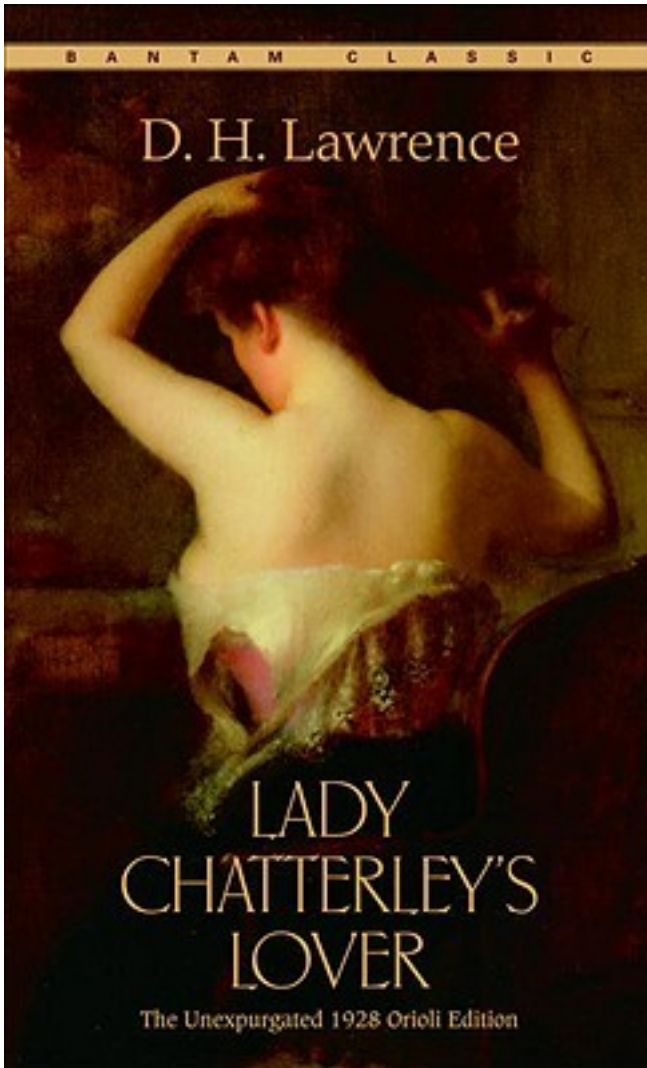

D.H. Lawrence

Lady Chatterley's Lover



Title: Lady Chatterley's Lover

Author: D.H. Lawrence

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Description

Lyric and sensual, D.H. Lawrence's last novel is one of the major works of fiction of the twentieth century. Filled with scenes of intimate beauty, explores the emotions of a lonely woman trapped in a sterile marriage and her growing love for the robust gamekeeper of her husband's estate. The most controversial of Lawrence's books, "Lady Chatterly's Lover" joyously affirms the author's vision of individual regeneration through sexual love. The book's power, complexity, and psychological intricacy make this a completely original work--a triumph of passion, an erotic celebration of life."Nobody concerned with the novel in our century can afford not to read it." -- Lawrence Durrell

Insightful reviews

Clara: If you can get past the first 100 or so pages, it really gets more exciting...with the relationship between Mellors and Connie. I loved the conversations and the wit in conversations with the characters. DH Lawrence is such a good writer. There is so much substance, that when you go to some other modern day fictions, it is no comparison. He allows you to really feel the intensity of the moment. Yes, there are some drawn out conversations at times, but overall, he takes you back into the moment in seeing both the physical, emotional and mental environment. The idea of body versus mind is a major theme, given Clifford's condition. I believe though, that even if Clifford had all his movement...Lady Chatterley would have still drifted. He did not offer any emotional connection, and they probably married out of boredom. I feel the emotional and physical completeness witnessed in Mellors and Connie, symbolizes the triumph of repression, a life without ceremony, a life without class borders, class walls, and ultimately, a life of spiritual intuition. I was dissapointed though at the end...as we are left with the unknown...I do not want to spoil the ending...but I guess many stories end that way, leaving you only a hint of the next step. Well, maybe I am a bit naive, not seeing Connie and Mellors as a done deal. Yet, I was happy that they moved on, hopefully to a life of more genuine love.

Kirk: I see a lot of my GR friends are currently reading this, so I'll be interested to see what they think of it. I understand the importance of this one--free speech, yo---but honestly, I wasn't blown away. I prefer Ginny Woolf, in fact. Part of it is that Lawrence is too damn Freudian for me. And all the stuff about women needing civilization fucked out of them by virile treetrimmers seems a little misogynistic. I know the historical context out of which Lawrence is writing, what with industrialization and war sapping the natural semen-spewing strength of all us who can grow hair on chests (trust me, I value all three of mine; they're insured by Lloyd's of London). Still, that only dates LLCoolLady more for me.

