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Wait Until Spring, Bandini

Von John Fante
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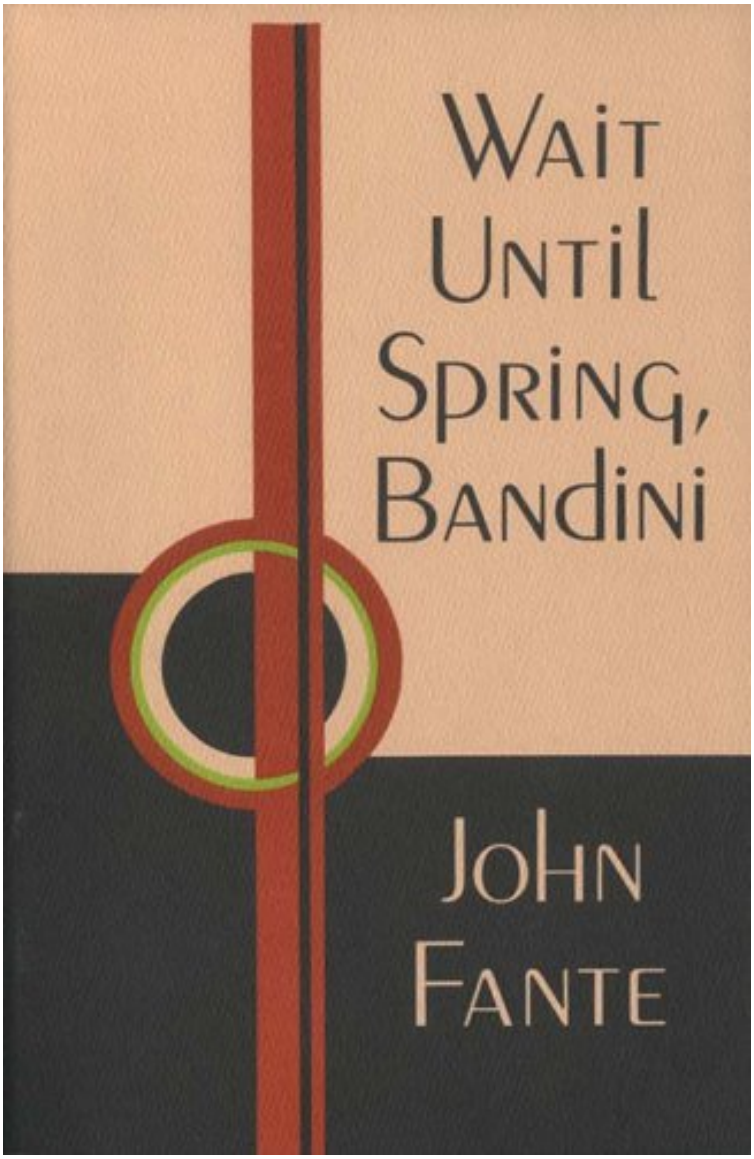

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Von John Fante : Wait Until Spring, Bandini before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Wait Until Spring, Bandini:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A sad, wonderful bookVon ChristianeThis is the moving story of the Bandinis, a poor Italian immigrant family in depression-era Colorado.Its winter, the snow is thick on the ground and the father, a bricklayer, will be out of work until spring. There is not enough money for food, decent clothing and sufficient coal.This is the Bandini family :the father,

burdened with his house that remained unpaid, his bills, the pressing monotony of marriage , impatient, short-tempered and occasionally violent but basically a good and honest man, proud of his skills and his heritage, yet who never regarded himself as an Italian. No, he was an American ,the long-suffering, gentle and patient mother who feels that nothing about her, nothing, gave her kinship with the American women , who adores her husband but whose main solace is her deep and unshakable Catholic faith,the three sons : 12-year old Arturo, 10-year-old Augusto, who is coldly pious and wants to become a priest, and 8 year-old Federico.I found Arturo the most heart-rending character in the book. He is so torn and confused, terrified of committing mortal sins, tortured by the doctrine of purgatory and hell, full of pure but unrequited love for an Italian girl in his class, trying to escape from reality by dreaming of becoming a baseball star. He is ashamed of his pious, un-American mother, his poverty, his Italianness, his name, his freckles. He believes he hates everyone and everything around him, venting his anger and frustration on his brothers and helpless animals. Yet deep down he is the most decent member of the family, full of unselfish love and kindness, wanting desperately to be accepted and loved in return.1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A mirror lying in Colorado's snow, revealing the earthVon ArielThe forever memorable phrase " Rose, I love you..", with its context.. A sharp, realistic, emotion-full, picture of Fante's soul, one I would pretty much like to walk by his side on a saturday morning to speak of nothing at all, and just enjoy his being near.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. greatVon fritzjob@msn.comWait Until Spring, Bandini is a masterfully crafted novel by an amazingly underapreciated author. John Fante's name is like a password, those who know it cannot deny their bookishness. His writing is powerful and touching in its simplicity as he tells the tale of Aurturo Bandini, the son of Italian immigrants living in Colorodo. There are no wars, explosions, or black holes in this book. Its a tiny little story about one winter in a boy's life. Its power is in the realization that it provokes, the realization that growing up is something we all had to go through, that we've all made mistakes, and we're all human.

KurzbeschreibungHe came along, kicking the snow. Here was a disgusted man. His name was Svevo Bandini, and he lived three blocks down that street. He was cold and there were holes in his shoes. That morning he had patched the holes on the inside with pieces of cardboard from a macaroni box. The macaroni in that box was not paid for. He had thought of that as he placed the cardboard inside his shoes.PressestimmenBandini is a magnificent creation, and his rediscovery is not before time. * * Times Literary Supplement * * John Fante takes some beating . . . mean, moody, disturbing and intensely atmospheric. * * The Times * * John Fante knew how to make words sing. When he was on form, he could write sentences that stopped time. * * Uncut * *KurzbeschreibungHe came along, kicking the snow. Here was a disgusted man. His name was Svevo Bandini, and he lived three blocks down that street. He was cold and there were holes in his shoes. That morning he had patched the holes on the inside with pieces of cardboard from a macaroni box. The macaroni in that box was not paid for. He had thought of that as he placed the cardboard inside his shoes.