

[Download free pdf] South of the Border, West of the Sun

South of the Border, West of the Sun

Von Haruki Murakami
*ebooks | Download PDF | *ePub | DOC | audiobook*



[Download](#)

[Read Online](#)

Produktinformation - Verkaufsrang: #33531 in eBooks Veröffentlicht am: 2011-10-10 Erscheinungsdatum: 2011-10-10 File Name: B005TKD710 | File size: 48.Mb

Von Haruki Murakami : South of the Border, West of the Sun before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised South of the Border, West of the Sun:

Kundenrezensionen Hilfreichste Kundenrezensionen 8 von 8 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. why do I love this book so much? Von thatboyhead I read this book voraciously, unable to put it down, and had a tough time not resenting people and things that drew me away from it. After I finished it, I missed the pleasure of reading it. Yet for all this enthusiasm, I can't articulate what it is about this book (others by Murakami too) that I find so spellbinding. I

guess it has something to do with a feeling of familiarity I experience wandering around in Murakami's inner universe, even given how strange and enigmatic his stories tend to be. Some other customer reviewers have been frustrated by the stories unresolved loose ends: what happened to Shimamoto? what purpose did the Izumi character serve? I felt that in this book (as I did with other Murakami books like Dance Dance Dance) that these different female characters are really all one person or entity fragmented into different aspects: Shimamoto is the one that got away; Izumi the one you regret hurting; Yukiko the one you go back and really be with. What is the purpose of breaking up the "Other" mentioned on the book jacket in this way? It may be an attempt to tease out what it is we feel when we are in sexual relationships - the more elusive and amiguous feelings as well as the obvious and positive ones. If I am unable to come up with a satisfactory answer to this question, it still didn't prevent me from loving this book and feeling that unique sense of familiarity I mentioned before. Something like "oh yeah, that IS what it's like, isn't it?"

3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Von Ein Kunde To me, 'South of the Border, West of the Sun' felt like a very minimal 'Wind-Up Bird Chronicle,' with the focus placed strictly on the love-story aspect of things. In both books, numerous bizarre little things pop up and then disappear without much explanation (the money in the envelope, etc.), and the ending tends to seem to be as much about what Murakami *neglects* to provide you with as with what he *does.* To some extent Murakami is very thought-provoking in this way. But to some extent, in the case of both this and Wind-Up Bird, I couldn't help but feel that he just didn't entirely understand what he wanted to do with his story. Certain aspects of the story can be left hanging in the air in order to deliberately create a particular effect, it's true--but I wonder if Murakami doesn't overdo this technique a bit? The envelope with the money is a good example: a small oddity that is never really explained or explored, it seems thrown in strictly to generate speculation; to, when paired up with other small oddities like it, create that surreal "Murakami effect" while, at heart, remaining just a little too arbitrary. I *like* these small oddities I speak of, but a part of me pines to see Murakami weave a new tale into another startlingly cohesive, strangely powerful anti-climax, like that of 'Hard-Boiled Wonderland and the End of the World.' Not that I consider 'Hard-Boiled' Murakami's crowning achievement or anything, but it's the one book of his I've so far read that, while still displaying all of the usual Murakami eccentricities, did genuinely leave me 100% satisfied. Not because everything was explained and nice and neat and perfect, but because it felt very competently *orchestrated* in the way it used its own imperfections to highlight its bizarre and unexpected ending (particularly in the 'End of the World' chapters.) By contrast, 'SOB,WOS' feels, to some degree, like it uses its (deliberate) imperfections as an excuse for a lack of clarity. It is still genuinely thought-provoking, but in some respects I guess I'm just beginning to feel like Murakami has it a little too easy. His books are all very similar, and have employed the same techniques again and again. They are *fascinating* techniques, but I'd like to see ... a more ambitious employment of them, perhaps? 'Wind-Up Bird' was a more ambitious employment in many respects, but Murakami refused to bring his intriguing web of surreal juxtapositions and cross-analogies together for optimum impact. He refuses again in 'SOB,WOS,' but it's a smaller and simpler work. Which on the whole almost makes it a step back. I love Murakami and I enjoy all of these techniques I'm discussing. I just want to see him build upon what he has, and after 'SOB,WOS' I just don't feel like he is. I'm nagged by the suspicion he's using his own stylized brand of ambiguity as something of an easy way out. I know that that ambiguity, and the refusal to give the reader what they expect and want, are absolutely vital to what Murakami is all about--and that is fine. I just feel as though Murakami dawdles a bit as an author: he has his own very unique thing going on, but I've seen it MANY times over now, manifest in more or less the same kinds of images, the same kinds of ideas, and in the same attitude; he seems either unwilling to do anything particularly new, or unable. Still though, even with this said, SOB,WOS was well worth my time and ought to be well worth any interested readers.

