

THE PARIS INSIDER

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June 6B, 2024

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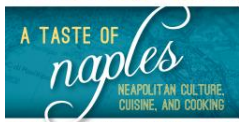


BuonGiorno di Napoli

With fond memories of dear Marlena I finally made it to Naples. I recommend that you read her loving homage to Naples and Neapolitan cuisine-I did and now that I am back in Parigi I'm reading it again-indispensable.

It was through Marlena that I met Manuela Barzan, the capo di tutti capi of Neapolitan cuisine and culture who invited me and fellow journalists from Spain and Germany to sample the variety of Neapolitan delights in Ischia, Sorrento and Pasternum as well.

In the coming weeks I will be sharing my passionate experiences filled with great food, great new friendships and of course, Neapolitan love songs like MALA FEMINA, occasionally sung by *me*.



A Taste of Naples

Naples is an international and deeply traditional city, especially in its foodstyle and cuisine. Its mysteries reveal themselves the more you learn about it. Marlena Spieler takes readers on a vivid tour of this vibrant culinary culture with recipes and history, as well as an exploration of the dishes of holidays and celebrations.

Every time I open this book and especially when I prepare a recipe I am reminded of the sunshine that Marlena brought into the lives of those of us who were lucky enough to know her.

[Read more and Buy the book](#)



GAETANO ADAMO

Pizza, pasta, pomidori e oh molto altro ancora including mozzarella di bufala, San Marzano tomatoes, eggplant parmigiana and many pastas that are emblematic of the region.

Just around the corner from our cozy crib [Domus Deorum Deluxe](#) this became our cantine, a bustling, jam packed trattoria with a happy staff and if you happen to be here when a certain Paris-based journalist is in house you are likely to hear a spontaneous love song in the style of the famous Italian singers, Antonio DeBenedetto and Francis Albert Sinatra.

[Learn more](#)



While I perfect my Neapolitan to sing my favorite Neapolitan love song, Mala Femmena, here is Jimmy Roselli doing great job of it on the Ed Sullivan Show



Lunch with *mi amigo* Alberto Granados



Domus Deorum Deluxe Naples

There is an eruption of B & B's in Naples. Often disguised in office buildings or high rise apartments they offer all of the amenities of 4 star properties without the high rates.

We loved this charming, elegantly appointed home for our visit.

Ten rooms, some with terraces flank both sides of the reception area and every morning Marika and Maria will deliver a bountiful breakfast to your room.

Who could ask for anything more?

[Learn more](#)



Dorina Burlacu-Insalata sorprendente

Mediterranean Diet Selection

Ingredients:

- 100 g arugula - 400 g raw asparagus - 100 g Nocerino spring onion - 50 g strawberries - 50 ml prickly pear juice - 100 g cherries - 200 g apricots (4 pieces) - 100 g strawberries - 30 g shavings of 30-month aged Parmesan cheese Dressing: - Balsamic vinegar, - 100 ml prickly pear juice - 20 ml EVO oil - Zero salt

[Learn more about Fruit & Veg from Europe](#)



Fruit&Veg
from Europe

I CHOOSE FRESH & FAIR!



Thanks to the French children! They won't let us forget.



CREDIT RUDY GELETER

I wrote this 15 years ago and it's still painful for me to read

Normandy-Oh Say Can You See...

I remember singing the national anthem, loudly, proudly, passionately feeling the lyrics, my adolescent tenor soaring over the voices of the other 6,000 students in the Brooklyn Technical High School assembly.

Then there was Vietnam and most grotesquely and dishearteningly the faux patriotism in the aftermath of 9//11. The wearing of American flag pins by venal politicians who had connived or bought their way out of Vietnam but shamefully sent our children to Iraq, ill-equipped and poorly trained-to die or be mutilated and then compounded the felony by criminally neglecting them when they came home. The VA hospitals are a disgrace.

Irving Berlin's GOD BLESS AMERICA, his homage to the country that welcomed and inspired him and millions of other immigrants, including my son Rudy, is now obligatory at 7th inning stretches of Major League baseball games. Don't even dare to not stand with the faithful.

Rudy had solemnly strode onto Omaha Beach towards the Channel while I waited on the site of the flags of participating nations. He found a spot where he could gaze, reflect and collect sand in a Ziploc bag to share with his son. We didn't discuss the invasion, **Normandy**, the American cemetery, filled with Carreran marble crosses and Jewish stars and the formerly blood-soaked beaches that defy words.

But I know that he was remembering D-Day, 6 June 1944 and the 3,000 American boys who had fallen in the surf, on the beach or scaling the cliffs and Robert Capa who had inspired him with his shots of the landing as he too tumbled out of a landing craft and into the nightmare around him.

Then the silence and reflection were pierced by the taped opening bars of The Star-Spangled Banner, accompanying the raising of the American flag. Rudy turned and gazed in silent respect and I once again felt the emotion of that 16 year-old high school student.

READERS COMMENTS

This makes me so proud to be your friend. Wonderfully written with heartfelt sincerity. I've had an opportunity to be in Normandy and see the graves...so sad, touching and feeling respectful and honor their loss. We must, as you say, Never Forget!!! -Shari Ruvkin, Seattle

Beautifully written.

Visiting Omaha Beach was an awesome and sobering trip. My father landed the day after D Day. I can only imagine the horror he saw. He returned with my mother once on a European trip. I don't know how he could. -Donna Kemp

Dear darling, Terrance..... So moving what you wrote today.-Sharon Roberson

Hello Terrance -

Thank you for sharing your D-Day reflections, and for the poignant story of your visit with son Rudy to the Normandy beaches some 15 years ago. I share your sentiments, and on certain occasions where the Star Spangled Banner is played have experienced the same pride in America - and have expressed it by singing lustily (not in your soaring tenor voice, but as a basso). Regrettably, as you point out, such occasions are becoming increasingly rare. But we have our memories - including, in the old days, removing my cap and proudly singing the anthem even at 7th-inning stretches.

Bonne journée,Cecil Jones

I wonder what a lot of those soldiers would think about the country they gave their lives for if they could see it now. Stephen Pardys, Mill Valley, CA



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Being an eternal night owl, I frequently find myself scrolling through emails as your newsletter is hot off the press in Paris around 1:00am CA time. Thank you, Terrance, for your diligent research and skillful writing which provides the connection for us Francophiles to live vicariously through your stories and adventures.

.....And hopefully all of your readers will appreciate your prodigious effort enough to ante up the nominal membership fee and or make a more significant contribution. You truly deserve it!-Ann REEVES, Los Altos Hills, CA

[Contribute](#)

Paris Through Expatriate Eyes

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