



# The Rotters' Club

*Jonathan Coe*

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## **The Rotters' Club** Jonathan Coe

Birmingham, England, c. 1973: industrial strikes, bad pop music, corrosive class warfare, adolescent angst, IRA bombings. Four friends: a class clown who stoops very low for a laugh; a confused artist enthralled by guitar rock; an earnest radical with socialist leanings; and a quiet dreamer obsessed with poetry, God, and the prettiest girl in school. As the world appears to self-destruct around them, they hold together to navigate the choppy waters of a decidedly ambiguous decade.

## **The Rotters' Club Details**

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Author : Jonathan Coe

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# From Reader Review The Rotters' Club for online ebook

## Giorgeliot says

Ha retto.

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## Taylor says

Much to my delight, this held up very strong on the second read. Before I re-read it, I browsed through some of the reviews others had written on this site, and it made me nervous - maybe I just loved this book so much because I was young and it's about youth, so I just connected to it out of a common vim and vigor.

Not the case.

Not only did I love it the second time around, I think I liked it even more.

As much as I don't like to compare authors so much, I can't help but describe this as Rushdie meets McEwan. It's got the scope of Rushdie: ensemble "cast," intersecting story lines, his dark humor and his attention to politics. As far as McEwan, the novel is based around singular events and the way they effect the group of people, and it's got that same sort of darkness (much like McEwan, Coe isn't afraid to let bad things happen to his characters).

The lead in is a bit confusing, but it starts off with two youngsters in the year 2000-something talking about the history of how their parents know each other. The girl tells the story she knows - which is basically the entire book. It tells of four young men in grade school in England who are close friends: Ben Trotter, Phillip Chase, Doug Anderton & Sean Harding. Ben Trotter and his family are the focus point for most of the story, but it rotates through each of the characters, as well as a few peripherals - their parents, their teachers, their significant others. It takes us through illicit affairs, politics (the IRA, socialists, unions, riots, terrorism), school rivalries, school crushes, and more.

The short of it is that this is a coming of age story, but it's not just that: as I said, the scope of this is pretty huge, and even though character development is the driving force behind the story, there's just so much going on overall, though not enough to be distracting or confusing (he's bested Rushdie in that regard, but his scope is also a little more focused).

Coe does a really wonderful job at developing his characters, even the ones who don't get a long time to narrate to us. Someone on this site said they didn't care about the characters, but I can't imagine that. Benjamin in particular is easy to relate to, with his obsessive crush on the most popular girl in school, yearnings to be a writer, confusion about politics and love of music.

Coe also has a fantastic sense of humor - it's very diverse, ranging from the dark to the slapstick. Some of the most memorable moments come from it.

The only thing that irked me on this read was the end of the "story" section. It's basically stream of consciousness from Benjamin's point of view, so there are no pauses, just one long run-on sentence. It's a little exhausting to read.

Otherwise, I fell in love with this book all over again.

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## Paolo says

Il *club dei rotter* (il titolo originale, preso in prestito da una canzone, è un gioco di parole con il cognome della famiglia del protagonista principale del romanzo, Benjamin Trotter) lascia soddisfatti a metà. Forse perché il libro è di fatto un incompiuto, separato artificialmente dal suo seguito naturale (pubblicato poi in *Circolo chiuso*), ma il sapore che resta al termine della lettura copre, fino quasi a sfumarlo, il gusto di aver assistito a un maestoso, cupo affresco dell'Inghilterra degli anni settanta. Gli scioperi, gli attentati dell'Ira, il punk, il razzismo strisciante, i prodromi del tatcherismo ("quella donna non diventerà mai primo ministro"). Il tutto visto dalla prospettiva del King William, la scuola elitaria di Birmingham, dove le tensioni sociali dell'epoca non impediscono la formazione di un pensiero unico che unisce i figli di dirigenti di aziende che si preparano a licenziamenti di massa ai figli di sindacalisti che hanno perso tutte le loro battaglie, compresa quella del futuro. Nell'intreccio delle storie dei protagonisti con la Storia, un intreccio alimentato da un mix brillante di fonti reali con altre di pura fiction, stanno le pagine più riuscite del romanzo.

