



The Woman and the Puppet

Pierre Louÿs , Jeremy Moore (Translator)

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

The Woman and the Puppet

Pierre Louÿs , Jeremy Moore (Translator)

The Woman and the Puppet Pierre Louÿs , Jeremy Moore (Translator)

The Woman and the Puppet - which drew some of its inspiration from Bizet's Carmen, as well as a particular episode in Casanova's Memoirs - is a precise account of obsessive love, a distillation of the decadence of the turn of the century.

The Woman and the Puppet Details

Date : Published February 25th 2015 by Dedalus (first published 1898)

ISBN : 9781873982297

Author : Pierre Louÿs , Jeremy Moore (Translator)

Format : Paperback 100 pages

Genre : Fiction, Cultural, France, European Literature, French Literature, Adult Fiction, Erotica, Classics, Novels, Literature, Sexuality

 [Download The Woman and the Puppet ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Woman and the Puppet ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online The Woman and the Puppet Pierre Louÿs , Jeremy Moore (Translator)

and his people.

Spain is a very diverse country, and so for example there are more differences between Andalusia and Galicia or Asturias in climate, landscape, traditions, music, meals, language accent and so on that for example between Texas and Washington states

Glenn Russell says

That Obscure Object of Desire, 1977 Luis Buñuel's film based on the novel

French Decadent novelist and poet Pierre Louÿs' classic tale of obsessive love, once read, never forgotten, about Spanish aristocrat Don Mateo's infatuation with Conchita, a young, beautiful Andalusian singer and dancer was first published in 1898 and served as the inspiration for *That Obscure Object of Desire* where director Luis Buñuel famously cast two actresses in the role of Conchita.

Initially I intended taking my time with this novel, reading slowly chapter by chapter over the course of a week's vacation. But after the first several pages I became so absorbed with Don Mateo's obsession with Conchita I couldn't put the book down and finished reading in one afternoon. Why was this story so incredibly compelling? The answer revolves around Pierre Louÿs's delicate use of language, his subtle eroticism and his keen understanding of human psychology.

The novel begins with André, a Parisian, visiting the Spanish city of Seville during carnival; he has a brief exchange with an alluring young lady passing in her carriage. A rendezvous is set. A few days later, killing time wandering the streets before said rendezvous, André encounters Don Mateo, a previous acquaintance, and accepts his offer of conversation over a cigar and refreshing drinks back at Mateo's hacienda.

Once seated, the men exchange words and then, feeling a twinge of excitement, André asks Don Mateo if he knows Dona Concepcion Garcia, the young woman he plans meeting. Once the Spaniard is told the alluring young lady of André's rendezvous is none other than the person who changed his life forever, the conversation takes a somber, serious tone.

From this point right up until the last pages, we listen along with André as Don Mateo recounts his heart-wrenching tale of obsession, frustration and outrage.

How did it all start? Don Mateo tells André of his first two rather insubstantial brushings with Conchita before going to her apartment where she lived with her mother. Upon leaving, he gladly gave the poor mother and daughter some bills and coins.

He was subsequently invited back and returned the next morning and found the mother at market and only Conchita at home. No sooner did he take a seat in an arm chair than Conchita sat on his knees and placed her two hands on his shoulders. Then, it happened. We read, "Instinctively, I had closed my arms about her and with one hand pulled toward me her dear face, which had become serious; but she anticipated my gesture and vivaciously placed her burning mouth on my mind, looking at me deeply. Changeable and incomprehensible, I have always known her thus. The suddenness of her tenderness went to my head like a drink. I squeezed her still tighter. Her body yielded to my arm. I felt the heat and rounded form of her legs through the skirt. She got up."

Although returning to the apartment on an almost daily basis, this is the only physical contact Don Mateo had for weeks. But such was the power of this young, vivacious beauty – simply the promise of future contact was enough to hold him like a vice-grip. And squeeze. Don Mateo tells of all of the various ways Conchita would squeeze the emotion out of him, the money out of him and all happiness out of him. Many times Conchita promised passionate embraces and each and every time there was a reason not to embrace. Don Mateo is driven mad.

Over the course of many months Don Mateo and Conchita play their parts in this melodrama, Conchita leaving for another city, Don Mateo following. And when Don Mateo finally has had enough and doesn't return to Conchita, then Conchita suddenly pays a visit to Don Mateo. And tells him the fault for any lack of physical contact is entirely his. Don Mateo is driven not only mad but raving mad. But he holds all of his ravings to himself and simply, through tears, acknowledges the truth of Conchita's words.

In desperation, Don Mateo seeks out the company and pleasure of another woman. He finds a large, muscular Italian dancer who is more than willing to go to bed with him and satisfy him in any way. But this lust-fest doesn't even come close to satisfying his desires and taking away his suffering. Regretfully, he admits to himself there is only one woman in his life. Ah, Don Mateo, such is the power of human obsession!

