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Posted on 20 June 2018 By Gabrielle Hamilton

## #Read Pdf Æ Blood, Bones and Butter: The Inadvertent Education of a Reluctant Chef ; eBook or E-pub free

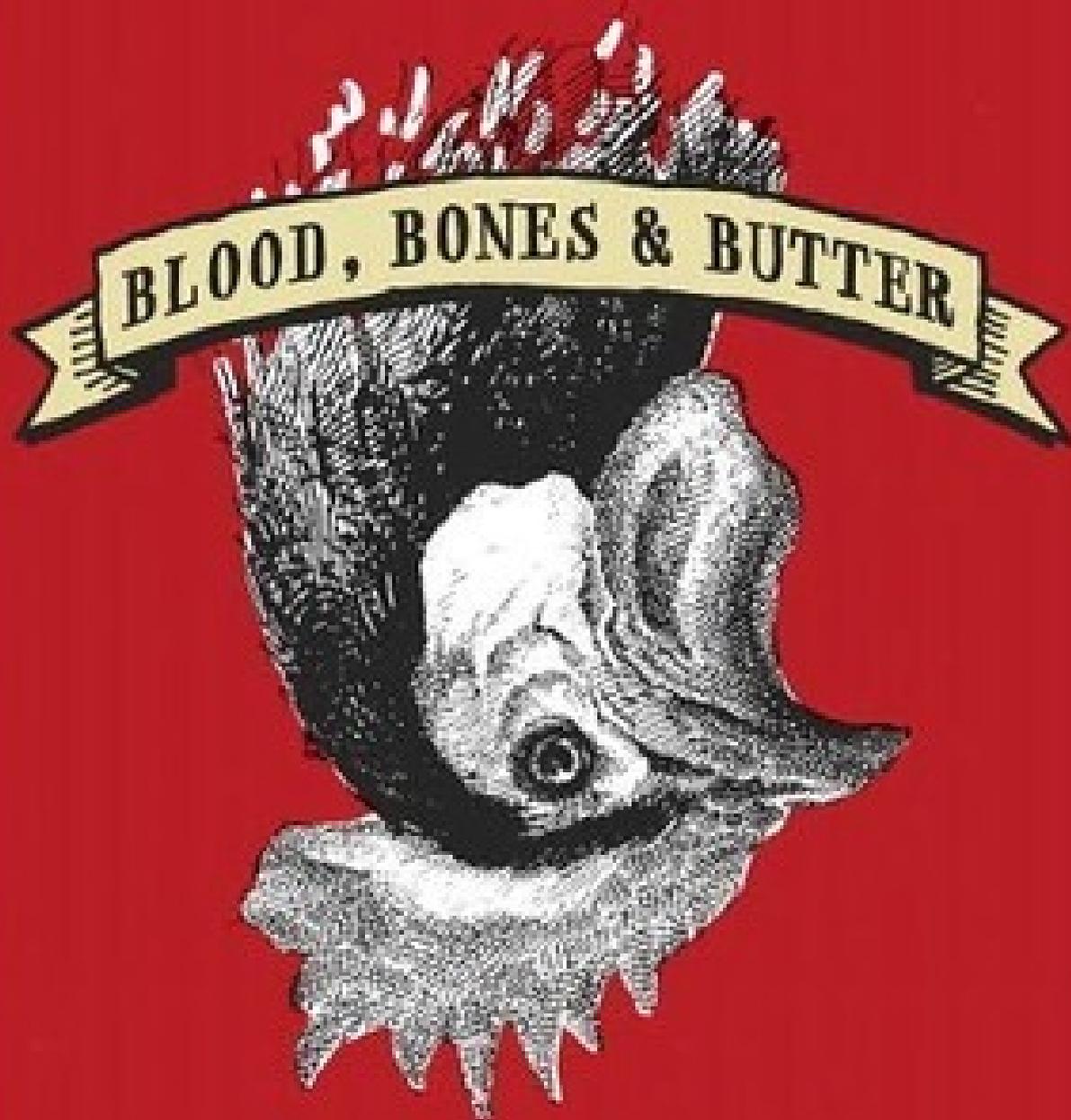
The alternate title for this book I Have an Italian Husband But I Totally Didn't Mean To and Other Reasons Why I'm Totally a Legitimate Chef. At first, Hamilton tries to take the Feminist Answer to Anthony Bourdain angle I never wanted to be a chef I was a bad girl druggie I was in the kitchen being vulgar and sexual with all the male cooks in my kitchen but I was also educated Unfortunately, Bourdain actually has wit, something that Hamilton is sorely lacking some of her stories are interesting, but they constantly give the impression that she wants us to think of her as extremely deep and meaningful She must have found out this doesn't work, because she switches tactics halfway through the book and becomes that one friend you knew in school if you lived in a small town she's the one telling you she's related to Princess Di, that she visits London every spring just in time for the roses and the horse races, and oh my god if you've never had a REAL mint julep you haven't liiiived darling Her locale of choice is Italy Partially because of her Accidental Italian Husband but we don't talk very much and we're not romantic, she assures us, but mostly because it's the perfect backdrop for her to brag about her Totally Rustic and Real Italian Family and how she never buys produce from anyone but the old man on the side of the road because stores are too clueless and farmer's markets are for hipsters but, she fails to realize that she

