

## Jesus' Son

Von Denis Johnson

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'The God I want to believe in has a voice and a sense of humour like Denis Johnson's'  
Jonathan Franzen



Denis Johnson



JESUS' SON



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Produktinformation -Verkaufsrang: #328884 in eBooksVerffentlicht am: 2012-09-06Erscheinungsdatum: 2012-09-06File Name: B008LTST5AAAnzahl der Produkte: 1 | File size: 25.Mb

**Von Denis Johnson : Jesus' Son** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Jesus' Son:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen1 von 1 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A fantastic bookVon Jayant PandeThe book is brilliant, possibly my favourite collection of short stories (and I say 'possibly' only because I'm not sure if one ought to view it as a traditional collection of short stories, as the stories here all have the same narrator and relate episodes from his life; one might equally well view the book as an

unconventional novel). Too many turns of phrase that just make you stop reading and admire their beauty and truth. In my mind, a perfect book. As for the delivery, it was as reliable as ever. The book arrived quickly and in perfect condition. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. depressing and hopeless despite Johnson's apparent genius. Von Ein Kunde Jesus' Son is a terribly depressing and hopeless work. Mr. Johnson shows us a vision of America through the eyes of a (sadly) postmodern character: burnt out, a criminal and an addict. Despite the hopelessness, I remained enthralled by what I suppose to be Mr. Johnson's skillful turning of English and his seeming struggle to evince meaning from a meaningless world. The final story I thought ALMOST made the entire reading worthwhile. Mr. Johnson presents his junkie protagonist fighting to escape the quagmire of depravity, convinced of the reality of (at least) beauty, and in the midst of rehab. Through his peeping-tom-ish final escapade, Mr. Johnson, through his character, gives the reader a refreshing and unique picture of the Universal Man and His creature, if as Aquinas says, it is disguised as the creature's longing for joy. In the end, I don't feel myself better off for having read this book. I don't deny Mr. Johnson's genius (he is one of the best writers I have read in a while), but most of these stories are depressingly depraved and hopeless. It is, sadly, a marvelous depiction of the end result of postmodern American culture. My recommendation: pick up the book and read the first and (particularly) last stories. It will save you a week or so of suicidal tendencies. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. An American Oddysey Von Ein Kunde A collection of thematically linked short stories is often the goal of young writers, especially writing program writers; apparently there's something appealing about saying your collection is "meant to be read as a novel"--i.e., even if you are not able to write a sustained work of fiction, even if you're capable of writing only sound bites, you can still qualify as a novelist if you write a lot of sound bites about the same thing and give them separate titles. See, for instance, anything by Sandra Cisneros. Johnson has produced something altogether different. These stories are less stories than visions, and the resulting collection is less a pseudo- or quasi-novel than an epic--albeit a diffuse, fragmented epic with many of the battles and escapades forgotten or omitted. The overriding question that begins each new story is, "How did he get there?" That fragmentation is at the heart of the book and makes the experience similar to listening to Bob Dylan's 1974 album, "Blood on the Tracks." Fuckhead's experiences are as frightening, spiritual, and desperate as those of Dylan's narrator in such songs as "Tangled Up in Blue" and "Shelter From the Storm." Johnson gives us a new kind of poetry, a new kind of prose, a new way of story-telling, and a new way of putting it all together in "Jesus' Son."

