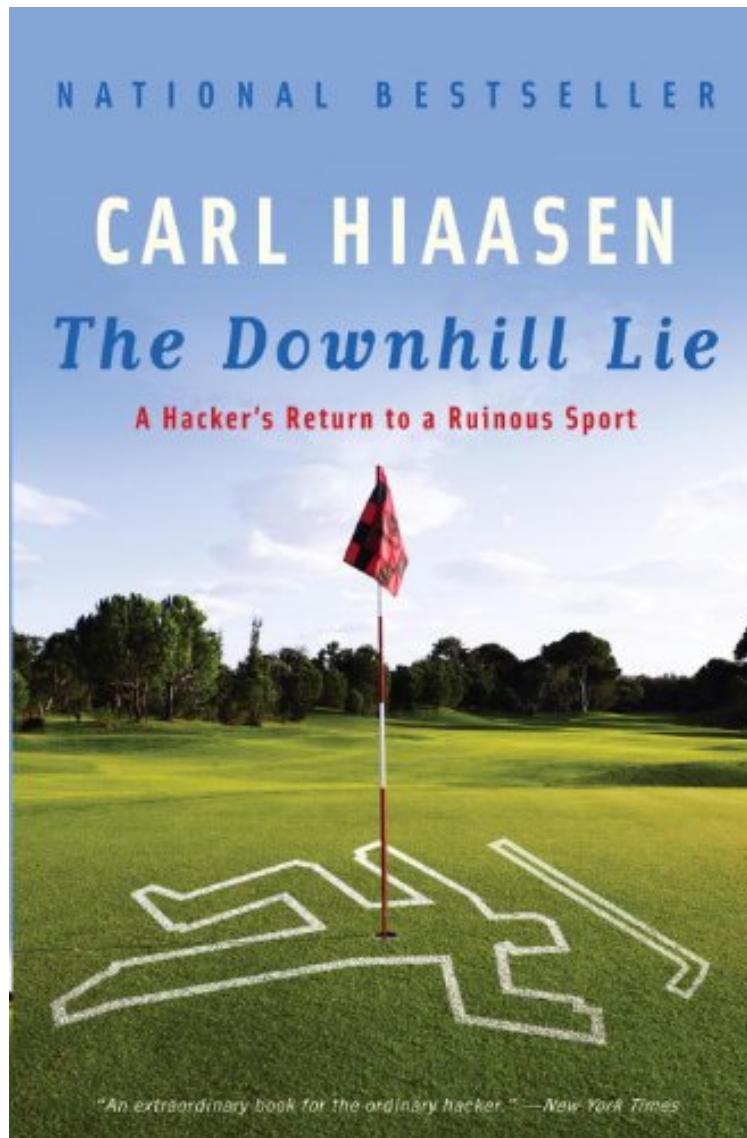


[Ebook pdf] The Downhill Lie

The Downhill Lie

Von Carl Hiaasen

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Von Carl Hiaasen : The Downhill Lie before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Downhill Lie:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Golf Reflections Over a 577 Day BlogVon Donald MitchellIn our own minds, playing the game of golf becomes the kind of titanic tussle that we have so often observed as Tiger, Phil, and Vijay fight it out on some tough course while we watch on television. In fact, when you play the Old Course at St. Andrews, you can hire a video crew to follow you around

