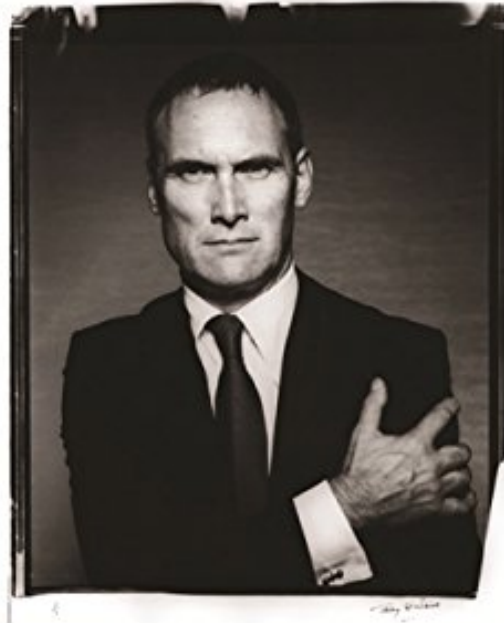


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The Angry Island: Hunting the English

A. A. Gill

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THE ANGRY ISLAND

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A. A. Gill : The Angry Island: Hunting the English before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Angry Island: Hunting the English:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. A great premise for a 3000 word articleBy Kindle CustomerA great premise for a 3000 word article, but not really enough of a good idea for a full book. Personally I love the thesis, that the key to understanding the English character is suppressed and subordinated violence. I just felt that there was a bit of padding and a good editor might have helped. Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed the theory, and Mr Gill is a good writer, just it felt a bit stretched.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Said to be Britain's greatest living

essayist he comes across to me as ponderous ...By ConchscooterSaid to be Britain's greatest living essayist he comes across to me as ponderous and precious while trying to find his funny voice. He is cutting and cruel and though he claims "apartness" by virtue of his Scottish ancestry the author sounds to me like the worst of the English caricatures he sneers at so effectively in this dreary tome.I am struggling to finish it because I am as obstinate as he is.If you dislike the English you will love this book. If you find stereotyping a cheap shot, stay away.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Gill tells how the UK really is... ..By Joel JacobsGill tells how the UK really is.... superb read - wish I handled the language as well as he did.

The default setting of England is anger. The English are naturally, congenitally, collectively and singularly, livid much of the time. In between the incoherent bellowing of the terraces and the pursed, rigid eye-rolling of the commuter carriage, they reach the end of their tethers and the thin end of their wedges. They're incensed, incandescent, splenetic, prickly, touchy and fractious. They can be mildly annoyed, really annoyed and, most scarily, not remotely annoyed. They sit apart on their half of a damply disappointing little island, nursing and picking at their irritations. Perhaps aware that they're living on top of a keg of fulminating fury, the English have, throughout their history, come up with hundreds of ingenious and bizarre ways to diffuse anger or transform it into something benign. Good manners and queues, roundabouts and garden sheds, and almost every game ever invented from tennis to bridge. They've built things, discovered stuff, made puddings, written hymns and novels, and for people who don't like to talk much, they have come up with the most minutely nuanced and replete language ever spoken - just so there'll be no misunderstandings. The English itch inside their own skins. They feel foreign in their own country and run naked through their own heads. They are often admirable but rarely loveable. An Englishman's greatest achievement is in resisting his national inclinations and not going crazy with an axe in a cul-de-sac. This book hunts down the causes and the results of being the Angry Island.

From Publishers WeeklyHe writes for the London Sunday Times and lives in Britain, but rapier-wit social critic Gill wants readers of this provocatively perceptive dissection of English cultural mores to know he was born a Scotsman, thank you very much, and is most definitely not an "enigmatically indecipherable" Englishman. In 16 defiantly abrasive essays, Gill bristles with outrageous originality about cliched topics like England's class system ("unfair, cruel, and above all smug"); gardening ("the great English cultural expression"); British accents ("a never-ending source of subtle snobbery"); and kindness to animals ("gives them an excuse to patronize, bully, and be psychologically spiteful to other people"). Elsewhere, he balances droll bombast with surprising outbursts of admiration for the British way. He's a fan of the nation's war memorials, praising them, without a hint of sarcasm, as sublime expressions of the "exhausted relief" that shrouded England after the First World War. And he admires the country's propensity for queues, concluding that the Second World War was won—or not lost—through the orderly evacuation by both navy destroyers and rowboats after the disastrous battle of Dunkirk. Gill's caustic ruminations often veer into over-the-top hyperbole, but these essays, brimming with incendiary certitude, also offer nuggets of truth. (June) Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. 'his prose floats like a butterfly and stings like a bee and, just when you least expect it, lands a deft and lethal blow beneath the belt.' -- Terence Blacker THE SUNDAY TIMES 'the author is on typically quick-witted form.' -- Jim Blackburn WANDERLUST 'one can admire the zest of the writing and applaud its splendid lack of political correctness.' -- Beryl Bainbridge THE MAIL ON SUNDAY 'he writes beautifully. His chapter on war memorials should be a set text, his defence of political correctness is bold and true, and he really nails the philosophy of the queue.' -- Peter Watts TIME OUT "Utterly bloody rude."-- Terence Blacker, The Daily Mail (London)"One can only admire the zest of the writing and applaud its splendid lack of political correctness."-- Beryl Bainbridge, Mail on Sunday (London)"To be fair, it's funny, erudite, hurtful and scathing but, sadly, his observations about us do have a horrible ring of truth.... Think about it -- he might be right, damn him!"-- Western Daily Press"[Gill's] writing is appealing and amusing in that way that is especially acceptable on a Sunday morning. Mr. Gill is a polemicist, and he polemically attacks aspects of England that he finds tiresome.... One is frequently forced to concede that he has a point." -- Simon Heffer, The Daily Telegraph (London)"[A. A. Gill is] a wildly colorful generaliser."-- Peter Lewis, The Daily Mail (London)"At various times caustic, hyperbolic, acerbic, juvenile, indignant, and solipsistic...[Gill] is also one of the most astute and entertaining observers of human cultures in recent years."-- Amy Farley, The New York Sun"Imagine Evelyn Waugh reborn as one of Nick Hornby's endearingly superficial protagonists, and you have London's Sunday Times television and restaurant critic Gill: droll, astute, irritable, irritating and always cleaver-sharp."-- Publishers Weekly