

Chapter 1 : The Virgin and the Gypsy | Full Movie | Movies on Cartoon HD

*The Virgin and the Gypsy is a short novel (or novella) by English author D.H. calendrierdelascience.com was written in and published posthumously in Today it is often entitled The Virgin and the Gypsy which can lead to confusion because first and early editions had the spelling "Gipsy".*

Her two little girls were only seven and nine years old respectively. And the vicar was such a good husband. True, his hair was grey. But his moustache was dark, he was handsome, and still full of furtive passion for his unrestrained and beautiful wife. Why did she go? Nobody gave any answer. Only the pious said she was a bad woman. While some of the good women kept silent. The two little girls never knew. Wounded, they decided that it was because their mother found them negligible. The ill wind that blows nobody any good swept away the vicarage family on its blast. Then lo and behold! The Lord had tempered the wind of misfortune with a rectorate in the north country. The rectory was a rather ugly stone house down by the river Papple, before you come into the village. Further on, beyond where the road crosses the stream, were the big old stone cotton-mills, once driven by water. The road curved uphill, into the bleak stone streets of the village. The vicarage family received decided modification, upon its transference into the rectory. The vicar, now the rector, fetched up his old mother and his sister, and a brother from the city. The two little girls had a very different milieu from the old home. The rector was now forty-seven years old, he had displayed an intense and not very dignified grief after the flight of his wife. Sympathetic ladies had stayed him from suicide. His hair was almost white, and he had a wild-eyed, tragic look. You had only to look at him, to know how dreadful it all was, and how he had been wronged. Yet somewhere there was a false note. And some of the ladies, who had sympathised most profoundly with the vicar, secretly rather disliked the rector. There was a certain furtive self-righteousness about him, when all was said and done. The little girls, of course, in the vague way of children, accepted the family verdict. Granny, who was over seventy and whose sight was failing, became the central figure in the house. Aunt Cissie, who was over forty, pale, pious, and gnawed by an inward worm, kept house. Uncle Fred, a stingy and grey-faced man of forty, who just lived dingily for himself, went into town every day. And the rector, of course, was the most important person, after Granny. They called her The Mater. She was one of those physically vulgar, clever old bodies who had got her own way all her life by buttering the weaknesses of her men-folk. Very quickly she took her cue. The rector still "loved" his delinquent wife, and would "love her" till he died. In his heart was enshrined the pure girl he had wedded and worshipped. Out in the evil world, at the same time, there wandered a disreputable woman who had betrayed the rector and abandoned his little children. She was now yoked to a young and despicable man, who no doubt would bring her the degradation she deserved. Let this be clearly understood, and then hush! This white snowflower did not wither. That other creature, who had gone off with that despicable young man, was none of his affair. The Mater, who had been somewhat diminished and insignificant as a widow in a small house, now climbed into the chief arm-chair in the rectory, and planted her old bulk firmly again. She was not going to be dethroned. Now, thank heaven, having married again, she was no more Mrs. The pure white snow-flower bloomed in perpetuum, without nomenclature. The family even thought of her as She-who-was-Cynthia. She had him by his feeblest weakness, his skulking self-love. He had married an imperishable white snowflower. He had been injured! Ah, what a heart of love! Yes, the white snowflower was forgiven. He even had made provision in his will for her, when that other scoundrel--But hush! Let the white snowflower bloom inaccessible on the heights of the past. The present is another story. The children were brought up in this atmosphere of cunning self-sanctification and of unmentionability. They too, saw the snowflower on inaccessible heights. They too knew that it was throned in lone splendour aloft their lives, never to be touched. At the same time, out of the squalid world sometimes would come a rank, evil smell of selfishness and degraded lust, the smell of that awful nettle, She-who-was-Cynthia. This nettle actually contrived, at intervals, to get a little note through to her girls, her children. And at this the silver-haired Mater shook inwardly with hate. A secret gust of hate went from the old granny to the girls, children of that foul nettle of lust, that Cynthia who had had such an affectionate contempt for the Mater. She had made a great glow, a flow of life, like a swift and dangerous sun

