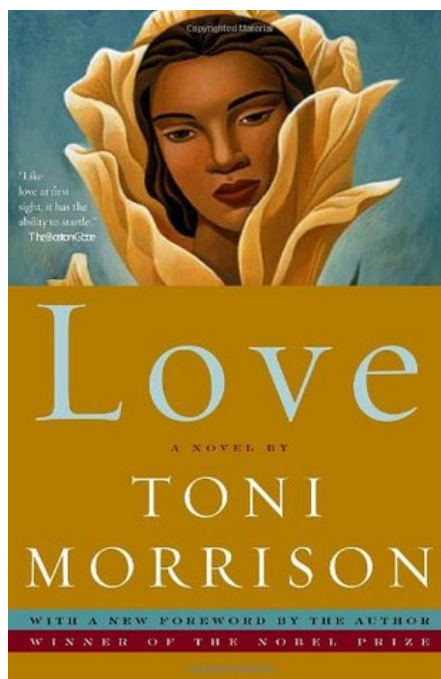




Love

Toni Morrison

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) ➔

Love

Toni Morrison

Love Toni Morrison

Nobel Prize laureate Toni Morrison's spellbinding new novel is a Faulknerian symphony of passion and hatred, power and perversity, color and class that spans three generations of black women in a fading beach town.

In life, Bill Cosey enjoyed the affections of many women, who would do almost anything to gain his favor. In death his hold on them may be even stronger. Wife, daughter, granddaughter, employee, mistress: As Morrison's protagonists stake their furious claim on Cosey's memory and estate, using everything from intrigue to outright violence, she creates a work that is shrewd, funny, erotic, and heartwrenching.

Love Details

Date : Published January 4th 2005 by Vintage (first published 2002)

ISBN : 9781400078479

Author : Toni Morrison

Format : Paperback 224 pages

Genre : Fiction, Cultural, African American, Literary Fiction, Literature

 [Download Love ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Love ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online Love Toni Morrison

From Reader Review Love for online ebook

Carl R. says

I guess I see a little what all the complaining is about. Love received such tepid reviews I was almost afraid to read for fear it would bring Toni Morrison down from her (all right, my) pedestal. I shouldn't have worried. This is not Morrison at full power. It's neither Song of Solomon nor Beloved, but eighty or ninety per cent of Tony Morrison is worth a hundred and twenty per cent of almost anyone else.

All over the world, traitors help progress. It's like being exposed to tuberculosis. After it fills the cemetery, it strengthens whoever survives; helps them to know the difference between a strong mind and a healthy one; between the righteous and the right--which is, after all, progress. The problem for those left alive is what to do about revenge--how to escape the sweetness of its rot. So you can see why families make the best enemies.

Not many authors could live up to that. But Toni does. Love explores a history of a neighborhood, a country, a race, a family, several lives, all bound to one another's selves and histories with an an intensity that is born of love and nourished by hatred. Heed (full name Heed the Night) and Christine are old ladies in a house inherited from a common patriarch. Which one of them is the true heir is ambiguous, but neither will let go either of the house or of the bitterness, either about their situation or toward one another.

Into the scene comes one of those characters--girls--that Morrison loves. Junior Viviane ("With and "e." Are you loving the names?)--she won't let anyone call her June--drops seemingly out of nowhere, in the scene she is, but not of it, outside any human or natural law, and born to sow turmoil wherever she lands.

