

(Free read ebook) After Dark

After Dark

Von Haruki Murakami

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Von Haruki Murakami : After Dark before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised After Dark:

KundenrezensionenHilfreichste Kundenrezensionen5 von 5 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. Wer Murakami mag, wei worauf er sich einlst....Von MrchenprinzessinAfter Dark ist ein weiteres gelungenes Murakami Buch. Es ist relativ kurz (200 Seiten), was jedoch nicht strend auffllt.Die Handlung des Buches spielt sich, wie der

Name eventuell vermuten lässt, Nachts ab. Und zwar während einer einzigen Nacht. Die mysteriösen und abgedrehten Elemente sind nicht so stark präsent wie in anderen Werken des Autors, deswegen ist dieses Buch auch für nicht Murakami-Fans geeignet. Auch ist das Ende meiner Meinung nach nicht so verworren bzw. lose wie bei seinen anderen Werken. Das Buch vermittelt den Eindruck einer schönen, unterhaltsamen Novelle, die auch zum Nachdenken anregen kann. Mir persönlich hat dieses Buch u.a. richtig Lust gemacht mal wieder eine Nacht durchzumachen und derweil die Stimmung der Nacht auf mich wirken zu lassen. Diese stellt das Buch übrigens sehr gut dar. Es vermittelt alle normalen und seltsamen Gefühle, die man in einer durchwachten Nacht fühlen kann. Nur um am Ende der Nacht wieder einen neuen Morgen zu erleben und von vorne zu beginnen. Ein insgesamt lesenswertes Buch, nicht nur für Fans. Zu den besten von Murakamis Bchern gehört es jedoch nicht. 3 von 3 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. A surreal novel Von HORAK Haruki Murakami's After Dark takes place over the course of seven hours during an autumn night in Tokyo. From midnight to dawn we follow five lost souls: Eri Asai, a woman in a quasi-comatose state; Takahashi, a jazz musician at an all-night practice session; a prostitute assaulted at a "love hotel"; Shirakawa, a salary man working late on a software project; and Mari Asai a 19-year-old girl looking to escape from the tension of her strained home life. Before the sun rises, each of these stories will intersect with the others. In this novel Murakami depicts the isolation and loneliness of modern Japanese life. "After Dark" also focuses on the theme of Japanese youth struggling to reconcile their ideals with the stifling conformity of the surrounding culture. There is a peculiar, surrealistic tone in Murakami's fiction. We remember "Kafka on the Shore" with the fish falling from the sky, a man who could converse with cats, and various other strange events. "After Dark" evokes a similar dream world ambiance. People disappear into television sets, or find that their image remains in the bathroom mirror even after they have left the room. A little disturbing at times... 0 von 0 Kunden fanden die folgende Rezension hilfreich. No swing Von Alfred J. Kwak This novella takes place during one night. It is about coincidences in real time and strange events occurring beyond time as we understand it. It begins near midnight in a fast-food outlet in Tokyo with a reluctant Mari (19), who, when prompted, remembers a previous meeting with law student and odd-jobber Takahashi. What joins them is Mari's beautiful sister Eri, who was also present in the swimming pool where they met, two years ago. In the next chapter, Eri is shown deeply asleep, spied upon, as if in an SF novel, by an almighty eye or camera, of which only the author can see and describe the images, results. Both Mari and Takahashi have a busy night ahead of them. What they do time-wise is interrupted after each chapter by Haruki Murakami (HM), inserting his own inputs into how this story should progress. HM is an early fan of the use in literature of quantum physics or mechanics, whatever, whereby Time does not progress straightforward, but can turn around and return, or exist elsewhere, in a parallel form or state. E.g. you look in your mirror, walk away, but your mirror image remains visible. Or you sleep in your own bed, but are also locked up inside the office of a nocturnal IT consultant who has just gone home, but who earlier that night brutally savaged a Chinese prostitute, leaving her naked, taking with him all things she owned... I dislike the idea of parallel worlds as espoused by e.g. David Mitchell, Murakami himself and the late Iain Banks, amongst others, unless a great story follows. And these authors have indeed written a number of remarkable books. An attraction of Murakami is his knowledge of jazz and classical music. With book and laptop within reach, I listened to all the music titles in "After Dark" (itself a classic by Curtis Fuller) via the internet. But it was not enough to make the book swing...

Kurzbeschreibung Eyes mark the shape of the city The midnight hour approaches in an almost-empty diner. Mari sips her coffee and reads a book, but soon her solitude is disturbed: a girl has been beaten up at the Alphaville hotel, and needs Mari's help. Meanwhile Mari's beautiful sister Eri lies in a deep, heavy sleep that is 'too perfect, too pure' to be normal; it has lasted for two months. But tonight as the digital clock displays 00:00, a hint of life flickers across the television screen in her room, even though its plug has been pulled out. Strange nocturnal happenings, or a trick of the night? From Publishers Weekly Murakami's 12th work of fiction is darkly entertaining and more novella than novel. Taking place over seven hours of a Tokyo night, it intercuts three loosely related stories, linked by Murakami's signature magical-realist absurd coincidences. When amateur trombonist and soon-to-be law student Tetsuya Takahashi walks into a late-night Denny's, he spies Mari Asai, 19, sitting by herself, and proceeds to talk himself back into her acquaintance. Tetsuya was once interested in plain Mari's gorgeous older sister, Eri, whom he courted, sort of, two summers previously. Murakami then cuts to Eri, asleep in what turns out to be some sort of menacing netherworld. Tetsuya leaves for overnight band practice, but soon a large, 30ish woman, Kaoru, comes into Denny's asking for Mari: Mari speaks Chinese, and Kaoru needs to speak to the Chinese prostitute who has just been badly beaten up in the nearby "love hotel" Kaoru manages. Murakami's omniscient looks at the lives of the sleeping Eri and the prostitute's assailant, a salaryman named Shirakawa, are sheer padding, but the probing, wonderfully improvisational dialogues Mari has with Tetsuya, Kaoru and a hotel worker named Korogi sustain the book until the ambiguous, mostly upbeat denouement. (May) Copyright Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. From Booklist Murakami's celebrated oeuvre falls into two easily distinguished categories: there are the broad-canvas epics (The Wind-Up Bird Chronicle, 1997, for example), which meld genres, distort reality, and

posit alternate worlds with abandon but do it all on the crest of an almost Dickensian tidal wave of story. And there are the small-scale, disarmingly intimate, almost tactile short novels (*Sputnik Sweetheart*, 2001, among others), jewel-like examinations of loneliness and secret selves. His latest effort falls into the second camp: the action takes place during one long Tokyo night, from midnight to dawn, and centers on two sisters, one, Eri, a fashion model, does nothing but sleep (though she may or may not drift between worlds in the process); her college-student sister, Mari, on the other hand, refuses to sleep, spending the night first drinking coffee in a Denny's and then in a series of encounters with an ever-more-strange group of night people, ranging from an introspective jazz musician to a Chinese prostitute, to the earth-motherish proprietor of a "love hotel." The narrative flows like a jazz ballad, excruciatingly slow yet hypnotically entrancing ("Time moves in its own way in the middle of the night," opines a bartender. "You can't fight it"). Each character is unique in his or her form of loneliness, yet each possesses a capacity for momentary empathy that is both sweet and heartbreaking. Murakami's genius, on both large and small canvases, is to create worlds both utterly alien and disconcertingly familiar. Bill Ott

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