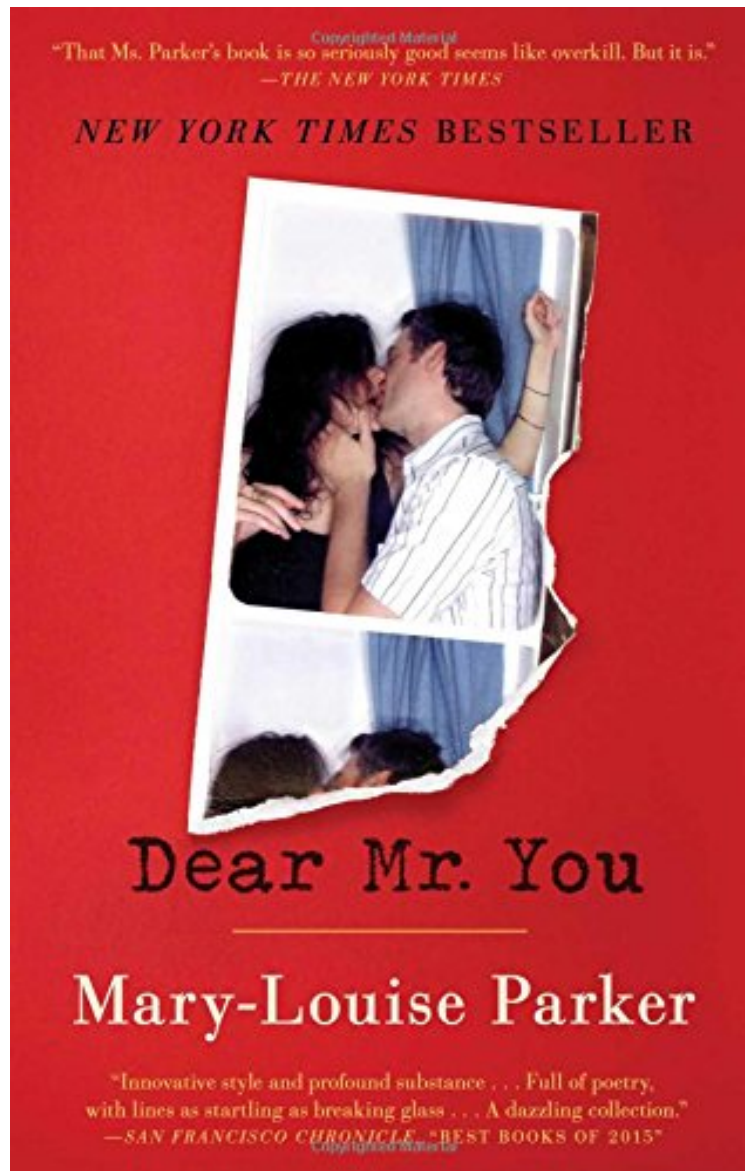


(Mobile ebook) Dear Mr. You

## Dear Mr. You

Mary -Louise Parker

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**Mary -Louise Parker : Dear Mr. You** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Dear Mr. You:

48 of 49 people found the following review helpful. A beautiful and unique read even for people who don't know who Mary-Louise Parker is By Matilda This is not your typical celebrity memoir/essays--in the BEST possible way. Mary-Louise Parker has written letters via her stream of consciousness to everyone from 3 men she dated that she refers to

