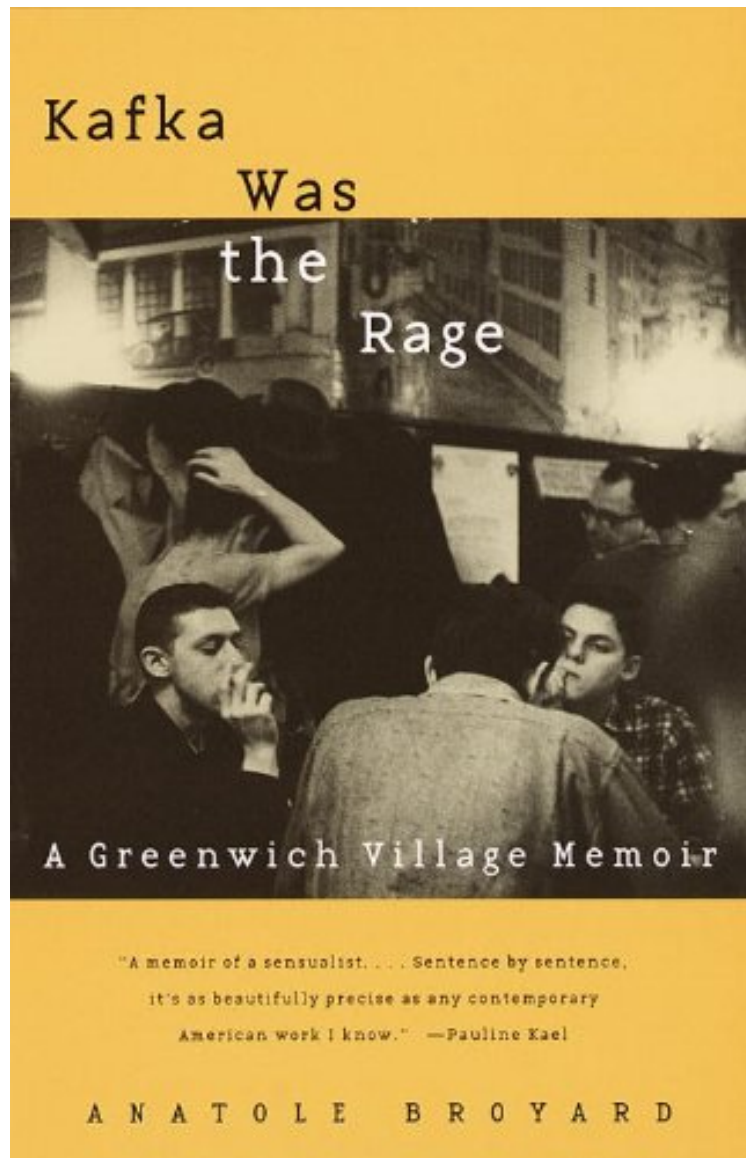


(Download free pdf) Kafka Was the Rage: A Greenwich Village Memoir

## Kafka Was the Rage: A Greenwich Village Memoir

Von Anatole Broyard

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**Von Anatole Broyard : Kafka Was the Rage: A Greenwich Village Memoir** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Kafka Was the Rage: A Greenwich Village Memoir:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. wasVon Vera EilersWhat Hemingway's A Moveable Feast did for Paris in the 1920s, this charming yet undeceivable memoir does for Greenwich Village in the late 1940s. In 1946, Anatole Broyard was a dapper, earnest, fledgling avant-gardist, intoxicated by books, sex, and the neighborhood that offered both in such abundance. Stylish written, mercurially

