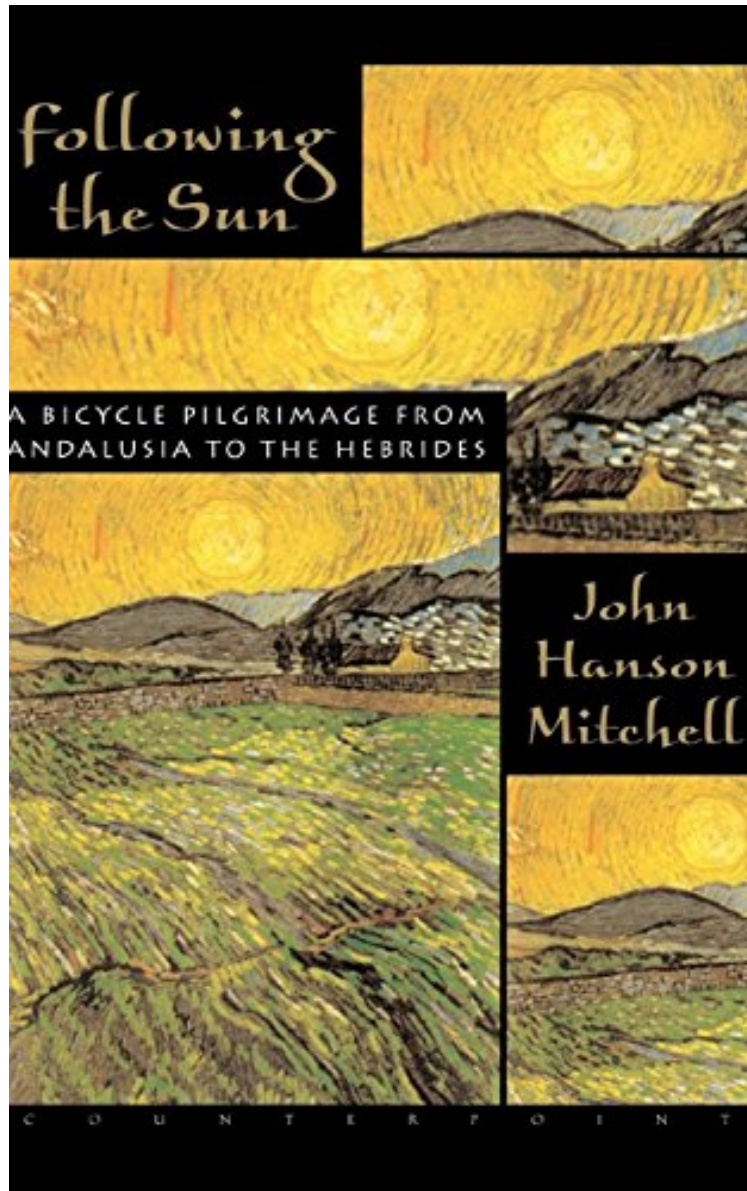


[Free pdf] Following the Sun: A Bicycle Pilgrimage From Andalusia to the Hebrides

Following the Sun: A Bicycle Pilgrimage From Andalusia to the Hebrides

John Hanson Mitchell

*ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub | DOC | audiobook*



DOWNLOAD



READ ONLINE

#619427 in Books Counterpoint 2002-05Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 9.02 x .81 x 5.98l, 1.15 #File Name: 1582431361280 pages | File size: 17.Mb

John Hanson Mitchell : Following the Sun: A Bicycle Pilgrimage From Andalusia to the Hebrides before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Following the Sun: A Bicycle Pilgrimage From Andalusia to the Hebrides:

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Makes me yearn for Spain and France
By B. Yankee
John Hanson Mitchell recounts his travels by bike from Southern Spain through France and England finally ending up in Scotland all the while musing on the sun and the indelible mark it has left on our culture. The book is part travelogue, part philosophical musing, part anthropological study, part religious mediation. The accounts of the people and places he encountered are compelling and his descriptions of the food he ate along the way made me very hungry! It all adds up to a thought-provoking and entertaining read. A couple of quibbles: It would have been great if there was a map included with the book that showed the route traveled. Mitchell writes eloquently about the geography and it's hard to visualize it without having a map handy (unless of course you are very familiar with the regions he's writing about). I also found it somewhat disturbing that it wasn't clear when exactly this journey took place. The book came out last year or the year before, but it seems that the actual trip took place long ago.