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## Eleni says

*'Great guy wishes groovy chick to write, into Tull, Pink Floyd, 17-28.'*

*'Wanted girl friend, any age, but 4 ft. 10 in. or under, all letters answered.'*

*"Guy, 18, cat lover, seeks London chick, into Sabbath. Only Freaks please."*

*"Freaky Guy (20) wants crazy chick (16+) for love. Into Quo and Zep"*

*Leeds boy with scooter, looks OK, seeks girlfriend 17-21 for discos, concerts. Photo appreciated*

*[Note: the above are quotations from genuine lonely hearts advertisements in Sounds (1973)]*

Why the hell had I not read any of Jonathan Coe's books earlier??

It's totally my fault of course, because friends and people with similar interests in literature to mine had already told me, ages ago, that I'd love him, and I suppose I did believe them, but I couldn't imagine he would be of the mindblowing kind, which - it seems - he absolutely is. In this book Jonathan Coe writes as if he was always destined to become an author; he's that talented!

The Rotters' Club is a novel about England in the 70s; under the shadow of the IRA, the miners' strike and power cuts, socialists and far right populists, youth school rivalries within an environment of a **"malign, inexorable divisiveness"** and teenage angst, blue and white collars and social class differences and music, music, MUSIC.. there's A LOT of music in this book, which I can never resist anyway, but the really cool thing about Jonathan Coe – as if his being a fantastic author isn't enough already - is that he knows what he's talking about. That was the age of punk rock and prog rock gods wannabes, eager to **"push back the boundaries of the three-chord song"** and The Rotters' Club nails it, like it nails any issue that it deals with really.

Because, mind you; this is a book *with* a lot of music; not *about* music. The Rotters' Club works as a brilliant politically charged, opinionated and spot on (again; he knows his stuff) satirical commentary on the rebellious and existential 70s.

It's also very moving, romantic, full of emotion.

*'my paragon, callipygic enchantress, apogee of all that is pulchritudinous in this misbegotten, maculate world, will the truculent forces of peripeteia ever vouchsafe us the sweet euphoria of sybaritic congress?'*

Top this all up with a FANTASTIC sense of humour too. This is one entertaining book with numerous laugh out loud elegantly funny moments, that get stuck in your head.

I mean, I can't stop giggling: The boys attempted to form an art-rock band, which had to have a Tolkienesque name of course. Following some quite serious and heavy brainstorming, "*Minas Tirith*" was ditched in favour of "*Gandalf's Pikestaff*", only to be ditched altogether as a project THE SAME DAY IT WAS FORMED, in favour of the punk oriented "*The Maws of Doom*" band. Obviously, that was all put down on paper, because the band would change music progression; isn't that what raw teenage angst is all about? I'm convinced.

And come on. That chat on the Cold War..

*'Why is Berlin divided, anyway?' Philip asked. 'I've always wondered that.'*

*'I don't know... I suppose there's a river through the middle of it, isn't there? Like the Thames. I expect it's the Danube or something.'*

*'I thought it was something to do with the Cold War.'*

*'Maybe.'*

.....

*'What's it all about, though, the Cold War? I mean, why's it called the Cold War in the first place?'*

*'Well,' said Benjamin, struggling to raise some interest in this topic, 'I expect it is very cold in Berlin, isn't it?'*

*'But it's all to do with America and Russia, I thought.'*

*'Well it's definitely cold in Russia. Everybody knows that.'*

*'And why's it called Watergate? What's President Nixon supposed to have done?'*

*'I don't know.'*

To sum up, The Rotters' Club is an extremely RICH reading experience. Jonathan Coe plays with words like it's not even a big deal. Just when you think you finally get and enjoy the writing style and the narrative, BAM he throws at you a river of screaming poetry that is both delicate and intense and leaves you stunned basically. Ace.

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## Vit Babenco says

Telling his controversially romantic story *Jonathan Coe* is at the same time most ironic and nostalgic.

When we grow up it seems to us that we live in the best of times. But reality may be quite different... And the middle of the seventies was the time of stagnation.

“They sat and drank their pints. The tables in which their faces were dimly reflected were dark brown, the darkest brown, the colour of Bournville chocolate. The walls were a lighter brown, the colour of Dairy Milk. The carpet was brown, with little hexagons of a slightly different brown, if you looked closely. The ceiling was meant to be off-white, but was in fact brown, browned by the nicotine smoke of a million unfiltered cigarettes. Most of the cars in the car park were brown, as were most of the clothes worn by the patrons. Nobody in the pub really noticed the predominance of brown, or if they did, thought it worth remarking upon. These were brown times.”

