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## Ciao, America!: An Italian Discovers the U.S.

Von Beppe Severgnini

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**Von Beppe Severgnini : Ciao, America!: An Italian Discovers the U.S.** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Ciao, America!: An Italian Discovers the U.S.:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Amsant, interessant und unterhaltsamVon leser66Ich kann das Buch jedem empfehlen, dem sowohl der europische Alltag bekannt ist als auch der US-Amerikanische.Beppe Severgnini beleuchtet sehr amsant die Unterschiede im amerikanischen Leben zum italienischen bzw. europischen. Er tut dies nie berheblich, nie abwertend, sondern immer

offen interessiert, mal berrascht, mal kopfschttelnd, mal zustimmend. Zahlreiche Aspekte des tglichen Lebens werden behandelt (Einkaufen, Autofahren, Politik, Medien, Immobilien etc.).

Kurzbeschreibung In the wry but affectionate tradition of Bill Bryson, *Ciao, America!* is a delightful look at America through the eyes of a fiercely funny guest one of Italys favorite authors who spent a year in Washington, D.C. When Beppe Severgnini and his wife rented a creaky house in Georgetown they were determined to see if they could adapt to a full four seasons in a country obsessed with ice cubes, air-conditioning, recliner chairs, and, of all things, after-dinner cappuccinos. From their first encounters with cryptic rental listings to their back-to-Europe yard sale twelve months later, Beppe explores this foreign land with the self-described patience of a mildly inappropriate beachcomber, holding up a mirror to Americas signature manners and mores. Succumbing to his surroundings day by day, he and his wife find themselves developing a taste for Klondike bars and Samuel Adams beer, and even that most peculiar of American institutions -- the pancake house. The realtor who waves a perfect bye-bye, the overzealous mattress salesman who bounces from bed to bed, and the plumber named Marx who deals in illegally powerful showerheads are just a few of the better-than-fiction characters the Severgninis encounter while foraging for clues to the real America. A trip to the computer store proves just as revealing as D.C.s Fourth of July celebration, as do boisterous waiters angling for tips and no-parking signs crammed with a dozen lines of fine print. By the end of his visit, Severgnini has come to grips with life in these United States -- and written a charming, laugh-out-loud tribute. From the Hardcover edition. From Publishers Weekly From his temporary home in the leafy suburbs of Georgetown, Washington, D.C., Italian newspaper columnist Severgnini turns a curious eye toward Americans, their bureaucracy and labor-saving gadgets. With the same critical lens through which he viewed England (in *Inglese*, which was a bestseller in the U.K.), the reporter sees through all America's gimmicks the fat-free, guilt-free, buy-now, pay-later mechanics of advanced capitalism but he is not adverse to her charms. Both repelled and attracted by the wonders of convenience living, he finds a joyous horror in channel-hopping, mall shopping and the pursuit of comfort, in our abuse of English ("La-Z-Boy is a veiled invitation to commit a cardinal sin") and our blatant lack of sartorial know-how ("The President of the United States jogs through the city in shorts that display his milk-white thighs"). In other hands, such a memoir could have been a jingoistic cliché-fest. Severgnini, though, is a master in the vein of Bill Bryson, and his every criticism is matched with admiration. Nor does he spare his own people from his caustic wit in fact, visiting Italians often come off as badly, if not worse, than his American subjects. The result is a sardonic tale of cultural bewilderment, an incisive peek into the mundane obsessions of our American existence that makes the commonplace be it a fixation with weather statistics or an air-conditioning complex seem not only insane but extremely funny. From Booklist Severgnini shares his insights and experiences in this charming, quirky memoir of an Italian's year in the U.S. He lived in a suburb of Washington, took up residence in a creaky home, and immersed himself in American life. He tried (and failed) to get a credit card. He bought groceries in bulk, suffered through unbearably cold air-conditioned movie theaters, and even purchased a highly illegal showerhead, which flouted water conservation laws with its outrageous water pressure. As a result of these experiences, Severgnini made broad conclusions about the American mindset. Some of Severgnini's conclusions about Americans seem unfair. Sure, we are ravaged by fevers of consumerism and nostalgia, but is neon lighting really the only American art? What about jazz? Despite this tendency to exaggerate the American character, Severgnini's observations about America usually ring true. It's not easy to walk the thin line between Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* and Dave Barry's *Only Travel Guide You'll Ever Need*, but this memoir manages to do so admirably. John Green Copyright American Library Association. All rights reserved