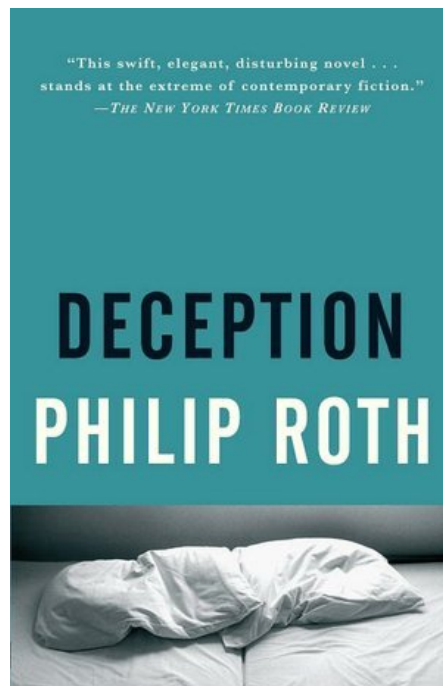




Deception

Philip Roth

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Deception

Philip Roth

Deception Philip Roth

'This swift, elegant, disturbing novel...stands at the extreme of contemporary fiction' *New York Times Book Review*

He is a middle-aged American writer called Philip; she is an articulate, well-educated Englishwoman trapped in a loveless and humiliating marriage. In Philip's London studio, this play of voices - sharp, tender and inquiring - reveals both their past lives with startling clarity. *Deception* is fiendishly clever, as it dances with the conventions of the novel, and redefines the boundaries between fiction and reality.

Deception Details

Date : Published January 17th 2006 by Vintage (first published 1993)

ISBN : 9780099801900

Author : Philip Roth

Format : Mass Market Paperback 208 pages

Genre : Fiction, Literature, American, Literary Fiction

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From Reader Review Deception for online ebook

Simona says

Torno a leggere Roth dal quale è veramente difficile riuscire a staccarmi. “Inganno” è un romanzo infarcito di dialoghi, un romanzo in cui sembra che non esista una vera e propria trama.

Si ha quasi paura a proseguire nella lettura. Sembra di entrare in punta di piedi in questa storia dove il lettore non fa altro che guardare e osservare dal buco della serratura. Con “Inganno”, Roth fa entrare il lettore nella vita di una coppia raccontando tutti gli aspetti, i momenti e molto altro dei due. Sono i dialoghi di una coppia che si scambia battute, espressioni su diverse tematiche: dal sesso all’amore a molto altro. Il lettore, durante la lettura, non riesce a capire se quello che sta leggendo corrisponde a fantasia o realtà. Alla fine, la fantasia e la realtà non sono altro che lo stesso specchio della vita.

“Sì, questa è la vita: sempre una forma leggermente distorta di letteratura”.

Non si sa se ad essere ingannati siamo stati noi lettori oppure gli stessi protagonisti della vicenda. Roth ci catapulta nei meccanismi di questa coppia, nelle loro abitudini, ma c’è qualcosa che non si riesce ad afferrare del tutto, a catturare. Rimane qualcosa in sospeso e proprio per questa ragione il romanzo non riesce a entusiasmare e accendere gli animi.

M. Sarki says

Poor sample to begin a new obsession. Will pass on Roth from here on out due to this pretty pathetic example of quality writing. No longer interested in reading anything he might add to my life if given a further chance.

Πα?λος says

Απο τα πρ?τα βιβλ?α του συγγραφ?α που μεταφρ?στηκαν στα ελληνικ? το μακριν? 1993.

Η ιστορ?α διαδραματ?ζεται την δεκαετ?α του '80 μεταξ? Αγγλ?ας, Ηνωμενων πολιτει?ν και Τσεχ?ας ?που ?να παρ?νομο ζευγ?ρι σιγ?-σιγ? π?ρα απο την σαρκικ? επαφ?, επιδι?κει να γνωρ?σει καλ?τερα ο ?νας τον ?λλο. Αυτ?ς ειναι ?νας πενηντ?ρης πρ?ην καθηγητ?ς πανεπιστημ?ου και νυν συγγραφ?ας και εκε?νη μια τρι?ντα-κ?τι κοπ?λα απο την Τσεχ?α. Η σχ?ση τους ειναι αρκουντως περ?εργη καθ?ς σε ?λο το βιβλίο υπ?ρχει μια λανθ?νουσα σεξουαλικη ?λξη αλλ? εμεις παρακολουθο?με μ?νο κουβ?ντες τους. ΜΟΝΟ. ΤΙΠΟΤΑ ΑΛΛΟ.