Don Mateo returns again and again to his Conchita. There is one scene where he finds her in an upper room dancing the flamingo nude for two Englishmen. "Alas! My God! Never had I seen her so beautiful! It was no longer a question of her eyes or her fingers; all her body was as expressive as a face, more than a face; and her head, enveloped in hair, rested on her shoulders like a useless thing. There were smiles in the folds of her hips, blushing cheeks when she turned her flanks; her breasts seemed to look forward through two great eyes, fixed and dark. Never have I seen her so beautiful. I saw the gestures, the shivers, the movements of the arms, the legs, of the supple body and the muscular loins, born indefinitely from a visible source, the very center of her dance, the little brown belly."

You will have to read the book to find out what happens next. But back on Luis Buñuel's fine film: considering the sensual power, sheer energy and chameleon-like changeability of this Spanish beauty, this object of Don Mateo's obsessive desire, Buñuel was spot-on to cast two stunning young actresses for the role of Conchita. Again, one read, this Pierre Louÿs tale will never be forgotten.

French author Pierre Louÿs, 1870-1925

Marisol says

Una historia picaresca, entretenida, muy irónica, y sobre todo expone un tema interesante, la fijación por la belleza hasta donde nos puede llevar.....

Lucas Sierra says

-¡La guitarra es mía, y la toco para quien me da la gana! (140)

El amor, el tormentoso amor cuyo fondo no es sino el deseo sensual exacerbado. La necesidad de un cuerpo, de la voluptuosa entrega de un cuerpo en cuyo fondo no está sino el alma en jirones dispuesta a ser devorada, a fundirse. La desintegración del sexo, el olvido momentáneo de la muerte en el placer con sus caminos misteriosos (en cuyo fondo no hay sino mil laberintos con mil minotauros y un espejo capaz de confesar nuestro rostro verdadero).

¿Qué es lo que consigue diferenciar a *La mujer y el pelele* de Pierre Louÿs de cualquier culebrón contemporáneo? Justo esa presencia del cuerpo, esa confesión descarada de cachondez profunda en donde el protagonista, don Mateo, mistifica su amor por Concha. La consumación siempre pospuesta del sexo, no por impedimentos externos sino por manipulación y decisión de ella, la necesidad de granjearse el odio del hombre porque sólo en la fuerza de éste, desatada contra ella, encuentra el erotismo suficiente de la entrega.

Hay una doble espiral de masoquismo entre los protagonistas. Él, burlado cada vez y cada vez dispuesto a desgranar su voluntad con tal de conseguir, algún día, correrse por fin dentro de Concha. Ella, golpeada por fin a su placer y encendida por la brusquedad. Una doble violencia placentera, para ella, y aterradora para él, donde el alma, insondable, construye sus conflictos: para Concha, por ejemplo, sólo la violencia puede ser muestra del amor de Mateo; para Mateo, sólo la virginidad entregada puede ser muestra del amor de Concha. Ambas ideas, terribles, construyen este texto de pesadilla.

Que se lee, sin embargo, como una comedia. El autor consigue, por voz de don Mateo, aligerar el tono de la narración hasta hacernos sentir solamente su costado banal, su faceta de ridículo vodevil del hombre engañado por la mujer astuta. Sin embargo, ese hombre (que narra en primera persona) confiesa en varias ocasiones su fantasía de matar a Concha. Lo hace al vuelo, como si dijese "ese día llovió", o "era una mañana fría", y luego pasa a otra cosa, y la amenaza, el indicio de esa fuerza dramática del desenlace, pasa casi desapercibido.

Pero allí está, y estalla, y marca el tono ambiguo que será el final del relato. La ambigüedad del horror o la burla, de la burla del horror, del ridículo amenazante.

Sunny says

Ora por esta é que eu não esperava!

Este livro foi um rodopio de emoções e de *plot twists*.

É um bom livro, com algumas cenas que me deixaram a rir bastante. Pensei que sabia exactamente o que ia acontecer, mas no final fui surpreendida. A única conclusão é que as pessoas são doidas e nunca se sabe o que esperar delas, mas que têm um sentido de humor bastante peculiar lá o têm.

Recomendo sem dúvida, isto é se ainda conseguirem encontrar o livro à venda algures. Porque o que eu tenho era da minha mãe, está bastante velho, desbotado e roto. Acho que é uma cópia do século 3 antes de Cristo. Um relíquia do passado, sem dúvida.