s a foodie hipster herself, denouncing everything but the Rustic and Authentic and Undiscovered, as if food is some sort of secret only for those who pass some sort of culinary test of wills that apparently involves beheading chickens somehow Yeah, we know, Gabrielle, your mother was French, your husband s Italian, and you re in the boys club of chefs even though GODDAMN IT S SO HARD TO DO WHILE WRANGLING TWO KIDS Maybe if you want to feel legitimized as a chef and not a female chef, you should take your own advice and focus on what you do rather than your oh so unique womanly struggles or the fact that you use your family to give yourself permission to cook it d probably be a less eye rolling read, anyway. Whenever I read an autobiography, I find myself asking these two basic questions 1 Can they write 2 Is their life interesting enough to warrant a book Because, I ll be honest, mine is not. To the first question, Hamilton can write She earned an MFA for whatever you think that s worth I enjoyed both the crispiness of the details, as well their selection and amount She was also good at analyzing herself, her life s trajectory, and the food industry. Regarding the second question, I had mixed feelings The primary focus of the book is her varied culinary career She begins in the kitchen of her French mother and with her jobs waitressing, moves on to the drudgery of catering companies, describes the creation of her own restaurant and its inspirations, and ends cooking with for in laws at their Italian villa The former sections were okay for me It was the last two stages that I found most interesting likely because my husband and I enjoy going to chic restaurants and pretending to be gourmands As the waiter explains in painstaking detail that the duck is prepared in the insert French method way and the mushrooms are from insert exotic locale , we nod and nod as though we understand It was beneficial to have the perspective of an actual connoisseur And Leo, the gig is up There was also a good deal about her personal life during which my interest fluctuated dramatically I was a straight laced kid so the tales of her rebellious youth could be titillating But I did feel that the childhood section was drawn out Thereafter, I thought she held back She had a large family growing up, yet only spoke of a few members as an adult What happened She has or had an unconventional relationship with her husband She offhandedly mentioned that they didn t move in together after their courthouse wedding and were still living apart when she gave birth to their first child I wanted of that I agree it was right for the food to be the focus And I can imagine her publisher enforcing this emphatically Yet I would have appreciated, at least, better allocation of the personal word count less childhood and explanation of monumental adult relationships. Ultimately, the best way to gauge one s reaction to this book is probably to ask a third question 3 Do you want to eat at Hamilton s restaurant, Prune The next time I am in New York, yeah, I d like to go Although given the success of her book, it might be a royal pain to get a dinner reservation. #Read Pdf à Blood, Bones and Butter: The Inadvertent Education of a Reluctant Chef ô Before Gabrielle Hamilton Opened Her Acclaimed New York Restaurant Prune, She Spent Twenty Hard Living Years Trying To Find Purpose And Meaning In Her Life Blood, Bones Butter Follows An Unconventional Journey Through The

