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Cynthia Heimel

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Cynthia Heimel : Get Your Tongue Out of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Goodbye! before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Get Your Tongue Out of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Goodbye!:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. funny stuffBy Walter LeeAccurately homes in on target before exploding -- still funny many years later ...1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. It's Cynthia Heimel.By geek so coolIt's Cynthia Heimel. If you've ever read anything by her you know what you're getting. If not, it's funny, honest, better than Sex-in-the-City observations on relationships and uneasy truces in the alleged war between the

sexes.4 of 5 people found the following review helpful. I'd actually say 4 1/2 starsBy Crom'sGirlI love Cynthia Heimel's work, and every time I read something by her, I end up nodding my head in agreement to just about everything she says. She is definitely on my list of authors I'd love to go have a drink or three with sometime. I can't see why anyone would think this is a "trashy book" unless they are just really opposed to feminism. I, for one, do not find the idea of women being treated as equals offensive. A lot of what is said in this book needs to be said.If she comes off as angry sometimes, it's because she's discussing a subject that she has every right to be angry about. (Although I've noticed that a lot of times when a woman is passionate about something, she is dismissed as angry.)This book is a fun read. It allows you a way to look at something that is actually a pretty serious topic with a light sense of humor. I recommend it.

Forget Faludi--Cynthia Heimel has been telling her readers about the "backlash" for years, and about its pernicious effects not only on the psyches of women but also on the lives of men, children, cats, and dogs. This collection confirms how indispensable she has become as a guide through the maelstrom of our times.This is vintage Heimel--the caustic wit, the chronic truth telling, the wicked insights into the age-old dance between the sexes are all here and sharper than ever. In "She Asked For It?" the spectacle of the Clarence Thomas-Anita Hill affair calls for a stern warning to all men that feminism is back with a vengeance. Turning her attention to the Men's Movement, she is sympathetic up to a point, after which she demolishes their ranks with a few motherly touches. She confides to us that some days she thinks it would simply be easier to be a lesbian, and explains why. Proving that she's not always a pessimist, she discerns a silver lining in the dark clouds of smoke billowing off the L.A. riots--with all the rich guys stuck at home because of the curfew, perhaps they'll begin to wonder why it all finally hit the fan. And of course there is ample attention paid to the truly serious stuff--the observations and advice on love, sex, dating and outfits, without which no Heimel book would be complete. Where else can a woman find such expert dating advice as: "My new rule is to never believe a person is interested until you feel his tongue down your throat." Get Your Tongue Out Of My Mouth, I'm Kissing You Goodbye shows Heimel at her wicked best. She is our downtown Dorothy Parker, and an antidote to this absurd world for smart, sane women.Cynthia Heimel is finally becoming recognized for who she is--an Erma Bombeck for a new generation.

.com One of Heimel's most trenchant and incisive books: she wrangles with feminism, family values, these modern times, shopping, and the battle of the sexes in her inimitable no-holds-barred assault on complacency.From Library JournalIt's no surprise that the author of *If You Can't Live Without Me, Why Aren't You Dead Yet?* (LJ 4/15/91), *Sex Tips for Girls* (LJ 6/15/83), and *But Enough About You* (S. S., 1986) has come up with another snappy eyebrow-raising title. Her brief essays here reflect the same satirical feminist wit that graces the pages of the *Village Voice* and *Playboy* magazine. Among the weighty issues Heimel tackles are boyfriends ("a woman needs a man like a fish needs a net"), dysfunctional family values ("PBS would be bankrupt if its fund-raisers didn't feature hours of John Bradshaw explaining to sobbing audiences how our families fill us with toxic shame and make it impossible for us to have anything other than lives of agony"), and living in L.A. ("Out here I have a car, and I don't know if anyone in Manhattan knows this, but a car is just a moving, giant handbag!"). Brash, hip, and very, very funny, Heimel is essential for all humor collections. Previewed in *Prepub Alert*, LJ 2/1/93.- Wilda Williams, "Library Journal"Copyright 1993 Reed Business Information, Inc.From Kirkus sHeimel's new collection takes up where her last one (*If You Can't Live Without Me, Why Aren't You Dead Yet?*, 1991) ended: In 36 short pieces previously published in *Playboy*, the *Village Voice*, and the *Independent*, the humorist parades the goofy, smart, obsessive-yet-perceptive persona that many downtown Manhattan-dwellers have come to identify with. But this time, she shows us a little more of her mature, maternal, responsible side before slipping in the news that she's defected for California to write for a sitcom. Maybe that's why she sounds happier and more relaxed. In five pieces that fall under the heading "Feminist Rants," Heimel demonstrates her mastery of the endlessly thorny subject of men: "A woman needs a man like a fish needs a net," she says, beefing up Gloria Steinem's flip 70's slogan that "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle." Times are tougher now than they were in the 70's, and Heimel envies the easy confidence that she's seen lesbians demonstrate: "I remember only once in my life feeling as content and confident as these women: It was 1979 and I was out of my mind on a combination of Quaaludes and cocaine. This method no longer strikes me as practical." But in short pieces on her brief stint as a welfare mother, and in the angry, zingy "How to Be Creative," she tells us how she got tough enough to let her talent shine through, showing us the seatless toilets in the welfare office and all the twisted little jokes and reflections she had along her difficult way. And in many little pieces on shopping (including the buying of deliciously vengeful Christmas gifts) and on life in L.A., as well as in further thoughts on guys, Heimel demonstrates that a good writer can peer over the edge of middle-aged looniness without quite falling in. Funny and smart: a great way for beset urban women to chase the blues. -- Copyright 1993, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.