



Los que aman, odian

Silvina Ocampo , Adolfo Bioy Casares

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El doctor Huberman llega al apartado hotel de Bosque de Mar «en busca de una deleitable y fecunda soledad». Poco imagina que pronto se verá envuelto en las complejas relaciones que los curiosos habitantes del hotel han ido tejiendo. Una mañana, uno de ellos aparece muerto y otro ha desaparecido. Bajo la amenaza de los cangrejales y del mar, aislados por una tormenta de viento y arena, las ya frágiles relaciones entre los personajes se tensan. Cualquier detalle es acusador, cualquier persona puede ser el asesino. Llegados a este punto, la novela se convierte en un fascinante viaje a través de las pasiones humanas, desde el amor hasta la envidia, la venganza, incluso el odio. Es aquí donde el carácter de los personajes cobra máxima importancia : los fantasmas y los deseos de cada uno, esos mundos imaginarios tan recónditos y secretos, forman parte del misterio que irá desvelándose a lo largo de la obra.

Los que aman, odian Details

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From Reader Review Los que aman, odian for online ebook

Nate D says

Travel reading -- a slightly absurd, slightly sarcastic novel of detection set in a remote resort, perfect for my current environs (particularly a quick foray onto the remote island of Delma, in the Gulf of Arabia). Co-authors (and Argentine literary power couple who never otherwise collaborated directly on a novel) Casares and Ocampo were friends of Borges and their own brand of fantacist and surrealist (respectively) in their own right so they imbue this story of a mysterious death on vacation with eerie beachscapes, odd narrative ellipses, and postmodern sleights of hand with allude back to the process and structure of literature itself. It makes for something quite fun and twisty, if modest in scope and purpose. It's a crime that I've read so much more Casares than Ocampo to date, actually, I need to track down more of her novels.

Peter Landau says

The first thing I noticed about *WHERE THERE'S LOVE, THERE'S HATE*, a sort of detective novel satire that's really a meditation on reading, is that such a slim niche book would never get published today. Of course, I'm wrong. The Argentinean novel, originally published in 1946, is making its first foray into English thanks to the wonderful independent publisher Melville House. Still, I find the work an anomaly. That it's co-written by married couple Adolfo Bioy Casares and Silvina Ocampo is unusual. There're the literary allusions. A few I picked out, like the name of a dingy being the Joseph K, and the many more I'm sure to have missed. This is a work that lives in the mind of the reader, which I guess is where all creative works do live, but few are so blatantly reverent of the giant shoulders they stand on. Everything is filtered through literature in this fictional world. The narrator, before launching into his detective narration, expresses his distaste for the genre. The murder victim is a translator of detective novels. Clues are discovered in manuscript pages. Investigators quote great literature. It's an environment created by readers, for readers, and that's where I feel the greatest loss. The real victim, the body in the heart of this mystery, is the novel itself, which today is buried in a potter's field and only a few of us remember to bring flowers. My interpretation is far afield from the author's goals, I'm sure, but I'll let it stand like an epitaph.

Anita says

No está nada mal, sin embargo tiene algunos desenlaces extraños, como si se hubieran aburrido al final y quisieron terminar el libro.

KeithTalent says

Una novela anticuada y encantadora, para leer en un día ocioso y sentirse un *savoir vivre* como el narrador (o como el mismísimo Adolfo). La trama puede asemejarse a un whodoneit, y nada más equivocado. Si bien hay un médico culto e inteligente que llega a un hotel ubicado en una playa apartada, y lo que sigue gira en torno al crimen de un huésped, la resolución del misterio importa menos que los detalles. Como si Bioy hubiese escrito un primer borrador de *La invención de Morel* dictado por Silvina.

N N says

What do Marcel Proust, Lillian Hellman, Jorge Luis Borges and Adolfo Bioy Casares have in common? Their maids wrote books about them. So, according to the lady who 'did' for Bioy and Silvina, those two were hard at it like rabbits several times a day, often leaving their guests to themselves for half an hour's bedroom sport in the afternoon. I wonder if this could account for the mind-boggling amount of non-sequiturs (both semantic and psychological) in Bioy's work. Maybe in his post-coital languidness he just couldn't be bothered to pick up the threads. At least that is the impression that his texts always leave on me, this collaboration with his wife being no exception. Another irritating quality in common to many detective story pastiches: why are they all so hell-bent on making their narrators as precious as paper will bear? Crime fiction is not usually precious in its tone, so what the hell is the point? It might have been funny once, but once only. Finally, the authors who attempt this kind of thing never seem to get around to plotting. Making their characters sneak, lurk and prattle just doesn't cut it; throwing in an actual story would not have constituted an excessive show of courtesy, to quote the narrator.

