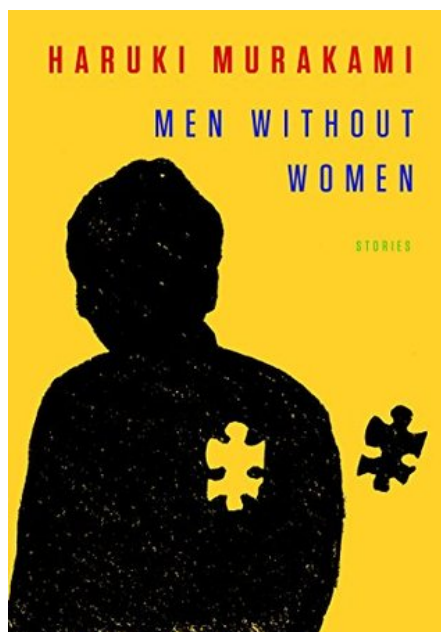




Men Without Women

Haruki Murakami , Philip Gabriel (Translator) , Ted Goossen (Translator)

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A dazzling new collection of short stories--the first major new work of fiction from the beloved, internationally acclaimed, Haruki Murakami since his #1 best-selling *Colorless Tsukuru Tazaki and His Years of Pilgrimage*.

Across seven tales, Haruki Murakami brings his powers of observation to bear on the lives of men who, in their own ways, find themselves alone. Here are vanishing cats and smoky bars, lonely hearts and mysterious women, baseball and the Beatles, woven together to tell stories that speak to us all.

Marked by the same wry humor that has defined his entire body of work, in this collection Murakami has crafted another contemporary classic.

From the Hardcover edition.

Men Without Women Details

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From Reader Review Men Without Women for online ebook

Helle says

I saw Murakami yesterday. I don't mean that in a metaphorical way: I literally saw him in my home town of Odense, Denmark. He received the Hans Christian Andersen Literary Award and made a few small appearances while he was here, one of which was at our local library. There were only 180 of us there, and I don't think anyone left the room afterwards thinking that the event had been so-so. I, at least, felt dazed and enriched and happy afterwards. We heard him read aloud from a short story (in Japanese) which his Danish translator afterwards read in Danish; we heard him answer some questions prepared by said translator and a literature expert. And we heard him answer some questions from the audience. He was delightful. He was humble. He was kind. He was funny. And I got to ask him the last question.

(I may come back and actually review this collection. Then again, I may not. I may disappear down a well or go chase a cat or go to sleep and wake up as someone who doesn't read books).

Andrew Smith says

When you delve into a Murakami book you're never quite sure what you'll find – will it be surreal and mind bending, like *The Wind-up Bird Chronicle*, or darkly realistic like *Norwegian Wood*? Well this collection of short stories certainly has more in common with the latter, though not entirely so.

The title gives away the linking theme, but that's too simplistic. There's longing and loneliness here but also a desire to understand, to discover. The tones are often deeply melancholic and are told – in typical Murakami style – in a matter of fact, somewhat unemotional way, but are totally beguiling nonetheless. As you would expect they are beautifully written, containing lines that stopped me in my tracks to ponder the pure truth of the statements.

An actor has lost his wife after 20 years. She died after a short illness and as he is driven to and from the theatre in which he is performing he is quizzed by his female driver. It appears that he knew his wife had had affairs and at one stage took the strange step of befriending a fellow actor purely because he suspected he had had trysts with his late wife. Was his motivation just curiosity, as he sought to understand his wife's motivation to seek out other male company? Or was he looking to exact revenge in some manner? A young man talks to his friend about his own girlfriend. They met when they were quite a bit younger and have been together for some time, but they don't have a sexual relationship. He attempts to persuade his friend to take his girlfriend out on a date. What is the spur for this and where does he expect this to take his own relationship with his girlfriend?

In both of these stories I was struck by the apparent strangeness of the actions taken by the lead protagonist, yet as the narrative developed these actions seemed to make more sense. Murakami regularly introduces me to people who not only live in a very different culture but who also seem slightly off-kilter. It's unsettling... but stimulating. Sometimes I can reconcile myself to who they are and why they do what they do, but not always.

A cosmetic surgeon seems to have everything a single man could want: money, a good career and an abundance of willing female company. He's careful not to put himself in a position where he will become too emotionally involved with these women, in fact his favoured route is to liaise with women who are already in a steady relationship. He enjoys their company relishes the conversations and, of course, the sex.

