



## Kino

*Haruki Murakami , Philip Gabriel (Translator)*

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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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### **Andrew Smith says**

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.

Kino owns a small bar in a back street of Tokyo. He doesn't get many customers but one man does visit a couple of times each week and always sits in the same place, the most uncomfortable spot in the bar. They rarely talk. There's a cat and jazz music and whiskey, of course – all staple ingredients in any Murakami tale.

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.

Link: <http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/201...>

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### **Taghreed Jamal el deen says**

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### **Nayra.Hassan says**

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Raha says

**Carol says**

This short story, published in the Feb/Mar 2015 issue of *The New Yorker*, is my first experience reading

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 hishouse-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, its the latter that is more wrecksome despite being (probably) a better alternative.

This lovely little short story from Murakami gently unfolds Kino's journey to what he really is from a point where he is comfortably in. The narrative is laced with the trademark Murakami pieces like jazz, cats and intriguing quirk. A thoughtful work, which says that no matter how many people choose to help us, things never get quite right till we decide to help ourselves.

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### **Sidharth Vardhan says**

*"Kino pulled the covers up, shut his eyes, and covered his ears with his hands. I'm not going to look, not going to listen, he told himself. But he couldn't drown out the sound. Even if he ran to the far corners of the earth and stuffed his ears full of clay, as long as he was still alive those knocks would relentlessly track him down. 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."*

Read it here:

<http://www.newyorker.com/magazine/201...>

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### **Kamal Sabry Shaker says**

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### **Dr Osama says**

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### **Hoda Elsayed says**

**When I should have felt real pain, I stifled it.  
I didn't want to take it on, so I avoided facing up to it.  
Which is why my heart is so empty now.**

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### **Leo Robertson says**

Purdey gewd.

But in general I don't like the skeletal nature of short stories. They always close up so neatly, and the ones people say are the best are always like "AND THAT'S THE MORAL OF THAT" or "HERE WAS MY MESSAGE ALL ALONG. YOU MAY GO NOW", or "OOHWW WASN'T THAT WEIRD? GETS TA THINKIN' AN' THANKIN' BOY!" And for some reason it always makes me think of people who say "WE NEED STORIES." It's like, I... what? Do we? I have no idea what stories do. I like them. But they're supposed to be about people, and all these stripped bare mechanics and "We need stories"-ing just makes me think that when I turn around from a book, someone's gonna be standing there going 'Ahhhhh bet you never thought of it that way, eh? You're welcome, son. You deserved that story. You needed that, you did.' And it just... ew. Ruins it.

This of course has nothing to do with this story in particular. I guess I just wanted to say I hate that shit haha!! It's like, most writers writing stories have no idea why a character does a thing. Most of them didn't know before they started. The essence is not known a priori. I find it hard to believe they sit there and go 'People need this! But I don't know what it is!' Maybe they refine and work out what is needed later, but the origin is too nebulous for me. Also, it's frightening to think that there are things that we need that we'll never consume all of, ever. So we need "STORIES" but not "ALL STORIES"? Again, too nebulous. Andromeda Strain and Finnegans Wake, or Catch 22 and The Shining? What? Which? How?!

No.

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### **Zoeytron says**

This was a short story in the New Yorker magazine. Kino lives a life that is not quite buttoned up right. There is something askew with his life, but he can't put his finger on what is wrong. With the help of the mysterious Kamita and a small gray cat, Kino struggles to find his heart. A charming and very different story.

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## 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.

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