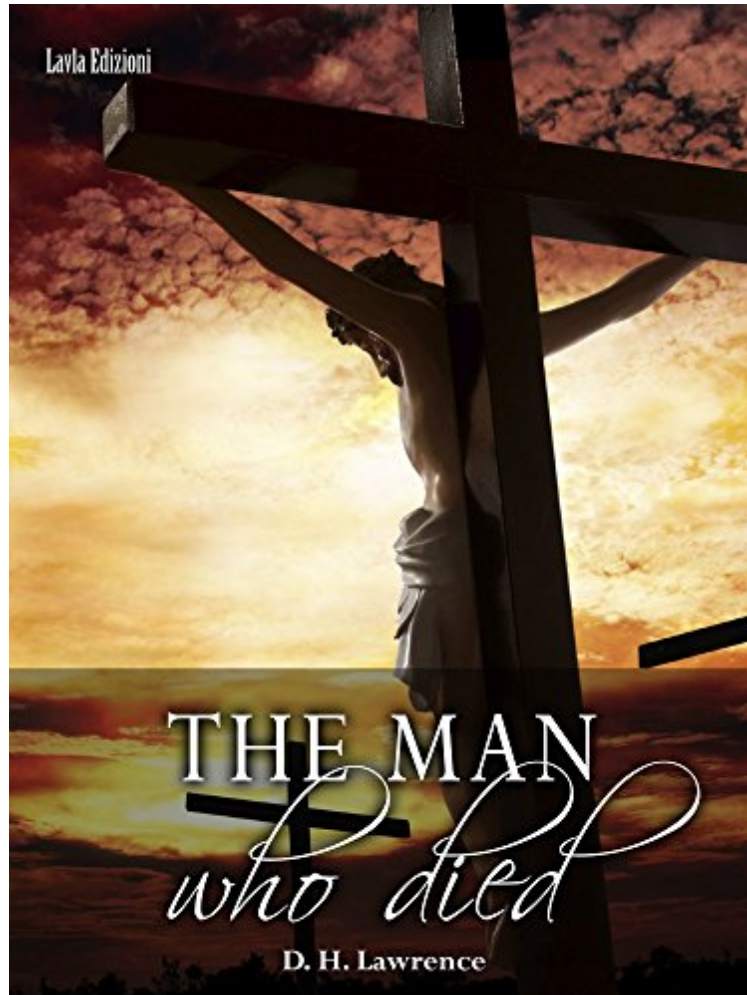


[Download free pdf] The Man Who Died

The Man Who Died

David Herbert Lawrence

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David Herbert Lawrence : The Man Who Died before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Man Who Died:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Elizabeth NallThe book describes what it feels like to come alive after being dead. It is frightening but fascinating.0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Man,woman,God and GoddessBy PEDRO H. MARIANIJesus,after surviving his passion,meet a roman lady living in a temple offered to Isis in Search in Egypt.Both tries to transcend the worldly subjects at the same time that the very human affection grows between them.3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Jesus, at the Nexus between Myth and RealityBy M. KnapkeA very short book that is more of a novela. As historians often say that students of American history "must get right with Lincoln," so to must participants in Western culture "get right with Jesus." As a man, little is known of Jesus. Of the 1800 or so sayings attributed to Jesus in the Bible, biblical scholars have whittled that number down to less than 100 sayings that they believe to actually be his. As such, the man is cloaked almost completely in the legend that has been built on his name. This book explores that moment when those two identities

crossed--Jesus's resurrection from the dead. Tackled in Lawrence's distinctive style, "The Man Who Died" is far more provocative than works such as Mailer's "The Gospel According to the Sun" and is reminiscent of Scorsese's "The Last Temptation of Christ." It confronts the received biblical narrative and shatters the narrow existential walls that limit the spiritual exploration that Jesus's life story demands. It is not just a must read, it is a must own. You will want to go back to this often, because it's never the same book twice.

The story is a recasting of the resurrection of Christ narrated in the New Testament. The man who survives his crucifixion comes to celebrate his bodily existence and sensuality. Lawrence himself summarized *The Escaped Cock* in a letter to Brewster: I wrote a story of the Resurrection, where Jesus gets up and feels very sick about everything, and can't stand the old crowd any more - so cuts out - and as he heals up, he begins to find what an astonishing place the phenomenal world is, far more marvelous than any salvation or heaven - and thanks his stars he needn't have a mission any more.

