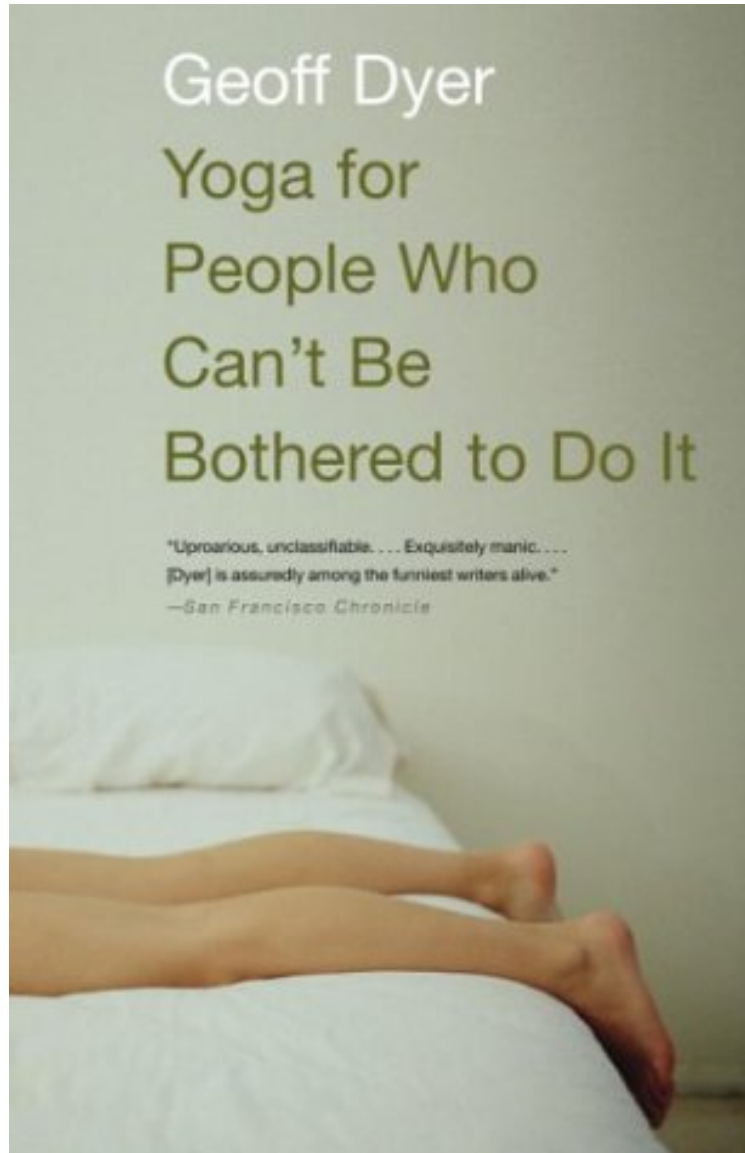


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## Yoga for People Who Can't Be Bothered to Do It

*Geoff Dyer*

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#88181 in Books Geoff Dyer 2004-01-06 2004-01-06Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 7.95 x .56 x 5.201, .45 #File Name: 1400031672272 pagesYoga for People Who Can t Be Bothered to Do It | File size: 78.Mb

**Geoff Dyer : Yoga for People Who Can't Be Bothered to Do It** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Yoga for People Who Can't Be Bothered to Do It:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. waste of timeBy LJS1 star cause there was no category 0 stars0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Very funnyBy bridgetstellaVery good. Very funny. Be prepared to laugh out loud. Dyer is my new hero.1 of 2 people found the following review helpful. A hit and miss collection by a fantastic writerBy J. WohlI generally love Geoff Dyer's work, but I can't give this more than three stars because I felt

like some of the stories were thematically repetitive, diving way too deep into abstractions. Still, it's a great little book to take your mind on a multinational journey to far-flung places like Libya, Burning Man, and the Thai islands, and indulge in Dyer's trenchant observations.

Mordantly funny, thought-provoking travel essays, from the acclaimed author of *Out of Sheer Rage* and "one of our most original writers" (*New York Magazine*). This isn't a self-help book; it's a book about how Geoff Dyer could do with a little help. In these genre-defying tales, he travels from Amsterdam to Cambodia, Rome to Indonesia, Libya to Burning Man in the Black Rock Desert, floundering in a sea of grievances, with fleeting moments of transcendental calm his only reward for living in a perpetual state of motion. But even as he recounts his side-splitting misadventures in each of these locales, Dyer is always able to sneak up and surprise you with insight into much more serious matters. Brilliantly riffing off our expectations of external and internal journeys, Dyer welcomes the reader as a companion, a fellow perambulator in search of something and nothing at the same time.

From *Publishers Weekly* Dyer's ninth book (*Out of Sheer Rage*; *Paris Trance*), a collection of 11 personal essays covering his travels around the globe, begins in New Orleans when Dyer is in his late 20s and concludes in the Nevada desert some 20 years later. In between he touches ground in destinations such as Bali and Amsterdam, usually seeking a "peak experience." More often than not, he is disappointed in his quest, but makes engaging stories of many aimless walks, such as wandering stoned through Amsterdam in search of a lost hotel, touring the ruined Roman city of Leptis Magna, or stumbling upon a suicide on South Beach. Even more intriguing than the far-flung locales he describes—such as Cambodia, Libya and Thailand—are the seemingly pedestrian ones he makes exotic. His essay "The Rain Inside," on experiencing a near emotional breakdown at a techno music festival in Detroit, is a masterpiece, equal parts introspection and cutting observation. Though the moments and perceptions he records are fleeting, Dyer deliberately provides touchstones—repeat references to Auden; the durability of his Teva sandals—that mark a path through the book. Fittingly, it's only when he finds himself in the metaphorical nowhere of the TAZ (Temporary Autonomous Zone) at the Burning Man Festival, that this postmodern pilgrim finally finds his place in the world. This original book from a genuine writer—a modern Montaigne—should provide serious readers with a lasting high. Copyright 2002 Reed Business Information, Inc.

From *Library Journal* Not as tie-dye as it sounds, this book by award-winning novelist/biographer Dyer chronicles what he himself calls "the whole self-journey thing." Copyright 2002 Reed Business Information, Inc.

From *The New Yorker* If Dyer weren't so prolific, it would be tempting to crown him Slacker Laureate. A restless polymath and an irresistibly funny storyteller, he is adept at fiction, essay, and reportage, but happiest when twisting all three into something entirely his own. His latest autobiographical misadventures form an indolent anti-pilgrimage through "places where I stayed and things that have stayed with me." Intending to write a book on the concept of antiquity, he gets stoned and hangs out a lot, occasionally despairing as the ruins he wanders among—in Rome, Libya, Cambodia, and Detroit—seem to mirror the wreckage of his own life. While Dyer comically exaggerates his ineptitude by invoking the insights of Rilke, Auden, Nietzsche, Borges, and Frank O'Hara, the very extent to which their views have informed his suggests that this globetrotter's true home is in literature itself. Copyright © 2005 The New Yorker