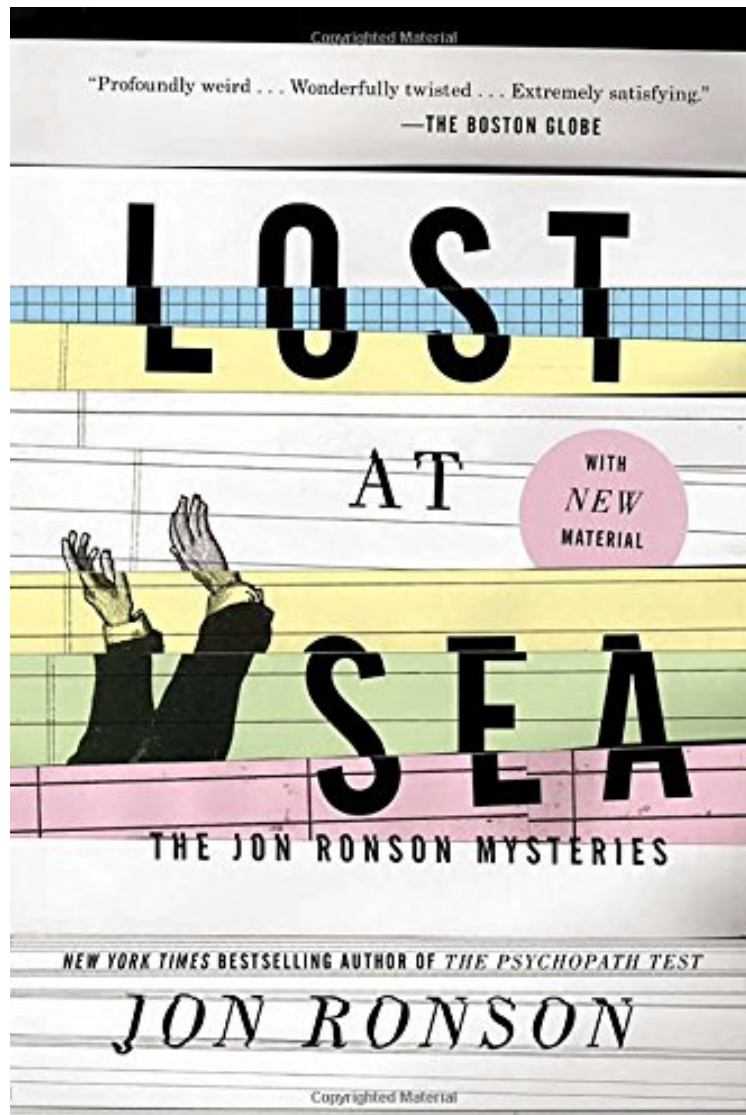


[Free download] Lost at Sea: The Jon Ronson Mysteries

## Lost at Sea: The Jon Ronson Mysteries

*Jon Ronson*

*\*Download PDF / ePub / DOC / audiobook / ebooks*



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

#248935 in Books Riverhead Trade 2013-10-01 2013-10-01Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.18 x 1.04 x 5.49l, .85 #File Name: 1594631956496 pages | File size: 16.Mb

**Jon Ronson : Lost at Sea: The Jon Ronson Mysteries** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Lost at Sea: The Jon Ronson Mysteries:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. A slight miss for RonsonBy AnonymousI have been a fan of Jon Ronson for a long while. I've read all three of his books which were printed in the USA ("Them," "The Men who Stare at Goats," "The Psychopath Test"). Perhaps that was what killed me about "Lost at Sea," I was expecting something of the same quality as his earlier works.I don't want a reader to get me wrong, Ronson's writing style is as clean as ever, the difference is in the overall book. "Lost at Sea" is not a coherent work of long-form journalism. It is a collection of

