



Lady Chatterley's Lover

D.H. Lawrence , Doris Lessing (Introduction) , Chester Brown (Cover)

Download now

Read Online ➔

Lady Chatterley's Lover

D.H. Lawrence , Doris Lessing (Introduction) , Chester Brown (Cover)

Lady Chatterley's Lover D.H. Lawrence , Doris Lessing (Introduction) , Chester Brown (Cover)

One of the most extraordinary literary works of the twentieth century, Lady Chatterley's Lover was banned in England and the United States after its initial publication in 1928. The unexpurgated edition did not appear in America until 1959, after one of the most spectacular legal battles in publishing history.

With her soft brown hair, lithe figure and big, wondering eyes, Constance Chatterley is possessed of a certain vitality. Yet she is deeply unhappy; married to an invalid, she is almost as inwardly paralyzed as her husband Clifford is paralyzed below the waist. It is not until she finds refuge in the arms of Mellors the game-keeper, a solitary man of a class apart, that she feels regenerated. Together they move from an outer world of chaos towards an inner world of fulfillment.

Lady Chatterley's Lover Details

Date : Published October 31st 2006 by Penguin Classics (first published 1928)

ISBN : 9780143039617

Author : D.H. Lawrence , Doris Lessing (Introduction) , Chester Brown (Cover)

Format : Paperback 364 pages

Genre : Classics, Fiction, Romance, Literature

 [Download Lady Chatterley's Lover ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Lady Chatterley's Lover ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Lady Chatterley's Lover D.H. Lawrence , Doris Lessing (Introduction) , Chester Brown (Cover)

From Reader Review Lady Chatterley's Lover for online ebook

Kirk says

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).

Duane says

Very explicit for it's time. One of Lawrence's 3 love novels, as I call them; *Sons and Lovers*, *Women in Love*, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

Xαρ? Z. says

Lady Chatterley's Lover

There are no words to describe how much i love this book. I mean, i really, really, really do love this book, even if it became vulgar and indelicate at some point, even when i thought it was too much. I couldn't put it down, i had to keep reading, i had to keep reading D. H. Lawrence's words and sentences and paragraphs. I had the need to keep reading.

This man did something amazing in the begining of this book. Nobody has ever understood a female's

temperament and mentality like he did. "Yes, this is exactly how a woman feels". And he was dead for so many years and i wish i lived in his era or he lived in mine but then i thought he was the way he was bcz he lived at that era. And i am the way i am cz i live in this era. And this couldn't have worked otherwise. It's amazing how a person is dead for about a century but leaves pieces of himself behind and here i am, picking them up. "I can feel what you feel." And this happens with Greek authors a lot but not with authors from different countries. He is the exception.

This is a masterpiece, a great book, an amazing, truly emotional, truly raw, truly authentic love story. The characters feel and i feel with them. And it will make you angry and sad and happy. This book gave me so much love and so much to love.

God.. I adore it.

Jo (An Unexpected Bookish Geek) says

This review contains explicit content

D.H Lawrence, what have you done to me? This book was so much more than I thought it was going to be. This was an experience that I wanted to devour quickly, but that would mean not being able to soak up and bathe in Lawrence's every word, so I realised I needed to take my time.

I found this book in a used bookstore, and even when I picked it up, my Dad raised an eyebrow at me. I said "Oh come on Dad, I'm thirty-three" I thought it was just going to be a book with countless sex scenes and not much else. I was wrong, as although the sex was heavy, it intertwined perfectly with the plot.

"My soul softly flaps in the little Pentecost flame with you, like the peace of fucking. We fucked a flame into being"

I just love that quote: "We fucked a flame into being" It's just so raw and honest, and that is what I love and appreciate about Lawrence's writing style. He is confident in his style, and hell it shows. He is writing completely from a woman's perspective too, which is a challenge for any male author, and I have great respect for that.

The two main characters, Lady Chatterley and Mellors, are very frank about their sexual experiences, and I think this is what makes the book so desirable. The words "Fuck" and "cunt" are used countless times, but these words fit in beautifully with the scenes. They are both for the most part, very believable, apart from when Lady Chatterley remarks about her womb rather a lot, and possibly some of the sexist remarks that come from Mellors.

The sexual scenes were beautifully written, long and drawn out, and to me, they were even a little sad. I did laugh a little at Lawrence's grand effort to describe the female orgasm. It really was excellently done, though. I think what I love most about this book, is the way sex is openly talked of, without absolutely any shame. This is how sex ought to be discussed. It's natural, beautiful and we all have needs and desires, and this book shows us just that in the most erotic and incredible way possible.

