



Getting Even

Woody Allen

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Getting Even

Woody Allen

Getting Even Woody Allen

After three decades of prodigious film work & some unfortunate tabloid adventures, it's easy to forget that Woody Allen began his career as one heck of a great comedy writer. *Getting Even*, a collection of his late '60s magazine pieces, offers a look into Allen's bag of shtick, back when it was new. From the supposed memoirs of Hitler's barber: "Then, in January of '45, a plot by several generals to shave Hitler's moustache in his sleep failed when von Stauffenberg, in the darkness of Hitler's bedroom, shaved off one of the Führer's eyebrows instead..." Even tho the idea of writing jokes about old Adolf--or addled rabbis, or Maatjes herring--isn't nearly as fresh as it used to be, *Getting Even* still delivers plenty of laughs. At his best, Woody can achieve a level of transcendent craziness that no other writer can match. If you're looking for a book to dip into at random, or a gift for someone who's seen *Sleeper* 13 times, *Getting Even* is a classic, with 316,000 copies sold to date.

Getting Even Details

Date : Published August 12th 1978 by Vintage Books / Random House (first published 1966)

ISBN : 9780394726403

Author : Woody Allen

Format : Paperback 146 pages

Genre : Humor, Fiction, Short Stories, Comedy, Writing, Essays, Literature, American, Funny, The United States Of America, Audiobook

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From Reader Review Getting Even for online ebook

Ivan Damjanović says

Priličan sam ljubitelj Allenovih filmova (nekih više, nekih manje*, kao, uostalom, i tekstova iz ove zbirke), a ovo je prvi njegov tiskani uradak kojeg sam se dohvatio. Tradicionalno najuočljivija tekstualna struktura, naslov knjige, veliki je upitnik ovdje. Ne uočavam nikakvu vezu između „Getting Even“ / „Milo za drago“ i dotičnih tekstova. (Ni na netu nisam našao razjašnjenje, ali nije da sam se ubio tražeći). Uglavnom, ova kompilacija objavljena '71. na mahove vrlo zabavno parodira biografski diskurs, topose kulture, književnosti, filozofije, historiografije itd. Dotični tekstovi vjerojatno sjedaju bolje ako se dozira čitanje (jedan tjedno ili mjesecno). Ukupan dojam 0.3/5 uz napomenu da štosevi variraju od genijalnih i antologijskih do jako loših, repetitivnih i napornih. Također, i u najslabijem tekstu nađe se bar 1-2 vrlo dobra štos.

*Neke, naravno, još nisam pogledao.

The Metterling Lists 0.3 najkriptičniji tekst i.m.o

A Look at Organized Crime 3-4 kraj falls flat

The Schmeed Memoirs 0.4 među najboljim (o frizeru nacista)

My Philosophy 0.4 parodiranje filozofskog diskursa

Yes, But Can the Steam Engine Do This? 3-4 o izumitelju sendviča, grofu Sandwichu

Death Knocks 0.4 antologijska parodija Bergmanovog Sedmog petata

Spring Bulletin 0.3 „Kolegij: Uvod u socijalni rad. Teme uključuju: kako ulične bande pretvoriti u košarkaške momčadi i obrnuto“

Hassidic Tales 3-4 „Još uvijek je nejasno zašto hebrejski zakoni brane svinjetinu, a neki vjernici vjeruju kako Tora samo predlaže da se svinjetina ne jede u određenim restoranima.“ „Rabin naposljetku pobjegne i krene prema najbližem mjestu, no zaluta na Ural jer se sramio pitati za put.“

Da, na Ural.

The Gossage-Vardebedian Papers 2-3 ne pretjerano lucidna parodija šahovske prepiske

Notes from the Overfed 0.3 solidna parodijska parafraza Zapisa iz podzemlja Dostojevskog „Zapisi iz prežderavanja“

A Twenties Memory 0.2 zamac ideje realizirane u „Ponoć u Parizu“ (druženje s Hemingwayem, Fitzgeraldima itd.) film za koji smatram da je previše razvikan, a i ovaj tekst me se ponajmanje dojmio u zbirci.