And even the flowery progressive rock – the main character’s favourite genre of music – was nothing but an emblem of escapism: ‘As the silence of seasons on we relive abridge sails afloat. As to call light the soul shall sing of the velvet sailors course on.’ Behind extravagance there is nothing but vacuity.

“You don’t understand what these people are about. At least with Enoch Powell you’ve got some thought behind it, something you can argue with. Christ, even the National Front’s got an ideology. Of sorts. But these people... It’s just an instinct with them. It’s just hatred. Hatred and violence.”

And periods of stagnation always are the most reactionary time.

But anyway the time of our youth is the best time.

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### **Mika Arvanitaki says**

Ο Κοου ως δεινός αφηγητής και συγγραφέας, συνθετεί με ευφυή τρόπο ένα μικροκοσμο εφήβων στο Μπερμινγχαμ τη δεκαετία του '70, τοποθετώντας τον ωστόσο στο ευρύτερο πολιτικό, κοινωνικό, οικονομικό περιβάλλον της εποχής, όπου οι έφηβοι μαζί με τον αναγνώστη προβληματίζονται, ερωτεύονται, γελούν, ακροβατούν ανάμεσα στην αθωότητα και τη σκληρή πραγματικότητα, γιατί ο Κοου καταφέρνει να παρουσιάσει ένα ποικίλο μωσαϊκό ανθρωπίνων χαρακτηριστικών και συναισθημάτων με μοναδικό τρόπο.. Βαθιά ανθρωποκεντρικό και πολιτικό βιβλίο με εξαιρετικό χιούμορ..

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### **Justin Evans says**

This gave me almost everything I want. What do I want from a novel? I want it funny but sincere; hard-nosed but sentimental; readable but formally interesting; restrained but also balls to the wall. Ideally it'll be concerned with social events while grounding them in personal lives.

RC isn't laugh out loud funny, but it's pretty funny. I felt a bit bad laughing at people who get excited at the culinary possibilities of sour cream and sometimes Coe takes too many cheap shots of the 'boy the seventies sure produced some ugly haberdashery' type; I wish he'd spent more time on the ugliness of the decade's politics than of its drapes. It's sincere, too; anytime an author can make me feel sorry for the coming of punk because it meant the end of grandiose prog-crap is obviously doing something pretty impressive with his characters.

Given all of this, the flaws are pretty minor: the last chapter, which wikipedia tells me included for some short time the longest single sentence in English literature, is a bit jarring. It's impressive, and it works, but after the clarity and simplicity of the prose up to that point it's hard to see why that sentence was necessary. A bit too tour-de-forceish, to be honest. I also feel like the book was both a bit slippery and a bit too black and white. Labor unions are good, and government help for the poor is good. Agreed. But the unions in the seventies weren't exactly model unions, and the UK Labour party of the seventies wasn't ideal either; Coe's also a bit too quick to assimilate punk with Thatcherism. Finally, the framing narrative is either unnecessary (if it doesn't return in the sequel, which I haven't read) or poorly executed. Also [PLOT SPOILER!],

Benjamin's de-conversion, if you can call it that, is ham-fisted and stupid.

All of that said, it's such a relief to read a book by an author who is able to reflect critically on the art of fiction and to reach the conclusion that fiction and narrative are not only not lies, but the most important things in the world. I should add that if Coe ever wanted to write an entire library of books in the voice of Harding, he should go right ahead, and I'll dedicate the rest of my life to reading them. I just wish he'd featured more in this novel.

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## **FotisK says**

Διαβ?στηκε κ?ποια στιγμή το 2001, οπ?τε δεν θυμ?μαι και πολλ? πρ?γματα. Σαφ?ς, μου ε?χε φανε? κατ?τερο του "Τι ώρα?ο πλι?τσικο". Συμπαθ?ς ως ?ποψη, ικανοποιητικ? ως γραφ?.

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## **Anna says**

?να βιβλ?ο για τη ζω? στην αγγλικ? επαρχ?α της δεκαετ?ας του 1970... Ε και; Τι με ενδιαφ?ρει εμ?να να αυτ?, δεδομ?νου ?τι δεν ε?μαι ο?τε ιστορικ?ς (εντ?ξει, δεν μου φα?νεται τ?σο μακριν? η δεκαετ?α του '70, λαογρ?φος ας πω), ο?τε Αγγλ?δα (φτου μακρι?), ο?τε κοινωνιολ?γος ? πολιτικ?ς επιστ?μονας για να ενδιαφ?ρει η εξ?λιξη της κοινων?ας της Αγγλ?ας. Βασικ?, πραγματικ?, το θ?μα του βιβλ?ου δεν με ενδι?φερε καθ?λου...

