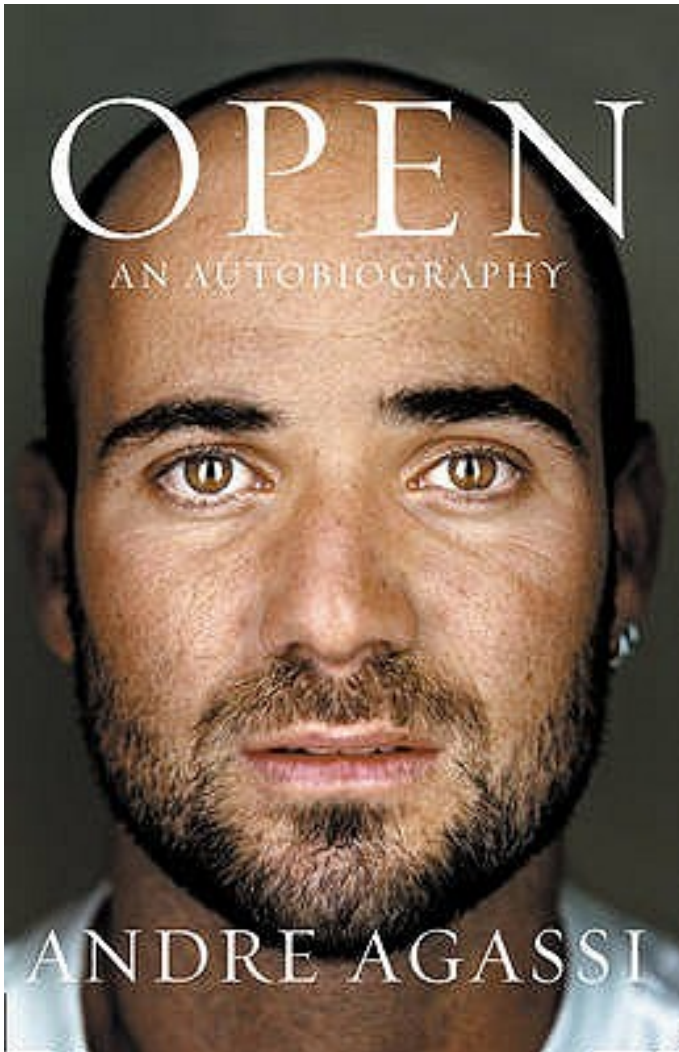

Andre Agassi

Open: An Autobiography



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Author: Andre Agassi

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Description

From Andre Agassi, one of the most beloved athletes in history and one of the most gifted men ever to step onto a tennis court, a beautiful, haunting autobiography.

Agassis incredibly rigorous training begins when he is just a child. By the age of thirteen, he is banished to a Florida tennis camp that feels like a prison camp. Lonely, scared, a ninth-grade dropout, he rebels in ways that will soon make him a 1980s icon. He dyes his hair, pierces his ears, dresses like a punk rocker. By the time he turns pro at sixteen, his new look promises to change tennis forever, as does his lightning-fast return.

And yet, despite his raw talent, he struggles early on. We feel his confusion as he loses to the worlds best, his greater confusion as he starts to win. After stumbling in three Grand Slam finals, Agassi shocks the world, and himself, by capturing the 1992 Wimbledon. Overnight he becomes a fan favorite and a media target.

With its breakneck tempo and raw candor, Open will be read and cherished for years. A treat for ardent fans, it will also captivate readers who know nothing about tennis. Like Agassis game, it sets a new standard for grace, style, speed, and power

Insightful reviews

Heather: First of all, let me say I am not a tennis fan. At all. I don't know the terminology, and I have no idea what the rules are. However, I quite liked this book and genuinely didn't mind all the tennis stuff.

For the first half of the book I sort of thought that Andre sounded like such a "guy." But not in a good way if you know what I'm saying. But man, he won me over by the end! Now he seems like a little softie to me and I'm slightly obsessed with googling him. He seems like a good person, and he certainly has been through a lot. None of which I will tell you about. It's worth the read.

P.S. He sure is handsome.

P.P.S. Matt - You should get this book for Kim.

Lorenzo Berardi: «Did you know that Agassi is an Iranian surname? It should be pronounced Agassì, with the stress on the last "i"».

No, I didn't know that when I was 12. But I kept that in mind, as you can read. Now, the same fact that, back in 1994, my friend Amir (owner of an Iranian and final "i" stressed surname himself) told me something on Andre Agassi and I knew who that guy was means something.

One year before our teens, Amir and I were all but into tennis. Not that we didn't care about

sports - football, basketball and even ski were among our chief interests -, but tennis was definitely not.

On the one hand, as self-proclaimed egalitarians, we looked at the racquet & ball discipline as an elitist pastime of the bourgeoisie. On the other hand, the lack of a single talented Italian tennis player in the ATP circuit in those years left us with no one to cheer for.

And yet, Andre Agassi was somehow a household name for us. Why?

Did I care about stylish hairdo and weird outfits? No.

Was I a rebel? Most certainly not.

