

👉 Chelsea Girls Free 👈 Author Eileen Myles – Soccerjerseys-wholesale.co

Posted on 10 August 2018 By Eileen Myles

I really love lesbians I m not sure why this is It s not that I love them all there are plenty of lousy lesbians out there but for some reason a person being a lesbian improves my chances of liking her by maybe a factor of five I feel like lesbians often have a good perspective on things Many are good at being self aware without being self absorbed There might be something about being a lesbian that improves people s personalities, or maybe girls with good heads on their shoulders wind up turning out gay Whether it s correlation or causation or whatever is impossible to know, but there it is, that s how I feel even if it s inappropriate to say.I feel like there s a specific personality type that a certain kind of lesbian has, that I find really wonderful and appealing I can t really explain what it is or what it has to do with their being lesbians, except that Eileen Myles reminded me of a couple of my favorite lesbian friends and it s not just the having sex with other women thing, there s something else too It s this special kind of reasonableness, and a charmingly clear eyed cockiness and mild narcissism mixed with honest self deprecation, a disarming candor and humor and insight into things I don t know where that comes from, or if it has anything to do with not getting wrapped up with men, or, alternatively, with having to deal with the craziness of women in relationships Probably neither.Anyway, I really took to Eileen Myles, which is why I enjoyed this book, even though it s not the kind of thing I d normally get into It s a series of autobiographical stories about growing up in Massachusetts because I m a sucker for stories about bad kids in the early to mid 1960s, I liked these best and then being an alcoholic

NEW POST

[The Boy Next Door](#)

[Shopaholic Ties the Knot](#)

[Garden Spells](#)

[Bridget Jones: The Edge of Reason](#)

[New Moon](#)

[The Time Traveler's Wife](#)

RECENT POST

[Can You Keep a Secret?](#)

[Something Borrowed](#)

[Confessions of a Shopaholic](#)

[Bridget Jones's Diary](#)

[Twilight](#)

[The Undomestic](#)

scenester poet back when New York was still cool It took me a little while to decide I liked Myles or cared about what she had to say, but once I did she just seemed like such a great lesbian, like an older, famous version of some of my friends, and I got kind of mesmerized hearing stories about her life Even while I d be thinking, Why am I reading this boring story about getting drunk and a bunch of stupid relationship drama in the seventies I somehow wasn t bored, I was engaged I m not a fan of our age s preoccupation with memoir and reality TV and blogs and whatnot, and since this is kind of the literary equivalent of that, I m surprised I liked it, but I did I liked her writing style I haven t read Myles s poems because poetry scares me, but maybe someday I will. Aburrido, soso, repetitivo, estilo plano Pero es que la autora lo escribi cuando estaba enganchada al speed Y ah ten is la moraleja, no escribis drogados No sale bien A menos que se is Stephen King. When I was seventeen, I had a mad crush on a musician who lived in my town He was in his twenties and on the cusp of fame in the about to explode Pacific Northwest grunge scene of the late 1980s Years later, I would flip through a scrapbook and find a poster from a concert held at a community center in town during the autumn I crushed on that man boy Well, would you just look at that Fall 1986, Nirvana headlining the Hal Holmes Community Center I d forgotten about the concert, held in the same auditorium where the library offered its semi annual book sale and the community choir practiced, until a scrap of a flyer brought it back My Proustian moment A poster for your madeleine No, the musician of my senior year crush was not a member of Nirvana He s still out there, recording, touring, clean after years of addiction But in those brief weeks we hung out, I read what he read, which was a lot of Richard Brautigan My Richard Brautigan phase I think I probably should have read Chelsea Girls then, too I might have found a closer connection to the young Eileen, drunk and drugged and drifting between Boston and New York in the 1960s and 70s An era that has always captivated me with its rawness, its coolness, its profound awakening Mostly, I found Chelsea Girls to be profoundly sad I m not entirely certain what to make of something called an autobiographical novel , which appears to be publisher speak for memoir , except to take these stories at face value and assume they are true These are the events

Goddess

Pride and Prejudice

Remember Me?