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful. Biking Towards the Sun Hits High Gear
By Bohdan Kot
John Hanson Mitchell, editor of "Sanctuary," the journal of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, begins riding a 40-year-old-plus Peugeot bicycle north on the first day of spring in southern Spain. The hopeful destination (a 1,500 mile trek) is to arrive in the Hebrides (Scotland) on the first day of summer. "Following the Sun" offers more than bicycle-travel stories. A history of sun worshipers through the ages such as the Aztecs, Incas and several other sun cultures are discussed. A delightful and eccentric bunch of characters along Mitchell's route lighten the didactic tone of the book. A speaker from the Flat Earth Society preaches in a confident manner to an ever-growing hostile crowd in Hyde Park. An overly protective bed and breakfast manager repeatedly dissuades Mitchell from riding to Scotland. She shouts, "You'll die of exposure in the empty wind like a poor lamb. No one in their right mind ventures out to the Hebrides . . . You'll be speared and eaten." Mitchell's view from the bicycle seat is brought into one's imagination easily thanks to the author's keen eye for detail. We also experience his roadside pasture rest stops; he writes, "sliced my `tomatoes,' onions, and sardines, tore off a tranche of bread, and uncorked a bottle of Sancerre." One empathizes with the enjoyment of such a simple meal after having taken part of the arduous bike-ride with the writer rider. "Following The Sun" proves to be a contagious read; an immense sense of passion flows through each page. Wanderlust will even ignite the soul of timid travelers to ramble through the book as if competing in the "Tour de France."

Bohdan Kot
1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. The perfect summer read!
By A Customer
Whoever wrote that review that you say was in Publisher's Weekly obviously never read anything by John Hanson Mitchell! They must be confusing him with some other author. Mitchell's writing is always so good-hearted and generous--the opposite of caustic! Following the Sun is so rich--a journey on two levels; a review of virtually everything under the sun, from myth to bird migration to the solar origins of Christianity. But it's also a delightful bicycle ride--all the way from the south of Spain to the Outer Hebrides in Scotland with journeys throughout the vineyards of Bordeaux, the chateaux of the Loire in France and the stone circles of the British Isles in between. Mitchell always has a way of falling in with eccentric types, as I've seen in his other books eg. Ceremonial Time (a 15,000 year history of one square mile of land) and The Wildest Place on Earth (about Italian gardens and the American wilderness). He seems to be able to mix arcane facts about the setting of sugar in winegrapes, and the perversities of Roman emperors and the like with a sharp ear for story. There are some great ones here with some rollicking Old World characters. The author followed back roads all the way, and he did it before the establishment of the European Union when all the food was better, the wine sweeter, and the stories deeper. And Mitchell's writing style, lyrical and smooth, is a salve for whatever ails you. What a pleasure!

John Hanson Mitchell tells of his 1500 mile ride on a trusty old Peugeot bicycle from the port of Cadiz to just below the Arctic Circle. He follows the European spring up through southern Spain, the wine and oyster country near Bordeaux, to Versailles (the palace of the Sun King), Wordsworth's Lake District, precipitous Scottish highlands and finally to a Druid temple on the island of Lewis in the Hebrides, a place where Midsummer is celebrated in pagan majesty as the near-midnight sun dips and then quickly rises over the horizon.

From Publishers Weekly
After last year's *The Wildest Place on Earth*, the caustic travel writer picked up his knapsack, pumped up his Peugeot and set out once again on the back roads. This time Mitchell cycled from the southern plains of Andalusia, in Spain, to Scotland's northernmost isles, chasing the encroaching summer in search of our only pantheistic deity, the sun. Appropriately, the text is most evocative in the indolent stretches of the sun-washed south, and Mitchell's penchant for reported speech offers a fascinating picture of Europe. His Spain is warm and effusive, his France lazy, rich and proud; England he likes less, and he struggles to find merit amid the smalltown claustrophobia of southern Albion. But the lonely wilderness and secluded hills of Scotland are most attractive to Mitchell, who prefers the company of his bicycle to that of other people. Awkwardly, it is Mitchell's preference for solitude that mars his typically generous prose, for he is surprisingly judgmental about other cultures and habitually moralizes about the laissez-faire lifestyles of his expat friends. Uncomfortable, too, is his almost overbearing poetic narrative style, saved from whimsy only by erudite interjections on sun worship through time. This is a staggering journey, a spatial and temporal trek through centuries of heliocentric faith, where the author encounters everyone from New Age archeologists to luminist painters and naturalist bathers, united only in their adulation of the one true sun. Copyright

2002 Cahners Business Information, Inc. Its his willingness to stop and smell the flowers that makes him such a companionable writer. Kirkus sIf there is anything he enjoys more than the heathen moment, it is attending the song of a stonechat, the chance to take a snooze in a field of wildflowers, an idle glass of wine. San Francisco ChronicleMitchell deftly proves that his is a universal topic, crossing borders and topics and time. The Boston Globe