Αλλ?, ο Coe ε?ναι ?παιχτος. Πρωταγωνιστ?ς ε?ναι μια ομ?δα ?φηβων μαθητ?ν που τους συναντ?με απ? το 1975 ως το τ?λος του σχολε?ου και τα πρ?τα εξ?μηνια στο πανεπιστ?μιο (απ? την Τρ?τη ως την ?κτη τ?ξη, με αναλογ?ες δικ?ς μας Β' Γυμνασ?ου – Γ' Λυκε?ου). Μαθα?νουμε τις αγων?ες, τα ?γχη, τις επιτυχ?ες και τις αποτυχ?ες τους, καθ?ς ανδρ?νονται (αγ?ρια και κορ?τσια) σε κοινωνικ? πλα?σια απεργι?ν, διαρκ?ς πολιτικ?ς αστ?θειας, αν?δου της ακροδεξι?, του εθνικισμο?, του συνδικαλισμο? και της ροκ μουσικ?ς. Μαθητ?ς που ονειρε?ονται να δημιουργ?σουν το δικ? τους συγκρ?τημα (και αποτυγχ?νουν παταγωδ?ς), λατρε?οντας μπ?ντες που πα?ζουν στα μ?ρη τους, ονειρε?ονται να δημιουργ?σουν το δικ? τους σχολικ? περιοδικ? (και προκαλο?ν πολλαπλ? εγκεφαλικ? στο διευθυντ? του σχολε?ου τους) και φυσικ? να δημιουργ?σουν σχ?σεις με το ?λλο φ?λο (πετυχημ?να ? αποτυχημ?να για τα αγ?ρια, γιατί για τα κορ?τσια δεν τ?θεται θ?μα αποτυχ?ας, μ?νο εναλλακτικ?ς επιλογ?ς!!!). Τον κ?σμο των ενηλ?κων τον βλ?πουμε μ?σα απ? τον κ?σμο των γον?ων, οι οπο?οι επιδ?δονται με μεγ?λη επιτυχ?α σε μεγ?λες μ@λ@κ?ες. Εξ?λλου, ?πως λ?ει και στο οπισθ?φυλλο «μια ιστορ?α με εφ?βους που περν?νε καλ? και ενηλ?κους που περν?νε χ?λια».

Γλυκ? ρομαντικ? σε ορισμ?να σημε?α, κυνικ? ρεαλιστικ? σε ?λλα, περιγρ?φει αυτ? που λ?με c'est la vie. Επ?σης, θυμηθε?τε: Οι γονε?ς σας δεν ?ταν π?ντα τ?σο ξεν?ρωτοι ?σο ε?ναι απ? τη στιγμή που γεννηθ?κατε!!!!

Ανυπομον? να διαβ?σω το «Τι ώρα?ο πλι?τσικο» για τη δεκαετ?α του ?80 και τον «Κλειστ? Κ?κλο» για τη δεκαετ?α του '90. Γιατ?, στην τελικ? το βιβλ?ο ε?ναι ?να χρονογρ?φημα, γραμμ?νο με τ?τοιον τρ?πο που νομ?ζω ?τι θα το δι?βάζα ακ?μα και αν αναφερ?ταν στο .... Τζιμπουτ?!!!!

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## Tom says

The Rotters' Club is a novel set in an England in the early 1970s. A very different country to what it is now. In 1973 the UK was going through a bombing campaign by the IRA, strikes including a national miners' strike and power cuts (an infamous 3-day week had to be employed on commerce and industry - check Youtube film of office staff having to work by candlelight), growing far left and far right populists.

Add to this mix school rivalries within an environment of a "malign, inexorable divisiveness", teenage angst, the birth of punk and the end of prog rock, blue and white collars and class and MUSIC. The 'Rotters Club' of the title is the gang/group set up by the boys in the novel. Perhaps one of best bits of this novel is the hilarious ways in which the boys try outdoing each other with ever more pretentious descriptions of the prog rock bands at the time as they delve into music journalism.

Another 'best bit' of this novel is the love story between one of the boys' sister and her boyfriend.

At the heart of the novel is a mystery around the disappearance of one of the characters - another reason this novel had me reading on till the end.

