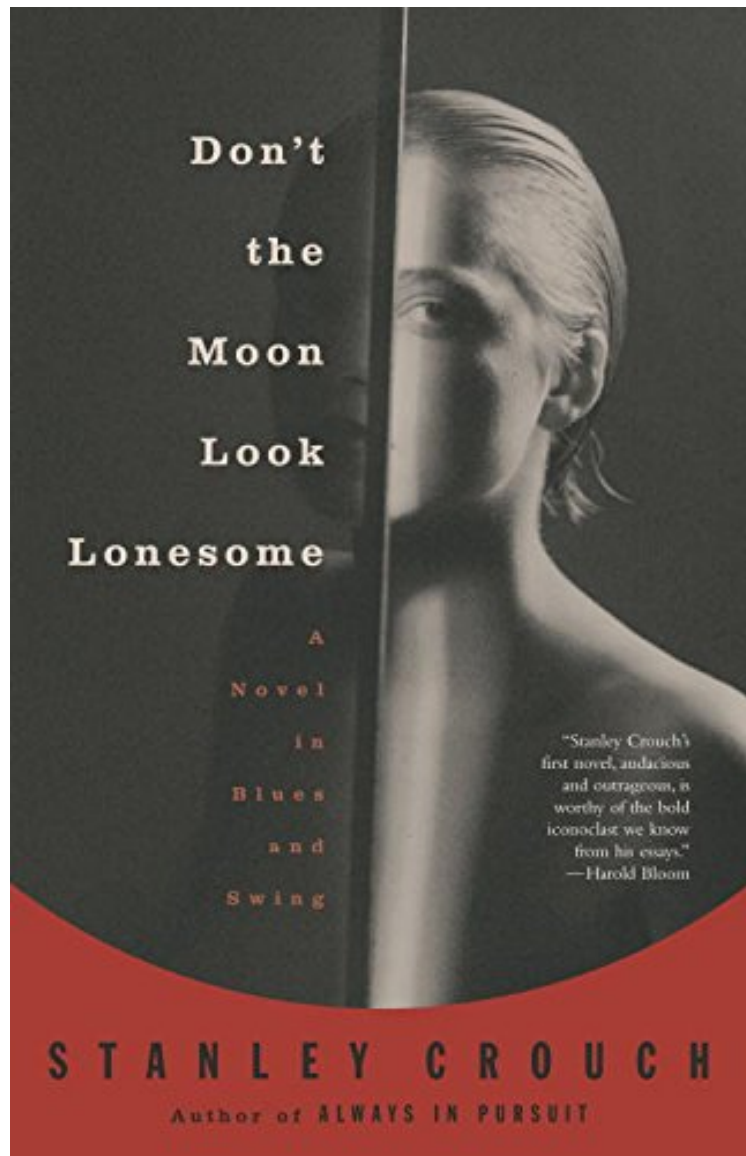


(Read free) Don't the Moon Look Lonesome: A Novel in Blues and Swing

Don't the Moon Look Lonesome: A Novel in Blues and Swing

Von Stanley Crouch

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Von Stanley Crouch : Don't the Moon Look Lonesome: A Novel in Blues and Swing before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Don't the Moon Look Lonesome: A Novel in Blues and Swing:

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A Work of True Genius Von Ein Kunde I don't think that I have ever read a more astonishing inward realization of a woman's

life and memory and desire and feeling. As a Shakespeare scholar and a teacher of that great, great master for 30 years, I can confidently say that this novel is truly Shakespearean in its uncanny sense of capturing, without ego or intrusion, the soul and the idiom of a character. Each character is pure and unique and possessed of a distinct language. As a woman born and raised in the Midwest, I was equally startled by how accurately Stanley Crouch captured the style, the feeling, the speech, and the thinking of those particular Americans, among the many, many others he so powerfully and sensitively presents to us. This is a courageous book and it requests that we be courageous readers willing to experience the great beauties and the enormous hurts the main character has to live through and witness as she is taught the many, many ways that race and sex and class touch and turn us in the world we inhabit right now. The insights into how men and women relate across the lines of color and class are unexceeded by any writing of which I am aware. These are the human things that people talk about privately when the subject of race comes around but that no one has written of until now, especially, on one level, the psychological and emotional intricacies that come into play when black and white women must truly face each other, setting aside all of the assigned roles and opening up to each other. Who would have thought a man would ever get something like that right? But this is an epic in the classical sense. It is a novel brimming over with ideas that are equaled by the panorama of emotion delivered by all of these three-dimensional characters who arrive from so many parts of our society. We move back and forth from the high to the low and through just about everything in between but we, even when what we experience is terrifying or shocking, are never debased. To read this book we have to live more fully in our humanity in the very same way that we must when Shakespeare sets his world of people before us in all their pain and wit and splendor. That is why we are enlarged by the broad substance of this novel, which has to be one of the great ones. There are definitely more than enough instances in this text for one to call it, without hyperbole, a work of absolute genius. 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. civilized talk Von William Russo I loved Stanley Crouch's book. It presents black characters in ways that are rarely presented in fiction, as people who talk about life with wit and humor on a very civilized level. They talk about justice and the purpose of existence. They talk about literature (Shakespeare), about classical music (Wagner), about painting (Leonardo and Picasso). And when they discuss jazz - as is to be expected in a book about a black jazz saxophone soloist and a white woman from Idaho who becomes a serious jazz singer - they talk not only about the feeling of jazz but about its content and the ideas that underlie it. Another strikingly original aspect of this book is that Crouch represents religion in our society as a powerful and stabilizing force (his description of a black church service in Houston is compelling and masterly). Is Crouch discursive? Of course he is, but so was Shaw, and how about Homer? 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. great on race Von Ein Kunde I found "Don't The Moon Look Lonesome" to be a marvelous illuminating novel on America, and on race. I liked the wide sweep in the novel, and I find the fact that Crouch takes no one point of view, there are no stereotypes in this novel, amazingly refreshing. Crouch sees America to be an essentially mixed culture, and that our survival depends on ourselves accepting -- and celebrating -- that we are part of this mixed culture. Crouch's musical training -- his expertise on jazz -- serves him well, as there is a terrific undercurrent of the Blues and swing in this novel. Most important, the characters are original and great. Carla, the complicated white protagonist, carries the story forward. I think this is definitely a must book for those who want to know and understand what's happened to America since the 1960s.

