



Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!!

Albert Goldman , Lawrence Schiller

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!!

Albert Goldman , Lawrence Schiller

Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! Albert Goldman , Lawrence Schiller

The author of the bestselling biographies *The Lives of John Lennon* and *Elvis* explores the tumultuous life of one of the most controversial comics who ever lived. Lenny Bruce's life is reconstructed in dazzling sequences that capture his genius in the same lingo and rhythm, shtick comedy and junkie surrealism that characterized his imagination. 8 pages of photos.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! Details

Date : Published January 1st 1992 by Penguin Books (first published 1974)

ISBN : 9780140133622

Author : Albert Goldman , Lawrence Schiller

Format : Paperback 700 pages

Genre : Biography, Nonfiction, Humor, Cultural, Biography Memoir

 [Download Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! Albert Goldman , Lawrence Schiller

From Reader Review Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!! for online ebook

Paul says

This is a great biography of Bruce ("from the journalism of Larry Schiller", my edition is subtitled - maybe some lawsuit action there?) but an even better book about the beat generation and the bizarre and eccentric characters who populated it.

Candace R says

Goldman writes in an exhaustive, obsessive compulsive manner. This book details everything about Leonard Alfred Schneider, the man, as well as Lenny Bruce, the icon. Worth it.

Marvin Reininger says

A longwinded and exhausting story of Lenny Bruce but still worth every minute of it.

Rey Dekker says

...had no idea there were so many books written about Bruce...I think this is the one I read when I lived in St. Paul MN in the mid-seventies...

Ernest Hogan says

Brilliant in both writing and research. Makes you feel what it was like inside Lenny's mind. Makes the era and the changes come alive in a shocking, often unflattering way. Remember, a society that turns away from it's own ugly truths is doomed.

Tom Schulte says

While Bruce is a big enough character to fill these eight hundred pages, we also get such colorful cats as alto saxophonist Joe Maini, dopeman cum informer chic Eder and cameos by Phil Spector and others. (Reading of Phil's late career business and logistical support for a Bruce mad with legal minutiae and yellow pads prompted me to reread this.) While Grossman is often maligned for quasi-gonzo fanboy salacious approach, this book really moves in its depiction of the rise and destruction of this innovative comic.

Roy says

Lenny was before my time but this book told me everything I needed to know about the man and his work , Goodman leaves nothing back and at the same time makes us feel compassion for the man who was harassed and tormented by the US authorities at the time .

Rose Kelleher says

How can I dig this cat knowing that he narked on his wife? Later the authorities persecuted him for all the wrong reasons, but there's a certain justice in that.

It's weird how the hippest adults of that era remind me of my own classmates in junior high school. The drug humor, the in-crowd slang, the superficial and ruthless division of people into categories, the entrenched misogyny, the bullying, the callow obliviousness to how stacked the deck was - it all brings me back to ninth grade, and then I remember I'm reading about people in their thirties. I had the same feeling when I read Lou Reed's biography (by Victor Bockris, who quotes this book, and whose style is also rather breezy and informal, perhaps in imitation of this author). I have to keep reminding myself that everything's relative, that the hipsters in those days really were more enlightened than the squares: that cops harrassed interracial couples on the street, unwed mothers were treated like monsters, gay men were arrested for dancing together, etc. Even so I can't help wondering, where would someone like me have fit in, in those days? As a chick who wasn't hot-looking, I'd have been stuck in some typing pool for life, too intelligent to relate to the unthinking conformists, yet excluded from the hip crowd by my appearance and unglamorous job. Come to think of it...oh, never mind.

Anyway, this book is interesting (to me) in ways the author never intended. He's alternately clueless and insightful. One minute he's all, "Wife-beating, har har!" and the next he's offering some great little nugget like this:

"(Somehow, hipsters and Beats were always getting mixed up by those who knew very little about either. The difference was drastic: the hipster was your typical lower-class urban dandy, dressed up like a pimp, affecting a very cool, cerebral tone--to distinguish him from the gross impulsive types that surrounded him in the ghetto--and aspiring to the finer things in life, like very good 'tea,' the finest of sounds--jazz or Afro-Cuban--and maybe, once in a while, a crazy sex scene, laying up in bed for a weekend with two steaming foxes. The Beat was originally some earnest middle-class college boy, like Kerouac, who was stifled by the cities and the culture he had inherited, and who wanted to cut out for distant and exotic places, where he could live like 'the people,' write, smoke and meditate for weeks in virtual isolation while rhapsodizing about this great land of ours.)"

Ha!

I keep changing my mind about how many stars to give.

Michael Schleigh says

Tough to get through at times due to vivid imagery. I unfortunately relate to his late career where he became obsessed with law.

Seán says

Pleasantly discursive, encyclopedic in scope, and written as if by some 50's hipster all grown up. Though perhaps a smidge over-long (it's 650 pages or so), Goldman doesn't waste the reader's time. The first section, a 60 page day-in-the-life composite of Lenny in his 1959-1961 prime reads a like a shot and could stand alone as a book worth copping.

John Hardin says

Overly long and tedious in parts, but the only in-depth bio of Lenny Bruce out there. Maybe someone will write a thinner, but comprehensive bio of Lenny Bruce, but until then, this is it. If one should decide to re-read it, which I've done, they'd be best advised to skip over most of this to get to the gist of the story.

