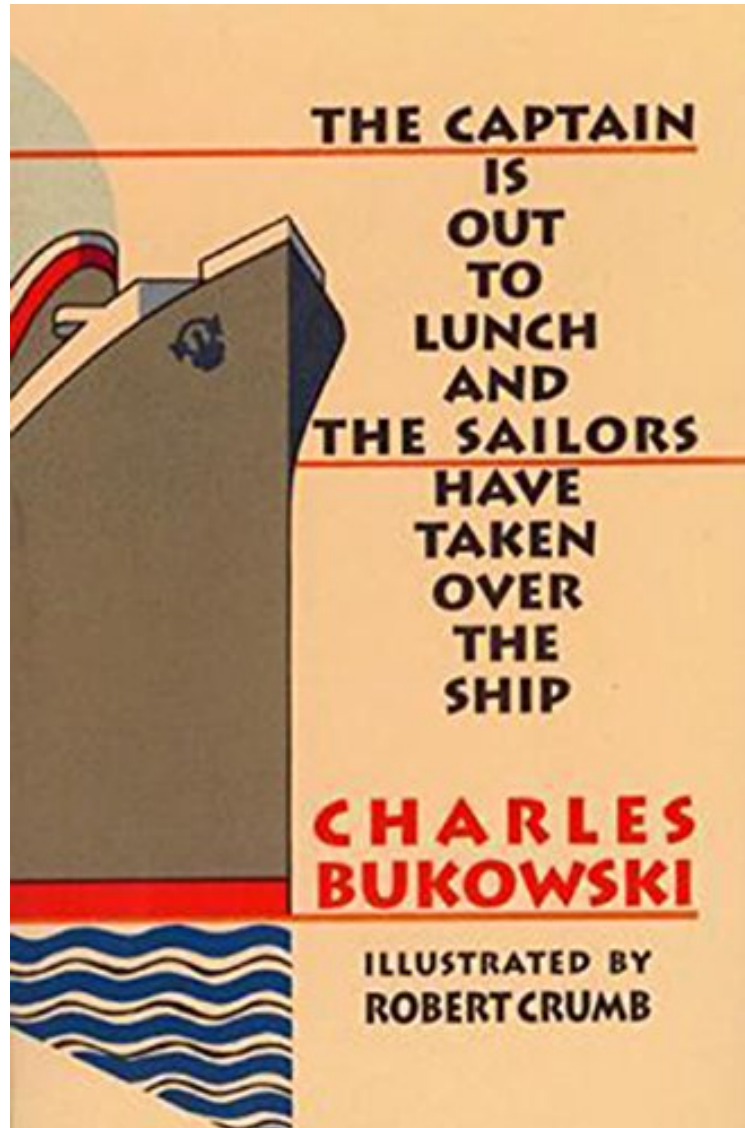


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The Captain is Out to Lunch

Von Charles Bukowski

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Von Charles Bukowski : The Captain is Out to Lunch before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Captain is Out to Lunch:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. How Close Is Bukowski to Being Canonized?Von Ein KundeThis collection of journal entries could appear to be getting at the heart of this author's eminently true-to-life writing, seeing as how his works are so autobiographical. But as he says in the book, "Pain doesn't make writing, a writer does." That is, Bukowski's arduous work as a writer created the

dozens of titles under his name, not some unfiltered suffering and inspiration we may hope to find by digging through his sock drawer to find his diary. Judging from the tendencies of 20th century fame, I suppose the issuing of his journals should come as no surprise; it's only a matter of time until we want to know everything about our heroes. But when fame's momentum starts flying off the handle, when the surname of the artist can weigh enough to publish just about anything he or she has done, it is high time to assess where on the shelf Bukowski's books are placed. Are they alongside volumes of criticism/laudation and reprints with academic forewords and afterwords? Or will we grant his wish stated in his journal entry: "I'm just a block unto myself. I want to stay within that block, unmolested." It seems our inclination is to include him in the literary canon, but it is evident that Bukowski wishes otherwise, ironically so in these posthumously published journals. Consider: "When [the writer] is swayed by the critics, the editors, the publishers, the readers, then he's finished. And, of course, when he's swayed with his fame and his fortune, you can float him down the river with the turds." Where in this turd metaphor is us, his audience, who appears to be swayed by all of the above? von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. another great book from Buk Black Sparrow Von Christopher Farling I await new Bukowski books--and there seems to be no end of material from the John Martin vaults--with a special fervor, probably because he's just about ruined all other writers for me (only a few by Celine stand up). This one did not disappoint my high expectations, and is a special treat for its format: the only diary-style work Buk wrote. Humorous moments abound, but it does lack some of the edge of his best writing. At its worst, it almost goes into a kind of cranky Andy Rooney thing, but he rights the ship every time. Like his treatment of his later material success international fame, Buk toys with the irony that he's doing something so precious self-important as writing diary entries is quick with the "they made me do it" excuse. Clearly, though, he has fun with the style, really, it's quite suited to his work, which focuses on the mundane so much anyway (Buk never fails to mention whenever he takes a doo or pukes throughout his writing). The Crumb illustrations are perfect. What a match between writer illustrator. Overall, it's not my first recommendation for a Bukowski neophyte (I'd choose "Factotum," "Ham on Rye," or "Play the Piano Drunk..."), but then again I recommend his entire output much more so than any one book. von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. This book is a treat and an inspiration Von hms@capital2.com Okay, Buk's been gone what, four years? Five? This has got to be at least his fourth new book since he shuffled off this mortal coil. Kinda spooky, eh? To top it off, this book is great! It works, in many ways, as a bookend to Notes of a Dirty Old Man. Buk's old now and, though he doesn't quite know it, is not so far from death. The book is made up of journal entries of his daily travails. He spends a lot of time at the track and a lot of time thinking about the writing life. The prose sparkles in that wonderful Bukowski way. If you thought you'd never see any good new Bukowski stuff, think again. The old man delivers the goods from Heaven.

Kurzbeschreibung A book length collaboration between two underground legends, Charles Bukowski and Robert Crumb. Bukowski's last journals candidly and humorously reveal the events in the writer's life as death draws inexorably nearer, thereby illuminating our own lives and natures, and to give new meaning to what was once only familiar. Crumb has illustrated the text with 12 full-page drawings and a portrait of Bukowski. From Booklist Something new from Bukowski is always a treat. This posthumous collaboration with comix artist R. Crumb is sublime. Crumb perfectly captures Bukowski's world, which did change over the years. The wall-to-wall drinking and fighting of younger days gave way to the horse track, writing, and mortality. The writing became less compact, but then these writings are late-night journal entries. Bukowski at 71 was using a word processor, keeping his manual typewriter next to the computer (it leered at him when its digital descendant was on the blink). If fans can abide such bourgeois developments as that and the old Bukowski's swimming pool, they will be thoroughly gratified by this book that gives us the same cranky, sardonic, insightful master of gritty expression whose roaring public appearances of the '60s triggered the rebirth of poetry as performance. And oh, yes, this satisfying glimpse of the writer near the end of his career is also a must for Crumb enthusiasts. Mike Tribby Kurzbeschreibung A book length collaboration between two underground legends, Charles Bukowski and Robert Crumb. Bukowski's last journals candidly and humorously reveal the events in the writer's life as death draws inexorably nearer, thereby illuminating our own lives and natures, and to give new meaning to what was once only familiar. Crumb has illustrated the text with 12 full-page drawings and a portrait of Bukowski.