diverse feature articles from the last decade or so. There seems little added to them since their original publication in the Guardian, and as a person who has followed Ronson enough to have read many of these when he originally published them, I felt slightly cheated by that. I suppose I just want more out of a book than what I felt I was given here. I want Ronson to go more in depth. There are a plethora of great stories in here and I wish Ronson could have taken one of them and turned it into a book. Maybe even a couple of them. Take his articles about people killing themselves over financial troubles and actually explore that, I would have loved that book. I feel as though there is something unfair about my review. I'm not reviewing the book itself, but my disappointment that it wasn't a different book. I suppose that is because I was expecting something more like Ronson's previous work, and perhaps that was unfair of me. Still, I wish there had been more here. I would encourage those who have not read Ronson's other books to get those instead of this one. Particularly the under-rates "Them: Adventures with Extremists." Like "Lost at Sea," it is a book about a variety of subjects, but unlike "Lost at Sea" there is a meta-narrative creating a through line that keeps the book building. There is great writing in this book, it just isn't a great book. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Suddenly, The Simpsons And Springfield Seem Normal By Franklin the Mouse You got to hand it to Mr. Ronson. The guy has a keen eye for the absurd. What is so enjoyable about this collection of articles is his critical observations are presented in a kind and, many times, funny manner. God knows, the reporter could have easily dialed up the sarcasm, but instead remained a complete professional. He apparently has a rare ability to get people to confess some pretty weird thoughts and actions. The author's deadpan delivery makes for some gut-busting laughs. However, being an apparently unworldly Mainer, I did have to google some British slang terms as well as a number of Britain's celebrities who mean nothing to us Americans. The author travels mostly around Europe and the U.S. driven by a desire to know why people did certain odd things. Mr. Ronson investigates the keepsakes found in the home of the deceased and very eccentric, movie director Stanley Kubrick; interviews a handful of British record producers who were/are also predatory pedophiles; exposes the (now late) psychic-fraud Sylvia Browne; follows along with people in the euthanasia underground; explains how credit card companies target the poor and uneducated with devastating results; noses around into the mysterious death of an employee on a Disney cruise ship; shows real-life examples of the economic disparity between the major haves, the some-haves, and the have-nots; and follows a teeny-weenie cult called the Jesus Christians who have members that decide to donate one of their kidneys to strangers in need. Whatever the subject matter, Mr. Ronson always dishes out an educational and highly entertaining piece. "Lost at Sea" is an absolutely priceless collection. I didn't want the Brit's book to end and certainly hope he eventually releases another collection of his articles. You'll laugh as well as be shocked, angry, sad, and come away from the book thinking we live in a friggin' strange, strange, straaaange world. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A wild journey! By Dr FAZ Ronson is such an engaging writer. Much like his other books which I also love, he takes us on a wild and weird journey through our crazy world. A must read.

New York Times bestselling author of The Psychopath Test Jon Ronson writes about the dark, uncanny sides of humanity with clarity and humor. Lost at Sea now with new material reveals how deep our collective craziness lies, even in the most mundane circumstances. Ronson investigates the strange things we were willing to believe in, from robots programmed with our loved ones personalities to indigo children to the Insane Clown Posse juggalo fans. He looks at ordinary lives that take on extraordinary perspectives. Among them: a pop singer whose greatest passion is the coming alien invasion, assisted-suicide practitioners, and an Alaskan town's Christmas-induced high school mass-murder plot. He explores all these tales with a sense of higher purpose and universality, yet they are stories not about the fringe of society. They are about all of us. Incisive and hilarious, poignant and maddening, revealing and disturbing Ronson writes about our modern world, and reveals how deep our collective craziness lies, and the chaos stirring at the edge of our daily lives.

Profoundly weird...wonderfully twisted...extremely satisfying. Boston Globe Initially, it seems that oddities are what...Jon Ronson is after. He's actually really just trying to understand the irrational hopes and desires that drive us all. The Daily Beast Eclectic and fascinating...Ronson treats his subjects fairly but skeptically...his view always framed by an appropriately cocked eyebrow. Entertainment Weekly Absurdly entertaining. Publishers Weekly (starred review) A sterling collection of amazing stories from an offbeat journalist at the top of his game. Kirkus s About the Author Jon Ronson's books include the New York Times bestseller The Psychopath Test, and Them: Adventures with Extremists and The Men Who Stare at Goats both international bestsellers. The Men Who Stare at Goats was adapted as a major motion picture, released in 2009 and starring George Clooney. Ronson lives in London and New York City. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Who Killed Richard Cullen? (This story was published in the Guardian on July 16, 2005, two years before the global financial crash that began with the subprime mortgage crisis of July 2007.) It is a wet February day in a very smoky room in a terraced cottage in Trowbridge, Wiltshire. A portable TV in an alcove plays the news. Everything in here is quite old. No spending spree has taken place in this house. There are wedding and baby and school photographs scattered around. Six children, now all grown up, were raised here. There's a framed child's painting in the toilet, a picture of Wendy Cullen. It reads Supergran. When I

