



365 Nights: A Memoir of Intimacy

Charla Muller, Betsy Thorpe

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When Charla Muller?s husband turned 40, she gave him something memorable. Sex. Every day. For an entire year.

The Mullers had a solid marriage and two wonderful children, but over the years sex had fallen low on their to-do list. The lack of intimacy wasn't causing them to drift apart, exactly, but their connection didn't seem as great as it could be. Charla decided she couldn't go on pretending the relationship they once had wasn't important.

The couple would embark on a year of scheduled sex, falling over Tonka trucks and piles of laundry in an effort to make time for each other. There were obstacles along the way (work implosions, faking it) and questions came to light. Will sex every day strengthen a marriage, or reveal the cracks? Pull a couple together or drive them apart? Does good sex (even mediocre sex) make up for things that aren't so good?

365 Nights: A Memoir of Intimacy Details

Date : Published June 24th 2008 by Berkley

ISBN : 9780425222577

Author : Charla Muller , Betsy Thorpe

Format : Paperback 270 pages

Genre : Nonfiction, Autobiography, Memoir, Biography Memoir, Marriage, Sexuality, Humor

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Dawn says

I saw this couple on some talk shows last year when the book came out. She gives her husband sex every day for a year for his 40th birthday. The book is weird, not even really about their relationship but about her childhood, neighbors, etc. Would have been more interesting if she talked about all the times she wished she would have just bought him a tie...

Megan says

I hated this book. I only finished it because I really dislike abandoning books halfway through, and because I thought it SURELY must get better somewhere along the way... it didn't. Repetitive, cliched, boring, pointless... I could go on but I've wasted enough time already.

Stan Armiger says

I'm a guy and the only reason I picked this book up at the local book exchange was even at my most virile I don't ever think I would be up for it every night. I was interested to see how husband Chad held out but there was no real mention of this or for that matter any other intimate details.

This book was total con and very hard to keep reading and I only finished it as I am such miserly bastard I needed to get my moneys worth out of the nominal price I paid for it. I just thank God that I did not pay anywhere near the full price.

I feel the blurb on the cover that read "A Memoir of Intimacy" should have been "The Miscellaneous Meanderings of a Middle Class American Lady"

Sara says

I didn't care for this...I thought it would be more of an interesting topic, but it was random chapters about random things. I was hoping it would be more encouraging information about marriage and intimacy, but that's not how this came across. I don't know...it just didn't work for me.

Liralen says

I found this book while browsing in the library and was intrigued. Unfortunately, it was something of a disappointment - there is, frankly, not a whole lot of tension (I don't mean that I wish that the year of daily sex had gone terribly and that they'd considered divorce - simply that the book could pretty much be summed up as "We had sex every day for a year. My husband loved it. Me, not so much. It was *great* for our relationship!").

As other reviewers have pointed out, sex and intimacy are not one and the same. The author's approach to improving her marriage is interesting, sure, but there is really very little discussion of either sex (they had it) or intimacy (it improved?) in this book. The author could have delved much, much deeper to make for a more compelling read.

Jayne Lamb says

One of those annoying, unfinishable books that are completely misrepresented by their premise. This is in no way a 'memoir of intimacy' - no great insights about the nature of maintaining sex in married life - instead it's a little like being forced to read a year's worth of the 'Muller family newsletter; you know, the kind that some families send out with a Christmas card every year that details Every. Little. Thing. that happened during two-thousand and whatever. So, if the idea of listening to a years' worth of ramblings from an upper middle class white Southern soccer mom whose most interesting vice is watching Bad Television (presumably Jerry Springer-type shows) floats your boat, this one's for you. But trust me: your life is far more interesting. And I don't even know you.

Jessie Terwilliger says

Okay. So I understand how a promise to have sex for 365 days straight can kind of turn into other stories, and I understand that a "memoir of intimacy" does not mean a memoir OF the sex.

However...

The first thing that bothered me was that as she mentioned to her husband that they needed to define what "sex" was, they never clearly defined it! This is because the author shies away from actually ever mentioning sex, and in one part even mentions something about if her family is reading this then "disregard that last part, it never happened," *casual whistling*

Ultimately, it's a story about how batshit crazy narcissistic this woman is because even as she's giving her husband The Gift, she obviously loathes every minute of it and often makes mention that her husband complained that she wasn't "into it," in other words she was just lying there. What is so intimate about THAT I wonder? Because that is basically plain old "Just Sex," and there is nothing intimate about that. But the author proudly proclaims in her final chapter (which she entitled "Independence Day",) where she is now "free of the gift" that she did it, she made intimacy happen between them.

