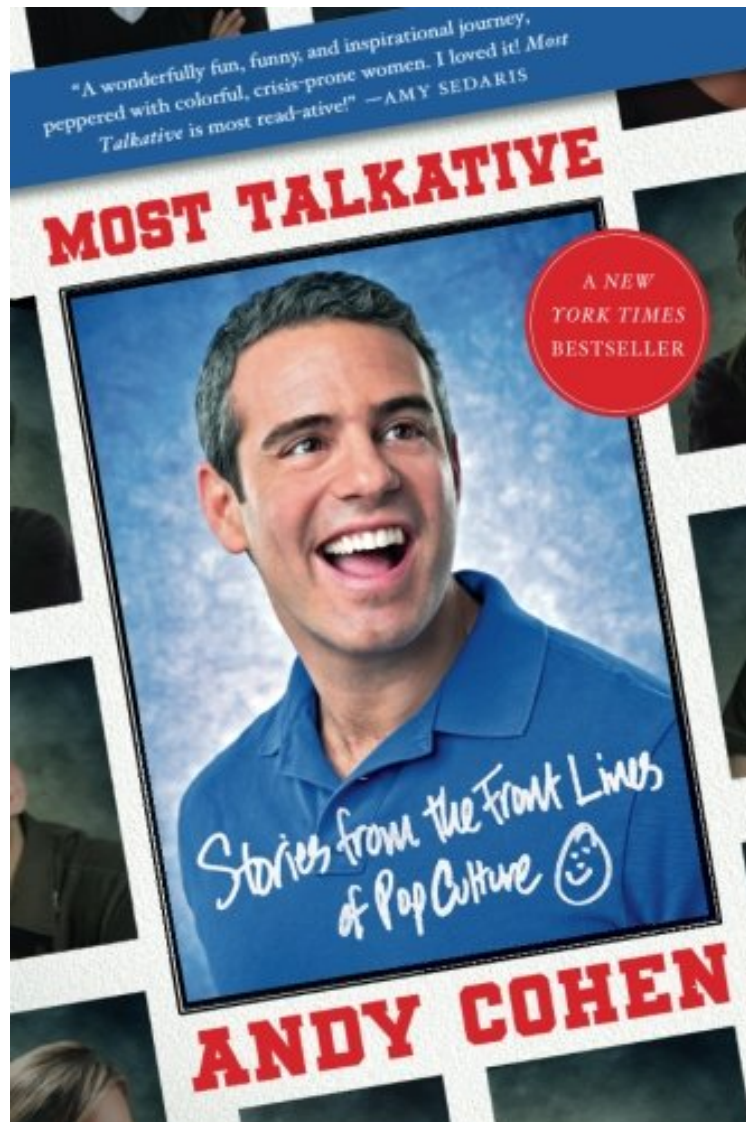


Most Talkative: Stories from the Front Lines of Pop Culture

Andy Cohen

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#23129 in Books Andy Cohen 2013-04-02 2013-04-02Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.23 x .82 x 5.491, .57 #File Name: 125003146X304 pagesMost Talkative Stories from the Front Lines of Pop Culture | File size: 77.Mb

Andy Cohen : Most Talkative: Stories from the Front Lines of Pop Culture before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Most Talkative: Stories from the Front Lines of Pop Culture:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Bravo fans will be pleased. I think.By JDDThis is the perfect summer/beach/poolside book. If you're a Bravo fan or Real Housewives fan, it's a must-read for all the insider tidbits that Andy spills.Unlike some other Bravo-catapulted celebrity books (Bethenny's Skinnydipping and Taylor

