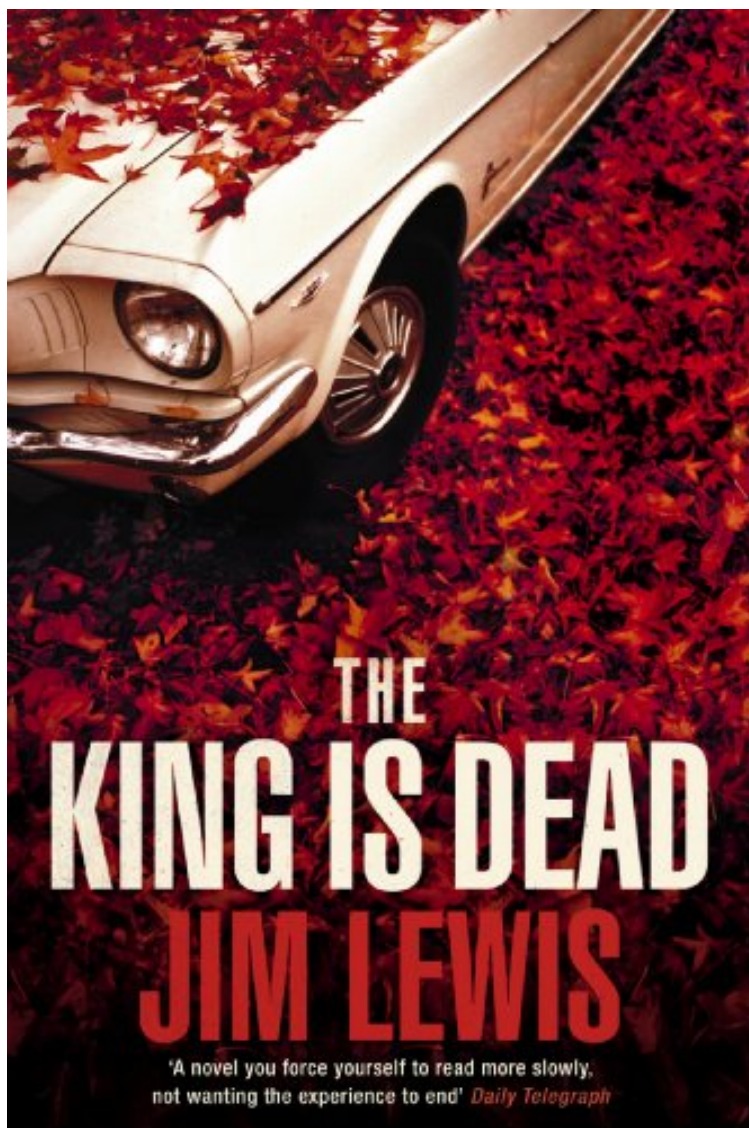


[Ebook free] File size: 63.Mb

The King is Dead



Par Jim Lewis
audiobook / *ebooks / Download
PDF / ePub / DOC

Dtails sur le produit Publi le: 2013-04-11Sorti le: 2013-04-11Format: Ebook Kindle

[Ebook free] The King is Dead

Par Jim Lewis : The King is Dead before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The King is Dead:

Download

Read Online

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurA soulful, illuminating novel of love, murder and redemption, from a rising star on the American literary scene. One hot, dark night in Memphis, Walter Selby finds himself wandering alone in the parking lot outside a baseball stadium, trying to find his friend. Instead he finds his future wife, Nicole, illuminated by the headlights of a passing car. In that empty car-lot, the perfect setting for an archetypal American romance, they begin a long, lovely fall into bed, into marriage, into parenthood, into responsibility. A generation later Walters son Frank, now a grown man himself, is also alone in Memphis, trying to find a trace of two parents who faded from view while he was still a child. His sister Gail is building a new family for herself on the other side of the continent, while his precious daughter Amy slips further from him with each passing year. Franks life seems to be racing away in a flurry of wrong decisions

and lost moments, with nothing to show for it. And yet if Franks life is anywhere, it is in his family, in these men and women, their lives and their passing. This is their story.

