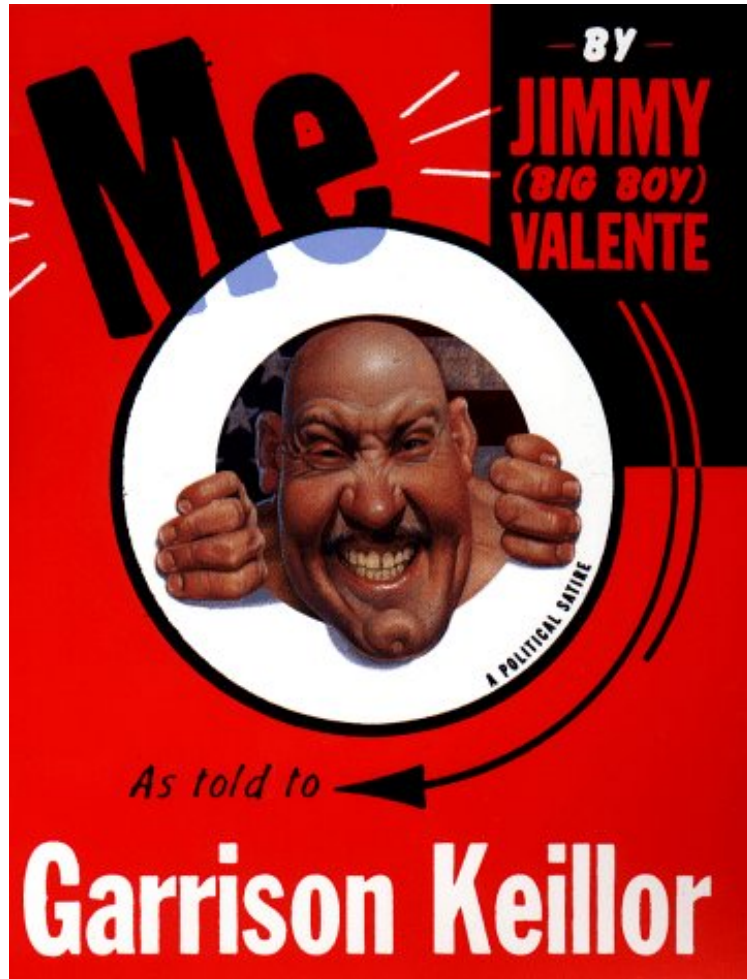


[E-BOOK] Me: by Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente

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Garrison Keillor

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Garrison Keillor : Me: by Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Me: by Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente:

2 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Overall witty, funny but very slow in some spots.By A CustomerThis is nowhere close to the quality of "Lake Wobegon Days" but worth a read, nevertheless. While it is very witty and clever in many places, at other times it really drags and often becomes so silly as to be unbelievable even as the fantasized life of Jimmy "Big Boy" Valente. I think Mr. Keillor rushed this one to the publisher when it could have used some polish and revision.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Me: by Jimmy (Big Boy) ValenteBy Coordinator CliveI've read most of Harrison Keillor's book and rate this as one of his most hilarious as litterally from the first page to the last I was in tears with laughter! A great read!0 of 1 people found the following review helpful. THE BEST!!!By J. BlickThis is our favorite tape--wish it was on CD! We first listened to it on a road trip and nearly drove off the road laughing. A real HOOT!

An uproarious political satire about a professional wrestler who's elected governor "For a professional wrestler with a shaved head and a Fu Manchu to be elected governor of Minnesota -- all I can say is, WOW. Election Day, 1998, was the greatest day in my life. It will be surpassed only by Inauguration Day 2001." So reveals Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente to his ghostwriter Garrison Keillor in the opening pages of ME. With all the press attention focused on Jimmy and his sensational life, he has decided to set the record straight and tell his own story -- from his illegitimate birth and unhappy childhood to his Vietnam War experience, his career as world heavyweight champion of professional wrestling, and his come-from-behind electoral triumph last November. Jimmy told his story to Garrison one weekend the two spent on Maui in January, and Jimmy said, "Print it," and Viking, not wanting to alienate the big guy, will put the book on sale nationwide on March 1, 1999. And what a story it is...Jimmy was conceived in 1954 on a ten-foot oak table at a Minneapolis country club, and given up for adoption, to be raised by Arv and Gladys Oxnard, who named him Clifford. A fearful child, persecuted by his stepsister Eunice who marked an "A" on his forehead, chased by big dogs and gangs, Clifford has a redemptive encounter with a circus freak that leads to a program of body-building and enlistment in the Navy. Clifford enlists under the name Jimmy Valente, and is accepted into the top-secret WALRUS program (Water Air Land Rising Up Suddenly). In Vietnam, his unit vanquishes hordes of Viet Cong, assisted by Jimmy's defector buddy Victor Charlie, "The Rodent," who later comes to haunt Jimmy. When his tour of duty ends, he makes his way to Alaska, where he signs up with a wrestling promoter and creates the ring persona of "The Flower Child" (with daffodils on his head and wearing beads and sandals), a classical wrestling "heel." From wrestlers such as The Duke of Dubuque and Svend the Yellow-Toothed, Jimmy learns the trade and, in one dramatic fall, meets his true love, Lacy Larson, and reinvents himself as "Big Boy" -- a new persona modelled on James Arness, Larry of the Three Stooges, Spiro Agnew, The Grand Exalted Potentate of the Zuhrah Shrine, and Bo Diddley, taking the best from each. By incorporating both good and evil into one character, Big Boy breaks through the old stereotypes and brings wrestling into the modern era. He assembles his Super Team and goes on the road for twelve years, earning millions of dollars and introducing explosives, monster trucks, chain saws, guillotines, and cruise missiles into the sport. At his peak as a wrestler, Jimmy is approached by Earl Woofner, chairman of the Ethical Party of Minnesota, anxious to find a gubernatorial candidate to break the liberal chokehold and open up politics to common sense and honesty. Jimmy throws his hat into the ring for the 1998 election and rides around Minnesota in a rented motor home, campaigning on a simple platform -- that he is not a politician, will never lie, will do his best, and that "it will be fun, doggone it" -- , and he is swept to victory. Jimmy closes his book with a glimpse of his future plans: a match to fight Mashimoto Ishi, the 800-pound Emperor of the East, for six million dollars, and a run for President. "Al Gore, look out," he predicts, "you're obsolete. The fringe has become the center." And that's the story of Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente, as told to Garrison Keillor.

