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Venus in India is set in colonial Hindustan, and reveals the story of Captain Devereux, a man who finds it hard to keep his hands off other soldiers' wives. Exploring the fine art of menage a trois, each sinuous line provides proof that tropical heat and erotic lust are perfect bedfellows.

To cheat? Or not to cheat?

Captain Devereux is posted to India, far away from his beautiful young wife and child, and at first is devastated at the parting. But when he comes across Lizzie Wilson, the wife of one of his fellow officers, her ample bosom and open thighs prove more than enough consolation. And when her husband objects to their dalliances, no matter – for the Colonel of the regiment's three young daughters, Fanny, Amy and Mabel, are more than eager to be initiated into the ways of adult love...

Venus in India or Love Adventures in Hindustan Details

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From Reader Review Venus in India or Love Adventures in Hindustan for online ebook

Jorge Rueda says

(esto mismo pero con imágenes en jorgerueda.blogspot.com)

Es una novela erótica inglesa de finales del siglo XIX, que contrario a sus mas famosas contemporáneas y coterráneas (La Perla, La Novela de la lujuria, Mi vida secreta), no reboza en carne, de hecho llama la atención que los ayuntamientos carnales que se refieren no sean más de una decena, en cambio la narración de ellos es mucho más refinada -que en los anteriores, que disfrutan de la abundante descripción y las secreciones-, en Venus en India el autor logra la salacidad con menos adjetivos y más narrativa.

La novela se presenta como las memorias de un oficial británico "más aficionado a las artes del amor que a las de la guerra" que de paso da cuenta de la situación de los oficiales ingleses acantonados en India, mostrando la doble moral y las peculiaridades que aceptaron y, contrario a lo que sugiere el título (y el cromó de portada), no recupera la tradición de los manuales de alcoba hindúes. Sus personajes, victorianos todos, ya albergan la concupiscencia y el deseo; es la distancia con la Metrópoli y las particulares circunstancias las que prohíjan la gana de satisfacer la carne. No se trasmina la tradición hindú salvo en los últimos affaires del capitán, y es tan sólo un pretexto, ya que no sabemos más de la celestina y su cultura.

Con todo y la pederastia y misoginia del capitán, podemos decir que es un adelantado respecto a la represiva moral victoriana (cosa no muy difícil, se dirá) al reconocer la necesidad de que el placer sensual sea abundante y de el participen igualmente sus actores. Reconoce el deseo en las mujeres -y aunque, de pronto, sean ellas quienes lo "alejan" de la virtud-, en general, hace participar a ambos sexos del acercamiento. Contrariando la moral de su época, sus personajes logran hacer del acto carnal un encuentro sensual y satisfactorio.

Mariano Jose Maria Bernardo Fortuny

Estas novelas victorianas fueron una de las válvulas de escape de una sociedad reprimida e hipócrita y hoy día pudieran parecer inútiles ante el "avance" de nuestra moralidad. Sin embargo el peculiar sentido común que Devereaux muestra frente al sexo, es difícil de hallar, no en vano las revistas del corazón en todos sus números presentan Consejos para la cama... estamos muy lejos de que la exposición y el dictado de normas sociales respecto al sexo hayan significado su normalización. Hoy día tenemos premisos sobre la fisiología genital, pero tenemos tácitamente vedado el acercamiento a la sensualidad y a la apropiación personal del erotismo; todo discurso sobre el erotismo y la sexualidad proviene de los Medios Masivos o del Estado. Tenemos igual de prohibido que los victorianos, hablar de nuestra propia sexualidad (o de la Sexualidad) si no es en términos de referencia a cualquiera Otro, a riesgo de parecer pervertidos, esto es importante como ejemplo (la socialización puede tan sólo enmascarar), ya que el quid reside en la apropiación personal del erotismo, en la construcción de un discurso propio.

Venus en India es muestra de una narrativa que habla de otros modos de aproximación al placer, distintos tanto antes como ahora a las normas imperantes: Antes por la prohibición de acudir al deseo y al placer y ahora por la incapacidad de apropiarlos personalmente.

Ante la andanada discursiva sobre el qué, cómo y cuándo del sexo, por parte de los Medios, libros como éste -donde una voz asume su sexualidad y la narra- bien pueden abrir la puerta a ejercicios personales más gratificantes. Quizá hoy, como ayer, pueda servir para quitar más de una anteojera.

