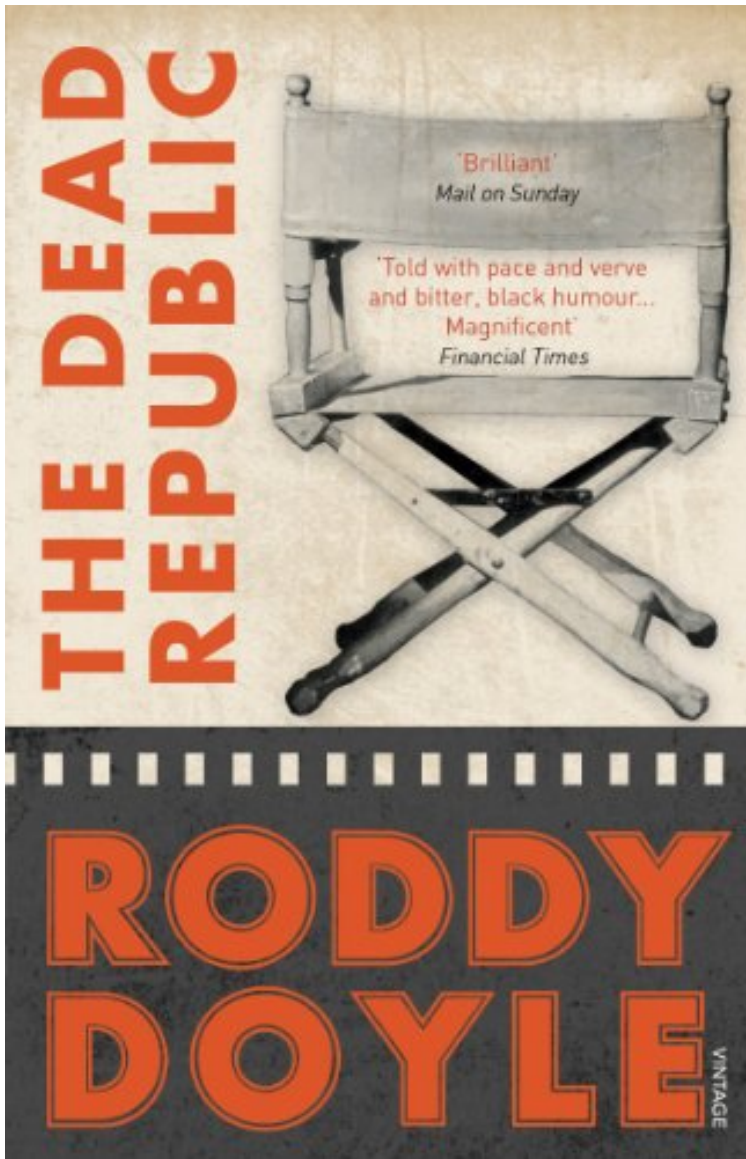


[Pdf free] File size: 60.Mb

The Dead Republic



Par Roddy Doyle
*DOC | *audiobook | ebooks |*
Download PDF | ePub

Dtails sur le produit Rang parmi les ventes : #131558 dans eBooksPubli le: 2010-03-25Sorti le: 2010-03-25Format: Ebook Kindle

[Pdf free] The Dead Republic

Par Roddy Doyle : The Dead Republic before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Dead Republic:

 [Download](#)

 [Read Online](#)

Description :

Prsentation de l'diteurWe last saw Henry Smart, his leg severed in an accident with a railway boxcar, crawl into the Utah desert to die - only to be discovered by John Ford, who's there shooting his latest Western. The Dead Republic opens in 1951. Henry is returning to Ireland for the first time since his escape in 1922. With him are the stars of Ford's latest film, John Wayne and Maureen O'Hara, and the famous director himself, who has tried to suck the soul out of Henry and turn it into Hollywood gold-dust.Ten years later Henry is in Dublin, working in Ratheen as a school caretaker. When he is caught in a bomb blast, he loses his leg for the second time. He is claimed as a hero, and before long Henry will discover he has other uses too, when the peace process begins in deadly secrecy...Extrait1It looked the same. There was a break in the clouds, and the