Δε θ?λω να πω ?λλα γιατι το βιβλίο ε?ναι μικρ? και δε θ?λω να αποκαλ?ψω λεπτομ?ρειες. Κλασικ? δε?γμα του Ροθ, με πολυ βαθι?ς εσωτερικ?ς αναζητ?σεις και καυστικ? χιο?μορ. Δεν απουσι?ζει η ειρωνε?α για τα ρατσιστικ? στερε?τυπα (αναφ?ρω χαρακτηριστικ?ς φρ?σεις: το μα?ροπραμα μ?νο νταβατζ?ς θα μπορο?σε να ειναι, οι Εβρα?οι οπου και να π?νε π?ντα τους αντιμετωπ?ζουν σαν Εβρα?ους, κτλ κτλ...) αλλ? δε μπορε?ς να παρεξηγ?σεις τον τροπο που το λ?ει γιατι δε το

συμμερ?ζεται, απλ? ο ?ρωας ειναι λιγο αν?ποδος!

Αξι?λογο και το τ?λος, δ?νει μια ξεκ?θαρη εικ?να για το τι ?γινε τελικ?...

Ubik 2.0 says

“Stiamo parlando di un taccuino, di un brogliaccio, di un diagramma, e non di esseri umani!”

Questa strana opera di Philip Roth sfugge a una precisa definizione: si presenta come una serie di dialoghi privi di raccordo che sembrano in effetti (come proclama a sua difesa il narratore P.R. alla moglie che lo accusa di tradimento) una sorta di sperimentazione narrativa, una frammentata sceneggiatura, talora anche un po' stucchevole nel ritornare ossessivamente sui temi tante volte sviluppati dall'autore (l'ebraismo, il rapporto di coppia, la malattia, il sesso soprattutto).

Ma, come il titolo stesso del libro suggerisce, si insinua a poco a poco fra le pagine fino a rendersi nell'ultima parte manifesta, l'ingannevole (?) sensazione che la realtà, cioè la vita, si sia sostituita alla finzione letteraria o viceversa e i virtuosistici ribaltamenti finali di prospettiva avallano tale percezione ma anche il suo contrario.

Nell'acceso litigio coniugale in sottofinale non sappiamo più a quale versione credere: è la cronaca di una serie di spregiudicate infedeltà o un esercizio di spunti narrativi, la bozza di un'opera colta nel punto di forza della prosa di Roth, cioè il dialogo, che finisce qui per fagocitare l'intero romanzo?

L'ultima conversazione fra gli ormai ex amanti contribuisce a reiterare il gioco degli equivoci e porta all'estremo l'illusorio binomio arte/vita, realtà/finzione dando retrospettivamente significato e solidità a un “romanzo” che fino a due terzi appariva, specie se confrontato con le opere maggiori di Philip Roth, come un divertissement un po' fine a sé stesso. Ci restituisce fugaci lampi dello stile dell'autore confermandone la statura anche quando sembra essersi preso una vacanza.

Maida says

Wow... I can hardly describe what I've just read. I'm a HUGE Philip Roth fan, & while *Deception* is not Philip Roth's greatest novel (F.Y.I.: *American Pastoral* is), *Deception* is a novel that will stay with me for a lifetime. Roth really threw down the gauntlet with this one. The novel was simultaneously exquisite & maddening, and it pushed the boundaries-- not only the boundaries of morality-- but of art & literature, as well.

I've said again & again that I wholeheartedly believe that Philip Roth is the greatest American writer of ALL TIME. He's a master when it comes to words-- each and every sentence is crafted to perfection. He depicts the human condition better than any other author (both past & present), & his work is timeless. He's able to weave history, culture, psychology, economics & the sociopolitical landscape into his storylines so seamlessly, & the results are *almost* always masterpieces. All other authors are just left in the dust.

It's important to note, however, that if you're new to Philip Roth's work, you should probably ease yourself

into his repertoire slowly. *Portnoy's Complaint*, *American Pastoral*, *Indignation* & *The Human Stain* are probably the most palatable & reader-friendly of Roth's work. (I started off with *Portnoy's Complaint*, and reading that novel was an eye-opening & defining experience for me as a reader. It raised the bar so high, & it colored the way that I viewed & judged all novels that came after it).