Now, again, this is Morrison, so we know to expect the supernatural, or spiritual voices. And we get them. Truth? I'm not sure who one or two of them are. But the voices are haunting and truthful and guide us through the vortex of time and emotion back to the beginning of all this period that the book covers. Little by little, of course. We learn nothing all at once. it wouldn't be good for us, like looking on the face of God. When our two hundred page journey is done, and this portion of the story is played out as much as it's going to be this time around, we're left with that Morrison feeling that we're walking out of a fantasy into some foreign place--call it daylight--where the edges are sharp, things are what they seem, and facts are solid as stone. During the journey, however, nothing has quite made sense and, yet, everything did. It was awful for a fifty-plus man to marry himself off to an eleven-year-old girl. But you understood it. It wasn't right, but you understood it. No way out here in the sunlight it can be contemplated, let alone forgiven. You had to be there. Same with half the stuff Junior does. We're glad to find a steadying influence like Sandler in the neighborhood, but too much of him would get in the way of the story, and it's the story that matters as much as the living. And that may be the Morrison Nobel point. The story, the myth, the tale, is as important as the living of it, may even determine the living, and in turn the telling, of it. And like the line about not knowing the dancer from the dance, you in the end may not know the person from his story, or one from the other. Enchantment.

Leslie Reese says

Beautifully written; I just didn't like it.

Tracy Darity says

"Love" was typical Toni Morrison. It starts out requiring 110% of your intellectual being, otherwise, you are

lost from the gate. And that is what happened to me. This book was very confusing and hard to get into. The character depictions, the indepth descriptions of a oceanside town, the timelines, spirits from the sea claiming lives, etc was just too much to concentrate on. I often found myself going back and rereading passages to figure out relationships amongst the characters. It wasn't until I reached page 107 or so that the book either started to flow, or my mind was clear enough to understand. That "aha" moment was like a breath of fresh air and redeemed Ms. Morrison as one of my all time favorite authors.

Love can mean different things to different people based on their relationship with the person or thing they are in love with. The premise of this book is the love between two childhood friends who are made to hate one another by the very adults whose guidance and affection they needed to survive. As most of us know, in order to hate, you must first love, and love conquers all, even hate. The problem is, hate consumes so much of us in terms of time, and energy. So here we have two childhood friends, taught to hate, and wasted lives that find them in a quandry some 50 years later, realizing that thier love for each other is stronger than their hate. Unfortunately, this realization comes too late (well not really in terms of forgiveness).

Ms. Morrison's tale also deals with other social issues that probably unsettled many readers, but that is her writing style. Slavery, oppression, child molestation, self-hatred, it is all there, even the narration of a kindred spirit. The ending left me wanting more closure and June Viviane having some form of blood ties to Bill Cosey, her Good Man.

Tracy L. Darity is the author of "He Loves Me He Loves Me Not! and "Love...Like Snow In Florida On A Hot Summer Day.

Arwen56 says

Non sono in grado di esprimere un giudizio chiaro su questo romanzo, per diversi motivi, ma soprattutto perché, quando sono arrivata all'ultima pagina, mi sono rimasti troppi interrogativi irrisolti sui personaggi, troppi dubbi sui loro rapporti e sui loro legami.

Tanto per citarne qualcuno: Chi è L? Chi è Celestial? Sono la stessa persona? Sono vive o sono morte? E chi è Junior? La figlia di Celestial? E come fa a conoscere Will Cosey se lui è morto prima ancora che lei nascesse? E Christine dice tutta la verità o ci sono cose che ha tenuto nascoste?

Non so ... credo sia meglio che legga altro di questa autrice per chiarirmi le idee.

Natalie Richards says

I found this book to be a bit disjointed and found it really difficult to connect to any of the characters. Why they were all fighting over the same (horrible) man, is beyond me!

Orbi Alter says

Ovo je fenomenalno i briljantno napisana knjiga... Tesko je povjerovati da na dvjestotinjak stranica mozes doživjeti ovakve kompleksne odnose i da nije neprimjereno, nazvala bih je obiteljskom sagom.

Jedan od onih klasika koji nije najjednostavniji za citanje u smislu da zahtjeva ozbiljnu koncentraciju zbog konstantnih vremenskih skokova i na trenutke otezanog nelinearnog, razbijenog pripovijednja (premda ne kao sto to nalazim u Faulkneru - a vidim da se takve paralele uglavnom vuku). No, stil pisanja je toliko prekrasan i ne znam s kojim bih ga sad mogla usporediti. Osjećaj je kao da sam procitala knjigu poezije i sad mi je bice na miru neko vrijeme.