Evan says

A man becomes intrigued by a mysterious Andalusian woman in the festivities of the carnival of Seville in Spain. He follows her but seems to have been led on a goose-chase. During his inquiries about her, he runs

across a man with a strange cautionary tale of woe about his own relationship with this same young girl-woman, Concha Perez. The story consists mainly of his account of his three years of obsessive hell with her; one long cock-teasing nightmare as the 15-year-old nubile virgin constantly brings the otherwise very sexually experienced 40-year-old Don Mateo into realms of frustrating dashed desire.

This story, written in 1898, may not be an unfamiliar one: It has been filmed four times going all the way back to 1928. I've seen parts of that version, a fairly remarkably explicit French silent ("La Femme et le Pantin," the original French title of the book); and also the sanitized but effective 1935 Hollywood vehicle for Marlene Dietrich ("The Devil is a Woman") in which she plays perhaps her icily coldest femme fatale (the film's strengths offset the fact that Dietrich was too old for the role; at least in terms of the book). The 1959 version with Brigitte Bardot I haven't seen; but I've have certainly seen and greatly enjoyed the best-known filmed attempt -- Luis Bunuel's very sexy 1977 French version ("That Obscure Object of Desire"). Having read and reviewed (see herein) Louy's remarkable "The She Devils" earlier this year -- and proclaiming it the dirtiest book I've ever read -- I was interested in seeing how he would handle a less explicit (and indeed, a tale that is sexy for what is NOT done) story. I'm not sure if the story is partially an attack on Spanish Catholicism, but I think it is. Concha's protection of her virginity morphs into a strange kind of masochism; and Don Mateo's irrational willingness to go along with her games constitutes a kind of mental S&M as well.

The book is short and the writing has a kind of admirable precision, but I suppose it all depends on the translation. This almost reads like a long short story. It was a twisted tale, and by the end, you're not sure which of the protagonists is the worse offender - even though it was the teen girl who was the initial aggressor. Some might find some parallels to "Lolita," though the idea of a teen girl being a womanly lover did not seem to engender the same kind of stigma in 1896 Spain (at which time and place the story occurs). If you want a quick, entertaining, oddball read, this fits the bill.

Jim Dooley says

This collection of short stories centers around the power of seduction, mostly the male at the mercy of the more worldly-wise female. None of the tales are graphic and they favor locations in remote classic or mythological regions. The one thing they all shared for me were that they were haunting. Two of the endings caused me to stop reading to reflect in admiration. One could have come from the imagination of Mr. Poe in different circumstances.

Perhaps the real recurring theme is that passion and fantasy haven't changed in the impact they have on our lives. They've probably only changed in elegance and creativity.

I had never heard of Pierre Louys prior to reading this collection. I'm pleased that I've finally had the introduction.

Sabina says

Una historia corta pero intensa de amores enfermizos que desembocaban en sufrimientos

Juan Pablo López says

Una historia terrorífica, con escenas excitantes.

En febrero de 1896 André Stevenol, francés, está Sevilla durante el último día de carnaval. Ya resignado a la falta de emoción en su visita de ese año ve pasar en coche a Concepción Pérez, joven andaluza, de

ese tipo admirable por excelencia, producto del cruce de los árabes con los vándalos, de los semitas con los germanos, y que resume excepcionalmente en un pequeño valle de Europa todas las opuestas perfecciones de las dos razas. [41]

André le lanza un huevo de celebración con la palabra *quiero*. Prolongada la última letra con un broche, Concha le regresa el huevo (así es Concha). Él sigue al coche y logra saber a la casa donde va. Nadie le atiende para llamar a la señorita. Regresa a su hotel y ya tiene una carta en que ella lo cita para día siguiente (así es Concha).

Al día siguiente André se dirige a la cita pero termina contándole sus planes a don Mateo, un conocido de años, que por ahí se pasea. Don Mateo al saber que se trata de Concepción le aconseja de todo carisma que no le cumpla y durante el resto de la tarde le contará qué tipo de mujer es esa.

Primordial la acción y la descripción certera. Mateo narrará su amorío de años, pero por épocas, con Conchita. Viéndola crecer en curvas. Viéndola trabajar en los suburbios sevillanos. Siempre de a poquitos, siempre con decires frustrados en los actos. Mateo y Concha tendrán una relación con motivos más del masoquismo y del fetiche que del amor.

Qué grandeza la de esta novela al mostrar a la sevillana en toda en su esencia. Qué grandeza tiene los placeres de la carne en Europa en pleno siglo XIX. Pierre Louÿs en su naturalismo pone las acciones de los personajes por encima por encima de los valores occidentales, por encima del bien y del mal, .