.com You don't need to know squat about wrestler-turned-governor Jesse (The Body) Ventura to read Keillor's book about Gov. Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente--he'll have you doubled up gasping for air, whether you like it or not. Writing in wrestle-speak unleashes Keillor's more rampageous comic impulses. He writes like Joe Bob Briggs, Ethan Coen, Hunter Thompson, and the young tall-tale-teller Mark Twain (whose characters the Duke and the Dauphin he steals). It's not just a Twin Cities tale, either. Once young Jimmy discovers Hank Hercules's mail-order bodybuilding course, he goes from Minnesota bully magnet to globe-straddling he-man. (The book's design echoes Charles Atlas ads.) In Vietnam, Jimmy kicks commie butt with the elite Walrus Corps and meets his lifelong stalker, the V.C. turncoat the Rodent. In Alaska, Jimmy joins the IWW wrestling circuit and makes the monocled bone crusher Oberkapitan Werner Wehrmacht, Vicious Eddie with the zippered cheek, and Dave the Postal Worker look like NPR-listening wimps. Jimmy wrestles a 1,200-pound she-grizzly, and he's man enough to keep interrupting his life story to pick fights with his amanuensis ("Mr. Keillor is a tired old hack with a gecko face and thinning hair and a body like a six-foot stack of marshmallows"). Can Keillor get even? Can Jimmy outwit the Rodent? Will Schwarzenegger's Hollywood pals provoke Jimmy to revise Luther's Small Catechism to permit illegal headlocks? Get the whole stomping lowdown. (And to find out most of what Keillor knows about wrestling, read Professional Wrestling: Sport and Spectacle.) --Tim AppeloFrom Publishers WeeklyIt all started with a running gag on Keillor's radio show, A Prairie Home Companion, spoofing Minnesota's governor-elect, Jesse "The Body" Ventura. Who better than Keillor, the self-branded Minnesota boy of "Lake Wobegon" notoriety, to parody this gloriously cartoonlike political animal from his own territory? This satirical autobiography of professional wrestler Jimmy "Big Boy" Valente made a preemptive strike on Ventura's own rumored book deal, beating him to publication. As with most Keillor material, it translates more gracefully as audio than in print. Keillor's timing and delivery are specifically honed to spoken presentation, sharpened by his years doing radio (and aided in places by impersonator Russell as the voice of Valente). Born Clifford Oxnard, Valente is adopted as a child and tormented by the bullies of tough South Minneapolis. He becomes a Navy "Walrus," serving in Vietnam before returning as a 300-lb. hulk to conquer the spandex-tights world of professional wrestling. Taking a challenge from his hero, Arnold Schwarzenegger, he ultimately runs for political office. Despite his skill, Keillor recklessly throws himself headlong into the material and has trouble sustaining his sharpness for the durationThe joke starts to wear thin. Based on the 1999 Viking hardcover. (Apr.) Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Library

Journalist Keillor's barely veiled satire of fellow Minnesotan Jesse "The Body" Ventura's improbable gubernatorial run received mixed reviews in book form: some thought the tale was deftly timed, while others found it instantly stale. But the multitalented author (Wobegon Boy) is best-known as a radio host, so an audio version should be a bonus. In theory. However, the story of young Clifford Oxnard's transformation into Jimmy (Big Boy) Valente thanks to bodybuilding and a stint in the elite Navy Walrus unit (read: SEALs) contains rather infrequent laughs. Keillor's appropriately biting take on Valente's political career ("I'd like to see any governor match me in merchandise sales") comes too little, too late. Moreover, the audiobook suffers from an incongruous tone: Keillor's droll, public radio voice doesn't sound appropriate for his character, even though the tape is billed "as told to." And when Tim Russell performs Valente's voice to animate verbatim quotes, the cartoonish quality just adds to the incongruity of this effort. Recommended only where Keillor is popular. Norman Oder, "Library Journal" Copyright 1999 Reed Business Information, Inc.