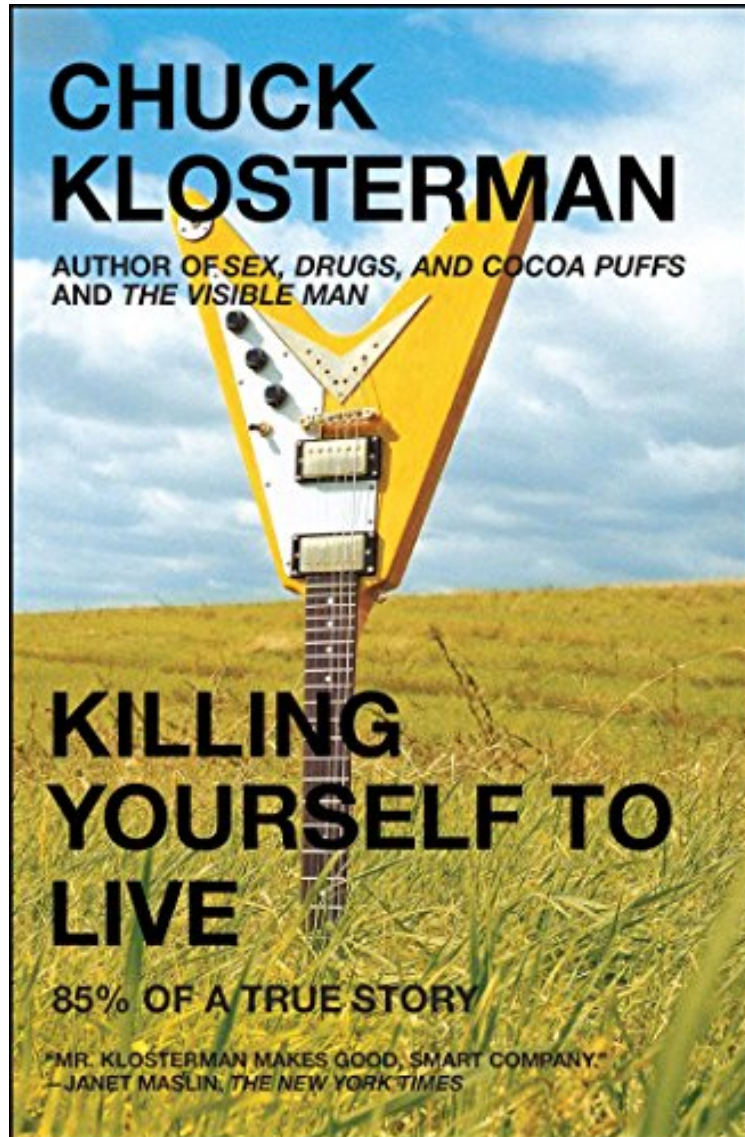


(Download pdf) Killing Yourself to Live: 85% of a True Story

Killing Yourself to Live: 85% of a True Story

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Chuck Klosterman : Killing Yourself to Live: 85% of a True Story before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Killing Yourself to Live: 85% of a True Story:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. the burnt patch in Rhode Island that used to be a bar where dozens lost their lives thanks to Great Whites trying to re-live thBy Richard Bissell Why do we care about Chuck Klosterman? There is nothing truly remarkable about his life. I disagree with 97 percent of what he has to say about music. The way he holds his political cards close to his chest makes me suspicious. And yet, once I start one of his books, I cant put it

down. Killing Yourself to Live is no exception. It takes us on a drug-fueled odyssey across the United States with stops at famous rock and roll death sites (the seedy hotel where Sid Vicious did himself in; the burnt patch in Rhode Island that used to be a bar where dozens lost their lives thanks to Great Whites trying to re-live their, ahem, glory days; the patch of ground Buddy Holly's plane collided with; Cobain's death room, etc.). As is the case with many young-ish writers today (to wit: Sarah Vowell), Klosterman's book stated purpose serves merely as an ostensible vehicle for the author to write about himself, his life, his loves, etc. One might be tempted to write this off as narcissism or myopia, but Klosterman somehow manages to wrest insights into the human condition out of the twisted, emotional menagerie that is his psyche. Yes, he's self-absorbed, but in such a fashion that his sharing it with us feels like a gift of sorts.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. The Greatest Lame Road Trip Ever By Jim Martin

Chuck Klosterman is an acquired taste. But like a fine scotch or even an unfiltered cigarette, once you acquire that taste, you may find yourself inexorably addicted to his musings. This book isn't a story about the life and death of rock stars. It's not even a story about rock and roll really, it's a story about being a guy that loves music, sees his relationships through tunes and can't quite get out of the mindset of a teenage boy, even after crossing the age divide that is "being 30." To be fair, Chuck's affinity for KISS and his turns of phrase when talking about the important ladies in his life is something all too familiar to this reader, but that's the kind of thing that makes this book essential. This book is like a road trip in itself, but more than that, it's kind of like meeting a new best friend in college - and you stay awake all night in your dorm, like for no reason - just because if you go to sleep, you won't be having this intense connection and friendship with them. So your focus drifts, you don't stick to the thesis of the conversation, your synapses fire and they find you tangentially relating the quintessential live recordings of Bruce Springsteen when you initially started talking about movies that you love and High Fidelity gets mentioned and there you go - Bruce is there. But that's the beauty of this book. It's the relationships, insight to a lack of insight and emotionally stunted anecdotes of someone you want to meet when you meet someone new. As a writer, reader and ultimately a massive KISS fan, I can't recommend this book enough... Though I know that it's not as cohesive as a book maybe should be... and he did bail on LA, which would have made for some good chapters... I still can't help but love this book. I enjoyed every page and I am sad that I'm not reading it anymore. So it's a 5/5... Yeah, I started it at a 4/5, but that empty want for more makes me think that it should be a 5/5. Put on a good record, pour yourself a cocktail and turn on the lamp...