Many Kitchens Hamilton Has Inhabited Through The Years The Rural Kitchen Of Her Childhood, Where Her Adored Mother Stood Over The Six Burner With An Oily Wooden Spoon In Hand The Kitchens Of France, Greece, And Turkey, Where She Was Often Fed By Complete Strangers And Learned The Essence Of Hospitality Hamilton S Own Kitchen At Prune, With Its Many Unexpected Challenges And The Kitchen Of Her Italian Mother In Law, Who Serves As The Link Between Hamilton S Idyllic Past And Her Own Future Family The Result Of A Prickly Marriage That Nonetheless Yields Lasting Dividends By Turns Epic And Intimate, Gabrielle Hamilton S Story Is Told With Uncommon Honesty, Grit, Humor, And Passion The author is aware that her frigid French ballerina mother is fully responsible for her prepare yourselves cause I m gunna say it Freudian obsession with fresh and authentic cooking and she illustrates this without making us wallow with her in endless therapy sessions I loved revisiting NY s East Village circa 1988 rat carcasses and all with her as a tour guide almost as much as her fairytale trips to Italy with its villas, oregano scented air and 80 year old matrons making pasta and vegetables in female dominated kitchens. Her descriptions of U of M s writing program are very funny and accurately depict participants in writing MFA programs everywhere Oh, that self indulged sing songy I m invoking the MUSES, everyone reading voice God help me, it makes me homicidal The food porn is tantalizing, and she skates flirtatiously around the subject of her sexual orientation so frequently that the reader doesn t really care too much either way by the end of the book which might have been her goal all along The Kindle edition was superb for its ability to let me insta Google the obscure ingredients she mentions This made me want to cook amazing new things and actually clean up afterwards, which I ve never enjoyed so much The author s description of her own crazy work ethic is sexy enough to inspire me to WANT to scrub the grout behind the fridge Powerful writing indeed. I often rate books but seldom actually comment on them I also rarely give a book one star so I feel I must justify it a little So the subtitle is the Inadvertent Education of a Reluctant Chef That s a little misleading I didn t really notice any reluctance Every job she ever had was in food service And, in her only non food experiment, the MFA, she ended up deciding she d rather be in food service With the exception of a few early stories about her mother, she really didn t explain any of her food education either She kept saying how hard the job was, and how she had put in her time, but after the stories about her mother, she just listed the restaurants she worked in but didn t respect, the caterers she she worked for and didn t respect, the MFA, caterers she didn t respect, and a random, lucky incident that led to her own restaurant Where was the education It did seem inadvertent, however, which I guess is a good thing Also, and maybe this is what really disappointed me, her book took me from really wanting to try her restaurant to never wanting to try her restaurant During the course of the book, among other things, she 1 Lied to get her jobs 2 Stole large amounts from her employers and spent the money on coke 3 Didn t have the decency to treat a girlfriend of many years with respect on the way to an unfortunate break up 4 Married a man she

admitted she didn't love and didn't really try to who married as a form of performance art and then lamented the fact that she didn't have a picture perfect relationship with him and couldn't co-opt his family. 5 Spent an hour driving around Brooklyn in a low blood sugar induced rage, yelling at her spouse in front of her small children rather than eat a mediocre meal. By the end of the book, the author struck me as short tempered, self absorbed, and willing to hurt others on a whim. While I'm sure her restaurant is very good, the portrait she has drawn of herself does not seem trustworthy, she has left a lot of wreckage in her wake and there is nothing at the end to make me feel better. No bit of self examination that gives me hope that she's changing. She is certainly a strong person and I praise her for her success. And it's her life, so she certainly she shouldn't change if she's happy the way she is. But I can't help but have a suspicion, during some lean year, her willingness to bend the rules and hurt people will eventually migrate into her kitchen. And I don't want to be eating at her restaurant when it happens. This is the second book today I've found that I have read and rated and has disappeared from my shelves. This is freaky. There is a thread on it, I've written to support and got nothing back. Obviously I am not deleting all these books. This is so fucking weird and upsetting I just don't know what to do. The other book is *Voluntary Madness: My Year Lost and Found in the Loony Bin*. I loved this book. Loved it. At first I thought this was going to be another memoir about how I fell in love with cooking during my already privileged life. But this one is different. Gabrielle is real. She has had an extraordinarily non traditional and rough upbringing and is unflinchingly honest about it. So her story is interesting but what I loved most wasn't her unique story but that she is a really, really good writer. Beautiful, I would say. So once I got on board and realized that, I slowed down. I savored this book as I would any delicious meal. Once a sauce breaks it's almost impossible to bring it back together again. Chefs have their tricks, but even with tricks there's no guarantee, and no guarantee the sauce will hold. Most likely it won't. The unfortunate separation in *Blood, Bones, Butter* occurs at the half way mark. Of course, I write this at the risk of being way too clever, and maybe it is, but I'm saddened that Chef Gabrielle Hamilton wasn't able to hold her memoir together. She had me, totally had me for the first 158 pages of this 291 page book. Pages are for the review copy. In those pages a wild child thrives in an eccentric, and artistic bohemian family, struggles through her parents failed marriage, sets out on her own and makes just about every mistake a rebel could make, and then begins to find herself in the sensual and spiritual world of kitchen work. Chef Gabrielle has a life long spiritual affinity with food and service, and tells wonderful, sometimes harrowing stories as she starves her way through Europe, slogs her way through the horrors of tourist trap kitchens, and industrial catering, slugs her way through a creative writing program, and finally finds herself the naive but enthusiastic owner of her own restaurant. I was pretty sure I'd fallen in love with her. Then, at page 159, and upon meeting her husband to be, her education, inadvertent as it may have been, as a chef, reluctant as she may have been, ends. The second half of the memoir is the story of the first half of a marriage doomed to