Kurzbeschreibung Jesus' Son is a visionary chronicle of dreamers, addicts, and lost souls. These stories tell of spiralling grief and transcendence, of rock bottom and redemption, of getting lost and found and lost again. The narrator of these interlinked stories is a young, unnamed man, reeling from his addiction to heroin and alcohol, his mind at once clouded and made brilliantly lucid by these drugs. In the course of his adventures, he meets an assortment of people, who seem as alienated and confused as he; sinners, misfits, the lost, the damned, the desperate and the forgotten. Our of their bleak, seemingly random lives, Denis Johnson creates modern-day parables of a harsh and devastating beauty. .de The unnamed narrator in Jesus' Son lives through a car wreck and a heroin overdose. Is he blessed? He cheats, lies, steals--but possesses a child's (or a mystic's) uncanny way of expressing the bare essence of things around him. In its own strange and luminous way, this linked collection of short fiction does the same. The stories follow characters who are seemingly marginalized beyond hope, drifting through a narcotic haze of ennui, failed relationships, and petty crime. In "Dundun" the narrator decides to take a shooting victim to the hospital, though not for the usual reasons: "I wanted to be the one who saw it through and got McInnes to the doctor without a wreck. People would talk about it, and I hoped I would be liked." Later he takes his own pathetic stab at violence in "The Other Man," attempting to avenge a drug rip-off but succeeding only at terrorizing an innocent family. Each meandering story--some utterly lacking in the usual elements of plot, including a beginning and an end--nonetheless demands compulsive reading, with Denis Johnson's first calling as a poet apparent in the off-kilter beauty of his prose. Open to any page and gems spill forth: "I knew every raindrop by its name. I sensed everything before it happened. I knew a certain Oldsmobile would stop for me even before it slowed, and by the sweet voices of the family inside that we'd have an accident in the storm." The most successful stories in the collection offer moments of startling clarity. In "Car Crash While Hitchhiking," for instance, the narrator feels most alive while in the presence of another's loss: "Down the hall came the wife. She was glorious, burning. She didn't know yet that her husband was dead.... What a pair of lungs! She shrieked as I imagined an eagle would shriek. It felt wonderful to be alive to hear it! I've gone looking for that feeling everywhere." In "Work," while "salvaging" copper wire from a flooded house to fund their habits, the narrator and an acquaintance stop to watch the nearly unfathomable sight of a beautiful, naked woman paragliding up the river. Later the narrator learns that the house once belonged to his down-and-out accomplice and that the woman is his estranged wife. "As nearly as I could tell, I'd wandered into some sort of dream that Wayne was having about his wife, and his house," he reasons. Such is the experience for the reader. More Genet than Bukowski, Denis Johnson lures us into a misfit soul's dream from which he can't awake. --Langdon Cook.com The unnamed

narrator in Jesus' Son lives through a car wreck and a heroin overdose. Is he blessed? He cheats, lies, steals--but possesses a child's (or a mystic's) uncanny way of expressing the bare essence of things around him. In its own strange and luminous way, this linked collection of short fiction does the same. The stories follow characters who are seemingly marginalized beyond hope, drifting through a narcotic haze of ennui, failed relationships, and petty crime. In "Dundun" the narrator decides to take a shooting victim to the hospital, though not for the usual reasons: "I wanted to be the one who saw it through and got McInnes to the doctor without a wreck. People would talk about it, and I hoped I would be liked." Later he takes his own pathetic stab at violence in "The Other Man," attempting to avenge a drug rip-off but succeeding only at terrorizing an innocent family. Each meandering story--some utterly lacking in the usual elements of plot, including a beginning and an end--nonetheless demands compulsive reading, with Denis Johnson's first calling as a poet apparent in the off-kilter beauty of his prose. Open to any page and gems spill forth: "I knew every raindrop by its name. I sensed everything before it happened. I knew a certain Oldsmobile would stop for me even before it slowed, and by the sweet voices of the family inside that we'd have an accident in the storm." The most successful stories in the collection offer moments of startling clarity. In "Car Crash While Hitchhiking," for instance, the narrator feels most alive while in the presence of another's loss: "Down the hall came the wife. She was glorious, burning. She didn't know yet that her husband was dead.... What a pair of lungs! She shrieked as I imagined an eagle would shriek. It felt wonderful to be alive to hear it! I've gone looking for that feeling everywhere." In "Work," while "salvaging" copper wire from a flooded house to fund their habits, the narrator and an acquaintance stop to watch the nearly unfathomable sight of a beautiful, naked woman paragliding up the river. Later the narrator learns that the house once belonged to his down-and-out accomplice and that the woman is his estranged wife. "As nearly as I could tell, I'd wandered into some sort of dream that Wayne was having about his wife, and his house," he reasons. Such is the experience for the reader. More Genet than Bukowski, Denis Johnson lures us into a misfit soul's dream from which he can't awake. --Langdon Cook