



More, Now, Again: A Memoir of Addiction

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Elizabeth Wurtzel published her memoir of depression, *Prozac Nation*, to astonishing literary acclaim. A cultural phenomenon by age twenty-six, she had fame, money, respect and everything she had always wanted except that one, true thing: happiness.

For all of her professional success, Wurtzel felt like a failure. She had lost friends and lovers, every magazine job she'd held, and way too much weight. She couldn't write, and her second book was past due. But when her doctor prescribed Ritalin to help her focus and boost the effects of her antidepressants -- Wurtzel was spared. The Ritalin worked. And worked. The pills became her *sugar...the sweetness in the days that have none*. Soon she began grinding up the Ritalin and snorting it. Then came the cocaine, then more Ritalin, then more cocaine. *Then I need more. I always need more. For all of my life I have needed more...* *More, Now, Again* is the brutally honest, often painful account of Wurtzel's descent into drug addiction. It is also a love story: How Wurtzel managed to break free of her relationship with Ritalin and learned to love life, and herself, is at the heart of this ultimately uplifting memoir that no reader will soon forget.

More, Now, Again: A Memoir of Addiction Details

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From Reader Review More, Now, Again: A Memoir of Addiction for online ebook

stephanie says

DON'T FEED HER DRUG HABIT! this is another indulgence memoir that give memiors a bad name. she describes how she finished her earlier book, *bitch*, by getting high first on ritalin, and then on coke. she never takes responsibility for anything, she blames the world and not herself, and I HATE HER.

Jalyssa Elliott says

I'm not finished and I may be biased but I'm adding my two cents anyway.

I see a lot of complaining about Elizabeth Wurtzel being a self indulgent, whining writer who writes too many memoirs. Let me be objective in this and not take into consideration Bitch or Prozac Nation. Had I never read those books I would have still fallen in love with this book. Why? Why even though she whines, blames others for her emotional issues, prattles on in a non-linear way that doesn't seem to be exactly heading toward a clear solution or ending, is self indulgent in her writing style regardless of who may or may not be reading the material?

Easy. Everything I have just described is the nature of addiction. It is honest. It is unflinching. It is raw and it is real. What addict do you know of to be pragmatic and objective in the midst of active addiction? Since when has an addict who is waist deep in a binge stopped and went, "You know? I should really have considered so-and-so's opinion before I said that to them."? Who I ask?

The nature of addiction is selfish. It is self-destructive and indulgent. It is erratic and self-indulgent. It is balls deep in "Poor me" and "If only you hadn't (fill in the blank)". Had she told her story any other way it wouldn't have been real or true to her experience and I respect her guts for telling it the way it actually happened in the voice that it actually occurred in. If you are looking for the run of mill story of addiction where the protagonist falls, suffers and then makes a miraculous recovery through rigorous 12-step work and then realizes the meaning to life in some profound way and is completely transformed - tada!- this book is not for you.

Gina says

Wurtzel is a self-absorbed ninny who writes too many memoirs.

Hope says

LOVE IT, LOVE IT, LOVE IT!! READ IT, READ IT, READ IT!

Amanda says

i had been interested in reading this for more than a year, after hearing that Elizabeth Wurtzel got sober in AA after writing Prozac Nation, but I decided to buy it when I started taking Adderall. Wurtzel's story begins when she is prescribed Ritalin to treat "treatment resistant depression" like I was, and I was very interested to read about her experience, especially because taking this new medication makes me feel a little embarrassed and nervous, as someone in recovery. The good news is that, while I identified pretty much constantly with the experience of addiction in the book, I was reassured of my own healthy consumption of ADHD meds for depression because I have had no desire, thoughts, or compulsion to abuse, much less snort, my Adderall. As a big memoir fan, I really enjoyed this one. More importantly, I have read many memoirs of addicts and addiction and this is definitely one of the best, comparable to Dry by Augusten Burroughs. Obviously I'm biased, but it really annoys me when authors describe their experience with incredible detail, depth, and self-reflection, only to claim in the last 50 pages that they are not an addict, did not need a 12 step program, etc. (I'm referring here to Smashed, A Drinking Life by Pete Hamil, and to a lesser extent The Tender Bar. Jack London's John Barleycorn belongs in a category of self-indulgent denial and dated silliness all to itself.) Besides being an excellently insightful and true to life account of Wurtzel's addiction, the author's searing intelligence, world-class education, and impeccable literary knowledge kept me deep in thought by providing countless references and quotes (from songs, novels, poetry, pop culture). Wurtzel's profound understanding of the nature of addiction combined with the above mentioned talents allow her to make many of her own acute observations into awesome sobriety sound bites.