But then it happens - he falls in love. This certainly wasn't in the plan and it throws his whole life into turmoil. In the title piece a man receives a 'phone call advising him that an ex-girlfriend has committed suicide. He's not sure why he received the call as he'd had no contact with her for a long time. However, he reflects that this is the third ex-girlfriend of his that has committed suicide. And then there's the account of a young man in confinement, who is visited by a housekeeper who also provides sexual favours and talks to him about reincarnation (she was an eel in a previous life) and a boy she secretly stalked.

These stories spoke to me of introspection and addiction and of a yearning for relationships lost. I don't think I've worked out the true underlying message in any of these tales (if, indeed, there is one) but the story of the surgeon, in particular, has a haunting and compelling unexpectedness to it.

Kino, about a man who opens a small bar after he splits with his wife is the only story I'd read before (and reviewed it here). I enjoyed it at the time and I believe it's one of the strongest offerings in this book.

The final story is the most surreal, it's a reversal of Kafka's *The Metamorphosis* in which Gregor Samsa awakens to find himself transformed from insect to human. As he stumbles about his apartment trying to get used to this new, strange body he is visited by a hunchbacked woman to whom he becomes attracted.

It's my first foray into the world of the author's short story collections and it's one I found hugely rewarding. As always with compendiums of this sort, some pieces attracted me more than others but I enjoyed the fact that each felt very separate and different to the last. Murakami has a hugely fertile mind and an uncanny ability to put words on a page in a way that excites, confuses and disturbs. I'm off to find more like this.

Sam Quixote says

Haruki Murakami's latest short story collection is also my least favourite of his so far. Out of the seven fairly longish stories, only one of them was half-decent while the others ranged from bleh to agonisingly dull.

Kino is the ok story where a recently heartbroken man opens up a bar and plays host to a strange man who comes in every week, reads a book and drinks his booze. Its focus meanders quite a bit from *Kino* to the stranger to some random woman and then back to the stranger, though it's never boring, and I liked the hint of magical realism dancing on the edges of the tale. However I would've preferred a less self-consciously literary, vague ending which left me unsatisfied and wondering what the hey I'd just read.

And self-consciously literary, vague, unsatisfying and what the hey basically sums up the rest of the stories! In *Drive My Car*, an actor gets a female driver to drive him to and from the theatre, along the way telling her about his dead philandering wife and the friendship he struck up with one of her lovers. *Yesterday* is about a man who goes out with his friend's girlfriend who dreams of an icy moon. *Scheherazade* is about a man seemingly held prisoner in a house visited by a woman he calls *Scheherazade* (though it's not her real name) who tells him about her odd dreams after they sex. A wealthy plastic surgeon starves himself to death after falling in love in *An Independent Organ*.

Uh... huh? I guess the theme is weird relationships but I don't know what I'm supposed to think about it - Murakami's women is cheating ho-bags? The stories feel like they're trying to seem deep and profound but they come across as really shallow and pointless. I get the literary references - 1001 Arabian Nights (*Scheherazade*), Kafka (*Samsa in Love*), Hemingway (*Men Without Women*), and of course the near-obligatory Beatles nods (*Drive My Car*, *Yesterday*) - but so what? I have read Hemingway's collection, also called *Men Without Women*, though it's been years and I can't remember it so I'm not sure if it ties into this in any meaningful way.

The worst stories were Samsa in Love and Men Without Women. A man wakes up to discover he's Gregor Samsa - haaaah, geddit?? Like an inversion of Kafka's Metamorphosis when Gregor Samsa woke up to discover he was a giant bug! Gregor Samsa falls in love with a hunchback locksmith and... that's it. I guess it was all about that opening line. In Men Without Women some guy rambles on about a woman he used to love who's just died. Awful, boring rubbish.

Kino was ok and the writing in general is of a high standard, and I liked certain elements of some of the stories like the odd, ambiguous scenario of Scheherazade - why is that man trapped in a house and can't leave? On the whole though this is a very weak collection with a series of instantly forgettable crap. I'd recommend either after the quake or The Elephant Vanishes over this fans-only book.

Chris_P says

Dreams are the kind of things you can—when you need to—borrow and lend out.

You know how, for many people, reading books is like travelling without leaving the comfort of their living rooms? For me, reading Murakami is like returning home after a long and exhaustive trip. His prose, his style, all the little well known things that make up his stories, feel like a cozy, dim-lit room with dark corners and telephones that ring menacingly, like an unfortold dark turn of events, in the middle of the night. These beautiful antitheses is what I love about Murakami.

