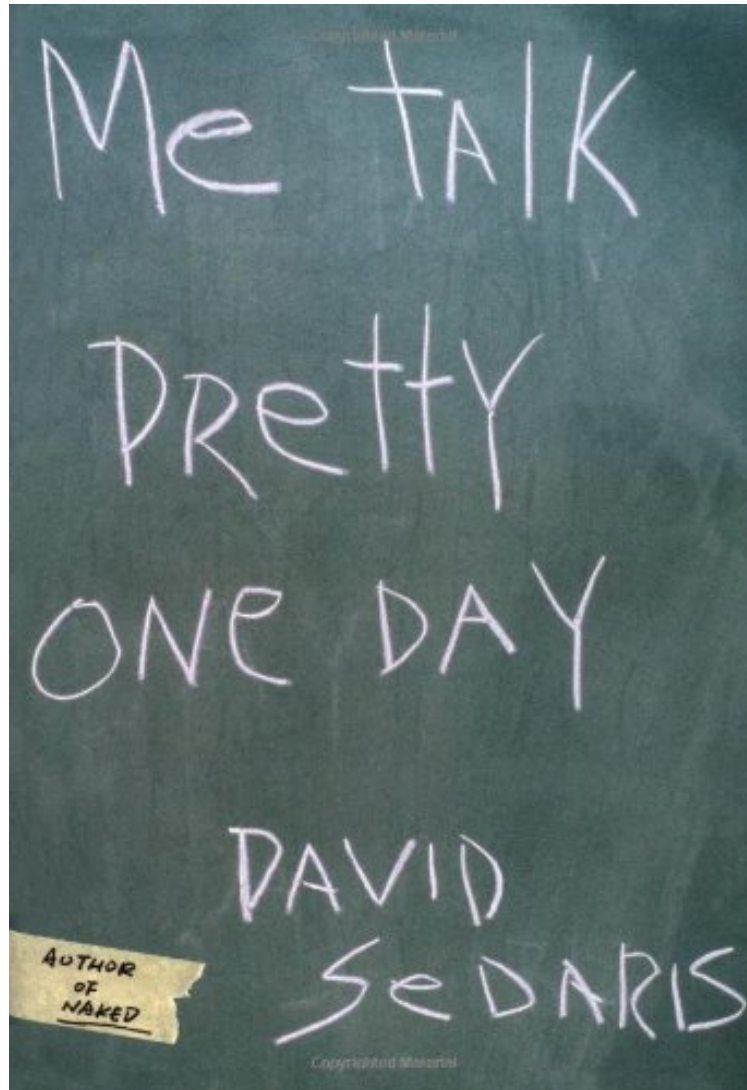


(Mobile ebook) Me Talk Pretty One Day

Me Talk Pretty One Day

David Sedaris

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David Sedaris : Me Talk Pretty One Day before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Me Talk Pretty One Day:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Four starsBy Kilian85710If you've ever tried to learn a foreign language, you will sympathize with Sedaris. Lost in the wilds of French grammar and vocabulary, he stumbles around trying to find his way.Interspersed with his language struggles, are glimpses of his family. As a child growing up in the south, being 'different', trying to find his way, he spins it all into gold for the reader.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Sedaris Hits the Sweet Spot AgainBy tommie chandlerDavid Sedaris has a keen eye for the absurd, awkward, and amusing elements in life. I have savored every book of his I have read, and Me Talk Pretty One

Day has proven a delight as well. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I read this because of a friend who loves Sedaris's ...By L. Braun I read this because of a friend who loves Sedaris's writing. I found it entertaining, but I didn't come close to laughing out loud (which she raved about doing).

A new collection from David Sedaris is cause for jubilation. His recent move to Paris has inspired hilarious pieces, including *Me Talk Pretty One Day*, about his attempts to learn French. His family is another inspiration. *You Can't Kill the Rooster* is a portrait of his brother who talks incessant hip-hop slang to his bewildered father. And no one hones a finer fury in response to such modern annoyances as restaurant meals presented in ludicrous towers and cashiers with 6-inch fingernails. Compared by *The New Yorker* to Twain and Hawthorne, Sedaris has become one of our best-loved authors. Sedaris is an amazing reader whose appearances draw hundreds, and his performances including a jaw-dropping impression of Billie Holiday singing *I wish I were an Oscar Meyer weiner* are unforgettable. Sedaris's essays on living in Paris are some of the funniest he's ever written. At last, someone even meaner than the French! The sort of blithely sophisticated, loopy humour that might have resulted if Dorothy Parker and James Thurber had had a love child. *Entertainment Weekly* on *Barrel Fever* Sidesplitting Not one of the essays in this new collection failed to crack me up; frequently I was helpless. *The New York Times Book Review* on *Naked*

