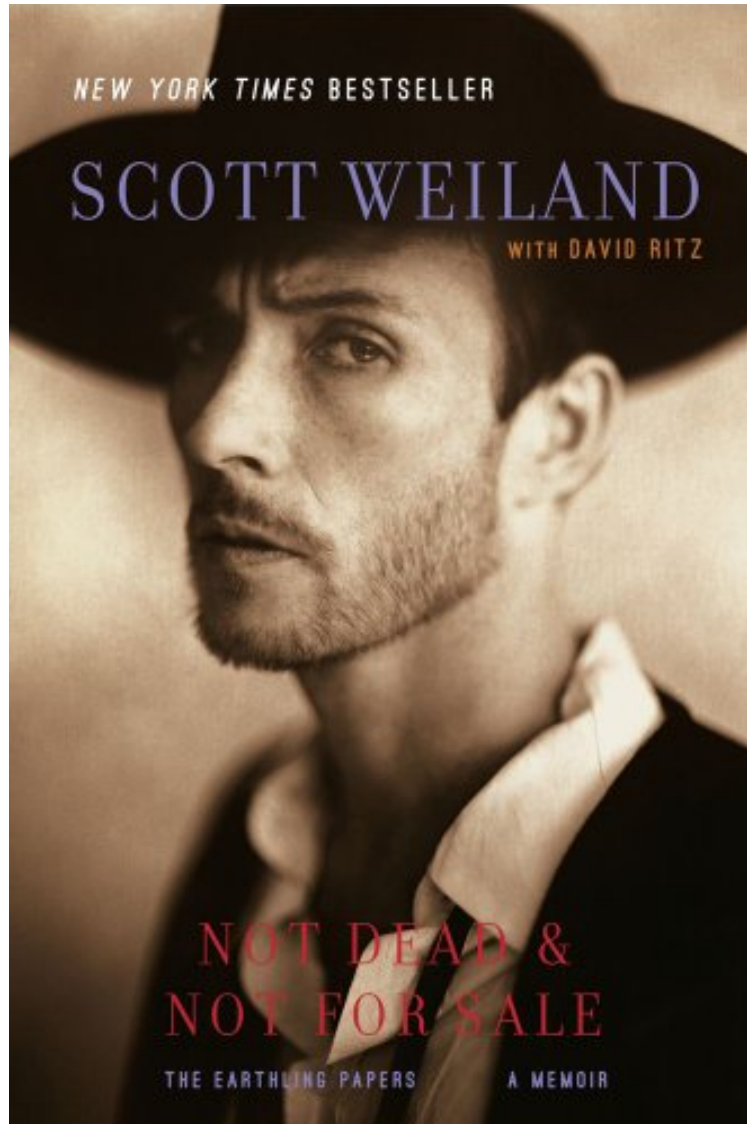


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Not Dead Not for Sale: A Memoir

Scott Weiland

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#91228 in Books Scott Weiland 2012-07-10 2012-07-10 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.81 x .80 x 5.69l, .82 #File Name: 0743297172288 pages Not Dead and Not for Sale | File size: 78.Mb

Scott Weiland : Not Dead Not for Sale: A Memoir before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Not Dead Not for Sale: A Memoir:

7 of 7 people found the following review helpful. An Insightful Memoir! By susannatallya I LOVED the book. It is NOT a detailed autobiography, but a MEMOIR. It is about feelings and things that he felt impacted him in his life. It is not the blood and guts retelling of being a junkie. There are allusions, and many of the reviewers seem cheated by this. Well, I'm sure he doesn't/didn't remember that much from those times. Drugs take that away, but they also take away the bad memories, temporarily, and that is the point of taking them. He states that he was raped at 12, and other things