Count Dracula 0.3 ima ponajjači punchline, ali vrlo slab kraj.

A Little Louder, Please 1-2

Conversations with Helmholtz 0.3 „Ti moderni analitičari, koliko naplaćuju! U moje vrijeme bi vas za pet maraka liječio sam Freud. Za deset bi vas liječio i izgledao vam hlaće. A za petnaest Freud bi dopustio da vi liječite njega, a u to su bile uračunate i dvije vrste povrća po izboru.“

Viva Vargas! 0.2 zamac filma „Bananas“, parodira stereotipni južnoamerički revolucionarni kontekst.

The Discovery and Use of the Fake Ink Blot 1-2

Mr. Big 0.3 parodija „tvrdo kuhane“ detektivske proze „O, Kaiseru, a mogli bismo pobjeći zajedno. Samo nas dvoje. Zaboravili bismo na filozofiju. Smirili bismo se i eventualno bavili semantikom.“ (Vrlo vjerojatno puno snažniji dojam unutar konteksta.)

Tara says

“My one regret in life is that I am not someone else.”

This collection of Woody Allen’s humorous magazine pieces from the Sixties was unfortunately fairly forgettable. There were a few exceptions (I loved *My Philosophy*, *Viva Vargas!*, and *A Little Louder, Please*), but, on the whole, they just weren’t all that funny. I’m giving this an extra star, however, because it’s still Woody freakin’ Allen. It also gets major points for this hilarious gem on the joys of reading Kierkegaard:

“I remember my reaction to a typically luminous observation of Kierkegaard’s: ‘Such a relation which relates itself to its own self (that is to say, a self) must either have constituted itself or have been constituted by another.’ The concept brought tears to my eyes. My word, I thought, to be that clever! (I’m a man who has trouble writing two meaningful sentences on ‘My Day at the Zoo.’) True, the passage was totally incomprehensible to me, but what of it as long as Kierkegaard was having fun?”

I don’t know if that’s a real Kierkegaard quote or not, but it sure as shit sounds like the little monster. Luminous indeed!

Jeff Crompton says

I picked this one off the shelves a couple of days ago. I've read it a couple of times over the years, but not recently. This time, more than ever, it struck me as brilliant. The humor is a mixture of the intellectual and the ridiculous, and that mixture appeals to me strongly. I particularly enjoyed the final piece, "Mr. Big," which reads like something Mickey Spillane would have written if he had been a philosophy major.

Mohsen M.B says

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Punk says

Humor. These absurd little pieces read like they were written by a computer program that learned to write from Mad Libs. The humor is completely random and utterly dry. The stories aren't laugh-out-loud funny -- they're more likely to surprise an admiring snort out of you -- but they are funny (if sometimes funny-strange), crafted with skill and fearlessness (comedy: the one thing Woody Allen isn't afraid of?).

Some favorites: "The Schmeed Memoirs" - Hitler's barber; "Death Knocks" - Death plays gin rummy with Nat Ackerman; "The Gossage-Vardebedian Papers" - passive-aggressive long-distance chess; "A Twenties Memory" - Hemingwayesque, sort of.

Four stars. The style's reminiscent of Kurt Vonnegut's, but without the underlying message. This is absurdity for absurdity's sake.

Tony says

Allen, Woody. GETTING EVEN. (1971). ****1/2. This was the first collection of Allen's thoughts, essays, and phantasmagoria. Most of the pieces were first published in the New Yorker magazine, and are all stand-alone. This is the second time I have worked my way through this book, not realizing that time was passing, and all of a sudden finding I was at the end. On the way I have been entertained and amazed at the variety of Allen's turgid imagination. Pieces like, "Death Knocks," and A Little Louder, Please," have provided me with moments of laughter that will recur for long after I have put down the book. If you have never read Allen's collections, I strongly urge you to do so. They are a mixture of the absurd and the fantastic, along with a mirror of our own unanswered questions on life and death. Highly recommended.