Dirá don Mateo

Sí, lo sé de sobra. Es una religión muy particular, pero nuestras mujeres de España no conocen otra. Crean firmemente que el cielo tiene indulgencias inagotables para las enamoradas que van a misa, y que, si es necesario, las ayuda, vigila su lecho, exalta sus entrañas, con tal de que no se olviden de contarle sus caros secretos. ¿Y si, a pesar de todo, tuviesen razón? ¡Cuántas castidades llorarían durante la vida eterna una vida terrenal insignificante!... [100]

Esta historia me recuerda a Travesuras de la niña mala. Los mismos intereses sexuales, el mismo descontrol, el mismo no saber qué es lo que hace seguir estando, el seguir sometiéndose.

(Y aveces me sentía leyendo a Federico García Lorca)

Me arriesgo a darle las cinco estrellas por el aventón entre seducción y rabia, entre fascinación y terror, entre sorpresa y *yasabíaquepasaría*, que implicó su lectura.

(¿Conoce usted, en el Museo del Prado, de Madrid, un singular cuadro de Goya, que está el

primero a la izquierda, según se entra en la sala del último piso? Cuatro mujeres con basquiña de seda, sobre el césped de un jardín, sostienen un lienzo por las cuatro puntas, y mantean riendo a un pelele del tamaño de un hombre...) [135]

Orcun says

Genelde ikinci okumamda kitab? daha çok be?enirim, fakat bu kez tersi oldu. Yazar, Mateo ile Konçita aras?ndaki psikolojik ?iddetin (ve sonlara do?ru da bedensel ?iddetin) sado-mazo?ist dinamiklerini iyi yakalam???. Bunun d???nda, hikâyemiz “güzel ama dengesiz genç k?z u?runa hayat?n? heba eden orta ya?l? adam” kli?esinin bütün banall???n? bar?nd?r?yor. Bir de, sondaki birinci ?okla kapansayd? belki öykü daha etkileyici olurdu; ikinci ve üçüncü “twist”e hiç gerek yoktu.

NOT: Birçok film uyarlamas? içinde, Bunuel’inkini özellikle merak ediyorum; kitab?ndan daha ilginç olabilir. (Cet Obscur Objet Du Desir / Arzunun ?u Karanl?k Nesnesi)

Hamisoitil says

Nous voilà en 1896, à Séville, au Sud de l'Espagne avec André Stévenol, un français qui vient à peine de débarquer dans ce petit coin de paradis, et qui se trouve être en plein carnaval. Dès son arrivée, il est littéralement subjugué voire hypnotisé par la beauté d'une jeune-femme, qu'il aperçoit à travers la foule en délire. C'est un coup de foudre pour lui, et fera tout pour la revoir. D'ailleurs, il l'a retrouve puisqu'elle lui donne même rendez-vous le lendemain.

Mais entre-temps, il rencontre, Matéo, un noble sevillan. Tous les deux vont discuter un peu et, André tout heureux va lui parler de son fameux rendez-vous avec cette jeune-femme au doux nom de Doña Conception Garcia, plus connue sous Concha ou Conchita.

Citation : Il est deux sortes de femmes qu'il ne faut connaître à aucun prix : d'abord celles qui ne vous aiment pas, et ensuite, celles qui vous aiment.- Entre ces deux extrémités, il y a des milliers de femmes charmantes, mais nous ne savons pas les apprécier.

Matéo est tellement sous le choc, qu'il ne peut faire autrement que de lui raconter son histoire. Son histoire d'amour à sens unique. Lui, pantin de Conchita.

Lui, fou amoureux d'elle au point d'en être aveuglé par toutes ses manipulations, sa personnalité perverse et j'en passe. La nana est complètement givrée. Se servir à ce point là de l'autre, c'est juste abusé et malgré tout ça, Matéo espérait encore et encore avec toujours de faux espoirs au final. Un jouet. Son pantin.

Ce qu'il y a de pire, c'est ne pas s'en rendre compte ou de s'en rendre compte et ne pas réagir

J'ai trouvé l'histoire totalement fabuleuse avec une plume tout autant délicieuse.

Mais lire un livre dans la catégorie "les classiques érotiques" on s'attend tout de même à voir un chouïa, un

tout petit, little passage érotique. Vous serez déçus, car il n'y a pas de ça. Seulement quelques passages avec des bisous. Mais pas grave, Conchita est tellement folle qu'on oublie tout ça. Pis la fin..... holala. Pitoyable.

Citation : Une femme vous insulte à la face, elle vous outrage : saluez. Elle vous frappe : protégez-vous, mais évitez qu'elle se blesse. Elle vous ruine : laissez-la faire. Elle vous trompe : n'en révélez rien, de peur de la compromettre. Elle brise votre vie : tuez-vous s'il vous plaît !

Je découvre donc pour la première fois de ma vie, Pierre Louÿs et, j'espère avoir l'occasion de voir le film. C'est un livre que je vous recommande chaudement !
