

(Online library) Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore

## Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore

*Dave Hill*

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



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

#918057 in Books 2016-05-10 2016-05-10 Original language: English PDF # 1 9.31 x .88 x 6.311, 1.25 #File Name: 0399166750288 pages | File size: 29.Mb

**Dave Hill : Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore:

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. A Quadruple Threat By Ron B. Dave sings, writes, and does great standup. I also imagine that he is a very accomplished dancer. I came to know of Dave initially through his show, King of Miami, on the now-defunct Mojo network, which I thought was hilarious. When he released Tasteful Nudes a few years back, not only was it a very funny book, but it was very touching as well. I was happy to see that this book is also funny and touching, with all new stories. If you don't know Dave Hill, you should. And if you do know him and

have danced with him, please let me know how it was. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The epic greatness that is, Dave Hill By Sarah Okumura Let me just start off by saying that, Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore is the first book I've read from start-to-finish in 6 years! Usually I lose interest, or more pressing concerns take precedence, but not with Dave Hill's divine captivating literature. Dave recounts events within his life in ways that are not only hilarious, but profoundly moving, as well. He cleverly balances relatability the fantastical in ways that evoke the reader to feel connected. It is clearly evident that Dave is very passionate about what he does. Being the rebel that I am, I made the decision to work my way backwards through his books am currently four Chapters deep into Dave's very first book, *Tasteful Nudes*. Thus far, I'd have to say that both books are equally as delicious to devour Chapter-by-Chapter as the other. Fairly certain I had the sole privilege of being able to read, *Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore* by candle-light during a power outage caused by a thunderstorm in my neighborhood. Best-night-ever! This book will not disappoint! In fact, I highly recommend you get an extra copy to give as a gift to your friend or family member so they, too, can partake in discovering enjoying the epic greatness that is, Dave Hill. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Luckily, we all get to live vicariously through Dave Hill By Kingchlo I admit, I was hooked after Dave's first book, *Tasteful Nudes*. But I was also afraid that the second book might not live up to my expectations. Boy, was I wrong. In one chapter, I felt like I was sitting in the same room with Dave and his family, and the next, I felt like I was sitting outside of the Mexican prison with him - hearing every thought that ran through his head. Who lives like this? Luckily for those of us with "regular jobs", we all get to live vicariously through Dave in this book - and its touching yet side-splittingly hilarious chapters.

With his signature matter-of-fact humor, comedian and musician Dave Hill explores his increasingly close relationship with his recently widowed father in a series of painfully funny essays you will want to read again and again by the fire, at the beach, in a truck stop men's room, or just about anywhere. It's your call, really. These days, Dave has just the right amount of spare time to write books at home, preferably in his underwear, but things weren't always perfect. When he found himself pushing thirty while still living with his parents in Cleveland, unsuited for anything but what an "employment expert" vaguely called a career in "art, music, writing, or entertainment," he decided to visit some friends in New York for the weekend and never left. However, getting his life together wasn't as easy as he'd hoped, and even an illegally subletted, rent controlled fifth-floor walk-up studio apartment with a (for the most part) working toilet wasn't glamorous enough to erase the fact that his four siblings were all married with steady jobs and actual human offspring. And in recent years, Dave's father had grown tired of loaning him cash and living alone in the empty family home, neither of which made much sense to Dave, but whatever. Through the process of his father's eventual move to a retirement community, Dave and his dad bonded over the things in life that really matter: scorching-hot rock jams, the gluten allergy craze, eighteen-wheelers, Italian food (pizza and spaghetti), and whatever else could possibly be left after that. Meanwhile, Dave discovered his late-blooming manhood via experiences as disparate and dangerous as a visit to a remote Mexican prison, where he learned that people everywhere love the Eagles, and a martial arts class that pushed his resolve and his groin to their limit. In *Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, Hill's voice is sharp, carefree, laced with just the right amount of profanity, and he is—seemingly despite himself—deeply empathetic as he portrays a difficult time in his family's life and grows up just enough to realize that maybe he and his dad aren't so different after all.