Men who are divorced, men who are married, lonely men, men in relationships, widowers, men who have undergone a sudden metamorphosis, all of them share a special world of their own. All of them have a missing jigsaw piece in the place of their hearts.

It's one of those collections that there's no need to rate the stories separately. In fact, I think it would be a mistake to do so. In all seven of them, I experienced the same old feelings Haruki knows ridiculously well how to deliver. Favorite: Kino. Least favorite: An Independent Organ.

Suddenly one day you become Men Without Women. That day comes to you completely out of the blue, without the faintest of warnings or hints beforehand. No premonitions or foreboding, no knocks or clearing of throats. Turn a corner and you know you're already there. But by then there's no going back. Once you round that bend, that is the only world you can possibly inhabit. In that world you are called "Men Without Women." Always a relentlessly frigid plural.

Panagiotis says

Υπάρχουν δὲ οἱ τρεῖς ποιοὶ νὰ κοιτᾷ ξεῖ κανεὶς τὸν Μουρακᾶμι: μὴ σὰ ἀπὸ τὸ βλᾶμμα τῆς δημῳσίας, μὴ ἀλῆς γνῆμης, ποὺ σχηματίζεται αὐθαρέτα, καὶ θάλει τὸν Μουρακᾶμι ἐσᾶε? ἡττημῶνο ὑποψῶδιο νομπελῶστα. Καὶ ὑπάρχει καὶ ἡ ᾗλλη, τοῦ ἀναγνῶστη ποὺ θὰ δει τὸν Μουρακᾶμι μὴ σὰ ἀπὸ τὰ μᾶτια αὐτῶν ποὺ ἀγαπᾶνε τὴν γραφῆ του.

Αυτ? η συγκρατημ?νη γραφ? του, κ?τι το μελαγχολικ? ψυχρ? πολλ?ς φορ?ς στον τρ?πο που οι ?ρω?ς του κινο?νται και μιλ?νε, ακ?μα με κ?νει να εκπλ?σσομαι με την αναγν?ριση που ?χει παγκοσμ?ως. Αν και καθ?λου δ?σκολ?ς στο δι?βασμα, δεν ?χει γνωρ?σματα εμπορικο? συγγραφ?α. Και ?μως, αποτελε? τον πιο αναγνωρισμ?νο Ι?πωνά μυθοπλ?στη.

Νομ?ζω πως προτιμ? τις μικρ?ς του ιστορ?ες. Εκε? που τα μυθιστορ?ματ? του ελλ?σσονται σε αιγιματικο?ς δαιδ?λους, τα διηγ?ματ? του ?χουν αρχ?, μ?ση και, αναπ?ντεχα, τ?λος. Και το?τες οι μικρ?ς ιστορ?ες εδ? νομ?ζω ε?ναι οι καλ?τερες που ?χω διαβ?σει απ? τον Μουρακ?μι.

Ellie says

Loved it! I always love Murakami, even his less than perfect works but this is an excellent addition to his oeuvre. I generally prefer his novels to his short fiction but these stories are wonderful.

The stories all center around the loneliness of the male protagonists. There are missed connections and losses and a general inability to connect or stay connected to anyone, especially women. But these men seem generally isolated and lonely. Even their male friendships tend to center around lost or unattainable women. The men particularly yearn for a woman to assuage their pain. Love-or the lack of it-is the empty center around which their lives revolve.

In the title story, the narrator learns that an old lover of his has killed herself. The writing in this story is the lyrical and moving as he contemplates their relationship and his loneliness (despite, apparently, his marriage!). I wanted to memorize long passages of this beautiful story (although I think the beauty of the writing was stronger than the story itself).

In "Scheherazade", a woman beguiles a homebound man (the reason for his being homebound is never explained, he's one of Murakami's men without the will to go into the world, in the most literal sense) with stories. In her tale of her adolescence, she talks of a boy she was obsessed with and where that obsession led her. Like the men, the women in these stories are also unable to form lasting connections with others.

"Samsa in Love" is the oddest, funniest, and yet also frightening/touching stories in the collection. In a riff off Kafka, a roach wakes up to find himself Gregor Samsa, a human. He has difficulty adjusting to his new body (as did Samsa) and vague memories of his perhaps once being a man named Samsa. He too is confined to his house where a hunchbacked woman comes to fix a lock. He is fascinated by her. But alongside this story of possible love is the presence of tanks in the city (the invasion of Prague by the Germans?) and the ominous absence of his family.