Mohammad Ali says

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Alejandro Saint-Barthélemy says

Read it years ago. Remember hating it with a passion, namely the part in which Woody destroys his beloved Swedish movie *The Seventh Seal*.

This book's title was accurately translated into Spanish as *Acabemos de una vez por todas con la cultura* ("Let's Finish with Culture for Once and for All"), and I get Woody's intention, but I agree with Oscar Wilde

more, *Those who find ugly meanings in beautiful things are corrupt without being charming. This is a fault.*, and this book felt to me at the time as Woody deepfucking masterpieces with a secuoia of poor taste, which takes me to Dalí's take on modern artists and critics hating Classicism for considering it corny (*Like any sewer rat worthy of the name*).

It's okay to kill your idols... if your take on them is somewhat reasonable (as in, for example, loving Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell* for its artistic quality and yet being bothered for it being a coming-of-age hysterical diary of an adolescent genius [many people's case, not mine, 'cause I feel for an exceptionally gifted artist who was one the 5 best poets alive in his time and never earned a dime for it, unlike his pseudo-poetic millionaire followers such as... that Nobel Prize... Bob Dylan!]) and not just a distorted transformation of the original for the mere purpose of destroying it, unless you do it (which is not the case here) with some kind of charm whatsoever (as Picasso's recreations of Velázquez's *Las meninas* [recreations that I don't like a lot, and so didn't Picasso himself, but that are still interesting as a modern take on them [this is not, again, what Woody does here, or, if so, he fails terribly, at least to me, making something deep such as *The Seventh Seal* to look like a soap opera [Picasso didn't turn artworks of the past into posters]]).

I personally found this rootless American-doughnout-humor-destroying-truffles really sickening (whereas at first glance my comment may look snobby, I happen to love anti-artworks as well as masterpieces, but this book is not Woody Allen being punk on his own terms [Picasso's case, again] but an obnoxious iconoclast, which is another story and Duchamp's *La Gioconda* with a moustache on it was and always be enough to prove the point).

Television is an excellent system when one has nothing to lose, as in the case with a nomadic and rootless country like the United States, but in Europe the affect of television is that of a bulldozer which reduces culture to the lowest possible denominator. (Marc Fumaroli)

P.S. I do like very much loads of Woody Allen's movies, for the record.

Nazanin Banaei says

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Coleman says

You know that weird friend who buys beans in bulk and soaks them himself, or swears that vinyl sounds "warmer" than that electronic crap they record on today as long as you aren't playing it on a Crosley, or compares different wines to Star Trek characters and Greek philosophers, or when people ask him what he does for a living he calls himself a "lifelong learner" or "an intellectual" or "What do any of us do to live, really? You know I was reading about the future of artificial intelligence in *The New Yorker* last week and I think we will soon have an existential crisis on our hands if we continually define ourselves by capitalistic means of production..."? You ever see him chuckling sensibly to himself while reading the erudite musings of a renowned "humorist" (which is another way of saying "stale comedian") just loud enough so that you'll ask him what's so funny so he can start in with the "Oh nothing, it's just that Mr. Allen's observations about Freud or so spot-on, of course I've always been a student of the Jungian school myself..."

This is the book he's reading.