Najveći paradoks u cijeloj priči je što se ona sastoji od užasnih dijelova i ostavlja bas gorak okus. To mi se dogodalo i s *Cestom*, knjiga koja izaziva tjeskobu i užas, a u isto vrijeme, ima li ista ljepse?

Okosnica radnje je Bill Cosey, vlasnik ljetovalista i pripadnih postratne afroamericke srednje klase, koji je unatoc tome sto je mrtav vec 25 godina i dalje glavni pokretac radnje i svih gotickih, poremecenih odnosa medu likovima... Studija je to o ljubavi i posvecenosti mrznji, osamljenosti i oprostu.

Kroz 9 poglavlja, rasplje se prica o Coseyju i to kroz oci razlicitih naratora i naratorica. S jedne strane, zaposljava mjestane i zaista je poslodavac za pozeljeti, s druge strane, bogatstvo je stekao nasljedstvom od svojeg djeda koji je afroamerikance cinkao... Zeni jedanaestogodisnju djevojciju i to iz posve perfidnih, prepređenih i degutantnih razloga. Upropastava prijateljstvo svoje jedanaestogodisnje zene Oprez i svoje unuke Christine na nacin da predatorski iskoristava djecu sklonost krivnji. To malo prijateljstvo pretvara se u dozivotnu, patolosku mrznju... Nakon smrti ostavlja hotel koji se iz luksuznog mjesta pretvara u gotovo kazalisnu rusevinu i podlogu scenama kakvih se ni Henry James ne bi posramio. Ostali likovi sluze kako bi oslikali prilike u kojima se afroamericko stanovnistvo nalazilo, a posebno mjesto zauzima lik Mlade koja se pojavljuje u nekoj verziji sluskinje (kao sto u svim juznjackim romanima, sluskinja obicno i jest centralni lik koja je naratorica obiteljske povijesti), a ovdje je simbolom neceg demonskog i izravan medij i poveznica mrtvog Coseya sa svijetom zivih. Ali prica je to koju bi mogla nazvati vekom od zivota, dijelom i zbog tajanstvene naratorice L, a dijelom zato jer je to savrseno stilski napisan roman. Ni ne cudi, zena ima Nobela...

Mislim da je najljepše to što sam već na prvoj stranici ponavljala isti ulomak u sebi jer je naprosto predivno zvučao, što mi se isto ponavljalo na desetke puta kroz čitanje i što svejedno nisam imala pojma da će to biti baš jako briljantno napisan roman. Rijetko nailazim na gradaciju u tom smislu, da me obuzme podivljali kresendo, a da svako poglavlje ranije doslovno za nijansu priprema teren, pa na samom kraju izađe nešto tako veliko i prelijepo.

Ovo je moj prvi roman Morrisonove tako da sam preko svake mjere zanesena:) Znam da ona geografski bas i ne pripada najdrazem Jugu, ali osjeća se u njoj, a meni to dovoljno da se raspametim <3

????????? ??????????? says

????? ?????????? . ?? ?????? ??? ???? ?????? ???????? ??????? . ?????? ?????? . ?? ?? ???? ?????????? ?? ??????
 ???????? ???????? ?? ???? ???? ???? ?????? ???????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? . ?? ?????? ?????? ??????
 ??? ?????? ??? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? . ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ? ??? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ???
 ?????? ??????? . ??? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ????????? . ?????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????????? ?????
 ?????????? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????????? ?????????? ?????? . ?????????? ?????? ?????????? ??? ?????????? ???????
 ?????????? ?????? ??? ??????

