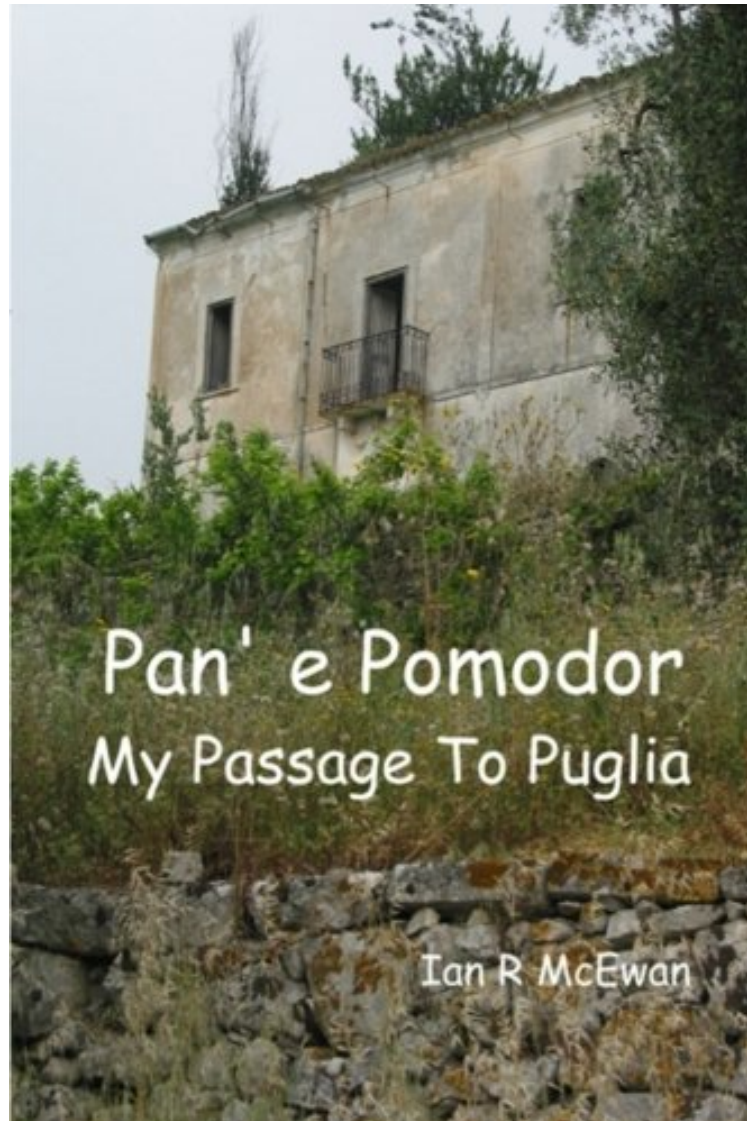


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Pan' e Pomodor - My Passage To Puglia

Ian R. McEwan

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#502371 in Books McEwan Ian R 2012-07-22Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 9.00 x .70 x 6.00l, .91
#File Name: 1430325836280 pagesPan E Pomodor My Passage to Puglia | File size: 56.Mb

Ian R. McEwan : Pan' e Pomodor - My Passage To Puglia before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Pan' e Pomodor - My Passage To Puglia:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. If you like broad-sweeping generalizations and British condescension, this book is for you.By RI had to stop reading this about a third of the way in. I wanted to love this, and I hate leaving bad reviews, but it is a difficult book to get through. The reason for my strong feelings on it may, admittedly, be a result of my family being from Puglia - I found the writing to be poor and the tone too

condescendingly British. However, if you happen to be an untraveled Brit, possibly planning on "discovering" Puglia yourself soon as so many have as of late, falling in love with "simple" people and picking up a "crude dialect" - this book may be for you. Two stars only because it was about Puglia to begin with. 7 of 7 people found the following review helpful. Ian McEwan is not a bad name for a writer

By SpunStories B.PAN E POMODOR is the delightful tale of how an English couple, Margaret and Ian McEwan, bought a house near Vico in the Gargano region of Puglia, southern Italy, and set about restoring it. But it is more than that. It is really an homage to a region of Italy that the author and his wife came to love, including digressions about olive farming, local bureaucracy and the intricacies of vichese, the local dialect. Given that this was self-published on Lulu, this is really an astonishing achievement, because the author and his wife would have been obliged to do everything to produce and market this softcover book. Nevertheless, I had two problems with the book. The first problem was with the occasional times when McEwan lapses into first person, which I found jarring as most of the story was told in third person, and there was nothing to motivate the switch. The second problem was with the way the book ended. It just stopped, leaving the reader up in the air, wondering if the couple ever caught the people who destroyed their fence and made off with some of their goods. Ian McEwan is a good name to have in the writing world. In case you are wondering, this is NOT the famous British author, but a computer programmer turned olive farmer. Nevertheless, if you are eager to find out more about Puglia, this is not a bad book to read. Four stars.

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A very different region of Italy one rarely gets to ...

By Customer A very different region of Italy one rarely gets to know. The South east "spur" area of Italys boot is as far from the lush fertile area of Tuscany area. Once again a English - Scot couple try to relocate and renovate and face the frustrating complications of Italian buracacy. Only this time the wife as a child grew up in the Puglia Gargano Mt area and with the help of "multiple family relationships " they manage to accomplish and renovate a run down derelic stone house into their "dream home" . They finally over come the typical frusrations of Italian inheritance and property laws.

When the journey began we didn't expect to buy a derelict "torretta" and a 10 acre olive farm in the Gargano, Puglia. My wife's father "escaped" from the village and lifestyle of Vico del Gargano. Each year he would return with his family for August and later, we too visited Vico each summer. For my wife in particular Vico always felt like home. She seemed to have a subliminal bond, perhaps acquired when she was brought to Vico as a baby and left in the care of her grandmother. We instinctively wanted to move to the area, but due to the remoteness, the dialect and strong family reaction we were deterred from doing so. Nonetheless, we continued to harbour dreams of the spur of Italy, its beautiful rugged coastline, its mountainous forested interior, its people, dialect and traditions that gave the impression that civilisation had simply passed the region by. One day the opportunity arose for us to escape the UK and we embarked on a long journey that would change our lives forever . . .