"There's a tender thread running through [this] collection... But it's Hill's impressive comedic storytelling that remains center-stage here. He is a master of the self-knowing, self-deprecating kinds of narratives John Hodgman or Tina Fey might spin." —Ellen B. Konek, *Commonweal* "Don't write off Dave Hill's *Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore* as just part of a trend. The comedian and rocker delves deeper than the usual anecdotes about odd jobs and backstage shenanigans to deliver thoughtful observations about his close relationship with his father." —*Vulture.com* "Hill, rest assured, has the enviable ability to get the peculiarities of his personality across using the written word. The personality that animates every page of his book is that of the lovable slacker, the ne'er-do-well creative type who fully intertwines both his passion for the artistic life with his desire to have as little responsibility as humanly possible.... He will charm you with a beguiling mix of delusional bravado and self-effacing frankness." —*Splitsider.com* "If the rest of this book is as good as that one part I read, I suggest you devour it in one or two sittings." —Todd Barry "Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore will smack you straight across your stupid funny bone." —Michael Ian Black "Just when you think Dave Hill is going to take the easy way out and comment soberly on the human condition, he makes a fart joke and stands up courageously for heavy metal." —Malcolm Gladwell "Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore was delicious. No, I didn't eat it. I just licked it a bunch." —Jim Gaffigan "Dave Hill is a world-famous rock and roll style icon, or at least that's what he'll tell you if you ask him. However, if you read his thoroughly hilarious *Dave Hill Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, you'll find that he's also a warm and witty storyteller." —Andy Richter "For those who look to everything Dave Hill wears with eager expectation, be aware that this long overdue collection of essays does not have any photos. It does not list his current address or contact number. But I have seen Dave wandering around lower Manhattan and he looks really witty and engaging." —Janeane Garofalo "I won't cheapen the greatness of Dave Hill by calling him a

‘messed-up dude’ or a ‘lovable fuck-up.’ Those terms have been dumbed down and monetized by the Hollywood power brokers for years. No, Dave Hill is the real deal, and his book is one of the smartest, funniest, most original collections of fucked-up-guy essays I’ve ever read. Plus, it’s incredibly moving. In other words, save your phone call, Hollywood. Dave Hill doesn’t want your money. This man’s an artist.” —Adam Resnick “In this time of cynical sarcasm, Dave Hill’s magickal humor shines like alight. If you love David Sedaris and Augusten Burroughs, Dave Hill Doesn’t Live Here Anymore belongs on your shelf.” —Damien Echols “The next president’s first official act should be to declare Dave Hill a living national treasure. He is a major figure among American comic writers, past and present. When reading his stuff, I laugh so loud, the neighbors complain.” —Dick Cavett “Dave Hill paints a self-portrait of a maddeningly irritating slacker, but what keeps you from wanting to wring his neck are the many moments of profound insight and beauty. Dave Hill Doesn’t Live Here Anymore is damn funny and he mentions the band Foghat. What could be better?” —Laraine Newman “In recent years Dave Hill has lost several friends to gluten, and in this new tell-all he opens up about that and other tragedies. Dave Hill Doesn’t Live Here Anymore is very sad. Oh, wait! No. It’s completely insane and hilarious.” —Simon Doonan “Dave Hill’s new collection of essays proves he’s one of today’s most skilled purveyors of walking the line between hilarious and heartbreaking.” —Kelly Oxford “Dave Hill is truly one of the funniest writers around. I know he wants to be considered one of the sexiest, but that’s not my area of expertise. I promise this book will really make you laugh, and for most of us, that’s much less complicated than sex.” —Tom Papa

About the Author Dave Hill is a comedian, writer, and musician originally from Cleveland but now living in New York City. He has written for The New York Times, The Paris, Salon, GQ, McSweeney’s, the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and Guitar World, among other publications. He is a regular contributor to public radio’s This American Life and hosts his own radio show, The Goddamn Dave Hill Show, on WFMU in Jersey City, New Jersey. Dave has starred in his own TV series, The King of Miami, on the MOJO Network, which was canceled even though Dave really liked it. He has also appeared on Comedy Central, BBC America, MTV, and Adult Swim, among others, and is a regular host on HBO and Cinemax. Dave performs live comedy in theaters and basements all over the world. He also plays guitar and sings in his own rock band, Valley Lodge, whose song “Go” is the theme song for HBO’s Last Week Tonight with John Oliver. Dave Hill Doesn’t Live Here Anymore is his second collection of nonfiction essays. *Tasteful Nudes: . . . and Other Misguided Attempts at Personal Growth and Validation* is his first. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. \*\*\*This excerpt is from an advance uncorrected proof\*\*\* Copyright © 2016 Dave Hill

