



# Kino

*Haruki Murakami , Philip Gabriel (Translator)*

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**Kino** Haruki Murakami , Philip Gabriel (Translator)

The man always sat in the same seat, the stool farthest down the counter. When it wasn't occupied, that is, but it was nearly always free. The bar was seldom crowded, and that particular seat was the most inconspicuous and the least comfortable. A staircase in the back made the ceiling slanted and low, so it was hard to stand up there without bumping your head. The man was tall, yet, for some reason, preferred that cramped, narrow spot.

## Kino Details

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# From Reader Review Kino for online ebook

Nayra.Hassan says

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A short enigmatic story from the master of the surreal. It's a freebie (just follow the link accompanying this book on the Goodreads site) and if you're a fan of Murakami's work you should take a look; it'll see you through a morning cappuccino.

As is his way, the story exists between the lines. Murakami tends to create a mood as much as he writes a story and there's plenty of mood here. It's simple and sad and I had to think about it a bit to extract its message. I enjoyed it.

## Taghreed Jamal el deen says

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Haruki Murakami. It was a bit of a strange read until the various pieces of the bizarre puzzle of parables of **KINO's** broken heart and lonely life fell into place. The best part (*for me*) was the stray cat who came to stay and gave him such unconditional comfort. A sad, but thought provoking read.

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## Ellie says

As usual, there is a bar, jazz music, and a cat. Along with a repressed man (Kino), out of touch with his feelings, and some supernatural happenings.

I loved this short story by Murakami (you can read it for free by following the GR link).

It is filled with his classic themes, soothing and haunting at the same time. Beautiful sentences:

“This was ambiguity: holding on to an empty space between two extremes.”

“The roots of darkness could spread everywhere beneath the earth. Patiently taking their time, searching out weak points, they could break apart the most solid rock.”

“He had to extinguish the ability to imagine anything. I shouldn’t look at it, he told himself. No matter how empty it may be, this is still my heart. There’s still some human warmth in it. Memories, like seaweed wrapped around pilings on the beach, wordlessly waiting for high tide. Emotions that, if cut, would bleed. I can’t just let them wander somewhere beyond my understanding.”

“All he could do was wait like this, patiently, until it grew light out and the birds awoke and began their day. All he could do was trust in the birds, in all the birds, with their wings and beaks. Until then, he couldn’t let his heart go blank. That void, the vacuum created by it, would draw them in.”

A willow tree outside his house-laden with meaning, an echo of something in Kino.

Trust in the birds.

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## Seemita says

"No matter how empty it may be, this is still my heart. There’s still some human warmth in it. Memories, like seaweed wrapped around pilings on the beach, wordlessly waiting for high tide. Emotions that, if cut, would bleed. I can’t just let them wander somewhere beyond my understanding."

Realization, when takes seed inside, never leaves before blooming in full. While a part of us wants it to get trampled beneath a thousand confused thoughts bubbling within, a part of us does everything possible to pull it beyond all hurdles, to the finishing line. And mostly, it's the latter that is more wrecksome despite being (probably) a better alternative.

## Sidharth Vardhan says

Read it here:  
<http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/2011-03-06>

[illegible]

(view spoiler)

www.alantologia.com

http://alantologia.com/page/17470/

[illegible]





## Praveen says

I can see a lot of reviewers stating this short story as:

“Strange ..... Story...”

“Weird and weird.”

Guys that’s Murakami Style.

This short story got all the elements of Murakami world. I mean all the recurring elements

***“Memories...Loneliness ... Broken marriage... Bar... Jazz Music...Cat..Travel...and one more new thing Snakes.”***

How much ever you forgive something it never leaves you:

“I’m human, after all. I was hurt. But whether it was a lot or a little I can’t say.”

And the knock on the door goes on.

Someone was knocking on his door. Not a loud knock but a firm,... Kino knew what the knocking meant. And he knew that he was supposed to get out of bed and open the door. Whatever was doing the knocking didn’t have the strength to open the door from the outside. It had to be opened by Kino’s own hand.

It wasn’t a knocking on a door in a business hotel. It was a knocking on the door to his heart. A person couldn’t escape that sound.

Its good, better than the "The Strange Library" . I am now more curious on when Murakami wrote this story really.

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