

(Online library) Don't Point That Thing at Me: 2015 Edition

Don't Point That Thing at Me: 2015 Edition

Kyril Bonfiglioli

DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub



DOWNLOAD



+

READ ONLINE

#276034 in Books 2015-01-20 2015-01-20 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .44 x 5.40l, 1.00 #File Name: 1468311638174 pages | File size: 59.Mb

Kyril Bonfiglioli : Don't Point That Thing at Me: 2015 Edition before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Don't Point That Thing at Me: 2015 Edition:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. For those who saw the movie first. By NotvinnikThe Mortdecai books have, we're told, achieved cult status. That often means that most people have never heard of them; I never had, anyway. But there was a movie, "Mortdecai" included with my Prime membership. I knew that it had been almost universally panned by critics, and had flopped in the theaters, but I had a look, and found a rather silly comedy caper film, not actually good, but not all that bad either. And that led me to the books that it's based on, which turned out to

be quite good, but in a rather different way. By now I've read all four. There are at least some elements from all of them in the film, but it was mostly based on this first one, "Don't Point that Thing at Me". There are innumerable differences in plot and characterization between the film and books, but the main difference is in the tone. Why did Bonfiglioli add a "t" to the name Mordecai and come up with Mortdecai? Perhaps it was to suggest death (Mort). It is not, I think, much of a spoiler to say that there are quite a few deaths in these books, some of them presented in a humorous manner, others, not so much. The narrative tone is at first quite light, as we are introduced to the eccentric art dealer Charlie Mortdecai, who makes a comfortable living on the shadier side of the art world, looked after by his landlady, Mrs. Spon, and his faithful manservant and thug, Jock. Mortdecai is, if not quite amoral, cynical about the morality of society in general, and has accommodated himself to reality as he sees it. He expects to continue in his comfortable rut of frequent illegality for many years, if not indefinitely. Unfortunately for him, there are shadier sides to both British law enforcement and American intelligence as well, and the disappearance of a Goya painting has attracted their attention. People are tortured and murdered, and the very unwilling Mortdecai is drawn into a plot against one of his clients, a rich American. It is obvious that he is quite out of his depth, and may never be sure what is going on; soon his only goal is to stay alive. The language remains humorous, with deliberate nods to P.G. Wodehouse, but what is actually happening gets grimmer and grimmer. Mortdecai's attempts to escape seem increasingly futile, and the expectations of the reader begin to change. I'm reminded of a different English humorist, Douglas Adams, writing in one of his books of the realization that no matter how bad things may seem right now, there is no reason why they shouldn't continue to get worse. This book and the third, "Something Nasty in the Woodshed", are perhaps the darkest of the four. If you enjoy well written gallows humor with a hefty dose of pessimism about people and life in general, then "Don't Point that Thing at Me" may be just the ticket. Just don't expect to be at all uplifted or reassured.

3 of 3 people found the following review helpful. Easily the best of the trilogy

By Jeff This book is like biting into a rich chocolate sundae. It's a guilty pleasure, it won't make you a stronger or moral person, but you will have one heck of a smile on your face as you read the book because it is just jam packed with witticisms, cutting asides, and outright gaspers. Nobody has done the smug, witty bastard characterization since Kingsley Amis (maybe his son, see Martin Amis's Money) or P.G. Wodehouse. Charlie Mortdecai is an art dealer, an inveterate tippler, and person of general low morals and high standards. Bonfiglioli treats the difficult matter of a plot like Terry Southern did in Candy, or Voltaire did in Candide; it's just a device to keep the witticism, asides, and gaspers coming. In fact, imagine the plotting of Southern, the sharp wit of P.J. O'Rourke, and the polished knowledge of all things art of say, someone like Robert Hughes, and that pretty much sums it up. Oh, and there are the characters: Mortdecai's servant, Jock Strapp, the devious Inspector Martland, the ravishing (and loves to be ravished) Johanna. Don't worry that the plot is thin and kaleidoscopic. If it needed attention, you miss all the literary allusions, sly historical allusions, and trenchant observations about the history of Britain. Not since the Jason Starr/Ken Bruen trilogy involving several lowlifes have I laughed so hard while reading a crime novel. This will not impress your friends, your parents, or your clergyman, but it will make you smile broader than just about any book I can think of. If you are politically correct, run like hell from this author. He loves to skewer your sensibilities. Preferably while quaffing champagne, oysters, and caviar.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. An eccentric tale

By Literary Rebel Don't point that thing at me is full of biting wit and sarcasm with some genuine laugh out loud moments. Unfortunately the otherwise good story takes a left turn in the last half, as if the author didn't quite know how to end his tale. It is worth the read if you enjoy British satire.

