through the eyes of this precocious, loving daughter, we witness the brutalities that lurked behind the mah-jongg tables, cocktail parties, and summer houses of her family. By turns heartbreaking, funny, and mercilessly honest, Roiphe's story exposes the fault lines of misery that exploded in domestic battles on the home front, far overshadowing the war overseas. The locus of the story is 1185 Park Avenue. It is one of the buildings on the northern end of the avenue -- just before the train tracks mark the beginning of Harlem -- that wealthy Jewish families claimed as their own in the first half of the 20th century. Amidst the maids and the governesses and the doormen and the psychiatrists live the members of the Roth family, in Apartment 8C. They include an unfaithful father who uses his wife's fortune to entertain other women and play cards at his club; a misfit son who won't eat his food because he believes his parents are trying to poison him; a disappointed mother who waits all day for her five o'clock scotch and her crossword puzzle; and an eager daughter who tries to negotiate peace at the dinner table. Bound by custom and greed, as well as love, they stay together until their world at 1185 Park has done its damage. Only the daughter escapes whole -- to become the writer we now know as Anne Roiphe. 1185 Park Avenue is both a history of an era and a portrait of the artist as a young woman. Roiphe makes it impossible for us to view the 1940s and 1950s with unabashed nostalgia or to think the same way about the people who were crushed by its lies and deceptions. Her redemption, though bittersweet, stands as a haunting triumph long after we have turned the last page of her compelling story..de "He married her because she was rich" is the author's bleak assessment of her handsome, unfaithful father's relationship with her unhappy, insecure mother. Anne Roiphe describes with equally brutal candor a childhood largely spent with the governess until she was old enough to mix her mother's drinks, light cigarettes, and listen to complaints about her father. In this grim environment, Roiphe and her sickly younger brother did not band together so much as coexist in mutual misery. She seems to find redemption in the trio of deaths that close the book. Her parents died from cancer; her father disinherited his children in favor of his second wife. Her brother, a doctor infected with AIDS from cutting himself in his lab, ordered a funeral without any words: "The God who would do this to him deserved only silence." So why read this angst fest? Because Roiphe is just as honest about her own efforts to escape her gilded cage on New York's Upper East Side, and because she captures the social and historical particulars of wealthy Jewish American life from the 1930s on in the same richly textured detail she brought to feminist classics like *Up the Sandbox*. "I am a writer, and burning bridges behind me is part of the cost of the work," she comments. She burns them with sorrowful panache in this chilling, engrossing memoir. --Wendy Smith From Booklist Roiphe has always drawn on her family history in her novels and in her nonfiction, such as *Fruitful* (1996), but this memoir tells all, revealing the harsh intimate secrets of her father, mother, brother, and of Roiphe herself. Most compelling is the insider's view of what it was like to grow up in a rich Jewish

immigrant family in the 1940s and 1950s, despising the newly rich with their guilt and lamentation, their "abhorrent vulnerability," longing to assimilate, to be one of the stiff-upper-lip real Americans, even if she could not join their clubs, which were not open to Jewish girls. There is sometimes too much obsessive detail, but Roiphe's acerbic, passionate sentences twist and turn and stop you short with their wit and painful insight. In simple words, she hears her brother's reason for having only one child: "He told me he would never do to his son what had been done to him, that is me, that is, a sibling." Hazel Rochman