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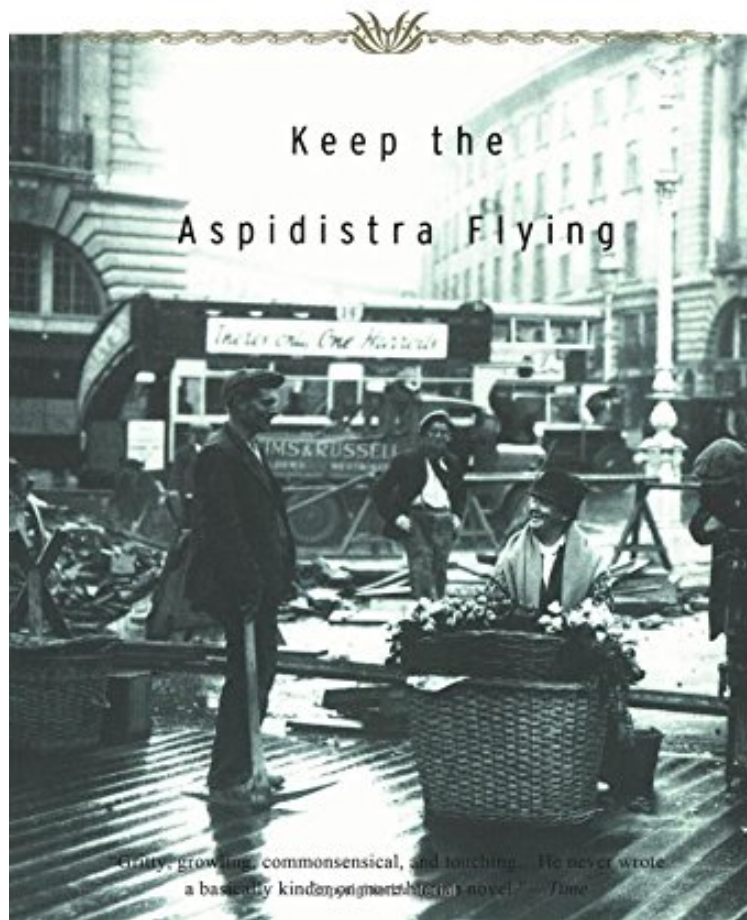
Keep the Aspidistra Flying

George Orwell

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#183168 in Books George Orwell 1969-03-19 1969-03-19 Original language: English PDF # 1 8.00 x .71 x 5.311, .55 #File Name: 0156468999256 pages Keep the Aspidistra Flying | File size: 31.Mb

George Orwell : Keep the Aspidistra Flying before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Keep the Aspidistra Flying:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Very Different By Wendy L. Stamatovich Hanberg This book was not at all what I expected from G.O. I did love this book though. Fabulously descriptive and totally takes the reader to 1930s London. Gordon is not a very likable character, yet you are almost forced to like him. He is such a victim of circumstances and yet above all a "gentleman". This was set during a time of definite distinction in class. He is extremely poor but comes from a good family and is well read and fancies himself a poet. I really "got" Gordon and