My rating for *Deception*:

4.5/5 stars

Letizia Sechi says

A writer, his writing room, a woman who's not his wife, a bed. Dialogs, words, intimacy. Dalliances between two people who haven't made each other eternal promises and yet so binded that you can't tell what is love, fascination, attraction or just habits.

And then lies. A writer is who builds worlds he can live in, without truly upset the quiet of his real life. A good wife who stays at home and waits for you while you're working. A charming, smart and attractive lover to make you feel alive.

A story to tell. A wonderful book. Lies.

Maria says

Non sono una critica letteraria e non mi atteggio ad esserlo, quindi voglio precisare che i miei giudizi sono mossi da semplice passione amatoriale.

Pertanto, peccando proprio di passionalità, posso affermare che *Inganno* di Philip Roth è un autentica meraviglia.

Versione completa qui: <http://startfromscratchblog.blogspot....>

Ana Lúcia says

Os diálogos entre dois amantes, são praticamente tudo o que há neste livro, e não é preciso mais nada...

“Continuas de algum modo, em algum recanto do teu coração, a alimentar a ilusão de que o casamento é um caso de amor?

Se sim, isso pode ser a causa de muitos problemas.”

“-Vida estranha a vossa.

-Sim, é estranha. É um disparate. Mas que queres a minha vida é assim.

-És muito infeliz?

-Isso tem períodos, acho eu. Uma pessoa tem períodos de desânimo. E depois vêm longos períodos de certa calma e amor. Durante muito tempo parecia que as coisas estavam a piorar. E a seguir houve um período curto em que tudo parecia estar a resolver-se. E agora penso que nem eu nem ele queremos entrar em grandes conflitos. Porque não levam a lado nenhum. E só tornam mais difícil a nossa vida em comum.

-Ainda dormem juntos?

- Estava à espera de que me perguntasses isso. Não vou responder a essa pergunta.”

“Há muito tempo que tenho vontade de te explicar o que me vai na cabeça. Mas sinto que talvez seja abusar de ti, e não quero isso. O que quero é nunca mais ter de te explicar todas estas merdas. Se me perguntares respondo, mas prefiro não falar no assunto.

- Mas fala. Eu gosto de saber o que te vai na cabeça. Gosto muito da tua cabeça.

“- Não estás muito falador. Aliás, quando eu aqui estou, falas sempre pouco.

-Estou a ouvir. Eu escuto. Sou um écouteur... um audiófilo. Tenho um fetiche da conversa.

-Hum. É erótico, tu aí sentado, só a ouvir. “

“-Porque é que o teu marido não te basta?

- Já te falei muito dele. Agora quero que me fales de ti. Já te falei muito de mim. Agora quero saber porque é que ela não te basta.

-Estás a fazer a pergunta errada.

- Qual é a pergunta certa?

- Não sei.

-Porque é que eu estou aqui?

-Porque eu segui a tentação até onde ela me levou.”

“-(...)há coisas a teu respeito que eu quero saber?

-(...) talvez seja melhor que um só participante numa relação adúltera se queixe das suas insatisfações domésticas. Se forem os dois a fazê-lo é natural que não sobre muito tempo para o adultério propriamente dito.”

“ Uma das injustiças do adultério (...) é que quem é amante nunca se vê naquela situação chata e desagradável de discutir por causa dos legumes, da torrada que se deixou queimar, do telefonema que não se fez, da exigência demasiada que se faz ou se sofre. Tudo isso penso eu, são coisas que as pessoas deixam deliberadamente fora das relações extra-conjugais”.

“Tentar fugir do casamento é um ingrediente do casamento. Já vi alguns em que é mesmo o ingrediente vital que o mantém vivo.”

“ Eu também senti falta de conversar contigo (...) Às vezes converso contigo na minha cabeça.”