Ahmad Sharabiani says

Lady Chatterley's Lover, David Herbert Richards (D.H.) Lawrence

Lady Chatterley's Lover is a novel by D. H. Lawrence, first published privately in 1928 in Italy, and in 1929 in France and Australia. An unexpurgated edition was not published openly in the United Kingdom until 1960.

The story concerns a young married woman, the former Constance Reid (Lady Chatterley), whose upper class husband, Sir Clifford Chatterley, described as a handsome, well-built man, has been paralysed from the waist down due to a Great War injury. In addition to Clifford's physical limitations, his emotional neglect of Constance forces distance between the couple. Her emotional frustration leads her into an affair with the gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors. The class difference between the couple highlights a major motif of the novel which is the unfair dominance of intellectuals over the working class. The novel is about Constance's realization that she cannot live with the mind alone; she must also be alive physically. ...

??????: ??? ???? ????? ?? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? : ??? ???? ??..

?????? ?????? ??????? ??????: ?? ? ??? ??? ?????? ??? 1972 ??????

???? ???? ????? ????? ??: ??, ??, ????? ??? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ??? 1928 ?????? ??????????. ????? ???? ???? ??

??? ?????? ? ????????? ?? ??? ?????? ????????? ?? ????????? ????????? ?? ??? ????. ????????? ?? ??? 1929 ??????

????? ?? ??????? ? ???? ???? ???? ??? ????????? ?????? ????????? ?? ?????? ??????????? ????? ??????. ?????? ??????

???? ? ???? ?????? ??? ???? ?? ??? 1960 ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ? ????????? ?????? ???, ??? ???? ?

????? ?? ?? ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?????????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ? ???

?? ?????? ???? ? ???? ???? ?????? ???? ? ???? ?????? ???? ???? ? ???? ?????? ?? ?????? ???? ? ???? ? ???? ?

۱۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱. ۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱ ۱۱۱۱۱۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱ ۱ ۱۱۱۱۱۱ ۱۱۱۱ ۱۱ ۱۱۱۱

~~~~~

