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Animal House, the film adaptation of stories Chris Miller published in National Lampoon about his experiences at a Dartmouth (USA) fraternity, is among the most beloved and successful comedies of all time. Its portrayal of college party life is still imitated on campuses across America - toga party, anyone? Now, nearly thirty years after the movie hit cinemas, there are no taboos left and Chris Miller can finally answer the fans who all want to know one thing: was it really like that? The answer: Yes - but much, much more out of control! Here, for the first time, are the real stories of Alpha Delta Phi. Like the one about the frat brother who entertained the house by lighting his hair on fire - not the hair on his head, however. Or about the pledge who trick-or-treated around campus in a very revealing jack-o-lantern costume. Or about initiation night when a frozen hot dog became very painful for two rushes.

The Real Animal House: The Awesomely Depraved Saga of the Fraternity That Inspired the Movie Details

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From Reader Review The Real Animal House: The Awesomely Depraved Saga of the Fraternity That Inspired the Movie for online ebook

Vincent O'Neil says

Tremendously funny book. The first couple of chapters are a little slow, but things pick up rapidly once rush week starts. There are a few incidents described here that are really quite disgusting, but the coming-of-age storyline more than redeems it.

Chris Edwards says

Watch the movie and skip this horrendous book.

Kimberly Ann says

Eh!

Crass and vulgar for the sake of vulgarity? Maybe/maybe not, depending from whose eyes....

Juvenileistic pranks, rude & crude....hey let's get drunk as a skunk!

This is suppose to be funnier than the movie? I think not. The boys in the movie seemed to be borderline "lovable" losers.....not so in the "real" story.

Mike Moskos says

This isn't a novel per say, more like a bunch of anecdotes. If you were in a fraternity, or when to college in the late 70s to mid '80s when things were crazy, you'll love it.

My favorite paragraph is on page 62: "And then I noticed something else--I was the only sophomore in the room. The guys around the bar were the brothers who were too cool for rush! They preferred drinking with their friends to making conversation with dopey strangers. The official rushing things all fraternity upperclassmen were supposed to do, they weren't doing."

That perfectly describes my fraternity, The Ranch. Our parties with one sorority were also a bomb; we did much better with joint parties with 1-2 other fraternities and 1-2 sororities because we could never be counted on to be downstairs to with our guests. We were upstairs drinking (or doing other things with friends and women.

The movie plays often on cable/satellite; be sure to see right after you read it so you can see how much of

real life they included.

Enty Quadrophenia says

When Chris Miller returned to Dartmouth in 1959, he dreaded the upcoming rush week, during which he was expected—both by his father and by his peers—to pledge to, horror of horrors, a fraternity. Not finding anything in common with his father’s old fraternity or at any of the others he went to, he fulfilled a promise to another dorm fellow and checked out Alpha Delta Phi. The rest, as they say, is history.

The Real Animal House is a beer-soaked memoir of the fraternity that inspired the hugely successful 1978 film Animal House. Miller is the real Pinto (a character not named after the horse, the car, or the bean, as one finds out) and he introduces us to a cavalcade of wild characters—some of them, like Otter, instantly familiar, while others, like Seal, Bags, and Alby a combination that equals Belushi’s Bluto. Noticeably absent are antagonists like the Omegas and Dean Wormer—as Miller says, Dean Seymour is not and never was Dean Wormer. “Dean Wormer was Richard Nixon.”

The exploits of the fraternity given the first and only triple warning in Dartmouth history are not for the weak-stomached, the queasy, or the easily-offended. These are young men away at college and in an environment where alcohol is easily obtainable and consumed in mass quantities, and the behavior follows predictable lines. The book is filled with frank and graphic depictions of hazing, vomiting, and the stereotypical fixation of young men—sex. Also included are some truly disgusting incidents that made even this reviewer cringe—no mean feat. No apologies are made and none should be expected; for a group of students coming of age in a time when the world was about to undergo some major changes, rebelling against the stifling conformity of the fifties is the stuff of great storytelling.

The bottom line is if you love the movie, read the book. If you hated the movie, then perhaps it would be best give Chris Miller and the other Adelphians a pass.

Mark Leffler says

I have been a huge fan of Chris Miller's Lampoon stories since I discovered them at sixteen, in the National Lampoon monthly magazine. A few years later the movie he wrote with Harold Ramis and Doug Kenney came out: Animal House. I loved the movie and it was a huge hit. That year Chris Miller wrote and published the novelization of the screenplay in his loose and witty nattative style, honed over those many years of Lampoon writing. I lost the initial copy years ago but thanks to Amazon, now own two copies, one an original printing.

