

Chapter 1 : Delta of Venus () - IMDb

*An extraordinarily rich and exotic collection from the mistress of erotic writing &#x2013; In Delta of Venus, Anais Nin pens a lush, magical world where the characters of her imagination possess the most universal of desires and exceptional of talents.*

After being in the United States for several years, Nin had forgotten how to speak Spanish, but retained her French and became fluent in English. The couple moved to Paris the following year, where Guiler pursued his banking career and Nin began to pursue her interest in writing; in her diaries she also mentions having trained as a flamenco dancer in Paris in the mid-to-late s with Francisco Miralles Arnau. Her first published work was a critical evaluation of D. An Unprofessional Study , which she wrote in sixteen days. Rank, she observes, helped her move back and forth between what she could verbalize in her journals and what remained unarticulated. She discovered the quality and depth of her feelings in the wordless transitions between what she could say and what she could not say. Of my struggles to find a language for intuition, feeling, instincts which are, in themselves, elusive, subtle, and wordless. I was haunted by my patients. I wanted to intercede. The published journals, which span several decades from onward, provide a deeply explorative insight into her personal life and relationships. Nin was acquainted, often quite intimately, with a number of prominent authors, artists, psychoanalysts , and other figures, and wrote of them often, especially Otto Rank. In the third volume of her unexpurgated journal, Incest, she wrote about her father candidly and graphically â€”15 , detailing his sexual abuse of her at age nine. Prelude to a Symphonyâ€”Letters between a father and daughter. All but the last five of her adult journals are in expurgated form. Erotic writings[ edit ] Nin is hailed by many critics as one of the finest writers of female erotica. She was one of the first women known to explore fully the realm of erotic writing , and certainly the first prominent woman in the modern West known to write erotica. Before her, erotica acknowledged to be written by women was rare, with a few notable exceptions, such as the work of Kate Chopin. Nin often cited authors Djuna Barnes and D. They rented the apartment of an American man who was away for the summer, and Nin came across a number of French paperbacks: I had never read erotic literature in Americaâ€” They overwhelmed me. I was innocent before I read them, but by the time I had read them all, there was nothing I did not know about sexual exploitsâ€” I had my degree in erotic lore. In , a previously-undiscovered collection of erotica, Auletris, was published for the first time. Her passionate love affair and friendship with Miller strongly influenced her both sexually and as an author. Nin gave June money, jewelry, clothes, often leaving herself broke. Novels and other publications[ edit ] In addition to her journals and collections of erotica, Nin wrote several novels, which were frequently associated by critics with surrealism. While visiting her estranged father in France, the then-thirty-year-old Nin had a brief incestual sexual relationship with him. Her first publication, written during her years studying psychoanalysis, was D. An Unprofessional Study , an assessment of the works of D. Her husband Guiler is not mentioned anywhere in the published edition of the s parts of her diary Vol. The diaries edited by her second husband, after her death, tell that her union with Henry Miller was very passionate and physical, and that she believed that it was a pregnancy by him that she aborted in In , at the age of 44, she met former actor Rupert Pole in a Manhattan elevator on her way to a party. On March 17, , while still married to Guiler, she married Pole at Quartzsite, Arizona , returning with him to live in California. She had this absolutely enormous purse and in the purse she had two sets of checkbooks. She had prescription bottles from California doctors and New York doctors with the two different names. And she had a collection of file cards. And she said, "I tell so many lies I have to write them down and keep them in the lie box so I can keep them straight. He responded by writing how meaningful his life had been because of her. Pole died in July Her first husband, Hugh Guiler, died in , and his ashes were scattered in the cove as well. Large portions of the diaries are still available only in the expurgated form. The originals are located in the UCLA library. She was portrayed in the film by actress Maria de Medeiros.