I had read the story "Kino" before but was happy to reread it. It is reminiscent of Murakami's earlier work, complete with a jazz bar and mysterious strangers. I was filled with a longing to reread his early novels.

Murakami remains, for me, a master of literature. Always interesting, always filled with beautiful writing and interesting stories. There is none of his literal magical elements in these stories but there is the magic of the stories themselves.

This would be an easy beginning for readers new to Murakami but perhaps not the best. I would still recommend Kafka on the Shore, IQ84. Hard-Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World or A Wild Sheep Chase. And for short stories, I would recommend After Dark. But this would be almost as good a place to being: accessible, moving stories filled with Murakami's distinctive touches and themes. A new reader would

certainly get a sense of Murakami's power as a writer. If he or she liked this book, there's a whole world of Murakami out there.

And, of course, for those of us already in love with Murakami, this is a must and rewarding read.

Bookdragon Sean says

Men Without Women is a collection of stories about despairing men and loneliness; it depicts men who try to cope with the sorrows of life after their loved one has departed from them. Unable to move on, the men spend the rest of their days lamenting what they will never again feel.

So this is a sad collection, one that captures the harsh realities of human experience, at least, the experience some people will ultimately feel in the face of rejection. The feelings the men have here are not needy or creepy towards the women in question. This certainly isn't a collection about desperate men. What we have instead is successful men, often those who are married or charming with the ladies, who lose their loved one or perhaps find her for the first time. They then have to get on with their loves in the wake of such a thing.

Not an easy task for sure. Some have different coping strategies varying in different levels of extremity. One man simply dies, unable to eat anymore or muster the will to live, he slowly perishes and wastes away to nothing as he realises his love never felt the same way about him. What's surprising, and perhaps a truism, is how easy it is for such an experience to break a man. Again, these men are not emotionally fragile or unhinged; they are relatively normal people who simply get overwhelmed by emotions that they cannot control or predict. Love is never easy and unreciprocated love is agony.

But don't some people have the strength to carry on?

However, despite the harsh experience the men have here, I wanted to see a little bit more positivity. Some people, men or women, will find themselves in very similar situations in life, but they do not simply lay down and die. They get on with it; they keep going. Life does not fit into a neat little box. We don't always get what we want, and simply giving up is not the answer. We have one life, and despite how painful our own experience can be, there is always a reason to carry on. If you're not living for yourself, then live for other people.

As ever Murakami's prose is precise with the ability to handle such complex emotions. And he has tapped into something here, something true to life, but not everybody will react in such a way. We must move forward no matter how hard it may seem. At times I found myself wanting to give the men a good hard slap; they surely needed it: they needed a motivation injection or something. As important as it is to find a partner in life, it is not the thing that defines life or success.

This book is certainly worth a read, though it falls short of its potential.

Lilith says

Hay autores que cuando te enteras que van a sacar un libro nuevo lo celebras por todo lo alto. Esperas, cuentas los días, y corres el mismo día de su publicación para por fin tenerlo en tus manos. Lo observas, le das la vuelta, lo abres por la mitad y lo saboreas un poco más antes de ponerte manos a la obra con su contenido. *Hombres sin mujeres* es el último libro publicado de Haruki Murakami en nuestro país. En esta

ocasión, Tusquets nos traen una colección de siete relatos, relatos, que conservan la esencia de su narración, tan única y característica, junto a temas tan recurrentes en él como es la soledad, la pérdida, el dolor y el amor. Sin embargo, *Hombres sin mujeres* en esta ocasión va un poco más allá, cada uno de los siete relatos es una obra en sí misma, llena de matices, de ideas concretas, de sensaciones que el autor quiere despertar en tu interior, transcribir lo que siente cada uno de sus personajes, sus inquietudes, pensamientos sobre situaciones concretas y sus sentimientos sobre esas mismas. Pero todas ellas además parten de un germen común, en todos los relatos (o casi todos) hay mujeres, mujeres que se pierden, mujeres de las que uno se enamora pero no puede tener y el dolor que ello conlleva, ver cómo consume el no poder retenerla a su lado, el abandono (tan característico en sus obras) y por supuesto, la soledad. El encontrarse solo en ningún lugar, el reencontrarse así a veces con uno mismo.

Drive my car es el relato que abre esta colección, aquí un actor de nombre Kafuku por medio de su mecánico contrata una chica muy peculiar para que le haga de chofer durante una temporada. La pérdida y un desengaño amoroso, son las claves de este primer relato.

