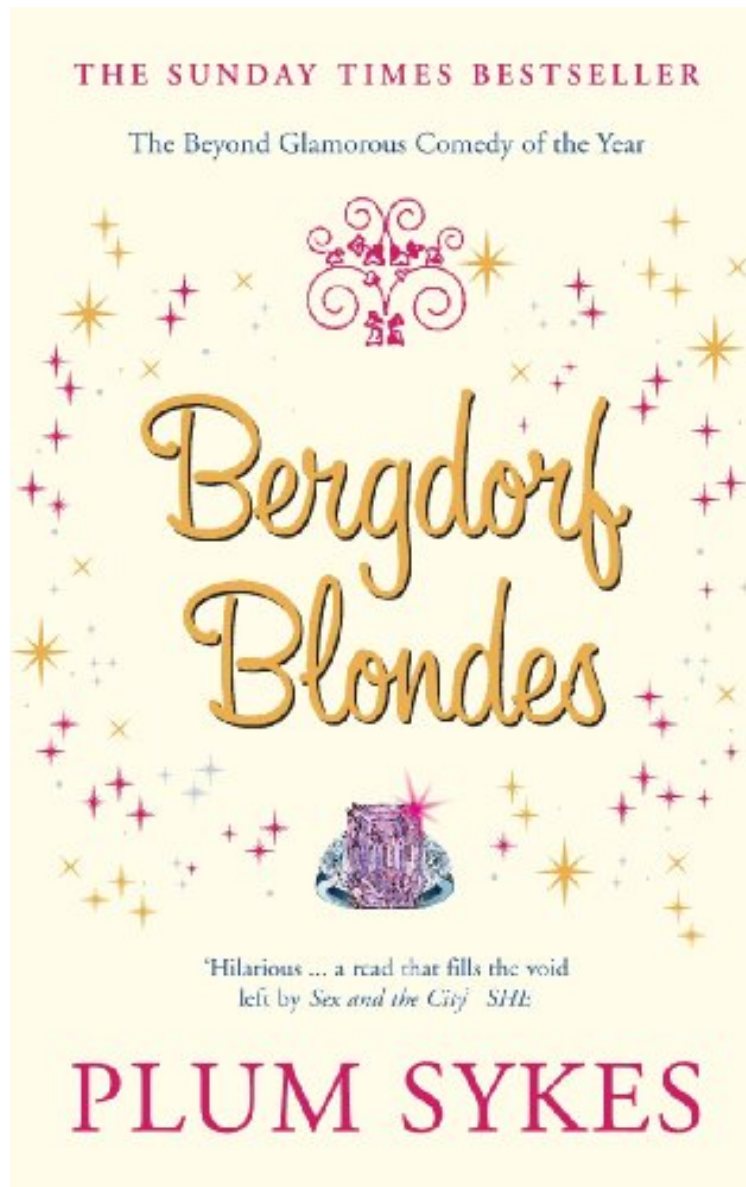


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Bergdorf Blondes

Von Plum Sykes

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Von Plum Sykes : Bergdorf Blondes before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Bergdorf Blondes:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen9 von 9 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Geniale UrlaubslektreVon Karin F.Dieses Buch ist ideal fr modebegeisterte Jet-Setterinnen bzw. It-Girls und solche

Leser/innen, die das Leben derartiger Damen gerne in Gala Glamour verfolgen. Es ist absolut kurzweilig und witzig geschrieben und gibt sehr interessante Einblicke in das Leben wirklich reicher New Yorkerinnen und in deren "Luxusprobleme". Natürlich steckt eine Lovestory dahinter, deren anfängliche Irrungen und Wirrungen richtig Spaß machen. Nur am Ende ist es etwas kitschig, aber was wäre eine Urlaubslektüre ohne Happy End? - Unbedingt auf englisch lesen, um das ganz spezielle Vokabular der Damen nicht zu verpassen...1 von 2 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. "Bergdorf Blondes are a thing, you know, a New York craze." Von KalliopeThe first sentence of the book might as well be the summary of this one: Bergdorf Blondes are a thing, you know, a New York craze. The narrator, moi, as she calls herself, tells us in a little bit naive and shallow way, how she lives her shrill life with her champagne-bubble-of-NY friends, her body care, her designer outfits and her constant search of Mr. Right. Moi, a Bergdorf Brunette, lives with her friend Julie Bergdorf, a very rich and famous heiress, in a privileged and cliquish world. The girls are working heavily on the manhunt of their perfect rich boyfriend. Well, that does not always work out très bien (the narrator often uses French or Italian words in the novel), because the sometimes witty and charming heroine gets the most unbelievable mean and psycho PHs (Potential Husbands). The storyline is in chapters which are self-contained and easy to follow. Mostly, they start with one PH and end with a humiliating breakup. Throughout the story, moi gets to know many shrill and funky people. Their characters sometimes show some sort of fairy-tale-like kindness. That, of course, is beyond cute, but by that, the expectation of a little depth is crushed into a kindly-written satire. The book starts in extraordinary racy sprint, followed by an unbelievably interesting relationship, which, by the way, is quite odd. When moi flows to Paris after her first disengagement her drama-queen, slightly manic-depressive, unreal kind and childish character started to annoy me slightly. The well-developed beginning seems to go over into a great book, but, to my surprise, it went on and on with the same whirl of superficial women's problems. The more I read, the more I got bored of the fantastically luxurious clothing and the wonderful life of the rich and beautiful. I'd love to have such a life like the one moi is living, full of designer clothes and accessories, full of charity parties and easy work. But, as the book shows (and I think that is the very best part, because it points out its message) when mankind has no problems, it just creates some to work on. One of the best examples is the disengagement of the narrator with her first PH, Zach. She almost kills herself because of that, and somebody who observes this relationship from outside cannot possibly understand why she did it (well, personally, I don't; maybe some other can easily follow her intentions). I adored the book also because it is written in a neat jargon given by, one of the crme-de-la-crme "champagne bubble" girls about town. The book would do nicely on a dull evening, it's really worth reading!11 von 13 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Bland, shallow and flippant! Von Wombatsbooks "Bergdorf Blondes" is told by a nameless narrator calling herself "moi" and "this champagne bubble of a girl about town" writing for a fashion magazine and being brown-haired despite of Bergdorf-Blonde being all the craze. "Moi" tells the story of her circle of friends of super-rich, callous and somewhat neurotic females always on the quest to get the latest and most hip and most expensive clothing, jewelry, accessories and the perfect husband/fiancé (who would count as an accessory as well). It started out funny in a wacky sort of way, but got boring after about 70 pages. Just how many "beyond's" (beyond belief, beyond overwhelmed, beyond sexy, beyond happy....) and how many "moi's" and "entre nous" can one take? My limit was reached pretty quickly. There is more to life than flying on PJ's (private jets), always wearing the latest and most expensive clothes/jewelry, getting facials or having a personal hair stylist. But that's what this book is all about w/o getting anywhere. I read somewhere that Sykes wanted to write "a modern day Breakfast at Tiffany's, something silly and escapist, smart and witty". Well, to me it certainly wasn't a modern day Breakfast at Tiffany's. Neither was it smart and not at all witty. If this was an attempt to be as funny as the Shopaholic-series by Sophie Kinsella or even an attempt of being as funny as Bridget Jones, Plum failed miserably. I bet zillions of aspiring writers w/o Sykes's connections have been trying to get similar things published in vain! Result: If you are willing to put up with gazillions "Moi's", "entre nous" and all those "beyond's" and want something REALLY shallow, because you are done in, give it a go (I'd still recommend waiting for the paperback to come out, though). If you are hoping for something equally good as Bridget Jones or the Shopaholic-series, stay away from it.

