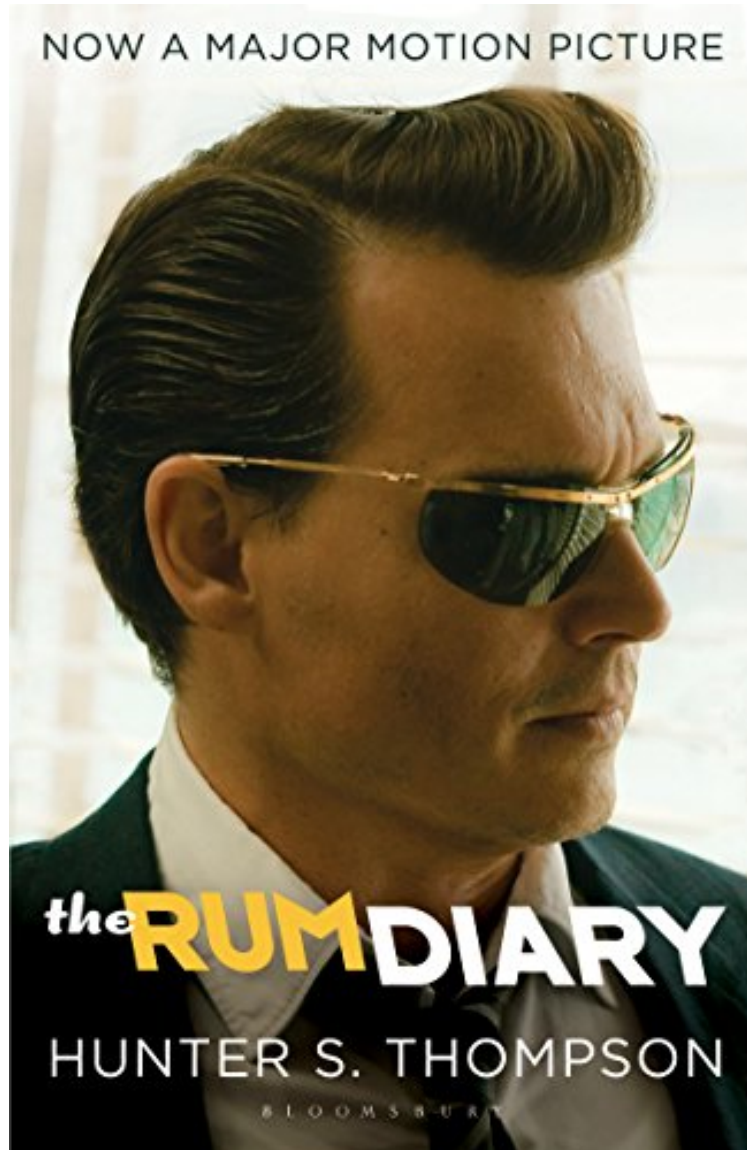


[Ebook free] Rum Diary

Rum Diary

Von Hunter S. Thompson

*DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub*



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

Produktinformation -Verkaufsrank: #217654 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2011-10-17Erscheinungsdatum: 2011-10-17File Name: B006072QTK | File size: 27.Mb

Von Hunter S. Thompson : Rum Diary before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Rum Diary:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Had an \$800 windfall today am now quite drunk on Old Crow. (HST)Von expressThompson had traveled from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico in 1960 to write for the new and struggling bowling magazine El Sportivo on the island. About ten years later the book, one of the funniest, most original works of the last four decades was ready, but he didnt find a