3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. best of haruki murakami (may i give 6 star instead?) Von Ein Kunde this is the best novel murakami ever wrote. the feeling, which is so thin, like smoke, but it will make you just want to cry. i recommend this book to my friend. and the second day he come back to me, said: i can't put down the book, and i read until the last word. it was 5 in the morning, and i can't resisted to call my girl friend. It is the magic of that book that make him just want to see his girl friend. for myself, i read it through for more than 5 times, but everytimes i read it, it will have something that words can't explain go through me. it's some feeling. and it makes me go to listen to Duke Ellington's "The Star-Crossed Lovers", everytime i read the book, the beautiful alto saxophone of Johnny Hodges and baritone saxophone from Harry Carney will sing for me. i'm now a totally jazz lover. i have to ask myself, it is because i listen to jazz and became murakami's fans, or i read his book only became a jazz lover. but undeniable, Murakami's masterpiece is just like a jazz piece, beautiful solo from bill evans, smokey voice from chet baker, velvety singing from billie holiday, flourishing blowing from stan getz..... very very good one, and i think this is the best book to start to learn about Haruki Murakami.

Kurzbeschreibung Growing up in the suburbs in post-war Japan, it seemed to Hajime that everyone but him had brothers and sisters. His sole companion was Shimamoto, also an only child. Together they spent long afternoons listening to her father's record collection. But when his family moved away, the two lost touch. Now Hajime is in his

thirties. After a decade of drifting he has found happiness with his loving wife and two daughters, and success running a jazz bar. Then Shimamoto reappears. She is beautiful, intense, enveloped in mystery. Hajime is catapulted into the past, putting at risk all he has in the present. ** Murakami's new novel is coming ** COLORLESS TSUKURU TAZAKI AND HIS YEARS OF PILGRIMAGE 'The reason why death had such a hold on Tsukuru Tazaki was clear. One day his four closest friends, the friends he'd known for a long time, announced that they did not want to see him, or talk with him, ever again'.deIn *South of the Border, West of the Sun*, the arc of an average man's life from childhood to middle age, with its attendant rhythms of success and disappointment, becomes the kind of exquisite literary conundrum that is Haruki Murakami's trademark. The plot is simple: Hajime meets and falls in love with a girl in elementary school, but he loses touch with her when his family moves to another town. He drifts through high school, college, and his 20s, before marrying and settling into a career as a successful bar owner. Then his childhood sweetheart returns, weighed down with secrets: When I went back into the bar, a glass and ashtray remained where she had been. A couple of lightly crushed cigarette butts were lined up in the ashtray, a faint trace of lipstick on each. I sat down and closed my eyes. Echoes of music faded away, leaving me alone. In that gentle darkness, the rain continued to fall without a sound. Murakami eschews the fantastic elements that appear in many of his other novels and stories, and readers hoping for a glimpse of the Sheep Man will be disappointed. Yet *South of the Border, West of the Sun* is as rich and mysterious as anything he has written. It is above all a complex, moving, and honest meditation on the nature of love, distilled into a work with the crystal clarity of a short story. A Nat "King" Cole song, a figure on a crowded street, a face pressed against a car window, a handful of ashes drifting down a river to the sea are woven together into a story that refuses to arrive at a simple conclusion. The classic love triangle may seem like a hackneyed theme for a writer as talented as Murakami, but in his quietly dazzling way, he bends us to his own unique geometry. -- Simon Leake.co.uk

In *South of the Border, West of the Sun* the arc of an average man's life from childhood to middle age with its attendant rhythms of success and disappointment becomes the kind of exquisite literary conundrum that is Haruki Murakami's trademark. The plot is simple: Hajime meets and falls in love with a girl in elementary school but loses touch with her when his family moves to another town. He drifts through high school, college and his 20s before marrying and settling into a career as a successful bar owner. Then his childhood sweetheart returns weighed down with secrets: "When I went back into the bar, a glass and ashtray remained where she had been. A couple of lightly crushed cigarette butts were lined up in the ashtray, a faint trace of lipstick on each. I sat down and closed my eyes. Echoes of music faded away, leaving me alone. In that gentle darkness, the rain continued to fall without a sound". Murakami eschews the fantastic elements that appear in many of his other novels and stories, and readers hoping for a glimpse of the "Sheep Man" will be disappointed. Yet *South of the Border, West of the Sun* is as rich and mysterious as anything he has written. It is above all a complex, moving and honest meditation on the nature of love distilled into a work with the crystal clarity of a short story. A Nat King Cole song, a figure on a crowded street, a face pressed against a car window, a handful of ashes drifting down a river to the sea are woven together into a story that refuses to arrive at a simple conclusion. The classic love triangle may seem like a hackneyed theme for a writer as talented as Murakami but in his quietly dazzling way he bends us to his own unique geometry. --Simon Leake, .com