Chapter 2 : Delta of Venus: Erotica by Anaïs Nin - Anaïs Nin - Google Books

*Delta of Venus is a book of fifteen short stories by Anaïs Nin published posthumously in 1959 though largely written in the 1920s as erotica for a private collector. [2] In a film inspired by the book was directed by Zalman King.*

Sex loses all its power and magic when it becomes explicit, mechanical, overdone, when it becomes a mechanistic obsession. It becomes a bore. You have taught us more than anyone I know how wrong it is not to mix it with emotion, hunger, desire, lust, whims, caprices, personal ties, deeper relationships that change its color, flavor, rhythms, intensities. Intellectual, imaginative, romantic, emotional. This is what gives sex its surprising textures, its subtle transformations, its aphrodisiac elements. You are shrinking your world of sensations. You are withering it, starving it, draining its blood. If you nourished your sexual life with all the excitements and adventures which love injects into sensuality, you would be the most potent man in the world. The source of sexual power is curiosity, passion. You are watching its little flame die of asphyxiation. Sex does not thrive on monotony. Without feeling, inventions, moods, no surprises in bed. Sex must be mixed with tears, laughter, words, promises, scenes, jealousy, envy, all the spices of fear, foreign travel, new faces, novels, stories, dreams, fantasies, music, dancing, opium, wine. How much do you lose by this periscope at the tip of your sex, when you could enjoy a harem of distinct and never-repeated wonders? No two hairs alike, but you will not let us waste words on a description of hair; no two odors, but if we expand on this you cry Cut the poetry. No two skins with the same texture, and never the same light, temperature, shadows, never the same gesture; for a lover, when he is aroused by true love, can run the gamut of centuries of love lore. What a range, what changes of age, what variations of maturity and innocence, perversity and art. We have sat around for hours and wondered how you look. If you have closed your senses upon silk, light, color, odor, character, temperament, you must be by now completely shriveled up. There are so many minor senses, all running like tributaries into the mainstream of sex, nourishing it. Only the united beat of sex and heart together can create ecstasy.

Chapter 3 : Delta of Venus () - Delta of Venus () - User Reviews - IMDb

39 quotes from *Delta of Venus*: 'Only the united beat of sex and heart together can create ecstasy.' tags: *anais-nin*, *delta-of-venus*. 74 likes. Like "I want.

Back cover copy "Inventive, sophisticated. Among these provocative stories, a Hungarian adventurer seduces wealthy women then vanishes with their money; a veiled woman selects strangers from a chic restaurant for private trysts; and a Parisian hatmaker named Mathilde leaves her husband for the opium dens of Peru. This is an extraordinarily rich and exotic collection from the master of erotic writing. Anais Nin was born in Paris and aspired at an early age to be a writer. An influential artist and thinker, she was the author of several novels, short stories, critical studies, a collection of essays, two volumes of erotica, and nine published volumes of her Diary. She was born in Paris and spent her childhood in various parts of Europe. Her father left the family for another woman, which shocked Anais profoundly and was the reason for her mother to take her and her two brothers to live in the United States. Later Anais Nin moved to Paris with her husband, and they lived in France from to , when Americans left on account of the war. She was analysed in the s by Rene Allendy and subsequently by Otto Rank, with whom she also studied briefly in the summer of She became acquainted with many well-known writers and artists, and wrote a series of novels and stories. Her first book - a defence of D. Lawrence - was published in the s. Her prose poem, House of Incest was followed by the collection of three novellas, Winter of Artifice The quality and originality of her work were evident at an early stage but, as is often the case with avant-garde writers, it took time for her to achieve wide recognition. The international publication of her Journals won her new admirers in many parts of the world, particularly among young people and students. She also wrote a collection of short stories, Under a Glass Bell. In the s she began to write erotica for an anonymous client, and these pieces are collected in Delta of Venus and Little Birds both published posthumously. Her books have been translated into twenty-six languages around the world. In she received an honorary doctorate from Philadelphia College of Art and in was elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. She died in Los Angeles in

Chapter 4 : Anaïs Nin - Wikipedia

• Anaïs Nin, *Delta of Venus* "Her elongated eyes did not close as other women's eyes did, but like the eyes of tigers, pumas and leopards, the two lids meeting lazily and slowly" • Anaïs Nin, *Delta of Venus*.

