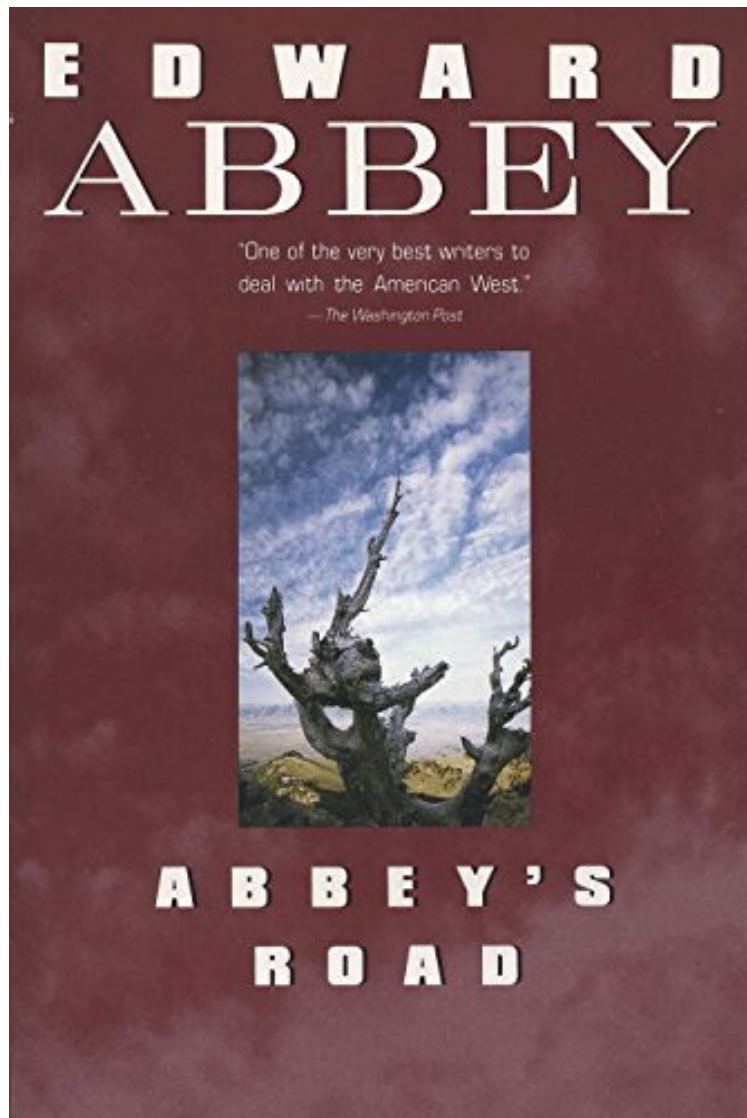


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**Edward Abbey : Abbey's Road (Plume)** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Abbey's Road (Plume):

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. A druid in a wornout ranger uniformBy Matt BeattyDisclaimer: I am fueled by a love for Edward Abbey's words.Much of Abbey's Road is related to travel, his time spent in places--other places, temporary home, road trips and river trips. The people come and go--bit players--but central to each vignette is always Mr. Abbey himself. His time spent in Australia is quite fascinating, there's much of Mexico, and rivers and travel. He waxes both political and poetical, with pointed arguments in both directions.Truly, he writes on a variety of

topics--often tied nicely with his anarchy and activism, conservation environmentalism. He's scruffy and irreverent, and usually naked. He is a druid in a worn-out ranger uniform, a bearded bard of the desert, a staunch defender of not only the wild but the necessary IDEAL of the wild. These essays are both diverse and linked. Funny and touching and pseudo-philosophizing. Nothing off-limits to Mr. Abbey. Read him and be made whole. 3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. A mixed bag