could understand exactly where he was coming from. His close friend and long suffering girlfriend never gave up on him. Loved these characters, and loved this book!!0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Dreary, then entertainingBy Toni MackGordon Comstock is obsessed with money. He deliberately chooses to have little of it, then complains and pities himself mightily over trying to live on half the salary of the job he previously quit. His rants about money and "the money-god," combined with his dwelling on his self-imposed misery, make this novel's first half a tough slog.The second half picks up after Gordon goes on a drunken spree, lands in jail, is fired, and lands an even lesser-paying job. Gordon deserves little of the compassion he ungratefully receives from his best friend and his long-suffering girlfriend. But slowly he comes to senses and, despite all odds, achieves a happy ending. Ultimately I did enjoy the book.What's Orwell's point? Dunno, unless it's that contempt for capitalism and the bourgeoisie are fine in the abstract (the best friend is a rich socialist who tries to make a virtue of living on less than his full income) but don't work well in vehement practice.10 of 10 people found the following review helpful. You can get anything in this world if you genuinely don't want itBy H. SchneiderAfter recently reading the 4 volume set of the essays, plus Coming Up for Air, which I found in my shelf unread, I had thought that the Aspidistra would be the closing session on Orwell for me. I thought I had covered the field. Unfortunately and surprisingly, the aspidistra are so fresh and enjoyable, despite their sordid subject, that I find myself under compulsive pressure to order the books that I have not read yet (the Clergyman's Daughter, the Road to Wigan Pier, Down and Out in Paris and London).As much as I like to look at plants, assuming they grow wild or they are cultivated by somebody else, I am no gardener nor botanist. I honestly did not know what an aspidistra is. I looked it up in the Langenscheid's Dictionary English - German. I learned that an aspidistra is an Aspidistra. Aha. Google Images teach me that the thing is a somewhat non-descript and somewhat unkempt pot plant. It seems to like growing in places that no self-respecting plant ought to survive. Orwell's novel has them as a symbol for undestructability under nasty circumstances.For the novel's hero Gordon Comstock, they are the enemy. They are allied with the oppressors, the seedy boarding houses and lower middle class dwellings that he loathes so much. They symbolize the lack of money; money rules, specifically when you don't have any.The twist of the 'plot' is that Gordon chose to be poorer than he needed to be, by throwing away 'good jobs' in the money making world. We have here a study in the pretensions of poverty.The most brilliant parts of this amazing novel have us watch confrontations, or should I say Pas-de-Deux, of different social strata. Gordon tries to hide and is ashamed of his poverty, while his friend Ravelston is trying to hide and is ashamed of his wealth. The rich man is the socialist, who tries and tries to convince the poor man of the merits of socialism. Gordon can't be bothered, he doesn't have enough money to be a socialist.The novel is far exceeding my expectations and I may have to think again about my classification of Orwell as mainly an essayist.

Gordon Comstock is a poor young man who works in a grubby London bookstore and spends his evenings shivering in a rented room, trying to write. He is determined to stay free of the "money world" of lucrative jobs, family responsibilities, and the kind of security symbolized by the homely aspidistra plant that sits in every middle-class British window.

.com London, 1936. Gordon Comstock has declared war on the money god; and Gordon is losing the war. Nearly 30 and "rather moth-eaten already," a poet whose one small book of verse has fallen "flatter than any pancake," Gordon has given up a "good" job and gone to work in a bookshop at half his former salary. Always broke, but too proud to accept charity, he rarely sees his few friends and cannot get the virginal Rosemary to bed because (or so he believes), "If you have no money ... women won't love you." On the windowsill of Gordon's shabby rooming-house room is a sickly but unkillable aspidistra--a plant he abhors as the banner of the sort of "mingy, lower-middle-class decency" he is fleeing in his downward flight. In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, George Orwell has created a darkly compassionate satire to which anyone who has ever been oppressed by the lack of brass, or by the need to make it, will all too easily relate. He etches the ugly insanity of what Gordon calls "the money-world" in unflinching detail, but the satire has a second edge, too, and Gordon himself is scarcely heroic. In the course of his misadventures, we become grindingly aware that his radical solution to the problem of the money-world is no solution at all--that in his desperate reaction against a monstrous system, he has become something of a monster himself. Orwell keeps both of his edges sharp to the very end--a "happy" ending that poses tough questions about just how happy it really is. That the book itself is not sour, but constantly fresh and frequently funny, is the result of Orwell's steady, unsentimental attention to the telling detail; his dry, quiet humor; his fascination with both the follies and the excellences of his characters; and his courageous refusal to embrace the comforts of any easy answer. --Daniel Hintzsche "Gritty, growling, commonsensical and touching. [Orwell] never wrote a basically kinder or more human novel." --Time"A delightful addition to the Orwell literature . . . A work Orwell enthusiasts will bracket with *Down and Out in Paris and London*." --San Francisco Chronicle"A remarkable novel . . . A summa of all the criticisms of a commercial civilization that have ever been made." --Lionel Trilling "Richard Brown reads in a clear voice and effectively captures the rhythms of the text." --Library JournalFrom the Publisher6 1-hour cassettes