in the home, forever coming and going. They always associated her presence with brightness, but also with danger; with glamour, but with fearful selfishness. Now the glamour was gone, and the white snowflower, like a porcelain wreath, froze on its grave. The danger of instability, the peculiarly dangerous sort of selfishness, like lions and tigers, was also gone. There was now a complete stability, in which one could perish safely. But they were growing up. And as they grew, they became more definitely confused, more actively puzzled. The Mater, as she grew older, grew blinder. Somebody had to lead her about. She did not get up till towards midday. Yet blind or bed-ridden, she held the house. Whenever the men were present, the Mater was in her throne. She was too cunning to court neglect. Especially as she had rivals. Her great rival was the younger girl, Yvette. Yvette had some of the vague, careless blitheness of She-who-was-Cynthia. But this one was more docile. Granny perhaps had caught her in time. The rector adored Yvette, and spoiled her with a doting fondness; as much as to say: She knew them, this opinion of himself, and the Mater knew his and she traded on them by turning them into decorations for him, for his character. He wanted, in his own eyes, to have a fascinating character, as women want to have fascinating dresses. And the Mater cunningly put beauty-spots over his defects and deficiencies. Her mother-love gave her the clue to his weaknesses, and she hid them for him with decorations. In her eyes, the rector was almost humpbacked and an idiot. The funny thing was, Granny secretly hated Lucille, the elder girl, more than the pampered Yvette. On the other hand, Aunt Cissie hated Yvette. She hated her very name. Yet as the years went on, it became a convention. She prayed a good deal about it. Which also showed that she had her own private feelings somewhere, poor thing. She had ceased to be Cissie, she had lost her life and her sex. And now, she was creeping towards fifty, strange green flares of rage would come up in her, and at such times, she was insane. But Granny held her in her power. Poor thing, she prayed and tried to obtain forgiveness from heaven. But what had been done to her, she could not forgive, and the vitriol would spurt in her veins sometimes. It was not as if the Mater were a warm, kindly soul. She only seemed it, cunningly. And the fact dawned gradually on the girls.

**Chapter 2 : The Virgin and the Gipsy Summary - calendrierdelascience.com**

*Browsing through and cataloguing my tapes just now (I genuinely had nothing better to do) I found this film 'The Virgin and the Gypsy', which I must have taped off channel 5 some time back for the sole purpose of forwarding through to the saucy bits, weapon at the ready and perched alertly over the remote.*

