Joe Queenan knows what a maleficent scuzz he is. In My Goodness, he admits he wrote a Barbra Streisand profile called Sacred Cow in his scurrilous book If Youre Talking to Me, Your Career Must Be in Trouble. He apologizes for calling Sinead OConnor a short, bald distaff Bono and for wishing Mr. Hollands Opus had ended the same way as Braveheart, with Richard Dreyfuss getting his entrails ripped out while a cast of thousands cheered. Queenan figures that most of the 1,441,575 words he wrote from 1986-98 (including every word in Confessions of a Cineplex Heckler) were mean, containing 47,678 nasty remarks, or one cruel remark every two sentences. So Queenan embraced virtue as passionately as Jackie Collins heroes embrace vice. (Youll have to read page 146 of My Goodness to get this vulgar in-joke.) He began performing RAKs and SABs (random acts of kindness and senseless acts of beauty). He bought the most putrid movies by Robin Williams and Kim Basinger, to support
their do-good deeds. He sipped shade-grown coffee and kale-based shakes. He wrote checks on soy and hemp paper for the Dog Toy Drive and Linda Tripp. He started The Make a Wish, As Long As the Wish Doesn't Cost More Than Fifty Bucks, Foundation. He urged Toms of Maine to put cuddly rats on its toothpaste tubes in solidarity with downtrodden vermin. After six months, Queenan went back to work as a maleficent scuzz. But you can read this book and share his one brief, shining moment as the moral equivalent of Susan Sarandon. --Tim Appelo

Personal Review: My Goodness: A Cynics Short-Lived Search for Sainthood by Joe Queenan
I'm often astonished by critics of Joe Queenan's books. Yes, he is mean. Yes, he is cruel. And yes, he is hilarious. If people are so offended by his material, why read it? Oh well, that is a subject for one of Queenan's own articles. I could not put this book down. This is third Queenan book I've read (along with Cineplex Heckler and Red Lobster) and this is as good or better than the other two. He makes many of the same points that Nick Hornby tries to in "How to Good." The difference (besides the fact that one is fiction) is that Queenan nails it. He tries hard to be good and fails. Of course he does. Nevertheless, the journey is fascinating. He is one of the few writers who doesn't give a damn and tells you how he feels. You don't have agree with everything he says to enjoy his work. I admire a guy with those kind of guts (and who grew up on the mean streets of Philly--they grow guys like this there on trees). In addition, several critics have commented on his "right wing" writing--which is hilarious because Queenan slams the right wing many times in his book. He also dares to take on the leftists. He tries to learn about their culture and realizes that is filled with some good ideas--but is also subject many hypocritical failings. I laughed outloud countless times. Ok, so maybe I'm just the kind of Yuppie trash that Queenan is, but he really hits the nail on the head. As a photograph of America at the turn of the century and all it's absurdities, Queenan hits another home run. He wins again--which is better than he beloved 1964 Phillies did.

For More 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price:
My Goodness: A Cynics Short-Lived Search for Sainthood by Joe Queenan 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price!