Some of my favorites:

"That's the main difference between depression and addiction, as far as I can tell: depression is full of need, and addiction fulfills that need."

"Most drug addicts who stay clean will tell you that they did all the things they were supposed to, they went to meetings, they took care of themselves, but in the end it really was some higher power that pulled them through. In the end, it was grace."

"I started using cocaine because I liked some guy. It was the middle of the day, he was at work, and I'd call. He'd say, I'm in a meeting, honey - he's call me honey because he liked me too - and he'd say, I'll call you in five. Five would turn to ten and then twenty more minutes and I'd be a wreck....so things fall apart before they start, and I'm always alone."

"Here is how heroin - how all drugs - makes me feel: Quite simply, it makes me feel okay to be me. Here is how I feel not on drugs: I hate me. If anyone has ever been in love with me for real, I don't know about it. All I can remember is good-byes. Sometimes someone will be standing in front of me and already I feel him walking away. It's only a matter of time, so what's the point? I have no sense of presence, mine or anyone else's. But on drugs, I could feel that moment, I could be something besides nostalgic for the things that haven't happened yet. I could live here now."

I could go on forever but the point is made. People say, and I agree, that reading one of the stories in the back of the book is like going to a meeting. I feel the same about good addiction memoirs, except better because the people who wrote the stories in the book are not, shall we say, professional writers. Wurtzel's story is very different from mine, but I identify with the feelings. Her experiences and insight on being an intellectual snob and playing semantic games to get out of looking at her shit, co-dependency in relationships and dating, relationships with friends and co-workers who are not addicts, and especially depression all

interested me either because I've been there to some extent or I could be.

Mo says

Oh, it was awful and I couldn't put it down. I have a certain, shall we say, *affinity* for memoirs about really fucked up people. Wurtzel comes across as simultaneously annoying, manipulative, awful, spoiled, whiny, desperate, genuine, shallow, talented and fascinating. The horror, the horror...

Ivy says

I have always had problems with people, with the whole human race. Is it because I'm scared to be hurt or because humans are often unfriendly, selfish and offending? I try so hard to be friendly and gentle, but don't seem to get this back very often. I'm very sensitive, which means that little things in life count and that I think too much about random things. I really wish to be more relaxed and laid back!

Anyway, why am I telling this? I have read a section in Wurtzel's book that I really liked concerning the topic of being friendly:

"And I find myself wanting to tell Pamela that I know she barely knows me, but she has no idea what I have been through in the last year, has no idea what I am going through right now. Perhaps for the first time in my life I understand the value of good manners: I understand that you must be polite to all people at all times because you never know what difficulties they might be struggling with at that precise moment, you never know how the slightest wrong thing that you say could be the last little iota it takes to send a person who is just barely holding it together into a complete breakdown. The one little mistake you make, bumping into someone as you walk busily across a crowded sidewalk, shoving a woman aside as you push your way into a crowded subway car, spilling red wine on someone else's white shirt because you weren't paying attention as you made your rounds through a cocktail party - you never know if that misguided gesture might not be the reason some poor lost soul ends up in the looney bin."

Alexandra says

From the first time I read the back cover of this book, I was hooked. Wurtzel's description of Ritalin as "sugar...the sweetness in the days that have none" mirrored ver batim my own experience with the drug. As a recovering addict, it was impossible not to be moved by Wurtzel's brutally honest and totally real account of her experience with the true nature of addiction - both the pain and the redemption. Yet I wouldn't be altogether surprised if to the average reader Wurtzel is seen as a self-absorbed, attention-seeking brat. For this reason I don't recommend this book to someone with no knowledge of or experience with addiction, not because the book isn't excellent but for that very reason. What makes this book great is Wurtzel's ability to verbalize the seemingly irrelevant details of what it is to be addicted. More, Now Again is not a pleasant read, and to the average person Wurtzel may seem anything but a heroine. But what may seem a depressing, drawn-out whine-fest to some is sure to grab the gut of the recovering addict. Wurtzel puts into words what we all feel, and will tell you truths about yourself that even you were not aware existed. You will laugh with her, cry with her, and ultimately cheer her - and yourself - on as she finds what all addicts so desperately long for - hope.