Finally there's the sex. Shocking in its day, but 80 years later, it has all the poetry of your average *Penthouse Forum* entry. Seriously, dudes, don't name your peen. Especially don't name it John Thomas. It makes your reader think of *The Waltons* (i.e. John Boy, portrayed by Richard Thomas). And if you feel the need to write about anal, try not to justify it saying you're ridding your lady of "shame, which is fear: the deep organic shame, the old, old physical fear which crouches in the bodily roots of us, and can only be chased away by the sensual fire, at last it was roused up and routed by the phallic hunt of the man." In my (admittedly limited)

experience, chicks don't go for that ole "phallic hunt" line.

In the end (no pun intended), I think this book is most interesting to read alongside the history of 1920s' and 30s' sexology. To wit, a line from Theodoor van de Velde's *Ideal Marriage*, one of the most popular (and controversial) sex manuals of the era: "What both man and woman, driven by obscure primitive urges, wish to feel in the sexual act ... is the essential force of maleness, which expresses itself in a sort of violent and absolute possession of the woman. And so both of them can and do exult in a certain degree of male aggression and dominance—whether actual or apparent—which proclaims this essential force." Like I said, a tough sell these days.

Still, looking forward to seeing other folks' reviews. Get on the stick, RA (not literally, of course).

Patrizia O: L'aspetto scandaloso di questo libro, secondo me, non è tanto quello legato al sesso (o comunque non solo) ma la cruda analisi che Lawrence fa della società inglese del suo tempo (e che per certi aspetti può ancora riguardare anche il nostro modo di vivere attuale). La sua analisi è impietosa: gli uomini e le donne di tutte le classi sociali hanno perso il contatto con la loro natura di esseri umani, quella essenza unica che li rende autentici e li fa sentire in sintonia con la natura. Lawrence, attraverso gli occhi del protagonista maschile Oliver Mellows, vede attorno a sé solo persone tese a raggiungere gli aspetti materiali dell'esistenza, impelagati nel formalismo delle convenzioni sociali e imprigionati in falsi miti su ciò che è bene o male. Oliver Mellows invece vuole vivere in maniera autentica, seguendo la sua natura e in questo processo di abbattimento di tutte le sovrastrutture imposte dalla società, c'è anche un approccio diverso al sesso, alla sessualità e alle relazioni interpersonali.

Ma se tu al sesso ci credi e non hai intenzione di sporcarlo in alcun modo, be' allora cercheranno di fregarti. È l'ultimo tabù rimasto: il sesso come un processo naturale e vitale. Loro non sanno cosa sia e non permetteranno certo che qualcuno lo sappia! [...] Se fai del sesso, allora devi piagnucolare e sentirti in colpa. Altrimenti non è permesso.

In certi passaggi, Lawrence mi appare un ingenuo romantico (ad esempio quando invita tutti a fare a meno del denaro) che cerca di porre le basi di una società più umana (più giusta, direi io) auspicando un ritorno alla natura e alla sua forza vitale. Invece, ci sarebbe stato un lungo discorso da fare sui diritti sociali e sul dovere della classe dirigente di eliminare le disuguaglianze sociali. Inoltre, ci sono delle frasi chiaramente offensive verso neri ed ebrei che non sono riuscite a digerire neanche tenendo conto del diverso contesto socio-culturale. Ad esempio:

Che sulla faccia della terra non ci fosse più una donna capace di venire insieme a un uomo in modo "naturale". Tranne forse le donne di colore, ma noi siamo bianchi e le nere assomigliano un po' al fango.

Le parti in cui viene descritto l'amore tra Connie e il suo guardiacaccia sono le più belle e poetiche, mentre mi sono veramente annoiata leggendo le parti più descrittive (le infinite e inutili

discussioni tra gli intellettuali inglesi, la descrizione del paesaggio minerario delle Midlands). In sintesi, credo che questo libro può essere un buon supporto per capire come siano i cambiati i rapporti sociali e di genere, ma soprattutto per cogliere la crisi di valori che ha colpito l'Europa a cavallo delle due guerre.

Tutte le parole in verità, o così almeno sembrava a Connie, andavano cancellandosi per la sua generazione: amore, gioia, felicità, casa, madre, padre, marito. Tutte quelle grandi parole, erano parole quasi morte ormai e andavano morendo sempre più, giorno dopo giorno. La casa era il luogo dove si viveva, l'amore qualcosa che non ingannava più, la gioia un termine che si applicava a un Charleston ballato bene, la felicità niente altro che un'ipocrisia usata per bluffare con gli altri, un padre un individuo che si curava della propria esistenza e cercava di divertirsi, un marito un uomo con il quale condividere la vita e da tenere sempre di buon umore.

