

Fierce Attachments

Von Vivian Gornick

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Von Vivian Gornick : Fierce Attachments before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Fierce Attachments:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A difficult read for those still fiercely attached to mom.Von Ein KundeI found Gornick's book both tragic and insightful. She seems to have become her mother in spite of herself. Gornick also seems to still be hoping and waiting for her mother to magically transform into the mom she's always longed for. The best she's received are a few memorable one-

liners when least expected. I felt sorry for Gornick and her somewhat wasted life; I felt she is waiting for the hoped-for changes in her mother to somehow motivate the hoped-for changes in herself. If she would only realize she doesn't have to wait to recover the person she felt she lost so long ago.

Kurzbeschreibung Vivian Gornick's relationship with her mother is difficult. At the age of forty-five, she regularly meets her mother for strolls along the streets of Manhattan. Occasionally they'll hit a pleasant stride - fondly recalling a shared nostalgia or chuckling over a mutual disgust - but most often their walks are tinged with contempt, irritation, and rages so white hot her mother will stop strangers on the street and say, This is my daughter. She hates me. Weaving between their tempestuous present-day jaunts and the author's memories of the past, Gornick traces her lifelong struggle for independence from her mother - from growing up in a blue-collar tenement house in the Bronx in the 1940s, to newlywed grad student, to established journalist - only to discover the many ways in which she is (and always has been) her mother's daughter. *Fierce Attachments* is a searingly honest and intimate memoir about coming of age in a big city, and the perpetual bonds that keep us forever linked to our family. Admired, rightly, as timeless and classic . . . *Fierce Attachments* demands honour as the work of a breathtaking technician. - Jonathan Lethem A fine, unflinchingly honest book . . . The story of an abiding, difficult love, full of grace and fire. - New York Times Brimming with life . . . *Fierce Attachments* is a work of emotional cartography, charting influences and mapping out a proximate territory of the Self. - Los Angeles Times One hesitates to traffic in such stock reviewers' adjectives as brilliant, an American classic, but there are only so many words with which to say how very good this book is. - Washington Post. Rarely is the barbed edge of mother love described with such scorching wit and raw emotion as it is in Vivian Gornick's reissued memoir. *Fierce Attachments* zigzags between a Bronx tenement teeming with immigrants in the 1940s and New York in the 1980s. It chronicles an almighty struggle between the author and her mother, a stubborn rabble-rouser bursting with tart, angry pronouncements, moxie, and an undeniable measure of charm. Waving away an "Eastern religionist" trying to sell her on his god, she raps out: "Young man, I am a Jew and a socialist. I think that's more than enough for one lifetime, don't you?" Her husband's untimely death is the occasion for such wild histrionics--screaming, refusing to walk, flinging herself into the grave--that when Gornick works the Middle East years later as a journalist, the ululating cries and fainting mourners at funerals seem comfortably familiar. The rapid-fire flow of confidences and furious arguments between the duo mellow slightly, believably, as they grow older together. Rarely is the barbed edge of mother love described with such scorching wit and raw emotion as it is in Vivian Gornick's reissued memoir. *Fierce Attachments* zigzags between a Bronx tenement teeming with immigrants in the 1940s and New York in the 1980s. It chronicles an almighty struggle between the author and her mother, a stubborn rabble-rouser bursting with tart, angry pronouncements, moxie, and an undeniable measure of charm. Waving away an "Eastern religionist" trying to sell her on his god, she raps out: "Young man, I am a Jew and a socialist. I think that's more than enough for one lifetime, don't you?" Her husband's untimely death is the occasion for such wild histrionics--screaming, refusing to walk, flinging herself into the grave--that when Gornick works the Middle East years later as a journalist, the ululating cries and fainting mourners at funerals seem comfortably familiar. The rapid-fire flow of confidences and furious arguments between the duo mellow slightly, believably, as they grow older together.