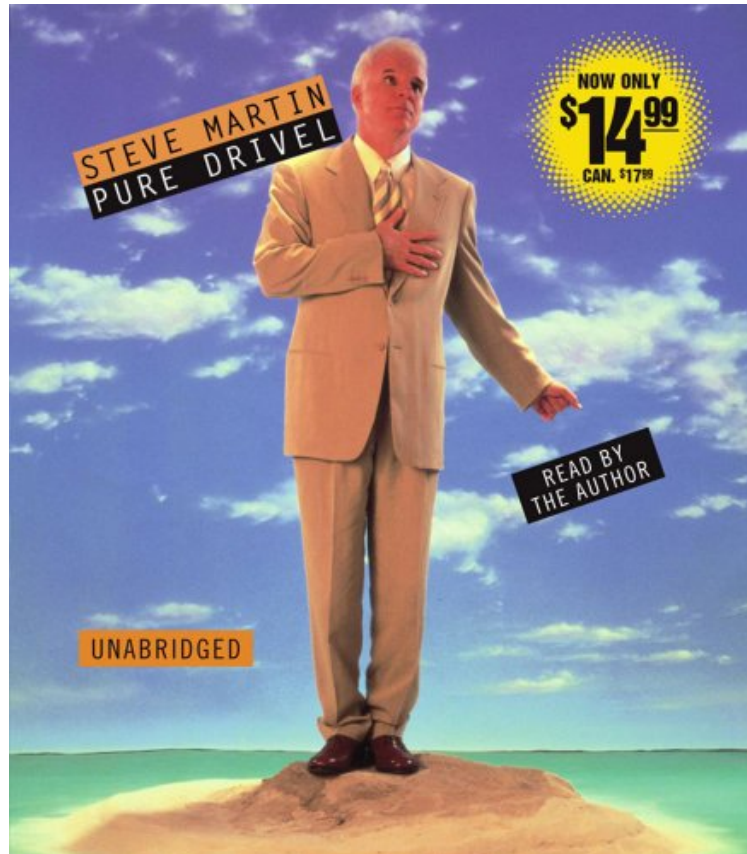


Pure Drivel

Steve Martin

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#1421542 in Books 2007-11-20 2007-11-20 Formats: Audiobook, CD, Unabridged Original
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27.Mb

Steve Martin : Pure Drivel before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Pure Drivel:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. One of the best from Steve Martin. By Ictower One of the funniest books I've ever read. Steve Martin at his best. The copy I got had some printing errors (miscut-pages) but as I bought it as a gift for someone who works in printing, it was an ironic bonus. I had bought two copies previously as I had loaned one out and wanted to read it again. 2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. A Quip Above By Jane Walker I LOVE Steve. I was a member of his Official Fan Club back in the 70s when I was probably too young to be listening to his albums (thanks, Mom!). I have already made a point of sharing those classic albums--now CDs--with my kids and find that we can crack each other up with "I'm so mad at my Mother...". But I digress. Note: If you're not clear on what digress means, don't buy this book. When my 9th grader entered high school this year, he decided to join the speech and debate team and compete in the humorous interpretation events. We searched high and low for almost a month to find pieces that could be done at the high school level (not profane) and were not too topical to be outdated. This book fulfilled the need and then some. He has done two separate pieces from Pure Drivel (Side Effects and How I

Joined MENSA) to rave reviews. I would highly recommend this book to anyone longing for educated humor from the master. 4 of 5 people found the following review helpful. Accurate Title By Wayne A. Smith Here's the quick and dirty on Steve Martin's *Pure Drivel*: About 90% of the pieces are clever; About 60% of the pieces are witty; About 40% of the pieces are funny (funny enough to cause an audible chortle, guffaw or even a wry smile). Steve Martin is a very crisp and smart writer. His mastery of the written word and imagination are on full display here and show why he often writes successful movie scripts. *Pure Drivel* is a thin collection of short essays Martin wrote for *The New Yorker* (whose readership I've always thought feels it must support the clever even if it is not concurrently the witty). The topics are as wide ranging as you could imagine: a report on the shortage of an important article of punctuation; a Lucy and Desi script, *Lolita* (yes, that *Lolita*) at age fifty (this is a gem), a future report on the devastation caused by the Y3K bug, and assorted other topics not joined by any relation other than birth from the wellspring of Martin's mind. I read this in three sittings, which I think was a mistake. Sometimes for me, humor collections fall off if taken in too large a bite. I usually laugh out loud at Dave Barry's weekly columns but found his essay collections repetitive. Same for Letterman Top Ten Lists. I would advise the reader to place this book at a convenient location in the bathroom when the five or ten minute literary piece is required for maximum enjoyment.