as Cerberus to NASA. These are not the type of stories/essays you're used to where someone says I used to be a nerd and then tells you a story proving their nerd-status. Here MLP, in what feels like free flowing thought, takes one person, and speaks to them in a way that reveals so much more about herself and the human condition. There were moments so beautiful and raw that they crawled under my skin and will forever live with me. Other times, out of the blue, I found myself laughing only to suddenly be surprised and find myself teary-eyed. The stories, content, and writing are surprisingly wonderful and before I'd even finished I knew this was a book I'd always want on my bookshelf. \*This is not for celebrity gossip fans looking for MLP to "dish dirt" on anyone. 11 of 11 people found the following review helpful. Couldn't put it down. Read it in one sitting! By Kathy I've always loved and admired Mary Louise Parker as an actress and to discover that she's an amazing writer was an absolute delight. She's honest, real and unafraid to be who she is. A quality I aspire to. I look forward to discovering more of her writings. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. One of the most lyrically beautiful books I have ever read By nicole w brown One of the most lyrically beautiful books I have ever read. This book truly touched me and I dare any of you not to at least feel like crying when you read the last letter. [...] Its so transparent, how willing we are to dismiss the intelligence of someone who rejects us, though that renders them incapable of sound judgment. - Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 36) I said I dont know how to say no, I only know how to yell it. - Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 46) Part of why we cant explain the origin of language is our reaction to perceived truth. If words were entirely reliable they would have evolved as the most efficient means of communication, but they havent, because humans lie. An ape makes a sound or gesture to another ape signaling that it wants a banana. It gets the banana or not, but the communication is clear. Despite the fact that animals do deceive one another, they are resistant to deceit when they sense it. An ape would simply ignore a communication that was too convoluted, which I think would be a big fat relief. Humans are saddled with some many terrific ways of overcomplicating what we want. I will give you five dollars for that banana, or How come Jolene gets a banana and I dont? All of this takes us further away from what is ultimately: Banana. Give it. We have all these fancy ways to say things, so why do we end up walking away from a simple interaction wondering, What did they mean by that? - Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 63-4) I read about stars that wander the galaxies. Some end up with their bright sides in the face of some dim unlocked planet who neglected to deal with its issues. With their volcanic air of refusal, those tidally locked stars never show their dark half and all the junk in their trunks where nothing grows. It is the baldest metaphor I can imagine. The white dwarf star, once so carefree, starts sucking the life force from its stingy blue companion, and a mutual thievery ensues until a supernova rolls up and obliterates everything they shared together. Somehow the white dwarf limps onward, meekly blinking, its space tag now reading, Hi! My name is Zombie Star! Ask me about codependence! - Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 134) I, yes, am very sleepy and unable to control reflexes. What does it really matter, though, if I just belched softly and consequently peed on myself? Yes, I am breathing so loudly through my mouth that I appear to be snoring with my eyes open and I smell. I am smelly. Look past that to the swaddled perfection in the bassinet. He vibrates with goodness and he is mine. You are correct that I am making a blunder but its my mistake to make. And just you wait. This is nothing. I may put a fresh spin on ruinous parenting. I will undoubtedly scar him repeatedly, no matter how hard I try no to. I dont need help. Im fully equipped to screw up my child all by myself and I promise Ill get right on it. Now in fact. But in my own special ways that dont need your input. - Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 147) There is no now, my father would say, banging his cane on the floor on the word now. As soon as you say the word, its already in the past. When is it? There isnt one. - Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 194)

The bestselling, wonderfully unconventional, warmly conspiratorial seriously good (The New York Times) literary memoir from the award-winning actress that has received fabulous and wide praise. There is no one else quite like Mary-Louise Parker Funny, heartbreaking and profound (Elle). An extraordinary literary work, Dear Mr. You renders the singular arc of a womans life through letters Mary-Louise Parker composes to the men, real and hypothetical, who have informed the person she is today. Beginning with the grandfather she never knew, the letters range from a missive to the beloved priest from her childhood to remembrances of former lovers to an homage to a firefighter she encountered to a heartfelt communication with the uncle of the infant daughter she adopted. Readers will be amazed by the depth and style of these letters, which reveal the complexity and power to be found in relationships both loving and fraught.

.com An Best Book of November 2015: More revealing than most memoirs, more satisfying than a diary, Mary-Louise Parkers Dear Mr. You is comprised of letters addressed to the men, both fictional and real, in her life. The letters, directed at the you are unabated marvels of experience at times gritty and unpolished, snappy and sad, romantic and heart pounding. There are the letters addressed to her daughters future boyfriend that release the snarl of a mothers love; a raw apology to a cab driver who was the recipient of her rage; her mentor on the cusp of dying from AIDS with that voice I could have poured on pancakes; the beloved priest of her childhood answers the questions of her children; the lover who said you would love me until you were ashes. These moments, congested by the form of a letter, take on a level of unapologetic and unfettered intimacy that is intoxicating to read. Mary-Louise Parker is not just an award

winning actress. She is a gutsy, bewitching writer whose stories will make you swoon, induce bawdy laughter, and puncture your deepest emotions. Al Woodworth Guest by Andrew Solomon Photograph by Annie Leibovitz