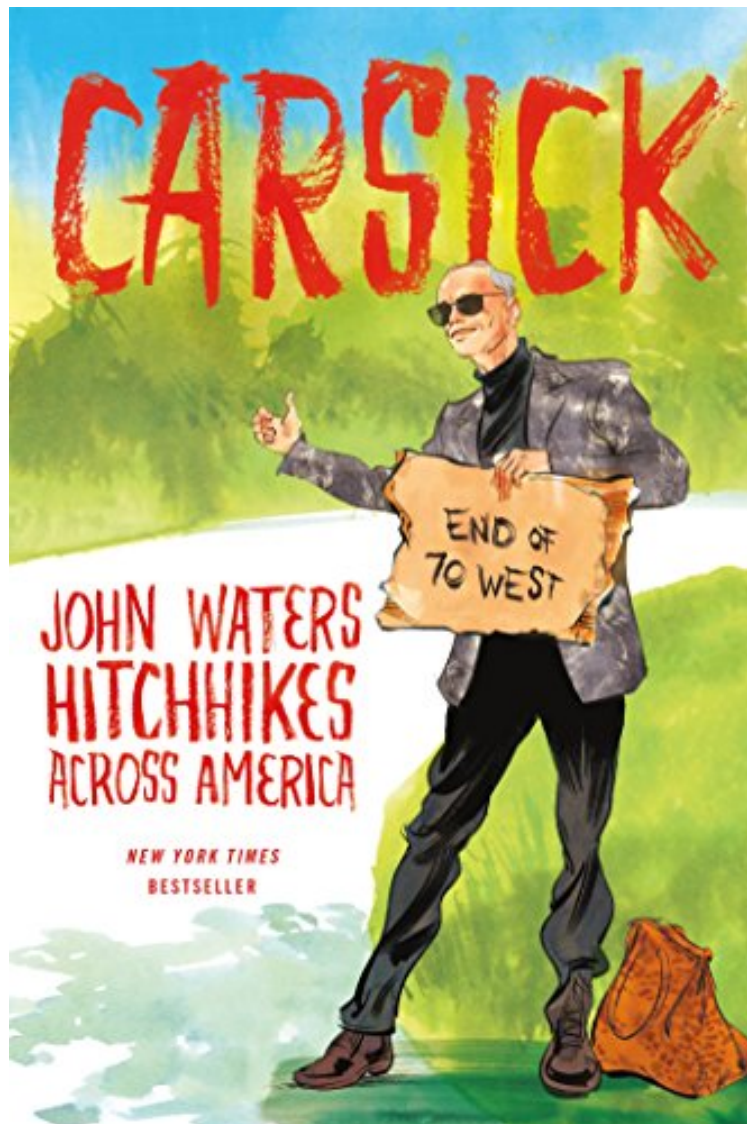


## Carsick: John Waters Hitchhikes Across America

*John Waters*

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**John Waters : Carsick: John Waters Hitchhikes Across America** before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Carsick: John Waters Hitchhikes Across America:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. You have to know and love John Waters and his work to "get" this book. By Richard E. Pozzuto John Waters' movies and books remind me of my own twisted suburban filthy fantasied life. Though I never made filthy movies or have never published a filthy book, I have done all these things and more in my filthy mind. My own tainted lens of reality finds a voice in John Waters' perspectives and fantasies. This book is a