A BRIEF INTRODUCTION, OR HI, I’M DAVE

Sometimes you sit down on a couch and next thing you know seven years have gone by. At least that’s what happened with me anyway. But first, let’s back things up a little. Hi. How are you? I’m incredible. Thank you so much for asking. And thank you for reading my book. It is my second. I realize, however—statistically speaking, anyway—odds are decent that you haven’t gotten around to reading my first book yet, so I should probably bring you up to speed, so neither of us gets completely lost, not unlike the time my friend Kevin made me go. It’s called *Tasteful Nudes* and there is no rush to read it, as it is a timeless classic. Take your time—when you are ready, it will be there for you. But if you have, by chance, already read it, please don’t get worked up or anything if you already know some of the stuff I’m about to tell you here in this introduction. It will be over soon enough, and then you can jump into this literary adventure with both feet. see *Hellbound: Hellraiser II* with him, even though I hadn’t seen the first *Hellraiser* movie. “Why does that guy have nails for hair?” I asked him. “Shut up,” Kevin whispered. “I’m trying to watch the movie.” I was totally confused for over an hour and a half and there was nothing I could do about it because he drove. Anyway, my name is Dave and I come from the mean streets of Cleveland,<sup>2</sup> the Paris of northeastern Ohio.<sup>3</sup> Specifically, I’m from a town called University Heights, or “the City of Beautiful Homes,” as it is referred to on all the signs coming into town and I imagine on most official stationery, partly because it’s true, but probably also because all the other cool town slogans were already taken. I come from a pretty regular family, I suppose. We never wore ascots to dinners served to us by uniformed maids struggling to balance fancy silver platters or anything. And when it came time for tennis lessons, I had to take group lessons instead of getting the one-on-one attention I so desperately needed, a situation that enraged me at the time but is now something I would like to think has helped make me the man I am today, a guy who understands that when it comes time to face off against the big ball machine of life, we should each get a turn to flail away with all our might. I spent most of my life in Cleveland and never really planned to leave because—despite Internet rumors—it’s actually a pretty magical place, especially when you squint or blur your eyes just right. But one day back in 2003 I decided to go visit some friends in New York City and never left. You’d be surprised what you can accomplish by just setting your bag down in someone’s apartment and refusing to leave. Then my mother died, and it was back to Cleveland I went, at least for a little while, anyway. It’s a strange thing when someone in your life dies. There’s the sadness and grief, of course. And also the mammoth disbelief that comes with any great loss. But all of that was multiplied times roughly a billion when my mother died. I couldn’t make sense of it, no matter how hard I tried and no matter how much time I might have had to prepare for it. It’s as if you are standing in the middle of a highway at midnight, and way off in the distance you see an eighteen-wheeler clearing the horizon, its headlights just starting to crack the darkness and bearing down on you. You stand there watching and waiting as the truck gets closer and closer, so close that you can almost make out the license plate. And then the truck runs right over you. Still,