L Dub says

This is the real story of addiction. This is what *A Million Little Pieces* failed to convey.

She finally learns humility and loses a sense of entitlement, and that is a growing experience that most spoiled Americans would benefit from.

I believe the real addiction is that of consumption. As individuals we medicate ourselves with food, drugs, shopping, attention-seeking behavior etc. We try to replace people with things because we've grown to distrust others and refuse to appear vulnerable. Pride is our sickness, and it's harder to give up than any bad habit.

Peachy says

More, Now, Again may often seem like merely arrogant, spoiled brat, stream-of-conscious writing, but it is also an honest and accurate account of the narcissistic, contrived and ingenuine life of an addict drowning in psychosis and a disengaged mind.

www.booksnakereviews.blogspot.com

Rlgraban says

Anyone who has dealt with the mental health system in this country will understand the point that this book establishes - pills don't make the demons go away or the depression stop. It is then that too many people turn to addiction to quiet the darkness. For anyone who has been troubled with addiction, whether it be personal or someone in your life, and won will see the beauty in this book shows about the resilience of a woman's character when all odds are pitted against her.

Lisa says

I loved prozac nation because I understood what she was going through and it was nice to read about someone else's problems instead of thinking of my own. So I was looking forward to reading this one as well. I really liked it even though I found her to be very annoying and often times I wish I could go through the book and ring her neck about the way she viewed some things but that is why I like her books so much because they make you feel even if you do not identify with what she is going through or not.

Mosey says

Someone here on "Goodreads" named Catherine wrote that "I don't freaking give a damn that she appeared whiny and self-absorbed to everyone else; the nature of depression and addiction lends itself to introspection that is hard to avoid." Thank you, Catherine. F***ing brilliant.

I couldn't figure out how to defend this writing that I have loved for years while at the same time admitting that it, at times, is "whiny" and "self-absorbed". It may be whiny and self-absorbed but it is sooooo real and captivating and gritty. When I say gritty the thing I remember most about this book is the image of her on ritalin (awake for days on end) in her apartment that she called a treehouse, getting so obsessive-compulsive and focused and insane that she felt compelled to pull out her leg hairs with tweezers."

I first read "Prozac Nation, loved it, then read "Bitch", which didn't seem like the same author. Bitch is more like a non-fiction non-sense tirade about feminism (which I love) but boring as hell. Then I read "More, Now, Again" where she reveals that while writing "Bitch" she was addicted to ritalin. Ok, that makes sense.

y says

Make. her. stop. PLEASE!

I picked up this book whenever I felt emotionally constipated - I'd read a few pages, get fed up with her incessant whining and her seemingly endless supply of self-pity, let out a roar of frustration and throw the book against the wall. Then I'd smile and go back to doing whatever I was doing before. It was cathartic in a twisted way, so I guess that's one positive thing I got out of this book...??

I'm not a cold hearted bitch, and I tried really hard to not hate this book or Ms. Wurtzel's publishers for considering this worthy of publication - but what rubs me the wrong way is the lack of any sort of narrative organization in the book. I'm all for a realistic, just-the-naked-truth approach to memoirs, especially those that deal with the darker aspects of human nature, but this book is 300+ pages of self indulgent whining. There doesn't seem to be any WRITING in this book; rather, it reads like a transcription of Ms. Wurtzel's therapy sessions. Gosh, if this is all it takes to get published nowadays, we should publish the diaries of anyone and everyone with a self-destructive habit or two... ugh. I read this book over a year ago and it still manages to piss me off.

Donna says

I get the impression that most of the people who hate this book have little or no experience with addiction. Yes, of course, Wurtzel comes across as self destructive. That's the point. You think people decide one day that a drug addiction would make their life better?

It is really, REALLY hard to watch someone you care about make extremely bad, extremely stupid choices over and over and over. Wurtzel lets you get into her head while she's making these extremely bad choices. I think the idea is to give people who DON'T have these issues, or any experience with them, a glimpse into the life of someone who does... but like Prozac Nation, I think she ends up only speaking to people who already get it. Which isn't necessarily a bad thing -- I read Prozac Nation when I was so depressed I could barely think, and it was just such a rush to read about someone who "got it". "More, Now, Again" probably speaks better to people who've faced addiction, or who have loved ones who do.