Summer Sisters

The Help

One for the Money

Something Blue

Good in Bed

Twenties Girl

The Devil Wears Prada

Eat, Pray, Love

Shopaholic Takes
Manhattan

Water for Elephants

P.S. I Love You

The Sisterhood of the
Traveling Pants

The Other Boleyn Girl

which shaped Myles the poet, a creative life she terms as a cultural accident They are raw wild strange aching innocent confusing brutal funny What else could they be, for an accidental, incidental, monumental poet I fell into Chelsea Girls after reading an outstanding interview with Eileen Myles in The Paris Review 214 Fall 2014 , loving what bits of her poetry I ve encountered, and realizing Myles was yet another large hole in the Literary Education of Julie I m glad to have read Chelsea Girls but there was something about the diffident style of it that left me on the outside, a bit cold, holding onto the thin bars of the playground looking in, not sure if I really wanted to be invited to play. I lay on the bed, fascinated by the acrid taste of piss, yet horrified at the inadequacies of my tape collection. I read the greater part of this book on a plane ride home, next to a man who looked sponsored by real tree His phone s background was a picture of his toddler son on top of his tractor After he started white knuckling the communal armrests, it became pretty obvious that this earth oriented man was terrified of flying Poor guy During the flight s turbulence, he became desperate for a conversation partner We chatted he showed me pictures of cars with babies on top of them and eventually he asked me what I was reading Knowing that I was going to be beside this guy for the next three hours, I gave an obfuscatory answer that avoided all the drugs and lesbians but I also didn t stop him from flipping through the pages This book is crazy It s all about drugs and lesbians, he told me He was freaked, but he was such a good sport about it I could tell you what I got out of this book, but I think it s fun to imagine that guys perspective I regret not giving him my copy It s so easy to give up to live in dreams with yourself instead of in stories with a friend p.212 Good lord but it s hard to write reviews these days I seem to have said it all before, and I wonder how I had the gall to say it in the first place But then I read something like Chelsea Girls and I feel as if I have to say something, if only to complete that indirect self portrait I sketched with all those other reviews Fact I love this book I think it s genius, at least in parts I ve even developed a kind of a crush on its author no doubt aided by the Mapplethorpe cover photo I call her Eileen never Myles In contrast, though I loved her book just as much, Janet Frame is always Frame when I discuss her I feel a kind of direct or semi direct link, I guess, to the real inner Eileen

I've Got Your Number

The Joy Luck Club

The Boy Next Door

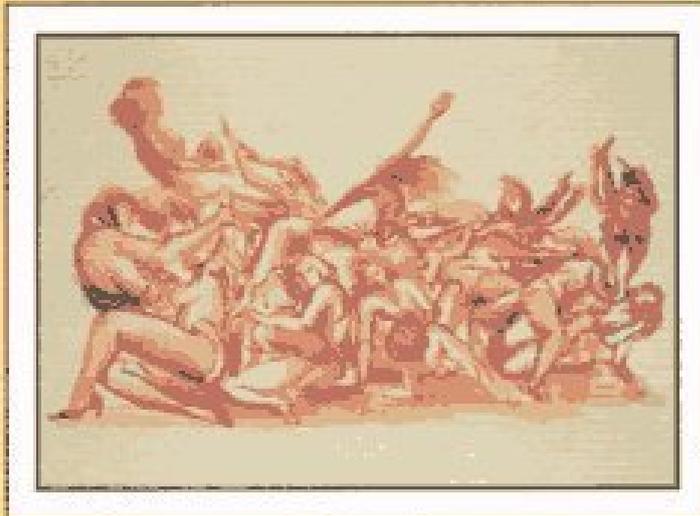
Myles, probably as much from the language as what it describes I would like to tell everything once, just my part, because this is my life, not yours Man, this is raw, but with a tone I don't think I've encountered before Halfway through it struck me, she's kind of a Knut Hamsun for the 1980s, half starving and writing on napkins and stubbornly convinced of her genius Then later I thought, this could almost be Raymond Carver the lack of affect, the drunken tragic aspect except it couldn't be, not at all, because Carver is so contrived compared to this Carver is fiction, whereas in Eileen Myles's case, well, who can tell There's a story here, 1969, about what I presume is what certainly seems to be the young Eileen's real experience of Woodstock and it is brutal Excoriating You can't force a story that doesn't want to be told I can only presume this story wanted to be told I say it's about Woodstock but really it's about the lead up to it, about the young Eileen or Leena in a sharehouse one summer getting drunk and slowly breaking up with a boyfriend and carrying around Crime and Punishment and hoping she'll finish it but continually getting distracted by parties and pick ups and some hopped up hulk who sexually abuses her in her own home while her friends stand watching. Who was responsible for the Ice Man showing up The Ice Man was Jimmy Burns, big, big guy who tended to pin girls like me against the wall in front of their boyfriends and say, You know I think you're really cute, and cop a feel and give them a big wet smooch and no one dared lift a finger It was really terrifying To be pinned like that by one of the biggest guys you had ever seen who was drunk out of his mind in front of ten of your good friends who just stared in horror She doesn't know I'm teasing Do ya, Linda The Ice Man was reputed to have killed and maimed many kids in Watertown during his wonder years. Meantime this acid head named Paul is out on the porch laughing a good position to take, says Eileen, given visitors like the Ice Man And somehow, because despite that everything clicked for a moment that summer and she was suddenly beautiful she doesn't have a date, it transpires that Paul will accompany her to Woodstock It's quite a trip Before she even gets there she's drunk, so much so that she flips out in wonder at a young couple's baby at a roadstop and then blacks out in the backseat of the car and doesn't wake till next morning, whereupon she drinks warm wine and smokes pot all