Jalena says

There are so many quotes in this book that I want to write down and remember forever. Beautifully written, amazingly crafted story of the complexity of love, human relationships, family, betrayal, innocence, and friendship. It raises fascinating questions about what love really means and whether most are capable of giving it for reasons other than selfish gain, or to meet a personal need. Every character's story is told from various perspectives, not always in order. While this makes the book a little confusing and hard to follow at times, it's worth sticking with, as all becomes clear by the end of this beautifully written jewel box of a novel. Just when you are ready to judge a character's actions, or form an opinion about their character, you see them from another angle, told in a different character's voice, which gives you an entirely different insight into their motives and character.

It's a story that requires patience; that doesn't judge, but rather asks you to watch, wait, and learn empathy by understanding the history of each character. Now that I am finished with the book, I plan to read it again, as the story has so many layers, and insights, that I think it would get better with each read.

Erica says

Dammit to hell, Toni Morrison.
Why do you do this?

I really need to read this author more than once every seven years because I always forget what a beating she doles out in her worn but lovely velvet gloves.

Here is a pictorial representation of what it's like to read a Toni Morrison novel, this one being no exception:

Going along, so lovely. There's an undercurrent of discomfort but just pull your jacket tighter and you'll be fine. It's worth it for the view.

Only then there's a crack, a loud snap, and the ground shakes a bit and you turn around and
AAAAGGGGGHHHHHHH!

Everything is broken and buried, everything is covered in breath-robbing heaviness. It's so cold, so dark, so horrible.

And then the sun comes out and the dogs arrive but who the hell cares because you're too done for.
Oh my god, every single time.

Everything from here on out is me being all ranty and plot-discussing so go ahead and move on to another review instead of opening this can of spoils.
(view spoiler)

(Photo of elk and snowy mountains courtesy of the Estes Park tourist website, swiped without permission)
(P.S. - it's idiosyncratic, perhaps, to use imagery of avalanches to describe Morrison's works which more often take place in the American south where there are no avalanches but hurricanes and tsunamis, while more appropriate to the settings, didn't seem as comparable both since there's warning and evacuation time before those events and a because I live near avalanches so understand them far better than I do lowland water disasters)

Tifnie says

?? I'm not too sure I know what I read. This book is about 200 pages and what I thought I could finish in a couple of days, if not one, ended up taking the better part of 3 to 4 weeks.

Love, if I understand correctly, is about a perverted wealthy old man who ends up marrying an 11 year old girl and eventually has this child take on the business of a running a resort. Much to the dismay of his actual blood family. Thankfully, the author didn't go into detail regarding the relationship between the old man and the 11 year old or I would not have finished reading the book.

Well, the old man dies and leaves the resort to an unnamed girl, whom each woman in his life assumes it's themselves who is the benefactor. Thus the plot ensues.

What I found quite difficult with Love is that it read much like a riddle and I often found myself re-reading paragraphs, if not whole chapters, trying to figure out who the author is talking about, where it fits in the story and why. Very frustrating.

However, now that the story is done, it's actually an interesting story. I just wish it was easier to read.

Rowena says

"Young people, Lord. Do they still call it infatuation? That magic ax that chops away the world in one blow, leaving only the couple standing there trembling? Whatever they call it, it leaps over anything, takes the biggest chair, the largest slice, rules the ground wherever it walks, from a mansion to a swamp, and its selfishness is its beauty." – Toni Morrison, *Love*

It's almost September and I've managed to keep my Morrison-a-month reading streak alive. Eight Morrison's later and she never fails to surprise me, even though these are rereads. I enjoyed *Love*, a well-written book with a lot of fodder for discussion. The strange thing is I don't think I've ever heard anyone mention it. I wonder why it doesn't have the same appeal as some of her other books?

Love begins with our narrator introducing us to the coast community the book is set in; she talks about the past in nostalgic tones, how things have changed, and how things haven't changed. The main story itself is centered around the legend Bill Cosey, a black entrepreneur, and the women in his life who fight for his attention: his (very) young wife, daughter-in-law, grand-daughter and a few others. Even though Cosey has been deceased for a couple of decades, he is still a very strong, disturbing presence in the lives of these women.