Well, "Open" worked as a refresher. And a good one too.

Agassi was a character. He did crazy things and the media loved or hated him for that due to the circumstances. When Agassi won, the man was a picturesque, charismatic star with the potential to revolutionize tennis for good. When Agassi lost, he became a bad model and a foul-mouthed buffoon not worthy to set foot on a tennis court.

I knew the name of Andre Agassi, but didn't pick a part.

After learning that the surname Agassi was of Iranian origin, I didn't care a bit about tennis for a couple of years. Then, at the age of 14 all this radically changed. I started reading the main tournaments results on newspapers and on teletext. I couldn't stand Sampras and Becker, the winners. I supported erratic players such as Rios, Kuerten, Henman plus the old champ Edberg because I liked his serve and volley. Andre Agassi didn't stir positive or negative reactions in me.

What led me to follow tennis much more than I used to towards the end of the 1990s?

That's easy to say. Love. Not love for the game itself, even though I quite liked to watch the few tennis matches shown on TV (the Rome and Montecarlo Opens, the fortuitous Davis Cup final reached by the Italian male team).

Nay, love for a girl. Or so I thought at that time. Her name was the same of one of the then rising Williams sisters. She looked mysterious and unapproachable. Schoolyard rumours said she was a countess. Faced with aristocracy, my early egalitarianism went through a teenage crisis. Apart from slightly stalking the girl following her everyday on her way to our school, I did some research. You see, I desperately needed some common ground with her to start a conversation.

And I discovered she was the cousin of two professional female tennis players in the WTA circuit. Two sisters who, unlike the Williams, were far off from the best rankings, but still stayed in the top 100 for years.

To cut a long story short, I was too clumsy at that time to win a single point with my beloved girl. And when I managed to drag my possible countess on an actual tennis court, I played so badly that all I recall of that morning is my double faults. No metaphors involved. We played tennis. I was hopeless. Out.

Not so Andre Agassi. Even though the hairy bald man states umpteen times that he "hates" tennis in this book, he was a talent in the game.

He started winning local tournaments well before his teenage years and became an international sensation reaching number 3 in the world ranking at the age of 18.

The best part of "Open" is when Agassi and his Pulitzer-prized ghost writer J.R. Moehringer recount the early years of the champion. That crazy father of Andre torturing his son by the means of a self-built tennis balls shooting machine. The oddities of the Agassi family. Young Andre humiliating adults on a tennis court and being either mocked or patronized by the likes of John McEnroe and Ilie Nastase.

And, above all, it shines the time Agassi spent at the infamous Bollettieri Academy where the pygmalion of scores of tennis stars created the tennis equivalent of a Victorian mill. I believe Agassi and Moehringer exaggerated some details of life at the Bollettieri Academy, but reading those pages was highly entertaining. The antics of Mr Agassi himself and of, say, Jim Courier were priceless.

Less compelling were Agassi's late years in the ATP circuit, when he starts complaining about his back, his sentimental life, his unfair opponents, etc. I appreciate the man wants to show us how fragile he actually is, but he does that with too much victimism for my liking.

And it's funny to read how the already world famous Agassi decided that Steffi Graf had to be his woman by the means of rumours, slight stalking and finding a common ground: just like I did with my teenage love. Poor Steffi Graf.

Let's face it, just like this review of mine, "Open" is a narcissistic accomplishment. Whatever Andre Agassi does in this book, the reader has to be on his side, no matter how wrong that is. When Mr Agassi breaks the speed limits on his Corvette it's always for a good reason (charity, love, etc.). When Mr Agassi takes drugs or drinks too much it's because others took advantage of his trust and shattered feelings. When Mr Agassi loses a match with a low ranked player it's always because Andre is not focused on tennis, or injured or DECIDES to lose on purpose. I mean, get over yourself man!

And yet, "Open" is an engaging book. I was brought to the tennis courts where Agassi's career took its turning points for bad or for good. And the way Andre A. tells us what he had in his mind while playing those matches is fascinating although a bit unnatural.

Once a woman asked Louis Armstrong what he thought about as he played the trumpet. And Armstrong answered: "Lady, if I told you, your mind would explode". Your minds will not explode after learning what Agassi thought when he played, but they will certainly have something to think about.

Kelanth, numquam risit ubi dracones vivunt: Non avevo mai letto un libro che era un'autobiografia di uno sportivo. Non che ci fosse un motivo particolare, forse, inconsciamente pensavo che uno sportivo non aveva una storia interessante da raccontare, che l'uomo dietro l'atleta aveva poco da dire, probabilmente credevo che uno sciolinare continuo di risultati sportivi mi avrebbe tediato, annoiato a morte.

