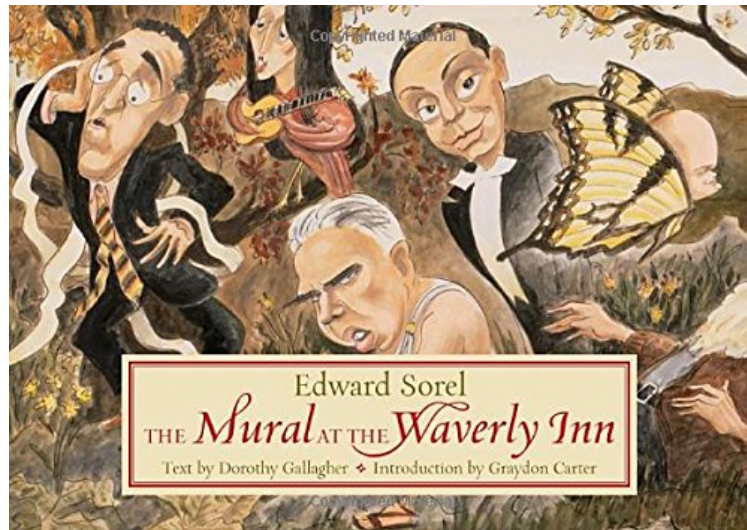


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The Mural at the Waverly Inn: A Portrait of Greenwich Village Bohemians

Edward Sorel

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Edward Sorel : The Mural at the Waverly Inn: A Portrait of Greenwich Village Bohemians before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Mural at the Waverly Inn: A Portrait of Greenwich Village Bohemians:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Delightful! A Visual Treat!By Rudi FrankeThough stuck out here in the bean fields of Indiana, I was born and lived most of my life in the New York metropolitan area of northern New Jersey. I always enjoyed the city of New York and all that it has to offer so I HAD to have this book. The artwork is delightful to see and the thumbnail sketches of the characters appearing in the mural are enough to whet your appetite and may spur you on to read more about these ne'r-do-wells. Since I've read about most of them I especially appreciated the artists rendering of them all. To top it off, a full fold out of the mural is included in the book that measures about 60 inches long when fully extended. I've scanned it into Photoshop and will print it out for display in my home. Perhaps the publisher already has it available for sale but if they don't better run a market study, there must be more people out there as crazy as I am! It's a quick read, but one that you will reread again and again and it would make a great gift for your literary friends for any occasion. It's a "keeper" as far as I'm concerned.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy James TomaselloA delightful book informative and amusing.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Beatricegreat coffee table book.

The Waverly Inn has been a landmark in New Yorks Greenwich Village since the 1920s. But since 2006, when Vanity Fair editor Graydon Carter bought and refurbished the restaurant, it has also been one of the most sought after destinations in the city. And while we cant guarantee you a reservation there, we can bring you the wonderful, witty mural by Edward Sorel that graces its walls. Sorel--whose caricatures and drawings regularly appear in The New Yorker and on its cover--chose forty Greenwich Village greats from the past 150 years to cavort in bacchanalian splendor. Each of the 40 makes a solo appearance in these pages alongside a charming, telling vignette of his or her

life by Dorothy Gallagher, then appears in a foldout of the entire mural at the back of the book. Here you will find Walt Whitman being attacked by a ferocious Truman Capote butterfly; Jane Jacobs, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney and Willa Cather playing ring-around the rosy; those famous denizens of the White Horse Tavern, Dylan Thomas--who breakfasted on beer and lunched on brandy--and Jack Kerouac, typing his long roll of a novel. Anais Nin appears nude, which, Gallagher points out, was her usual state. Norman Mailer admires himself in a reflecting pond. Here, too, are Djuna Barnes and Edna St. Vincent Millay, Jackson Pollack and James Baldwin, Thelonius Monk, Bob Dylan, and Joan Baez, Andy Warhol and Fran Lebowitz, Margaret Sanger, Marlon Brando, and many others. The Mural at the Waverly Inn is an enduring delight to treasure and to give.