on the last few holes and provide commentary. But the reality is far different. Most of us hit many more bad shots than good ones. The appeal of the game quickly becomes beating others in Nassau's abetted by our large handicaps. I came to think of golf's enduring appeal as being in part the opportunity for middle aged people to have their own Little League. Usually, a club will put you together with those of similar ineptitude and you soon forget how bad you are. Being a hacker myself, I was once absolutely floored to watch Chi Chi Rodriguez (all 147 pounds of him) easily lofting shots onto a green 230 yards away from a deep bunker while shooting an advertisement on my home course. Now, I had never gotten onto that green in less than two shots from there (and not often in only two). Years later, I had a chance to meet Chi Chi, and I told him how humbling it had been to watch him. He stared at me for one count and then said, "Now you know how I felt the first time I saw Tiger hit the ball." Having played the game diligently (and poorly) for most of my adult life, I was curious about what it would be like to return to the game as Carl Hiaasen did in his 50's in order to write a book. I was immediately struck that all of the silliness that I had observed in myself and others was reflected in the book. I've always found that observing the frustrations that others experience with golf to be hilarious (but I'm usually able to keep a straight face). Hiaasen makes the same observations about himself that I've often made about others. I admire his ability to see himself as others see him. The trick with golf is to have a carefree attitude: You have more fun and you play better. Hiaasen has more trouble with achieving that emotional distance from his game while playing than he does getting out of a bunker. That overly self-critical attitude adds sourness to the book that would otherwise be totally hilarious. You'll read very funny tales about new uses for clubs you've never considered, weird gadgets that don't work, unexpected things that can go wrong, and superstitious looks for omens. I think this book would have worked better as a series of essays about the silliness of golf obsessions and practices rather than recounting so much about his return to the game. The sections involving David Feherty were a complete stitch, and you could do a whole book about him . . . filled with wisecracks. For those who are dyed-in-the-wool Carl Hiaasen fans, you'll be fascinated by his comments about the environmental implications of building golf courses and his reactions to the wild life he encounters. The book ends on a positive note as his wife and son take up the game, and he recalls great moments spent with his father many years earlier. There are a lot better golf books out there, but none that capture the experiences of the average frustrated golfer any better. It's like reading an autobiography in some ways (in fact, there's a story in here about hitting a fairway shot from a perfect lie that went 3 yards backwards . . . been there, done that). Take dead aim!

Kurzbeschreibung Originally drawn to the game by his father, Carl Hiaasen wisely quit golfing in 1973. But some ambitions refuse to die, and as the years and memories of shanked 7-irons faded, it dawned on Carl that there might be one thing in life he could do better in middle age than he could as a youth. So gradually he ventured back to the dreaded driving range, this time as the father of a five-year-old son and also as a grandfather. What possesses a man to return in midlife to a game at which he'd never excelled in his prime, and which in fact had dealt him mostly failure, angst and exasperation? Here's why I did it: I'm one sick bastard. And thus we have Carl's foray into a world of baffling titanium technology, high-priced golf gurus, bizarre infomercial gimmicks and the mind-bending phenomenon of Tiger Woods; a maddening universe of hooks and slices where Carl ultimately and foolishly agrees to compete in a country-club tournament against players who can actually hit the ball. That's the secret of the sports infernal seduction, he writes. It surrenders just enough good shots to let you talk yourself out of quitting. Hiaasen's chronicle of his shaky return to this bedeviling pastime and the ensuing demolition of his self-esteem culminating with the savage 45-hole tournament will have you rolling with laughter. Yet the bittersweet memories of playing with his own father and the glow he feels when watching his own young son belt the ball down the fairway will also touch your heart. Forget Tiger, Phil and Ernie. If you want to understand the true lure of golf, turn to Carl Hiaasen, who offers an extraordinary audiobook for the ordinary hacker. **BONUS:** This edition includes an excerpt from Carl Hiaasen's *Bad Monkey*. **Pressestimmen** This book is a return by Hiaasen to his best with the sport of golf providing the venue for his unique wit and biting humor. . . . Throughout, he spares no punches on himself. You feel his pain and frustration as he takes three steps forward and two back (usually in the rough). You'll have many laugh-out-loud moments, either at his expense or the expense of those infected by his bad mojo. His fate is always believable and you never tire of his desire to improve (even if aided by questionable pharmaceuticals). You can even learn from his experiences. I don't know if this book can help your stroke, but after reading about his golf cart fiasco, I've been much more diligent to set the emergency brake on my car. If you've never read Carl Hiaasen, this is a great place to start in that it requires no prerequisites, not even a working knowledge of golf. If you have read him before, this is a wonderful return to the magic (albeit voodoo) that is Carl Hiaasen. Scott Mayo, Decatur Daily [Hiaasen] insights into the insane lengths a golfer will go to in hopes of a lower score are always entertaining. If you've been bitten by the golf bug, you'll appreciate every moment of Hiaasen's magnificent obsession. If you haven't, read *The Downhill Lie* and laugh at those of us who have. Howard Shirley, Bookpage [Hiaasen] displays a fine-tuned sense of the absurd. . . . it brims with golf mania. Janet Maslin, The New York Times Any golfer on the downward side of middle age will be able to picture

