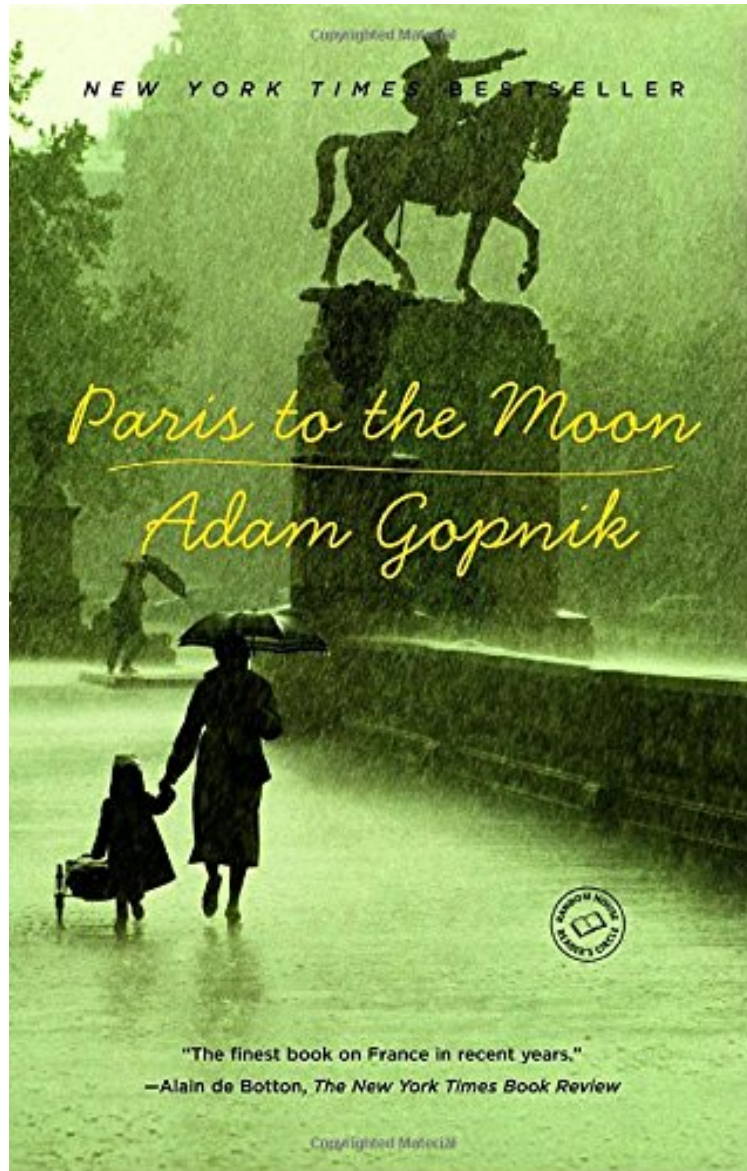


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Paris to the Moon

Adam Gopnik

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#68836 in Books Random House Trade 2001-09-11 2001-09-11 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .78 x 5.191, .59 #File Name: 0375758232368 pages Paris. The name alone conjures images of chestnut-lined boulevards, sidewalk cafs, | File size: 55.Mb

Adam Gopnik : Paris to the Moon before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Paris to the Moon:

4 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Fall in love with Paris reading this book By J. Hassler I love reading books that tell me a story in a chapter. This is my second year vacationing in Paris and it is books like this that make

that time delightful. Reading each chapter is just like taking one little piece of chocolate and letting it melt on your tongue. Each chapter is delicious delicious and worthy of savoring. Reading this book was my preparation for my first trip back to Paris in 15 years last year. I felt completely ready for the journey so much so that I'm returning this year. If you love Paris it's a book you should read 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. If you like Paris This is a delightful book By M. Smith Adam Gopnik is a writer who has lived and worked in Paris and has the added experiences of raising a child there. His insights are poignant and are stated in a way that is entertaining yet insightful. From his own personal experiences he reveals aspects of French culture which shows how hard it can be to fit in, yet, they also show how delightful the French people can be. There are some great stories in here about the issues that only French people would take up as causes to fight over (and I mean that in an endearing way). I have been to Paris numerous times, travel to France regularly, and have some lifelong French friends, and this book is a delightful book for capturing many facets of the culture in a way that will make you smile. I highly recommend it. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Wonderful Collection of Memories and Musings By Heather Campbell This is such a charming book. This is not a tourist guide or nonstop praise for Paris, but just the ins and outs (written by a talented writer) of daily life with wife and child in an enigmatic city. Some things are pretty and some are not, but he really pulls you in, and I found myself chuckling out loud more than once. The characters are easy to identify with.

