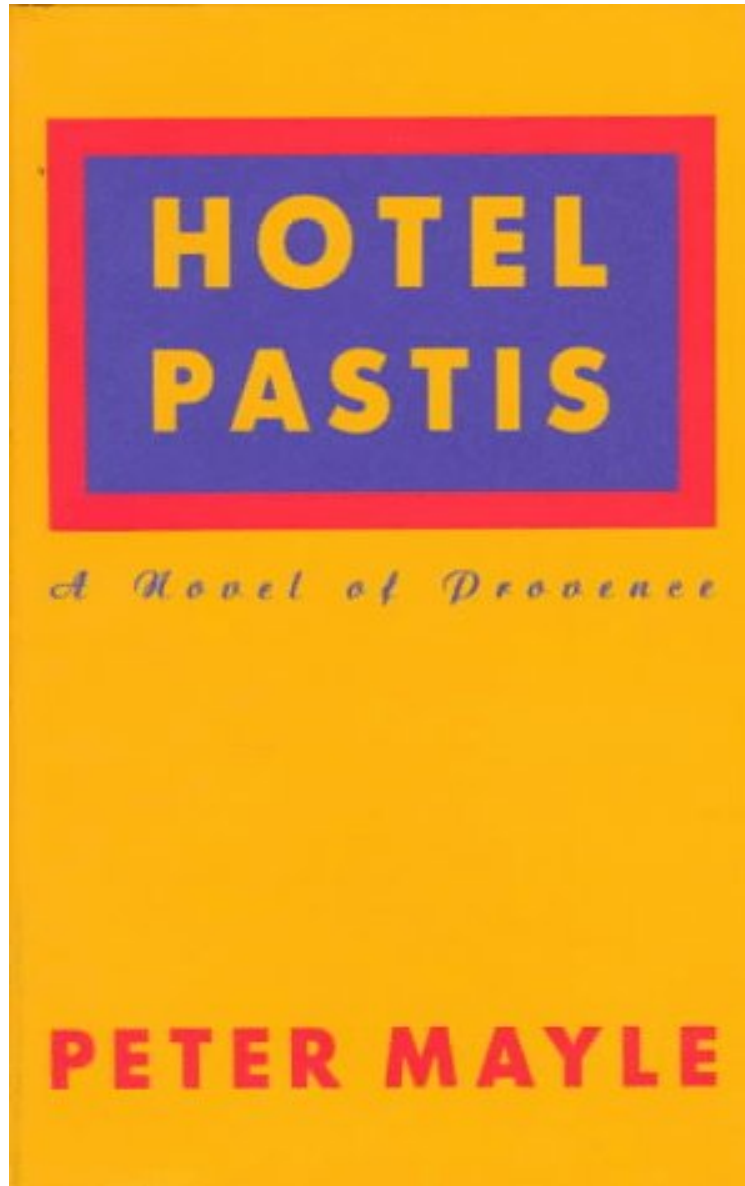


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Hotel Pastis: A Novel of Provence

Peter Mayle

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Peter Mayle : Hotel Pastis: A Novel of Provence before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Hotel Pastis: A Novel of Provence:

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Mmm is for Mayle. By CustomerYes, it's predictable, but only if you've read everything else he's written. If you have done that, then not only do you have a pretty good idea of how this book is going to turn out, you also know that you are going to relish every word. I love Mayle's deeply

affectionate portrayals of Provençal life, people, and cuisine. Every book is like a brief, poignant vacation. Buy this book. Enjoy it with a crisp white wine, a buttered baguette, and perhaps some wafer-thin slices of salted radish. It will be delicious. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Great Writing! By Richard M. A great romp through Provence! And a few other places too. The story is full of strong and interesting characters well portrayed. It was hard not to like any of them! I never lost track of who is who. Some of the plot was predictable but the way it unfolded kept me reading and wondering. The descriptions of each scene and place made it seem as if I was almost there. A fun, if not terribly deep read. Most enjoyable. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The hotel that puts me in the mood for pastis By Eric Mitchell I'm a Peter Mayle fan, especially of his minor works of fiction, such as *Anything Considered*, *Chasing Cezanne*, *A Good Year*, and *Hotel Pastis*. Not deep works, but certainly enjoyable. *Hotel Pastis* gives a great description of the Luberon in France, with a couple of story lines that run in parallel until uniting at the end. The writing is good, it moves along, and leaves the reader interested in what will happen next.