Beautifully erotic and deliciously decadent He did an absolutely wonderful job! We have Audie England, beautiful and charming and shy all at once. Her character is a writer at a time when women writers were starting to be more open and who were keeping their own names. She feels she is passionate and only when her lover is "away" does she begin to learn what passion is and how to write about it. Her "employer" whom she never meets, only writes for, makes demands on her writing. She is to go farther and farther into the world of erotica. She is told to go beyond the idea of "love" and romance, but to strive for decadence and the bizarre. She goes to the very edges of sexuality to write the perfect erotic story to please the person paying her bills. And it is while she is on the edge of decadence that she discovers her own sexuality and how far she can go herself towards pleasure and testing the limits. The whole movie is beautiful from beginning to end. It is always erotic and never tasteless or meaningless. It offers insight into a time when open sexuality was beginning to flourish again. It shows us a world where sexuality was encouraged, not frowned upon. I was on the edge of my seat the whole time, yearning to feel what the characters did. Yearning to have the feelings that the characters did. In a society as prudish as this one, it is but a dream to think that I could ever live in a world as portrayed in this movie. The actors and actresses all played their parts well and with a passion and dedication that makes you believe that they are indeed the people they are pretending to be. I never once said, "Oh, Julia Roberts could have done a better job" or "Leonardo di Caprio is much sexier than him. If and when my own erotic stories get published, should the desire for them to be made into movies ever arise, then I only hope that it will be Zalman King behind the camera. Was this review helpful? Sign in to vote. Atmospheric and not all bad a. Audie England is rather fetching as the ingenue American writer becoming embroiled in the Parisian milieu of sex, drugs and personal drama, played with almost frantic intensity before the creeping tide of Nazism. Based on the writings of Anais Nin, *Delta of Venus* contains some extremely erotic scenes and is well worth a look.

**Chapter 5 : 10 Quotes From Anaïs Nin's Delta of Venus**

*Delta of Venus by Anais Nin An extraordinarily rich and exotic collection from the mistress of erotic writing In Delta of Venus, Anais Nin pens a lush, magical world where the characters of her imagination possess the most universal of desires and exceptional of talents.*

Beneath all this was a genius for intrigue, for slipping out of difficulties, for moving smoothly in and out of countries. He traveled in grandiose style, with fifteen trunks of the finest clothes, with two great Danes. His air of authority had earned him the nickname the Baron. The Baron was seen in the most luxurious hotels, at watering places and horse races, on world tours, excursions to Egypt, trips through the desert, into Africa. Everywhere he became the center of attraction for women. Like the most versatile of actors, he passed from one role to another to please the taste of each of them. He knew each city as though he had lived there all his life. He knew everyone in society. When he needed money he married a rich woman, plundered her and left for another country. Most of the time the women did not rebel or complain to the police. The few weeks or months they had enjoyed him as a husband left a sensation that was stronger than the shock of losing their money. For a moment they had known what it was to live with strong wings, to fly above the heads of mediocrity. He took them so high, whirled them so fast in his series of enchantments, that his departure still had something of the flight. It seemed almost natural-no partner could follow his great eagle sweeps. The free, uncapturable adventurer, jumping thus from one golden branch to another, almost fell into a trap, a trap of human love, when one night he met the Brazilian dancer Anita at a Peruvian theatre. All this gave her an air of being made love to, which aroused the Baron as soon as he met her. When he went backstage to see her, she was dressing among a profusion of flowers; and for the delight of her admirers who sat around her, she was rouging her sex with her lipstick without permitting them to make a single gesture towards her. When the Baron came in she merely lifted her head and smiled at him. She had one foot on a little table, her elaborate Brazilian dress was lifted, and with her jeweled hands she took up rouging her sex again, laughing at the excitement of the men around her. Her sex was like a giant hothouse flower, larger than any the Baron had seen, and the hair around it abundant and curled, glossy black. It was these lips that she rouged as if they were a mouth, very elaborately so that they became like blood-red camellias, opened by force, showing the closed interior bud, a paler, fine-skinned core of the flower. The Baron could not persuade her to have supper with him. Her appearance onstage was only the prelude to her work at the theatre. Now followed the performance for which she was famed all through South America, when the boxes in the theatre, deep, dark and half-curtained, filled with society men from all over the world. Women were not brought to this high-class burlesque. She had dressed herself all over again in the full petticoated costume she wore onstage for her Brazilian songs, but she wore no shawl. Her dress was strapless, and her rich, abundant breasts, compressed by the tight-waisted costume, bulged upwards, offering themselves almost in their entirety to the eye. In this costume, while the rest of the show continued, she made her round of the boxes. There, on request, she knelt before a man, unbuttoned his pants, took his penis in her jeweled hands, and with a neatness of touch, an expertness, a subtlety few women had ever developed, sucked at it until he was satisfied. Her two hands were as active as her mouth. The titillation almost deprived each man of his senses. The elasticity of her hands; the variety of rhythms; the change from a hand grip of the entire penis to the lightest touch of the tip of it, from firm kneading of all the parts to the lightest teasing of the hair around it-all this by an exceptionally beautiful and voluptuous woman while the attention of the public was turned towards the stage. Seeing the penis go into her magnificent mouth between her flashing teeth, while her breasts heaved, gave men a pleasure for which they paid generously. Her presence on the stage prepared them for her appearance in the boxes. She provoked them with her mouth, her eyes, her breasts. And to have their satisfaction, along with music and lights and singing in a dark, half-curtained box above the audience, was an exceptionally piquant form of amusement. The Baron almost fell in love with Anita and stayed with her for a longer time than with any woman. She fell in love with him and bore him two children. The habit was too strong; the habit of freedom and change. He traveled to Rome and took a suite at the Grand Hotel. The suite happened to be next to that of the Spanish