Phrodrick says

Tame for Victorian Erotica

If you expect lashings and leather, this is not your erotica.

However boastful and inexhaustible or hero may be he never imposes on his ladies. In fact the women of his several all but worn out beds are as avid for sex as he is. That is his women are sexual beings of their own right and having rights to their own sexuality.

It is possible that our Captain is a proto-feminist, but mostly he admits that, to place it in a family friendly way: that part of a man which betrays his state of arousal has only its demands and no ethical qualms.

Outside of the bedroom our captain makes no claim to be a hero or better than the Afghans he moves among. In his one heroic adventure, he claims victory by luck, not by superior skill, thinking or bravery.

Altogether this is an amusing example of period porn. There is a chance that the reader is getting some minor exposure to the real camp life of British officers at the edges of the empire. In this regard, some academic should do an annotated version of this book with a historian's analysis. Certainly a good way for a historian to garner better sales.

María Clara says

Yep. I just read porn. O erótica victoriana, como la quieran llamar.

En realidad, más que porno vulgar es una narración que da a conocer ese otro lado del glorioso ejército de Su Majestad, que siempre ha sido tan mitificado y engrandecido en la literatura. Y no sólo del ejército, sino de toda una sociedad en la que dos culturas tan diferentes como la india y la inglesa se mezclan.

Yo ya he leído suficiente Romance Histórico como para saber que ni en la época victoriana, ni en ninguna otra, los seres humanos han sido angelitos, pero sí me sorprendió la crudeza y la libertad en las relaciones, especialmente en una sociedad tan puritana. Lo único de lo que me quejo es de la edad de algunos personajes, yo tengo mis límites, y esos límites son los menores de edad.

Esto definitivamente no era lo que me esperaba cuando cogí este libro de la biblioteca de un amigo, obviamente atraída por la India; pero a pesar del shock es una novela amena y muy bien escrita que puede que escandalice a lectores más sensibles.

Tory says

So... if you want to read about delightful cunts, pretty round bobbies and delicious poking this is absolutely the book for you!

If not, you should probably just go ahead and give it a pass.

Gerry says

'Make love not war' was obviously a maxim made for Charles Devereaux (not surprisingly a pseudonym).

In the Indian army, he was posted to the North West Frontier and on arrival he was stranded in Nowshera with little to do until his passage forward was arranged.

He soon found things to do, mainly with the wives and daughters of others. His exploits make interesting reading and ... boy, he must have been tired!

Tof Eklund says

Couldn't bear to continue.

First, some context: I ran across an excerpt from *Venus in India* in a collection of public-domain erotica when I was in high school. The excerpt was the first place I ever hear female genitalia described as beautiful, a notion I heartily agree with, and the scene was a seduction that appealed to me, in part because it was a seduction through words and discrete touches, rather than the bondage rape of most Victorian erotica.

So, I'd remembered it in positive light, and now that my own writing includes erotic romance, I thought I'd read the whole thing.

It's horrid. Trigger warning for all sorts of bad-sex stuff, including rape and victim abuse).

The central problem is this: it's moralizing and smugly self-satisfied, the very picture of the worst prejudice and colonial privilege of its day

The chief redeeming feature of Victorian smut in general is its over-the-top wickedness. To a modern reader, at least, it feels comically exaggerated and thereby lampshaded as pure fantasy. Nonconsensual fantasies of any sort tend to be off-putting to me these days, but that's a separate issue.

Venus in India, on the other hand, strives for realism, if by realism you mean X-rated Kipling without any of the nuances.

The race and class prejudice is constant and reflexive, the sexism equally so, and the hypocritical superiority cloying: the narrator looks down on Johnnies for paying for sex, it's clear he would never stoop so low... but he is married, blames attractive women for his adultery, and casually mentions a "rape" he perpetrated in the past with fondness. Even allowing for slippage in the usage of the word "rape" at the time, the narrator is a

utterly detestable person, yet it is clear we are intended to like and identify with him.

Amidst this horror, only one thing is strictly taboo: anal. (Male) homosexuality is a bestial "Afghani" thing, and the mere suggestion of it is categorically worse than actual rape.