This is a sad story of misunderstandings, bitterness, cruelty, hurt and anger. The three women share a house and we aren't sure why there is so much hatred between them. Morrison reveals things slowly and in a non-

linear manner, and I'm left wondering how on earth women's lives can be fulfilling if they are centred solely around men, especially when this competition is encouraged, which, in this book, resulted in very strong feelings:

"Hate does that. Burns off everything but itself, so whatever your grievance is, your face looks just like your enemy's."

"Finally they stopped, moved into acid silence, and invented other ways to underscore bitterness....Like friendship, hatred needed more than physical intimacy; it wanted creativity and hard work to sustain itself."

When it comes to Morrison's writing, what stands out to me most are her descriptions of things, in particular how she uses colour; it's often a short poetic respite from the tough subject matter she writes:

"Jade and sapphire waves fight each other, kicking up enough foam to wash sheets in. An evening sky behaves as though it's from another planet— one without rules, where the sun can be plum purple if it wants to and clouds can be red as poppies."

This was an emotional whirlwind of a book and Morrison takes us in so many different directions, down many paths of discoveries. There is plenty of food for thought in this one: families, their secrets and their hurts.

"The problem for those left alive is what to do about revenge—how to escape the sweetness of its rot. So you can see why families make the best enemies. They have time and convenience to honey-butter the wickedness they prefer. Shortsighted, though."

Jason Koivu says

Women clawing at and after the same man is a horrific thing to see, but hella fun to read!

Maybe "fun" isn't the perfect word to describe Toni Morrison's *Love*.^{*} This is Faulknerian, not only in its language and flow, but its molasses-thick-and-dark emotional resonance. *Love* is like seeing a feminine take on *Absalom! Absalom!*: a beautifully shadowy Southern power; a corrupting energy that devours good souls.

An aloof man of substantial means in a Floridian coastal town of decades past is the sun around which competing planets revolve. These planets are women of various backgrounds all with some claim upon the man's radiant energy. Their world turns toxic as the reader witnesses the evils of too much radiation. These off-tilt and colliding friends are ripped apart, scorched whenever they come in contact with their beloved sun.

Morrison is a master at her craft, an absolute pleasure to read for those who can stomach a non-linear storytelling style. She will come at her topic at multiple angles. You must put the pieces together. Never fear, by the end this amoebic puzzle will come together in a portrait that is gorgeous, enlightening and heartbreaking. *Love* is life confirming, even if life can feel like one long, extended death.

^{*} Perhaps it's not a good way to describe ANY of her books! I could be wrong, I haven't read them all, but jeez louse the woman writes some deep, depressing stuff!

Zanna says

Maybe my mind was elsewhere (that's generally the case these days) but this felt smudged like an old photograph, or an old movie cut up and rearranged out of sequence, until the last 50 pages, when everything started snapping into focus sharp enough to cut.

If this book is relatively obscure among TM's work, I guess it's the subject matter that some find hard to stomach; all these child brides and sociopaths and bodies frail, damaged, at risk, humiliating, only rarely a source of pleasure and delight....

I liked the most attractive and sympathetic character for me was a (black) teenage boy. They need all the support they can get from literature and anywhere else...

Dominic says

The worlds of Toni Morrison are rarely beautiful places. They are landscapes covered with scars and suffering, bruises and bitterness. Yet the way she writes these places into life and imagination leaves me exhilarated every time. And when I put one of her books down for the first time, it calls me back into in immediately. I can't wait to re-read *Love*. And like all Morrison novels, it actually requires re-reading.

In the lively spirit of William Faulkner, Morrison entangles readers in a web of characters and events, leading them through the side door, back door, upstairs window, the cracks in the floorboard of every plotline, and ultimately leaves us all dizzy. *Love* certainly requires the patient reader, but it rewards us with a story that echoes like dream, resonates like myth.

