



Love Junkie: A Memoir

Rachel Resnick

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Rachel Resnick hits her forties single, broke, depressed, childless—a train wreck. After an ex-boyfriend breaks into her home and vandalizes it, Resnick takes the time to look back over her romantic and sexual history to ask the question: What is wrong with me? Her addiction to sex and love has cost her in damaging ways throughout the course of her life. At the root of her issues: a Dickensian childhood and a haunting experience she must finally confront.

Written with raw humor and unflinching honesty, *Love Junkie* charts Rachel Resnick's harrowing emotional journey from destructive love to intimacy, from despair to hope. By peeling back one painful layer after another, she discovers a glaring pattern: She is addicted to the fantasy of romantic bliss, marriage, and children.

Although her story is an extreme one, what we realize over the course of Resnick's journey is how many people experience aspects of this addiction and the self-destruction that comes with it—all fed by a culture where romantic obsession is stoked by the stories we read, the movies we see, and the dreams we're fed. This unique memoir cracks open one of the more elusive and pervasive modern-day compulsions—and holds a mirror up to each of us.

Love Junkie: A Memoir Details

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From Reader Review Love Junkie: A Memoir for online ebook

Laurel-Rain says

Rachel Resnick's exploration of love addiction opens with a traumatic moment in her life when she finally hits bottom. Already at a low point, her financial resources strapped, she is barely hanging on...And then she comes home to find that someone has drenched her computer's hard drive – her priceless possession where all of her work is stored. She describes the computer as “a living extension of my brain, an expression of my soul, a museum of my fragmented life...” This clearly demonstrates the devastation wrought by a former lover, bent on revenge.

So begins Resnick's tale “Love Junkie”, a chronicle of how and why she arrived at this place.

The child of divorced parents, she is subjected to numerous moments of neglect and even abandonment. At one point, she describes images of her father always walking away...Those images represent their relationship, one in which she never found the approval and acceptance she craved. Each parent, with his/her own limitations and lack of emotional availability, created in her a vast emptiness – indeed deep emotional scars and pain, feelings she sought to recreate in every relationship she entered for the next several years.

Her mother dies when she is fourteen. At that point, she hasn't lived with her mother in a few years...Supposedly placed with her father, she is shifted from one living arrangement to another, always seeking a feeling of acceptance, even safety, which constantly eludes her. So the abandonment continued, on a different level.

As she seeks to understand the source of her own complicity in bringing her to this lowest point in her life, Resnick begins at the beginning. Alternating with descriptions of moments in her childhood that are key elements in understanding her journey and why she has arrived at this place, she also describes each adult relationship in some detail, pinpointing the degradation and humiliation of always seeking out the dangerous, unavailable partners who could, somehow, recreate the emotional upheaval with which she is so familiar. She pushes the boundaries with each new relationship, as if hoping to fill the void, yet always reverting to familiar patterns that leave her abandoned and bereft.

Sometimes these explorations are almost too gritty for the reader to accept, but when examining the sources, indeed the etiology of her behavioral choices, it is perfectly clear how and why each step is taken. The reader almost expresses that “a-ha!” moment, as the familiar patterns are recreated.

Most illuminating, finally, is the path to recovery. Brilliantly described and authentically explored, with 12-step meetings at the beginning of her journey to emotional well-being, the author demonstrates how the path is uneven, with occasional slips; she also reveals that with determination, healing can happen. Her memoir, with all of her angst exposed, is a brave and triumphant declaration of the power of the human spirit.

Jennifer says

This brutally honest account of Resnick's personal compulsion toward sex to fill the void of her horrific childhood is a must read for anyone who seeks to understand love and sex obsession. Resnick details in vivid prose her dysfunctional childhood wrought with abandonment, sexual confusion, her mother's alcoholism and neglect. It is a miracle she made it without turning to alcoholism herself. Her escape of choice was men and loveless abusive relationships instead. She confused sex with love and love with attention. She spent the majority of her adult life looking for love in every sexual encounter and male glance she received until one day she realized that the only place true love can be found is from within. Resnick seeks help in a local support group for those like her and finds solace and personal freedom. She sheds a bright light on a very dark subject.

~Jessica~I'm a Hoodie Ninja~ says

I got this book from the Library expecting a bunch of long words with too many vowels to be thrown at me. You know, when people go through things and get "diagnosed" they all of a sudden speak like a doctor and expect you to understand. So I was prepared to drag out the ol' dictionary on this one...but to my utter delight, it was not like that at all.

I read numerous reviews bashing Ms. Resnick calling her a grown ass woman who can't stop whining.....but I didn't feel that way.

Rachel Resnick is a Love Junkie. But as I read that, I thought to myself, aren't we all? Aren't we all in some ways, Love Junkies? Don't we all in some way shape or form, Romanticize some relationships and do things we don't normally do to try and connect with someone?