day and winds up as follows Lying on the ground in the mud, in the rain, I felt like the whole place had been turned into a giant mouth It was terrifying The sounds of feet traipsing all night long up and down the muddy hills turned into a gigantic rhythm like a mouth smacking its lips continually A speedfreak with spidery repetitious gestures danced in front of us all night long Kind of a conductor Way down at the bottom of the hill the musicians were like dark trees lined in light wavering in front of our eyes One , just one uttered some distant part of my will or mental faculty forcing my attention to stagger along with the entertainment This was history It was really horrible but my alternative was to try and sleep on the muddy rag Impossible. Lucky for her, Jimi Hendrix offers some last minute transcendence His Star Spangled Banner announces the end of America the thing we were all waiting for and had come to hear And then they re off, Leena and Paul, who have somehow incongruously become almost a couple, back to Boston as conquering heroes, where Leena meets her old or really, current boyfriend and because he was the real world, where I belonged gets back together with him, and never calls Paul even when they meet one night and she likes him and And then she never sees him again, except for once, and well you ll have to read it for yourself Suffice it to say it s like a punch in the gut The whole story A sucker punch 1969 How could it have been otherwise How could we have believed what we were told I don t want to wallow in love for Eileen Myles, especially since, typically, I m unsure what I love about her so much It s true, some stories fall flat here as compared to others, but the whole is also than the sum of its parts a kind of jagged self portrait If the end of one s youth is a thin slice of cheese I ate mine standing in that room, she writes in My Couple , and by then, three quarters through the book, you know just what she means In Violence Towards Women what a story she writes of a young woman gang raped at her country town high school who changes her name, changes cities, and moves on They re all men s names, what s the difference Her name is Jane Janey I was floored Such a simple truth they re all men s names Of course Well, it took Eileen Myles to really bring it home to me But it s not all heavy I ll end on a light note She s watching a magician at a kid s party and comes up with this He was such a kit magician wands with banners that said

boom on one side and had a picture of a rabbit on the other I was fascinated by the relative sincerity of his delivery I started to think of this suburban backyard magician as someone less smart but slightly successful than most poets I know It's not like we can farm ourselves out to bar mitzvahs and weddings like saxophone players can, or this guy Even a clown can work the kid circuit How have poets managed so utterly to get no piece of the pie It's some kind of trick, a vanishing act that we have performed on ourselves. Yeah well, not so effectively in Eileen Myles's case as it transpires, though this book testifies to the hunger years Sort of Did I mention the sex That's one thing Knut Hamsun's protagonists never seemed to get much of But Eileen, once she navigates her way through hetero, goes from sexual strength to strength And the honesty of this of her transition from outwardly straight to entirely gay is another thing I don't think I've ever encountered She's scarred by hetero sex, sure, but never really forsakes it, just moves on, and misses aspects of it and doesn't miss others, but it's clear she's thrilled by who she is Still and all, it's a sad if exuberant ride It's wild Funny Graceful and wise I love this book I really do Thank you, Eileen. Available Once Again For A New Generation Of Readers, The Groundbreaking And Candid Coming Of Age Novel In Real Time From One Of America's Most Celebrated Poets That Is Considered A Cult Classic In This Breathtakingly Inventive Autobiographical Novel, Eileen Myles Transforms Life Into A Work Of Art Told In Her Audacious Voice, Made Vivid And Immediate In Her Lyrical Language, Chelsea Girls Cobbles Together Memories Of Myles's Catholic Upbringing With An Alcoholic Father, Her Volatile Adolescence, Her Unabashed Lesbianity, And Her Riotous Pursuit Of Survival As A Poet In S New York Suffused With Alcohol, Drugs, And Sex Evocative In Its Depictions Of The Hardscrabble Realities Of A Young Artist's Life And Poignant With Stories Of Love, Humor, And Discovery, Chelsea Girls Is A Funny, Cool, And Intimate Account Of A Writer's Education, And A Modern Chronicle Of How A Young Female Writer Shrugged Off The Chains Of A Rigid Cultural Identity Meant To Define Her A quintessential strung out 90s novel set in both NYC and Boston The flat affect and stream of consciousness style are no doubt familiar to readers of Brett Easton Ellis and others, perhaps a bit too much so Still, Myles

is a quick wit and every ten or so pages she'll turn a phrase that just floors you. I think if I would re-read this collection of memoir-esque vignettes by Eileen Myles, I would probably read one a week, out of order until I was finished. Then each one would stand on its own and be able to be savored or scorned by its own merits. Unfortunately, I read it pretty much cover to cover well, almost, couldn't quite finish it and honestly became quite bored with it. At times brutal, hilarious, fierce, blasé, superficial, a well of unending sadness, these glimpses of life, of lives, that would otherwise mostly be at turns overlooked or fetishized is a worthy read. I recommend reading it like it was a collection of individual histories, stories I think then it would capture the light/dark of her voice. Eileen makes me feel loved and in love, brings me closer to myself.

EILEEN MYLES



CHELSEA
GIRLS