fantasy AND a biography. Imagine the loneliness of hitchhiking and the wonders of a filthily overactive imagination... well you get that in the first part of the book... all of his fantasies about what could go wildly right and what could go wildly wrong untethered by reality. The second half is the actual story of a 60+ man with sufficient balls and crazy to pack a bag, make a cardboard sign and hitchhike across the country. I listened to the book on a long road trip ... twice. I understand that people like the actual version of events more, but after listening to it a couple times and with my own road hypnosis affecting my mind, I totally get why he did what he did and I'm glad he did. His very existence is nourishing to my heart and to ne'er-do-wells everywhere. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Fun fantasy and reality  
By DJ Arboretum  
This book is written in three parts - fiction the best possible hitchhiking trip across the USA, followed by fiction the worst possible trip across the USA, followed by John Waters' actual hitchhike from Baltimore to San Fransisco. The two fictional stories are completely over top fun. I really enjoyed the worst possilbe trip, it included all the hitchhiker cliches with some really creative horror pick-ups. The non-fiction story really lets us into John Waters' head. Its fun. I found it ironic that after the two fantasy stories that relied so heavily on his public person to drive the story the non-fiction relied on average people and their varied reactions, from taking care not to engage, to caring people going out of their way to help, regardless of who the hitchhiker was. I got the feeling John Waters was really pleasantly surprised how happy the "normal" people he met were. He spent quite a while in Kansas, and I have to admit on a road trip in another part of the US a couple of years ago I met really friendly "normal" people from Kansas. We warned John Waters does let you into his thoughts and his fantasies in the book - don't expect something "nice". 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. The Filthiest Hitchhiker Alive!  
By Emilio Amaro  
A tour across America with the Pope of Trash, couldn't think of anybody better to do a hitchhiking book about. Not only does this book feature John Waters' true account of his hitchhiking trip, but it also has two novellas of what he imagines to be the best hitchhiking trip imaginable which is upbeat and hopeful, but still keeps that level of John Waters' filth that his people such as myself cling to and the worst hitchhiking trip imaginable which tests the main character similar to how Francine Fishpaw was dragged through a living hell in Polyester. Both novellas are fun reads and as imaginative and John Watersish as you'd hope and pray they'd be. It's an amazing read as a man who was either sixty five or sixty six tell you about how he did something very few anymore have the balls to do, something that was so common in his youth. It's a book that is Americana as apple pie and baseball because in my opinion, rest stops and cheap hotels are far more American than the first two any day of the week. I've yet to read On The Road (because I never attended college so I never went through a snobbish stoner beatnik phase) but I assume Carsick to be the more enjoyable and fun read. Like anything John Waters does, he gives you a different flavor that you have yet to try or even imagine, like if your creepy uncle got to invent his own Ben and Jerry's flavor.

Carsick is the New York Times bestselling chronicle of a cross-country hitchhiking journey with America's most beloved weirdo John Waters is putting his life on the line. Armed with wit, a pencil-thin mustache, and a cardboard sign that reads "I'm Not Psycho," he hitchhikes across America from Baltimore to San Francisco, braving lonely roads and treacherous drivers. But who should we be more worried about, the delicate film director with genteel manners or the unsuspecting travelers transporting the Pope of Trash? Before he leaves for this bizarre adventure, Waters fantasizes about the best and worst possible scenarios: a friendly drug dealer hands over piles of cash to finance films with no questions asked, a demolition-derby driver makes a filthy sexual request in the middle of a race, a gun-toting drunk terrorizes and holds him hostage, and a Kansas vice squad entraps and throws him in jail. So what really happens when this cult legend sticks out his thumb and faces the open road? His real-life rides include a gentle eighty-one-year-old farmer who is convinced Waters is a hobo, an indie band on tour, and the perverse filmmaker's unexpected hero: a young, sandy-haired Republican in a Corvette. Laced with subversive humor and warm intelligence, Carsick is an unforgettable vacation with a wickedly funny companion and a celebration of America's weird, astonishing, and generous citizenry.

From Booklist \*Starred \* There's nothing cheaper, ungenerous about Waters, the Pope of Trash (or Filth, or both). His new book is actually three (clap!), three (clap!), three books in one! All are based on the pitch he sold his publisher about hitchhiking from his home in Baltimore to his home in San Francisco. Oh, he knew it was insane! I'm sixty-six years old, for chrissake and so wrote it up in advance, just in case, once imagining The Best That Could Happen, then again envisioning The Worst That Could Happen. Because he is, after all, John Pink Flamingos Waters, both fictional trips are rather similar in terms of weirdness and even scabrousness, at least in the eyes of those who aren't JPFW. Fortunately, except for a handful of incidents (well, maybe more) that body-slam the boundaries of scatological toleration, both are pretty constantly hilarious and, when he somehow encounters such figures from his past as Edith Massey (the Egg Lady in PF) and 1980s gay porn star Johnny Davenport (whom Waters never knew, casually or biblically alas!), sentimental. The real trip, hardly as ludicrous as the preceding fictions, takes longer, involves more drivers, and has Waters growing in admiration for the regular but far from colorless! people who pick him up, especially the married guys who praise their wives to the skies. Traveluh, hitchhiking book of the year? --Ray Olson  
Fantastical and plush . . . Carsick becomes a portrait not just of America's desolate freeway nodes--though they are