Paris. The name alone conjures images of chestnut-lined boulevards, sidewalk cafes, breathtaking faades around every corner--in short, an exquisite romanticism that has captured the American imagination for as long as there have been Americans. In 1995, Adam Gopnik, his wife, and their infant son left the familiar comforts and hassles of New York City for the urbane glamour of the City of Light. Gopnik is a longtime New Yorker writer, and the magazine has sent its writers to Paris for decades--but his was above all a personal pilgrimage to the place that had for so long been the undisputed capital of everything cultural and beautiful. It was also the opportunity to raise a child who would know what it was to romp in the Luxembourg Gardens, to enjoy a croque monsieur in a Left Bank cafe--a child (and perhaps a father, too) who would have a grasp of that Parisian sense of style we Americans find so elusive. So, in the grand tradition of the American abroad, Gopnik walked the paths of the Tuileries, enjoyed philosophical discussions at his local bistro, wrote as violet twilight fell on the arrondissements. Of course, as readers of Gopnik's beloved and award-winning "Paris Journals" in The New Yorker know, there was also the matter of raising a child and carrying on with day-to-day, not-so-fabled life. Evenings with French intellectuals preceded middle-of-the-night baby feedings; afternoons were filled with trips to the Muse d'Orsay and pinball games; weekday leftovers were eaten while three-star chefs debated a "culinary crisis." As Gopnik describes in this funny and tender book, the dual processes of navigating a foreign city and becoming a parent are not completely dissimilar journeys--both hold new routines, new languages, a new set of rules by which everyday life is lived. With singular wit and insight, Gopnik weaves the magical with the mundane in a wholly delightful, often hilarious look at what it was to be an American family man in Paris at the end of the twentieth century. "We went to Paris for a sentimental reeducation--I did anyway--even though the sentiments we were instructed in were not the ones we were expecting to learn, which I believe is why they call it an education."

.com In 1995 Gopnik was offered the plush assignment of writing the "Paris Journals" for the New Yorker. He spent five years in Paris with his wife, Martha, and son, Luke, writing dispatches now collected here along with previously unpublished journal entries. A self-described "comic-sentimental essayist," Gopnik chose the romance of Paris in its particulars as his subject. Gopnik falls in unabashed love with what he calls Paris's commonplace civilization--the cafes, the little shops, the ancient carousel in the park, and the small, intricate experiences that happen in such settings. But Paris can also be a difficult city to love, particularly its pompous and abstract official culture with its parallel paper universe. The tension between these two sides of Paris and the country's general brooding over the decline of French dominance in the face of globalization (haute couture, cooking, and sex, as well as the economy, are running deficits) form the subtexts for these finely wrought and witty essays. With his emphasis on the micro in the macro, Gopnik describes trying to get a Thanksgiving turkey delivered during a general strike and his struggle to find an apartment during a government scandal over favoritism in housing allocations. The essays alternate between reports of national and local events and accounts of expatriate family life, with an emphasis on "the trinity of late-century bourgeois obsessions: children and cooking and spectator sports, including the spectator sport of shopping." Gopnik describes some truly delicious moments, from the rites of Parisian haute couture, to the "occupation" of a local brasserie in protest of its purchase by a restaurant tycoon, to the birth of his daughter with the aid of a doctor in black jeans and a black silk shirt, open at the front. Gopnik makes terrific use of his status as an observer on the fringes of fashionable society to draw some deft comparisons between Paris and New York ("It is as if all American appliances dreamed of being cars while all French appliances dreamed of being telephones") and do some incisive philosophizing on the nature of both. This is masterful reportage with a winning infusion of intelligence, intimacy, and charm. --Lesley Reed From Publishers Weekly With his wife and infant son, New Yorker writer Gopnik finds an apartment and settles into the City of Light as a foreign correspondent. Setting aside its frustratingly tangled bureaucracy, he embraces Paris unconditionally. Nuances and subtleties like the fact that their Christmas-tree lights come in loops rather than strands

are his delight, and he brings listeners such wonderful observations as, "In America all appliances want to be cars, in Paris they all want to be telephones." The author's observations are as much about the art of raising a family in Paris as they are about the city itself: we witness, for instance, the birth of his daughter in a French hospital by a doctor in a black silk shirt unbuttoned to the navel. Gopnik's reading is wry and bittersweet with an acerbic and witty delivery reminiscent of David Sedaris's. Listeners will feel as though they've been transported to a Parisian bistro and are sitting with Gopnik over cups of caf au lait. Based on the Random hardcover (Forecasts, Sept. 25, 2000). Copyright 2001 Cahners Business Information, Inc. From Booklist Gopnik's "Paris Journal" column, a popular feature in the New Yorker, has won magazine reporting awards. Several of those columns are gathered here, with entries from his private journal serving as a sort of mortar holding the individual columns together. Lovers of the French capital will agree with Gopnik as he extols the virtues of Paris, where he and his wife and son moved in 1995, and where he had wanted to live since he was eight years of age. With no equivocation but certainly with occasional exasperation, he asserts that "a love for Paris came to be one of the strongest emotions I possess." The overarching theme of the book is France's ambivalent status in the world today and just how French self-attitude is different now from what it used to be--in other words, the "persistence of this civilization in the sideshow of postmodern culture." Falling under Gopnik's critical eye are such specific topics as Islamic terrorism, labor relations, French versus American versions of the health club, and "the French gift for social dramatization." Brad Hooper Copyright American Library Association. All rights reserved