that led him to seek respite. He is honest in his inability to stay off drugs despite his sincere desire to do so. I did read the book in about a day. There are MANY photos and drawings. I cried at the end, because he was so hopeful for the future, and did not have that long to live. This is not a tell-all, or a mini-history of the "grunge era." It is a commentary from one who was front and center. I was not a huge STP fan, but like a few songs. I enjoyed the book, and found Weiland to be intelligent and thoughtful, and more of an artist and poet than I had previously known. It was very readable! 5 of 5 people found the following review helpful. Why NDANFS is this Generation's NOHGOA By Eddie Coyle No lack of substance here (literally). True, some readers, reviewers and fans might be disappointed by the terse, tenuous and to-the-point chapters of Scott Weiland's autobiography. However, I found his memoir insightful and edifying. I think he was wise to say just enough and the rest can be gleaned from his lyrics and his vast contribution to music, which is most important. This bio is fast paced, like the author's tempestuous lifestyle, and supports the fact that some of our most gifted artists are often our most troubled (see also my review on Andy Warhol Was a Hoarder). It is sometimes a mixed-blessing, curse or nature of the beast. Like the poet Rainer Maria Rilke once said: "If my devils are to leave me, I am afraid my angels will take flight as well. Akin to Jim Morrison's biography "No One Here Gets Out Alive" (NOHGOA), "Not Dead And Not For Sale" (NDANFS) follows a similar trajectory and classic Three Act Tragedy as we watch The Bow Drawn, The Arrow Flies, The Arrow Falls. Scott Weiland was a self-professed chameleon. He was immensely talented, intelligent, instinctive and most of all deeply sensitive. You can see his influence and "stamp" in all projects ranging from STP, Velvet Revolver and The Wildabouts. He was also a colossal loss, and his lifestyle serves as a cautionary tale. In the final analysis Rock and Roll, at its best, is a circus show of a business, as dangerous as it is entertaining. Scott Weiland took it to the brink as he once wrote in "You Got No Right: "I've took it farther on the outside I've took it nearly to the brink And if you've seen me on the outside You would have barely seen me breathe..." Addiction is one hell of a demon to slay, and it took a lot of guts to share personal issues of abuse and personal struggles and his bipolar disorder. It is a constant source of frustration, disappointment and devastation to those close to the addict, especially true friends and band mates. He got up close and personal with the hard stuff. Jim Morrison, as it was often reported, steered clear of heroin and that substance might have eventually killed him in Paris, albeit accidental or speculative. Unlike NOHGOA, there is no mystery with Scott Weiland's death and how the Arrow Falls, the hero and author of this tragedy dies on a December 3, 2015, to the world's shock and sadness. He outlived Mr. Mojo Risin' by 21 years (July 3, 1971). Unfortunately, the dragon or demon known as addiction won in the end with Scott Weiland. He leaves us with great insight and three decades of music to enjoy, resonating and/or relating without having to experience the pain ourselves. As Jim Morrison once wrote: "There Will Never Be Another One Like You..." That applies to both Morrison and Weiland. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Emotionally raw and heartfelt. Read it in one sitting. By Customer Having previously read Scott Weiland's ex-wife's Marry Forsberg "fall to pieces" and despite mixed reviews. I read this book in one sitting and I really enjoyed it from start to finish. Being a memoir I wasn't expecting it to be extremely detailed although it would have been nice if he elaborated on the writing process of how he goes about writing a song like structure and song writing influences and or poets. He was such a sensitive and beautiful soul It was really raw and heartfelt read and as a fan was sad at times to read especially the ending as he had such optimism about the future and creativity to be expressed. Another thing I might add is that in my opinion he was very different from his stage persona, even though he did mention he felt confident signing I would have liked it if he went into detailed about creating and evolving his stage presence and style but apart from that I highly recommend this book for any music lover.

The instant New York Times bestseller: the lead singer of the Stone Temple Pilots and Velvet Revolver delivers an exhilarating memoir of scaling the pinnacle of rock stardom, plunging into the chasm of addiction and incarceration, and then clawing his way back to the top again and again. In the early 1990s, Stone Temple Pilots not U2, not Nirvana, not Pearl Jam was the hottest band in the world. STP toppled such megabands as Aerosmith and Guns N Roses on MTV and the Billboard charts. Lead singer Scott Weiland became an iconic front man in the tradition of Mick Jagger, David Bowie, and Robert Plant. Then, when STP imploded, it was Weiland who emerged as the emblem of rock star excess, with his well-publicized drug busts and trips to rehab. Weiland has since made a series of stunning comebacks, fronting the supergroup Velvet Revolver, releasing solo work, and reuniting with Stone Temple Pilots. He has prevailed as a loving, dedicated father, as well as a business-savvy artist whose well of creativity is far from empty. Not Dead Not for Sale is a hard rock memoir to be reckoned with a passionate, insightful, and at times humorous book that reads with extraordinary narrative force.

"Fascinating . . . Weiland's story isn't over, but the four decades' worth of material he crams into "Not Dead Not for Sale" makes for a compelling and worthwhile read." --"Associated Press" About the Author Scott Weiland has been nominated for six Grammys, winning two along with numerous MTV, Billboard, and American Music Awards. His work with Stone Temple Pilots has sold more than 18 million records, and his first Velvet Revolver was the bestselling rock album of 2004. David Ritz is the only four-time winner of the Gleason Music Book Award. He has collaborated with Ray Charles, Marvin Gaye, Aretha Franklin, Etta James, and Don Rickles. He also cowrote, with Gaye, the song

