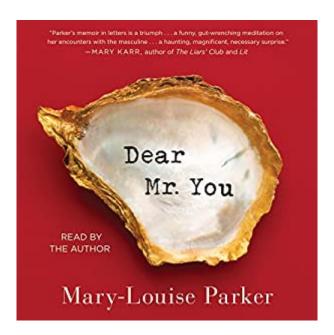


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Dear Mr. You





Synopsis

A wonderfully unconventional literary debut from the award-winning actress Mary-Louise Parker. An extraordinary literary work, Dear Mr. You renders the singular arc of a woman's 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. Listeners 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.

Book Information

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Customer Reviews

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.

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.

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.[...]Itâ Â™s 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 donâ Â™t know how to say no, I only know how to yell it.-Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 46)Part of why we can¢Â ÂTMt 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 havenâ Â™t, 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 $\tilde{A}\phi\hat{A}$ \hat{A} deceive $\tilde{A}\phi\hat{A}$ \hat{A} 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. Ā¢Â ÂœI will give you five dollars for that banana,Ā¢Â Â• or Ā¢Â ÂœHow come Jolene gets a banana and I don \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMt? \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} (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, â ÂœWhat did they mean by that?â Â•--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, â ÂœHi! My name is Zombie Star! Ask me about codependence!â Â•--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 it \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMs 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 don \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMt need help. I \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMm fully equipped to screw up my child all by myself and I promise I \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMII get right on it. Now in fact. But in my own special ways that don \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMt need your input.--Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 147) \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} ce There is no now, \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} • my father would say, banging his cane on the floor on the word now. \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} ce As soon as you say the word, it \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMs already in the past. When is it? There isn \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} TMt one. \tilde{A} ¢ \hat{A} \hat{A} •--Mary-Louise Parker (Dear Mr. You p 194)

I'm a big fan of MLP from her stint on Weeds, so I decided I should pick up this book and check it out.Before purchasing, I googled and looked up some of Mary Louise Parker's work at Esquire and various other outlets, just to get a feel of her writing, and was surprised how wonderfully descriptive and poetic she can be. (Right when she gets to the point of rambling, she pulls out some real emotion that sucks you right back into the stories.) Is this book something you should down in one sitting? Not exactly... As cliche as it may sound, I honestly believe this book is best enjoyed on a sunny, weekend morning with a cup of coffee (maybe a cigarette, too, if that's your thing), reading a passage or two at a time and just savoring the emotions MLP can make you go through. I laughed out loud, held back a few tears, and even felt the penetration of her sexual partners. TL,DR: Overall, I would rate this as a coffee table book. It's not a novel, just a collection of short stories to men in MLP's life.

Mary-Louise Parker is a highly talented writer and her work is a pleasure to read. Her style is clever, humorous, philosophical, and often very original and creative. Dear Mr. You is her first book, and it's essentially an autobiography, a genre that (in my opinion) often ends up inducing extreme boredom. Most definitely not in this case though. Dear Mr. You is consistently engaging, perhaps in part because it is organized as a series of letters written by Ms. Parker to various individuals who had a significant impact on her life. One of the best qualities of this autobiography is that it is neither excessively self-deprecating nor excessively focused on achievements. Instead, it depicts a very real person, a real life of an individual. In this approach, there is a sort of intriguing openness, a shared humanity that draws the reader in. In a word, this book is simply beautiful.

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