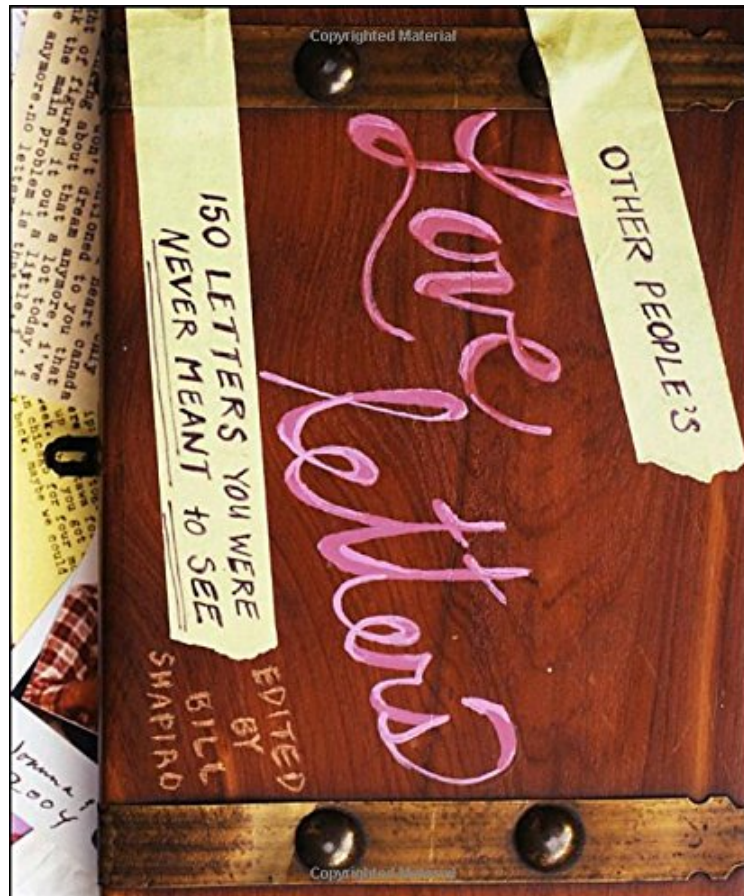


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Other People's Love Letters: 150 Letters You Were Never Meant to See

Bill Shapiro

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Bill Shapiro : Other People's Love Letters: 150 Letters You Were Never Meant to See before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Other People's Love Letters: 150 Letters You Were Never Meant to See:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Absolutely SUPER book! By Tammy Faye Cline I bought this book for a guy friend - Like what do you buy a single guy for his 54th birthday, right? Especially since he's an attorney I had NO idea what to give him. I received the book in perfect condition right on time. Curious, I opened it up and started reading it before wrapping it up. OMG what a great book! So fun and interesting. My guy friend absolutely LOVES it. It's one of those books you leave out on the coffee table- you and your guests will read it over and over and over! A SUPER fun book! I'd give it 10 stars but thats not an option. I will be buying more Bill Shapiro books for future gifts. Thank you Bill Shapiro!!! 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Could go either way.... By B.

J. Ford I have to give this one a neutral rating. Although this book could be read in a couple of hours, the main reason it seemed worth it was because of the short "postscript" section at the end which provided additional information about the letter writers and their relationships. Without that context, some of the more poignant letters would have seemed just rather silly and dull. Most of the letters were modern, many were e-mails, and a lot of them were probably retained for purely sentimental reasons despite the fact the writers expressed very little in the way of unique, sensitive, insightful revelations. Clearly there are good reasons why this type of correspondence is usually (and should be) kept private and confidential. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. I absolutely love this book By Casie Geissler I absolutely love this book! A must have. A good conversation piece. A book you can browse in anytime. A keeper for sure!

Fevered notes scribbled on napkins after first dates. Titillating text messages. It's-not-you-it's-me relationship-enders. In *Other Peoples Love Letters*, Bill Shapiro has searched America's attics, closets, and cigar boxes and found actual letters unflinchingly honest missives full of lust, provocation, guilt, and vulnerability written only for a lover's eyes. Modern love, of course, is not all bliss, and in these pages you'll find the full range of a relationship, with its whispered promises as well as its heartache. But what at first appears to be a deliciously voyeuristic peek into other people's most passionate moments, will ultimately reawaken your own desires and tenderness because when you read these letters, you'll find the heart you're looking into is actually your own. "i think UR great. wanna have wine Tequila again sometime?" "I can't believe you're real, and I think about you constantly in some way or the other all day. I haven't given the finger to anyone driving since I met you." "With you I learned how to fight cleaner, how to talk things out better, and how to make a strong loving family out of nothing. These are priceless gifts that I will carry with me the rest of my life. One more thing you did for me: you left, and I had to get through it." "P.S. I look forward to your letters too much to call. Also, where do you stand on chains?"

If I have learned only one thing from a) personal experience and b) Vivian Cash's fascinating memoir, *I Walked the Line*, it is this: No human can compose a love letter without seeming slightly insane. Love letters are like suicide notes -- if someone is in the emotional position to consider writing one, they're generally in the worst psychological position to make any cogent sense. That disconnect is what makes *Other People's Love Letters: 150 Letters You Were Never Meant to See* a painfully entertaining twelve-minute read. Edited by former *Life* magazine editor Bill Shapiro (and presented like Davy Rothbart's *Found* series), the book delivers exactly what it purports: random personal letters from people who are either wildly ecstatic or profoundly depressed over the condition of their romantic existence. (One of my favorite entries is from a person who just printed the word *liar* 183 consecutive times.) Judging from the contents of these notes, we appear to live in a society that is sex crazed and optimistic yet consumed with deep regret. This is probably true. Making matters all the more interesting is Shapiro's epilogue -- he contacts several of the contributors and finds out how the relationship worked out, postletter. Esquire, Chuck Klosterman Bill Shapiro (*Time Inc.*'s development editor) collects extremely private correspondence, which he has amassed in *Other Peoples Love Letters*. The notes, e-mails, telegrams, and letters appear as copies of the originals, in all their faded, tearstained glory. The earliest examples come off as gorgeous and romantic, whether they're pages of elegant script or a few words scrawled on a cocktail napkin. E-mail seems to have had a decidedly negative effect on the art, if "Am having terribly naughty thoughts again today, and I was wondering if you might want to hear about them" is any indication. After compulsively flipping through to the last page, I have just one question: How did Shapiro get people to part with these? Entertainment Weekly From the moment Bill Shapiro stumbled upon an old love letter that wasn't his (it was an ode to his then girlfriend from some earlier man), he was hooked. His new book, *Other Peoples Love Letters*, reprints 150 of the many hundreds he's collected over the years. Strictly speaking, they're not all declarations of love. Some are Dear Johns; others are postmortems of failed relationships. And not all of them are letters, in the stationary-and-envelope sense. They're scrawled across postcards, crammed onto Post-its, scribbled on cocktail napkins and matchbooks. Some are old (Peter J. Dougherty, chief of police, to dearest Lizzie, dated December 22, 1911); some are new (e-mails, text messages, more e-mails). Should going through them strike you as voyeuristic, beware. They're addictive. O Magazine About the Author Bill Shapiro is the former editor of *LIFE* magazine. He lives in Brooklyn, New York.