From Publishers Weekly
The next best thing to securing reservations at the exclusive Waverly Inn in Manhattan's West Village might be owning this book of the Edward Sorel mural that presides over the establishment's dining room. Sorel, whose work appears regularly in the New Yorker, was commissioned by restaurant co-owner and Vanity Fair editor Graydon Carter to draw the artists and political dissidents who frequented the Village in its heyday. Each of the 43 personalities, in Sorel's characteristic witty and elegant style, is cropped out and accompanied by a quirky bio written by Gallagher (How I Came into My Inheritance), which gives the book its spirit. Some are poignant. Truman Capote's entry concludes: The sylph of a boy grew older, became bloated with drink and drugs. 'Life,' as he once said, 'is a moderately good play with a badly written third act.' Others, like Edward Albee's, are funny, and all are charmingly matter-of-fact. Perfect for anyone who loves both counter- and high culture, this collection memorializes the bohemian greats while humanizing them no small feat. A foldout of the entire mural was not seen by PW. (Oct. 28) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.
About the Author
Edward Sorel is the author of many books, among them First Encounters; Unauthorized Portraits; and Literary Lives. His caricatures appear regularly in Vanity Fair, The Nation, and Atlantic Monthly. He and his wife live in New York City. Dorothy Gallagher is the author of Hannah's Daughters; All the Right Enemies; The Life and Murder of Carlo Tresca; and two volumes of memoirs, How I Came into My Inheritance and Strangers in the House. She has lived in and around the Village and now lives on Manhattan's Upper West Side with her husband. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.
Anais Nin wrote dreamy, poetic novels and pornography, too, but only when she needed the money. Mostly she is remembered for her diaries. She wrote everything down, thirty-five thousand pages by the time she was finished recording her thoughts about herself and her life. She wrote so constantly that Anatole Broyard thought she must have also written her own face, so precisely did she paint her mouth and redraw her eyebrows. Whether she was in Paris or Greenwich Village, Anais slept with everyone, and of course she wrote that down, too. It was rumored that her lovers included Henry and June Miller, Gore Vidal, Otto Rank, James Agee, Lawrence Durrell, her own father (but only when she was in her thirties), plus her two husbands, to whom she was married simultaneously. Some skeptics thought that she didn't sleep with as many people as she said she did, but even so. Anais was sometimes called The Madonna of the Clitoris. Later in her life, she became an icon of the feminist movement. She also coined many aphorisms, among them the useful Good things happen to those who hustle. Naomi, Allen Ginsberg's mother, was a communist. She went mad, but one thing had nothing to do with the other. Allen's father, Louis, was a poet. Allen went to Columbia University, where he fell in with a pretty weird bunch of guys: Jack Kerouac was weird, so was William Burroughs. Later, Burroughs killed his wife, but it was an accident; Allen's friend Lucien Carr killed somebody, too. Herbert Huncke, another pal, was a Times Square hustler. This group of guys, including Neal Cassady, became the Beats, icons to a generation, even though no one actually knew what Beat meant. They drove around the country a lot, writing everything down and searching for . . . something. Sex and drugs were important to their work; also important was talking all night. Howl is Allen's most famous poem. He also wrote a poem called America, which contains the lines: America stop pushing I know what I'm doing. . . . America I'm putting my queer shoulder to the wheel. Eventually, Allen gave up drugs. He studied with gurus and became a guru himself. When he was in the Village, he lived on East Seventh Street. When Allen was inducted into the American Academy of Arts and Letters, Kurt Vonnegut noted of himself and Allen, If we aren't the establishment, I don't know who is. Like many writers of his time, Edward Estlin Cummings Estlin to his friends, e. e. to his readers had advanced literary notions (i.e., not using Capital Letters). Estlin was Cambridge born and Harvard bred. His father had high hopes for him, but Estlin's ambitions were to write, to paint, to lose his virginity, and to live in the Village. In time, he did all those things in the Village, except for the lost-virginity part, which he dealt with in France. Estlin was very susceptible to women. Realizing this, women treated him badly. He had three wives. His first wife soon left him for another man. Of his second, Estlin wrote, She was a woman upon whom many men might go, as if she were a ship. This same wife referred to him as my puny husband, among other aspersions on his virility. Finally, Estlin married a third wife, with whom he was very happy. Estlin developed some unfashionable political views; he thought that President Roosevelt was taking orders from Moscow and that Jews, whom he called kikes, ran the country. For almost forty years, Estlin lived at 4 Patchin Place, across the courtyard from where Djuna Barnes lived. He painted by day, wrote poems at night, and grew old. Life's not a paragraph, he wrote, And death I think is no parenthesis. Margaret Sanger had a cause. Everyone in the Village had a Cause. Everyone thought his or her Cause would change the world. Margaret's did.

Margaret expounded her ideas at Mabel Dodges beautiful all-white salon, at 23 Fifth Avenue. This was where tout le Village came: Jack Reed, and Big Bill Haywood and Emma Goldman and Carlo Tresca, and Max Eastman. In her ladylike way, Margaret argued for the raptures of the flesh: sexual joy, without unwanted consequences. That was Margarets Cause: birth control! Margaret was trained as a nurse. She had seen desperate women in the slums. She wrote newspaper columns and pamphlets to educate women. She set up a clinic to dispense contraceptives. Soon, she was indicted for obscenity. Margaret decamped to England, where she had love affairs: with the famous sexologist Havelock Ellis (who couldnt get it up) and with H. G. Wells (who could). Back in the Village, she founded the organization that became Planned Parenthood. She was often vilified, but there was no stopping Margarets Cause. Margaret lived to see the Pill. And she lived to see the Supreme Court remove all obstacles to the use of contraceptives. Djuna Barnes came to the village in 1912. She was twenty years old, very tall and striking, and she caused quite a stir among men and women; in the arena of love, she sometimes did not trouble to discriminate between them. When it came to art, however, Djunas standards were very strict. Edmund Wilson courted her but ruined his chances by praising Edith Whartons work. Djuna preferred a modernist approach, as her own writing demonstrates. She also preferred Ernst Putzi Hanfstaengl to Wilson and became engaged to him. But Putzi left her for Germany, where he became Hitlers press agent. Mrs. Putzi is said to have saved Hitlers life. Djuna moved to Paris in 1920, where she wrote for Vanity Fair and other magazines. She was known for her devastating wit and her black cloak, and she was greatly admired by James Joyce and T. S. Eliot. She and her lover, the sculptor Thelma Wood, drank and quarreled a great deal. When Djuna came back to the Village in 1940, she moved into 5 Patchin Place. Djuna was wooed by Anas Nin and Carson McCullers, but she lived like a nun in her robins-egg-blue room, until she died in 1982. Her ashes are scattered around the Village.