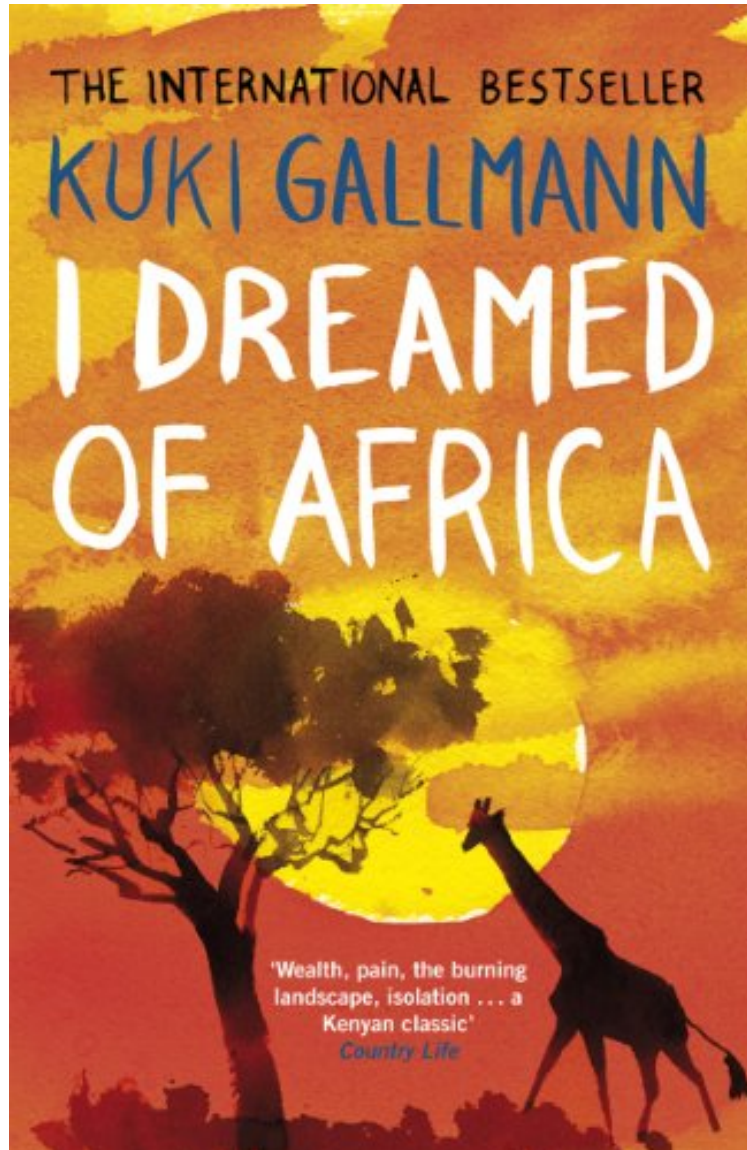


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## I Dreamed of Africa

Von Kuki Gallmann

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**Von Kuki Gallmann : I Dreamed of Africa** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised I Dreamed of Africa:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. I Dreamed and Forgot to Wake UpVon L. SandersWhen I first began this book, I could not put it down. However, I had to continually refer back to try to figure out what had made Paulo Kuki go to Africa in the first place - namely what was their occupation. I also was confused to where they lived. Was it Nairobi or Ol Ari Nyiro? From what I