Kurzbeschreibung If you think Brazilian is a nationality, that PJ's are pyjamas and that Beyond is somewhere far away, then you have never met a Bergdorf Blonde. Plum Syke's heroine is British but has moved to America, working for a glossy magazine. She takes us with her into the glamorous world of Park Avenue Princesses who careen through New York in search of the ever elusive 'Fiance,' the perfect fake tan and that Chanel from the sample sale. In a fabulously witty style, Plum Sykes makes us root for her glorious heroine all the way from New York to the South of France and back by PJ (private jet.) She will get her Harry Winston and her Vera Wang wedding dress yet! From Publishers Weekly They're ravenous. They're ruthless. They live in a strictly hierarchical, alpha-dog, eat-or-be-eaten world. No, it's not a rerun of Wild America; it's the world of dressed-to-the-nines Park Avenue heiresses, aka Bergdorf Blondes, botoxed to within an inch of their barely-into-the-third-decade lives. Our unnamed London-born heroine is New York's favorite "champagne-bubble-about-town" and just as effervescent and exhilarating as a fine bottle of Dom

Perignon. Blissfully self-interested and flush with the cheeriness that comes from being, well, flush, Miss Disposable Income 2004 sashays her way through New York society in search of the perfect P.H. (Potential Husband)-"Have you any idea how awesome your skin looks if you are engaged?"-and the perfect butt-shaping pair of Chloe jeans. Despair occasionally strikes when her latest prince turns into yet another toad, but it's nothing an invitation to an uber-exclusive Hermes sale and a gallon or so of Bellinis can't fix. She's got the crme de la crme along with her for the ride, including her best friend, the fabulously wealthy heiress Julie Bergdorf, who is tres supportive of her nervous breakdown=You'll be able to dine out on how crazy you went in Paris for months-and a posse of chattering, Harry Winston-bedecked clones with whom to limo around New York. Tacky? Absolutely. But it's impossible not to be massively entertained by a woman who refers euphemistically to oral sex as "going to Rio" in memory of the first man who suggested she get a Brazilian bikini wax, considers vodka a food group and who holds up glamour as the first of the commandments. This is a savvy and viciously funny trip into a glittery, glitzy world we sure wouldn't want to live in-but by which we're more than happy to be vicariously consumed for the length of a book. Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.From BooklistOur heroine is a self-described "champagne bubble about town" (the town being New York City, of course), a twentysomething socialite whose life centers on tracking down Chanel sample sales and downing Bellinis with the group of friends she calls the Park Avenue Princesses. When she notices that getting engaged brings a glow to her friends' skin that even an alpha-beta peel can't replicate, she and her best friend embark on a roller-coaster-ride of a search for prospective husbands. Their misadventures, both romantic and cosmetic, are related in a dishy, namedropping-over-cocktails tone. At the story's end, everyone has landed safely on her Manolo Blahniks, true love turns out to be where one least expects to find it, and Vera Wang is booked to design the wedding gowns. Sykes' debut is feather light, but its heart is in the right place. Like the movie Clueless, to which it owes a substantial debt, this is a breathless, sweetly tongue-in-cheek examination of the lifestyles and arcane social mores of the young, rich, and glamorous. Readers, especially fans of Candace Bushnell, will enjoy the ride. Meredith ParetsCopyright American Library Association. All rights reserved