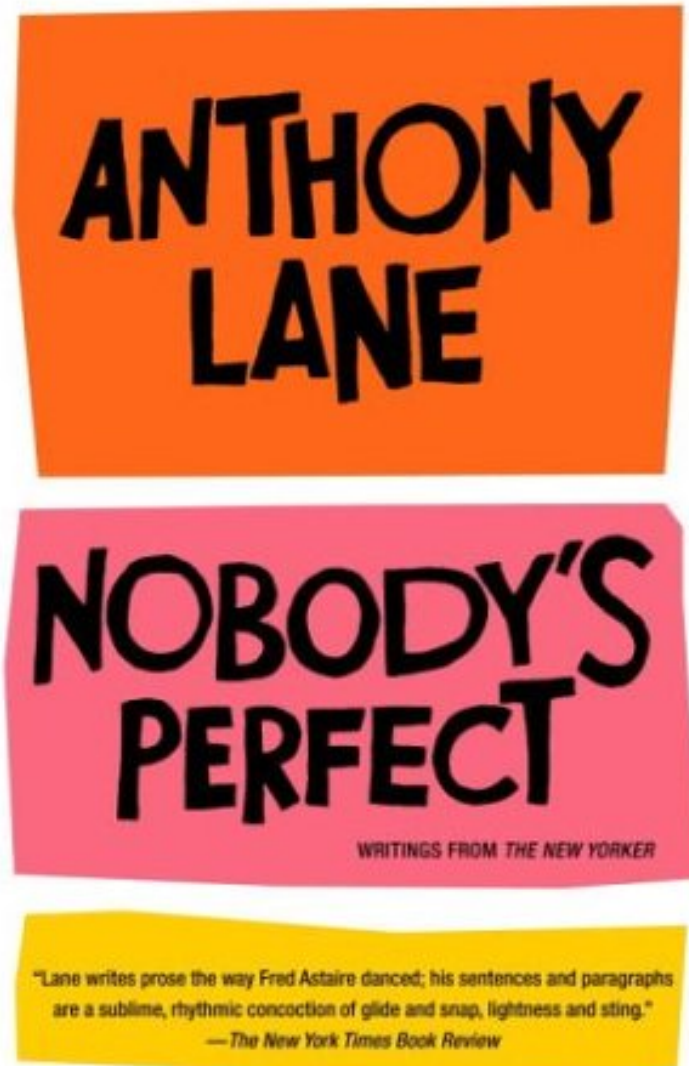


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Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker

Anthony Lane

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#375002 in Books Anthony Lane 2003-09-09 2003-09-09 Original language: English PDF # 1 7.95 x 1.63 x 5.331, 1.20 #File Name: 0375714340784 pages Nobody s Perfect Writings from The New Yorker | File size: 33.Mb

Anthony Lane : Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Nobody's Perfect: Writings from The New Yorker:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. A Great FindBy JimBI'm glad I purchased this book. Anthony Lane is a wonderful writer. I discovered him back in the 90's where he wrote film reviews in the New Yorker magazine. He

still does write for the New Yorker, too. When I received the magazines, the first place I would go would be to read his latest film reviews. I even went so far as to tear them out and put them in a file folder, and so it was a great relief to find that he culled through his reviews from 1993 through 2001 and put them in this volume. This book has 752 pp and is divided into three sections, the first containing about 140 complete film reviews, the second containing book reviews, and the third holding profiles of famous people and more, so Mr. Lane's abilities range far and wide. A great find.² of 2 people found the following review helpful. brilliant humor. The author not only reviews films for ...By JayMagnificent writer, broad cultural knowledge, rapier wit, brilliant humor. The author not only reviews films for The New Yorker, but his reviews of persons, and books are outstanding.⁶ of 7 people found the following review helpful. Best in Small BitesBy olingerstoriesReading Anthony Lane's movie and book reviews and profile pieces in NOBODY'S PERFECT, certain patterns emerge. One is that Lane's knowledge is encyclopedic. He had read or seen everything, and better yet, has an informed opinion. Secondly, Lane is not only the smartest person in any room, but also he's is attempting to be the funnest, which at times means he can end up being the most annoying. He confesses that his primary role as a critic is not to tell moviegoers what to see, but to provide a sense of the experience that will accompany watching. In that regard, Lane's reputation is rightly made for his negative reviews. Here are some of his best put downs.¹. Regarding Roland Joffe's claim that his film THE SCARLETT LETTER is "freely adapted from the novel by Nathaniel Hawthorne," Lane opines in the same way that methane is freely adapted from cows.². Balasko's FRENCH TWIST, "No film that starts with a disco remix of A WHITER SHADE OF PALE is heading for the higher ground."³. Brad Pitt's MEET JOE BLACK, "I had heard vile rumors that MEET JOE BLACK ran for almost three hours. The rumors were true, but let's be fair: what matters is not how long a film is but how long it seems, and MEET JOE BLACK doesn't seem like a three-hour film at all. It seems like a ten-hour film."⁴. "Who is responsible for CHARLIE'S ANGELS? According to the credits, it was 'directed by McG," thus raising the intriguing prospect of the world's first motion picture to be made by a hamburger."⁵. "The last Michael Bay film, ARMAGEDDON, was a handy guild to what you should do when an asteroid bumps into your planet. At the time, most critics scorned the picture as deafening and dumb; in retrospect, it feels like a mature, even witty, exercise in self-reference, considering that the effect of watching a Michael Bay film is indistinguishable from having a large, pointy lump of rock drop on your head. His new picture, PEARL HARBOR, maintains the mood."The best piece in the book, however, and the one that Lane obviously enjoyed himself the most is his loving look at THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF OBITUARIES. Recognizing genius at an unparalleled level, Lane at points is content to let certain obits speak for themselves, such as Sir Atholl Oakeley: "He started wrestling seriously after being beaten up by a gang of louts and built up his body by drinking eleven pints of milk a day for three years. The regimen had been recommended by the giant wrestler Hackenschmidt, who later told Oakeley that the quantity of milk prescribed had been a misprint."Be warned, though, that reading Lane is like eating blueberry cheesecake. A little bit is just right given how rich his prose is.