himself in the authors soft-spiked shoes. And the foibles and embarrassments, as well as the joys, of casual and tournament golf ring true. Mark Graham, Rocky Mountain News Memoir is new territory for him, but Hiaasen is Hiaasen. Fans of his bizarre novels will find his irony and sense of humor remain unaffected on the links. The Florida Times-Union a cleverly written, witty and sometimes wistful look at golf, marriage, human nature and life. Bob D'Angelo, The Tampa Tribune Golfers in general tend to be self-critical, but Mr. Hiaasen is a self-lacerator. He doesn't curse or throw his clubs, but he sighs a lot and asks existential questions like, Why do we do this? and Why are we out here? He plays the way you imagine Samuel Beckett might have played. He can't go on, but he goes on. Charles McGrath, New York Times His analysis of his lessons, hapless rounds and gimmicky golf equipment is hilarious, and his vivid descriptions are vintage Hiaasen . . . With the satirically skilled Hiaasen, who rarely breaks 90 on the links, this narrative is an enjoyable ride. Publishers Weekly It has taken Carl Hiaasen to capture the essence of a game that, like the bagpipes and the kilt, was invented by the Irish and given to the Scots as a joke. Carl's dementia is kind of exquisite. He lampoons the most banal aspects of stodgy blue-blooded American country-club life. The simple act of buying a set of clubs gets the full Hiaasen treatment, and the guilt-ridden angst of the triangular love-hate relationship between himself, his drop-dead beautiful Greek wife, and the drop-dead-you-rotten-bastard Scotty Cameron putter she bought him, is alone worth the price of one for yourself and another for Father's Day. David Feherty From the Hardcover edition. Kurzbeschreibung Originally drawn to the game by his father, Carl Hiaasen wisely quit golfing in 1973. But some ambitions refuse to die, and as the years and memories of shanked 7-irons faded, it dawned on Carl that there might be one thing in life he could do better in middle age than he could as a youth. So gradually he ventured back to the dreaded driving range, this time as the father of a five-year-old son and also as a grandfather. What possesses a man to return in midlife to a game at which he'd never excelled in his prime, and which in fact had dealt him mostly failure, angst and exasperation? Here's why I did it: I'm one sick bastard. And thus we have Carl's foray into a world of baffling titanium technology, high-priced golf gurus, bizarre infomercial gimmicks and the mind-bending phenomenon of Tiger Woods; a maddening universe of hooks and slices where Carl ultimately and foolishly agrees to compete in a country-club tournament against players who can actually hit the ball. That's the secret of the sports infernal seduction, he writes. It surrenders just enough good shots to let you talk yourself out of quitting. Hiaasen's chronicle of his shaky return to this bedeviling pastime and the ensuing demolition of his self-esteem culminating with the savage 45-hole tournament will have you rolling with laughter. Yet the bittersweet memories of playing with his own father and the glow he feels when watching his own young son belt the ball down the fairway will also touch your heart. Forget Tiger, Phil and Ernie. If you want to understand the true lure of golf, turn to Carl Hiaasen, who offers an extraordinary audiobook for the ordinary hacker. BONUS: This edition includes an excerpt from Carl Hiaasen's *Bad Monkey*.