I'd recommend this novel to anyone who likes books about teenage boys being teenage boys, warts and all. Or if you're nostalgic for prog rock, flares and 3-day weeks. Or the '70s.

If I can, I'd like to recommend the TV drama made of The Rotters Club (if just to hear the Birmingham (Brummie) accent).

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## Ophelinha says

My second reading of The Rotters' club has made me notice so many little things I had somehow missed the first time round. This is Coe at his sharpest, unveiling inconvenient sides of England - the elitism, the social Stratification, the racism, the destruction of welfare state under Thatcher, the war conducted against trade unions - the dark side of a country I have come to love so much, told by characters who stick with the reader long after the novel has been finished and put back in the shelf. More of this Coe, we need it, now more than ever. The maws of doom are uncomfortably close.

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## Three says

con Coe ho una lunga storia d'amore, recentemente turbata da un episodio un po' infelice.

Il nostro amore è nato con questo libro (che però non credo sia il suo primo ad essere stato scritto e/o tradotto) ed è proseguito fino ai nostri giorni, lungo alcuni decenni in cui l'Inghilterra è cambiata profondamente, diventando - da paese di diffuse e comuni ristrettezze, ricco di diffusissimo e variegato talento (basti pensare alla meravigliosa coincidenza che ha fatto nascere Mick Jagger, Paul McCartney, John Lennon e David Bowie nello stesso paese e nella stessa manciata di anni) e grande futuro - un paese di ristrettissima ricchezza con diffusissima sfiducia nel futuro (almeno, io do questa lettura della Brexit). Eppure, nell'arco di tutto questo tempo e di tutti questi cambiamenti, non ho mai smesso di amare né lo



scrittore né il suo paese; questo libro se la gioca con la Famiglia Winshaw per la palma di migliore.

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## Chris\_P says

*It was the world, the world itself that was beyond his reach, this whole absurdly vast, complex, random, measureless construct, this never-ending ebb and flow of human relations, political relations, cultures, histories... How could anyone hope to master such things? It was not like music. Music always made sense. The music he heard that night was lucid, knowable, full of intelligence and humour, wistfulness and energy and hope. He would never understand the world, but he would always love this music. He listened to this music, with God by his side, and knew that he had found a home.*

There are two sides of England as far as I'm concerned. One which I love and one which I hate. The former includes things like being pretty much the birthplace of rock music, the weather, the literature, anti-conformism, great films and TV series etc. England gave birth to Banksy for fuck's sake! The latter I'd rather not talk about so let's leave it at that. *The Rotters' Club* has pretty much the very essence of all that I love in British culture.

Now, I'm quite emotional at the moment so I don't think I can be very objective about it but this is one of the greatest modern novels I've ever read. It has an alternative way of narrating, a whole lot of musical as well as political and cultural references, the well-known witty British humor, characters that one can't help but care about and love (more on that in a second) all of which blend together in a multi-dimensional story full of twists and turns. What I particularly loved and was amazed by, was how Coe managed to make me laugh and one or two sentences after, make the hair on my whole body stand on end.

At first it was a bit hard to keep track of all the characters, as Coe throws in names as if the reader's already familiar with them. That involves the risk of losing the readers' interest and/or get tangled among his very creations. But, not only does that not happen, I actually found it amazingly genius how he so successfully pulled that trick. What's more, many as they are, each character is whole and unique and although the story mainly revolves around Benjamin, we are almost equally involved in everybody's lives.

I was going to talk about the originality and uniqueness of Coe's plot mechanisms but fuck that. Let's talk about feelings. So many and so intense! Someone once told me that one should be thankful for everything one gets. Although things may not be exactly as we want them, there is a profit in everything life might throw in one's way. OK, you got me. Although this notion is one of the book's themes, it's more that I actually needed an excuse to mention it. Teenage angst, fear in front of social instability, envy and eventually love, the most romantic, perfect and magical kind of love, are only some of the feelings Coe portrays through his characters whom we watch as they grow up and develop their personalities.

Times like this, I wish I had the eloquence to write the review *The Rotters' Club* deserves. It's one of those books that make you feel the need to give to someone special as a gift so that they feel what you felt and thus communicate with each other in the way only a book, a song and tears can provide.

5 stars and a wish for more like this.