By Howard

Not one of the best of Abbey, but this one is a bit different, as it has 4 essays about his travels in Australia, which is quite rare as mostly Abbey wrote about North America (especially the deserts in Southwest US and northern Mexico). Abbey was a self-proclaimed "agrarian anarchist" and hated when people call him a "nature writer" or a "naturalist". Well, he was not and in this book you will see why. He tossed his beer cans and wine bottles in the Outback of Australia as if it were a big trash yard (which reminds you that in *Desert Solitaire* he threw an old tire into the Grand Canyon); when he was annoyed by some birds he wished he had a shotgun and a carload of twelve-gauge shells. He drove a passenger car (as he calls it a "lesbian car") which is not suited for the sandy and rocky desert through the Outback, probably seldom sober, thanks to the beer and "magic tea" (a mixture of tea and Bourbon he drank all the time, and eventually wrecked it, leaked oil all over the place and had to have it towed (on its side most of the time). And he acted like a jerk -- though he was married at the time, he tried to pick up women all the time. No doubt some of these are a bit exaggerated somewhat, but his attitude is undeniable -- he came across like a self-centered, arrogant chauvinist. Abbey lived an intense life -- may he rest in peace -- and I don't doubt he really loved the desert, but what he really cared was that others got out of his way so he could have it all to himself. He said "rocks have rights too", but seldom did he exhibit any respect or compassion to the animals, plants, not to mention "rocks" in the desert. They were good only when they were convenient. The book also has the chronicle problem with Abbey's non-fiction books -- they are collections of previously published magazine articles and such, the quality of which varies greatly. So by design they are already a mixed bag. The essays in the first section "Travel" are the best and are on par with his other essays. The other sections are pretty forgettable: "Polemics and Sermons" are just repetition of his naive (and quite extremely conservative) political views, "Personal History" is of little interest to me either. So what I got from this book is really the first 9 essays. I've given pretty generous reviews of Abbey's other works, so I am giving it 3 stars here to balance things out (I would have given it 3.5 stars if I could). 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars

By Richard Morris

great

The natural world, as we call it, has already become remote, out of reach, mysterious, in the minds of urban and suburban Americans. They see the wilderness disappearing, slipping away, receding into an inaccessible past. But they are mistaken. That world can still be rescued that is my main excuse for this book. Edward Abbey You are about to visit some of the most exciting places on earth. Not the sort of excitement that makes morning headlines or the nightly news. Instead it is the excitement that comes from experiencing the natural world as it always has been and should be, and seeing human beings living in tune with its subtlest rhythms. In Australian cattle country and in the primitive outback. On a desert island off Mexico and in the Sierra Madres. On the Rio Grande and in the great Southwest. On Lake Powell in Utah and in the living American desert. It is adventure. It is enlightenment. It is vintage Abbey. I have been along a few of Mr. Abbeys roads. He sees much more than I did. Indeed, reading him is often better than being there was. John Leonard, author of *Reading for My Life*

.com

Curmudgeon, environmental brawler, and literary desert rat, Edward Abbey nursed dreams of one day walking out into the wild "to become one with the landscape. To just... disappear." He made valiant efforts to make good on that dream of escape in sometimes harebrained, often dangerous expeditions to difficult places, adventures some of which are recounted in this lively collection of essays. The first part of *Abbey's Road* is given to a walkabout in the outback of Australia, whose scattered human settlements remind Abbey of towns in the American West, "although not so blatantly ugly." Having ignored good advice not to stray too far afield in that waterless place and lived to tell the tale, Abbey turns later in the book to other desert landscapes (islands in the Gulf of California, remote corners of the Grand Canyon, and the like) before delivering a series of trademark yawps against the forces that would just as soon bulldoze such places as protect them. Along the way Abbey recalls his work as a seasonal park ranger (which yielded his incomparable memoir, *Desert Solitaire*) and fire lookout, offers a few tongue-in-cheek words in defense of rednecks, and muses on the effects of hallucinogenic drugs and the virtues of his "slapstick, slapdash, sex-crazed manner"--all good and generally good-natured pieces, even if a few of them are now showing signs of age. If you're new to Abbey's work, *Abbey's Road* is not the best place to start; have a look at *The Best of Edward Abbey* or *The Serpents of Paradise*, two sturdy, career-spanning collections. But if you've read his better-known books and want to have a closer look at the man behind them, *Abbey's Road* is the one to follow. --Gregory McNamee

Abbeys unique prose voice is the voice of a full-blooded man airing his passions alternately misanthropic and sentimental, enraged and hilarious. People The man, quite simply, is a master. The *Bloomsbury* A record as important and lovely as *Muir's* or *Thoreaus*. *New York Post* One of our foremost Western essayists and novelists. A militant conservationist, he has attracted a large following not only within the ranks of *Sierra Club* enthusiasts and backpackers, but also among armchair appreciators of good writing. What always made his work doubly interesting is the sense of a true maverick

spirit at large a kind of spirit not imitable, limited only to the highest class of literary outlaws. The Denver Post Abbey is a gadfly with a stinger like a scorpion. Wallace Stegner In his own inimitable fashion, Abbey prevails among the scant handful of our best and brightest fresh-air scribes. Chicago Sun-Times From the Publisher 6 1.5-hour cassettes