phoned Wendy a week ago she said I was welcome to visit, Just as long as you dont mind cigarette smoke. Im smoking myself to death here. The Congratulations! You have been pre-approved for a loan type junk mail is still pouring through their letterbox. Wendy has just thrown another batch in the bin. You know what the post is like, she says. I dont get all that much credit-card junk mail, I say. I get some, I suppose, but not nearly as much as you do. Really? says Wendy. I assumed everyone was constantly bombarded. Not me, I say. We both shrug as if to say, Thats a mystery. IT WAS A month ago today that Wendys husband, Richard, committed suicide. It was the end of what had been an ordinary twenty-five-year marriage. They met when Wendy owned a B and B on the other side of Trowbridge. He turned up one day and rented a room. Richard had trained to be an electrical engineer but he ended up as a mechanic. He loved repairing peoples cars, Wendy says. Then she narrows her eyes at my line of questioning and makes me promise that I am not here to write a slushy horrible mawky love story. Im really not, I say. So Wendy continues. Everything was normal until six years ago, when she needed an operation. I couldnt face the Royal United Hospital in Bath, she says, so I went private. I took out a four-thousand-pound loan. She says she remembers a time when it was hard for people like them to get loans, but this was easy. Companies were practically throwing money at them. Richard handled all the finances. He said, I can get you one with nought percent interest and after six months well switch you to another one. But then, a few months after the first operation, Wendy was diagnosed with breast cancer and Richard had to take six weeks off to drive her to radiotherapy. The bills needed paying and so, once again, he did that peculiarly modern British thing. He began signing up for credit cards, behaving like a company, thinking he could beat the lenders at their own game by cleverly rolling the debts over from account to account. There are currently eight million more credit cards in circulation in Britain than there are people: sixty-seven million credit cards, fifty-nine million people. He signed up with Mint: Apply for your Mint Card. Youd need a seriously good reason not to. Whats stopping you? And Frizzell: A name you can trust. And Barclaycard: Wake up to a fresh start. And Morgan Stanley: Choose from our Flags of Great Britain range of card designs. And American Express: Go on, treat yourself. And so on. Right now nobody knows how Richard Cullens shrewd acumen fell apart. He wasnt a man that talked a great deal, says Wendy, and he never, ever discussed finances with me. But somehow it all spiraled out of control. Wendy first got the inkling that something was wrong just before Christmas 2004, when the debt-collection departments of various credit-card companies began phoning. He called them back out of his wifes hearing. You know how men will walk around with their mobiles, says Wendy. He used to go out into the garden. She looks over to the garden behind the conservatory extension and says, He was a very proud man. He must have been going through hell. They were very, very persistent. I dont think he was even phoning them back in the end. Finally, he admitted it to his wife. He said he didnt seek out all of the twenty-two credit cards he had somehow ended up acquiring between 1998 and 2004. On many occasions they just arrived through the letterbox in the form of Congratulations! You have been pre-approved . . . junk. He said he thought he owed about 30,000. There had been no spending spree, he said, no secret vices. He had just tied himself up in knots, using each card to pay off the interest and the charges on the others. The fog of late-payment fees and so on had somehow crept up and engulfed him. He got a pair of scissors from the kitchen and cut up ten credit cards in front of her. On January 10, 2005, Richard visited his ex-wife, Jennifer, who later told the police that he seemed very quiet, like hed retreated into himself, like his mind was gone. She asked him how his weekend was. He replied, Not very good. Then he went missing for two days. Nobody knows where he went, says Wendy. On the morning of January 12, Wendys son Christopher looked in the garage. It was padlocked, so he broke in with a screwdriver. There was an old Vauxhall Nova covered with a sheet. I dont know why, Christopher later told the police, but I decided to look under the sheet. Richard Cullen had gassed himself in his car. He left his wife a note: I just cant take this any more and youll be better off without me. WHO KILLED RICHARD CULLEN? For instance: Why did so many credit-card companies choose to swamp the Cullens with junk when they dont swamp me? How did they even get their address? How can I even begin to find something complicated like that out? And then I have a brainwave. Ill devise an experiment. Ill create a number of personas. Their surnames will all be Ronson, and theyll all live at my address, but theyll have different first names. Each Ronson will be poles apart, personality wise. Each will have a unique set of hopes, desires, predilections, vices, and spending habits, reflected in the various mailing lists theyll sign up to from Porsche down to hard-core pornography. The one thing thatll unite them is that they wont be at all interested in credit cards. They will not seek loans nor any financial services as they wander around, filling out lifestyle surveys and entering competitions and purchasing things by mail order. Whenever theyre invited to tick a box forbidding whichever company from passing their details to other companies, theyll neglect to tick the box. Which, if any, of my personas will end up getting sent credit-card junk mail? Which personality type will be most attractive to the credit-card companies? I name my personas John, Paul, George, Ringo, Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick, Titch, Willy, Biff, Happy and Bernard. And I begin.