witty, imbued with insights that are both affectionate and astringent, this memoir offers an indelible portrait of a lost bohemia.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Wide-eyed in Greenwich Village in 1947Von Linda LinguvicIn 1947, Anatole Broyard was a 25 year old veteran who chose to live in Greenwich Village rather than return to his parents home in Brooklyn after the war. His family was New Orleans French and he was raised a Catholic. The Village at that time represented freedom and new ways of thinking. It was a world of artists and writers. A world of intellectual and sexual freedom. A world where the latest in psychological theory was being taught at the New School by leaders in the field. There was peace and prosperity and a bright new world for the young.Especially since it was written in 1989, when Broyard was a writer with ripened talent, it is especially interesting. Broyard looks back at himself and the world as it existed then with a mature perspective and a sense of humor that kept me giggling as I turned the pages. His is not the voice of a disaffected beat generation; it is the voice of a wide-eyed young man coming of age at a time when anything seemed possible. He writes about abstract art, jazz, going to dance clubs in Spanish Harlem, meeting H.W. Auden and a funny incident with the wife of Dylan Thomas. There's a lot about sex and his various girlfriends. And apartments with bathtubs in the kitchen and a toilet in the hall. It is a history of New York as I've never quite seen it before.At 147 pages, this book seems much too short and I understand from the postscript that he became ill before he had a chance to finish it. Too bad. Because I thoroughly enjoyed it. And am so glad that his wife decided to publish it now. I love the writing. It's simple prose with lots of good thinking behind it. A pure delight to read.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. The 40's I Never Heard AboutVon Ein KundeWhen I started the book I was delighted early on that his female roommate, who goes everywhere pantless, has already run into W. H. Auden and sent the two of them crashing to the floor of a bookstore. Oh yeah, and what's this guy smokin' on the cover?This is an autobiography that delves into the art and literary scene of Greenwich Village during the late 40's, post WWII era. I was surprised to find that the author actually passed away before he finished writing this memoir. I can't imagine where he would have gone w/ it, but I'm sure we've missed out.His writing is very circumspect, and the fact that it's not actually a 'finished' work does not matter. I enjoyed the book as I've said above. I found myself considering cubism, Auden, Anais Nin, the Village, studying art in college, sex from the perspective of a man of the times. Anatole (cool name) is a sensitive man, honest about the shortcomings of his era.Plus I loved his crazy girlfriend. I appreciated his candor. What else can I say? When he says that the sex was hot, you'd have to believe him. Cool book.

KurzbeschreibungWhat Hemingway's *A Moveable Feast* did for Paris in the 1920s, this charming yet undeceivable memoir does for Greenwich Village in the late 1940s. In 1946, Anatole Broyard was a dapper, earnest, fledgling avant-gardist, intoxicated by books, sex, and the neighborhood that offered both in such abundance. Stylish written, mercurially witty, imbued with insights that are both affectionate and astringent, this memoir offers an indelible portrait of a lost bohemia. We see Broyard setting up his used bookstore on Cornelia Street indulging in a dream that was for him as romantic as living off the land or sailing around the world while exercising his libido with a protegee of Anais Nin and taking courses at the New School, where he deliberates on the new trends in art, sex, and psychosis. Along the way he encounters Delmore Schwartz, Caitlin and Dylan Thomas, William Gaddis, and other writers at the start of their careers. Written with insight and mercurial wit, *Kafka Was the Rage* elegantly captures a moment and place and pays homage to a lost bohemia as it was experienced by a young writer eager to find not only his voice but also his place in a very special part of the world.From Kirkus sBrilliant, funny, penetrating observations on life and culture in N.Y.C. after WW II from critic Broyard, who died of cancer in 1990 (*Intoxicated by My Illness*, 1992). ``Nineteen forty-six was a good time--perhaps the best time-- in the twentieth century," writes Broyard, and the reader wishes that the critic were still here to write a dozen more books just like this wonderful one to explain further exactly what he means. Broyard was 26 the year after the war, and his entree to then housing-scarce Greenwich Village took the form of moving in with the difficult and challenging Sheri Donatti, enigmatic abstract painter, wearer of no underpants, and protege of Anas Nin. Comedy both ribald and poignant follows as Broyard tells the tale of his brief life with Sheri--including, along the way, sketches of his meetings with the likes of W.H. Auden (whom Sheri bumps into- literally), Erich Fromm, Meyer Schapiro, Delmore Schwartz and others, including Nin herself (``Her lipstick was precise, her eyebrows shaved off and penciled in, giving the impression," remarks Broyard, ``that she had written her own face"). A break with Sheri is inevitable but, by the time it comes, the reader knows how thoroughly she emblemized the complicated ironies (and dead-ends) of postwar criticism and art--and how Broyard was to manage going on afterward in his own way. Again and again, his independence and right judgment reveal themselves in a mind that, in a Whitmanesque way, passionately insists on a genuine integration of life and art: ``I wanted to be an intellectual, too, to see life from a great height, yet I didn't want to give up my sense of connection, my intimacy with things. When I read a book, I always kept one eye on the world, like someone watching the clock." Vital criticism that--in these woebegone days especially--is wondrously to be valued. -- Copyright 1993, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.PressestimmenA memoir of a sensualist Sentence by sentence, its as beautifully precise as any

contemporary American work I know.- Pauline KaellIf youve ever been young, ever lived in or wanted to live in Greenwich Village, ever loved books or sex or both, youll savor this memoir.- Detroit Free PressFull of Broyards wit, compassion and rich insight His mind, his aesthetic, his view of the world, shimmer brightly in this memoir.- Chicago TribuneSeductive, ardently writtena valentine with barbs.- Washington Post Book World