Yesterday es uno de mis preferidos de esta colección. Lo que más me ha gustado de este relato es que tiene algo que me hace pensar en *Tokio Blues* aunque la situación realmente es muy distinta. Quizás sea porque aquí también hay tres personajes principales. En esta ocasión, Murakami nos presenta la historia por medio de Tanimura, mientras este nos relata la relación de amistad que tuvo durante una época con Kitaru, uno de los personajes más extravagantes del autor, por ejemplo aprendió todo un dialecto porque sí. Aunque lo importante realmente aquí es relación entre este y su novia, Erika.

En *Un órgano independiente* conocemos a un médico que era capaz de mantener numerosas relaciones a la vez con distintas mujeres y que tenía una vida totalmente plena hasta que un día parece que empezó a enamorarse de alguien. Uno de los relatos que más me han gustado, con un final impactante y agónico.

En *Sherezade* la historia es más bien simple, una mujer viene a traer la compra y hacer la comida a casa de un personaje que por alguna razón no puede salir a la calle y también acaba por acostarse con él. De los que menos me han gustado.

Kino si mal no recuerdo, este relato ya tuve oportunidad de leer aunque sea su inicio en inglés. La historia que nos relata en *Kino* es un poco diferente al resto del conjunto de los relatos, puesto que, entre otras cosas, aquí Murakami opta por añadir un toque de ese surrealismo o realismo mágico como lo llaman algunos, que normalmente vemos en algunas de sus obras. Aquí conocemos a Kino, un hombre que abrió un pequeño bar y que a veces frecuenta una mujer que le llama la atención. Eso sí, los compases finales son totalmente diferentes a lo que uno piensa. Creo que uno de los relatos más curiosos y con una poderosa narración y efecto en su cierre.

Saltamos ahora a *Samsa enamorado*, ya os habréis dado cuenta de que en este relato nos encontramos con un personaje de mismo nombre que el famosos personaje del relato de Kafka, sin embargo, Murakami aquí nos presenta un relato totalmente original y curioso. Aquí la historia pasa al revés, y un buen día Samsa se despierta siendo humano, un ser que se da cuenta que se ha convertido en humano, con una tremenda dificultad para moverse o entender qué está pasando. Es sin duda alguna uno de los mejores relatos de Murakami.

Y por último pero el más importante para mí, es además el que da nombre a la colección de relatos. *Hombres sin mujeres* es una obra compleja pero simple en sí, no hace falta leerla durante mucho rato para enamorarse completamente, ni tampoco nos hace falta saber los nombres, perfectamente podemos ser tú o yo. ¿Y qué tenemos en ella? mujeres que desaparecen un buen día, recuerdos que te llegan de repente, escondidos hasta ese momento en algún rincón de tu corazón, un estado continuo de apatía, de reflexión, de pensar en lo que uno perdió. Y también el relato más potente en cuanto a las frases tan impactantes pero simples, que te llenan pero al mismo tiempo devorar por dentro.

Así pues, tenemos un conjunto variopinto de personajes pero con un factor común, la pérdida, el reencuentro, la forma en la que uno afronta la realidad del presente, el afán de entender el pasado, de comprender qué falló.

3.5

PopiTonja says

Ja prosto obožavam ovog ?oveka!
Savršeno, na njegov svojstven na?in upakovano.
Svaku sam pri?u doživela kao jedan mali roman.

♥? Imam ose?aj da su njeno i moje srce ne?im ?vrsto povezani. Kad se njeno srce pomeri, ono sa sobom povu?e i moje. Kao dva ?amca vezano konopcem. ?ak i da želim da prese?em tu vezu, se?ivo kojim bi se ona dala prese?i nigde ne postoji. ♥?

Darwin8u says

"That's what it is like to lose a woman. And at a certain time, losing one woman means losing all women. That's how we become Men Without Women."
-- Haruki Murakami, Men Without Women

This is a soft Murakami. A lot of his novels are dreamlike, but this one seems more like an emotional smell than a memory. There just isn't a lot to grab onto. It reminded me of petting a sea anemone flower at a local aquarium. I knew I was doing it. I was even thrilled a bit as I was doing it. It just didn't register in the way I predicted.