~~~~~

~~~~~

?????? (???? ?????) ??? ?? ???? ????????????? ??- ??????? ??????? ?? ??? ??? ??? ????? ??????? ??????? ??

.....)

???? ????? ??????? ???? ?? ??????? (????) ????? ????? ???? ??? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?? ????? ??????? ???? ?? ??????? ????? ?? ??

..... (.....) .....

????? ??? ????????? ????????? ????????? ??????. ????? ??????? ?? ????? ?? ????? ?????? ????? ??????? ?? ??????? ?????

??????? ?????? ?? ??? ?????????? ?? ?????? ??????????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????????? ?????? ??????????

2 22222 22 22222222 2222 2222 2222 22 2222 2222 222222 22222222 222222 2222 2 22222222 22 222222 222222 22 222222

?? ???? ?????. ? . ????????

## Kelly says

Okay, DH, so I was sort of with you at the beginning. I was amused by or interested in watching you create a tale that seemed to be a love child of the Lost Gen and existentialist authors that instead turned out a rebelliously nostalgic Romantic, a perverted Wordsworth in a Bacchanalian temple. I rolled my eyes at, yet went along with, the endless repetition, of "everything is nothing," by your twit of a main character, Connie, or at poor Sir Clifford who builds endless castles of theories in the air to escape every basic feeling in his life, or even at first the brooding, fighting "hero," in Oliver Mellors. I excused it as Lost Gen disillusionment, a depiction of people afraid to feel after the masses' passion overflowed in the horror that was WWI. I was even sort of rooting for you against the cold, cold people who can't let go enough to feel something. The one thing I did like was the way you could conjure up ecstatic joy in earthiness. I'm on board with that.

But unfortunately, after the love scene/pagan naming ceremony of which we shall not speak, and the comments about how women with "too much will" are lesbians and/or invalid women somehow, you made the ecstatic love you celebrated absolutely ridiculous by the end. I can't even bring myself to discuss that last scene in the book, but if you've read it you know what our payoff was. Really? Really?

The obscenity trials are the best thing that ever happened to this book.

---

## **Brad says**

*WARNING: This review contains a discussion of the c-word, and I plan to use it. Please don't read this if you do not want to see the word spelled out. Thanks.*

This is less a review than an homage to my crazy mother (now I have you really intrigued, don't I?)

It was 1983, and I was in my first Catholic school. I'd spent my first six years of school in a public school, but my "behavioral issues" coupled with my lack of growth made me a target for bullies, so my parents were advised to move me to another school where no one knew me.

So off I went to the home room of a fallen nun, who'd given up her habit for a family. She wasn't much of a teacher. She was an old school Catholic educator who practiced punitive teaching, which included kicks to the shins, yanking of ears, pulling of hair, and screaming from close range.

I kept my head down and tried to blend in with my new surroundings, but my Mother made that difficult from the get go. I was a voracious reader, and she passed on the disease to me. From grade two on she had been recommending great books to me. I was reading everything before most everyone else, but my Mom's recommendation of Lady Chatterly's Lover in my first month of Catholic school was probably her most outrageous and unforgettable recommendation.

She bought me a copy at the book store in the mall, and that's where I met one of my favourite words of all time -- *cunt*.

Back in 1983, *cunt* was not a word in your average child's vocabulary. Sure we'd heard it, and maybe even seen it, but it was not something that was regularly used by kids, and its usage was pretty vague to every 13 year old I knew.

But there it was in Lady Chatterly's Lover. It was all over the place. So as I read the story and absorbed the way Lawrence used *cunt*, his usage became my usage. Lawrence used *cunt* beautifully; it was not a term of denigration; it was not used to belittle; it was not an insult nor something to be ashamed of; *cunt* was lyrical, romantic, caring, intimate. And I came to believe that *cunt* was meant to be used in all these ways. That the poetic use of *cunt* was the accepted use of *cunt*, the correct use of *cunt*, and suddenly *cunt* was part of my vocabulary.

I was thirteen.

Now I didn't just start running around using *cunt* at every opportunity. I did what I always did with new words that I came to know and love. I added them to my vocabulary and used them when I thought it was appropriate.

And when I whispered it to Tammy, the girl I had a crush on, a few weeks later, thinking that it was the sort of romantic, poetic language that made women fall in love with their men (I can't remember what I said with it, but I know it was something very much like what Mellors would have said to Constance), she turned around with a deep blush, a raised eyebrow and a "That's disgusting" that rang through the class (I can still

see the red of autumn leaves that colored her perfectly alabaster skin under a shock of curly black hair, aaaah...Tammy. Apparently she had a better sense of *cunt*'s societal taboos than I did). Mrs. C--- was on her feet and standing parallel to the two of us in a second, demanding to know what was going on.

To her credit, Tammy tried to save me -- sort of. She said "Nothing." Then Mrs. C--- turned on me; I was completely mortified (I'd obviously blown it with the first girl I loved in junior high school), and while I was in this shrinking state, Mrs. C--- demanded to know what was happening and what I had said.