brilliantly evoked--but of American fame itself. Lawrence Osborne, *The New York Times Book* In this, the seventh of his books, John Waters--the evil genius of Baltimore, the living, breathing embodiment of camp, the man with the bristling pencil-thin mustache and vocabulary that would make a drill sergeant blush--betrays his deepest and darkest secret. In these pages the apostle of outrage--the actor, writer and director whose contributions to cinematic glory include 'Pink Flamingos,' 'Mondo Trasho,' and 'Hairspray'--reveals himself to be a . . . sentimentalist . . . underlying it all is a highly developed sense of fun, a desire to amuse more than to shock . . . Waters has made a funny engaging and--of course--occasionally outrageous book . . . All in all a cool trip and a delightful book. Jonathan Yardley, *The Washington Post* Mr. Waters has long been that relative rarity among American film directors. He can write. His memoirish volume *Role Models* is observant and light on its feet, and his essays and journalism, sure to be collected in their entirety someday, are fond, exotic well groomed, debonair--'natty,' to borrow one of my father's favorite words . . . This writer has proved himself to be good company. Dwight Garner, *The New York Times* This is all good, dirty subversive fun . . . a good helping of unbridled lewdness is surely to be expected, and no doubt cherished, from the man known as the king of filth and the pope of trash. However, once [Waters] gets on the road and begins his 'real life' adventure, he comes across as a very different, and much more benign and vulnerable, figure. In many ways, he's an innocent . . . He also has to rely on the kindness of strangers, and he finds it everywhere. Quite a few people mistake him for a homeless man and try to give him a handout. Some of this is deeply moving . . . As he says in the book's acknowledgments, 'If I ever hear another elitist jerk use the term flyover people, I'll punch him in the mouth.' I do believe he will. Geoff Nicholson, *San Francisco Chronicle* \*Starred \* Waters idiosyncratically cuts to the core of American diversity, finding the good (and bad) in any situation with biting wit. The unlikely friendship Waters forms with a young Republican politician is an unexpected twist, and a timely tale of bromance in the midst of hardship. If a dyed-in-the-wool conservative and the pope of Trash can have an adventure in Reno together, aren't all things still possible in this world? But for Waters aficionados, the best parts of this enchanting narrative aren't the ones that actually happened. Fans will delight in the two novellas, with Waters at his campiest and most ludicrous, that precede the nonfiction third act . . . Waters devotees take note: this is required reading. Publishers Weekly It's rare to find a book that resembles no other book you've ever read. It's rare to find a book that's both funny and profound. John Waters' *Carsick* is a doubly rare book. Michael Cunningham, author of *The Snow Queen* Face it: Wouldn't you rather strike out on the road with John Waters than Jack Kerouac? Kirkus s\*Starred \* There's nothing cheap--er, ungenerous--about Waters, the Pope of Trash (or Filth, or both). His new book is actually three (clap!), three (clap!), three books in one! All are based on the pitch he sold his publisher about hitchhiking from his home in Baltimore to his home in San Francisco. Oh, he knew it was insane--"I'm sixty-six years old, for chrissake"--and so wrote it up in advance, just in case, once imagining "The Best That Could Happen," then again envisioning "The Worst That Could Happen." Because he is, after all, John "Pink Flamingos" Waters, both fictional trips are rather similar in terms of weirdness and even scabrousness, at least in the eyes of those who aren't J "PF" W . . . Travel--uh, hitchhiking--book of the year? Ray Olson, *Booklist* A flavorful book, with the same cheeky sentimentality we experienced in Water's memoir *Role Models* plus a Divine-sized dose of kitsch. John Waters fans like me will be ecstatic. Annie Coreno, *Publishers Weekly* John Waters is something of a living stunt, in the best possible way. A hero of both American and Americana, Waters has changed the culture of the country as much as any other living filmmaker--Errol Morris, Wes Anderson, or Paul Verhoeven. Choire Sicha, *Bookforum* About the Author John Waters is an American filmmaker, actor, writer, and visual artist best known for his cult films, including *Hairspray*, *Pink Flamingos*, and *Cecil B. DeMented*. He is also the author of a memoir, *Role Models*. He lives in Baltimore, Maryland.