Somebody was using the pencil

Fair, declared.

"We were not proud of our first issues of The New Yorker," Grant admitted in a memoir that she published in 1968. "We had hoped it would be an immediate triumph as well as a literary one." It was neither. "Failure hung all about us." At newsstands across town, heaps of unsold copies shivered in the winter chill. The fifteen-cent cover price tempted almost no one. Ross and Grant briefly considered spending a hundred dollars to buy up copies and plump their circulation statistics, but abandoned the plan as too expensive. Ross implored Dorothy Parker to come to the office and write something. Parker replied that she had dropped by, but "somebody was using the pencil."

It was a painful beginning—and quite nearly fatal. Not long after the launch, Ross sat down at the poker table and, in a single drunken session, found himself

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Date: 2025-02-22 Words: 5

Time to read: 1 min

Newer Older

22 Feb 2025

Lost behind a radiator

12 Feb 2025

Fifteen of the last zero

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