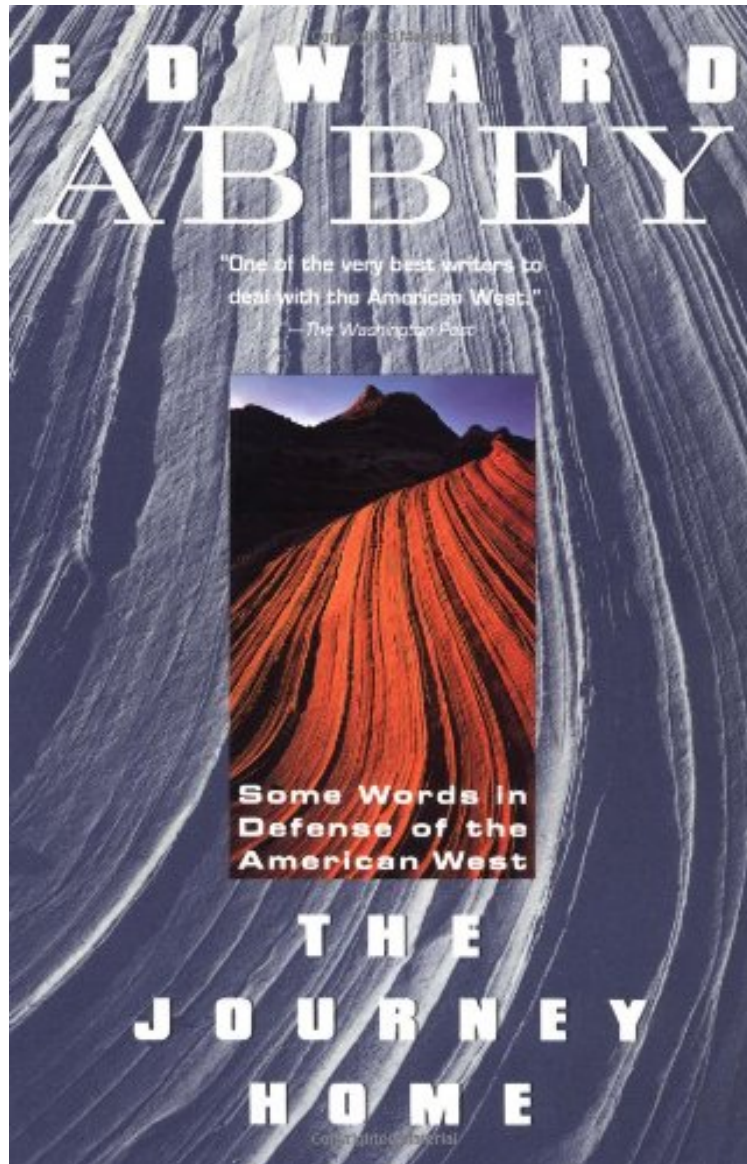


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The Journey Home: Some Words in the Defense of the American West (Plume)

Edward Abbey

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#437249 in Books Edward Abbey 1991-01-30 1991-01-30 Original language: English PDF # 1 7.95 x .57 x 5.361, .55 #File Name: 0452265622256 pages The Journey Home Some Words in Defense of the American West | File size: 43.Mb

Edward Abbey : The Journey Home: Some Words in the Defense of the American West (Plume) before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Journey Home: Some Words in the Defense of the American West (Plume):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Another great work by Mr. George Fedelski. Another great work by Mr. Abbey but many of the pages in the book were double struck making it very difficult to read. 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars. By James Pazer. A wonderful service, great book. 1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. Abbey's books. By Customer. I purchased both *Desert Solitaire* and *The Journey Home* by Edward Abbey as gifts for friends, having read both and loved them. These are both American classics as far as I am concerned and anyone who loves the southwest, has traveled there, wants to travel there, or even is an armchair traveler must read at least one of them. Each chapter is a short story, each short story is a picture within a mural that represents a time, purely Americana.

The Journey Home ranges from the surreal cityscapes of Hoboken and Manhattan to the solitary splendor of the deserts and mountains of the Southwest. It is alive with ranchers, dam builders, kissing bugs, and mountain lions. In a voice edged with chagrin, Edward Abbey offers a portrait of the American West that will not soon be forgotten, offering us the observations of a man who left the urban world behind to think about the natural world and the myths buried therein. Abbey, our foremost ecological philosopher, has a voice like no other. He can be wildly funny, ferociously acerbic, and unexpectedly moving as he ardently champions our natural wilderness and castigates those who would ravish it for the perverse pleasure of profit.

.com "I am not a naturalist. I never was and never will be a naturalist." So Ed Abbey opens *The Journey Home*, a collection of essays that turns every page or two to some aspect of the natural history of the desert West. Abbey had recently been compared to Henry Thoreau as a writer who had made a home both literary and real in the wild, and he was having none of it: he wanted to be thought of as a novelist and environmental activist, not as the author of gentle essays on self-sufficiency and the turn of the seasons. *The Journey Home* is thus full of politically charged, often enraged essays on such matters as urban growth ("The Blob Comes to Arizona"), the gentrification of the small-town West ("Telluride Blues--A Hatchet Job"), and wilderness preservation ("Let Us Now Praise Mountain Lions"). He raised a few hackles with this book, but he also found many devoted readers, fans who wanted and got an update of and rejoinder to Abbey's *Desert Solitaire*. Agree with him or not, you can't fault Abbey for his honest self-assessment: "I am--really am--an extremist," he wrote, "one who lives and loves by choice far out on the very verge of things, on the edge of the abyss, where this world falls into the depths of the other. That's the way I like it." --Gregory McNamee

Abbey's 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 Thoreau's. 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 sting 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

About the Author Edward Abbey, a self-proclaimed agrarian anarchist, was hailed as the Thoreau of the American West. Known nationally as a champion of the individual and one of this country's foremost defenders of the natural environment, he was the author of twenty books, both fiction and nonfiction, including *Desert Solitaire*, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, and *The Journey Home*. In 1989, at the age of sixty-two, Edward Abbey died in Oracle, Arizona.