Rachel Resnick did this but to the 10th power. Every man she met was the one. When she slept with them, literally the next day she's emailing them, sometimes 30 emails in one day. Even when this one particular man told her that she's taking their relationship too seriously, she emails him some more poems and song lyrics to change his mind.

When Rachel received any kind of attention, she took it and never let it go until it was torn up and mutilated. She stuck with abusive relationships just because any kind of Love is better than no love.

Rachel had a hard childhood. As many of us did. And I won't go into how horrid hers actually was.

The point that I'm trying to make at 9am with no caffeine, is that who are we to judge this woman with what she wanted to share as her personal experience with life? It's her experience not ours. I know that I wouldn't have gone through the things that she put herself through but I know I've put myself through enough stupid bullshit that I can't judge her.

We are all Love Junkies. So thank you Rachel Resnick for putting your story out there and reminding all of the single ladies out there that you don't need to always jump head first, and reminding all the ladies that are in relationships to stay true to who you are because that's the person that your man or woman fell in love with in the first place.

Sasha says

If you think your love life stinks, you should read Resnick's memoir of her dating life. I was cringing when I was reading about the men she dated and the abuse she endured in the name of "love".

KatiePotatieArts says

Rachel Resnick is an Addict.

Do not read this book if you are concerned about in depth details of sex and the things Rachel will do in order to keep herself in a relationship.

I loved this book.

I am a sucker for a good biography. I was staying at my sister's some years ago in the spare room; this is where my sister keeps a large hoard of books, especially books that are not necessarily appropriate for her kids to gain interest in. While lying in bed I noticed that she had three copies of Love Junkie by Rachel Resnick. A book that must be owned more than once must be worth reading – right?

Rachel is a sex addict, something she admits very early in the book. This is from a life of childhood trauma and learning from her mother, an non-diagnosed sex addict. Rachel is a completely relate-able person; she speaks of desperation and heart ache that without having experienced it would be hard to understand.

Rachel's story involves minor characters and a particularly abusive lead boyfriend, but I did not find any of them worth mentioning.

For a full review and others please visit my blog -> <https://bookreviewsfor.blogspot.com.au/>

Kid says

I'm not really sure what it says about my general state of being to have read this.

Is it terrible? Well yes. . .it is!

I thought I would never tire of memoirs by addicts of various self-destructive bents - but I think Love Junkies brought this camel down. This book made me feel really bad.

The redemptive arc of these memoirs is really predictable - and that's their raison d'être so I'm not really complaining. . .and I'm not mad at Rachel Resnick for writing this and for Bloomsbury for seeing some dollar signs in it's publication. I'm really just mad at the part of me that would while away a day reading this excuse for depraved soft porn and compromised relationships.

I think the best you can take away from this is that Resnick has a hunger for companionship that trumps every shred of dignity she may have been granted at birth. That's the gist. Her boyfriends trend towards the abusive and crazy. But she's also clearly pretty nuts and sometimes it feels a little downplayed. But I'm being unfair. She doesn't pull punches. She calls it like she sees it. She's out of control in da love game and needed to sit a few matches out. Never mind.

Ebony says

I just finished reading Love Junkie and she reminded me how easy it is to be a big brain and a big baby. Grown ass woman with an emotionally stilted child inside hoping that someone else will heal, save, or at least help get past childhood wounds. When I got over the waste of white privilege, I could see how unloved women practice unloving themselves in unhealthy and oftentimes abusive relationships. I'm glad she wrote the book. It's her creative responsibility healing. It's not stellarly told but the sex and food descriptions are interesting. A reader will want to disidentify with the protagonist which is the point. Resnick's inscription to me reads, "hope you don't identify." No one wants to admit to being a love junkie—that's the extreme, but how many of us have been guilty of holding on to someone else because we didn't want to face ourselves? Moral of the story from one white woman to the world.

I wouldn't recommend it to a woman in the throws of a tumultuous relationship—it would either send her over the edge or she would disidentify with everything because she's too close but to the thinking woman who is finding herself outside of her relationships—figuring out who she is and what she needs, it's thought provoking. It gives good clues to how abuse starts and ends. It would also be helpful for men. Moral of the story for the men of women coming unglued—just leave her, dawg. Don't string her along. Don't come back for the sex. Don't contribute to her debasement. Don't try to save her. She has to save herself. If you know you don't want her just leave don't drag this shit out for years. Be a man. Walk away. A good man can save a woman so much heartache and pain if he can be honest with her and himself. So there's something here for everyone—multiple messages abound and that is what a good book is supposed to do.

