



Le storie di Arturo Bandini

John Fante

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Immigrato, attaccabrighe, ribelle, megalomane, sprezzante e perennemente in lite con tutti. È Arturo Gabriel Bandini, alter ego di John Fante, antieroe per eccellenza che cattura il lettore fin dalle prime pagine di *Aspetta primavera*, Bandini dove in un inverno desolante facciamo la conoscenza di questo quattordicenne italo-americano ancora ignaro delle proprie potenzialità e impegnato ad adorare il padre Svevo.

Negli altri tre atti della saga raccolti in questo volume, cioè *La strada per Los Angeles*, *Chiedi alla polvere* - da tutti considerato il capolavoro di Fante - e *Sogni di Bunker Hill*, l'aspirante scrittore vive i suoi quotidiani fallimenti senza mai riuscire a coronare i propri sogni di gloria. Arturo Bandini rimane uno dei più grandi personaggi della letteratura americana del Novecento, che fece scrivere a Charles Bukowski: «Fante era il mio dio».

Le storie di Arturo Bandini Details

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From Reader Review Le storie di Arturo Bandini for online ebook

Jeanne Dalgety says

Great great book all the beat writers loved him and you can see why as Bukowski said "Fante is my God"

Craig Wallwork says

John Fante came to me by accident. It was 2002 and I was on holiday in Greece. I'd taken a few books to read and ingested them in the first week. I don't remember the titles, which his to say, they weren't very memorable. There was another week to go, and I had resorted to raiding the local café for any paperbacks left by previous guests. Unbeknownst to me my wife had reach the same point four days previous and had taken the only novel left. The book was Ask The Dust (Rebel Inc paperback version). Now resorted to reading the contents of the sun tan lotion bottle, I asked her what she was reading and she replied, "You'd like it. It's about a writer who has shitty luck." She also said it reminded her a little of Catcher In The Rye.

Two months previous to that holiday I had read Salinger's *pièce de résistance* over a cold weekend in a Manchester council flat. Upon finishing it I resigned from a long-standing job as an editor within a small television company, blaming inactivity and job instability for wanting to move on, but the truth was I had identified with Holden's simple view of life, especially the need to escape society's flakiness and live in a log cabin with a mute wife. I didn't want to conform anymore, or be "fake". I wanted to do what I wanted to do, and it felt like Catcher was the permission slip I had been waiting for. That night, upon returning home, fate intervened and my wife and I were offered a house to buy at a very reasonable price. I had no job. No wage. And now, no way of acquiring a mortgage. The house was a one-time deal, a way of getting out of the slums and making a fresh start – the responsible thing to do, some might say. The next day I returned to work with spoon in hand ready to tuck into some humble pie and was reinstated later that afternoon. To add to my discomfiture, the house deal fell through. No book had affected me like Catcher, so when my wife mentioned Ask The Dust was "similar", my appetite was whetted, and I spent the next few hours pestering her until she handed it over.

Fante was Salinger, but with balls. Ask The Dust tells the story of Arturo Bandini, a young Italian-American from Boulder, Colorado (Fante's hometown) who moves to LA to try and make it as a writer. He is poor, and in need of a muse, which he finds in both the City of Angels, and the self destructive Camilla Lopez, a young Mexican waitress. It deals with prejudices, and madness, but above all, it deals with love.

Hopefully some of you will already know of the book, and not because it was a movie starring that swaggering Irish dullard, Colin Farrell, a poor adaptation that was akin to dressing a pit-bull terrier in a tutu. But instead, you may have found the book by accident, like I, or may have heard about Fante through Bukowski, who, without his intervention, and the sadly missed, Black Sparrow Press (John Martin's publishing label), Fante may have dipped off the radar forevermore. Yes, there is a great sadness behind Fante's life story, which only adds to my respect for him. Though now widely regarded as an American Classic, at the time of its release Ask The Dust received mixed reviews and sold poorly. Added to this, Stackpoles and Son (the publisher) were caught in a legal battle with Adolph Hitler for publishing Mien Kampf without his permission. They lost the case, and a hefty chunk of change put aside to help promote Fante and his novel. Embittered that he was not recognised as one of the most important writers to emerge from America, Fante turned to Hollywood, writing scripts for the Silver Screen. There he stayed until diabetes cost him both legs and eyesight. He died in 1983. His funeral was attended by Bukowski and Martin