Ambassador, who was staying there with his wife and two small daughters. The Baron charmed them, too. They became so friendly and he was so delightful with the children, who did not know how to amuse themselves in this hotel, that soon it became a habit of the two little girls, upon getting up in the morning, to go and visit the Baron and awaken him with laughter and teasing, which they were not permitted to lavish upon their more solemn father and mother. One little girl was about ten, the other twelve. They were both beautiful, with huge velvet-black eyes, long silky hair and golden skin. They wore short white dresses and short white socks. He would tease them, fondle them. Now the Baron, like many men, always awakened with a peculiarly sensitive condition of the penis. In fact, he was in a most vulnerable state. He had no time to rise and calm the condition by urinating. Before he could do this the two little girls had run across the shining floor and thrown themselves over him, and over his prominent penis, which the big pale blue quilt somewhat concealed. Laughing, they turned over on him, sat on him, treated him like a horse, sat astride him and pushed down on him, urging him to swing the bed by a motion of his body. With all this, they would kiss him, pull at his hair, and have childish conversations. One of the girls was lying on her stomach, and all he had to do was to move a little against her to reach his pleasure. So he did this playfully, as if he meant to finally push her off the bed. He said, "I am sure you will fall off if I push this way. Laughing, he pushed her body up, but she lay close to him, her little legs, her little panties, everything, rubbing against him in her effort not to slide off, and he continued his antics while they laughed. Then the second girl, wishi

#### Chapter 6 : Delta of Venus | Houghton Mifflin Harcourt

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#### Chapter 7 : Delta of Venus - Wikipedia

*An extraordinarily rich and exotic collection from the mistress of erotic writing In Delta of Venus, Anais Nin pens a lush, magical world where the characters of her imagination possess the most universal of desires and exceptional of talents.*

#### Chapter 8 : Delta of Venus Quotes by Anaïs Nin

*Based on the writings of Anais Nin, Delta of Venus contains some extremely erotic scenes and is well worth a look. 2 of 2 people found this review helpful.*

#### Chapter 9 : Delta of Venus - Anais Nin - Google Books

*Delta of Venus by Anaïs Nin. Pin Image: Amazon "When she saw that he was dissolved with pleasure, she stopped, divining that perhaps if she deprived him now he might make a gesture towards.*