Peter says

A well-written but disturbing memoir... While very good to rate may be inappropriate, it's so personal it verges on violation of "taste" (in fact it raises the question of what standards there should be for personal revelations eschewing confessional boundaries to exhibit a pornography of the soul, with dirty illusions laid bare on paper sheets degrading the last sexual taboos), & seems something Freud would slaver over relishing Resnick's childhood hang-ups, suicidal-alcoholic mother, & divided family relationships. All because it's non-fiction, and one might expect a greater "moral" responsibility from such a noted author in the ramifications of telling the whole truth where anything goes, as opposed to a fictional rendering where the author can damn well get away with anything these days. In a sense that's what is possibly ground-breaking about LOVE JUNKIE...

Brittnee says

While reading this book there were some moments of, "oh girl, I totally get what you are saying here". Other times I'm like, "oh my god will you get to the point". Now that I have reached the end I am sad to report that the bad outweighed the good. Also, there is a long bit of information that I'd like to call "let me talk about lesbian sex for a while in order to sell books".

Jamila says

Resnick has clearly spent years thinking about what she terms as "love addiction," and I agree with her about

its roots in childhood. Reading about how Resnick's parents treated her made me shudder but sadly I could relate. It makes sense that she sought out love and affection from relationships but found herself trapped in harmful ones because she only attracted men that would abuse her because deep down I am sure she felt like she didn't deserve real love and continued to punish herself subconsciously over and over again. Resnick made me hold my breath as she told her graphic tales of rough sex with damaged, controlling men who filled her body without ever filling her desperate need to be loved and valued.

There were parts in this book where I it's like Resnick peeped my own life and I related to her pain and tragic situations completely. This is a great book for any woman to read who keeps finding herself in unhealthy romantic relationships because I am sure we all have moments where we feel like the weakest woman in the world. This book will show you that you aren't or weren't alone especially if you have been able to end those unhealthy relationships.

This book should allow all women to forgive themselves for all the drama we put ourselves through in the past.

Andrea says

(Disclaimer: Rachel is a former writing teacher of mine; I attended a bunch of her private workshops in LA. This is her new memoir.)

What a book! It's as if she reached inside herself, tore her heart out, and squeezed its contents all over the pages. This is a brutally honest recount of her relationship battles and lifelong addiction to love and sex. I literally could not put it down; read it in one sitting. There is very much I could relate to on several levels, and her deeply intimate details make it that much more heart-twisting to read.

It reminded me very much of reading *Drinking: A Love Story* (another highly recommended book) - the utter honesty and intimacy make for an exquisite experience.

John Marr says

To her credit, Resnick does not blame her problems on men, but on her poor judgement in selecting men. But I suspect she has sent more than better specimen running the other way, screaming.

Reddonnaann says

Resnick has violated virtually every guideline and tradition that has kept 12 Step programs alive since Bill and Bob started AA and saved lives in 1938. All 12 Step programs are ANONYMOUS. What goes on in meetings is to be left in meetings.

I KNOW people she wrote about in this book. They were HUMILIATED when they read their most intimate, private, CONFIDENTIAL details shared, really for no good reason. They were in no way protected by changes made by the author. Their lives were used for profit.

Friends I referenced in the book say Resnick has also edited the experiences to make herself look way better than she apparently was when she was warmly welcomed into the rooms of SLAA, as every newcomer in every 12 Step program is. She has been banned from meetings (where she sat and took notes, writing what people said, their names, what they looked like, what they did, etc), disgraced herself and hurt deeply people who have suffered and struggled to find a solution in their lives for no good reason.

This type of slander and exposure is why people are afraid to attend meetings. Rachel Resnick is a disgusting, talentless hack who can't come up with anything original to say and has to rely on others' experiences. Not to mention, it's shitty writing and so distorted it's not even real. Shame on her. Shame, shame, shame.

Jeannie says

Whew. amazing story! Felt the pain and loved her candor!

Sara says

Desperate and at times disturbing—Love Junkie is a memoir that is almost too honest. Resnick, a forty year old writer, is our junkie. The book recounts her relationships from childhood to middle age as evidence of her love addiction. An addiction she claims is as gripping as heroin. Resnick opens her story by describing scenes in which her mother threw herself at men while neglecting her children, and segues into history vividly repeating itself over a string of Resnick's own failed relationships. She lives her life choosing one ill-suited mate after another in a frantic need to be loved. She pushes herself beyond her limits in a constant pursuit of an intimacy that evades her. When it comes to sex and love, she has absolutely no control over herself. She tirelessly pursues affection at any cost.

Resnick lays out her history for the reader to devour and judge in a completely straightforward way. The author at times is unlikable but her story is too well told to deny. Her memories range from heart wrenchingly sad to completely outrageous, and at times scarily relatable. The book ends without warning and with questionable hope for the author's fate, but unnaturally haunts the reader long after the story's completion.