PURE DRIVEL Steve Martin's talent has always defied definition: an actor who's kept us riveted for over 25 years, a razor-sharp screenwriter, an acclaimed playwright. In this ingeniously funny collection of humorous riffs, those who thought Martin's gifts were confined to the screen will discover what readers of *The New Yorker* magazine already know: that Martin is a master of the written word. Hilariously funny and intelligent in their skewering of the topic at hand, the audiobook's pieces, some of which first appeared in *The New Yorker*, feature Martin at his finest. With a playwright's ear for dialogue, a sense of irony only Steve Martin could muster, and a first-class comic ability to perfectly time the punch line, *Pure Drivel* will have listeners crying with laughter, and marveling at the fact that in addition to all of his many talents, Steve Martin is also a superb writer.

.com Don't listen to Steve Martin read this hysterical compilation of his most absurdly funny writings if you're recovering from abdominal surgery or have taken a vow of silence. Martin's brilliant, juxtaposed wordplay, sly commentary, and hilarious observations are delivered with such a droll wit that only a dead person will avoid unabashed laughter. Genius is in the ear of the beholder and Martin's metronomic timing allows each sentence to unravel perfectly. His deadpan delivery is often clever enough to make you laugh twice at the same line and makes it clear why he has enjoyed such remarkable success as an actor, screenwriter, playwright, and author. (Running time: two hours, two cassettes) --George Laney From Booklist Like Woody Allen, Martin expresses his intelligent, innovative, and self-conscious humor in many forms, including the written word. The short essays, conversations, and proclamations collected here are relayed in a slyly deadpan Valley voice that belies the coiled craziness of their content. Martin also brings his gift for comedic timing to these creations, setting a quirky beat that perfectly sets off their ironic wiles. The laugh-out-loud funniest pieces have a vivid physicality to them, such as "Side Effects," a hilarious takeoff on the precautions accompanying prescription drugs, while the most complex works offer witty commentary on the esotericism of science, the pretension of art, and the act of writing itself. The last gave rise to the delectable "Times Roman Font Announces Shortage of Periods," in which even the typography is amusing. Martin gets in some quick jabs at the absurdities of Washington, D.C., tells a tale from a dog's perspective, and pokes fun at Mensa, always crafting prose as notable for its meticulousness as for its drollery. And then he turns all but poetic in a piece about a "New York writer . . . forced to visit Los Angeles," a story that turns into a bittersweet and unexpectedly moving defense of his almost-beautiful, ever-hopeful city against its harshest critics. Donna Seaman From Kirkus sMartin (*Cruel Shoes*, 1979), star of stage and screen, and a guy once glimpsed with an arrow through his cranium, here toys with ink and paper. With a gathering just shy of two dozen little pieces, of which many originally appeared in the *New Yorker*, the comedian-actor-author offers commentary in the vein of his *New Yorker* forebears, S.J. Perelman, Robert Benchley, and Woody Allen. He has improved since his *Cruel Shoes*, arrow-in-the-head days; if he hasn't yet beaten those other worthies at their special game, Martin is at least a contender. He, like them, shows continuing evidence of linguistic hypomania - he's more than a bit mad on punctuation, words, et cetera. Like Perelman, he - s also good at commentary on current and ephemeral events, like tripping up friends or relatives with clandestine recordings, or casting the roles of incumbent chief executive and first lady with Lucy and Ricky, or deconstructing a dumb remark by Marlon Brando. Especially sharp wit is brought to bear on the bicoastal *drivel* of showbiz luminaries, who babble of Prada leather pants in order to hide from the fans their real intellectual prowess. Certainly the Martin oeuvre is not uniform, never monotonous. True, there's a piece about an eager dog with a set-up that doesn't support the punch line, for example, but even a belabored item about a mature *Lolita* can offer lines like, - - Lo-lee-tah, - she tongued. A column of sweat drained down the boy, and he entered puberty." Three or so neat and nice pages even announce a shortage of periods in the Times Roman font - and the piece does indeed finally use just one of those very punctuation points. Lighter-than-air mockery. Often ingenious. (Book-of-the-Month Club/Quality Paperback Book Club selection; radio and tv satellite tour) -- Copyright 1998, Kirkus Associates, LP. All

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