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## Jackie Molloy says

The Trotter family, Mum – Sheila, Dad – Colin children Ben going to King William's, Lois working and Paul still at school, are the central group who see new people come and go through the years as they work, play, study and fight. Ben's friends Philip Chase and Dougie Anderton are at the same school so depending upon their particular likes and dislikes, get involved with the music scene often quoting the NME (New Musical Express), the school magazine, the fights, the way life moves and bends them, the clothes, the hair, the pubs, the holiday in Holland, the difference of the approach to the German lads and the Dutch boys whose mother, a Jew, is no longer with them because of the War in Europe whilst Ben and Paul seem to have little understanding of the resonance that ordinary people felt when they were evacuated from Holland and Sweden. The terrible effect of the IRA bomb on Lois when she lost the love of her life, Malcolm, when she was so young and the impact her illness had on Ben, a teenager, as he visited her in hospital after Malcolm had died. They never seemed to be any problem with finances, none of the boys had part-time jobs or watched the telly or had family time – there was a concentration on school and how they reacted to situations with nothing else seeming to matter which is how youth is although it was interesting how Bill got rid of the Sugar Plumb Fairy and took to expanding his vocabulary.

An interesting way to learn about history and national issues which impact on local issues. Things that tend to get forgotten as each twenty-four hours rush by and we are all too busy to recall or remember. History is now!!

The novel was set in Northfield between 15th November 1973 and Election Day early May 1979 and it makes even the number 62 bus a bit of a character. The British Leyland Motor Corporation, Longbridge, employed Ben and Dougie's fathers and indirectly employed Sam Chase the coach driver and Philip's dad. The boys went to the fictitious King William's Grammar School in Edgbaston after passing their 11+ and became members of the Rotter's Club. The son of a junior manager and the son of a union rep, both at the same school. Was the class war really dying? It was so interesting to see how things expected to happen in 1973 and in reality how it actually worked out in 2003 when the novel was written. How some things have no ending - the mystery goes on forever as in the case of Miriam (Claire's sister) – as does the IRA pub bombing – never any answers only questions. The new system of management and workers (elected representatives) on the board - what happened to that? I guess we shut the factories. Was Michael Edwards 'hero or devil incarnate?' Did the strike at Grunswick make any difference although it was a very good ploy to introduce the Dutch holiday photographs? Yes a novel that has left an impression, and I would like to know what happens to these characters although we know the No62 still runs along the Bristol Road. The ending is totally exuberant with Ben looking so much to the future, so happy in his relationship with Cecily, wanting to laugh all the time 'can life get any better' - so very happy, so infectious – even when Sam Chase (Doug's father) who is reading Ulysses in the Grapevine, say to him on Election Day 1979 'that women will never be Prime Minister of this country' and twenty four hours later Thatcher was in at No 10. What a year!! Steve the loser who shouldn't be a loser and Culpepper who was a loser but got all the right grades. As Ben and Philip agree when they get their exam results 'life stinks, doesn't it'. That is life with all its ups and downs – always has been – always will be – same old, same old! Yes – I would recommend to a friend. A book I would like to read next is: The Closed Circle – sequel to the Rotter's Club.

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## Nasia says

One thing is certain: I thoroughly enjoy reading everything written by Coe, his prose is to the point, cynical and very very British! I learned quite a lot about Britain in the 70's and I absolutely loved the longest English sentence, comprising of 13,955 words.

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... \_ \_ \_ ... says

Απρ?σμενα καλ? βιβλ?ο. Το περ?μενα ως ?να κλασσικ? μυθιστ?ρημα ενηλικ?ωσης, κ?τι φ?λοι στο σχολε?ο, τυπικ? Αγγλ?κια που μεγαλ?νουν στο αυστηρ? βρετανικ? εκπαιδευτικ? σ?στημα. Βασικ? ε?ναι ?να πολιτικ? βιβλ?ο, σε μια ταραγμ?νη Αγγλ?α στα τ?λη της δεκαετ?ας του 70, εν μ?σω απεργι?ν, και κλε?νει με την ?νοδο της Θ?τσερ στην εξουσι?α. Οι εν?λικες, γονε?ς των παιδι?ν δουλε?ουν σε ?να εργοστ?σιο που απεργε?, και μεταξ? τους σχ?σεις, μ?σα σε μια Αγγλ?α που σε?εται. Βιβλ?ο-μωσα?κ? (αφηγ?σεις σε πρ?το και τρ?το πρ?σωπο, αποσπ?σματα απ? ημερολ?γιο και σχολικ?ς εφημερ?δες κτλ) καταλ?γει σε ?να απ? τα πιο πικρ? φιν?λε που ?χω διαβ?σει σε βιβλ?ο, μια απαισι?δοξη ματι? πως οι κοινωνικ?ς τ?ξεις ε?ναι φρ?γματα, για τελικ? (view spoiler) Ειδικ? μνε?α στον μεταφραστ? Γι?ργο Τσακνι? , με την μετ?φραση-?θλο, αλλ? και τις ενδιαφ?ροντες σημει?σεις στα ιστορικ? γεγον?τα της εποχ?ς, καθ?ς και στο επ?μετρο (τη συγγράφ?α του οπο?ου δεν θυμ?μαι), και γενικ?τερα στην προσεγμ?νη ?κδοση απ? τις εκδ?σεις Π?λινς.