Extrait 1 Nicoles hand was warm and damp. Three-thirty had come, the Governor hadnt called nor had anyone else and Walter Selby had gone home lively to his wife, happy to have some time to spare before dinner. He was still thinking about work, running phrases for a speech through his head, but he wasnt thinking hard. It was an afternoon toward the end of May, and he was enjoying the last hours of sunlight, along the street, under the shade of the pin oaks. To see his own house in the late sunlight of a spring weekday was a rare pleasure, and not one he wanted to squander. To see his own wife. He parked in the driveway and emerged into a noiseless world; some money had bought that quiet, that still and green street. He could hear his steps on the walk, the hiss of the spring on the hinge of the outer door. He had his key in the lock and he paused to prolong the homecoming moment. These were instants he liked to savor: the border, and just across the border, where he would call Nicoles name and then wait for her to answer, wait and wonder where her voice would come from, where she would appear. In the years since theyd married the process had taken on a formal quality, and the closer it came to ritual the more it delighted him; the smell of his own house delighted him, the weather dampening, the day-late hour, the light lengthening across the lawn, his anticipation lengthening along the front hall. It was a Wednesday, and the Governor was back in Nashville, appearing at a hearing in the State Senate about advisory appointments; he would be strolling amiably down the aisle right about now, dressed in his thin grey penitent suit, a half smile on his face while he shook alike the hands of men he enjoyed and men he despised. Then he would take to his table, sit down slowly, and drop a tablet of bicarb into his water glass to distract his interlocutors while he composed himself. The water would remain fizzing at his elbow until his remarks were done, at which point he would stand up, take the glass and down its contents quickly, and then stroll out of the room again, smiling again, shaking hands, whispering. The Selby house was quiet. Frank and the baby would be in the park with Josephine, the nanny theyd hired soon after Gail was born. This was Nicoles own time, the part of the day when she could do what she liked, and Walter seldom interrupted her with so much as a phone call. There was some mystery in every marriage, or else there was no material left for later intimacies for the hours after the children had been put to bed, to save and to spend, repairing the ragged forward edge of their affairs. Away from others, away from work, toward the night. He stepped inside and called her name. There was a long silence, and he began to wonder if she was in the backyard, so he headed through the house. Along the way the light stepped down into the darkness of the living room where the blinds were drawn, up a notch in the rear hallway, and then up again into the illumination of the kitchen, which, with its south-facing windows, its Formica and its reflecting metal, was as bright as a room could be. He stood there, blinking, then he turned and started back into the living room and saw her standing in the doorway, with a look on her face that he couldnt quite describe: surprise, the satisfactions of a day, and worry or a question. She smiled a little. Youre home early, she said. Short day, he said. She was wearing black slacks and a simple blue sweater; her hair was down, and once again he was struck. The man who first burned clay to make china: Wasnt this what he was after? This face, in age? He put his briefcase down on the kitchen table and crossed the room to her, taking her shoulders in his hands. How beautiful, even on a bright, unglamorous afternoon; her cheeks were slightly flushed, her pupils were dilated, her lower lip hung slightly on the flesh. He hugged her; her nipples, half hard, pressed against the upper edge of his abdomen. He stepped back and looked at her from arms distance. What is it? she asked. I was just about to ask you the same thing, he said. What is it? Nothing. What do you mean? He shrugged. Nothing, he said. He drew her toward him again, leaned down and kissed her cheek. Neither of them smiled. He reached for her hand, a gesture he had made a thousand times before: he loved the feel of her palm against his soft, cool, and dry how her fingers would begin to tremble when the contact, plain at first, quickly grew awkward and unnatural, and then settled again into something comfortable, as each of them abandoned the tiny flickers of will that made their fingers clench, and peace was achieved for two. It was very much like marriage itself, he thought, where some small part of ones self was deliberately, happily, allowed to die. But that afternoon her palm was damp slightly hot, and slightly damp and small and subtle though the difference was, it bothered him. He felt a clinging sensation, moist and cloying; it was like putting on a still-wet bathing suit, and he disengaged his hand from hers and rubbed his palm, slowly and almost unconsciously, against the hip of his trousers, and then bade her good-bye for a time so he could shake off the office day. He was upstairs changing into home clothes when the children came back from the park; he could hear them burst through the door, hear Frank boasting loudly about a game. I hid in the sandbox! he said. All the way down and in, and they couldnt find me, no matter how hard they tried. Not even Josephine could find me, could you? No, I couldnt, said

