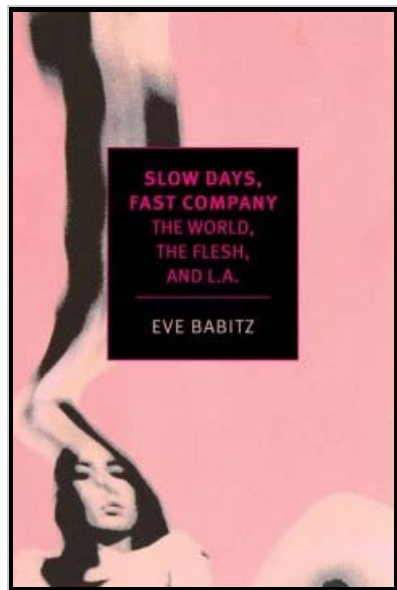


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Slow Days, Fast Company

by Eve Babitz, Matthew Specktor

Price: \$15.95 (Paperback)

Published: August 30, 2016

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Rating: 0.0/5 (0 votes cast)

From the Publisher: No one burned hotter than Eve Babitz. Possessing skin that radiated "its own kind of moral laws," spectacular teeth, and a figure that was the stuff of legend, she seduced seemingly everyone who was anyone in Los Angeles for a long stretch of the 1960s and '70s. One man proved elusive, however, and so Babitz did what she did best, she wrote him a book. *Slow Days, Fast Company* is a full-fledged and full-bodied evocation of a bygone Southern California that far exceeds its mash-note premise. In ten sun-baked, Santa Ana wind-swept sketches, Babitz re-creates a Los Angeles of movie stars distraught over their success, socialites on three-day drug binges holed up in the Chateau Marmont, soap-opera actors worried that tomorrow's script will kill them off, Italian femmes fatales even more fatal than Babitz. And she even leaves LA now and then, spending an afternoon...

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


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About The Author

Eve Babitz, Matthew Specktor

Eve Babitz is the author of several books of fiction, including *Sex and Rage: Advice to Young Ladies Eager for a Good Time*, *L.A. Woman*, and *Black Swans: Stories*. Her nonfiction works include *Fiorucci*, *the Book* and *Two by Two: Tango, Two-Step, and the L.A.* She has written for publications including *Ms.* and *Esquire* and in the late 1960s designed album covers for the Byrds, Buffalo Springfield, and Linda Ronstadt. Her novel *Eve's Hollywood* is published by NYRB Classics.

Matthew Specktor is the author of the novels *American Dream Machine* and *That Summertime Sound*, as well as a nonfiction book of film criticism. He is a founding editor of the *Los Angeles Review of Books*.

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What We Say

Where has Eve Babitz been all my life? This classic memoir of Hollywood was penned by Babitz, who has written acclaimed novels, collections of nonfiction and even once designed album covers for The Byrds, Linda Ronstadt and the like. Thanks to the invaluable New York Review Books (the Rhino Records, the Criterion Collection of curating titles you really must pay attention to in publishing), now I know I've got to track down everything she's done. Imagine "Valley Of The Dolls" if penned by Jane Austen and you'll have a sense of how fun and perceptive it is. In his marvelous introduction, Matthew Specktor of Los Angeles Review Of Books neatly demolishes the double standard for female writers who enjoy drugs and sex --

Hemingway and Bukowski are geniuses while women of similar tastes are of course party girls. Similarly, men who traffic in gossip and the upper crust are gimlet-eyed observers of society while women are light and frothy and fun, but not serious writers. Babitz is most definitely a serious writer. In this memoir she engages you so easily and informally that her observations on fame and power and the eternal mysteries of men and women and sex glide by, never calling attention to themselves. It's addressed to a Man she couldn't have and so seduces with words, her most potent weapon, which is saying something since Babitz had it going on. In ten sketches, one sees on the surface all sorts of glamorous Hollywood moments: piles of cocaine, threesomes, dating a gayish man, a starlet on the cusp of fame who is freaking out, divorce, weekends in Palm Springs, the Chateau Marmont and so on. Fans of Carrie Fisher should dive right in. But as Specktor says, emphasizing the wit and glamour (which is here in abundance) can slight the significant literary merits on display. It's almost shocking how timely the book seems about LA, even though it was published in 1977. Toss in a few cell phones and maybe some different drugs and you'd swear it came out today. But of course Hollywood doesn't really change because human nature doesn't really change. Babitz sucker punches us with one of her cruelest sketches, a withering put-down of a housewife of means that Babitz can't take seriously...only to have that woman commit suicide and allow that lack of empathy to rebound beautifully on Babitz herself (and us). And a sketch where she goes to perhaps her first baseball game (with a married studio exec) and is immediately besotted by the game is so good about masculinity and the Ideal Man and the pleasures of the crowd that it's a jewel all on its own. As is this memoir, which is dishy, funny, wise and wonderfully written. -- Michael Giltz

What Others Say

“Her writing took multiple forms. . . . But in the center was always Babitz and her sensibility—fun and hot and smart, a Henry James-loving party girl.” —Naomi Fry, *New Republic*

“Babitz takes to the page lightly, slipping sharp observations into roving, conversational essays and perfecting a kind of glamorous shrug.” —Kaitlin Phillips, *Bookforum*

"[Babitz] achieved that American ideal: art that stays loose, maintains its cool, is purely enjoyable enough to be mistaken for simple entertainment. It’s a tradition that includes Duke Ellington, Fred Astaire, Preston Sturges, Ed Ruscha, and, it goes without saying, Marilyn Monroe.” —Lili Anolik, *Vanity Fair*

“Babitz’ collection of essays, *Slow Days, Fast Company*, the best non-fiction written about the Joys of Sensuous LA, I have always thought right up there with Joan Didion’s *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*.”—Lee Grove, *Boston Globe*

“Eve Babitz was Los Angeles’ greatest bard. Promiscuous but discerning, the bombshell with a brain bonded with Joan Didion and bedded Jim Morrison... Babitz is finally getting the literary comeback she deserves.” —Lili Loofbourow, *The Week*

"[The]...

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