Anthony Lane on Con AirAdvance word on Con Air said that it was all about an airplane with an unusually dangerous and potentially lethal load. Big deal. You should try the lunches they serve out of Newark. Compared with the chicken napalm I ate on my last flight, the men in Con Air are about as dangerous as balloons.Anthony Lane on The Bridges of Madison CountyI got my copy at the airport, behind a guy who was buying Playboys Book of Lingerie, and I think he had the better deal. He certainly looked happy with his purchase, whereas I had to ask for a paper bag. Anthony Lane on Martha StewartSuper-skilled, free of fear, the last word in human efficiency, Martha Stewart is the woman who convinced a million Americans that they have the time, the means, the right, anddamn itthe duty to pipe a little squirt of soft cheese into the middle of a snow pea, and to continue piping until there are fifty to sixty stuffed peas raring to go.For ten years, Anthony Lane has delighted New Yorker readers with his film reviews, book reviews, and profiles that range from Buster Keaton to Vladimir Nabokov to Ernest Shackleton. Nobodys Perfect is an unforgettable collection of Lanes trademark wit, satire, and insight that will satisfy both the long addicted and the not so familiar.

From Publishers WeeklyThe title phrase of Lane's fabulous collection of reviews and profiles is taken from Some Like It Hot, uttered by the unflappable Osgood Fielding III when he finds out his flame isn't a dame. That sense of bittersweet glee is also felt throughout Lane's reviews, as he skewers the likes of Sleepless in Seattle, Poetic Justice and The Scarlet Letter with gusto. Not content to waste precious words on bad movies, he saves his longer pieces for films he likes, such as The Usual Suspects, The English Patient and, most surprisingly, Speed. There are hundreds of movie reviewers in our cinema-obsessed country, but few bring such intelligence and lan to the task as Lane, who weaves together erudition and plain language so artfully that he often trumps whatever snippets of cinematic dialogue he's using to illustrate his point. Of Braveheart, he writes: "The obsequies seem to go on forever: the bodies are buried at a Christian ceremony, after which a little girl comes shyly up to William and gives him a thistle. I thought, I'm out of here." Lane's other pieces, which include book reviews, profiles of authors such as Nabokov and Pynchon, and a few full-length magazine articles, round out the collection nicely, showcasing a writer who can make a sing-along version of The Sound of Music seem like the most compelling night in town. For those who look forward to Lane's

pieces, and for the many who should, this weighty tome is as delightful as watching Marilyn Monroe doing the shimmy. Copyright 2002 Cahners Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Those who have long awaited this compilation of Lane's most memorable pieces will not be disappointed. He is intellectual, witty, entertaining, and, without a doubt, one of the finest reviewers of our time. Compared frequently to Edmund Wilson and Kenneth Tynan, Lane exercises his expansive knowledge on a seemingly endless number of topics in this delightful group of commentaries, originally published in his New Yorker column. A decade of his finest work—a total of 141 columns—is neatly presented to the reader in three categories: movies, books, and people. One of the best aspects of Lane's column, and of this anthology, is that it wanders across cultural and intellectual borders. The author discusses everything from Forrest Gump to the art of cookbook writing to the joy of Legos and personages ranging from Julia Roberts to Ernest Shackleton. The main flaw, if a flaw at all, is that nearly half the essays are dedicated to the movies du jour from years gone by. Still, Lane is endlessly entertaining, and his ability to present memorable observations about less-than-memorable movies makes him a joy to read. For critic-at-large wannabes, this collection will serve as a de facto guide for years to come. Recommended for larger public libraries and academic libraries with extensive journalism collections. Ken Winter, Preston Lib., Lexington, VA Copyright 2002 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Booklist *Starred * Lane has been a movie critic at the New Yorker since 1993. Former editor Tina Brown brought him over from England to fill the post, and his delightfully spunky, absolutely brilliant criticism has proven to be one of Brown's most significant and pleasurable legacies. His advent into the New Yorker offices is recounted with rollicking spirit in his introduction to this large-size compilation of movie reviews, which also includes several book reviews and other critical pieces about art and other aspects of culture. His prose is an amalgam of humor, intelligence, discernment, and style. He is so eminently quotable that a few of his lines must be shared here: "the dice are shot in fun-size close-up" (Indecent Proposal); "a broken-backed, ill-fitting piece of work" (Wolf); "to pick the lock of a character and slip inside" (Jennifer Jason Leigh's acting talent); and "second-generation magic realism . . . a short cut to the magic without going via the real" (Like Water for Chocolate). As a film critic, Lane needn't worry about toiling under the shadow cast by his eminent predecessor, Pauline Kael; he is her equal. And as a book critic, he cannot be bested by his fellow New Yorker literary critic, John Updike. Truly, this is a book to savor—to take a long, luscious time in getting through its many entertaining, profound pages. Brad Hooper Copyright American Library Association. All rights reserved