Paquita Maria Sanchez says

I dedicate this review to my friend David Vicsotka. Here is a man that LOVES engaging in those early-in-the-dating-process, sprawling conversations about art, literature, and film that either A) get you laid, and ideally lead to further discussions concerning the wonders of the creative process coupled with additional sexual encounters or B) lead to awkward conversations, reconsideration of sexual interest, fears that this person is a boorish dumb-ass, fears within that potential dumb-ass that you are a shallow, pretentious hipster, etc. Then again, David doesn't really care about the results of such conversations, whether they be hot sex or a slap in the face. He simply loves these subjects and hearing himself talk about these subjects. This is a man who scoffs at the "aesthetic plebeians" who don't understand the "epic poetry" that is the films of Campion, Malick, and Bergman (my use of quotation marks around "epic poetry" is by no means intended as a value judgment either for or against these directors, as this is not the place for that.*) A man who will spend 45 minutes engaged in a scene-for-scene verbal recreation of the ENTIRE film *Raging Bull* which spoils it for you before you have even seen it, and will sit with strangers at parties attempting to show them the wonders of Calvin Johnson's music by playing all of his favorite songs and dissecting the lyrics, whether the individual appears interested in this largely one-sided discussion or not. A ranter, to be certain. Oh, and don't even get him started on what a sellout Tarantino is for the *Kill Bill* movies. I have argued this one with him so many times that I still grind my teeth when I think about it. And you know what? I love David, and I love to hear him go off REGARDLESS of whether I agree with him or not. In short, I love David in a way quite similar to how I love Woody Allen.

It didn't take long for me to "get" Woody Allen. Sure, he's a snobby know-it-all, potentially a borderline megalomaniac, and most certainly a pretentious hipster. He writes himself into his own scripts as just short of god's gift to women (his only downfalls being his fear of commitment, his all-too-soon boredom with newish sexual partners, and his overarching problem of not being able to find a mate with anything resembling the grasp of "intellectual concerns" and "cultured things" that he has.) In short, his only problem with women is that he is just too hard to "get." Okay, I get that. I am being too harsh, though. Among others, the films *Annie Hall* and *Sweet and Lowdown* (via Penn's role as Emmett Ray) explore this delusion on his part, and paint his combined pretensions as the real downfall of his romantic make-up. He talks himself out of the arms of devoted lovers through the "lonely, starving artist who can't reach his full potential unless he's a rambling man, void of all attachments to anything save his work, pain is the only way" bullshit rock star myth. To avoid ruining these wonderful films for those who have yet to see them, I won't continue describing them. However, I just want to point out that there is additionally a small element of self-deprecation involved in Woody Allen's otherwise masturbatory roles within his own films. This (along with the fact that I relate to his general cynicism) is what redeems him in my eyes enough to make me even sort of love him a whole lot.

Check it out, guys! Here is where I actually discuss the book! *Getting Even* is a decent read, with quite a fair amount of belly-laugh moments. However, if you are not familiar with Allen's films and his famous method of line-delivery (perhaps only trumped in haughty awesomeness by Larry David), then you will not have a context in which to enjoy his ramblings, and may instead feel like you are reading a collection of the scattered thoughts of a lunatic, or the bullshit musings of a verbose douchbag. Yes, this book is a bit snarky and a lot-bit intellectually smug...almost as if he is challenging you to look up every scholarly reference he makes in order to catch up with his boundless knowledge. This I did not do. However, in the moments where (due to my accumulation of book learnins' leading up to reading this short paperback) I was able to catch his references, it actually was pretty amusing. It would make a good airplane book if you're hella grandiose by nature and want to sit alone laughing to yourself while saying "smartsy fartsy" things out-loud like "hahaha,

de Sade, indeed!" or "the Grim Reaper discussing *Faust* while playing poker? Ho ho ho, jolly good, sir." So, yeah...take it or leave it. Whatever floats your little boat around the moat.