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## Dolceluna says

Deliziosa la genuinità dei personaggi, bella l'atmosfera dell'Inghilterra anni '70, fra turbamenti sociali, lotte politiche, bella musica e nuove tendenze. Un microcosmo culturale in fermento, in cui emergono nuove consapevolezze che smuovono identità solitarie, affranti, ribelli e intraprendenti. Il sapore di un tempo perso, forse non meno turbolento di quello attuale ma comunque più genuino, più consapevole e meno deprimente. Insomma, dovendomeli visionare nella mente, me li sono immaginati un po' figli dei fiori, i personaggi di questo colorito romanzo di Coe, così sinceri a mostrarsi al lettore per ciò che sono, un po' timidi, un po' sognatori, un po' arrabbiati, un po' orgogliosi, un po' razzisti, protagonisti di una catena di eventi romantici, divertenti, sorprendenti. Peccato che le disparate forme in cui tali eventi siano narrati, dal "giornalino di classe" al volantino passando per il monologo (memorabile quello finale del capitolo "Sottobicchiere verde", una corsa perdifiato un po' incomprensibile) rendano talvolta difficile cogliere il nesso fra loro interrompendo la tensione emotiva che la lettura suscita, e alla fine le vite dei Brocchi, anzichè dare l'impressione di incrociarsi, paiono binari sciolti, che proseguono il loro cammino soli. In ogni caso lettura positiva, tre stelle e mezzo.

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## Tahira says

It took me at least 100 pages to finally settle into [The Rotter's Club](#). It certainly does not fit the kind of profile of book that I tend to read, but I was feeling a little uninspired and this book was recommended to me.

It was hard to keep track of the layered plot lines initially, but I eventually got a hold of them. I also felt as though I would have been better equipped had I known more about Britain during the 1970s. But there was something charming about a lot of the characters, perhaps because earnest and thoughtful adolescent male

protagonists have unfortunately been hard to come by, in my experience. The novel also felt very sincere, and I appreciated that quite a bit.

I was surprised by Coe's choice in endings, though. The last narrative of the book is somewhat strangely-timed, disjointed and fairly anticlimactic considering how much ground readers have covered by the novel's conclusion. I'd be interested in seeing how this is accounted for in the sequel to The Rotter's Club, but I am not sure if I liked the novel enough to pursue it again.

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### **Elina says**

Μ'νο ο Κ'ου μπορε? να πλ?ξει ?τσι χαρακτ?ρες!!!

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### **Georgina Koutrouditsou says**

Να και εγ? στον γν?ριμο κ?σμο-για πολλο?ς-του Τζ?ναθαν Κ?ου.

Και τελικ? ?σοι μου το ?λεγαν ε?χαν δ?κιο,αξ?ζει.Πολ?!

Υπ?ροχος λ?γος και μετ?φραση,αρχικ?.Το περιεχ?μενο με μετ?φερε σε περιοχ?ς και ιστορ?ες που δεν ?ξερα.Επ?σης ?λο το βιβλ?ο ?χει μουσικ?ς και αυτ? το κ?νει μοναδικ?,με τις υποσημει?σεις του.Επ?σης εξαιρετικ? το επ?μετρο-σχ?λιο μιας εποχ?ς ?γνωστης στην χ?ρα μας.Αλ?θεια,π?σο φωτ?ζεται η βρετανικ? κοινων?α μ?σω του Κ?ου;Πολ?,θα ?λεγα.

Οπ?τε συνεχ?ζω δυναμικ? στον κ?σμο του Κ?ου,καθ?ς μ?λλον προβλ?πεται φθινοπωρο-χειμ?νας με τα βιβλ?α του:-)

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