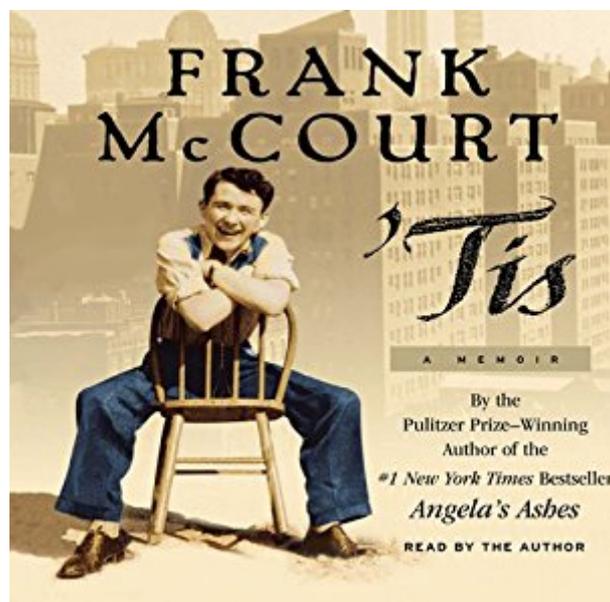


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# 'Tis



## Synopsis

Frank McCourt's sequel to his Pulitzer Prize winning memoir *Angela's Ashes*, focussing on the "great country", America. --This text refers to an out of print or unavailable edition of this title.

## Book Information

Audible Audio Edition

Listening Length: 14 hours and 10 minutes

Program Type: Audiobook

Version: Unabridged

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Audible.com Release Date: October 12, 1999

Whispersync for Voice: Ready

Language: English

ASIN: B0000547DJ

Best Sellers Rank: #10 in Books > Biographies & Memoirs > Ethnic & National > Irish #29 in Books > Biographies & Memoirs > Professionals & Academics > Educators #45 in Books > Politics & Social Sciences > Social Sciences > Emigration & Immigration

## Customer Reviews

This is a wonderful book, but it requires that you remove yourself from your negative impressions of Frank as a young man, and enjoy the beautiful story telling of Frank McCourt, as an author. As I read the criticism of this book by other readers, I am dumbfounded that people can criticize the book because they don't like the character. The readers complain that they don't like the way McCourt behaved in America. These are complaints against a man and his actions, not against the novel. The subject matter may be upsetting, but the writing is still beautiful. It is utterly unfair to say that one loved *Angela's Ashes* because they liked the innocent boy Frank, but didn't like *'Tis* because they didn't like the man he grew into. This book is brutally honest on McCourt's part. *Angela's Ashes* was equally disturbing in subject matter and its description of poverty, but the story was told through the innocence of youth and a child. In *'Tis* the subject matter can be equally disturbing, but the story is now told through the eyes of an adult and the innocence is lost. This is the sign of a remarkable author, who can take his readers with him through his life and share the events as they appeared to him at the time. It is unrealistic to expect the poor child growing up on the Lane in Limerick to instantly grow into a noble and refined gentleman the way these readers expect him to. This book tells a disturbing and honest story of a man coming of age as an immigrant in New York. For all of

you complaining that you don't like the book because Frank swears, sleeps around, drinks too much and loses interest in his wife, please don't confuse dislike for a disturbing subject matter for dislike for a work of literature.

Angela's Ashes was a unique accomplishment on many levels. 'Tis was doomed before it ever came out because it would suffer by comparison. However, this is still a great read by an interesting man who has great sensitivity to dialogue, and makes some stinging social observations with great subtlety. The books cannot be compared unless you have strong feelings about the skill the writer had, or did not have in either volume. Is the language rougher, yes, this is a man describing his life, not a child. Does he have opinions that are black and white, with little room for gray at times, yes. Part of the problem with moving from one book to the next, is that the memories of a child, and terrible memories at that, are a powerful force to draw you in, and cause one to feel great sympathy and pain for the child. Then the child becomes a man, and it's much more difficult to carry the same empathy from the first book to the second. In fact I don't think it is possible. If you have read neither book, read this first, and then Angela's Ashes. The books change dramatically when you do. The harsh criticism of the man becomes infinitely more complex and difficult if you learn of the childhood that was his formative years. Most autobiographies, or biographies cover a life, not pieces of a life that in this case are still unfolding. The abrupt change from book one to book two is caused, I believe, because they are bound separately. If he had covered the same period in his life with a single book it would have been more comfortable for the reader. I am glad that he did break his life up, as Angela's Ashes will forever remain a book that will gain the title of a "Classic". Book one was brilliant, it was the author's first, it won The Pulitzer, it one other awards, it is about to be shown as a major motion picture. There is no one that can follow that act #1. Frank McCourt is a great writer who I wish had come to us sooner. I hope he lives to be a hundred so I may selfishly read as much as possible of what he writes.

'Tis was quite an interesting book. I looked forward to reading this after I read "Angela's Ashes". I was impressed with Mr. McCourt's observations of the American society and culture. Not only was he shocked at some things he saw and experienced in his early years "just off the boat", but he also had to deal with some self-esteem issues. He worked hard at overcoming some of his demons. I noticed he found it quite difficult to forgive or forget in many instances which one can attribute to the bitterness he felt towards the church, his father and sometimes his mother. There were many lessons I got from reading 'Tis such as sticking to one's dreams of a better education, a better life,

family loyalty, love and commitment, just to name a few. I do believe Mr. McCourt is a survivor in all respects. His gift of story telling is superb and I commend him in all his endeavors. Overall, this was a great sequel and I thank you Mr. McCourt for hanging in there.

I've just finished "Tis" and found I have mixed feelings about the work and the author - feelings I didn't have concerning "Angela's Ashes". During my reading, I found myself rooting for Frank McCourt to not fall into the same trap as his father did, that trap the Irish call "the weakness". I rooted for him to go to school, get the girl, live the American dream happily ever after. But this wasn't the way Frank McCourt's life was to be. So I obviously made the mistake most reviewers of "Tis" made. This work is a MEMOIR, not a work of fiction nor fantasy. If I take Frank McCourt at his written word, he has been mostly unsuccessful in his life's dreams, and fallen far short of personal goals. The book seems to be more of a self examination held in public for ridicule and criticism - as any good Catholic boy must do. Who else would have to air their linen thus. And who else except a superb story teller could make a success of it in spite of those failings. It's a MEMOIR. It's a sad, joyful, shameful, depressing, and very funny MEMOIR. It doesn't need any psychoanalysis or critical reader analysis, or comparisons to similar authors past or present. It's a MEMOIR!

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