Before I go back to my coffee-pounding and chain-smoking, I would like to highlight a particular story in the collection, as it made me think of the goodreads community. *The Gossage-Vardebedian Papers* consists of a back and forth correspondence between two men who are attempting to play a game of chess through the mail. Their exchanges become increasingly hostile as each one attempts to guide the game based on their very different chessboards, each of which has a winning strategy laid out for the man sitting in front of it. Through each man's claims of lost or ignored letters containing "brilliant" moves (among other tricks), the two separate boards become so mismatched that each player in the end decides that he has won, but will let his competitor think whatever he likes (though they can't seem to cease continuing to write back and forth making jabs at one another.) Though written in the seventies, I think this is a wonderful illustration of the communication breakdown that often occurs on goodreads, and the internet as a whole. Throughout message boards, myfaces, spacebooks, and particularly youtube (the last refuge of the most desperately insecure, mundane naysayers that the internet has to offer, it would appear), there is a whole lot of shakin' going on concerning conflicting opinions on...well, just about everything ever. Yes, people like to argue, and being able to take the time to carefully enunciate your heavily edited convictions sure makes it a lot easier to feel as if you have won whatever useless battle presented itself on any given day. However, is anyone's opinion really changing? I myself have gotten into some nasty exchanges on this website, and though I feel quite certain of my superior position in each of these debates (I was doing a little pompous dance just then as a means of self-mockery), that doesn't mean that anyone else does, or that anyone even gives a flying fuck enough to ponder it to begin with. Whoever I was arguing with that day certainly doesn't care, and most likely walked away feeling like they had won a bar-fight rather than engaged in a heated debate resulting in expanded perceptions of some kind or another. This is my way-too-lengthy means of saying that this piece shows just how fantastically astute Allen can be in some of the more glorious moments in this book. Here is a passage which made me actually stop reading for a few moments to laugh, reflect on some of the more asshole-ish and wordy comments I've made to trolls, and then laugh some more to and at myself about how ridiculous the whole internet social networking debate thing can often be:

"Gossage,

How curious your last letter was! Well-intended, concise, containing all the elements that would appear to make up what passes among certain reference groups as a communicative effect, yet tinged throughout with what Jean-Paul Sartre is so fond of referring to as 'nothingness.' One is immediately struck by a profound sense of despair, and reminded vividly of the diaries sometimes left by doomed explorers lost at the Pole, or the letters of German soldiers at Stalingrad. Fascinating how the senses disintegrate when faced with an occasional black truth, and scamper amuck, substantiating mirage and constructing a precarious buffer against the onslaught of all too terrifying existence!"

How goodreadsy, Woody. You should have your own review page, as you would fit right in with all of the other overly-opinionated nerds like myself. However, your book is still 3 stars overall. If it's any consolation, *Sweet and Lowdown* gets a five out of five.

*I will make one value-judgment from this list, however. Jane Campion's short films from college are wonderfully perceptive, original, and highly inspiring for burgeoning artists of every stripe, and it is my far-from-humble opinion that everybody should see them. Also, they are relevant concerning the fragmented opinions and internetty miscommunications mentioned above. That is all.

<http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xcg8...>

Shaghayegh.I3 says

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Rosa Ramôa says

Sim, mas a máquina de vapor é capaz de fazer isto?
Podemos fazer uma reflexão filosófica.Podemos ver nisso uma
interpretação do distinto erudito.Boletim da Primavera?
Podemos acabar de vez com a cultura?Será a morte que chama ou é a minha filosofia?
...
Num dia normal na vida do lendário Conde Drácula que espera pelo anoitecer para não levar com os raios de
sol que certamente o matariam. Cai a escuridão.Drácula sai.Tratava de um eclipse.
...
E ainda:
-As listas de Metterling
-Uma vista de olhos pelo crime organizado
-As memórias de Schmeed
-Lendas assídicas com um guia para a sua...
-Correspondência Gossage-Vardebedian
-Notas de um sobrealimentado
-Memórias dos anos vinte
-Um pouco mais alto, por favor
-Diálogos com Helmholtz
-Viva Vargas!
-A descoberta e o uso do borrão de tinta falso
-O chefão
...
Livro com vários textos e reflexões fantásticas.HUMOR*

Amene says

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Mahdi Dolati says

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carpe librorum :) says

É cómico, absurdo, bastante irónico e sarcástico, apesar de eu ter cabeceado algumas vezes a lê-lo, mas pronto, estava cansada e cheia de sono. Ando a reler Contos do Gin-Tonic e não posso deixar de notar algumas semelhanças. O Woody também tem o seu quê de surreal. Enfim, um clássico incontornável que eu mais tarde ou mais cedo havia de ler. Next.