No. She made sex happen between them. This was neither a memoir of intimacy nor was it a memoir of sex for a year. It was just a bunch of crap ramblings about getting old and so what if she doesn't look like a Victoria's Secret model because none of those models are having sex with their husband every night of the year so HA!

This book's title was misleading, and the sex for a year was played up to be much more than it was in this book. Had it been called anything else, I'd of never read it, and I'm actually quite upset that I wasted my time on it. Really disappointing.

Britomarte Van Horn says

This was one of the worst things I have ever read.

She learns basic and obvious life lessons and spoon-feeds them to the reader, garnished with passive-aggressive or outright nasty observations, mostly about other women:

"I cry even if I'm sitting on the groom's side in the way back and I don't know the bride from Eve. I cry at how beautiful she looks. Even if she doesn't look that beautiful (and let's face it, some don't), she probably looks as good as she'll ever look.

On top of that, the writer seems convinced that men and women are different species. MEN LIKE SPORTS. WOMEN PRETEND TO ATTRACT THEM. MEN LIKE SEX AND WANT IT ALL THE TIME. WOMEN TOLERATE SEX OCCASIONALLY.

I finished it out of horrified fascination. Save yourself.

Karen says

do NOT read this book. seems like there's a whole new genre of "i want to make money so i'm going to do (insert project) for a year and then write a book about it and be rich and famous" lit out there.

i WAS intrigued by the author's concept--having sex w/your spouse every freaking day for a year, who the eff has time for that. i expected lots of funny scenarios-gone-wrong, etc.

no.

noooooo.

this was so painful i couldn't even finish it, and i'm not the kind of gal who gives up easily on a book. this was just so stupid and boring.....instead of regaling the reader with erotic escapades (or even a small dose of humor) the writer just goes on and on and onnnnnnnn about how much she loves her hubby, hates mini-vans, and how hard it is to come to terms w/your physical self as you age and beauty fades.

fucking boring.

Mindy says

Not an easy feat to make 365 nights of sex boring, but this book nailed it. After the first chapter, I started skimming, and eventually flipped to the back of the book and began reading it backwards. A vein of saccharin passive-aggression permeated the book, especially in passages about her husband's family. And the focus seemed primarily self-centered---an "I want to pick a gift that is so HUGE that my husband (and the

rest of the world) cannot forget what I did."

Today I also finished *Just Do It* by Doug Brown about the sexathon that he and his wife Annie embarked upon. The feel of that book was totally different; Annie's naturalness and genuinely wholesome sweetness really came through, as did Doug's. Then I saw an interview of Doug and Annie on the Today Show, and thought, "Yep. They seem genuine." Doug's book eventually became repetitive and ho-hum in places, but overall, it radiated the essence of a vibrant marriage and inspired me to reinvigorate my own. *365 Nights*, however, was a yawn.

Carrie Runnals says

Wow, I've received some pretty intense statements, dare I say "accusations" about this book. I'll be speaking with the author tomorrow, so I'll pass them along. Hmmmm, wonder what the rest of you GoodReads "guys" think...

Sarah says

Someone needs to give Ms. Muller the memo that "intimacy" is not, in fact, a synonym for intercourse, or, really, for sex in general. This switcheroo gets really nauseating pretty early on in this book, and it also undermines her ability to say anything that's actually meaningful about how having more sex than you think you want increases intimacy in a marriage. Because of my minor nonfiction addiction (/nosiness problem), it was not uninteresting to read what a pleasant middle-class Protestant wife in a small American city thinks is worth discussing, but if you were expecting her to actually follow up on her premise the way she follows up on her promise, be aware that if you're not Brad Muller she's kind of an, ahem, tease. Hilarity does not ensue, and neither does practical advice, detail, angst, or any of the things that might suggest, well, intimacy.

Lisa says

I read this because the author is a friend of a friend through three different people. When she stayed on topic, I thought it was interesting and liked the book. However, when she pontificated about her thoughts on the world, marriage, work, children, the meaning of holidays, it was quite annoying. Why should I care what she thinks? Unfortunately, this was over 60% of the book. I felt a little bait and switched, so that she could write about herself instead of the title of the book. Or, maybe she was just trying to fill pages.

Karen says

My husband and I decided to read this book together. We thought it could be fun to see how another couple went about having sex every day for a year.

We're about halfway thought the book and I'm not sure we'll actually finish it.

If you're married with children and you need a pep talk that intimacy is possible even with all the stress of

everyday life, then the author's words will probaly be comforting and maybe even a little inspiring that 'you can do it too'.

However for us, the book just wasn't what we expected. We weren't expecting anything explicit, but to say this book is tame is an understatement. In the end, the answer always seems to be 'just make time'; with little else to offer.

Debbie Sochor says

I borrowed this from the library because I was curious what the big deal was. I found this book boring cover to cover.
