

EB WHITE HERE IS NEW YORK ESSAY

But if there is an apotheosis of writing on the apotheosis of cities, it has to be E.B. White's aptly titled essay-turned-book Here Is New York.

A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. New York is eternal. Or like visiting the office of a dot-com startup in I worked for one of those dot-com startups, so I know of which I speak! Way less than a trip to Brooklyn. Everything you need is in a 3-block radius. He also understands that there is no single New York, but rather a number of different, overlapping cities, depending on who's looking: There are roughly three New Yorks. Excerpt from Essays of E. White does not want to comfort his reader or assure the eternal safety of New York. It was observation. It's not quite that simple, of course. A woman friend of mine moved recently from one apartment to another, a distance of three blocks. White's homage feels as fresh as fifty years ago. Whenever I look at it nowadays, and feel the cold shadow of the planes, I think: "This must be saved, this particular thing, this very tree. Giphy All of these conflicting New Yorks manage to meld and coexist, however, in a city that "has been compelled to expand skyward because of the absence of any other direction in which to grow. An endless sea of books, films, and blogs have put forth their opinions on the city, each as contradictory and final as the next it's overrated, lonely, overcrowded, beautiful, dirty, loud, magnificent, and the damned trains don't work. In the mind of whatever perverted dreamer might loose the lightning, New York must hold a steady, irresistible charm. One of my favorite examples is: ask a New Yorker for directions. In a way it symbolizes the city: life under difficulties, growth against odds, sap-rise in the midst of concrete, and the steady reaching for the sun. Roger Angell is a writer and fiction editor at The New Yorker. It's a straightforward stroll through the streets of Manhattan, the quintessential love letter to New York and New Yorkers. White approaches the city through a simple pattern of classification. Selected Works by E. I had hesitated to even put that writing out there. Second, there is the New York of the commuter "the city that is devoured by locusts each day and spat out each night. But sometimes in New York you run across the disillusioned "a young couple who are obviously visitors, newlyweds perhaps, for whom the bright dream has vanished. This is an excerpt from White's piece on New York first published in I live in New Jersey, just over the river, and it is 10 minutes with no traffic to Times Square. The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible. A single flight of planes no bigger than a wedge of geese can quickly end this island fantasy, burn the towers, crumble the bridges, turn the underground passages into lethal chambers, cremate the millions. I have always maintained that New York, despite its reputation for rudeness, is a city positively obsessed with good manners. The city, for the first time in its long history, is destructible. Each area is a city within a city within a city. New York has changed since , of course. There are, of course, the big districts and big units: Chelsea and Murray Hill and Gramercy which are residential units , Harlem a racial unit , Greenwich Village a unit dedicated to the arts and other matters , and there is Radio City a commercial development , Peter Cooper Village a housing unit , the Medical Center a sickness unit and many other sections each of which has some distinguishing characteristic. Third, there is the New York of the person who was born somewhere else and came to New York in quest of something White sat in a New York City hotel room and, sweltering in the heat, wrote a remarkable pristine essay, Here is New York. At the magazine, White developed a pure and plain-spoken literary style; his writing was characterized by wit, sophistication, optimism, and moral steadfastness. Homeward-bound eight hours later, he buys a bunch of pussy willows, a Mazda bulb, a drink, a shine "all between the corner where he steps off the bus and his apartment. The piece was written in Sometimes they are too busy and will blow on by you. What the hell is going on here. All dwellers in cities must live with the stubborn fact of annihilation; in New York the fact is somewhat more concentrated because of the concentration of the city itself, and because, of all targets, New York has a certain clear priority.