Maja Peri? says

The Whore of Mensa from "Without Feathers" would really come in handy when trying to tell the real-life and the made up people apart (though I am fully aware that this probably only goes for me). Nevertheless I absolutely loved every short story and gained some perspective on things I never really thought or cared about before. On a more unrelated note, am currently wondering if Heywood will live to dispel all those misconceptions about Dylan Farrow's sexual abuse allegations and to see the truth come out. In my head, a beautiful and brilliant mind like his was not capable of thinking let alone doing such a thing. I know there is a fat chance that I am being painfully naive and hopelessly optimistic about this, but since I never risk being stupid I decided I'm going to be stupid for him. What do you want? The guy had me at the preface.

>somebody cares

Mariel says

Review #1: The Lists

I would do a list of my favorite Woody Allen films but I've already done so elsewhere on goodreads. I know it happened in 2003 (or maybe it was 2004. I remember the pain if not the exact date) that these asshole Wes Anderson fans made fun of me for having such a long list of favorite Woody Allen films.

Times that Wes Anderson made me look like an idiot:

1. His stupid fans ganged up on me for having a long list of favorite films. Okay, if my favorite filmmaker was Wes Anderson my favorite film list would look like this.

1. Rushmore

2. In 2002 I told my twin "I don't watch Danny Glover films." I don't recall exactly why I told her this (it isn't even true. I've seen Places in the Heart [a good movie and if anyone wants my list of favorite John Malkovich stories I've got one hell of a good story about that film] and other movies.) So we go to see The Royal Tenebaums in theatres and who plays the boyfriend of Anjelica Huston? If you said "The 'Burne" meaning Lawrence Fishburne you are wrong. It was Danny Glover. Lauren was oh so smug. Damn you, Wes Anderson!

3. When I was 6 I was obsessed with always wearing a faux rabbit fur coat. I never took it off, even in the hot Alabama sun. So one day a kid announces to our teacher that he's hot. I chime in, "Me too!" "Of course YOU'RE hot, Mariel, you never take off that stupid coat!" Since "Tenebaums came out people think I'm just like Margot Tenebaum when I share that story of my childish stupidity. Not fair! I did it first! Guess you were copying me when you were done copying Salinger and Konigsburg.

I may not have been able to give those Anderson fans the what for back in 2003. But you know what they say about revenge being a dish best served cold? I'm going to do lists related somehow to every story in Woody Allen's book Getting Even. That's right, I'm getting even.

The Metterling Lists

Best stories set in laundromats. (Shout-out to 'Fonso 'cause we've talked about this before. We are both cursed by the gods of laundry.)

1. The Flight of the Conchords. Jemaine meets Sally again and segues into "Business Time".
2. The Flight of the Conchords. The actor/laundromat employee played by Will Forte (usually he sucks). His laundromat movie in the credits stars John Turturro. Yeah!
3. Dr. Horrible's Sing-along-blog. It was sweet the little romance in the laundry room.
4. Isabel Coixet's My Life Without Me. Sentiment without being sentimental AND stars Sarah Polley (one of my top faves).
5. Vivian Van Velde's Companions of the Night. A girl meets psycho vamp killers and psycho vamps in the laundry retrieving little brother's teddy bear.

A Look at Organized Crime

Most bad-ass mafioso.

1. The baddest ass mofo mafioso ever.
2. Johnny Dangerously.
3. Now that's HARD time.

The Schmeed Memoirs

Best hair-dos.

1. 'Fonso's afro (shout-out!).
2. Dan Bejar.
3. Robert Smith of The Cure. Those follicles were tentacles that sucked in the fans.