I hope a lot of people read this very hip and funny memoir. I think it's a gas.

Amy says

Very amusing audiobook

Dan says

Movie was better

Sean O'Hara says

In the mid-70s, Chris "Pinto" Miller penned a series of semi-fictionalized accounts of his college years for the National Lampoon. These articles later became the basis for the film *Animal House*. Now he's written a memoir of his sophomore year in college, revealing the true story behind the film.

At this point, any fan of *Animal House* should be saying in a Flounder voice, "This is going to be GREAT!"

Enh. Not so much. (Warning -- if you have a weak stomach, you might want to quit reading now. Even in summary form, this book is only slightly less disgusting than *Human Centipede*.)

There are some interesting tidbits -- the true origin of the name "Pinto," and the fact that Michael Moriarty was a member of the evil fraternity. But overall, the book is a huge disappointment.

The major problem here is that you quickly realize that the movie was based upon a bunch of jerkwads. Something that's hilarious when John Belushi does it on screen, becomes boorish when you find out that it's based upon a real incident. For example, there's the scene in which one of the Deltas reads about a girl at a nearby college dying, and he goes over, pretending to be her boyfriend in order to get a sympathy date from her dorm-mates. This is one of the funniest sequences in the movie, as the frat brother parlays the situation into dates for all his friends. But the real frat brothers did this. They actually used a woman's death as a way to get dates. Suddenly the scene not only isn't funny, it's kinda disgusting.

To make matters worse, the film is actually toned down from the reality. The real frat brothers spent an inordinate amount of time first learning to projectile vomit, and then engaging in competitions to see who could "boot" the farthest. The fraternity initiation turns out to be an orgy of vomiting a la the Lardass Logan sequence in *Stand by Me*, except the brothers participate voluntarily -- the rushes proceed to a series of stations where they're told to chug beer and then perform various feats of up-chucking. At one station they're told to pull down their pants and throw-up on each others' crotches. At the final station, they're informed there will be no drinking, much to the rushes' relief. Instead, all they have to do is eat some hotdogs. But the hotdogs are frozen, and the initiates have to thaw them by placing them somewhere warm in their bodies. They're then given a jar of mayonnaise to help. Thankfully this turns out to be a bluff by the brothers just to see how far the rushes will go to get into the frat. Why anyone would ever want to join such an organization is never adequately explained.

The frat brothers also took delight in sneaking up on women at parties and peeing on their legs -- by the time the urine soaked through the pants, they had disappeared into the crowd. Yeah, these guys are awesome.

The sad part is, Miller is now almost 70, but he writes like he's still a 20-something jackass. The book might work if he offered some perspective on the antics he describes. Something like, "Okay, sneaking up on sleeping women and waving our penises in their faces is pretty despicable. We were real jerks." But as is, it's hard not to come away from the book hating these people.

Barney says

Why is Animal House my favorite film? The following three exchanges:

Jennings: I took this job until I finish my novel

Boone: How long ya been working on it?

Jennings: Three years

Pinto: It must be very good

Jennings: It's a piece of shit

Katy: Boone, I think I'm in love with a retard.

Boone: Is he bigger than me?

Pinto: They won't even let us enter a float in the homecoming parade.

Boone: Watch a bunch of zombies ride a pile of Kleenex down the street? Rah rah.

Well, I saw this book (written by the real life Pinto, named so because of the multi-varied hues of his member) and instantly grabbed it (book, not member). There is a sort of theme to the text, but it is mostly wrapped up with the following things: alcohol, dicks, boobs and trying to have all three appear at the same time. I have never read so many words for breasts: boobs, teats, milkbags, bazooms, gazongas, gabongas, wazoos...the list goes on and on. The characters of the house are all there, complete with debauchery and one guy who takes a jack-o-lantern, strips naked, and wraps the pumpkin around his crotch with his dick through the nose hole. Of course he goes trick or treating.

There are not many good female characters (most are hidden behind their funbags), but I suppose I expected this. Women are things in this text, things with yabos. Chased by men with tools, dicks, flagpoles; men who can projectile vomit onto a poster of Harriet Nelson. Men who hang out in a place which has a basement with a gutter along two of the walls. That's right, a gutter. At the end of parties they hose down the floor and the puke (boot in the parlance of the book), pee and god knows what else gets washed into a drain in the corner. Women tend to be ornaments to this chaos, added appendages that get in the way of the beer.