I tried to avoid repeating what I had said. I admitted I shouldn't have been talking. I admitted that I should have been working. I tried to divert her attention. But she was a scary lady, and I couldn't help myself. I repeated what I had said -- as quietly as I could -- but as soon as Mrs. C--- heard "cunt" I was finished. That was the moment I knew "cunt" was the catalyst for the whole debacle.

Now...I'd known before that the word was taboo, but I didn't think it would generate the response it did. I really thought that Tammy would be flattered. And I certainly didn't expect that I would be dragged to the office by an angry ex-nun. Silly me.

I got the strap. It was the first time (although there would be another). Three lashes to the palm of the hand.

I didn't use "cunt" in public or private for a long time after that, but my punishment couldn't diminish my love for the word. Lawrence made such an impression on my young mind that neither humiliation nor physical pain could overcome my appreciation of *cunt*'s poetic qualities.

To me the word is and always will be a beautiful and, yes, gentle thing.

Every time that event was recounted at the dinner table over the years, whether it was amongst family, or with my girlfriends or my future wife, my Mom always got this sly little grin on her face and indulged in a mischievous giggle before refusing to take the blame for me getting the strap. After all, "Who was the one who was stupid enough to use the word, Brad? Not me."

I love her response as much as I love the word.

And in case you were wondering, my Mom never stopped recommending books to me. She was an absolute kook. I miss her.

I can't wait to pass on *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to my kids...but I think it's going to have to be in grade three if it's going to have the same effect it had on me...hmmm...I wonder how that will go over.

---

## **J says**

"I've not taken ten minutes on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, outside of looking at its opening pages. It is most damnable! It is written by a man with a diseased mind and a soul so black that he would obscure even the darkness of hell!"

Utah's Reed Smoot was speaking to the 1930 Senate. To demonstrate just how filthy they were, he'd threatened to read from Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Honore de Balzac's *Droll Tales*, the poetry of Robert Burns, the *Kama Sutra*... The place was packed. Unfortunately, he was bluffing.

“I’d rather have a child of mine use opium than read these books.”

Opium? *Really?* So I sat myself down to read. And it was dull. I tried to make myself concentrate on the ideas, consider the times, you know, act my age. But it was so... so... *wordy*. That seems a strange complaint to make of a book, but seriously – where was the sex? As it turns out, this book isn’t about sex. Well, it is and it isn’t. To me it spoke of wholeness. Lawrence originally titled it *Tenderness* and that’s what Lady Chatterley’s lover, Mellors, struggles with. Against war, against the endless pursuit of money, against the hardness of life, he strives to protect the tenderness within. He wants to be whole. But hiding from the world – from living – doesn’t satisfy. Constance Chatterley values the mental over the physical in relationships until that’s all she has. And then it’s not enough. As her own father remarks to her husband, it doesn’t suit her to be a demi-vierge. *“She’s not the pilchard sort of little slip of a girl, she’s a bonny Scotch trout.”*

*Being a soft, ruddy, country-looking girl, inclined to freckles, with big blue eyes, and curling, brown hair, and a soft voice and rather strong, female loins she was considered a little old-fashioned and “womanly”. She was not a “little pilchard sort of fish,” like a boy. She was too feminine to be quite smart.*

Constance and Mellors are throw-backs, more fully female and male than their acquaintances. They don’t fit in modern society. Being more trout than pilchard in appearance myself, I think this is lovely. But Lawrence is getting at something else here. (Why? Where is the SEX??) We’re back to that old theme of metrosexuals ruining the world. Or Man versus Machine. Or agrarian values beset by...

Ah, but here it is! *“I love that I can go into thee,”* Mellors tells her (This is it! The sex!) but he means more than that. (Of course he does. Good God. Does the man ever stop thinking? It’s annoying and I kind of like it and that annoys me all the more.) What he means is that he can lose himself in her. He can stop thinking about what it all means and worrying where it’s taking them. There’s just female reveling in male and man exulting in woman. In sex, by giving themselves up wholly to one another they become whole.

Finally! The sex!

Okay, I can see why Senator Smoot might not want this lying out where his kids could find it. There are words. Not just that wordy nonsense in the beginning that so perfectly proved to me Lawrence’s point that the mind is not enough. Other words. Shocking words that Lawrence batters you with until they seem ordinary and natural. Yes, there’s sex. Not the forthright, anatomically descriptive eroti... okay, well maybe there... and here, on page 224... and, um... yeah. It’s pretty blatant. There’s also the gibberish about Lady Jane and John Thomas and at least one paragraph of conversation *with* John Thomas. But. For the most part I thought it fairly moving. The expressions may be outdated, but the emotions are not. Constance is trapped in a world where she doesn’t belong, a world where she can not truly live. Afraid of losing that essential part of him, which is not the testosterone driven manliness we imagine, but a more tender one, Mellors has refused to live.