Open è l'autobiografia di Andre Agassi, pubblicata nel 2011 da Einaudi nella collana "Stile Libero". Alla stesura ha contribuito in modo sostanziale J. R. Moehringer, giornalista premio Pulitzer. Costretto ad allenarsi fin da quando aveva quattro anni da un padre dispotico ma determinato a farne un campione a qualunque costo, Andre Agassi cresce con un sentimento fortissimo: l'odio smisurato per il tennis. Contemporaneamente però prende piede in lui anche la consapevolezza di possedere un talento eccezionale. Ed è proprio in bilico tra una pulsione verso l'autodistruzione e la ricerca della perfezione che si svolgerà la sua carriera sportiva. Con i capelli ossigenati, l'orecchino e una tenuta più da musicista punk che da tennista, Agassi ha sconvolto l'austero mondo del tennis, raggiungendo una serie di successi mai vista prima.

Il libro è stato inserito da Alessandro Baricco tra le cinquanta migliori letture degli ultimi dieci anni, e Baricco non è il primo che passa per strada.

Quando ho cominciato a leggere la storia di Agassi, dietro consiglio del mio maestro di tennis, è stata una sensazione come quando alzi la pallina per aria e stai per battere un servizio, non sai veramente dove ti può portare quel colpo, se sarà "in" o "out", se il tuo avversario la respingerà restituendola con forza decuplicata, oppure se sarà un "ace"... decisamente questa lettura è stata un "ace" spettacolare.

Mentre le ore passano, i giorni pure, e le pagine scorrono fino all'ultima, ti rendi conto improvvisamente che sei arrivato a leggere i ringraziamenti, li leggi due volte e ti accorgi che stai cercando di non finirlo, non vuoi che finisca, non posso averlo finito, no. Ed è allora che t'invade la malinconia che si prova "la domenica sera dopo un fine settimana idilliaco.". Bello, bellissimo, una storia scritta bene e coinvolgente e piena, spessa. Assolutamente ironico e al tempo stesso profondo... ammetto che in certi passaggi mi ha commosso.

Una vita intensa, spettacolare, costellata di amori, successi, tremende cadute e... rinascite. Un testo che si può leggere anche interattivamente: su YouTube sono presenti, in tutto o in parte, tutti gli incontri più importanti descritti nel libro.

Un libro che cattura ed avvince al pari di un thriller ben scritto. Lo consiglio assolutamente anche ai non amanti del tennis e ringrazio profondamente il mio maestro che mi ha consigliato di leggerlo.

Milkiways: i might be mendacity if I went for it simply because i used to be attracted to Andre Agassi or his life. i feel you recognize approximately whom i used to be curious. Yup! it truly is Steffi Graph... There wasn't a lot approximately her although (apparently she is especially inner most and Agassi revered that so no proceedings there) Even though, I wasn't drawn to him or his existence through the tip of the publication all i'll say is there wasn't a unmarried observe the place I hadn't felt something for this nice man. If I needed to say one ebook that i've got ever learn no longer with my eyes as an alternative with my middle that might be Open.

Andreas Ernst: The ebook presents loads of visibility into Agassi's life. His love-hate dating with tennis, his upbringing, his ups and downs in life, his courting with Steffi Graf and his confession on taking functionality improving drugs! All in all a great, interesting and enjoyable read!

Candy: it's difficult to understand what to assert approximately this book. it's a unusual book! It has a wierd tone. it's a page-turner. Why? i am not sure. Agassi hates tennis. Agassi performs tennis lengthy after his friends have retired even on the aspect the place his physique is only keeping on. Agassi has an insane dad. So insane and high-strung and concerned with his kids' tennis that it sort of feels love it cannot be true. The media does not get Agassi. The media thinks he is a brash younger a-hole. yet he acts like a brash younger a-hole. yet he is misunderstood via the media. He sees Brooke Shields on cover. He marries Brooke Shields. Following his separation from Brooke Shields, his good friend predicts that he'll marry and begin a family members with Steffi Graf inside of a number of years. He does simply that. And, of course, Steffi Graf's father is simply as insane as Agassi's father. And did I mention, Steffi Graf hates tennis. Thoughts relating to tennis: being a very good returner will be awesome. remove their serve. hit winners off their serve. hit the ball earlier. step in. you would not have to be ideal and play each element perfectly. occasionally trash avid gamers play greater opposed to strong pictures and fumble should you commence hitting them shit. tennis players, even the professionals, disintegrate and crash and burn on sure days opposed to definite gamers and do splendidly in possible related situations. you're by no means out of a match, no matter if down through one or sets. His ultimate trainer was once all covered as much as be Marat Safin's coach, yet Agassi convinces him to develop into his trainer intsead because Safin's "a unfastened cannon." Love it. I by no means knew that a whole lot men think/thought that Steffi Graf is hot. i believe she could be a butterface to some, yet a scorching goddess to others; yet nobody will query that she has great legs and nice game. Upon enjoying Federer for the 1st time Agassi understands that he'll now not manage to beat Federer; that Federer has a complete assorted point and no weaknesses (unlike Pete Sampras, who generally beats Agassi yet has weaknesses, or so Agassi claims). Upon enjoying Nadal he is familiar with that he'll now not be capable to beat Nadal. He hasn't ever noticeable an individual circulate that approach at the tennis court. Crazy how 'fast' time flies by. the fellows who Agassi was once taking part in as regards to his retirement at the moment are the blokes who ruled for years yet are (said to be) on their means out.

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