Anyway, the book is a series of short stories, I've included my ranking for each:

1. Drive My Car - ★★★★★
 2. Yesterday - ★★★
 3. An Independent Organ - ★★
 4. Scheherazade - ★★★★★
 5. Kino - ★★★★★
 6. Samsa in Love - ★★★
 7. Men without Women - ★★★
-

Marita says

“HE WOKE TO discover that he had undergone a metamorphosis and become Gregor Samsa.”

Yes, that's right... Kafka in reverse!

This must be the best opening line that I have seen in a short story for a long while. It is not the first one in this collection, but it certainly grabbed my attention. This collection reminded me why Haruki Murakami is one of my favourite authors.

Here are some tasters:

Drive my Car

”... Performing allowed me to be someone other than myself. And I could revert back when the performance ended. I really loved that.”

“You loved being someone other than yourself?”

“Yes, as long as I knew I could go back.”

The actor Kafuko engages a female driver, and slowly he opens up to her about a secret sorrow and unresolved matter.

Yesterday

The theme continues of being someone other...

“Another reason I stopped using the Kansai dialect was that I wanted to become a totally different person.”

Tanimura is from Kansai, but adopts the Tokyo way of speaking; Kitaru on the other hand is from Tokyo and insists on speaking in perfect Kansai dialect. Mr Murakami captures ‘teenage-speak’ very deftly in this story.

An Independent Organ

”THERE ARE PEOPLE in the world who—thanks to a lack of intellectual acuity—live a life that is surprisingly artificial. I haven’t run across all that many, but there are certainly a few. And Dr. Tokai was one of them.”

In this story Dr. Tokai concludes that women have a special independent organ...

Scheherazade

Ah yes, she tells stories... and Habara thinks about lampreys.

Kino

Kino makes an unfortunate discovery, opens a bar, and there’s a cat (this is Murakami after all!) and a mysterious customer who likes to read.

Samsa in Love

See my opening paragraph.

Men Without Women

”This woman was the third woman I’d gone out with who’d killed herself.” Go figure...

I thoroughly enjoyed reading this collection of stories with its thread of identity and self in the lives of men without women.

Elyse says

Audiobook...

I LOVED THESE STORIES!!!! They penetrated through my ears and my thoughts. I was hanging on to every word walking around town completely captivated.

The only thing I didn't like -- only for a couple of minutes-is when switching to a new story... I wasn't ready to transition. Yet, they were 'all' fascinating & amazing!!!

Quick question? Do you think women drive different than men? And...

MEN: do you feel less at ease in the passenger seat with a woman driving - than when a man is? Paul said yes...'usually'!

To my 'audiobook' friends.....(even if you mostly only listen to non- fiction audiobooks)...this was an EXCELLENT WALKING COMPANION...(Esil)... lol

Mutasim Billah says

"But when I look back at myself at age twenty what I remember most is being alone and lonely."

Ahh Murakami and his endless alienated, lonely male characters! *Men Without Women* is a collection of short stories by Haruki Murakami that came out in 2017 (not to be confused with Hemingway's short-story collection of the same name). Here, we have seven stories with male characters, each with varying degrees of despair, dread or loneliness from the lack or loss of women. There are themes of grief, betrayal, masochism or just complete alienation in this book. Some of the stories are really well-done, I particularly enjoyed "**Samsa in Love**", which is a reworked version of Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, and "**Kino**", which has some of the many usual Murakami elements I happen to love. Most of the stories are already available online on The New Yorker.

Aya Hamza says

I don't read lots of short story collections because most of them feel too rushed, but in this one every single story is well written and complete.

I read many short stories by Murakami and really enjoyed it, but never read a complete collection by him. Now, I want to dive into the rest of his collections!

The stories are beautifully written. Murakami has such a way with words. He never disappoint me!

The stories themselves are amazing. There is no plot to them, but as usual Murakami writes character driven stories, and I don't care because I can read them and love them!

In these seven short stories, he writes about lonely men and their experiences with mysterious women, and how they chose loneliness to avoid the pain of love. Stories that are mixed with music and smoke, and some gave me fairy tale vibes.

The stories show that there is definitely a difference in the way men and women think, but also that **men don't understand women!**

You may think that these stories are pure contemporaries, you are wrong. They are still open-ended mysteries. For a Murakami fan, it is no surprise to me. This is his specialty!

Drive my car: ★★★★★½

This is my second favorite story from the collection. It is about an actor who hires a new female driver and they start conversations along their way to and from his work.. talking about their past, specially about his dead wife -whom he is still deeply in love- and her affairs. And how he was hurt by her actions.. but never revealed her secret because of the fear of losing her maybe?