Originally published: London: Weidenfeld and Nicolson, c1972.

From Publishers Weekly Charlie Mortdecai will appeal to listeners because he hovers in the gray area between right and wrong. He's absolutely charming and cultured as he relates his illegal pursuits in the world of arts and antiques. Prebble's mature raspy voice enhances Mortdecai's appeal as he navigates listeners through this first hand account of his adventures in the United Kingdom and the United States as he delivers and acquires highly sought-after goods. Accompanied by his intelligent but gruff servant, Jock Strapp, Mortdecai uses his keen wit, quick thinking, and upper-class esteem to manage his way out of some zany predicaments. Although perhaps a little older sounding than the "middle aged" Mortdecai, Prebble's timing, tone, and emphasis in this very sarcastic narrative more than makes up for the discrepancy. Unfortunately, poor sound editing leaves over half a dozen instances where Prebble's voice audibly shifts, ruining the pre-established pace and tone as if the segment was re-recorded and slipped into the original piece. These distractions only briefly deter the listener from full encapsulating themselves in this enjoyable tale.

Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved.

From Booklist *Starred * Just read the first page of this book and try to keep a straight face. Then try to put the book down. You won't be able to do either one. This cult classic (the first of a trilogy), about louche, sybaritic Charlie Mortdecai, an art dealer largely untroubled by conscience, draws readers into its unpolitically comic world and keeps them there. The plot concerns Mortdecai's efforts to keep one step ahead of nemesis Martland, a policeman vested with the power to work outside the law, and to deliver a stolen Goya he has concealed in the headliner of his Rolls Royce Silver Ghost. The plot takes him to America (where he is much bemused by the locals, and they by him) and back again, ending in a most intriguing predicament.

Wry and dry, picaresque and profane, a book like this can be so hard to describe that efforts to do so—invoking some or all of P. G. Wodehouse, Kingsley Amis, Vladimir Nabokov, even Hunter S. Thompson and John Kennedy Toole—give the impression that it's a Frankenstein's monster. Not true. Bonfiglioli's *Mortdecai* is a true original, and there's nothing quite so hard to describe as that. Graff, Keir "A rare mixture of wit and imaginative unpleasantness" —Julian Barnes "You couldn't snuggle under the duvet with anything more disreputable and delightful" —Stephen Fry "Just read the first page of this book and try to keep a straight face. Then try to put the book down. You won't be able to do either one. This cult classic (the first of a trilogy), about louche, sybaritic Charlie Mortdecai, an art dealer largely untroubled by conscience, draws readers into its unpolitically comic world and keeps them there. The plot concerns Mortdecai's efforts to keep one step ahead of nemesis Martland, a policeman vested with the power to work outside the law, and to deliver a stolen Goya he has concealed in the headliner of his Rolls Royce Silver Ghost. The plot takes him to America (where is he much bemused by the locals, and they by him) and back again, ending in a most intriguing predicament. Wry and dry, picaresque and profane, a book like this can be so hard to describe that efforts to do so—invoking some or all of P. G. Wodehouse, Kingsley Amis, Vladimir Nabokov, even Hunter S. Thompson and John Kennedy Toole—give the impression that it's a Frankenstein's monster. Not true. Bonfiglioli's *Mortdecai* is a true original, and there's nothing quite so hard to describe as that." —Booklist (Starred) "What are the books like? They are darker, stranger and more interesting than any film of them (or at least any film cleared for general release) could be...The novels are extremely funny, first of all. They deal, like Wodehouse, in sentence-by-sentence sparkle, in gestures of grand insouciance. " —Sam Leith, *The Guardian*