publisher until 1998. The Rum Diary - close to Thompson's own early experience in journalism's liquor-soaked trenches - is set in San Juan in the late 1950s and involves an American journalist named Paul Kemp, who is thirty-three years old and who's grown tired of New York. So he decides on a lark to take a job with the San Juan Daily News. Why not? he tells the staff photographer when he arrives. A man could do worse than the Caribbean. The photographer grunts, You should've kept on going south. So, Kemp starts to investigate and discovers the bowels of the sunny, rum-laden myth of his new habitat: The government is corrupt and the locals don't exactly appreciate the yanqui carpetbaggers. On top of that, the San Juan Daily News is rapidly collapsing. Equally rapidly Kemp runs into numerous scuffles with the law and bitter editors, but basically he collides with himself, whether falling in love with the unattainably beautiful Chenault - a fellow American refugee - or contemplating his morality (and mortality) while trapped in the snare of one lost weekend after another. I ... sat there and drank, trying to decide if I was getting older and wiser, or just plain old, he says. Hunter did most of the writing in a rented cabin at Big Sur, California, where he was already deemed persona non grata by the overflowing artistic community there, which was not as avant-garde as some admirers would have it. Hunter claimed that there will be a great shrieking and tearing of hair when the book will be published. In the story lurks the prophecy of Hunter's future as a masterful American prose stylist and journalistic fictionist. The tools he would use in the years ahead, his bizarre mockery of society, and the paranoid anger of the outlaw, all can be recognized in this clever imagination in San Juan. They should become typical of his work. Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, his paean to drug madness that consolidated his growing fame, turned him into the gonzo journalist with the public clout of a rock star. 7 von 8 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Rausch und Wahrheit in Puerto Rico Von Ein Kunde Diese Welt war mal ein Ort, wo man, wenn man's richtig anpackte, frei sein konnte. Hunter S. Thompson, berühmt und - vor allem - berechtigter Erz-Journalist, kannte die Kniffe, die es dazu bedurfte, wohl am besten. Raus aus der harten, tristen Realität der US Hauptstadt Washington und ab in die Karibik und dann mal sehen was es dort als Midlife-Crisis gefährdeter und Paranoia gebeutelter Journalist abzurufen gibt. Thompson nimmt den Leser mit auf die Traumhafte Karibik Insel Puerto Rico, wo es nur Rum zu geben scheint und "Männer 24 Stunden am Tag schwitzen". Begleitet von bizarren Charakteren, Gewalt und Alkohol entwickelt das Buch das starke Gefühl, Tun und Lassen zu können, wonach einem der Sinn steht, da sich irgendwie alles von selbst löst und irgendwer schon bezahlen wird. Ein wirklich großartiges Buch - mit einer Spannung als würde man sich auf eine Interkontinentalrakete setzen und sich krampfhaft festhalten während sie mit brutaler Energie auf ein unbestimmtes Ziel losrast. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. It's Either Half Empty or Half Full Von Marc Mostransky When I first picked up this novel, I struggled through the first 30-40 pages, asking myself if the only reason I was continuing was because my brother gave it to me as a Christmas gift. Slowly, very slowly the loose ends of this novel began to come together, and I began to realize what I, personally, could get out of The Rum Diary. Between the lines of this novel I began to see the old words of F. Scott Fitzgerald; suddenly Nick Carraway was moving from the West to the more corrupt East. The Rum Diary offers a similar scenario, but it doesn't stop there. Get rid of the glamorous Long Island of The Great Gatsby and throw all of the characters into Joseph Conrad's The Heart of Darkness, which happens to be mentioned in The Rum Diary. When you understand that The Rum Diary is a combination of these elements, you will revel in the simple fact that what goes on in this novel is not meant to be completely understood. Thompson does a fine job keeping the reader from caring about his characters until you move past 100-120 pages. Off the top of my head I can't even remember our main character's name, but other characters like Sala, Sweep, Yeamon and Chenault stand out. Everyone has their own agenda for being in Puerto Rico. These inner ambitions become altered as the heat and monotony of the day become the clothing of each character. They only seem alive when they live in this setting like they are meant to -- naked. This book will most likely appeal to a part of you that you were not aware of, but it will take the whole book to find this. Don't simply add this to your bookshelf after reading 20-30 pages. Hang in there because The Rum Diary will prove its value.