Jack Wolfe says

Why would anyone want to have sex with Philip Roth? This appears to be the central question of "Deception." Sure, his sentences are graceful, and some of his quips are amusing, and, look out ladies, the guy can occasionally go off on a philosophical tangent that's full of neat contrary logic. But tell me, readers, and do be honest: would you ever fuck a man who was this self-aggrandizing? A man whose bad female characters exist only to ruin Philip Roth's reputation (the "courtroom" sequence is just so outrageously unfair that it's, yup, NOT EVEN FUNNY) and whose good female characters exist only to re-affirm all of Philip Roth's backward ideas on social norms? A writer who would chastise all who seek out the "dirt" in his

personal life... and then write a 200 page novella all about HIS personal life, with HIM as the protagonist? A man who would likely fuck other women on the side, and then think you're some kind of idiot when you get upset, and see your getting upset as an attack on his philosophy? (Which seems to, once again, orbit around the central notion that "if the thing is good to Philip Roth, then it is good for society, and if the thing is bad to Philip Roth, OH THE WORLD IS FULL OF HARPIES WHO WANT TO CASTRATE MEN AHHHH.") A man who waits until the last 40 pages of a book to make his point, FINALLY spicing up his "fictional/non-fictional" affair with the fire of reality, and so making at least one reader wonder if the ending wasn't tacked on as a kind of justification for 150 pages of random snippets and mean-spirited hypocrisy?

Seriously, now. I love "Operation Shylock" and "Sabbath's Theater" and "The Human Stain." I thought "Portnoy" was gross, but "Nemesis" was surprisingly EMPATHETIC. Each of these books demonstrates in some way why Philip Roth IS an important writer: at his best, he is just the smoothest, funniest, most challenging interpreter of the male libido that America may ever see. But "Deception" is just bait for Roth's critics. Bait that I gladly accept with a big, hearty "Go fuck yourself, Mister Philip." Something that I'm sure the man will do. (See, everyone wins.)

Darwin8u says

"How could you be humiliated by something that isn't so? It is not myself. It is far from myself--it is a play, it's a game, it is an impersonation of myself! Me ventriloquizing myself. Or maybe it's more easily grasped the other way around--everything here is falsified except me. Maybe it's both. But both ways or either way, what it adds up to, honey, is homo ludens!"

- Philip Roth, Deception

Roth is experimenting with dialogue. Think of this book as the pre- and post-coital conversations between a man and his mistress, interspersed with dialogues with other women and his wife. The narrator is named Philip Roth, just to confuse things (the first time Roth uses his own name and not some stand-in like Portnoy, Kepesh, or Zuckerman) even more. To complicate matters, Roth also throws in a lot of REAL accounts (trips to Czechoslovakia, etc) that most certainly are more true than fiction. He pushes the boundaries of fiction to the point where the snake indeed eats the tail of the snake. I'm just not sure if the head is fiction or the tail. And I'm sure Roth (both the fictional Roth and the real) would have it no other way.

Hashani says

"I listen to you a lot, you know."

"Too much. Why do you?"

Raw and filled with confusing conversations, Philip Roth's novel is a work of pure dialogue between two adulterous lovers. One of them is a Jewish-American writer named Philip while the other is an unnamed English woman in a marriage which is falling apart. The novel is all about the conversations between the two, mainly the woman talking about her husband's adulterous relationship, while the man listens.

The dialogue oscillates from logical to senseless as the subject of the lovers' conversations changes. It's

sometimes difficult to keep track of what and who they are referring to in their conversations. The topics range from Israel, Jews, misogyny, mothers, disintegrated marriages and so on. New subjects spring up spontaneously in the chapters about random things “utterly without meaning”, and most of their conversations do not even reach a logical conclusion as to how it is connected to the supposed lovers.

Roth blends past happenings and the present into the dialog that takes place throughout the novel, as conversations between Philip and his ex-lovers also emerge in between some chapters. Later on you realize that the two lovers have actually known each other for 10 years. The woman was the man’s student and he used to be a professor who seduced his students to sleep with him. This will leave the reader to wonder whether the relationship the two lovers are having does have some meaning or whether it’s utterly baseless and just in place for their own selfish desires.

But the real twist which creates more confusion comes when Philip’s wife discovers his notebook in which he writes the conversations the reader has been reading. When confronted by her he says that all the “intimate” conversations were a figment of his imagination – “the story of an imagination in love” and the reader is left to question whether he was deceived into a non-existent relationship that took place just to escape marriage. However, the last chapter of the novel takes a sudden turn into a more believable warm relationship the lovers might have had, in their last conversation. Philip’s adulterous lover seems to be real after all, at a point where Philip’s imaginary life and real life collided, deep within the room where the lovers met. But the reader might wonder if Roth himself is deceiving the reader into believing it.