E poi mi sono anche invaghita di Oliver Mellows, cosa che non guasta mai quando si legge un libro: non credo che lo dimenticherò facilmente!

Ora è il tempo della castità, è così bello essere casti, è come sentire un fiume d'acqua ghiacciata che scorre sull'anima. Amo questa castità che anch'essa, in qualche modo, ci unisce. È acqua fresca e pioggia. Come può essere che agli uomini piaccia flirtare a destra e a sinistra! Che tristezza Don Giovanni! Che tristezza essere incapaci di trovare serenità nel sesso, essere incapaci di mantenere viva la fiammella, essere incapaci di vivere la castità di questi istanti del mezzo come si starebbe sulla riva di un fiume a contemplare l'acqua che scorre!

David: it usually amazes me how prudish our international used to be. And Europe no less! stroll into any comfort shop or newsstand in Berlin and where is plastered with celebrities' knockers at the entrance covers of each day-by-day rag-mag: "Duchess of Cambridge Royal Knockers!" -- "Mme Bloom in her Bloomers!" -- "Ms. Fizziwits's tits!" etc. etc. Flashback fifty years and they are all shrieking over a D.H. Lawrence booklet announcing their Hail Marys within the libraries. it really is striking the area we are living in, how in a short time it alterations and the way quick it has changed. it really is difficult for me to even think woman Chatterley's Lover as a smutty novel, and besides the intercourse is kind of bad; to visualize this being shuffled below tables at Tupperware events and skim sub rosa turns out to me ridiculous, i will not even think how Faulk's Birdsong will be receive: now that had a few thinly veiled sexual metaphors! (I flinch at any time when I learn "his member" or "her flesh" - relatively folks? now not any better, simply say penis/vagina for chrissakes!) yet for the entire barechested beachers tanning their knockers within the sun, i guess this booklet has it truly is merits, might be no longer as smut, yet as a stunning mixture of New global ugliness and previous global romanticism. Ours is basically a sad age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The cataclysm has happened, we're one of the ruins, we commence to accumulate new little habitats, to have new little hopes. it is extremely difficult work: there's now no soft street into the future: yet we move round, or scramble over the obstacles. We've acquired to live, regardless of what percentage skies have fallen. Lawrence is

so pained by means of industrialism, through change, and his disgust together with his replaced global is especially transparent within the novel. it sounds as if greater than anything, woman Chatterley's Lover is an try to live, to write, in a sky-fallen world: to reconcile the outdated international aesthetics with the hot global horror, ugliness, and smog. Connie is naive, she has romantic notions of ways lifestyles and love may still be, yet she is married to a guy who's coldly academic, and fully impotent in pleasing her sexual needs. Clifford, paralyzed from the waist down is a type of illustration of the previous World, he's natural in his educational endeavors, he's a little a snob, internet hosting little philosophical events together with his acquaintances the place they talk about Proust and society, metaphysics and human liberties, however the warfare has made the area actually a problem for him. the recent global isn't really one he can appreciate, no longer one he can stroll round in or take in. Connie nonetheless is a bit open air of time, she is more youthful than Clifford and so is customized to the ugliness and lost-innocence of the area round her, yet her illusions are of the former era. She is torn among the old-time conventions which carry her liable to her husband and her new-born sexual freedom which she unearths kindled in Mellors, the groundskeeper. although the tale could be a bit dull, and there's a noticable stress among the idyllic prose and the intermittent polemics approximately industrialization, the characterization of Connie and the great thing about Lawrence's writing are cause adequate to learn girl Chatterley's Lover. Connie, whereas probably in imperfect portrayal of a proto-feminist woman, is a fancy portrayal of a person: a person with a true history, actual insecurities and concerns and conflicted rules and premises, reports which conflict together with her learnings, actual difficulties and a true confusion of her future. She isn't really a few one you are going to like, nor a few one you can be more likely to sympathize with, yet it is possible for you to to appreciate her. within the trifecta of recognized infidels (the current novel, Tolstoy's Anna Karenina, and Flaubert's Madame Bovary), Lawrence's novel is the weakest portrayal of the burdens, the jealousies, the conflictions and concerns of marital transgressions: yet those are usually not the first issues for Lawrence, nor the first subject matters of the novel. girl Chatterley's Lover isn't basically a romance novel, yet a society novel. it's a championing clarion of the previous days, the times of nation estates and chateau grounds, of kings and queens, and fields of tussocked grass and wildflowers, of dukedoms and princedoms, and love-at-first-sight, and innocence and purity. it's the elegy of time long past by, and the cautious first step right into a new era. And anyway, Fifty colours of gray has not anything in this tralatitious sexual imagery: Then as he started to move, within the unexpected helpless orgasm, there woke up in her new unusual thrills rippling within her. Rippling, rippling, rippling, like a flapping overlapping of sentimental flames, delicate as feathers, operating to issues of brilliance, beautiful and melting her all molten inside. It was once like bells rippling up and as much as a culmination. She lay subconscious of the wild little cries she uttered on the last. Saucy.