Armstrong's memoirs, ahem), this one is actually worth your time. Yes, it's fluff--but it's entertaining and fun fluff. I actually had no expectations when I began the book except that I wanted gossipy tidbits about the Housewives, so Andy's humorous and engaging writing caught me off guard. I have a few little quibbles. First, it's not long enough. Some of the chapters felt rushed and while he spends a lot of time discussing his work at CBS and describing various assignments while there, it feels like he hits the fast-forward button at the end of his tenure there and suddenly he's Executive VP at Bravo. The sections describing the Bravo programming he was almost singlehandedly instrumental in bringing to the network are all too brief. Furthermore, while he does devote a significant number of pages to the Housewives franchise, he only mentions other major Bravo shows like Top Chef or Flipping Out in passing. What was in the book was great, but I kept hoping for more. Additionally, I really hoped he would describe more thoroughly reasons behind some of their more controversial programming decisions. He does broach the Being Bobby Brown disaster, but on the other hand, he doesn't venture beyond one sentence as to why the Real Housewives of DC wasn't renewed. (One assumes poor ratings, but I think it could have been great franchise with a casting shake-up for a second season.) He also touches on Real Housewives of Miami, but doesn't address what an utter bore that season was to Bravo viewers. He barely mentions the huge casting changes for the sixth season of Real Housewives of New York. There is absolutely nothing about Project Runway moving to Lifetime. It feels a little too light sometimes, like he wants to indulge Bravo fans but only just enough. That's okay--it's his book, not mine--but after letting dozens of people bare the most intimate details of their lives on TV, it seems anticlimactic not to continue in that same vein when discussing behind-the-scenes programming decisions. One interesting note: he seems to have a barely disguised dislike of Jill Zarin that comes up again and again. She definitely comes across high-maintenance and diva-like, and while I guess that isn't too surprising, it was interesting to read between the lines and guess as to the reasons she wasn't brought back for this sixth season of RHONY.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Fun Behind-the-Scenes Look at the CBS Morning Show and Bravo

By Shevi Andy Cohen is fun and funny and honest about growing up gay and Jewish in middle America, about his experience working for the CBS morning show, and about his time at Bravo, particularly with the so-called "Real Housewives." I don't have cable. I don't watch Bravo. And I've never seen any episode of any Real Housewives show. If you're a fan, I'm pretty sure you're going to love this book. What I love are behind-the-scenes books by people who have been there and know how to write, like Mindy Kaling and Tina Fey. Andy definitely knows how to write, and his behind-the-scenes perspective has been unique and is certainly entertaining. So while this certainly isn't the best book of the year, it is a fun, funny, quick, interesting read. I liked it. You probably will, too.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Did Not Disappoint

By TMS333 This book is a must read for Andy fans. By now he's written three books but it's taken a 96 hour train trip to inspire me to read any of them. I'm reading them in order and just finished this book which tells the story of how it all began. I look forward to reading books two and three.

The man behind the Real Housewives writes about his lifelong love affair with pop culture that brought him from the suburbs of St. Louis to his own television show

From a young age, Andy Cohen knew one thing: He loved television. Not in the way that most kids do, but in an irrepressible, all-consuming, I-want-to-climb-inside-the-tube kind of way. And climb inside he did. Now presiding over Bravo's reality TV empire, he started out as an overly talkative pop culture obsessive, devoted to Charlie's Angels and All My Children and to his mother, who received daily letters from Andy at summer camp, usually reminding her to tape the soaps. In retrospect, it's hard to believe that everyone didn't know that Andy was gay; still, he remained in the closet until college. Finally out, he embarked on making a career out of his passion for television. The journey begins with Andy interviewing his all-time idol Susan Lucci for his college newspaper and ends with him in a job where he has a hand in creating today's celebrity icons. In the witty, no-holds-barred style of his show Watch What Happens Live, Andy tells tales of absurd mishaps during his ten years at CBS News, hilarious encounters with the heroes and heroines of his youth, and the real stories behind The Real Housewives. Dishy, funny, and full of heart, the New York Times bestseller, Most Talkative, provides a one-of-a-kind glimpse into the world of television, from a fan who grew up watching the screen and is now inside it, both making shows and hosting his own.

[Cohen] is funny as Augusten Burroughs used to be...[Most Talkative] requires zero interest in 'Top Chef,' 'Real Housewives' or anything else on Bravo to find him highly entertaining company through this joke-filled joy ride. The New York Times

Andy Cohen's new book Most Talkative is laugh-out-loud funny. Anyone who likes pop culture will really like this book. It's a perfect read for this summer. Anderson Cooper Ladies, put 50 Shades aside for Andy Cohen's Most Talkative, a book about friendship, family, and fun. His coming out story will break your heart. Jessica Seinfeld

Most Talkative is Andy Cohen's story from starting out as an intern for CBS news and working his way up the ranks through programming and then eventually becoming a personality himself. He's a really funny writer! Kelly Ripa

A wonderfully fun, funny and inspirational journey, peppered with colorful, crisis prone women. I loved it! Most Talkative is most read-ative! Amy Sedaris, author of I Like You and Simple Times

About the Author Andy Cohen is Bravo's executive vice president of Development and Talent, responsible for overseeing the production of such hits as

Top Chef and The Real Housewives franchises. In addition, Cohen is the host and executive producer of Watch What Happens Live, Bravo's late-night, interactive talk show. He also hosts the network's reunion specials. He's won an Emmy and two Peabody Awards for his work, and he lives in New York City. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

