**Synopsis**

An international bestseller, Klaus Kinski’s memoir has become a cult classic, telling the story of his fascinating life, from his tortured, poverty-stricken childhood in prewar Berlin to his rise to international stardom as a film actor. "Probably the most outrageous autobiography ever--less a memoir than a hyperbolically pornographic performance piece."--Newsweek.

**Book Information**

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**Customer Reviews**

Want to become a movie star? Go to coffee houses around college campuses, stand on a chair and recite the poetry of Francois Villon; the medieval (1431-1463) student who killed a priest in a tavern brawl, was subsequently acquitted but still had to flee Paris and live a life of crime among outcasts. As you pass the hat you find that you’re doing such a magnificent job that soon you’ll be able fill entire sports arenas with Shakespeare's soliloquies---Performing them that is; you’ll do Richard the Third, and then the audience will wait breathlessly while you change costumes and come back in character as Hamlet. Repeat with Othello, etc. See how easy it is? Now do it.  
To say Kinski was talented, or that he lived on the edge, or that he was a bit too intense for his friends or wives is, of course, an understatement. Nor did fame and money do much to quench the anger or appetite of this outcast. One of his wives, as she entered the hospital to deliver their child, wondered why all the prostitutes on the street waved at them and seemed so friendly. Herzog, despite plotting Kinski’s murder, kept using him as his leading man. Yet the greatest tribute may be not Herzog’s but the fact that, during his lifetime many
fellow actors spoke about how kind Kinski was to work with--a true accolade to a narcissistic egomaniac who apparently never lost his humanity by the expedient method of never being able to stop being hurt by life. As he put it, he never allowed his wounds to fully close. Though the reader might conclude that he was unable to have his wounds close, no matter how much he tried.

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