The Virgin and the Gypsy, by D. Lawrence  
Nine Yvette did not keep her promise. The few March days were lovely, and she let them slip. She had a curious reluctance always, towards taking action, or making any real move of her own. She always wanted someone else to make a move for her, as if she did not want to play her own game of life. She lived as usual, went out to her friends, to parties, and danced with the undiminished Leo. She wanted to go up and say goodbye to the gipsies. And nothing prevented her. On the Friday afternoon especially she wanted to go. It was sunny, and the last yellow crocuses down the drive were in full blaze, wide open, the first bees rolling in them. The Papple rushed under the stone bridge, uncannily full, nearly filling the arches. There was the scent of a mezereon tree. And she felt too lazy, too lazy, too lazy. She strayed in the garden by the river, half dreamy, expecting something. While the gleam of spring sun lasted, she would be out of doors. Indoors Granny, sitting back like some awful old prelate, in her bulk of black silk and her white lace cap, was warming her feet by the fire, and hearing everything that Aunt Nell had to say. She usually came for lunch, and left after an early tea. So the mother and the large, rather common daughter, who was a widow at the age of forty, sat gossiping by the fire, while Aunt Cissie prowled in and out. Yvette sat on a wooden seat in the garden, only a few feet above the bank of the swollen river, which rolled a strange, uncanny mass of water. The crocuses were passing in the ornamental beds, the grass was dark green where it was mown, the laurels looked a little brighter. Aunt Cissie appeared at the top of the porch steps, and called to ask if Yvette wanted that early cup of tea. Because of the river just below, Yvette could not hear what Aunt Cissie said, but she guessed, and shook her head. An early cup of tea, indoors, when the sun actually shone? She was conscious of her gipsy, as she sat there musing in the sun. Her soul had the half painful, half easing knack of leaving her, and straying away to some place, to somebody that had caught her imagination. Some days she would be all the Framleys, even though she did not go near them. Some days, she was all the time in spirit with the Eastwoods. And today it was the gipsies. She was up at their encampment in the quarry. She saw the man hammering his copper, lifting his head to look at the road; and the children playing in the horse-shelter: For this afternoon, she felt intensely that THAT was home for her: It was part of her nature, to get these fits of yearning for some place she knew; to be in a certain place; with somebody who meant home to her. This afternoon it was the gipsy camp. And the man in the green jersey made it home to her. Just to be where he was, that was to be at home. The caravans, the brats, the other women: She wondered if the gipsy was aware of her: Vaguely she looked up the steep of dark larch trees north of the house, where unseen the road climbed, going towards the Head. There was nothing, and her glance strayed down again. At the foot of the slope the river turned, thrown back harshly, ominously, against the low rocks across stream, then pouring past the garden to the bridge. Above it the black-looking kitchen garden hung, and the hard-natured fruit trees. Everything was on the tilt, facing south and south-west, for the sun. Behind, above the house and the kitchen garden hung the steep little wood of withered-seeming larches. The gardener was working in the kitchen garden, high up there, by the edge of the larch-wood. She heard a call. It was Aunt Cissie and Aunt Nell. They were on the drive, waving Goodbye! Then Aunt Cissie, pitching her voice against the waters, called: And she sat on her bench and watched the two undignified, long-coated women walk slowly over the bridge and begin the curving climb on the opposite slope, Aunt Nell carrying a sort of suit-case in which she brought a few goods for Granny and took back vegetables or whatever the rectory garden or cupboard was yielding. Slowly the two figures diminished, on the whitish, up-curving road, laboring slowly up toward Papplewick village. Aunt Cissie was going as far as the village for something. The sun was yellowing to decline. Oh what a pity the sunny day was going, and she would have to turn indoors, to those hateful rooms, and Granny! Aunt Cissie would be back directly: And all the others would be arriving from town, rather irritable and tired, soon after six. As she looked uneasily round, she heard, across the running of water, the sharp noise of a horse and cart