My Date with Susan Lucci I'm standing on the corner of Sixty-seventh and Columbus Avenue in Manhattan waiting for a meeting that will change my life. It's December 11, 1987. I'm nineteen years old and about to have my first encounter with a celebrity. Not just any celebrity. The Queen of Daytime, and my first diva: Susan Lucci. I fell in love with Erica Kane the summer before my freshman year of high school. Like all red-blooded teen American boys, I'd come home from water polo practice and eat a box of Entenmann's Pop'Em's donut holes in front of the TV while obsessively fawning over All My Children and Erica, her clothes, and her narcissistic attitude. My sister Em and I even got my mom into the show. Which was a coup because Evelyn Cohen doesn't suffer fools: She gets the New York Times not Soap Opera Digest delivered to our house in St. Louis. And in general, Jewish women don't tend to sit around watching soaps. Don't ask me why. Dinner "conversation" at the Cohens' meant my sister, mom, and I relaying in brutal detail the day's events in a state of amplified hysteria, while my father listened to his own smooth jazz station in his head. After dinner, my dad would rejoin the living, and I would inevitably hear the three words I dreaded more than anything else: "Wanna play catch?" "No, I did not want to play catch. Ever." I would turn to my mom for a reprieve, who would instead give me a look that was simultaneously threatening and begging. "Just humor your father and go TOSS THE DAMN BALL!" I got out of it most times by just making a run for it and sliding into my home base, in front of the TV. Susan Lucci was the biggest star in the daytime galaxy, and she served it up hot and fresh and chic five days a week. Before there was Joan Collins's Alexis Morrell Carrington Colby Dexter Rowan on Dynasty, there was Erica Kane Martin Brent Cudahy Chandler Montgomery Chandler Marick Marick Montgomery on All My Children. A few months earlier, the professor in my Boston University news writing and reporting class assigned us a feature story and challenged us to nab an interview with one of our idols. He said if we got someone good, we could get our article published in the BU newspaper. Finally, my ticket to something big: a byline and a chance to meet and interview one of my two idols: Susan Lucci or Sam Donaldson. I didn't say Sam Donaldson just to impress my professor, either. I really loved him. During the Reagan years, he was the only member of the White House press corps who actually asked the man a direct question and held him accountable. (To this day, when I'm interviewing someone, I try to channel Sam. Of course, today my hardest-hitting interviews are usually with Real Housewives.) My admiration for Donaldson aside, when you give yourself two celebrity options on an assignment like this, you can bet that the one without the weird hair system is going to win every time. I wrote Lucci's publicist an impassioned declaration of love, which secured me an interview, which was then postponed . . . multiple times . . . until this day. Fearful that I was one more postponement away from cancellation, I woke up at 7 a.m. and began calling that publicist's office to nail down the details and get my instructions for the day. All I knew was that I was supposed to meet Susan Lucci. The rest was a mystery, and I wanted it solved. I dialed and dialed and the phone rang and rang. By 9 a.m. I was convinced this interview, like the others, wasn't going to happen. But I was already in New York City! I couldn't go home empty-handed. Ruefully, I decided that Sam Donaldson's publicist never would have blown me off, if Sam Donaldson indeed even had a publicist. Probably not. Sam Donaldson was too down-to-earth, and there's no way a publicist would have just let that hair thing go. Three hours after I'd begun, I deliberately punched in the now memorized sequence of numbers in a last-ditch effort. One ring. Two rings. Three, four, five, six, seven . . . and then someone, an assistant I guess, finally picked up. I was told to report to the ABC studios on the Upper West Side at 12:30. And that's how I learned that people in New York don't start working until 10 a.m. How cushy. I get momentarily dizzy when I see the marquee that says, "In Pine Valley, Anything Can Happen." Of course, I've arrived outside the studio an hour early wearing bar mitzvah attire: button-down, paisley tie, sport jacket, and a trench coat that could have been from the Mini-Dan Rather Collection. My hair is more awkward than normal, as I'm in the midst of growing it out to Deadhead perfection. I tamed the Jewfro when I woke up, but its stability is threatened by the humidity of an unseasonably warm December day. But I haven't shown up with sixty minutes to spare just to stand around and gawk like a tourist. I have something else on my agenda. In addition to the Lucci interview, I'm working on a creative writing paper examining whether Pine Valley is an accurate representation of society. (Just the sort of deep topic my parents expected me to be exploring when they signed my enormous BU tuition check.) I've brought my tape recorder to nab on-the-street interviews with actors from the show. Occasionally a Pine Valley "resident" walks out of the stage door and I first internally freak out ("OMG IT'S CLIFF!"), then attack them with my recorder. I see myself as a Sam Donaldson type; they probably see me as a John Hinckley Jr. type. "IS PINE VALLEY AN ACCURATE REFLECTION OF SOCIETY?!" I yell at every familiar face in a high-pitched panic. They are all initially terrified and must take a moment to process what is happening: overly hyper kid with tape recorder and 'fro yelling stupid question. Once they realize I'm probably not going to shoot any of them to impress Jodie Foster, I get quick interviews with "Donna," "Cliff," "Ross," "Travis" (who has dried shaving cream on his ear), and even the man who plays Palmer's butler, "Jasper." Their answers are gripping "Not really." "No." "Maybe." At 12:30, euphoric after my journalistic ramp-up to the main event, I walk into the building and announce that I'm there as a guest of Ms. Lucci. "Susan Lucci," I say, triumphantly. "I am Andrew Cohen and I am here to see Susan