sea was gone. There was green land down there. A solid-looking cloud got in the way the plane went right in. It was suddenly colder. I stopped looking for a while and when I looked again it was back down there. The green thing. Ireland. Id left in 1922. I was flying back in, in 1951. It was twenty-nine years since Id left, and five since Id made up my mind to come back. The plane dropped a bit more. It shook and rattled. The ground was getting nearer; there were no more clouds. I looked down at my country and felt nothing. It landed there were the jumps on the tarmac, and the burst of clapping from passengers in front and behind me, cast at the front, crew at the back. Me, in the middle. I didnt clap. The engine died. The propellers became visible, and stopped. I watched two big-faced lads push the steps towards the plane. I heard the door open, and the rush of real air, and gasps of excitement. There was sea in the air. My face hit the wind. I went down the steps. Ford was surrounded by the Company and the hangers-on. Welcome home, Mister Ford. A hundred thousand welcomes. You brought the weather with you, Mister Ford. The red faces on them, wet grins for the Yanks with the heavy pockets. They had him standing on the Pan American steps, with John Wayne on one side, a few steps down, and Barry Fitzgerald above, the three of them waving and smiling. Waynes wife and brats were beside me, cold and waiting. I walked. I heard the voice. Wheres Henry? I kept walking. I didnt wait for my bag. Wheres Henry? He wanted me standing beside him, with his hand on my shoulder. He was the man whod brought me home. The man whod pulled me out of the desert. The last of the rebels, with the last of the rebels. Wheres Henry? Hed paid for my suit and for one of my legs. I was his I.R.A. consultant, my wages paid into my hand by Republic Pictures. I got into the back of a taxi. Welcome to Ireland, sir. Dont fuckin talk, I said. Just drive. To the nearest bed for rent in Limerick, and I fell face down on top of it. I lay there and felt the country crawl into my lungs. I felt it bubble and turn. Id been living too long in dry air and deserts. I coughed. For fuck sake. It was an Irish cough Id forgotten the big hack, the rattle. The sheets, the mattress, the wall to my left they were fat with old breath, and soaking. I coughed again, and heard a voice through several walls. Ah, God love you. I lay on the bed. I felt the rejection and let it slide over me. I felt it rub and pull at my skin. I slept. The wooden leg creaked and whispered. I pulled up my trouser leg and looked. It was fatter, expanding I could see the wood grow as I watched. The wet air was seeping into it. The varnish was already giving up. It was peeling away, and the shin was getting pale and blotched. I stepped out into rain. It was already adding weight to my suit. It all came back, the slant of its fall, the touch of each drop on my skin, its dance on the black stone around my feet. I fuckin hated it. I held up the sagging brim of my fedora and saw the black car crawl out of the lightless rain. I couldnt hear the engine but it was getting slowly nearer. The approaching car and its low hiss over the water brought back pictures that had never gone away. Model Ts prowling the country, men in trenchcoats moving in to kill me. But the Civil War was three decades gone, and it was just a Limerick taxi. I stayed still and waited for it. Good morning, sir. Im not American. Where dyou want me to take you? Roscommon, I said. Youre joking. No. Is it not wet enough for you here? I looked at him. Will you take me or wont you? Well need a map. We wont, I said. I know the way. He still hadnt moved. The old homestead, is it? No, I told him. Someone elses. Will you take me? Right, he said. I will. Im curious. He was young, half my age. But youre the navigator, he said. Fair enough, I said. Lets go. Will I be bringing you back? No. Youve no bag or nothing. No. And youve got the money? Yeah. Right. He leaned forward, like he was giving the car the first push. We began to crawl into the rain. I should have been going to Cong, in County Mayo. I should have been there already. That was why I was in Ireland. I was the I.R.A. consultant, come home to watch the filming of my life. But first I was going to Roscommon, to the house my wife had come from. I had to see the house. It wasnt there. The house was gone. It had been burnt out when Id seen it last, just before Id left Ireland for good. My wifes mother, Old Missis OShea, had moved into the long barn, and Id slept in the kitchen, under a tarpaulin roof. But the wall that had held up the tarpaulin, and the other walls all the walls were gone. And the barn it was gone too. I was standing in the right place, but there was nothing. I wasnt there to find anyone; I wasnt that thick. But it felt like another death. My bearings were exact. The few bits of trees, the yellow furze, even the cows had stayed more or less put, where Id left them in 1922. But it was as if the house and the outhouses had never been there, or the well, or the low stone walls that had kept the cows out of the bog. I walked to where the door had been. I knew exactly where I was going, where thered once been a stone step. I could feel it in my muscles; I could feel the knowledge sing through me. I stopped. There was no hint that thered once been a door there, not a thing. I stamped my foot. I felt nothing under the grass. I walked around, to the wall wed been put against, myself and my new wife, Miss OShea, with her cousin Ivan and the other cousin, as we were photographed on our wedding day, in September 1919. I could feel that days heat and shine as I turned the corner. I knew exactly where Ivan had placed his lads, to guard our normality for that one afternoon in