Having delighted millions of Americans with *A Year in Provence* and *Toujours Provence*, Peter Mayle treats us to a wonderfully entertaining novel of escape, romance and adventure. Simon Shaw, a forty-two-year-old advertising tycoon, worn down by insatiable clients and a rapacious ex-wife, wants to get away from it all. On impulse he drives to the south of France. When an accident leaves him stranded in a small village in the Luberon, an enchanting Frenchwoman, who is between husbands, comes to his rescue and soon lures him into buying the local gendarmerie. Together they transform it into a little jewel of a hotel. And life seems idyllic. But at the same time, a crook, recently released from the Marseilles prison, is plotting to rob the bank in the nearby town. Paths cross. Schemes go awry -- and through it all Peter Mayle delights us with the intrigues of the *haut monde* that descends on the *Hotel Pastis* and the machinations of the bad guys, as everything conspires to threaten the heaven on earth that Simon Shaw has envisioned.

From Publishers Weekly As fans of *A Year in Provence* and *Toujours Provence* may have suspected, Mayle's skills as a writer translate well into fiction. His first novel is as adroit, funny and charming as his previous works, and again it is set in his favorite region of France. Newly divorced, disenchanted and bored with his job as a director of a prestigious British ad agency, Simon Shaw is delighted when beautiful Frenchwoman Nicole Bouvier suggests that he rescue from bankruptcy a half-finished hotel in the drolly named town of Brassiere-les-Deux-Eglises. Taking a huge risk, Simon resigns from his agency and becomes patron of the new establishment in the picturesque Luberon region. In counterpoint, Mayle crosscuts to the escapades of a lovable band of criminals who are conspiring to break into the vault of a bank in the neighboring village of Isle-sur-Sorges. As the threads of the plot begin to converge, Mayle displays his satiric eye for social foibles by skewering advertising execs in England and the U.S.; he is equally adept at evoking typical Provençal villagers. Wickedly sharp and sympathetic at the same time, his characterizations are accurate down to nuances of class differences, voice, accent and vocabulary. The novel is as smooth as a sip of pastis, and one hopes that Mayle will find his segue into fiction equally addictive. 100,000 first printing. Copyright 1993 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Library Journal Following the astonishing success of *A Year in Provence* (LJ 4/1/90) and *Toujours Provence* (LJ 5/1/91), Mayle is now probably the most hated man in Provence. Expatriates living in the region despise him because of the hordes of tourists his books have attracted, and the French loathe his patronizing attitude toward those wily and colorful Provençal peasants. This first novel will certainly not win Mayle any new friends. On holiday in the Luberon, burned-out advertising executive Simon Shaw meets the very attractive Nicole Bouvier, who soon convinces him to buy the local gendarmerie with its spectacular views and turn it into a hotel. But complications soon arise: a bank robbery in the neighboring town; an ex-wife demanding more alimony; a kidnapped heir to Texas millions. Mayle writes well, but his novel is all surface and no substance, with cardboard characters and a contrived plot. After a while, the charm wears thin. Still, libraries should expect demand. Previewed in Prepub Alert, LJ 6/15/93.- Wilda Williams, "Library Journal" Copyright 1993 Reed Business Information, Inc. From Kirkus Consumer glories rendered by a master (the velvety *Acquired Tastes*, 1992) in a richly amusing first novel set in London and Provence, even more stylish than Mayle's travel hits (*Toujours Provence*, 1991, etc.). The productive Mayle also has a new nonfiction work this season (*Up the Agency*, p. 38), which pours lime on his 13 years as a junior copywriter and then creative director in the Madison Avenue ad arena. That background feeds into his novel--the story of cultivated advertising colossus Simon Shaw, now 42, tired of the ad game, divorced by his "neglected" wife (his former secretary), who has gone high society with a mania for fancy decoration. Taking his first vacation in over two years, Simon solos into sleepy Brassiere-les-Deux-Eglis, where his injured Porsche must remain while parts are shipped in. Simon deliquesces in Paradise, or melts into sappy goo, under the tanned cleavage of Nicole Bouvier, a homeowner pinched by thin alimony payments. A London meet with the Rubber Barons, a condom company offering a \$30 million-dollar account, and a visit to Nicole convince him that he's burnt out at advertising and would much rather refurbish the abandoned gendarmerie in Brassiere and turn it into a first-class hotel, with the aid of his tartly well-spoken major-domo Ernest--and Nicole! Meanwhile, *Hotel Pastis* meets *Big Deal* on Madonna Street as a band of thieves dryly plan and carry out the July 14th holiday robbery of the most picturesque little bank in Provence, an event

that becomes the unwanted kidnapping of a multibillionaire's son. A cedar box of Havana Churchills, a pint of white diamonds-- the gift novel par excellence, its smart dialogue at full glitter throughout. (First printing of 100,000 is just frog jelly before the tads pop.) -- Copyright ©1993, Kirkus Associates, LP. All rights reserved.