About the Author D. H. Lawrence was an English novelist, poet, playwright, essayist, literary critic and painter. He is regarded as one of the most influential writers of the 20th century. Lawrence published many novels and poetry volumes during his lifetime, including *Sons and Lovers* and *Women in Love*, but is best known for his infamous novel *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Chapter One There was a peasant near Jerusalem who acquired a young gamecock which looked a shabby little thing, but which put on brave feathers as spring advanced and was resplendent with arched and orange neck by the time the fig trees were letting out leaves from their end tips. This peasant was poor, he lived in a cottage of mud-brick, and had only a dirty little inner courtyard with a tough fig-tree for all his territory. He worked hard among the vines and olives and wheat of his master, then came home to sleep in the mud-brick cottage by the path. But he was proud of his young rooster. In the shut-in yard were three shabby hens which laid small eggs, shed the few feathers they had, and made a disproportionate amount of dirt. There was also, in a corner under a straw roof, a dull donkey that often went out with the peasant to work, but sometimes stayed at home. And there was the peasant's wife, a black-browed youngish woman who did not work too hard. She threw a little grain, or the remains of the porridge mess, to the fowls, and she cut green fodder with a sickle, for the ass. The young cock grew to a certain splendour. By some freak of destiny, he was a dandy rooster, in that dirty little yard with three patchy hens. He learned to crane his neck and give shrill answers to the crowing of other cocks, beyond the walls, in a world he knew nothing of. But there was a special fiery colour to his crow, and the distant calling of the other cocks roused him to unexpected outbursts. "How he sings," said the peasant, as he got up and pulled his dayshirt over his head. "He is good for twenty hens," said the wife. The peasant went out and looked with pride at his young rooster. A saucy, flamboyant bird that has already made the final acquaintance of the three tattered hens. But the cockerel was tipping his head, listening to the challenge of far-off unseen cocks, in the unknown world. Ghost voices, crowing at him mysteriously out of limbo. He answered with a ringing defiance, never to be daunted. "He will surely fly away one of these days," said the peasant's wife. So they lured him with grain, caught him, though he fought with all his wings and feet, and they tied a cord round his shank, fastening it against the spur; and they tied the other end of the cord to the post that held up the donkey's straw pent-roof. The young cock, freed, marched with a prancing stride of indignation away from the humans, came to the end of his string, gave a tug and a hitch of his tied leg, fell over for a moment, scuffled frantically on the unclean earthen floor, to the horror of the shabby hens, then with a sickening lurch, regained his feet, and stood to think. The peasant and the peasant's wife laughed heartily, and the young cock heard them. And he knew, with a gloomy, foreboding kind of knowledge, that he was tied by the leg. He no longer pranced and ruffled and forged his feathers. He walked within the limits of his tether sombrely. Still he gobbled up the best bits of food. Still, sometimes, he saved an extra-best bit for his favourite hen of the moment. Still he pranced with quivering, rocking fierceness upon such of his harem as came nonchalantly within range, and gave off the invisible lure. And still he crowed defiance to the cock-crows that showered up out of limbo, in the dawn. But there was now a grim voracity in the way he gobbled his food, and a pinched triumph in the way he seized upon the shabby hens. His voice, above all, had lost the full gold of its clangour. He was tied by the leg and he knew it. Body, soul and spirit were tied by that string. Underneath, however, the life in him was grimly unbroken. It was the cord that should break. So one morning, just before the light of dawn, rousing from his slumbers with a sudden wave of strength, he leaped forward on his wings, and the string snapped. He gave a wild strange squawk, rose in one lift to the top of the wall, and there he crowed a loud and splitting crow. So loud, it woke the peasant. At the same time, at the same hour before dawn, on the same morning, a man awoke from a long sleep in which he was tied up. He woke numb and cold, inside a carved hole in the rock. Through all the long sleep his body had been full of hurt, and it was still full of hurt. He did not open his eyes. Yet he knew that he was awake, and numb, and cold, and rigid, and full of hurt, and tied up. His face was banded with cold bands, his legs were bandaged together. Only his hands were loose. He could move if he wanted: he knew that. But he had no want. Who would want to come back from the dead? A deep, deep nausea stirred in him, at the premonition of movement. He resented already the fact of the strange, incalculable moving that had already taken place in him: the moving back into consciousness. He had not wished it. He had wanted to stay outside,

in the place where even memory is stone dead. But now, something had returned to him, like a returned letter, and in that return he lay overcome with a sense of nausea. Yet suddenly his hands moved. They lifted up, cold, heavy and sore. Yet they lifted up, to drag away the cloth from his face, and to push at the shoulder bands. Then they fell again, cold, heavy, numb, and sick with having moved even so much, unspeakably unwilling to move further.