In this sad story, we see how the husband try to understand the reason his wife might have been unfaithful and what she found in these men that was not in him. He even made a friendship with one of her loves!

Yesterday: ★★★★★½

"If you don't know what you're looking for, it's not easy to look for it."

This one is about two friends, one of them "Kitaru" is quite weird! He even asks his friend to go out with his girlfriend because he thinks that he is a good guy! They don't go out as lovers but as friends.. talking about their previous relationships and their love life.

The story is not about relationships only, but it also showed Kitaru's **curiosity**!

"I figure, if she's gonna go out with other guys, it's better if it's you. 'Cause I know you. And you can gimme, like, updates and stuff."

An independent organ: ★★★★★

In my opinion, this one is the **most beautifully written story in the collection!**

He tells the story of a surgeon who doesn't want to get married. He doesn't allow himself to fall in love! He goes out with women not necessary for sex but he enjoys his time with intelligent women.. until one day, he falls in love with a married woman and now lives in a conflict between his fear of falling deeply in love with her and the fear of losing her.

"I've been out with lots of woman who are much prettier than her, better built, with better taste, and more intelligent. But those comparisons are meaningless. Because to me she is someone special. A 'complete presence,' I guess you could call it. All of her qualities are tightly bound into one core. You can't separate each individual quality to measure and analyze it, to say it's better or worse than the same quality in someone else. It's what's in her core that attracts me so strongly. Like a powerful magnet. It's beyond logic."

This story is **quite dark**. It shows the loneliness and emptiness the man felt without the woman he loved. He knew her flaws and yet he loved her so deeply. It also show how love changes men and how love made the doctor so violent even toward himself!

Scheherazade: ★★★★★

This one is about this married woman that is housekeeping a young man and sleeping with him. She always tells him stories, like Scheherazade, about her teenage life and the boy she loved and even sneaked to his house to know more about him.

This felt like a fairy tale. You see this young man and how he is curious and intrigued by these stories and how lonely he feels without her.

Kino: ★★½

It is about a man who discovers that his wife is cheating on him, but he just leaves her without blaming her. He decides to open a bar and lead a different life. He feels that his life is so empty and his soul is lonely. He feels nothing..

I found this one **a bit strange**, but when you think of it, it starts to make sense! And it has a beautiful meaning to it.

Samsa in love: ★★

I couldn't fully understand this story, and this is probably a "me" thing because this story is **inspired by Franz Kafka's "The Metamorphosis"** which I know nothing about! I haven't read any Kafka book so I can't even know what to expect from him.

Men without women: ★★★★★

I guess this is **my favorite story from the collection**. It is heavily mixed with music and I LOVE when he does that!

It is about a man whose ex-girlfriend killed herself, and the beautiful memories he had with her, and how he lost his 14-year-old self when he lost her! He felt that he is missing something after her death even though they broke up many years ago!

Overall, this was a great Murakami collection which I highly recommend checking out!

B?p says

Mua cu?n này ?úng vào mùa Nobel công b? các h?ng m?c. N?m nay bác già l?i tr??t cái gi?i v?n ch??ng, không b?t ng? gì m?y. Bác là m?t thiên tài k? chuy?n, không th? ph? nh?n gì v? ?i?u ?y nh?ng ch? th? thôi là ch?a ?? . Bác v?n "thi?u", v?n ch?a th? ??t t?i t?m c?a gi?i Nobel (m?c dù thi?t ngh? bác ?ã ??t t?i t?m c?a m?t s? ng??i t?ng ?o?t gi?i Nobel).

Tr??c ngày công b?, Svetlana Alexievich d?n ??u trong danh sách c?a các nhà cái, cu?i cùng bà ?y ?n gi?i th?t. Th?c s? thì ch?a t?ng nghe tên bà ?y tr??c ó nh?ng tìm hi?u s? qua v? ti?u s? thì Nobel n?m nay ?úng là bà ?y hoàn toàn ko có ??i th?.

M?t nhà v?n (nói ?úng h?n là thiên v? nhà báo) có khuynh h??ng ch?ng C?ng và bài Nga sâu s?c, t?ng ph?i h?u tòa nhi?u l?n vì nh?ng bài vi?t ph? báng ch? ??, sách b? c?m l?u hành, b? ki?m duy?t nghiêm ng?t ngay t?i chính qu? h??ng, là cái gai trong m?t Putin và chính quy?n Belarus, t?ng ph?i s?ng l?u vong và c?m xu?t hi?n tr??c công chúng...