rattling on the road hidden in the larch trees. The gardener was looking up too. Yvette turned away again, lingering, strolling by the full river a few paces, unwilling to go in; glancing up the road to see if Aunt Cissie were coming. If she saw her, she would go indoors. She heard somebody shouting, and looked round. Down the path through the larch-trees the gipsy was bounding. The gardener, away beyond, was also running. Simultaneously she became aware of a great roar, which, before she could move, accumulated to a vast deafening snarl. The gipsy was gesticulating. She looked round, behind her. And to her horror and amazement, round the bend of the river she saw a shaggy, tawny wavefront of water advancing like a wall of lions. The roaring sound wiped out everything. She was powerless, too amazed and wonder-struck, she wanted to see it. Before she could think twice, it was near, a roaring cliff of water. She almost fainted with horror. She heard the scream of the gipsy, and looked up to see him bounding upon her, his black eyes starting out of his head. And in the instant the first wave was washing her feet from under her, swirling, in the insane noise, which suddenly for some reason seemed like stillness, with a devouring flood over the garden. The horrible mowing of water! The gipsy dragged her heavily, lurching, plunging, but still keeping foot-hold both of them, towards the house. She was barely conscious: There was one grass-banked terrace of the garden, near the path round the house. The gipsy clawed his way up this terrace to the dry level of the path, dragging her after him, and sprang with her past the windows to the porch steps. Before they got there, a new great surge of water came mowing, mowing trees down even, and mowed them down too. They were both down and gone. She felt a dull but stunning bruise somewhere. Then he pulled her up. He was up, streaming forth water, clinging to the stem of the great wisteria that grew against the wall, crushed against the wall by the water. Her head was above water, he held her arm till it seemed dislocated: With a ghastly sickness like a dream, she struggled and struggled, and could not get her feet. Only his hand was locked on her wrist. He dragged her nearer till her one hand caught his leg. He nearly went down again. But the wisteria held him, and he pulled her up to him. She clawed at him, horribly, and got to her feet, he hanging on like a man torn in two, to the wisteria trunk. The water was above her knees. It was only just round the corner: She looked at him: She clung to the wall, and the water seemed to abate a little. Round the corner she staggered, but staggering, reeled and was pitched up against the cornice of the balustrade of the porch steps, the man after her. They got on to the steps, when another roar was heard amid the roar, and the wall of the house shook. Up heaved the water round their legs again, and the gipsy had opened the hall door. In they poured with the water, reeling to the stairs. And as they did so, they saw the short but strange bulk of Granny emerge in the hall, away down from the dining-room door. She had her hands lifted and clawing, as the first water swirled round her legs, and her coffin-like mouth was opened in a hoarse scream.

*The Virgin and the Gypsy is a British drama film directed by Christopher Miles, based on the novella of the same calendrierdelascience.com was screened at the Cannes Film Festival, but wasn't entered into the main competition.*

Plot summary[ edit ] The tale relates the story of two sisters, daughters of an Anglican vicar, who return from finishing school overseas to a drab, lifeless rectory in the East Midlands, not long after the World War I. Their new home is dominated by a blind and selfish grandmother called "Mater" and her mean-spirited, poisonous daughter Aunt Cissie. The two girls, Yvette and Lucille, risk being suffocated by the life they now lead at the rectory. Her relationship with both her father and aunt suffer: She sees her father as a mean-spirited and cowardly person for the first time when he reacts savagely to her petty crime. But even so, the girls try their utmost every day to bring colour and fun into their lives. They go on outings with the Framleys, their neighbourhood friends. On one such outing, Yvette encounters a gipsy man and his family. The gipsy man also sees deeply into Yvette and the impression he makes on her this first time is unforgettable. This first meeting reinforces her disenchantment with the oppressive domesticity of the rectory. It also awakens in her a sexual curiosity she has not felt or thought much about before despite her having admirers. While on a second visit to the gipsy family, she befriends a married Jewish woman who has left her husband and who is now living with her paramour, impatiently waiting for her divorce to come through. Yvette does not pass judgment on anyone new she meets, neither the gipsy nor the Jewish woman, because she is young and modern-minded. But when her father finds out about this friendship, he threatens her with "the asylum", and Yvette realizes that, at his heart, her father too is mean-spirited, bigoted, provincial and shallow. Apparently, her father believes that one cannot associate with a wealthy divorced woman who is merely marrying a handsome man, who happens to be a war hero, as an excuse to dump her first and older husband. The novel has a surprise twist at the end. A huge flood surges through the vale, coming from a burst dam at a nearby reservoir. It just so happens that the gipsy man is approaching the rectory house. Nobody is at home but Yvette and her blind grandmother. In the nick of time, the brave gipsy man rescues Yvette despite the fact that the surprise flood washes most of the rectory away, drowning the grandmother. A moving scene ensues as the gipsy hero breathes life and warmth back into the virginal Yvette, who feels the powerful attraction of his manhood and strength. She falls asleep and the gipsy disappears. Her family returns home to find her safe, and they adulate the gipsy as her savior. One day she receives a brief note from the gipsy, "hoping to see her again" and it is only here that both reader and Yvette learn his name is Joe Boswell. Themes[ edit ] The story is a romance of blossoming spirit. The character of young Yvette contains the spirit of youthful unrest, curiosity, free-thinking and unprejudiced innocence. Yvette represents the desire for experience and freedom that Lawrence recognized as dominating the imaginations of the younger generation in England. The theme of aspiration for authentic experience is carried by her rebellious attitude and is further developed in her natural attraction to the gipsy man. Her day-to-day experience and the responses of her family are intended to contrast the inexperience and desires of youth with the limitations imposed by the strictures of conventional society. Fawcett is shocked at the notion Yvette could be attracted by the gipsy despite the fact that she herself is living with a younger man even before her divorce has come through. The gipsy represents male sexuality as well as individual freedom. The theme of virginity, and its almost unconscious aspiration for experience, is synonymous with the collective desires for the entire society before it has been perverted by an education made of prejudice and inhibitions. The virgin is inexperienced, and is therefore purely free to see the world as it is before others have had time to cause damage. Lawrence portrays Yvette as unrestrained in a positive sense: She visits the gypsies and the unmarried couple without thinking about any social consequences. She has an innate curiosity for an interesting and genuine life. The themes of her purity and innocence equate closely with a being absolutely untainted by prejudices or judgment. At home, the stifling environment created by her Aunt Cissie and the indolent, annoying Mater drive Yvette to search for uncharted social waters. She is not ashamed of her response to nature when she confesses her strong attraction to the gipsy during conversations with her sister Lucille as well as Mrs. Another theme is that society is influenced heavily by