Kurzbeschreibung Stanley Crouch's gloriously bold first novel provides an intimate and epic portrait of America that breaks all the rules in crossing the boundaries of race, sex, and class. Blonde Carla from South Dakota is a jazz singer who has been around the block. Almost suddenly, she finds herself fighting to hold on to Maxwell, a black tenor saxophonist from Texas. Their red-hot and sublimely tender five-year union is under siege. Those black people who oppose such relationships in the interest of romantic entitlement or group solidarity are pressuring Maxwell, and he is wavering. As Carla battles to save the deepest love of her life, her past plays out against the present, vividly bringing forth a startlingly fresh range of characters in scenes that are as accurately drawn as they are unpredictable and innovatively conceived. From the Trade Paperback edition. de Stanley Crouch is one of the great provocateurs in American letters, which has led Salon to call him "the bull in the black-intelligentsia China shop." Infamous for his controversial views on race, he loves to treat iconic figures such as Toni Morrison and Spike Lee as critical pincushions. However, he has built his career primarily as a reviewer and essayist. Don't the Moon Look Lonesome, then, represents his first attempt at fiction. Crouch's novel tells the story of a mixed-race couple, both musicians, living in New York City. Maxwell is a black sax player; Carla is a white jazz singer. Their love for each other seems to transcend race--yet the great American dilemma keeps interfering, and as they try to gain acceptance from friends and family, jazz is the one thing that soothes them. In a typical altercation, a black man in a parking lot derides Carla as a "stringy-haired white girl." But as she listens to Maxwell perform immediately afterward, the very notes he plays seem like the best possible rebuttal, "more masculine and more tender and more androgynous and more than male or female or happy or sad or frightened or brave or knowing or befuddled than anything she had ever heard her man play." Don't

the Moon Look Lonesome is an awkwardly written novel, and a slow-moving one at that. Long passages are devoted to descriptions of the music Carla and Maxwell create, and while Crouch has inherited Albert Murray's mantle as one of our most lively jazz critics, his own voice merges with those of his characters in an odd and distracting way. They end up sharing both the author's appetite for provocation and his wordiness, which undermines the greatest mystery of music in the first place--its wordlessness. Crouch also has a propensity for bizarre metaphors attributed to inner states, a prime example being this thorny item: "the sudden spread of this interior cactus." Finally, female readers should be warned: one of Carla's major strengths is that despite her white skin, she has a black ass. Perhaps that's progress. And perhaps Crouch's editors were so intimidated by his reputation that they neglected to tell him when he was playing out of tune. --Emily White.com Stanley Crouch is one of the great provocateurs in American letters, which has led Salon to call him "the bull in the black-intelligentsia China shop." Infamous for his controversial views on race, he loves to treat iconic figures such as Toni Morrison and Spike Lee as critical pincushions. However, he has built his career primarily as a reviewer and essayist. Don't the Moon Look Lonesome, then, represents his first attempt at fiction. Crouch's novel tells the story of a mixed-race couple, both musicians, living in New York City. Maxwell is a black sax player; Carla is a white jazz singer. Their love for each other seems to transcend race--yet the great American dilemma keeps interfering, and as they try to gain acceptance from friends and family, jazz is the one thing that soothes them. In a typical altercation, a black man in a parking lot derides Carla as a "stringy-haired white girl." But as she listens to Maxwell perform immediately afterward, the very notes he plays seem like the best possible rebuttal, "more masculine and more tender and more androgynous and more than male or female or happy or sad or frightened or brave or knowing or befuddled than anything she had ever heard her man play." Don't the Moon Look Lonesome is an awkwardly written novel, and a slow-moving one at that. Long passages are devoted to descriptions of the music Carla and Maxwell create, and while Crouch has inherited Albert Murray's mantle as one of our most lively jazz critics, his own voice merges with those of his characters in an odd and distracting way. They end up sharing both the author's appetite for provocation and his wordiness, which undermines the greatest mystery of music in the first place--its wordlessness. Crouch also has a propensity for bizarre metaphors attributed to inner states, a prime example being this thorny item: "the sudden spread of this interior cactus." Finally, female readers should be warned: one of Carla's major strengths is that despite her white skin, she has a black ass. Perhaps that's progress. And perhaps Crouch's editors were so intimidated by his reputation that they neglected to tell him when he was playing out of tune. --Emily White