The murder victim in this one is a translator working on books by, among others, Michael Innes and Eden Phillpotts. Both were among the first dozen authors published by Bioy and Borges the year before in their *El Séptimo Círculo* collection. At the end of chapter 29, the narrator says, *may nobody call me an unreliable narrator*. According to Wikipedia, the first mention of unreliable narration in a critical text dates to 1961. Could Bioy and Silvina have been looking 15 years into the future here, or is that *their* translator's interpolation? Translators being these days what they are, nothing would surprise me.

Ana says

Muy entretenida la lectura y me trajo muchos recuerdos de la época en que leía mil libros de Agatha Christie por semana. Pero por eso, justamente, no me pude sacar de la cabeza a Diez Negritos en todo el trayecto de lectura.

No había leído nada de estos autores, así que seguiré probando sus textos.

Pascale says

There's nothing special about this routine variation on the theme of a murder committed in an enclosed location, with a limited number of suspects. I was never really engaged with the puzzle, and only enjoyed the evocation of the wind-blown shore and the idiosyncrasies of the narrator. These were very minor pleasures and I feel rather aggravated by the grandiose claims made by Suzanne Jill Levine in her introduction to this edition. This story doesn't even deserve a footnote in Argentinian literary history.

Mike Puma says

Briefly: Once upon a time, there was a group of distinguished South American authors, a close-knit group of

writers: Jorge Luis Borges, Adolfo Bioy Casares, Silvina Ocampo, J. Rodolfo Wilcox—they might be thought of as a sort of South American Inklings, only without the collective name for their group, and they had one other trait going for them unshared by the Inklings: talent. Some might disagree.

Borges' career is legendary, his editorial collaboration with Bioy Casares and Ocampo produced *The Book of Fantasy*, a stellar collection of short stories featuring pieces they wrote, as well as Wilcox, plus a host of world renowned authors, e.g. Ballard, Chesterton, Carroll, Cortazar, Hawthorne, Joyce, Fernandez, Wharton, Wilde, &c; what matters is that these are people who know their ways around short stories and novellas; Bioy Casares is, perhaps best known for his novella, *The Invention of Morel*, and his wife, Silvina Ocampo, has numerous, acclaimed short story collections to her credit. Which is the long route for bringing this meager review to the point, the novella: *Where There's Love, There's Hate*. (It would have been far more simple to say that Bolaño spoke glowingly of each of them, but I've come under scrutiny, to the point of becoming paranoid, the delusional was already well-established). In any case.

This novella reads very much like traditional, generic mysteries, except that it doesn't—not exactly. It does, but always while creating the impression that something else is going on—if not in the story, then in the text: a narrator, a fussy doctor who self-doses with arsenic, guides, manipulates, interprets, solves, resolves, a murder in a remote South American resort. There's a murder, a hotel with a guest list and staff of suspects, another death (not fatal) and another death (also not fatal), misunderstandings, misreadings, the eventual Aha moment, the penultimate Aha moment, then the real Oh, it was Aha all along moment.

3.5 stars, rounded up, because I liked it, and it carried the single trait I've come to expect in best short stories or novellas: nothing extraneous.

Jim says

The husband/wife team of Adolfo Bioy-Casares and Silvina Ocampo are responsible for a hilarious detective novel, **Where There's Love, There's Hate**. (You may recall that Bioy-Casares collaborated with Jorge Luis Borges on several classics of Argentinian literature under the combined name of H. Bustos Domecq.)

The narrator is the pompous Dr Humberto Huberman, who seems to require 10 drops of arsenic orally at least once a day. He is at the resort of Bosque del Mar at the Hotel Central, which is run by relatives and at which several other guests are staying. The problems begin when Mary, a cute young translator, is found poisoned by ingesting strychnine. The police are called in, and virtually everyone is suspected. A Doctor Cornejo is likewise found dead by poisoning.

During the time the investigation takes place there is an intensive days-long sandstorm that blows dunes around the ground floor windows. Leaving the hotel is somewhat perilous, because of a crab bog and quicksand near stands of esparto grass in the area.

The investigation is so incompetent that the novel is, to my mind, a parody of the genre, especially as all the investigators, of which there are many, are so clueless. Eventually, the poisonings are solved, leaving no one looking the better for the solution. So much for the irrepressible logic of Sherlock Holmes.

Linda Abhors the New GR Design says

Re-read, this time, with the students

Bev says

Where There's Love, There's Hate by Adolfo Bioy Casares and Silvina Ocampo, literary luminaries from Argentina (and, incidentally, husband and wife), was first published in 1946. It was translated into English for the first time in 2013. Casares and Ocampo managed to produce an interesting mystery in the "British country house" style that is a clever murder mystery, a witty parody of those same Golden Age novels, and a highly literary piece of fiction all rolled into one. Suzanne Jill Levine and Jessica Ernst Powell have done an excellent job of translation with just a few minor passages having a slightly off-kilter feel.