Sexual Healing.Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.PRELUDEEVERY TIME I TRY TO CATCH UP TO MY LIFE, something stops me. Different people making claims on my life. Old friends telling me new friends arent true friends. All friends trying to convince me that I cant survive without them.Then there are the pay-for-hire get-off-drugs professionals with their own methods and madness. They help, they hurt, they welcome me into their institutions and, well, their madness.Welcome to my life.Two years ago, my life was self-restricted to a sober living house, meaning that I walked through the doors of my own free will. Within hours, I watched the game of communal free will get stepped on, laughed at, and batted around like a Ping-Pong ball.One of my fellow patients was a rocker chick just turned twenty-one. She had a problem with depression. We met in the lounge and talked the night away, smoking cigarettes, exchanging words of comfort.Am I pretty? she asked me.You are beautiful, I told her.Everyone says I smell because I havent showered.Everyone can get fucked, I told her. When youre depressed, youre not exactly in the mood for a shower.She told me a story of grief and confusion. I listened. When she was through, we hugged good night. She kissed me sweetly. She wanted more.We cant do this, I said. Its not right. Not now, not here.A day later, I was approached by one of the counselors whom I considered a first-class shit talker.Rumor has it that the two of you were intimate.Whats intimate? I asked.Sex.No!She obviously has a crush on you.Okay. What of it?I heard you two had sex in the Jacuzzi.No Jacuzzi, I said. No sex. Besides, who has sex in a Jacuzzi?I want to know what happened, she insisted.We were flirtatious. That was inappropriate. So we stopped.This young woman was confronted at our next group session. Sixteen hours later, she sliced her leg down past the fatty tissue. She was a cutter. They took her out of the villa and put her in a psych ward.What can I do about it?I write a poem, The Little Villa and Painted Egg.Minds squall, alcohol, heroin The man, the boy, the girl The little villa where you live You need to fill that pain inside Xanax, Valium, barbiturates they ease the easy side Of all you fucked-up managerial types You love to rule by what you say Not by what you find Beautiful garden, Easter eggs, those that you never really had You stole our experiences and stole our baskets Thats how you found twenty-one out of fifty-seven THAT WAS LAST MONTH. This week Im home dealing with those who manage my business life, those who, for their own purposes, direct my moves. They are my partners, assistants, and drug coaches (whom we call minders). There is no peace, not for an hour, not for thirty seconds. Someone is always showing up with calculated suggestions and implied instructions. I dont know, but I think Ive done pretty well for myself, even during my long-lasting, narcotic misadventuresall without the protective bubble of paranoid employees, partners, and helpers, minders.Meanwhile, the facts are these:It has been eight and a half years since I shot dope and nearly three years since I did coke.I still drink. A regular garden-variety boozier, I am like any other barfly or drink-alone kind of guy. My relationship to liquor is not romantic the way I once envisioned my love affair with dope. I struggle to stop drinking, but I dont see it as suicidal. In any event, Im not drinking today. Today Im inviting you into the middle of my life and the middle of my head. My heart feels a bit closed off because Im realizing that there are few people, if any, that I fully trust. Thats an amazing statement to make and brings me to what may be the purpose of this book.How did I get to this point? One word could probably suffice:loss.Im searching for explanations.Someone recently gave me a T-shirt that said, IM IN LIKE SEVEN BANDS.There is a Stone Temple Pilots story to tell. There is a Velvet Revolver story to tell. There is a love story to tell. And a drug story to tell.AMONG MY GREAT LOVES is that category of substances called heroin. Narcotic alkaloids. Derivatives of opium. I describe this stuff lovingly. I do so at the risk of high irresponsibility. It is not my intention to mislead anyone looking to live a righteous life. God knows that the shit will kill you, inside and out, soul to the bone. At the same time, I am committed to an honest assessment of the wreckage of my past. I loved opiates; I hated opiates; I am attracted to opiates perhaps the way John Keats was attracted to death. One hundred ninety years ago, the romantic poet wrote Ode to a Nightingale:I have been half in love with easeful Death, Calld him soft names in many a mused rhyme, To take into the air my quiet breath; Now more than ever seems it rich to die, To cease upon the midnight with no pain, With thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad In such an ecstasy! IS DEATH THE MUSE? Is rock and roll the nightingale? Are opiates the key to unlocking the magical kingdom where colorful flowers fade to black? Why should anyoneespecially a kid or a man who suspects that he or she may have talentbe drawn to such a kingdom?I dont know. Except that the pull is visceral. It may also be an act of self-loathing or anger against home or society or even the human condition in which the promise of death shadows us from those first fresh moments of birth.I think of the young woman overwhelmed by a compulsion to cut herself. The compulsion is heartbreaking and bizarre, but maybe not bizarre at allmaybe its simply the most honest compulsion of all because it gets to the heart of the matter. My long opiate-dazed days and sleepless nights were all about cutting myself emotionally. When I got high, the last thing in the world I wanted to do was party or interact with other human beings. I retreated to the dark corners of my room and my life. I stayed alone and disappeared down black holes where no one could find me. I couldnt find myself. I didnt want to find myself. I became invisible. Or, as I put it in the song Dead and Bloated, I am smelly like the rose that someone gave me on my birthday deathbed. 2011 Scott Weiland