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My Invented Country a Nostalgic Journey

Isabel Allende

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Isabel Allende : My Invented Country a Nostalgic Journey before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised My Invented Country a Nostalgic Journey:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Excellent bookBy CarolIsabel Allende never fails to impress me with her writing. My mother was from South America and moved to the US when she was in her mid 20's. I always sensed some sadness from her but while I was reading My Invented Country, I understood so much more about her feelings for "home". Please enjoy.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy MonI love it.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. INVENTED COUNTRY ONE OF THE GREAT MEMOIRS OF ALL TIMEBy Hansen AlexanderOkay, I have to make a confession. Isabel Allende hurt my feelings. At the time of her greatest fame, in the late 1980s, she appeared in New York City for one of those book readings and signings which are now becoming extinct in the 21st century. I was quite a fan, having read The House of the Spirits, Of Love and Shadows, and Eva Luna with avid admiration. I happened to be last in line to have her sign my copy of her book and, in retrospect, she may have been quite tired. She was, after all, a woman of immense girth, and perhaps the book discussion and all those signings had tired her out by the time it came time to sign my book. Whatever, she seemed quite cold to me, did not even glance at me while signing, and turned her head away. I stalked out angrily, vowing to never read another of her books.As it turned out, she did not need my approval, LOL, and continued to turn out masterpieces, mostly memoirs, without me buying any of them.Finally, after more than two decades, I opened my My Invented Country, a recounting of her life in Chile, both in her youth and her trips returning after she became a citizen of the United States, remarrying and settling down in San Francisco. It held me spellbound. This is a memoir of a superior kind.Allende is a writer who has always been comfortable in whatever genre she has applied herself, and she

certainly brings a novelist's eyes to this purported memoir. I say purported because she playfully insinuates she may be making up as much as she is recounting. I doubt that is actually the case as her family's history, including the presidency of her uncle, Salvador Allende, was dramatic enough. Her background fascinates. Brought up in a time when women did not attend college, she nonetheless worked her way up the ranks of a popular women's magazine, first as a secretary and salesperson, and then a writer. She then gained fame for a feminist magazine as a writer, and later with a television program where she became a Chilean celebrity. The military junta which crushed her uncle's presidency set her into exile in Venezuela, where the pressures of the experience played a role in destroying her first marriage. She admits to being at loose ends in exile. Allende turned to fiction to deal with the pain of her exile and destruction of her personal life. In doing so she became a feminist icon and one of the great novelists of the late 20th century. The decline of industry in Chile, as much as the rest of the Western World, has destroyed unions and the power of the worker against the state and corporation, a trend that Allende bitterly regrets. This memoir was actually written in 2003, and Allende could already sense the malaise in democratic societies and countries throughout the Western World that would result in the angry revolt of the uneducated against the governmental elites by 2016, with the mindless exit by Britain from the EU, and the race-baited election of Donald Trump to the presidency of the United States. Allende recognizes the irony that she is now a citizen of the United States, as are her grandchildren, a country with one of the harshest faces of capitalism in the industrialized world. What is an old leftist to do? Yet Allende has reached an acceptance of her dramatic life, an acceptance that she, the literary voice of South America, now lives in North America. All this said, what makes this memoir distinct and entertaining to read, is the power of the writing. On every page you are aware that you are reading a great storyteller. And is there any pleasure greater than that? [Hansen Alexander's new book, an exclusive, is *HOW THE LIONS ATE TIM TEBOW*.]