Dr. Humberto Huberman, physician, writer, and inveterate busybody, has gone to the Hotel Central at seaside Bosque de Mar for a literary vacation. He is in search of a quiet place to work on his adaptation of Petronius. But instead of peace and quiet, he finds himself in the middle of murder. A pretty, young translator named Mary is found dead on the very first night of his stay--apparently poisoned. There had been ripples of jealousy between Mary and her sister Emilia over Emilia's fiance. There is also the matter of Mary's missing jewels. Although the police are immediately on the scene, Huberman takes it upon himself to investigate and give the officials pointers when he thinks it needed.

The police are quite sure that Emilia is the guilty party--even when notations in her sister's hand are found that make it seem that Mary has committed suicide. Then the owner's young son goes missing as well as Emilia's fiance (who winds up being a top-level Inspector). Is anyone who they seem to be? And what really happened to Mary and her jewels?

This short piece is a fine little self-aware novel. It makes no bones about being aware that it is a mystery story about mystery stories. We have the police inspector who apparently takes the amateur into his confidence and who, apparently, is taking in all of Huberman's suggestions....but then goes on to ignore them. We have Huberman who finally comes round to the official view of the mystery...only to find they are all proved wrong. It is a very interesting look at the makings of a mystery story. Not terribly complex and good reading detectives will know who the culprit is. But I don't think this detracts from the fun. Four stars.

First posted on my blog My Reader's Block. Please request permission before reposting. Thanks.

Ee.glennmail.com says

I liked this; a quirky, funny mystery that makes fun of the genre while being a good read in itself.

Goodreads Read Harder Challenge: A mystery by a person of color or LGBTQ+ author

Challenge complete! This was really fun and I read and enjoyed some things I probably wouldn't have picked up otherwise. (I'm on my second Miss Marple right now.) Here's to 2019!

Federico Sosa Machó says

Un policial clásico y entretenido, con las consabidas pistas falsas y múltiples sospechosos. Todo transcurre en un hotel alejado, y casi que entre cuatro paredes. Y este aspecto me resulta hoy en día, en tiempos de policiales negros para todos los gustos, un poco arcaico. Cero alusión a contextos históricos o sociales, cero problema fuera del caso sobre el que gira la acción. Todo resulta un poco artificioso. Así y todo mantiene el interés y no defraudará a quienes gustan del género.

Harold says

Quick and easy. Casares writes effortlessly, laying a subtle veneer of sarcasm and humor over this send up of mysteries and detective stories. Using the isolated house in the country, or in this case, the beach, ala "Ten Little Indians", Casares and his wife Sylvia Ocampo collaborated on this one. The effect is not unlike the slightly off kilter touch Alfred Hitchcock mysteries often contained, although this predates it by several years.

Yani says

Me encanta el título porque da para pensar (mucho más en estos tiempos) y la novela tiene todos los tintes necesarios para que sea policial. Si es parodia o no, ya es otra cosa, pero al menos está el esfuerzo de asentar el ambiente, sacar a relucir un no- detective y crear intriga mediante hipótesis erróneas.

Humberto Huberman es el protagonista y el narrador. Homeópata de profesión, Huberman es un hombre muy pagado de sí mismo y algo difícil de digerir al principio. Va en busca de la soledad que necesita un escritor (porque también escribe) a Bosque del Mar. Se aloja en el hotel de unos parientes y conoce a algunos de los huéspedes, sobre todo a Emilia y Mary Gutiérrez, que son el centro de la atención. Y en algún momento, sucede: alguien aparece muerto en su cuarto.

A partir del descubrimiento del cadáver se desatan las secuencias de siempre: se aísla a la gente, llaman a la policía, alguien se autoimpone como revelador de misterios (Huberman, en este caso). Es una novela muy dinámica y cuesta soltarla, por eso la acabé tan rápido. Está bien escrita (la escribí Bioy Casares, ya que Ocampo aportaba ideas, de acuerdo al prólogo) y tiene la cantidad justa de detalles. El narrador destila un humor muy sutil y su descripción del lugar se aleja por momentos de su zona de confort, ese "mirar por encima de los demás" que lo caracteriza. El ambiente, el hotel aislado, la tormenta, el cangrejal, todo suma a la atmósfera que incomoda a la gente.

Por otro lado (y me refiero a lo que menos me gustó), hay pistas o datos que se presentan bruscamente a los personajes y al lector. No sé si la extensión de la novela estuvo pactada antes de escribirla, pero sentí que hubo una especie de apuro por resolver las cosas. Los personajes femeninos no me agradaron y tampoco simpatice con el modo en que son tratados por el resto. Adiviné el final en la mitad y me pareció que quedaron cabos sueltos que habían funcionado como distractores. (view spoiler)

No es lo mejor que se puede conseguir de estos dos grandes autores, pero cumple con el objetivo básico de la

novela policial. Creo que *Los que aman, odian* fue una buena colaboración y salió un libro muy entretenido y de fácil lectura. Me despejó y lo disfruté. Así de simple.