*Time went on. Whatever happened, nothing happened, because she was so beautifully out of contact. She and Clifford lived in their ideas and his books. She entertained... there were always people in the house. Time went on as the clock does, half-past eight instead of half-past seven.*

And then it began again. Life. And this is what will save us from the coldness of the world: life. Blood coursing in our veins, tenderness and feeling for others, “warm-hearted fucking”.

There, Mr Smoot. I’ve said it.



---

## Cheryl says

Oh D.H., you eccentric one. You've outdone yourself.

(Here's to my fourth Lawrence read, and counting...)

This is not your read if you cringe when faced with numerous sexual scenes that depict various sex positions, language that doesn't shy away from using the four letter words that start with *c* and *f*, and insane sexual stream of thought. I suppose if one could wrap up Lawrence's reasoning about his work, this would be a good summary phrase:

Sex is really only touch, the closest of all touch. And it's touch we're afraid of. We're only half conscious, and half alive. We've got to come alive and aware. Especially the English have got to get into touch with one another, a bit delicate and a bit tender. It's our crying need.

In other words, get over yourself.

I'll admit I've been drawn to Lawrence's novels because of his disdain of alienation from the body and senses, and his remorse of his society's attempt at ignoring female sexual consciousness. I've appreciated his depiction of the brutal lines between sexual love and class conflict and his rebuttal of what is forbidden. (And oh yes, I forgot to add how amusing the ridiculousness of his sublime language can be). In some way, I thought this book would be a continuation of the acute discussions in *Women in Love*, for example. In fact, the opening paragraph is alluring:

Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically. The cataclysm has happened, we are among the ruins, we start to build up new little habits, to have new little hopes. It is rather hard work: there is now no smooth road into the future: but we go round, or scramble over the obstacles. We've got to live, no matter how many skies have fallen

One thing is certain when reading this novel, the first half, with its honest, provocative ideas, refined story setup and character portraits, is much different than the second half, with its overblown and somewhat repetitive sexual scenes, blunt, abrupt language, misunderstanding of the female orgasmic context, and lack of plot development. At times, the novel seems to lack cohesiveness.

Lady Chatterley, or Connie, initially resembles Ursula in *Women in Love*, but she slowly morphs into something stereotypical and unappealing. She is raised by parents who want her to have the individual and intellectual liberties their society shuns for women. She marries an arrogant fool who at first seems to afford her the freedom to be his partner in thought, but after the war, he is paralyzed from the waist down. She soon finds herself the Lady of Wragby Hall, but one who is bereft of sexual liberation. So once Connie is faced with sex of a different form than what she's known, it's as if the intellectual parts of her slowly melt away. Yet this seems antithetical to a Lawrencian scheme.

So the more sexual a woman gets, the less intelligent she appears? Or perhaps intelligent women are prudes?

It's not clear what to make of this meander. The layered motives, however, are clear: here is a broken woman faced with choices forced upon her by society and at some point she finds some form of self-assurance in sexual nonconformity:

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, and she came to the very heart of the jungle of herself. She felt, now, she had come to the real bedrock of her nature, and was essentially shameless. She was her sensual self, naked and unashamed.

Lawrence wrote this novel after his last visit to England, where he was furious at the treatment of miners, and as usual, vexed about the entitlement of the upper class; hence it's missing some of the subtleties usually found in some of his depictive scenes. He imagined economic stability could only be achieved with some class upheaval and it's clear that Mellors, the lover, is Lawrence's symbol of freedom from the institutional bondage he detested. The novel may lack the scintillating story structure of *The Rainbow*, the evocative thematic of *Women in Love*, and the provocative plot of *Sons and Lovers*, but it is unique in its portrayal of transformation.

In some sense, this book marked the end for Lawrence, literally and figuratively. After its publication, his paintings and some of his work were confiscated by British police because he dared encourage adultery and most importantly, adultery that crossed class lines. A year later, he died of tuberculosis. One can appreciate the art of a writer whose works have been ostracized and banned (as was *Rainbow*) and this is why I return to his words each year. One thing's for sure: his novels won't be banned from my shelves.

---