I don't think there is a better author alive today who can capture the profundity of human experience. She, like no other, can leave readers believing that our lives are so much bigger than we could ever know. The characters' pain, their grief, their relationships, their families, their mistakes, their *love* are so profound they practically *walk* in the flesh amongst the characters themselves.

And that's the power of *Love*, a large, profound story told in just over 200 pages, with its ability to puzzle and haunt and leave us breathless. Amid the wounds that have broken and sometimes perverted these characters, Morrison proves that genuine love is above all the most extraordinary aspect of our human experience: the love between friends (Christine/Heed) and the love given unasked from gentle warriors--the book's "heroes," one man [Romen:] and one woman [L:]. And that love, when lost, when misplaced, when misdirected, when perverted, can damage irrevocably--as embodied by the symbolic end of the Cosey family tree itself.

Nadine Larter says

Holy hell. I did not enjoy this book. This book is not entertainment. At all. It is a gut wrenching piece of pure raw honesty about how life is. My insides are sour. I can feel the blood in my veins. My heart is pounding. Be warned that it is full of triggers. It might be best to keep that in mind for those who are sensitive to them.

Shit. I can't even get my words out. Nothing made sense. And then it all made sense. And now I feel sick. I didn't enjoy reading this book. It wasn't like my favourites, the sweet magical stories about abnormally bad circumstances being overcome by average, but secretly special, people. There's no feel-good. But it is also not Virginia Andrews-y or Picoult-y where all these crazy unbelievable bad things happen and you are able to remain sane because "that's crazy". This was not crazy. This was real. And I cannot escape the truth that Toni Morrison's work is incredibly important.

Lyn Elliott says

I've been thinking about what to write for a month since I finished reading Love, waiting to be clear about what I want to say.

That moment may never come, so now I'm launching in and will come back to add more later.

It wasn't until the end of the book that I began to understand the title in all its complexity.

It feels as though Morrison is exploring ways in which love may be warped, corrupted, twisted; here ending mostly in hurt and hatred. The only exception to this is the tiny family unit of grandparents and grandson Romen, who are kind and decent people, offered perhaps as a small pool of light in what is a very dark tale. Interesting that I should need to use 'light' and dark' here as descriptors, tied as they are so often to skin colour, race and racism.

The emotional territory of this book was so terrible that I struggled to read it, kept having to put it down and go away. It was a Book Club read, so I knew I needed to keep going, and I wanted to understand more about why Morrison had written it. A quick bit of research in the University Library catalogue took me to a string of titles like these: (and here I will now have to find my notes)

Dolors says

Morrison directs a cacophony of voices, hazy facts and anachronistic timelines that converge into the ever-changing, multi-faceted meaning of "love".

At the center of the story, the ghostly figure of Bill Cosey, the iconic owner of a prestigious hotel located in the East Coast in the forties; and orbiting around his powerful absence, the shifting testimonies of different women who played an important role in his life... and death.

Can a man grieving for the loss of his wife and son find solace in youth without being a child molester?

What kind of love bonds two girls to a lifetime of malicious rivalry, jealousy and yearning that sprouted from misunderstanding and shame?

How many women slaved over in the shadows, adoring the public icon of a man, both evil and saint, while racial discrimination ripped apart families and exploited their children with total impunity?

Morrison's prose resembles a mournful chant to the fatigue of living, the burdens of loving and the permanent scars caused by loss. Offbeat lyricism from an omniscient narrator who remains anonymous until the last pages of the book brings light into the obscure rhythms of this fragmented puzzle.

The man remains elusive: friend, benefactor, father, lover and abuser. His haunting presence diminishes as the fate of those who loved him resolves itself regardless of the past.

Contrarily, the women of his life become perfectly delineated; their voices reach such perfect clarity that they challenge moral distinction and years of censure and repressed silence to achieve communal vindication.

And love, with all its cruel beauty, triumphs over despair, even when life is nothing but a tenuous reflection of the things that could never be.

