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# They Can Kill You... But They Can't Eat You: Lessons from the Front

*Dawn Steel*

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**Dawn Steel : They Can Kill You... But They Can't Eat You: Lessons from the Front** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised *They Can Kill You... But They Can't Eat You: Lessons from the Front*:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Discovered From Steels Endorsement On One of Georgette Mosbacher's Books By Stella Carrier *They Can Kill You But They Can't Eat You; Lessons From The Front* by Dawn Steel highlights areas of her life such as when she had to make the difficult decision of dropping out of college (pgs, 42-43) but she still went on to eventually achieve professional success. Pages 63-65, with confident conviction, Steel mentions the time that her and a close friend spent time with a wealthy female who did not appear to be employed but was a kept lover of a successful real estate broker (the author is careful to avoid gossiping too much about this friend) and she mentions her interest in the *Doctor Zhivago* movie. Steel also admits in her autobiography how she unexpectedly found out that her days were numbered around six months before she actually lost her job. I would say that she came out an even tougher woman emotionally because she also lost her job around the time that she delivered a daughter who she loved dearly. Fortunately, Steel also speaks glowingly of her husband who helped her so much during that time and how she eventually found an even better job more suited for her despite her professional setback. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Great Read for Industry Insiders and All By Jack Well written and easy to read, Dawn Steel combines key events in her life with key strategies to make it in today's entertainment world. The

book is humorous and enlightening. It may not be *The Art of War*, but it's a great read none-the-less. It's just too bad the book was so hard to find. No longer available as a new buy, it is readily available in the used book market. Although Dawn left us in 1997, her spirit lives on within each page read. A recommended read for those looking to learn the basic principals of succeeding in this industry. 0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. made of steel for sure By CD in DC not sure what it is about this book, the title is so catchy but when you read the late Dawn Steel, I had a really hard time feeling sorry for her, even when she hears she's "dead" while sitting on the toilet, you know she'll be ok, she's named or renamed Steel nee Spielberg. I miss her products, Cool Runnings about the Jamaican bobsled team wouldn't have made it to the screen without her. Not sure I would have made it through tough times if not for the title of this book. As with Hollywood, I wish the book lived up to the title but then again, I regret she's no longer with us.

A college dropout, Steel went to New York City loaded with ambition, creativity and the right attitude. With no money or connections, she began as a secretary but eventually soared to phenomenal success, becoming the president of Columbia Pictures in 1987.

From Publishers Weekly In this candid saga, Steel tells what it took to become the first female head of a major movie studio (Columbia Pictures). As a young woman in the '70s, she was oblivious to prevailing feminism because "I have the kind of personality that discourages discrimination." Her big start was at Penthouse magazine where she "could make my mark creating overtly sexist advertising and selling hand-knit 'Cock Socks.'" With her then-husband, Steel went into business marketing such dazzlers as "designer toilet paper" printed with a Gucci-like logo, and amaryllis bulbs, bought for 30¢ and resold as "Penis Plants" for \$6.98. After her divorce, Steel became vice-president of merchandising at Paramount before eventually becoming president of production, where she would make not only *Star Trek III* but *Fatal Attraction*, *Flashdance* and other films. Having survived Hollywood backstabbing, it would seem she now has it all: she is the head of her own studio, is rich, and a wife and mother besides. In hindsight, she presents herself through a prism of psychological buzzwords ("low self-esteem," "dysfunctional family") that sometimes seem at odds with the record, but her tough wit pulls it off entertainingly. Copyright 1993 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Kirkus sHypnotically frank, though not for the ages, the memoirs of movie producer Steel; or, Horatio Alger Walks through Lions in Darkest Hollywood--and gets killed but not eaten. Steel has major hair and was the first female head of production at Paramount and then, at Columbia, the first female president of a movie company. She tells her story straight out, with no urge to write finely, peppering it with just enough kiss- and-tell to keep faith with the Shelley Winters School of Confession while modestly not striving to outdo the founder. No one will read this for its hot sex among the famed; it's about power--who gives it, who takes it away. As Steel says, "...it's not a good idea to sleep with people you work with. Trust me on this...You can only sleep your way to the middle. It's not worth it." Whatever heights she reaches, Steel finds that power is illusionary--although for one brief shining moment she has it all--and that power-without-creativity and its endless rounds of board meetings and executive decisions drains her soul, while working hands-on making one picture at a time (rather than 27) is sheer joy. Steel first hits big as a marketing innovator at Penthouse, goes on to market her own designer toilet paper and cute soaps, and finally is wooed into marketing in Hollywood and gets handed the first *Star Trek* movie to tie into promotions with Howard Johnson's, Coke, etc., a job at which she goes over the top. Affairs bloom with Richard Gere and Martin Scorsese, among others, but she always entwines with unmarriageable men because of bad memories of her depressed dad. When she finally lands at the top, she finds herself beheaded by Paramount during delivery of her first baby at 40. A winner for sure, but less blindly battered and pain-ridden than Art Linson's arias in *A Pound of Flesh* (reviewed above). -- Copyright 1993, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.