Kurzbeschreibung Paul Kemp has moved from New York to the steamy heat of Puerto Rico to work at the Daily News. He starts hanging out at Al's Backyard, a local den selling booze and hamburgers to vagrant journalists who are mostly crazy drunks on the verge of quitting. Then he meets Yeamon, whose delectable girlfriend has Kemp stewing in his own lust. But the idle tension that builds up in places where men sweat twenty-four hours a day is reaching a violent breaking point...de"Disgusting as he usually was," Hunter Thompson writes in this, his 1959 novel, "on rare occasions he showed flashes of a stagnant intelligence. But his brain was so rotted with drink and dissolute living that whenever he put it to work it behaved like an old engine that had gone haywire from being dipped in lard." Surprise! Thompson isn't writing about himself, but one of the other, older, aimlessly carousing newspapermen in Puerto Rico, a guy called Moberg whose chief achievement is the ability to find his car after a night's drinking because it stinks so much. (I can smell it for blocks, he boasts.) The autobiographical hero, Paul Kemp, is 30, trapped in a dead-end job (Thompson wound up writing for a bowling magazine), and feeling as if his big-time writer dreams, soaked in Fitzgerald and Hemingway, are evaporating as rapidly as the rum in his fist. In fact, Thompson was only 22 when he wrote The Rum

Diary, but his fear of winding up like Moberg was well founded. What saved him was the fantastic conflagration of the 1960s, a fiery wind on which the reptilian wings of his prose style could catch and soar to the cackling heights of Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. Puerto Rico in 1959 doesn't have bad craziness enough to offer Thompson--just a routine drunken-reporter stomping by local cops and a riot over Kemp's friend's temptress girlfriend, a scantily imagined Smith College alumna who likes to strip nude on beaches and in nightclubs to taunt men. Thompson's prose style only intermittently takes tentative flight--compare the stomping scenes in this book with his breakthrough, Hell's Angels--but it's interesting to see him so nakedly reveal his sensitive innards, before the celebrated clownish carapace grew in. It's also interesting to see how he improved this full version of the novel from the more raw (and racist) excerpts found in the 1990 collection Songs of the Doomed (available on audiocassette, partly narrated by Thompson). --Tim Appelo.co.uk

"Disgusting as he usually was," Hunter Thompson writes in this, his 1959 novel, "on rare occasions he showed flashes of a stagnant intelligence. But his brain was so rotted with drink and dissolute living that whenever he put it to work it behaved like an old engine that had gone haywire from being dipped in lard." Surprise! Thompson isn't writing about himself, but one of the other, older, aimlessly carousing newspapermen in Puerto Rico, a guy called Moberg whose chief achievement is the ability to find his car after a night's drinking because it stinks so much. (I can smell it for blocks, he boasts.) The autobiographical hero, Paul Kemp, is 30, trapped in a dead-end job (Thompson wound up writing for a bowling magazine) and feeling as if his big-time writer dreams, soaked in F. Scott- Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, are evaporating as rapidly as the rum in his fist. In fact, Thompson was only 22 when he wrote The Rum Diary, but his fear of winding up like Moberg was well founded. What saved him was the fantastic conflagration of the 1960s, a fiery wind on which the reptilian wings of his prose style could catch and soar to the cackling heights of Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas. Puerto Rico in 1959 doesn't have bad craziness enough to offer Thompson--just a routine drunken reporter stomping by local cops and a riot over Kemp's friend's temptress girlfriend, a scantily imagined Smith College alumna who likes to strip nude on beaches and in nightclubs to taunt men. Thompson's prose style only intermittently takes tentative flight-- compare the stomping scenes in this book with his breakthrough, Hell's Angels --but it's interesting to see him so nakedly reveal his sensitive innards, before the celebrated clownish carapace grew in. It's also interesting to see how he improved this full version of the novel from the more raw (and racist) excerpts found in the 1990 collection Songs of the Doomed --Tim Appelo, .com