0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The short and winding road book By David from T.O.

If I wrote a book I'd expect it would be a lot like this one. The reason being that when I'm left to my own musings I'm just not a linear thinker. It's not that I go in all different directions. It's that the road to my destination goes serpentine. I'm distracted with thoughts that apply on the fringe and so I'd certainly want to stop and describe where my brain is meandering. That's exactly what Klosterman does here. I do not have author Klosterman's excuse for such mental behavior as I am not a recreational drug user. If this writing technique of ours is actually one that readers appreciate then I should be grateful to my mother for allowing me to skip the inevitable depression that comes of drug and alcohol abuse (and in giving me a timely advantage) by dropping me on my head as a child. I don't actually remember being dropped on my head, but given the unexplained upper forehead scar, my non-drug addled brain, and yet having a Klosterman-esque propensity to mentally wander, I expect she did. Now I must add a, "buyer beware!" One would normally expect that if an author takes a roundabout course to get where he's going, and if he has a lot to say about his actual topic, then you're going to have a fairly lengthy read. This book is a tiny read. It follows then that Klosterman doesn't end up writing very many pages on topic; that is if his topic is suppose to be dead rock stars. I bought the book because I wanted to read about dead rock stars and I wanted to be entertained by Klosterman's wit. What we get is a little of both.

Building on the national bestselling success of *Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs*, preeminent pop culture writer Chuck Klosterman unleashes his best book yet the story of his cross-country tour of sites where rock stars have died and his search for love, excitement, and the meaning of death. For 6,557 miles, Chuck Klosterman thought about dying. He drove a rental car from New York to Rhode Island to Georgia to Mississippi to Iowa to Minneapolis to Fargo to Seattle, and he chased death and rock n roll all the way. Within the span of twenty-one days, Chuck had three relationships endone by choice, one by chance, and one by exhaustion. He snorted cocaine in a graveyard. He walked a half-mile through a bean field. A man in Dickinson, North Dakota, explained to him why we have fewer windmills than we used to. He listened to the KISS solo albums and the Rod Stewart box set. At one point, poisonous snakes became involved. The road is hard. From the Chelsea Hotel to the swampland where Lynyrd Skynyrd's plane went down to the site where Kurt Cobain blew his head off, Chuck explored every brand of rock star demise. He wanted to know why the greatest career move any musician can make is to stop breathing...and what this means for the rest of us.

From Publishers Weekly Klosterman follows up on 2003's *Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs* by expanding on an article he wrote for Spin about driving cross-country to visit several of America's most famous rock and roll death sites, from the Rhode Island club where more than 90 Great White fans died in a fire, to the Iowa field where Buddy Holly's plane crashed. Along the way, Klosterman opines on rock music, never afraid to offend as when he interprets a Radiohead

album as a 9/11 prophecy or reminds readers that before Kurt Cobain's suicide, many preferred Pearl Jam to Nirvana. The quest to uncover these deaths' social significance is quickly overwhelmed by Klosterman's personal obsessions, especially his agonizing over sexual relationships. He applies semifictional techniques to these concerns, inventing an imaginary conversation in the car with three girlfriends that becomes the book's centerpiece. This literary cleverness recalls classic gonzo journalism, but also contains a self-conscious edge, inviting comparison to Dave Eggers. Klosterman also worries his neuroses will brand him as "the male Elizabeth Wurtzel," but he needn't fret. Despite their shared subject matter of drug use and cultural musing, Klosterman has clearly established that he has a potent voice all his own. Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Bookmarks Magazine Armed with 600 CDs in the back seat, a task of gargantuan rock n roll proportions, memories of three dysfunctional relationships (an ex, a sort of ex, and a true love), and a wild imagination, Klosterman is in good shape for his cross-country death trip. A few critics compared his pop-culture musings to Nick Hornby's *High Fidelity*. Yet Klosterman (*Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs* *** Nov/Dec 2003) tries harder, indulges himself more, chats faster, uses more gimmicks, and doesn't achieve Hornby's heights. But Klosterman is nothing if not articulate about music, and his light, humorous touch often reveals meatier themes and revelatory insights about not only music but also life and death, particularly his own life. Reading Klosterman is like sitting in a bar with a good friend. It's fun, but when it's time to leave, it's time to leave. Copyright 2004 Phillips Nelson Media, Inc. From Booklist Klosterman runs rock to ground in this "death project" that opens with him poking about in the notorious Chelsea Hotel, where Sid Vicious associate Nancy Spungen died. The manager, discerning Klosterman's interest--and wanting no publicity--asks him to leave. A great takeoff for this grim but snappy travelogue and disquisition on death, fame, substance abuse, and rock 'n' roll. Pursuing further enlightenment, Klosterman visits the scene of Lynyrd Skynyrd's fatal crash, muses on Cotard's syndrome, and ruminates on the fates of Waylon Jennings and Buddy Holly. Jennings, then touring with Holly, didn't board the plane that went down with the latter aboard, consequently outliving the bespectacled star, only to gain renown as narrator of *The Dukes of Hazzard*--"a better legacy than being the unofficial namesake for an entire genre of eyeglasses?" Klosterman asks, as one well might. Klosterman's keen eye for American pop-cultural themes and undercurrents facilitates thoughtful observation, and his prose brings those themes and undercurrents together in strange, fresh ways. A treat for the adventurous. Mike Tribby Copyright American Library Association. All rights reserved