

[Download] The Deep Whatsis

The Deep Whatsis

Peter Mattei

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A Novel

The Deep Whatsis by Peter Mattei



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Peter Mattei : The Deep Whatsis before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Deep Whatsis:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Not too deep but funBy JAKIf you've read Martin Amis' Money you may feel you've already read The Deep.You wouldn't be altogether wrong.Money cuts deeper and is funnier than the Deep but it is still a fun read.The novel is at its best when satirizing New York - Brooklyn hipster culture.Mattei dishes out some very funny sharp comments about the current faux urban Bohemia.Unfortunately the novel has a weak

underbelly. The narrator and lead character Eric Nye is an alcoholic and probably a drug addict. Yet, at the novels end it's suggested that he is going to clean up, just like that. Then there is the novels number 2 character Sabine. She is a classic demon-pixie-loon - love object from hell. I didn't find her plausible nor did I find it plausible that Eric falls in love with her and that they might just have a future together. Mattei's sentimentality doesn't kill the novel but it damages it. What should be hard edged satire does to some degree devolve into mush. Still the novels comic-satiric virtues outweigh the flaws. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Acerbic, hilarious commentary on the corporate life. By Linda Shirer. With stinging wit, accelerating from page one to the surprising conclusion, Peter Mattei fearlessly skewers the advertising business and with it, a bit of corporate America, as well as the pretentiousness of some young corporate city dwellers. If you've ever been in advertising this is a must-read. It was so darkly funny and sardonic I laughed out loud on almost every page. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Buy it if you buy something, you schmuck. By Nicole Heavey. Scathingly self-deprecating while maintaining modicum of pure pretension. Pretty motleys out what the populace believes goes on behind closed doors anyhow. Fun, depressingly, jaunty read.

The Deep Whatsis follows a brilliant antihero staggering into madness as he navigates among Brooklyn hipsters, advertising tyrants, corporate hypocrisy, and the ghosts of his past. Meet Eric Nye: player, philosopher, drunk, sociopath. A ruthless young Chief Idea Officer at a New York City ad agency, Eric downsizes his department, guzzles only the finest Sancerre, pops pills, and chases women. Then one day he meets Intern, whose name he can't remember. Will she be the cause of his downfall, or his unlikely awakening? A gripping and hilarious satire of the inherent absurdity of advertising and the flippant cruelty of corporate behavior, The Deep Whatsis shows the devastating effects of a world where civility and respect have been fired.

"With zingy, hilarious glee, Peter Mattei takes a sharp stick and pokes it at many deserving underbellies: the puffery of corporate America; hipsters, yoga dudes, and the general pretentiousness of north Brooklyn; and many more. The Deep Whatsis is a provocative, darkly subversive, deeply satisfying novel." -Kate Christensen, winner of the 2008 PEN/Faulkner Award and author of *The Astral* "[A] morbidly satiric look at corporate culture at the crossroads of art and consumerism...Mattei serves up a rampant critique of haute New York society." -Publishers Weekly "Sharp and insightful, The Deep Whatsis is a vivid portrait of a young man's loosening grip on his humanity in the midst of the random cruelty of big business downsizing...His vision of big-city corporate life stuns with accuracy."—New York Journal of Books "The Deep Whatsis is a novel about silly infatuation, drugs, and near-awakenings. It's also an eloquent, punchy sendup of the advertising business and the culture that feeds it. Mattei has created a character reminiscent of Bret Easton Ellis' Patrick Bateman, Mark SaFranko's Max Zajack, Ben Lerner's Adam Gordon, and any of Tao Lin's chemically dependent narrators. That Eric Nye's voice is fresh and unique is a testament to Mattei's talent, and the reason why fans of well-written satire should read this novel."—Rumpus "The Deep Whatsis is a terrific satire that lampoons abusive corporate values in which dignity means nothing...readers will relish Peter Mattei's mirthful mocking of the amoral money-makers."—Genre Go Round "Fans of edgy fiction won't regret picking up this one."—Library Journal "Original, subversive and savagely funny, this book...offers a dark portrait of the cutthroat nature of the corporate world and the vapidness of our consumerist society in which the void left by a lack of humanity is filled with meaningless objects."—His Futile Preoccupations "Beautifully rendered...The Deep Whatsis, for all its wit and charm, is a sober account of a man falling apart." —Word Riot "Mattei has created an unforgettable character." —The Oxonian About the Author Peter Mattei is a novelist, playwright, filmmaker, and writer for television and film. His award-winning plays have been staged in various theaters across the country to critical acclaim, and his first feature film, *Love in the Time of Money*, was developed at the Sundance Directors Lab and produced by Robert Redford. He's created and written original series pilots for HBO, CBS, ABC, FOX, and other networks. He splits his time between Brooklyn, upstate New York, and Austin, Texas. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. I fire people. It's my job. But not only do I can them, in the process I help them, or should I say I wake them up, or I should say I take the time to write for them an honorable if not epic death, a death more dramatic and meaningful than the one they would otherwise be entitled to. See, I was hired to "clean house" here at Tate, the ad agency in New York City where I am the Executive Creative Director slash Chief Idea Officer. I was brought in to create a culture of innovation and creativity, meaning get rid of the dead wood, shitcan the old and the slow and the weak, and that's what I'm doing, because it's my job. At first it was something I dreaded. I hated myself. I knew I was being paid handsomely to be the one to blame, the one with the Dirty Deed, but still, it was distinctly not cool. Then I grew up. I read on page 334 of *The Fountainhead* where Howard Roark, say, cuts his own testicles off with a fork in front of his cousin or something, I don't remember, not that exactly, but he does some extremely fuckedup shit that is totally ridiculous but in the end is worth it. That hit me when I read it. So after firing a handful of pathetic art directors and copywriters in their forties and fifties my attitude changed. I realized that my problem with this aspect of my job was purely in my head and that if I were to be totally honest with myself I would admit that there was something heroic about it. The thrill of the hunt, I guess. I had my prey cornered, I had the HR Lady watching me (I call her Lady but she wasn't much older than me; tall, anorexic— lives on bagged nuts, coffee, and wine) and I had

my sentence to speak, which thankfully she had written and rehearsed with me: "I'm very sorry to say this but we're going to have to let you go."