To me, it is a somewhat unrefined novel, which revolves around a rather confusing relationship between two characters that you can’t really identify with, and it was difficult to grasp a solid plot within the characters dialogues. Roth’s style of stretching the limits of dialog does depict a sense of immediacy and vitality to his characters, but I did not find the technique very appealing. However, in the midst of the theme of deception in the novel – deceiving one’s spouse, deceiving one’s self – Roth explores some serious issues such as anti-Semitism and marriage life through the couple’s bantering.

Jenny (Reading Envy) says

In my Reading Goals for 2014, I said I wanted to read Philip Roth. This is the first book of that process, and I liked it enough to read more, hopefully which I will get to before the end of the year.

This novel is told entirely in dialogue, of two people in bed, some "real" and some "imagined," although it is all fiction. It is clear the author has put himself in the novel enough to make us ask, "Is this how he is?" but I don't know enough about him to care that much. And it gets a little confusing - sometimes I thought maybe the conversations were between his wife and someone else, but I'm not quite sure.

There were some nuggets within the conversations that I liked:

"You know how women are. Suddenly she felt the terrible desire to be somebody else."

"*Caprice* is at the heart of a writer's nature. Exploration, fixation, isolation, venom, fetishism, austerity, levity, perplexity, childishness, et cetera. The nose in the seam of the undergarment - *that's* the writer's nature."

And an example of the dialogue:

"Either you're a guilty secret, which makes me deceitful in a very important argument in which I am demanding honesty and plain dealing. Or if things do degenerate, I think it'll be easier if it's true to say that I've had absolutely nothing to do with you for an extremely long time. And finally, if I end up living on my own, I ought to be emotionally freer than I am. With you."

"Okay. I will miss you. I'll miss you a lot."

"I'll often think about you too."

"It's a damn shame about you and me."

"Do you know that poem of Marvell's?"

"Which poem?"

"'It was begotten by desire upon impossibility.' That poem."

"I thought it was 'despair' - 'begotten by despair.'"

"It is. It was. Both."

Teresa Proença says

Um homem. Uma mulher. Infidelidade. Encontros secretos.

Fragmentos de diálogos, entre os dois amantes, com o despudor e a sinceridade, que é privilégio dos que nada esperam receber e nada têm para dar, além de a si próprios...

Evan says

OK, well. Deception is not just about the deceptions of adultery, but the deceptive games writers play with their readers.

How much is fact and how much is fiction? And all that.

What I liked:

The dialogues between the two central lovers.

The beginning and the ending conversations of the book are strong and have most of the best thought-provoking material.

The occasional passages that kept me rapt in the middle portions.

What I didn't like:

The dialogues with the other two girl characters, the Czech and the Pole. These were boring and got into politics that seemed to just stop the book cold. These speakers I found dull.

The very idea of structuring the book as pure dialogue. More on that below.

The ego stroking by Roth vicariously by his alter-ego protagonist, bragging about his persuasive powers of writing convincing intimate dialogue. On that note, it has to be said that dialogue this correct and intellectualized doesn't happen much in reality.

On the whole I thought this was a misfire, with occasional strong rewards. Sorry.

So, below were my earlier impressions from when I had read only the first quarter of the book. These

observations still hold true for me.

Unlike the last two Roths I read, this one is a bit like taking cod liver oil: supposedly good for you but a bit of a struggle to get down. Carried wholly by dialogue, some being very short snippets. There are the usual fascinating insights and ideas and ironies; issues of fidelity and infidelity that most all of us contend with - stuff that arises all the time in Roth's fiction [look at me, I'm such a big expert already:]. But I really, honestly don't care for this strictly dialogue approach. I almost have to take the position of not worrying who is speaking and just fixate on the nuggets of wisdom. But I kind of have to know everything that's going on around the exhortations of wisdom, and just can't grasp that all the time by having to do some sort of constantly shifting mental tally as who is speaking at any given time. I'm kind of "gah!"-ish by having to not only think of the meaning of what is being said, which is good and deep shit, but having on top of that to constantly rematerialize, shapeshift or whatever the word picture of the scene. Roth give us little help there. So instead of seeing a scene, I just mostly see blocks of words on a page.