## Madeline says

I honestly think that if this book hadn't been banned for obscene content, no one would have ever read it. Yes, there are lots of sex scenes (omg *scandalous*) but all the stuff in between is, for the most part, ungodly boring. The book gets points for having some very intellectual discussions of class and the differences between men and women, and Lawrence's characters talk about sex with more honesty than any other book I've ever read, but that's about all it has going for it. I was about fifty pages into the book when I realized that I really didn't like either of the title characters (Lady Chatterley and her Lovah), and it didn't get much better from there. Mellors started to grow on me towards the end, when he discovered sarcasm, but Lady Chatterley (aka Connie) was one of the most boring protagonists ever. She was almost completely personality-deficient, and Lawrence worked hard at the beginning to convince us that she was intelligent, a task at which he fails miserably. Example? At one point in the book, when Connie and Mellors have just finished having hot sex and are in bed together, he starts a rant about the class system. Connie's response? She observes that Mellors' chest hair and pubic hair are different colors. Fascinating.

Basically, the book can be summed up like this: Blah blah SEX blah blah class blah SEX SEX blah blah class England's economy SEX SEX SEX SCANDAL argument argument SCANDAL Vacation time! blah blah SEX argument SCANDAL blah blah the end.

---

## Carol says

### 3.5 Stars

**Well.....I can certainly see why LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER was banned soon after publication back in 1928.**

So okay, you already know or anticipate that this particular classic is going to contain vulgarity and erotic situations, but for the life of me, I never thought it would be a combination of tedium and humor.

The story is rather unremarkable in itself, and pretty much given away in the book summary, so no spoiler here.....

Aristocratic (*and highly superior in his own mind*) upperclass man marries well-to-do spoiled and free-spirited daddy's girl. He goes off to war, comes back injured and impotent. Fickle, bored and depressed young wife finds comfort elsewhere.....

What will stick in my mind is not the plot or actual sexual encounters, but the many **priceless conversations** from 'the boys' point of view on morality, distinctions between social classes and ridiculous beliefs about intimate relationships. (*Lady Chatterley's opinion of the uninspiring male physique is pretty memorable too*)

Check out this quote: **"I can't see I do a woman any more harm by sleeping with her than by dancing with her.....or even talking to her about the weather."**.....and that's just one example, but **worst** of all.....the one exclamation that **really** stands out.....is lover #1's exasperating ranting and raving about Lady C's prolonged mode of sexual exertions that inconvenienced him. Oh. My. God!

Anyway, my first D. H. Lawrence novel was indeed entertaining, but slow going and repetitive with not much of a storyline. Glad I finally read it though and love my Penguin Classics book cover!

---

## Paul Bryant says

"Afternoon, m'lady - do ye fancy a quick one over yon five barred gate?"

"Oh you earthy gamekeepers, well I don't know... oh alright... but only if you mention my private parts in a rough yet tender manner and clasp them enthusiastically betwixt your craggy extremities."

Lord Chatterley, from a mullioned window: "Grr, if I wasn't just a symbol of the impotent yet deadening power of the English aristocracy I'd whip that boulder to within an inch of an orgasm."

40 years later :

Barrister in full periwig : "Is this a book you would want your wife or your servant to read?"

Jury : "Well, it's not one of his best, that's for sure, but it isn't bad, crudely propagandistic but it does

trenchantly place its finger on a particular moment in the shift of class consciousness in Britain."

Judge : "Cut the crap, guilty or not guilty?"

Jury : "Guilty pleasure!"

---

°°°.°..°-°. \_· ????? Ροζουλ? Εωσφ?ρος ·\_·°-°.°·°°° ★·.´·.★ ?????? ???????  
?????? Ταμετο?ρο Αμ says

?να ερωτικο μυθιστ?ρημα με πλο?το αισθησιασμο? και συναισθημ?των. ?νας ?μνος στον ?ρωτα και τα π?θη της σ?ρκας με θαυμαστ? περιγραφ?·,χωρις υπερβολ?ς αποδ?δετα η σεξουαλικη ?νωση δυο κορμι?ν σε ?να και παρουσι?ζεται ως φλογερ? αισθησιακ? παιχν?δι του μυαλο? και του σ?ματος χωρις χυδαι?τητα.  
Ακ?μη κι ?ταν χρησιμοποιε? λ?ξεις με πρ?στυχη "ηθικ?" σημασ?α στον αναγν?στη περνο?ν ε?κολα στο πλά?σιο που περιγρ?φονται.

Η ιστορια μας απλ?.

Ε?μαστε στη βρετανικ? επαρχ?α την περιοδο της βιομηχανικ?ς επαν?στασης.

Εκε? σε κ?ποιο απο τα πλο?σια και λιγοστ? σπ?τια των προνομι?χων η αριστοκρ?τισσα λα?δη μαραζ?νει και πν?γεται στο πλευρ? του αν?πηρου απο τον π?λεμο συζ?γου της.

Ο Κλ?φορντ Τσ?τερλι ειναι ?νας σ?ζυγος που αν?κει στην ?ρχουσα πνευματικ? τ?ξη της εποχ?ς και φυσικ? ?χει μοναδικ? επιδ?ωξη το κ?ρδος την αυτοπροβολ? και την π?ταξη της κατ?τερης ρ?τσας - ?πως συνηθ?ζει να αποκαλε? τους εργ?τες του και γενικ?τερα την μ?ζα των φτωχ?ν και αγραμμ?των.

Ειναι ?νας ?ντρας αν?κανος σεξουαλικ? αλλ? περισσ?τερο αν?κανος για ψυχικ? επαφ? και ενσυνα?σθηση.

Κ?που εδ? μπα?νει στη ζω? της λα?δης ο επιστ?της του κτ?ματος και θα τη φ?ρει σε στεν? επαφ? με την θηλυκ? - ερωτικ? της ?παρξη σε βαθμ? πολυεπ?πεδο και σε μορφ? διονυσιακ?ς ?κστασης....

Αυτ? που αξ?ζει να σημειωθε? ειναι η ομοι?τητα των οικονομικ?ν - κοινωνικ?ν και πολιτικ?ν καταστ?σεων με την εποχ? μας.