4. Medusa
5. John Turturro's homage to Eraserhead AND Morrissey in Barton Fink.

My Philosophy

The top philosophy factory in the world:

1. Flint, Michigan.

D'oh that was going to be the best outfits to wear while being philosophical! Black goes with black.

Yes, But Can the Steam Engine Do This?

Historical figures who are so pathetic no one ever named sandwiches after them.

1. Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.
2. Earl Grey
3. James Earl Jones
4. Stieg Larsson
5. Wolfe Dragomir, Earl of Ravensmere

Death Knocks

Games I'd totally beat death in:

1. Nintendodogs
2. Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon
3. Posting in all of Alfonso's threads (shout-out!).

Spring Bulletin

College courses Buster Bluth should've taken:

1. Cutting the umbilical cord
2. Girls date their fathers and boys marry their mothers
3. The Beatles (I so would!)

Hassidic Tales, with a Guide to Their Interpretation by the Noted Scholar

Best people to walk into a bar with a rabbi:

1. A priest
2. A preacher
3. A guy

The Gossage- Vardebedian Papers

Best chess players

1. Manny
2. Notgettingenough
3. John Turturro in The Luzhin Defence
4. Alice
5. Ronald Weasley

Notes from the Overfed

Free association in my brain:

1. Some girls are bigger than others.
2. My pet alligator loves this waaay too much
3. Ezra Pound

A Twenties Memory

Authors I would love to name-drop like I knew 'em:

1. Shakespeare
2. Jk Rowling
3. George Orwell

Count Dracula

Ideal dinner guests to a dinner party featuring Count Dracula

1. Elijah the Prophet
2. Those pesky relatives who won't leave.
3. Teachers and priests who invite themselves over.

A Little Louder, Please

Joe Sensitive's brethren.

1. Joe Porn
2. Jake Internet
3. Peeping Tom

Conversations with Helmholtz

Best therapist Christmas gifts.

1. Analrapist pants
2. Child molestation dolls
3. Bob from What About Bob?

Viva Vargas!

Best musicals with exclamation marks in the title:

1. Oliver!
2. HELP!
3. Oklahoma!

The Discovery and Use of the Fake Ink Blot

Places I've seen Jesus:

1. My breakfast cereal
2. Rorschach tests
3. Church

Mr. Big

Famous Mr. Bigs in history:

1. Sex in the City
2. Biggie Smalls
3. God

No, that can't be it! I don't think those Wessies are sorry enough yet.

My mom didn't name me Mariel after Mariel Hemingway because she liked her in Woody Allen's film Manhattan. She liked her teen modelling career.

Other names I might've had:

1. Brooke (Shields)
2. Farrah (Fawcett)

3. Barry (Manilow)

Review #2

I loved Woody Allen's Getting Even. I don't care what anybody else says about this book being out of date (it was published in 1972. Some of the stories predate that). I find Woody Allen always surprising and comforting at the same time like Morrissey or The Beatles. Like Morrissey because it seems to be easy to assume that the persona eclipses all other layers. The Beatles because the timelessness is the old and new at the same time. It doesn't eclipse nothin'. There's a reason why other actors who have attempted to "be" Woody have failed (don't think about Kenneth Branagh, Mariel! Nooo). There's a sharpness to the wit and good humor of his material. I don't really know how to describe it. I couldn't "be" Woody. I don't want to be. I really loved laughing out loud and being surprised by a really good line.

How is death, history, god, education, taste, food, etc. ever out of date?

Amir says

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Jane Stewart says

This was ok, but I didn't smile as much as I hoped. My mind wandered at times.

I like his quirky mind. Woody Allen was ok as narrator of the audiobook.

DATA:

Narrative mode: mostly 3rd person. Unabridged audiobook length: 2 hrs and 43 mins. Swearing language: Jesus used once or twice. Sexual content: nothing explicit. Book copyright: 1971. Genre: humorous thoughts.