The final straw for me was a scene where the narrator fails to prevent a rape, fails to catch the rapist (though he does tar all Afghans with the crime), fails to call for help, and fails in nearly every way possible as a human being. He concludes the victim dead, then "irresistibly" ogles her, then begins feeling her up under the pretense of checking to see if she is alive, and finally inserts a finger into her vagina in hopes of rousing her.

He is overjoyed - no, she doesn't wake up, it's "more important" than that... her hymen is intact! ...\$#%¥!?!

And that was when I couldn't read or even skim another page.

SHANDIL DALIP says

Read This Book For The Very First Time When Still In High School..In Many Ways This Book Was Truly Indeed A Coming Of Age Time As It Was Perhaps One Of The First Erotica Autobiographies That Aroused The Sweeping Sexual Waves As Even Back As 1973 The Book Was Banned In India.

That Made It All The More A Must Read Book ..

Even Today Almost 45 Years Down Memory Lane Spotting This Underground Classic Not Only Brought Back Fond Memories From Another Era Where All School Friends Would Pool In Our Meagre Pocket Money To Dig Out Such Gems From A Lending Library & Then Drool Over Each Word Not Knowing If There Would Possibly Ever Be A Second Reading In Our 'Kismet'!!!

Zola says

This is a very well-written erotic novel! There's a plausible plot, and many very sexy interludes. I infinitely prefer erotica of this style as opposed to shoddy, half-assed erotica with no semblance of well-thought-out plot.

Kelly says

Repetitive and slightly funny. I guess readers can get turned on by it?

María says

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Tim Pendry says

This is nothing more nor less than pornography written in 1889 and published, as so much late Victorian pornography was, in Europe - in this case, Brussels.

My suspicion is that even the most broad-minded reader may wish to stop about a third of the way through since the bulk of the book after that time is essentially about sexual relations between a young army officer and three sisters who must all be 'under age' - not comfortable reading today by any means.

However, the book is surprisingly well written. The first third, though not short of sexual incident and with its own short tale of what we would today call sexual exploitation, gives insights into attitudes in the late Victorian era, in the context of imperial adventures, that are a good reminder that the past is another country.

The women are portrayed 'sex-positively' as active in their desires and the male as little more than the creature of his genitals, a weak creature compared to a whole line of women, including the youngsters, who all, without exception, including the native women, know precisely what they want and will do a great deal to get it.

What is going on here, this picture of male weakness and strong women designed to gratify the lone male reader in his closet? Perhaps it gives an insight into the predicament of the high imperial male as much as it does of the 'vulnerable' fantasy women we are in danger of taking too seriously.

The image of the woman in this and similar novels is probably **not** to be taken seriously but the self-imaging of the male should be. He is a 'victim' by the light of his own sexuality. Priding himself in his ability at seduction, he comes across as someone whose pleasures are actually given very much at the grace and whim of others.

He is no warlord or Conan, this military man, but rather a confused adolescent who seems to crave the friendship as much as the bodies of women and whose desire for intimacy is the thing, in my opinion, that the reader is really identifying with.

By the end, when one should perhaps feel sorry for these 'vulnerable' women (who are, of course, just fictional constructs), one ends up feeling sorry for the male reader exploited by the male writer.

This reader is a lonely fantasist, a mere cog in a massive trading and military machine whose relationship with women is either a sexual wet dream or a set of inherited rules that preclude the very friendship and intimacy he craves. In short, the book is not what it seems ...

Forest Lane says

Rating

it fit the bill for erotica and reminded me of my younger days when we had to hide to read good erotica

Roxy says

Apart from the prolific use of the C word, this book is not nearly as licentious as you would expect. There is an abundance of references to bobbies, cunnies and pokes, but nothing overly lurid. The sex scenes are rather pedestrian. At the time this book was penned, I am sure it would have been the height of scandal. But there were other works around this time that are far more wicked and filled with shocking debauchery as to render this tome dull and uninspiring.

David Absalom says

This book is riveting for many reasons. It must have been written by Kipling or someone of that caliber.

Booklovinglady says

Just another 'naughty' Victorian erotic story, the difference being that this one is set outside of England, in India. The language is mostly (very) flowery and as the book is seen as an erotic classic, it has been translated into several languages.