Sheen. Regardless of whatever flaws he had, whatever aspirations were dashed, Fante carried on writing novels, completing the Bandini Quartet with *Wait For Spring* Bandini, *Road To Los Angeles* (published posthumously), and *Dreams From Bunker Hill*. He also wrote the novella, *West of Rome*, and 1933 *Was a Bad Year*. I implore you all to seek out *Road To Los Angeles*. Very few novels have me laugh out loud, but that is without question, as funny as it is ballsy.

I had the pleasure of speaking with John's son, Dan Fante, a few times before his death, who was an established poet and novelist himself. Dan spoke reverently of his father, and his work. In truth, a lot of what Dan wrote about, and his style, is very reminiscent of John's work. Both John and Dan were huge influences on my early work, especially *The Sound of Loneliness*, but for now, if you're struggling to think of a book to take away on holiday this year then try one written by a Fante. And if I can ask one more thing of you, once you're done with it, leave it in a café. You never know who'll it inspire next.

Geoffrey Rhodes says

John Fante was one of the writers of the 30's who got lost in the later years, but he is up to par with John Cheever, and, especially if you're feeling like a fuckup, there is something wonderfully comforting about reading his stories of the permanent adolescent artist.

Andy says

Brilliant.

Giórgos says

να διαβ?σετε το 'ask the dust'. δ?ο φορ?ς.

Antoine Salem says

Fante is one of my true heroes... nobody writes with such a captivating intensity about life and its paradoxes. Despair and joy cohabit on every page in the most natural fashion and Bandini's world and personality are addictive. Dont pick it up if you are busy for I warn you; it will be impossible to put the book down once you get started.

Kevin Tole says

I managed halfway through the second episode then ran out of steam. Possibly the most obnoxious character I have read in a book. I tried to restart this, got to the same point and gave up. Its gone back out on the market. I can't see what all the fuss is about and life's too short to bother trying to get to the bottom of this one.

Biatríz Baldo says

Ho amato profondamente “Chiedi alla polvere” e poi, per una particolare congiuntura astrale, non ho potuto leggere più altro di Fante. Quando tra le mani mi sono capitate “Le storie di Arturo Bandini” non mi sono potuta esimere e mi sono buttata sì nuovo in questo strano mondo. Un mondo in cui più leggi di Arturo, sempre più attaccabrighe, ribelle, megalomane e più te ne innamori. Più spero si allontani dall’immagine del padre Svevo e più sei consapevole che la mela nn potrà cadere così lontana dall’albero.

La casualità mi ha spinto a leggere questo libro che è il terzo in cui si parla di migrazione, di migranti, di immigrati di prima e seconda generazione.

E il mondo che descrive Fante è un mondo in cui ci sei dentro, in cui senti gli odori, avverti i rumori.

Insomma, sei lì, a Rockling e guardi dal buco della serratura la famiglia Bandini, e soprattutto Arturo, affrontare la loro vita nell’America post depressione.

Martinxo says

I first read John Fante in my late teens and loved his writing then. A quarter of a century later I find the Bandini Quartet in a charity shop for £1. Of course, I buy it immediately. Fante is a superb writer, no fluff, no cliches, just great writing.

Sometimes it's a bad idea going back to novels read in one's youth but this did not disappoint in the slightest. Still great after all these years. Highly recommended.

La pointe de la sauce says

Wow! An utterly pointless book written by Fante on his death bed. Absolutely bland and lacking in vigor despite the random spurts of manic rage against women, crabs etc. and promptly followed by a demand for forgiveness. Fante is a very confused catholic. Despite all of this it is an easy read but would not recommend this book to anyone.

