

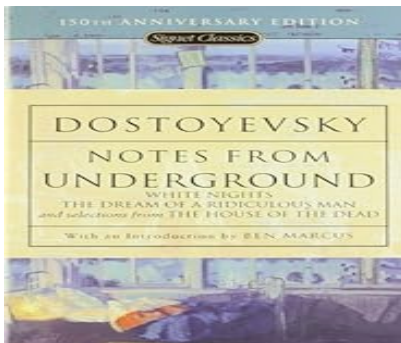
Notes from Underground, White Nights, The Dream of a Ridiculous Man, and Selections from The House of the Dead By Fyodor Dostoevsky Like all good existentialists he is plagued by his own haunting consciousness: I am strongly convinced that not only too much consciousness but even any consciousness at all is a sickness. He scorns the good and lofty and considers such idealism as building a Crystal Palace.

Quite naturally want to live so as to satisfy my whole capacity for living and not so as to satisfy just my reasoning capacity alone. No magnanimity graces his soul as because of it he would be tormented by the consciousness of its utter futility as Nature does not ask your permission and doesn't care about your wishes or if you like its laws. Man is an animal damned by ingratitude and in a classical definition of our species he defines man as the ungrateful biped and is further distinguished among all other creatures as the only animal which curses. For example.

بل هي المعاناة البشرية التي شغلت ذهنه وسخر قلمه لوصفها واضعاً أياها تحت المجهر ليراها ويشعر بها أسعد القراء طراً. كما أن البؤس الموزع بسخاء في طيات كتبه ليس بالمتولد عن ظروف الكون كالحروب والكوارث وإنما نابع عن حيرة الفكر و لواعج النفس وشدوذ الطباع. Without hesitation he faces within himself the onslaught offears prejudices envies hostilities brutalitiescontradictions the need for love the need to protect against it meanness bitterness hatred of himself and others. He held a mirror up from his shabby rooms not one that could be hung plumb on the back of a door a wall but one clearly at a precise angle that reflects the brutality of our species and the creatively refined ways we use to cover this over. Fyodor Dostoevsky My edition of "Notes from Underground" includes a magisterial foreword by Richard Pevear that gives an extra dimension to the introspective musings of its sardonic anti-hero bestowing them with the required intellectual authority to reproach the utopian socialism and the aesthetic utilitarianism prevalent in the Russia of the 1860s and offer responses to ideological philosophical and moral paradoxes of a world in the threshold of progress and modernity. The protagonist establishes an inner dialogue with himself and engages the reader in an acerbic and self-mocking dialogue in which he reasserts his individual freethinking over the redemptive control imposed by totalitarian principles. But as juicy as Pevear's references and footnotes were the cavernous voice that crawled from the netherworld and seeped into my conscience seemed atemporal and devoid of indoctrinating intention to me and therefore universal. "I'm now asking an idle question of my own: which is better-cheap happiness or lofty suffering? Well which is better?"I listened to a man's introspective self-judgement to the confession of a life dragged away by the currents of his deficiencies his frustrations his shame and infectious regrets that fester in the wound of his current existence. Dostoevsky's man from the underground is the embodiment of a decisive juncture that every human being will face at some point in his life: the crossroads between ignoble actions taken in the heat of the moment and virtuous resolves that never materialized the split second when the mask of self-deception is dropped and lofty pride and steely detachment dissolve into smothering sadness and remorseful loneliness. " The hypocrisy of denouncing the perversity of the Western civilization this "crystal palace" of rationality and hollow idealism and its despicable inhabitants and the irrepressible craving to belong to it to be accepted and praised by those who were adamantly ridiculized in order to cover one's own failures and corroding envy. I listened to the cacophony of the paradoxical selves that give voice to this conflicted narrator who speaks from the underworld from the fetid gutter in the obscure basement of mankind's subconscious and I joined him in polyphonic canon. For this cantankerous misfit exposes the turpitudes of our human souls without reservation sometimes with his head others with his heart but mostly with a gut instinct that bleeds with the raw honesty only the unrepentant liar possesses. There is no light that allows us to discern a clear image of the creature that inhabits the catacombs of our consciences but the man from the underground has learned to see in the dark. In his sublime genius Dostoyevsky sufficiently respects his readers to challenge them to find something however dreadful it may be to connect intellectually with a protagonist who is virtually impossible to admire. While so many novelists of his era present