Josephine. And I looked and I looked. And then finally I had to come out and show them where I was, or they never would have found me, ever. Daddy! Walter was coming down the stairs, watching the tableau below him: Nicole had taken the baby from Josephine; Frank was struggling to get out of his muddy clothes. In the hallway? said his father. We don't get undressed in the hallway. Frank. Come on, now. Son. Frank. The boy said, No one could find me! I heard, said Walter. Now go around back to the porch and take your clothes off there. And then you can tell me all about it. Later, Walter drove Josephine home to South Memphis, his big brand-new blue Impala gliding down the streets, passing into the colored part of town, with its neat little houses set a short way back from broken sidewalks. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Someday, he thought. And when Someday comes, what happens? He knew very little about the woman on the seat beside him, now holding her glossy black purse tight against her middle. She was good to his children; she had several of her own, all of them now grown. She had a husband at home who worked hard for a paycheck that always seemed to fall a little bit short of the week's expenses. How big was their bed? And how well did they sleep? No better, no worse, this year or a hundred years ago; because bed was where the world reached its level, the one place where all the efforts of the State his efforts, his State came to nothing. This Negro woman beside him, the room she was traveling toward, the man she would meet there: When the blinds were drawn and the lights turned off, and she lay down beside her husband, the lying-down would exist in its long kindness, no matter what was done to help them or to cause them to die. Then was all work futile? He pulled up to the curb before her house and turned in his seat to face her. How are you doing? he asked. Well, Frank's reading better . . . No, I mean you. How are you and your husband doing? He couldn't remember the man's name. Josephine shrugged. We're getting by, she said . . . And she hesitated, waiting for him to say something else, then looked over and found him gazing at her, his expression split between the half smile on his lips and the darkness in his eyes. She didn't want to know what he was thinking, so she made her goodbye and stepped out of the car, leaving Walter to nod and say, See you tomorrow, and pull away from the curb. Promptly at seven, the family Selby sat down to dinner, but Walter was distracted, hardly listening to Frank as he recounted his boy's day. Throughout the hour he could feel the sensation of Nicole's nipples against his chest. Well, she wasn't feeding Gail anymore, was she? Was it a thought, then, that had gotten into her and then started out again? He could feel her hand on his; the sensation had somehow stuck to his palm and wouldn't dissipate. He felt it, beneath the skin and below the veins, behind the bones, between the nerves. Little Frank didn't want his food, he said something about the food, he complained about the food. I don't like this. Mommy? he said, his gaze wandering off to one side. He really needed to learn to look people in the eye, thought Walter, if he was ever going to get the things he wanted. Can I have something else? said Frank. Please? Can I? Please, please, please? He pushed his rice around his plate a little bit with his fork and then slumped down in his chair, his mouth set against any obstacle to his appetite. Nicole was talking to the boy, but Walter wasn't listening; he was trying to follow a rustling in the rearmost hollow of his mind. She looked at him with wide eyes. Could you help me? she said. Could you help me with this? Frank, do what your mother says, said Walter gently, looking at her rather than the boy. She returned his gaze with a questioning and concerned expression, and the boy was looking at both of them. Gail began to cry and Nicole reached for her, so suddenly and swiftly that the baby screamed. Oh, now . . . I'm sorry, she said softly, almost singing. I'm sorry, don't cry. And just like that the baby stopped. Outside, it had begun to rain, the drops picking up where the baby. . . .

Revue de presse "A ballad of murder and mythmaking. . . . Haunting." The New York Times Book [An] eloquent meditation on the second half of the 20th century as reflected through the cracked prism of two flawed men. The Miami Herald "Elegant and enigmatic. . . . Infused with Lewis's intelligence and empathy, The King is Dead is a sweeping tale of the century." Esquire "Marvelous and beautifully written. . . . The book creates a powerful narrative urgency as it approaches its end . . . and you find you have to force yourself to read more slowly, not wanting the experience to end. The Daily Telegraph (London) The King is Dead takes the father-son conflict and deftly weaves it into a 20th-century American fable. . . . Lewis proves he can evoke intimate sadness within big stories. That's the mark of real tragedy and real art. The San Diego Union-Tribune "Jim Lewis's sterling novel of politics, race, fidelity, and regret, is a model of literary economy . . . an epic-worthy tale packed into a brisk 260 pages. . . . This is grand fiction." Texas Monthly "Genealogy counts for everything in Jim Lewis's absorbing diptych of self-discovery. . . . An effective examination of the search for truth in a divided family." The Seattle Times "The King is Dead is little less than a landmark, a moving-on outwards and upwards from midlife inertia, with all the attendant cries of release, towards something sad, illuminating, songful and shivering with life." Time Out (London) [The King is Dead] does what novels should and so rarely do: encompass a great deal in a

limited space, pass the inessential, and enlarge life. The New York Sun "A beautifully sculpted narrative [of] political chicanery, domestic infidelity and murder. Magnificent!" Independent on Sunday "Like the classic Southern novelists (Faulkner, Warren, Percy) Lewis writes as though he means for you to enjoy it. . . . The King is Dead shows that Lewis has become a novelist to reckon with." San Antonio Express-News "A gripping novel that flashes over 50 years, exposing the way in which an instant can shatter a life." The Times (London) "A Faulknerian tale of crossed destinies . . . masterfully told. . . . Compellingly readable and brilliant in design and style. . . . Startling and memorable. . . . Jim Lewis is a writer to relish. Memphis Commercial Appeal "Jim Lewis is a writer of the same heavyweight stature as Franzen and David Foster Wallace. There is much to admire in how Lewis narrates his melancholy saga of love, betrayal, shame, loss, regret and disappointment across the generations. . . . A short review can barely do justice to the artfulness and deep intelligence of this novel. Above all, Jim Lewis persuades you that a single reading of his work is not enough. Scotland on Sunday "The King is Dead is a marvelous book, and with it, Jim Lewis has come into full possession of a powerful literary voice whose main qualities are the hardest to come by: integrity, empathy, narrative allure, and wisdom. Lewis's moral intelligence purges his prose of every false move and cheap convention, burrowing ever closer to the truths about the pull and stain of heritage. This is a book of impeccable artistry." Jeffrey Eugenides, author of Middlesex "A refreshing throwback to the old baroque school of Southern writing, but with the difference that the fatalism, to which novelists like Faulkner and even Cormac McCarthy were as addicted as they were to whiskey, is absent." The Austin Chronicle "Lewis writes near faultless, witty, warm prose and his diverse characters spring to life. The King is Dead is a novel with both ideas and heart. Long live the king." Irish Independent