ascertained, their lives were very privileged. The number of white friends with airplanes, and obviously nothing better to do than "tea," was amazing. I also got weary of Kuki's ramblings of "Emanuele being like Paulo in this, that, this, that way...." We got the point! What was truly amazing was the fact that she did not foresee Emanuele's death even though he had a snake factory in their home. Not just a hobby of interesting snakes, but deadly ones. I know that each of us wants to allow our close ones to attain their dreams, etc., this one is totally unnecessary in an unsupervised or occupational atmosphere. When she related that she became two people in dealing with Paulo and Emanuele's death, I felt like she used that as an excuse. She had a role to play with her "close" friends, and she succeeded. I think most weird is that she details two loves of her life after Paulo, but they just disappear in the monologues. What split them up? Also disappointing is the end not knowing what has happened to either Kuki or Sveva, just a note at the end about her beginning her diary, etc. What began as something I could not put down became something that I could not wait until it ended and it was only 311 pages.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. this book has (homo sapiens) legsVon bill katovskythere are two types of popular books about east africa: those macho male memoirs aping the hemingway big bwana mystique, and feminized memoirs penned by intuitive, thoughtful, grounded women whose affinity to the land and its wildness brings to mind concepts like gaia or 'earth mothers". this book obviously belongs to the second camp--it's powerful in its lyrical and poetic evocation of the life, with her second husband and son, that she created on a huge ranch in a region teeming with black rhino, lions, and elephants. yet impending tragedy hovers over almost every page--her husband dies in a car accident, her son dies from a puff adder snake bite--and though you know beforehand that these deaths will occur, you still can't help but shed a sympathetic tear. she is a survivor, who won't let africa beat her down; her support system includes a large staff of ranchhands, servants, anti-poaching security team, and a tight coterie of well-heeled neighbors who own large ranches and drop by in their airplanes. ms. gallmann has recently created a wildlife conservation reserve on her ranch, and one feels that her efforts to protect the vanishing wildlife and local culture is quite admirable.but there is a question that is never answered--how does a young family from italy come to kenya, and buy a ranch the size of san francisco. with what or whose money? there is definitely a whiff of colonialism here, as if to say, it is up to the european landed gentry, newcomers to a foreign land, to teach the locals proper respect for the region by ironically relying on the locals' time-honored modes of adaptation. ms. gellmann is certainly not a snob, and she does learn swahili and many local customs, and she treats her staff like an extended family, but think about it--wouldn't it be great if one of us can have the ability and means to buy a small country in which to live. out here, in san francisco, it's hard enough to rent a two-bedroom flat.0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Dream OnVon Ein KundeLet's concede upfront that there are powerfully evocative scenes in this book of Africa's beauty (at least in that part of Kenya that used to be called, tellingly, the "White Highlands") and mystery. Let's also acknowledge that Gallmann's love for Kenya and her commitment to its land and people are genuine. And let's also sympathize with her for the terrible losses of her husband and teenage son (the former in a car accident, all too common in Africa; the latter to a snakebite, all too predictable if one is going to keep and handle some of the most deadly snakes on the planet). One is still left with the bizarre anachronisms of European privilege (virtually every white person seems to own an airplane and no one seems ever to work), condescending noblesse oblige (imagine, being polite to the African servant who brings you morning tea!), and the perpetuation of a way of life that pretty much disappeared years ago. When Elspeth Huxley, Beryl Markham, and Isak Dinesen wrote their vastly superior "Flame Trees of Thika," "West With the Night," and "Out of Africa," respectively, they detailed a Kenya in the days before World War II. Back then, a servant pouring brandy with a fez on might have seemed no worse than quaint. Today (and this book deals with life in the 1970s and 80s), it seems about as right as having your yardman call you "massa."

KurzbeschreibungOften, at the hour of day when the savannah grass is streaked with silver, and pale gold rims the silhouettes of the hills, I drive with my dogs up to the Mukutan, to watch the sun setting behind the lake, and the evening shadows settle over the valleys and plains of the Laikipia plateau.Kuki Gallmann's haunting memoir of bringing up a family in Kenya in the 1970s first with her husband Paulo, and then alone, is part elegaic celebration, part tragedy, and part love letter to the magical spirit of Africa.PressestimmenPowerful, poetic, unbearably moving: I wept (Clare Francis)"This is a book that belongs on a shelf with the memoirs of Olive Schreiner, Elspeth Huxley, Beryl Markham and with Out of Africa Judith ThurmanMs Gallmann captures perfectly the magic of Kenya, creating an almost overwhelming picture of beauty and drama, pain and joy, death and resurrection . . . Vividly reminiscent of Isak Dinesen (New York Times)KurzbeschreibungOften, at the hour of day when the savannah grass is streaked with silver, and pale gold rims the silhouettes of the hills, I drive with my dogs up to the Mukutan, to watch the sun setting behind the lake, and the evening shadows settle over the valleys and plains of the Laikipia plateau.Kuki Gallmann's haunting memoir of bringing up a family in Kenya in the 1970s first with her husband Paulo, and then alone, is part elegaic celebration, part tragedy, and part love letter to the magical spirit of Africa.