failure It's odd, but the story doesn't resolve except in some weird slump of resignation somehow, maybe she mentions the fact, or alludes to it, I knew the marriage was going to end, but we don't get there, and we're left hanging half way through The story the Chef decides to tell has its moments, and the best of them are around food and her husband's family, but the stories become repetitive, as do the ever widening cracks in the marriage, and the 130 some pages become an endless series of poor me's It's a story of a slow suffocation, not pleasant, beyond a chef's education, and the necessary personal pronouns of memoir get really, really tiresome Chef Gabrielle even spends the bulk of a chapter telling us what she should have said at a conference at the CIA on women in the restaurant profession A chapter of second thoughts That's where she really started to lose me and though I hoped for some writerly culinary magic that would bring the sauce back together, ultimately I wanted the book to end, and I didn't care how What a shame The education of a chef was interesting, soulful, and moving the education of a wife and mother wasn't. I think it went something like this Agent to Gabrielle Hey, you've had a famous restaurant for a while now and you've never been on the Food Network, Iron Chef, etc., why not hop on the bandwagon and write a memoir G to Agent Gee, I've been keeping journals all my life, why not, sure, I'm gonna do it. This book pissed me off almost as much as Eat, Pray, Love Self referential a word she uses a lot, snobby, totally devoid of any spark of humor This woman doesn't like paragraphs She just goes on and on and on, and really comes off like a self absorbed, albeit talented, very full of herself type of woman Oh, and she's polyamorous, if you can count a green card marriage to a doctor, who she then goes and has two kids with even though they start out living separately She visits her mother after twenty years only because of the death of her brother, and apparently hates her, even though to me she seems a lot like her mother. I don't know why she titled the book reluctant chef it's all she ever did, really, except for getting a masters at U of Michigan the Harvard of the midwest where she trashes all her fellow students, mainly because she's not up to speed with the terminology of literature. Aargggh The only part of the book that remotely touched me was the end, where she realizes her Italian mother in law is aging and may not be around for the annual month in Italy. Never does she mention putting love into her food To her it seems like a battle to get the orders out, and her terrific work ethic, and that she is better than anyone else. I have no doubt this will be a best sold on the NY Times, and maybe it's just me, but I found Ms Hamilton to be an utterly unappealing, uninteresting and even soulless person I'm not saying don't read it, but be warned, this lady is really impressed with herself.



*The Inadvertent Education  
of a Reluctant Chef*

**GABRIELLE HAMILTON**

"Magnificent. Simply the best memoir by a chef ever. *Ever.*"

—ANTHONY BOURDAIN

Toward the end of Hamilton's interminable chef memoir, she admits to having a certain sense of Gallic superiority to the rest of the world. Hoo boy, is that an understatement. While Hamilton's recollections of her unconventional childhood and rise to celebrity as the owner of Prune offer up a credible pastiche of MFA style literary writing, the author's personality is so off putting that I found the book nearly unreadable. When Hamilton is talking about cooking, or about the restaurant industry and its quirks, she's very nearly engaging that is, if one can overlook her arty tendency to switch between first person past and second person present tense narrative on the turn of a very thinly sliced wafer of pancetta. Hamilton's narrative style rests on the piling on of rich layers of detail, however, yet throughout long passages of the book I found myself distrusting the accuracy of those details. I raised an eyebrow, for example, when she described driving down from Ann Arbor, Michigan, across 8 Mile Road into downtown Detroit a nice shout out to one of Detroit's infamous landmarks, but a geographically dubious route into the city. And it's outright disingenuous of her to spout foodie nonsense about how her childhood once a week dessert was a single square of really good imported chocolate or a lightly sweetened slice of buttered bread, when she's mentioned, only a few pages before, gorging on Tastykakes. If one can't trust the details, what, exactly, can one relate to in a memoir like this? Certainly not the thorn skinned author, herself. A similar tone of superiority mars a good deal of the narrative. Hamilton dislikes children and their preference for French fries and macaroni and cheese over that single square of really good chocolate, or any of the exotic fares she serves in Prune. She's dismissive of their parents and indeed, of anyone who will eat less than gourmet fare instead of skipping a meal altogether. She spends a large portion of the book secretly mocking and sniggering at her graduate school comrades only to turn around and justify the behavior by accusing them of condescending to her. And the meandering last third of her book turns on the cold fury she experiences, and the subsequent two week silent treatment she gives to her long suffering husband when he mentions that he'd like to buy a new iPhone. There really is some minutiae that probably should be left out of a memoir, apparently.

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