It took me a while to figure out what the book was missing when compared to the movie. It is the gleeful finger in the eye of the authority figures of the campus. The end "where are they now" segment, one of my favorite parts of the book, is quite poignant and sets off this dichotomy nicely. Many of the drunken louts who listened to Little Richard and Ruth Brown instead of Pat Boone became what Dartmouth grads in the 1960s became: lawyers, bankers, doctors. People who retired to Napa and Marin to complain about social inequality while ensconced in \$1.8 million dollar houses, those 40-50 year olds that brought you the 1980s "Me" Generation, voted for Bill Clinton in 1992 and thought "fiscal conservatism and social liberalism" was one A-Duke Idea for the Democratic party.

While they can act out and be "rebellious", they almost never did so much as to get thrown out. And if they did get thrown out, the buddy system of the frats and the administration would keep them afloat and back in class. Money in this book talks while bullshit walks. The main character complains about his more "beatnik" friends, and finds them shallow compared to his housemates. You see, his housemates sometimes hang out with black guys. But, they are gone after the concert is over. He bitches about a Joanie Baez concert infringing on important grab-the-boobies time. We can check out the tits on the local chick at the grocery store, but we certainly don't want her around in the morning. In other words, we can act like drunk townies

(called Emmets, and never more than that) but we don't mix with them.

These are the guys that are fun at parties, telling you stories of that crazy frat house they were in where the one guy did the thing in a gorilla suit with four midgets, a fire extinguisher and a can of cheese whiz. It's funny, and we all laugh, and we all go on to the next one. But, they are the guys who are always looking back to become again what they were. Many of them have chalked up 3-4 marriages, several of them are dead due to various causes related to alcohol and drugs. I'm no prude, and I don't give a shit how many times someone has tied the knot (my grandmother was married no less than 6 times). What I don't like is living in the past, and this book is soaking in it.

Miles says

This book was a true guilty pleasure. Miller tells his tales of joining the Alpha Delta fraternity ("AD") at Dartmouth in the early 1960s. Miller would go on to co-write *Animal House*, based on his days at the house and his subsequent articles in *National Lampoon*. Miller was known as Pinto at the fraternity and in the movie. This book tells the true stories of the legendary house, most of which were far too depraved to ever make it onto the screen. If you loved the movie, and enjoy frat-boy shenanigans, this is a great book for you. If you have refined sensibilities or are looking for fine literature, look elsewhere. I gave it four stars, which was largely due to my personal connections to the school and the story.

Growing up, my best friend's dad convinced me to apply to Dartmouth. He told me about the great times I would have there and the wonderful education I would get. It didn't hurt that he happened to be one of the legendary members of AD back in the day (Magpie at the house and in the book). I really enjoyed reading about what he was like back at school. As a Dartmouth alum from the mid-80's, it was surprising to see how much of the lingo and traditions had not changed at the school and in the surrounding communities over the following 25 years.

One strange thing about the book - it switches from a first person narrative (during Pinto's youth and first year at Dartmouth) to a third person narrative (once he decides to pledge AD). It's unusual, but once I got used to it, it didn't really affect my enjoyment of the book. The appendix at the back of the paperback edition, featuring a "where are they now" section and a clarification of the pop culture terms used in the book, was a nice bonus.

Stephan says

Can you "boot" on command? Does the thrill of binge drinking, road trips to whore houses, and overall angst excite you? Join a fraternity. Despite Chris Miller's tales of debauchery taking place in the mid 60s, the same fraternity mindset haunted them as it does the college children of now. Key point to mention, Chris Miller went on to write for *National Lampoon*, and his fraternity and its tales, were the inspiration for *Animal House*.

Felix says

I was surprised by the eloquent writing intermixed with the scenes of "booting," genitalia exposure, and

general drunken shenanigans. There is so much more going on this novel, it was about the music of the time, but also about order and chaos. Or a pocket of chaos on this college campus, while the world around them tried to hold onto a sense of order and control. This book also showed me that people actually enjoyed having recreational sex during the olden days. Like I said, very eloquent and sophisticated writing, which I thought fit well with the all the craziness.

Phil Overeem says

Hilarious about 70% of the time, much, much different than the movie, and containing a surprising amount of popular music commentary.

Anthony says

The movie is better. This is basically a story of how 1 man goes through college trying to get laid.