Οι αλλαγ?ς στην κοινων?α απο το κακ? στο χειρ?τερο. Η αμ?θεια, η αμορφωσι?, η χυδαι?τητα που χαρακτηρ?ζει τις χαμηλ?ς κοινωνικ?ς τ?ξεις οι οπο?ες καταπι?ζονται απο την ?ρχουσα πολιτικ? και οικονομικ? δ?ναμη και θυσι?ζουν τη ζω? τους,την ελευθερ?α τους, τα δικαι?ματα τους και ?λη την υπ?σταση τους δουλε?οντας νυχθημερ?ν για να παραμ?νουν εξαθλιωμ?νοι και φτωχο?.

Η πιο ειρωνικ? ?μως ομοι?τητα του τ?τε με την εποχ? μας ειναι φυσικ? τα προβλ?ματα στις σχ?σεις μεταξ? των ανθρωπων και κυρ?ως των ζευγαρι?ν.

Επικρατο?ν παραμορφωμ?νες,ψε?τικες και προδωμενες σχ?σεις που τυπικ? φαντ?ζουν τ?λειες αλλ? ουσιαστικ? η επιθυμ?α για εσωτερικ? αναζ?τησ? και σεξουαλικ? απ?λαυση που θα οδηγο?σε σ?γουρα σε μια βαθι? επικοινων?α αγ?πης και καταν?ησης λ?μπει δια της απουσ?ας της.

Καλ? αν?γνωση.

Πολλο?ς ασπασμο?ς.

---

## **Paula says**

Ah, D.H. Lawrence, why are you so awesome?

I think Lawrence is one of those writers you either love or hate, and this is possibly even more true of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, his last novel. The author's confidence speaks on every page: firstly, Lawrence has no qualms about interjecting his opinion in the narration throughout. Secondly, the book is from the perspective of a woman, a challenge for any male author, and thirdly (and possibly most famously), the book makes liberal use of "fuck" and "cunt." It's not just that the book is about sexual awakening, it's really about how frank the book's two central characters are about their sexual experiences. Lawrence succeeds more often than not in creating a believable female psyche in the figure of Lady Constance Chatterly, and though, as some have pointed out, some moments ring less true than others (as when she refers insistently to her womb), overall she's quite believable. Mellors, the game-keeper she has an affair with, is also quite believable, whether or not you agree with some of his more sexist attitudes towards women. As for the sex bits, I laughed several times at the sheer effort Lawrence goes through to try to describe what a female orgasm might feel like. Really, a bravura performance! As a woman, I can say that to my mind he gets it pretty right. Even where the language is stilted or embarrassing, I could see what Lawrence was trying at: a totally frank, unashamed look at sex. His book is a big cry against all those who would rather not talk about it, and maybe that's triumph enough. But the book is engaging, frequently funny, and finally, as a last novel, a beautiful piece of hopefulness from a notoriously cynical author.

---

## **Amber says**

I bought this book in high school because it was cheap and I thought that because I was going to be a big, bad English major in college, I should probably expand my literary repertoire. I also thought it might be a little racy, given the title, which piqued my interest. Fast forward seven and a half years and I am now a big, bad graduate of American Studies (Chaucer killed me on the spot, and I changed majors immediately), and I had yet to read this book. I picked it up off my shelf about 2 weeks ago, and had trouble putting it down until I was finished. I love this book for its philosophical interrogation of the class system, which even 80 years later is still quite relevant, and because it questions what true love really is. Is it physical? Is it mental? Can you have one without the other? It's not perfectly written, and some parts are a little too stream of consciousness for my liking, but overall, it really moved me in a weird way. And, yes, it's quite racy, even by today's standards. No wonder it was banned until 1960!

---

## **Jason Koivu says**

Oh man, I wanted to like this soooo bad! So many people complained about it, but I misconstrued their complaints for prudishness or lord knows what. (NOTE TO SELF: Stop judging people's judgements until you can judge for yourself!)

But the fact is, two-thirds of the way in I was done with this. I absolutely trudged through to the end.

Why? It's not because this is basically porn. I luuuuvs me the sex! Apparently this caused quite a scandal and

I can see why. The language is sexually explicit, unnecessarily so...or well, maybe not. I suppose it needed to be said at the time or at least some time. However, a person can only take so many fucks before they no longer give one.

And I wasn't turned off by the lengthy asides Lawrence takes while grinding his ax against the industrialization of England's Midlands. Like Melville's treatise on whales in the midst of his adventure novel, Lawrence had an agenda in writing *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and he often takes the reader out of the main story in order to linger upon his pet project. That can be distracting, but in this case it's not enough to make me hate the thing, not on the whole.

No, my main issue is with the writing, which is a big problem since there's so much of it in books. Lawrence is quite a capable writer, but he does get adverb-lazy now and then, and often repeats words for emphasis.

That last point can be effective, say when trying to instill a sense of forward motion when describing something that's going *faster and faster*. Occasionally the technique works for him. Usually it does not work for me. Some call it a poetic style. I call it bullshit...what do I mean? Well, allow me to Lawrence-ify it: *The technique is bullshit in the most bullshit sense, by which I mean, it is bullshit*. As you see, it looks like I've explained myself, yet I've said nothing. Done with flair, it can sound lyrical, even powerful. To me, it sounds like so much hot air. And what does hot air sound like? It sounds like