Howard says

i know this inspired Buk's novels but his poetry was way better anyway. Sure when published i'd have given it a 5 but right now it's raw and cool but nothing orgasmic

Anna Nicolaou says

I love John Fante's books ... I say no more.

Matteo says

My powerful review. is.....just 1 word:ARTURO BANDINI!

Leka says

29 settembre - 1 ottobre

Aspetta primavera, Bandini ****

2 - 4 ottobre

La strada per Los Angeles ***

5- 9 ottobre

Chiedi alla polvere

Non do mai stelle alle storie autobiografiche (e questa lo è in modo *strettissimo* visto che Fante si è sentito in *dovere* di aggiungere un prologo in cui racconta la *verità* che sta alla base del romanzo e da cui nasce anche il titolo). Ma è molto bello, a tratti anche molo, molto, molto bello. Straziante, anche. Come lo può essere la vita.

10 - 12 ottobre

Sogni di Bunker Hill ****

Lisa Clement says

Loved it, couldn't put it down:-)

Chris Gager says

Actually, I haven't read #4 yet, but will soon in a separate paperback edition. Fante' is a great American writer and not well-enough known. IMHO ...

Stefania T. says

"Di me non c'è più niente, solo il ricordo di vecchie camere da letto, e il ciabattare di mia madre verso la cucina."

C'è un nervetto, proprio a nordest del cuore, che mi fa male, pulsa come una radice d'albero, tutte le volte che

piove o che leggo Fante.

L'incontro con *Chiedi alla polvere* scandisce la mia vita in un prima e un dopo: se mai ho capito qualcosa della Letteratura, se mai l'ho sentita nel sangue, questo lo devo a *Chiedi alla polvere*. Qui ho conosciuto, visto per la prima volta l'uomo e non il libro.

Libri che non sono libri ma esseri umani, senza mediazione.

Fante è un cuore sincero, un uomo nudo - viscido e puro - senza mediazione.

Conservando *Aspetta primavera*, Bandini per un tempo a sè - il ritmo della vita qui non si è ancora del tutto indurito, scorre nelle vene di Arturo ancora ragazzino, è ancora famiglia, forse per l'ultima volta (litigi pranzi della domenica tradimenti coraggio dignità le braccia di mia madre) - mi schianto al rumore della *Strada per Los Angeles*, boccone stopposo cavallo impazzito petrolio grezzo, e invecchio insieme a *Sogni di Bunker Hill*, invecchio insieme a Fante, che ormai settantenne ritorna ai suoi trent'anni in un disperato sforzo di inculcare la Morte, ritorna nostalgico a quel Bandini che ha ancora tutto il futuro davanti, ha ancora la sua macchina da scrivere affamata di gloria, ha ancora la sua integrità, la sua rabbiosa inettitudine, la sua patetica poesia. Io sono questo, ho sempre voluto essere qualcun altro, e sempre mi sono rinnegato, e sempre mi sono amato.

Peter says

This would be without a doubt one of the worst books I have ever read in my life. There are about 4 sentences (sentences not paragraphs) scattered throughout these four works that have any literary merit. The main character is one of the most crudely drawn and despicable characters imaginable and I kept hoping against hope that the author would have the sense to kill him off. I finished the whole set on the basis that it could not possibly have garnered any of the good reviews I read without having some merit. Alas, I was disappointed.

Gonzalo Oyanedel says

Cuatro novelas que enseñan el camino literario de John Fante, héroe maldito de la literatura estadounidense que -sin buscarlo- trazó un modelo en la ficción contemporánea. "Camino de los Ángeles", "Espera a la Primavera, Bandini", "Sueños de Bunker Hill" y sobre todo "Pregúntale al Polvo" (trabajos póstumos, rechazados y casi condenados al olvido, aquí reunidos), muestran la evolución narrativa y estilística de una carrera que tiene como figura central a Arturo Bandini, un alter ego cuya miserable infancia en Colorado apunta sin cesar hacia un Sueño Americano que solo alcanza a rozar y existe en sus ilusiones.