Paul Bryant: "Afternoon, m'lady - do ye fancy a brief one over yon 5 barred gate?" "Oh you earthy gamekeepers, good i do not know... oh alright... yet provided that you point out my inner most elements in a coarse but delicate demeanour and clasp them enthusiastically betwixt your craggy extremities." Lord Chatterley, from a mullioned window: "Grr, if I wasn't only a image of the impotent but deadening strength of the English aristocracy i would whip that boulder to inside an inch of an orgasm." 40 years later :Barrister in complete periwig : "Is this a booklet you are going to wish your spouse or your servant to read?" Jury : "Well, it isn't one in every of his best, that is for sure, however it is not bad, crudely propagandistic however it does trenchantly

position its finger on a selected second within the shift of sophistication attention in Britain."Judge : "Cut the crap, responsible or no longer guilty?"Jury : "Guilty pleasure!"

Celeste Rousselot: i'm sixty six years-old. Yes, a child Boomer, raised through secular Adlai Stevenson Democrats within the San Francisco Bay Area! At domestic anywhere I turned, books covered the walls: math books, physics and astronomy books, heritage books, paintings books, New Age books, spiritual books, vintage and modern literature books, even girl Chatterley's Lover. But, and here's the unusual part, I by no means even as soon as peeped among the covers of that notorious book. inspite of my parents' liberal views, I knew they anticipated me to be "a strong girl." That's the best way they'd been raised. What in the event you get pregnant? Why are you donning that black coat? It supplies the incorrect impression. You don't are looking to look loose, do you? And so forth... So now not eager to be "a undesirable girl," i made a decision to not learn or examine any books or magazines almost certainly containing erotic material. I think by way of now, on the least, you recognize that i used to be raised in a conflicted environment.Well, years have long gone by. either one of my mom and dad died a number of years ago. in part retired now, my husband and i've been married for 40+ years. Our dual "boys" are 30 years previous and attempting to make their very own manner within the world. i may cross on and on with my lifestyles tale yet that's not likely the purpose of this review. as a substitute with rather a lot existence and adventure below my belt, i latterly puzzled what used to be nonetheless maintaining me from interpreting books like woman Chatterley's Lover. How may possibly it damage me? What if I loved it? might my mom flip over in her grave? now not likely. So I met the challenge, ordered a replica of the publication and settled in to read.It seems I did get pleasure from it for purposes I anticipated and lots of I did not. (1) The intercourse scenes have been fairly graphic, however the language, post-World battle I English, sounded humorous and archaic. sometimes I didn't be aware of what components of the physique D.H. Lawrence was once writing about. He wove loads dialect out and in of the King's English that from time to time I couldn't particularly work out the tale line. (2) Profanity abounded, reminding me that the British do swear greater than so much american citizens think. (3) Lawrence's descriptions of commercial pollution, coal mines, the blackened land and buildings, noxious fumes and particularly the down-trodden coal miners and their households contrasted sharply along with his discussions of a utopian global during which society might worth the human body, inspire love-making, be aware of the necessity for human touch, and like nature and working bare within the rain to making extra pollutants to make extra money.(4) i discovered woman Chatterley and her lover, Oliver Mellors, either to be genuine people, prepared to talk their minds, even if their rules and activities ran opposite to the conventional principles keeping apart England's top periods from her decrease ones. She and he either observed no issues of their love for one another. It transcended class. (5) eventually I specially celebrated D.H. Lawrence's help for women's delight in love-making. even if his trust within the necessity of simultaneous orgasms ("crises" as they stated again then) is dated, the truth that he idea ladies could be fascinated by the act simply up to males was once relatively ahead thinking. He derided the concept that the passive girl was once the popular (let by myself requisite) woman. i like to recommend woman Chatterley's Lover to someone who's ever feared peeking among its pages. After all, it doesn't hurt; it's academic and many fun. the one cause I gave the ebook 4 instead of 5 stars lies with D.H. Lawrence's occasionally awkward writing style, now not that it's outdated fashion, extra simply because it's uneven the following and there, and his vocabulary turns out a piece restricted making a few strains repetitive.

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