Còn gì to?t v?i h?n khi ch?n ?úng n?m nay ?? trao gi?i cho bà ?y. Mùi chính tr? c?ng gi?ng nh? mùi d?a khú. R?t d? s?c lên và t?t nhiên c?ng ch?ng th?m tho gì :3

Quay l?i v?i Haruki Murakami. N?u b?n b?o tôi review v? m?t cu?n nào ??y c?a bác thì th?c s? trong tôi luôn th??ng tr?c s? b?t l?c tràn tr?. V?n ch??ng c?a bác toàn nh?ng chi ti?t m? h?, k? qu?c, khó tìm th?y s? liên quan nhi?u khi là v? va v? v?n. "Tác gi? vi?t khi ?ang ngáo ?á à" - ó là câu tôi bu?t mi?ng ra khi l?n ??u tiên ??c cu?n c?a bác (biên niên ký chim v?n dây c?t).

C?t truy?n thì nhi?u khi còn ch? có c?t truy?n. Cu?n tr??c v?i cu?n sau có khi l?p l?i y chang nhau v? nhi?u chi ti?t. T?p truy?n ng?n này còn ?? h?n chút khi ko xu?t hi?n m?a cá, m?a ??a hay gi?ng nh?ng v?n có mèo, r??u và nh?c c? ?i?n.

Nói chung là có th? nhi?u ng??i s? th?y nhầm nh?ng tôi v?n mê (và có v? nhi?u ng??i c?ng mê nh? tôi). Tôi g?t ph?ng t?t c? mà ng?i nh?n nha ??c. V?n ch??ng c?a bác giúp tôi thoát mình ra kh?i cái gu?ng quay ?iên

cu?ng nh? c?n thu?c l?c ngoài kia. À th?nh tho?ng tôi ngh? bác già là m?t nhà thoi miên có h?ng c? b?t tôi l?n gi? h?t trang này t?i trang khác, ??m chìm vào nó, kh?i g?i lên nh?ng th? b? chôn vùi dù nh? nhoi hay to l?n. Và cu?i cùng ??c xong là tôi c?ng...coi nh? xong :3

Có 1 ng??i b?n h?i tôi r?ng m?y thích truy?n nào nh?t trong t?p truy?n ng?n này. Tôi miên man 1 lúc.

Yesterday à? Hay C? Quan ??c L?p? C?ng ko th? b? qua Scheherazade ???c. Ch?p, sau ó r?t cu?c tôi tr? l?i Drive My Car là truy?n tôi th?y...không thích nh?t.

...m?c dù tôi v?a thì ?? b?ng lái xe xong :3

Bác già li?m nào ng??i ??c, ho?c th?m chí là ngo?m, b?ng cách ch?i luôn 7 khúc c?i l??ng nào n?, n?u ru?t v?i ý ?? : trong th? gi?i không có ?àn bà, ?àn ông mê man, chu?nh choáng.

Làm gì mà ghê :|

? thì c?ng h?i ghê, nh? h?i...xem.

Trong cu?n này có r?t nhi?u nh?ng suy t? c?a ?àn ông v? ?àn bà (v?n nh? th??ng l?), nh?ng suy t? c?c khó đi?n t? thành l?i (v?n nh? nó v?n d?). Nh?ng dù sao ?i n?a thành l?i hay ko thì khi b?n là ?àn ông, b?n c?ng ko nên l?m l?i, nhi?u chuy?n. B?n ch? ???c quy?n th?nh tho?ng t?t ?èn t?i om, bí m?t ng?i khóc trong 1 góc nhà, c? cái ??u g?i ??y lông vào cái c?m ch?a c?o.

Th? v?n t?t h?n là bi?ng ?n nh? ông bác s?.

Th?t ra thì có 1 s? gã ?àn ông v?n ?c quy?n nhi?u chuy?n, nh?ng mà là nhi?u truy?n. Ví d? nh? Andersen.

??c cu?n này làm mình b?t giác nh? ??n l?i bài hát r?t ko liên quan. D?ch ra ti?ng Vi?t ??i khái:

"Tôi nghe ti?ng nh?ng b??c chân x?a c? nh? chuy?n ??ng c?a bi?n kh?i.

?ôi khi tôi quay l?i, có l?n ng??i ?ang ??ng ó, nh?ng l?n khác ch? có mình tôi"

-----??c l?i _ tháng 10/2017-----