the middle of the war. But there was no wall, no hint of dry clay where the wall had fallen, or hardness in the ground where it had stood. My trousers were wringing. It wasn't raining but it must have been just before I'd paid the taxi driver and got out. I was in the middle of a field, in good wet grass. Not the edge of the field, where there'd once been a wall surrounding the kitchen garden. I could have coped with that, the walls knocked and covered, topsoil thrown over the map of the house. That would have made sense; it had been a long time. But this was just weird. My angles were perfect. I'd walked exactly here, trying to feel running water, with my father's wooden leg held in front of me, and I'd heard her voice "Two and two?" and I'd seen her boots and the laces made fat by the muck. But there wasn't even muck here. I walked back now through the field. My own wooden leg was groaning, protesting, biting into the folded flesh. I could feel no water under me, and the well I'd found that day was gone. But I grabbed the gate and the top rung was there, exactly as cold as it should have been. I'd held that gate before, even if the path from the gate to the house was gone. The gate was real; it felt like sanity. I walked out onto the road. I left the gate open. They weren't my cows. They were Ivan's cows, probably. If Ivan Reynolds was still around and living. On the drive from Limerick I'd passed dozens of abandoned farmhouses, falling in on themselves, left standing beside the newer, brighter houses. But this was different. There was no new house, and no ruin. Ivan had razed the house, then he'd buried it too deep to be remembered. I'd paid the taxi driver and sent him back to Limerick. I was alone on the road. The heat was picking up the morning's rainfall. The rest of the day was going to be hot. They were all dead: my wife, Miss O'Shea, and my children, Saoirse and Rifle. All three were dead. I'd never thought that they were going to come running to find out who the man was, getting out the taxi. I never thought I'd see my wife or daughter looking out the window, over the window box, as I marched up to the door. My son wasn't going to be mending an outhouse roof or gelding a fuckin' greyhound in the yard. They were dead, somewhere. They'd been dead for years. I'd come to see the wall, maybe put my hand against it, break off a piece of whitewash, put it in my mouth and taste it. But just to see it that would have been enough. To find its foundation in the grass, to feel it in the sole of my good foot. Proof. I had sat in front of the wall. I had held my new wife's hand. I could h...
Revue de presse "If you don't already know Henry Smart, *The Dead Republic* is an excellent place to meet him because it's the best of Doyle's trilogy and because in it Henry reviews his past while serving as Ford's consultant for a movie about the Irish revolution. . . . *The Dead Republic* is the best part of Doyle's trilogy. As Henry has aged, his creator has also matured. And here he has . . . compos[ed] a thoughtful book about a sometimes thoughtless political process." *The New York Times* "Doyle retains his canny and surprising eye, his gift for the corporeal. . . . Doyle is a master of [dialogue]." *The Guardian* "*The Dead Republic* harbors some lovely writing to go with the book's magnificent theme. . . . A fine . . . farewell to one of the more memorable protagonists in recent literature." *Denver Post* Doyle's inventive mix of genuine film history and manic storytelling sets up his novel's powerful central themes: What does it mean to be Irish? Who decides? . . . It may have taken a while for Henry Smart to get back to Ireland, but in the end it was worth the wait. *Toronto Star* In *The Dead Republic*, Henry's violent, often comic collisions with history continue. . . . Henry Smart remains one of Roddy Doyle's great characters. Funny, laconic, profane, he spits back every role History force-feeds him. *The Globe and Mail* Doyle retains his canny and surprising eye, his gift for the corporeal. . . . Doyle is a master of [dialogue]. *Irish Independent* The story of Henry's reintegration into a much changed Ireland is thoroughly absorbing. *The New Yorker* The life of Henry Smart is that of Ireland and its romance with America over the whole of the last century. . . . Trust Roddy Doyle on this one. Go with the story. It's magnificent. *Financial Times*