Lucci. "The guard nonchalantly mumbles into a microphone, and his voice crackles over a loudspeaker, "Susan Lucci, guest in the lobby." I am stunned at his informality and offended by his lack of respect when summoning the actress who plays Erica Kane. I wait in terror, convinced that something, yet again, will go awry: I've gotten the day wrong, or Ms. Lucci's changed her mind. Or it could go exactly as I'd imagined a minion would appear to spirit me away to Erica Kane's penthouse lair. After a couple of minutes, the double doors open, and she glides toward me. Susan Lucci. Radiant. Confident. Really, really small. Like, child-sized, even. My moment of disconcertion at how this person who is larger than life to me could be so alarmingly pint-sized is short-lived, as she opens her mouth to speak. "You must be Andrew," she coos. She is wearing a red knit dress, red hoop earrings, black heels, a full-length mink coat, and massive sunglasses. Her hair is teased three stories high: a masterpiece of eighties glamour and engineering. I finally stammer out something that sounds like "HI!" "Well, I hope you like Mexican food, Andrew, because I'm taking you to lunch," she purrs. In fact, I hate Mexican food. I have a lifelong aversion to beans, and I wanted to see the studio. On the other hand: Susan Lucci and I are going to lunch? On a date? Me gusta! "Oh my god, I loooooove Mexican food!" I scream. The publicist shows up just as we're walking out of the building. She's tall, wearing a butter-leather jacket, with frosted hair pulled back, a smoker's voice, and an air of cosmopolitan authority. We walk a few blocks to a restaurant called Santa Fe. On the way, some nutbag on the street asks Lucci if she received his card. "Your card?" she asks. She seems concerned. "Oh nooo, I didn't! I'll check with the guard," she says very sincerely, turning to me with a wink. She and I know she'll not be checking with the guard. I'm in on the joke with Susan on the inside of inside. I marvel at her ability to be tolerant and kind with this weirdo, making him feel as if he really matters to her, treating him as nicely as she's treating me. As we get further down the street, a guy in a truck yells, "Erica Kane! We love you!" She waves. I imagine little cartoon birds fluttering down to pick up the hem of her mink coat so it doesn't drag on the ground. At the restaurant, we sit down at the table, and Susan and her publicist start talking quietly about a photo shoot that's coming up, and Susan says that ABC "has finally gotten it right." Susan is happy. I can't believe how super-confidential their convo feels. There is a business behind this soap I've spent my life ogling from my seat on a sofa in the middle of the country, and it is fascinating. I zero in on what Susan said about ABC "finally getting it right." What was wrong before? I wonder. Was Susan unhappy with ABC? Perhaps, as our friendship deepens, she will learn that she can trust me enough to confide in me regarding these matters. Strictly off the record, of course. By the time they remember I'm there and turn to me, I'm convinced that my hair has expanded at least an inch in diameter since Sixty-seventh Street. They ask me about my major, my goals. I am absolutely bullish on my future, and tell them awwwlllll about it, while they sit there, nodding patiently, smiling patiently, and agreeing patiently. I tell them that I'm a sophomore Broadcast Journalism major and I want to be the next Dan Rather. Then, hearing myself say that and realizing that Dan Rather barely ever goes through an interview blathering about his hopes and dreams, I abruptly start reading from a list of questions I've prepared about Erica Kane: "Is Erica mo...