.com David Sedaris became a star autobiographer on public radio, onstage in New York, and on bestseller lists, mostly on the strength of *"SantaLand Diaries,"* a scathing, hilarious account of his stint as a Christmas elf at Macy's. (It's in two separate collections, both worth owning, *Barrel Fever* and the Christmas-themed *Holidays on Ice*.) Sedaris's caustic gift has not deserted him in his fourth book, which mines poignant comedy from his peculiar childhood in North Carolina, his bizarre career path, and his move with his lover to France. Though his anarchic inclination to digress is his glory, Sedaris does have a theme in these reminiscences: the inability of humans to communicate. The title is his rendition in transliterated English of how he and his fellow students of French in Paris mangle the Gallic language. In the essay "Jesus Shaves," he and his classmates from many nations try to convey the concept of Easter to a Moroccan Muslim. "It is a party for the little boy of God," says one. "Then he be die one day on two... morsels of... lumber," says another. Sedaris muses on the disputes between his Protestant mother and his father, a Greek Orthodox guy whose Easter fell on a different day. Other essays explicate his deep kinship with his eccentric mom and absurd alienation from his IBM-exec dad: "To me, the greatest mystery of science continues to be that a man could father six children who shared absolutely none of his interests." Every glimpse we get of Sedaris's family and acquaintances delivers laughs and insights. He thwarts his North Carolina speech therapist ("for whom the word pen had two syllables") by cleverly avoiding all words with s sounds, which reveal the lisp she sought to correct. His midget guitar teacher, Mister Mancini, is unaware that Sedaris doesn't share his obsession with breasts, and sings "Light My Fire" all wrong--"as if he were a Webelo scout demanding a match." As a remarkably unqualified teacher at the Art Institute of Chicago, Sedaris had his class watch soap operas and assign "guessays" on what would happen in the next day's episode. It all adds up to the most distinctively skewed autobiography since Spalding Gray's *Swimming to Cambodia*. The only possible reason not to read this book is if you'd rather hear the author's intrinsically funny speaking voice narrating his story. In that case, get *Me Talk Pretty One Day* on audio. --Tim Appelo
From Publishers Weekly
Sedaris is Garrison Keillor's evil twin: like the Minnesota humorist, Sedaris (*Naked*) focuses on the icy patches that mar life's sidewalk, though the ice in his work is much more slippery and the falls much more spectacularly funny than in Keillor's. Many of the 27 short essays collected here (which appeared originally in the *New Yorker*, *Esquire* and elsewhere) deal with his father, Lou, to whom the book is dedicated. Lou is a micromanager who tries to get his uninterested children to form a jazz combo and, when that fails, insists on boosting David's career as a performance artist by heckling him from the audience. Sedaris suggests that his father's punishment for being overly involved in his kids' artistic lives is David's brother Paul, otherwise known as "The Rooster," a half-literate miscreant whose language is outrageously profane. Sedaris also writes here about the time he spent in France and the difficulty of learning another language. After several extended stays in a little Norman village and in Paris, Sedaris had progressed, he observes, "from speaking like an evil baby to speaking like a hillbilly. 'Is them the thoughts of cows?' I'd ask the butcher, pointing to the calves' brains displayed in the front window." But in English, Sedaris is nothing if not nimble: in one essay he goes from his cat's cremation to his mother's in a way that somehow manages to remain reverent to both of the departed. "Reliable sources" have told Sedaris that he has "tended to exhaust people," and true to form, he will exhaust readers of this new book, too
Dwith helpless laughter. 16-city author tour. (June) Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.
From Library Journal
In this collection of 27 fairly short essays, some of which appeared in *Esquire* and *The New Yorker*, Sedaris gives the impression of ease and naturalness. Whether he is writing about overcoming a lisp, learning to play the guitar, trying to master French, or taking an IQ test, whether the locales are North Carolina, New York, or France, the author is both amused and amusing. Call what he writes essays, sketches, minor discourses, whimsicalities, reminiscences, curiosities, vignettes, chronicles, orbits of narrative
Dno convenient blanket phrase covers them all
Dit is a testimony to his talent that he manages to infect the pieces with his geniality. They are all based on the author's own experiences and are all nicely constructed, cheerful, and absolutely not taxing

on the brain. This is the sort of book from which you can read a chapter at random before turning out the lights at the end of the day. Recommended. D.A.J. Anderson, GSLIS, Simmons Coll., Boston Copyright 2000 Reed Business Information, Inc.