Robert Zverina says

I've never read a book with two exclamation points in its title before!! ...Nor a biography with a picture of the subject portrayed in death on the cover. There's something a little sensationalistic about this book.

I'm not even all that interested in Lenny Bruce although I do like to listen to his records, not so much for the content but for the incantatory rhythms of his delivery. What I do like about this book is the way it describes the USA of the 1950s and early '60s focused through the magnifying lens of one of its sharpest critics.

In a way this makes me think of a tourist photograph where whoever is in the foreground is less interesting than what's going on behind them. I didn't expect to get caught up in this but it held my attention for all 565 pages. Goldman sometimes gets a little too caught up in the momentum of his prose but for the most part it's an exhilarating read with plenty of sex, drugs, and jazz to hold one's prurient interest.

Although Bruce himself doesn't come off in not the most flattering light as a person (a junkie who collaborated with the same narcs he criticized), the atmosphere of conformity, repression, and paranoia which is the fabric of the society described reminds this jaded shock-proof reader how revolutionary Lenny Bruce's accomplishments really were—burning holes in that fabric like so much casually dropped cigarette ash.

Riley says

Two things about Lenny Bruce's life really stuck out for me in this book. The first was how unfair his arrests for obscenity were, and how little civil liberties were protected by the law as late as the early 1960s. The second was how sad and self destructive were Bruce's drug addictions.

Perrystroika says

scabrous, obscene and nasty, a prickly work of love and hatred, has the most lovingly detailed critical discussions of Bruce's routines and stand-up comedy.

Raegan Butcher says

Lenny Bruce doesn't date well, he almost never makes me laugh, but Richard Pryor is indebted to him and Pryor is the best, so...This book reads like a wounded jewish junkie nightmare.

Erin says

I seriously doubt many people under the age of 40 will recognize the people or places mentioned in this book or have an interest in reading it. But they should. It's more than a story about Lenny Bruce. It's about sex, drugs, show business, and the first amendment. Although it is long, and the tediousness of it cost it a star, the book gives a front row seat to an era the likes of which we will never see again. It may not make you a fan but it will give you an understanding of why Bruce was, and is still, influential to so many.

Carol Storm says

Great look at Lenny Bruce and the "sick" comics of the early Sixties. Goldman's research is exhaustive and he's not as hostile towards Bruce as he would later be towards Elvis and John Lennon. Three stars just because the story gets bogged down in details and Goldman, even when he is more or less writing sympathetically, is not a compelling storyteller.

It's really shocking and disturbing to read this book now, half a century later, and to see how our society and culture have changed. Lenny Bruce was effectively destroyed by the establishment for talking about sexual desires and angry impulses that were deemed threatening and dangerous. Where Lenny was brutalized, humiliated, and ultimately snuffed out for sharing his fantasies in public, Harvey Weinstein got away with acting out his sickest and most degrading fantasies in private for decades. The obvious Lenny Bruce joke would be that Jews have come a long way, baby!

But there's more to the story than that. Harvey Weinstein might look more powerful and successful than Lenny Bruce. After all, Harvey Weinstein got away with actually being the leering predator and unrepentant pervert Lenny Bruce could only fantasize about being in his sickest gags. But the deeper irony is that while Lenny respected himself enough to tell the truth, Harvey's whole trip was based on self-loathing and hypocrisy.

Dig.

In order to build Miramax into a powerhouse Harvey had to make all those putrid, lifeless, imitation Merchant Ivory movies about the glory of the English upper classes and the beauty of aristocratic living and the sweet smelling sanctity of upper class Anglo Saxon female genitalia. Worshiping in public what you hate and fear and seek to degrade in private is the hallmark of sexual hypocrisy. So Harvey could take a Jewish

girl like Gwyneth Paltrow, and make her a star in movies like SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE that glorify the ethereal beauty and superior class of the golden-haired gentile girl, the shiksa. But in private he'd seek to demean and degrade her because that's the only way he can rebel against his own public self-abasement. Those cheap, empty period-piece movies about dukes and duchesses were actually a form of self-flagellation for Harvey Weinstein. But they were also part of the hustle. Lenny Bruce wouldn't have been deceived by them for a minute.

But the people who persecuted Lenny were happy to be deceived. Magazines like VANITY FAIR (the whining voice of the dying gentile elite) wrote flattering profiles of Harvey Weinstein for years because he told them what they wanted to hear. "I'm a rough, ugly Jew, but I know my place! You really are better than me, and your daughter is so pure I wouldn't even stand next to her on the street! She reminds me of the queen of England! She should play Juliet! Your daughter is a prize, I'm telling you!" Harvey was a big, mean, bully, but in his own way he could kiss ass with the best of them.

Lenny was different from Harvey. He was a pervert with a pure heart, a little shrimp with the heart of a lion. Lenny never told the gentiles what they wanted to hear. Lenny told them what they didn't want to hear. "You're as sick as me, even if you aren't a Jew. Do I want to give it to your daughter? Sure I do! I want it because I know it's sick and wrong and against nature, and all those bad things. AND SHE WANTS IT TOO!"