ignorance, jealousy and fear. Lawrence saw himself as a liberator for people who needed to enjoy and experience life without fear or shame. The only resolution for the virgin and her gipsy that Lawrence could allow in this story was an act of God. Chilled by the water, his warming touch soothes and saves her from an icy death. Other themes in this story include the intrinsic value of human life. The gipsy is a war hero, and seemingly, a gentleman. But none of this matters to polite society, which would condemn him even for setting his eyes on the young society girl. His namelessness represents the traditional social inferiority of the gipsy in English society. With no way inside society, he is an unimportant creature to everyone except Yvette. The gipsy is not granted recognition by anyone except Yvette until the end of the novel. Her carelessness equates with the way in which her mother abandoned the family years before. Lawrence suggests that, despite attempts to understand life or defy fate, the individual always will be guided by the form of our ancestors and their particular character.

### Chapter 4 : THE VIRGIN AND THE GIPSY

*The Virgin and the Gypsy Quotes. There are no approved quotes yet for this movie. News & Features. Essential Movies. Chosen by RT staff! Freshest Movies. The best-reviewed since*

### Chapter 5 : The Virgin and the Gypsy () - Rotten Tomatoes

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### Chapter 6 : HACKETT STEVE - THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY LYRICS

*The Virgin and the Gypsy is a rather short novel but it is deep and as turbulent as a whirlpool and it is the quintessential D.H. Lawrence "When the vicar's wife went off with a young and penniless man the scandal knew no bounds.*

### Chapter 7 : The Virgin and the Gypsy, by D. H. Lawrence

*Watch The Virgin and the Gypsy online. Film adaptation from the novel by D.H. Lawrence, discovered after the celebrated author's death in , a.*

### Chapter 8 : The Virgin and the Gipsy by D.H. Lawrence

*The Virgin And The Gypsy [DVD] []. Almost forty years ago, and I had forgotten it, but it is hard to forget completely such a dramatic ending. Almost forty years ago, and I had forgotten it, but it is hard to forget completely such a dramatic ending.*

### Chapter 9 : Full Movie: The Virgin and the Gypsy () |, Drama

*Complete summary of D. H. Lawrence's The Virgin and the Gipsy. eNotes plot summaries cover all the significant action of The Virgin and the Gipsy.*