Mariano Hortal says

Extraña novela esta, escrita en 1990, que se compone enteramente a base de diálogos bastante ingeniosos que reflejan diversas conversaciones entre el escritor y su esposa, o entre el escritor y su amante; parece mentira que escribiera esta obra justo antes de sus indiscutibles obras de madurez. Se puede leer pero no aporta mucho más al canon Roth.

João Carlos says

[
"O sexo não me dá prazer nenhum. É tudo muito solitário e difícil. Mas a vida é mesmo assim, não é?
- Porque é que não tentas vir-te para fazer um favor ao teu marido?
- Porque não quero.
- Faz isso. Descontra-te e vem-te. Sempre há de ser melhor do que discutir.
- Fico furiosa com ele.
- Não fiques furiosa. É teu marido. Está-te a foder. Deixa-o foder.
- Estás a dizer que tenho que me esforçar mais.
- Não. Sim. Faz isso e pronto.
- Essas coisas não se controlam cons

LW says

Tu sei il colpevole segreto che mi rende disonesta

Conversazioni...telefonate...
e schermaglie amorose prima e dopo aver fatto l'amore

Senti, tu non puoi appropriarti in quel modo di tutto quello che una persona dice.
-Eppure l'ho fatto. Lo faccio.
-Bé, ero molto arrabbiata per questo. Un po' come quegli indigeni che non vogliono farsi fotografare, perchè sentono che qualcosa verrebbe sottratto alle loro anime.
-Non dubito che fossi arrabbiata.
-Molto arrabbiata, sì.
-E quando ti è passata?
-Probabilmente non mi è passata.
-Ho avuto nostalgia di quando parlavo con te.
-E ti appropriavi di quello che dicevo.
-Certo.
-Bé, sai... anch'io ho avuto nostalgia di quando parlavo con te.
Ho avuto una nostalgia tremenda DI QUANDO PARLAVO CON TE.
Qualche volta parlo con te dentro la mia testa.

*Sì, questa è la vita
sempre una forma un po' distorta di letteratura*

Luís Paz da Silva says

Comecei a ler este livro em Maio e, após umas escassas dezenas de páginas, comecei a pensar se a aquisição deste livro não teria feito jus ao título. Ontem, após terminar Os Anéis de Saturno, decidi pegar-lhe de novo, recomeçando a leitura desde o início e constatei que estava enganado no meu engano: é um livro extraordinário que prova se é verdade que somos o que lemos, a inversa não é menos verdadeira: para quase todos os livros, há momentos certos de leitura. O livro espraia-se pelos diálogos mantidos pelo autor, que é o Autor, na intimidade de um adultério e está engenhosamente tecido, dando palco a uma série de personagens que se relacionam nem sempre da maneira mais evidente. É um livro sobre homens e mulheres, despojado de hipocrisias ou de convenções politicamente correctas quer no que respeita à sexualidade, ao adultério, ao casamento, à doença, à xenofobia, ao racismo, à diferença de idades entre amantes, os temas são inúmeros. E sempre tratados com a mestria que Roth tem para construir diálogos vivos, ritmados, intensos. E assim, 7 meses depois de ter começado a leitura de Engano, li-o de uma só vez, num só dia.

Sandra says

Come spesso accade quando leggo Philip Roth, se il romanzo non mi prende subito dalle prime pagine, poi nel finale si riscatta e mi fa cambiare idea. Questo è uno dei suoi romanzi che pensavo, fino a poche pagine dalla fine, non mi piacesse, sia per la forma insolita, un ininterrotto dialogo tra due amanti, uno scrittore americano a Londra ed una affascinante donna inglese, sia per i “soliti” argomenti cui Roth è affezionato, l’adulterio, il sesso –che qui non è così esplicito come in altre sue opere-, la morte. Poi la svolta, data dalla scoperta da parte della moglie dello scrittore di un taccuino su cui egli aveva appuntato i suoi dialoghi con l’amante. A questo punto emerge il vero “inganno” di cui lo scrittore parla, il gioco di specchi tra immaginazione e realtà, di cui si fa protagonista la letteratura. Tutto assume l’aspetto di “vita”, il vero e anche il falso, che anzi all’apparenza è più vero del reale. “Sì, questa è la vita: sempre una forma leggermente distorta di letteratura”.

Ed anche questo Roth, alla fine, non delude.

Alexander says

This is a book that deserves careful reading, although it is structured as a pure dialog, so even being a slow reader I constantly turned pages. Will get back to it if I feel interested in Roth again.