Kelly says

I admit it, I was taken aback by Morrison's *Love*. Not being a big fan of hers, I usually steer clear of her books. Too much violence, too much anger, and to be honest, that shack scene from *Beloved* still kinda haunts me. But what what I do love is, well, love and I found it here in all its variations, scars showing proud. Disarming and warm, Morrison welcomes you in from the very beginning making no promises of happy endings and it's that very honesty that makes you want to climb up on her lap and listen to the whispers about all the ways love can turn you on, turn you out, and leave you begging for more. Finally, when she sets you down, leaving you to wonder about all the things she purposely left for you to figure out, you'll find you can't help but to dream of a love so great it changes your whole world...for better or worse.

Eliana Rivero says

PopSugar Reading Challenge 2017

5. Un libro escrito por una persona de color

Parecía como si cada mujer viviera en un círculo de luz, separadas, o unidas, por la oscuridad que mediaba entre ellas (p.34).

Amo a Toni Morrison. Siento que esta señora es una maestra narrando, contando y desentrañando historias de personajes tan humanos, tan frágiles pero tan decididos, que es una delicia leerla. Por mí, leería todo lo que ella haya escrito.

Amor (que también podría llamarse "Odio" o "De cómo dos mujeres se odian por culpa de un hombre que es una porquería"), es la historia de Heed y Christine, ambas apellidadas Cosey, una viuda y la otra nieta de Bill Cosey, un hombre que murió hace muchos años y regentaba un centro vacacional (a.k.a un hotel de veraneo) que tenía mucho éxito en la comunidad (Up Beach, Silk, no me queda claro) por la comida preparada por L. y por la música de grandes músicos de la época (se entiende jazz).

La cuestión está en que realmente Heed no es abuela de Christine, sino amiga. Una amiga que la quiso mucho, hasta que a los 11 años se casó con el abuelo de su amiga Christine y allí empieza todo el conflicto emocional (y físico, también), de estas dos niñas que pasaron sus vidas tratando de agradar a otros, especialmente a hombres. La historia se enfoca en un presente en el cual Heed y Christine son unas viejas viviendo en la misma casa, pero se odian a muerte y no se ven nunca, excepto en ciertas ocasiones. Christine se encarga de todo en la casa, pero nunca se hablan, ni interactúan entre ellas. Es cuando aparece Junior June Viviane, una chica algo problemática pero increíblemente atractiva, seductora y desenfrenada, que llega a la vida de estas dos Cosey para "ayudar" (al principio no se tiene claro en qué) a Heed (que tiene artritis y casi no puede hacerse nada a sí misma). Y bueno, de allí viene toda una historia de traiciones, mentiras, rencores, odios, amores, etc., que giran en torno a una herencia.

Los personajes femeninos más destacables son Heed, Christine, L., May y Junior. Son fuertes, extrañas, locas y en busca de afecto. Y esto me encanta de Morrison: siempre hace mujeres con matices y ángulos diferentes. Los hombres más relevantes de la historia son Bill Cosey (viejo asqueroso y degenerado y cobarde) y Romen, el chico que comienza una relación con Junior June casi al instante en que ella llega al número 1 de la calle Monarch.

Me gustaron los personajes, aunque al principio no entendía bien la historia (está contada a voces diferentes y puede confundir un tanto). Me gusta el enfoque del poder femenino, a pesar de todo. Me gusta que las mujeres de esta historia estén conscientes de sus errores, pero también de las decisiones que han tomado. Me gusta que la escritora siempre mezcla la crudeza de la violencia (las escenas de violación no son tan fuertes, pero sí son duras) y la determinación de la raza negra. Me gustó mucho y por mí le hago un altar a Morrison. Recomendada.

Saleh MoonWalker says

Onvan : Love - Nevisande : Toni Morrison - ISBN : 1400078474 - ISBN13 : 9781400078479 - Dar 224
Safhe - Saal e Chap : 2002
