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Lodge, David. Therapy.

Therapy is a book that has been on my mind for ten years. Seriously. I started reading it ten years ago and then lost it to my despair. For some reason I didn't get my hands on another copy right away, and then I forgot the exact title and author—you know how that is—and from time to time I would remember this book as a wonderful pleasurable read and curse myself for losing it in the first place. But the universe often rights itself, and I recently stumbled upon the title. Hooray! Of course, I finished the book in two days: a) because I loved it b) to minimize the chances of me losing it again.

I had remembered this novel as humorous, charming, and immensely readable—which it is—but what I didn't initially realize is that David Lodge is a serious/funny/British writer. *Therapy* will not be the last David Lodge book that I read. I am now a David Lodge fan. He's funny. He's smart. He's a fan of Graham Greene. What more can I ask for? Anyway, what is *Therapy* about, you may wonder? Well, Tubby Passmore is a successful sitcom screenwriter who goes to various therapies for aches and pains and angst. That's basically it. Well, there is a lot more involving love relationships and existential doubt—but you will just have to read it to find out.

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