---

## **Vanessa says**

Lawrence has in recent times fallen out of fashion in the literary world, which is a shame because despite his reputation (often well-deserved) as a misogynist, the themes he explores in this novel go well beyond its sexual reputation. This is a novel about living versus existing. The conversations between the upper class friends proves witty, but ultimately dry, lifeless, as is shown by Tommy Dukes' reasoning as to why he is asexual. Moreso, the novel is about class restrictions, about a dying breed of aristocratic dinosaurs; it's about the call of money and the lifelessness that becoming a slave to the wage creates.

Lawrence broke not only sexual boundaries (after all, to give the man his due, he did offer Connie sexual fulfillment, while managing to not make her a wanton whore), but also those of class, and he did so in a provocative, entertaining, and lush read.

---

## **Steven Godin says**

Though this maybe looked at as the book that brought sex writing to the masses, 'Lady Chatterley's Lover' delivers more than just the oohs and aahs of an elicit love affair, it can also be seen as a parable of post-war England, and the steady rise in modernism. It even features a dog called Flossie. Why is this significant to me? Because I once had a childhood dog with the same name, bless her soul.

Slammed and banned for being pornographic back in the day, this caused a storm. Now it's just a small ripple in a teacup. As compared to the work of today it's sexual nature barely raises the eyebrows. It does contain many a rude word that I can image would have left folk back then with rosy red blushed cheeks. But today, I am sure even a nun wouldn't be overly shocked by it's naughty bits.

Lady Chatterley (Constance, Connie) is the bored wife of Sir Clifford, a war cripple who returns to his family estate, amid the decay and unemployment of the industrial towns in middle England. He takes to books as a way to withdraw, and applies himself feverishly to an attempt to retrieve his coal mines by the application of different methods. He is clearly an unhappy man, who suffers inner turmoil that he can't take to pleasuring his wife. She in turn is unfulfilled, and one fine day bumps into the gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors, and feelings start to bubble up inside towards this man, whom she knows little about. Surrounded by woodland, where it's easy to wander off undetected, Connie slowly is drawn sexually to Mellors, who has his way with her, opening her to an awakening that Sir Clifford simply could not provide.

Mellors, a child of the collieries and whom also served in the forces, slips into disillusion away from his wife and leads a solitary existence with just his dog for company. Sir Clifford, who since he is unable to give Connie a child himself, accepts the fact an illegitimate child is an option. But the last person on his mind would have been Mellors, he has no inkling of his wife's affair, but is open to the idea of another man having sex with her. Does he truly love her? or is this just a ploy so he can proudly gain his heir. Does Mellors love her? or just after the sex. For Connie, difficult decisions would arise. And with her sister, takes a break to Venice to ponder on her future.

Lawrence's treatment of his subject's is done with a manner of intelligence, and compared to the likes of an E. M. Forster, does a good job of presenting his characters as flawed and believable. The story is raw with power, yes, but also brings to the table the age old problem of melodrama. It's not huge, but for me, did affect the overall feel for the story. Each in their own way on a more positive note, the three main characters do carry a certain heroic dignity, a symbolical importance that's difficult to ignore. Lawrence utilizes the self-affirmation and triumph of life in the teeth of all the destructive powers that be, industrialism, physical depletion, dissipation, careerism and cynicism—of modern England, and in general, he has given a noble account of it. There is more like two stories in one going on here, the mixture of romance and sexually explicit details and the double background of the collieries and the English forests, possesses both solid reality and poetic grandeur.

This is so much more than a novel with fruity bits, it is a work which explores how the naturalness of love and sexual attraction is distorted and perverted by society. It has me pondering a lot on the non-sexual aspects of the story. There's a lot of insight here, and plenty of social commentary, so reading this purely because of the smutty reputation it gained then prepare be disappointed.

Beautifully written for the most part, although Mellors is a hard nut to crack with his use of dialogue at times, and some aspects of the story seemed waffley and unnecessary, but just glad to have now finally read it, to see what all the fuss was about.

---

## Dem says

Book Club Read for November for Sit in Book Club.

I finished this book only because it was a bookclub read and in order to discuss a book at meetings I really feel I need the full story. I thought this book was crap and I will try to explain my reasons why.

The Novel was banned and I do think that if it hadn't been banned this book would have had no impact what so ever and very few people would have bothered to pick it up to read.

A boring and dull read and didn't compare with any of the other classics I have read previously.

[illegible]