somehow, you just lie there thinking, “Huh—I never saw that one coming.” In short, it was awful. The funeral and all that were a blur. My sister Miriam and I gave speeches. “Keep it down to a minute or so each,” the priest told us beforehand. 2 Technically, I’m from the suburbs, which, the more I think about it, aren’t necessarily all that mean. But trust me on this one, they can get pretty irri- table sometimes, which is something, and I’ll take it.3 Ask anyone. “Screw you, pal” I wanted to say back to him before remembering how disappointed my mother would have been if I mouthed off to a priest like that, especially on his own turf. Still, it felt warranted. My mother was at that church pretty much whenever it was unlocked, as best I could tell—the least that priest could do was let my mom’s kids say whatever they wanted for as long as they wanted on her final visit. Regardless, my sister and I both ignored him altogether and spoke for as long as we felt like in honor of our mother and also to show that priest that the Hill kids are no pushovers. The morning of the funeral, I thought back to when I was a kid, when my mom’s younger sister, my aunt Betty, was sick with cancer, and my parents and I went to visit her in the hospital after one of my Pee Wee hockey games. I was still young and clueless enough to think that no matter how old or sick someone was, a quick checkup, a glass or two of orange juice, and a couple nights’ rest at the hospital, and he or she would be back in action in no time. We stood in the room for about a half hour with me still in full uniform, the stink of my sweaty hockey pads giving any and all other strange hospital smells a run for their money, watching Aunt Betty struggle through dinner. “Do you want to watch TV?” “No.” “Are you thirsty?” “Yes.” “Your roommate sure is quiet, huh?” “Not enough.” You know—the usual hospital small talk. “Aunt Betty seems like she’s doing a little better today, huh?” I said to my mom as we walked back to the station wagon afterward. “Do you know where your blazer is?” she replied, seemingly from out of nowhere. “Why?” I asked, slightly annoyed. At the time I tended to associate wearing a blazer with doing stuff that I didn’t want to do. “Because the funeral will probably be sometime next week,” she said. My mom could be all business sometimes. It was a coping mechanism, I guess. Back then, the blazer in question was a kelly-green sport jacket that had been handed down to me from my older brother, Bob. It made me look and even kind of feel like I’d just won the Masters, which was admittedly pretty cool in most settings, but not ideal for a funeral. “Look—it’s Jack Nicklaus,” some jackass would usually say whenever I wore it. As I got dressed for my mom’s funeral all those years later, it occurred to me that the outfit I’d chosen—a black suit with a green tie I’d picked out mostly in a nod to my mom’s Irishness but perhaps also in an unconscious nod to that green jacket—marked the first time I’d gone to a funeral dressed entirely in clothes that hadn’t been borrowed. Even better, I’d paid for them with my own money. And perhaps most impressive, I knew ex- actly where they were ahead of time. I smiled thinking how proud or at least not annoyed my mom would have been about all that. Once the actual funeral part of the funeral was over with, it wasn’t so bad, at least as far as unfortunate activities go, any- way. You hang out, eat and drink, and talk to people. It’s kind of like a wedding, only slightly less awful in that there’s almost no danger of anyone at any point asking you if you’re having a good time. And for the next few weeks after that, there are cookies and sandwiches coming from every direction, and all sorts of people telling you how they, too, think it sucks that your mother died without ever using those exact words. The distraction does wonders in temporarily softening the blow. It’s like a bomb that goes off, only instead of shrapnel flying everywhere, there are beautiful flowers, so many that it takes a little while to notice the gigantic hole in your chest. As awful as losing my mom was, though, it surprisingly came with a few positive side effects. For starters, somehow in losing her, I realized we were also weirdly inseparable and, in fact, al- ways had been. My mother’s death also presented me with the opportunity to get better acquainted with my dad, this mysterious man I’d been running into down in the basement all these years. Who was he? Where did he come from? And, perhaps most important, what would our lives be like now that our middle- woman was gone and there was no one to tell us what time we’d be leaving for P.F. Chang’s? And while I was at it, it was an opportunity to also learn more about who I was and how the hell I wound up sitting here writing to you in my underwear right now. I mean, sure, it’s a lot of fun and my hair looks great and all. But weren’t things supposed to be different? Anyway, these are just a few of the questions I’ve attempted to answer in the pages that follow. And while many of the essays in this book focus on these last few years since my mother died, I also dip into my more distant and at times even sordid past to share some as-yet-untold tales, some of which have profanity, some of which do not. I go to prison,4 get pizza with my dad, learn a thing or two about kung fu, and a bunch of other stuff besides that stuff. In short, this book pretty much has every- thing, so if you want to go ahead and throw all your other books in the trash, I’m sure as hell not going to stop you. I hope you enjoy it so much.4 Again.