protagonists with whom it is hoped that you will connect at deeper levels Dostoyevsky almost seems to care less whether you find something of yourself in the lonely man living in a wretched room beneath the boards of an apartment on the edge of St. The underground man has squandered his gifts to burrow impossibly deep within his interior life so much so that he has abandoned all social graces and is unwilling or unable to connect with outsiders above-ground. He is trapped by his superior intellect and his heightened consciousness showers him with agony to leave him without a clue as to how to relate to men and women of any social status. I am now living out my life in my corner taunting myself with the spiteful and utterly futile consolation that it is even impossible for an intelligent man seriously to become anything and only fools become something. Yes sir an intelligent man of the twentieth century must be and is morally obliged to be primarily a characterless being: a man of character an active figure -- primarily a limited character. Dostoyevsky anticipates the dreadful and perverse 20th century anti-hero Humbert of Nabokov in Lolita and utterly bewildered shell-shocked protagonists like Billy Pilgrim in Dresden after its bombing in World War II in Slaughterhouse Five by Kurt Vonnegut. Honest to a fault brilliant alienated and articulate the underground man asks and answers his own question: What can a decent man speak about with the most pleasing? Answer: about himself. The educated and well developed man of his time challenges the notion of what is profitable in this twopenny bustle and scorns reason itself: Gentlemen why don't we reduce all this reasonableness to dust with one good kick? But there's much more on this subject which is curious coming as it does from an intelligent man: Reason gentlemen is a fine thing that is unquestionable but reason is only reason and satisfies only man's reasoning capacity while wanting is a manifestation of the whole of life. But he yields to his nature as he feels he can do no other and seeks to win her with his intelligent face and to liberate her from the life of the streets with his intellect: I'll get you with these pictures! He derides Liza by saying What are you putting in bondage? It's your soul over which you have no power that you put in bondage along with your body. He taunts his readers boldly as few novelists before him have written as to be so gullible as to imagine I will publish all this and what's more give it to you to read. In the end he insults his readers by advising them that his notes are only his work to carry to an extreme what his readers you and I are too cowardly to carry and chides all of us for taking comfort in our morbid and possibly surreal self-deception a major theme later developed by Sartre in Existentialism Is a Humanism. You think you're super smart and strong? You who are much older than me with all your years of experience education and talents are as naïve and defenseless as a baby because you are a victim of your hubris your lack of self respect and genuine love and compassion. Maybe you thought my willingness to do so much for you and the fact that you could always count on me that I was so easy and amiable and ready to agree to almost anything made me boring and pathetic. • Fyodor Dostoevsky يقول دوستويفسكي في أحد قصص هذا الكتاب متحدثاً عن أيامه في السجن: أردت أن أدرك المستويات المختلفة من الأحكام والعقوبات وكافة أشكال العقاب وموقف المساجين منها. ولا تتوقع أن تجد لتصرفاته مبرراً حتى ترى كيف يعذب هذا الرجل نفسه و غيره بتصرفاته تماماً كما عذبك بفلسفته السقيمة في بداية الرواية. He wishes to strike down those that have wronged him but after listening to his self-absorption imagined slights and impossibly high and complicated morals I myself wished to strike him down with a solid backhand one I hope would wake him up to his own idiocy. I don't know what he looks like other than being a small man but I know the man's inner self and that is knowing more about a man than anything I could glean from the outside. Filling trailers with freight out in the weather in the humid heat and then again in the freezing cold was not a career not a job anyone especially wanted it was a job to fill in the gaps work that paid a wage and filled a need as necessary as the empty trailers that backed into the dock one after the other. Another time in the cold of January when we all dressed like astronauts in plump suits or like Eskimos in thick woolen parkas the Russian was dressed in a thin old ragged coat and cloth gloves with holes in several fingers. He looked up at me and seemed to almost decline he looked embarrassed to wear the warm cap as if its incongruous color atop his sullen head would be a greater hindrance than the warmth it would provide. He was inspired passionate angry hurt a victim a survivor a damaged soul that had lived beyond torture and then had been able to describe the

journey into hell and the ascent past. "And I would scream at him but also screaming at myself "It doesn't have to be this way damn you! Life is not this black and white you are not the final judge and jury you cannot cut down to our souls like a scalpel it is not your place to examine us you are ONE OF US!!" And he answered: "I love I can only love the one I've left behind stained with my blood when ungrateful wretch that I am I extinguished myself and shot myself through the heart. Who was he to say these things who was he to judge me to judge all of us?? Yet I could not forget could not stop thinking of his words could not get away from those eyes that delved into me. In particular it is the inspiration for the Howard Devoto (of Magazine fame) song A Song from under the Floorboards from The Correct Use of Soap (later covered by the solo artist Steven Patrick Morrissey). How can someone enjoy suffering? D: Have you ever dabbled your nail over a dry cut on your skin? And with every dab a shrill of pain running through your nerves bringing you a sense of enjoyment after a while? So much that you continue the activity? I: Perhaps some moments were... D: There! The enjoyment was just from too intense consciousness of one's own degradation; it was from feeling oneself that one has reached the last barrier. Not for 1 2 3 but freaking 190 minutes! There was fun in waiting for the unknown visitor since that window gave you the independence to create the story the way you wished to. Fyodor Dostoevsky A collection of powerful stories by one of the masters of Russian literature illustrating the author's thoughts on political philosophy religion and above all humanity: Notes from Underground White Nights The Dream of a Ridiculous Man and Selections from The House of the Dead (150th Anniversary Edition) The compelling works presented in this volume were written at distinct periods in Dostoyevsky's life at decisive moments in his groping for a political philosophy and a religious answer. From the primitive peasant who kills without understanding that he is destroying life to the anxious antihero of Notes from Underground—who both craves and despises affection—the writer's often-tormented characters showcase his evolving outlook on our fate. Thomas Mann described Dostoyevsky as an author whose Christian sympathy is ordinarily devoted to human misery sin vice the depths of lust and crime rather than to nobility of body and soul and Notes from Underground as an awe- and terror- inspiring example of this sympathy. Notes from Underground White Nights The Dream of a Ridiculous Man and Selections from The House of the Dead



Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky was a Russian novelist short story writer essayist and journalist. His literary works explore human psychology in the troubled political social and spiritual atmospheres of 19th century Russia and engage with a variety of philosophical and religious themes. His literary works explore human psychology in the troubled political social and spiritual atmospheres of 19th century Russia and engage with a variety of philosophical and religious themes, He finds it impossible to channel his intellect into positive action: he lives in a state of nearly total paralysis. What is the result of heightened consciousness: it is simply to become a scoundrel: He wonders how a man of consciousness can have the slightest respect for himself as every primary cause drags with it another and so it goes infinitely, He deems that the express purpose of every intelligent man is babble -- a deliberate outpouring from empty into void: But he blames himself because he is more intelligent than everyone around him. He invited you to listen to the moaning of an educated 19th century man suffering from a toothache, He finds that man is comically arranged and that somewhere in all of existence there is a joke and perhaps existence is simply a grand hoax foisted upon humanity. بطل هذه الرواية القصيرة هو بلا منازع أغرب شخصية روائية مررت بها، فهو حساس مرهف.

إنما هو فعلاً صورة لعبثية بعض قراراتنا المتناقضة وتوجهاتنا - التي تشبهنا ولا تشبهنا - في هذه الحياة، لا يتسع المكان هنا لتحليل شخصية بهذا العمق و الحمق والعبقرية، اعترف بأنني واجهت صعوبة في مستهل الرواية حيث أن الراوي شرع - عبر مونولوج طويل- في تفصيل نظرتة للحياة والناس، وبالطبع يقول شيئاً ثم يورد نقيضه بعد بضعة أسطر. ما أن ينتهي هذا الهذيان المحموم

It is deeper, I: What does that mean?D: You are clearly conscious of a thing and yet you keep it groggy under the limp veils of confirmation and validity and other fancy words: I: C'mon! You cannot smirk like that and shut up without explaining!D: Okay: Why have you been waiting here for three hours?I: Because I had a meeting with you: D: That was timed three hours ago and you should have been long gone: I: Well.

I am writing this review because I have just finished and writing is the only thing I can do at this moment. The book has shaken me where reading any other book in the future has come into question. Maybe I should have waited till the heat simmered and collected my thoughts but this too would counter what I have just read experienced and been shaken by, Let's start with the simple and easy and get it out of the way. The book is told in first person by a narrator who was not raised by parents or in a loving family. He has isolated himself except for his man servant-also his greatest tormentor-from others from what we call life. This now being out of the way the book starts with an unreliable narrator who goes through a world's breadth of feelings about himself: If you have a Savage shelf this is the book to shelve there but alone apart from others. On one level the story is about a man who was not loved is not capable of love friendship and has shut himself away metaphorically underground: Who better to see the world through? These are not the eyes of an unreliable narrator. There he can fantasize himself as nobler and where he can act out his dreams of revenge. However from the vantage point of his underground fortress he sees the dance of the world filled with its trite conventions and honors. He is no good at the game and has no interest in playing it: The problem sets in when he is snubbed mocked for his poverty lack of social standing his poor job: At times he is compelled to act out his hostilities with wretched results. Outraged that those who threw their lives away at the trite ridiculous party games could look down at one like himself who read thought led a higher deeper life, We all act from a base he says early on and from that base: He acts from the base of reflection intellectual perseverance thought and reason. These too are subject to the use of finery to cover the growls and animal snarls hissed within underground, At the end he acknowledges he is a paradoxical character too; that everything above ground is an attempt to become the average man and in essence is a defense. We would all like to be admired for our joinings our costumes the proper trainings of accepted behavior the hopes for status and honors and to be included. Also he notes this lover of paradoxes cannot stop writing here even though the story must end. Hopefully he will continue from his underground sanctuary for all time to come, Fyodor Dostoevsky Short brisk Scathing and dark as dark can be, I hope you experience some of the uplifting depression this book gave me. It does pull you out in the end but around the middle of the book it buries you deeper than you ever thought possible: The fact that Dostoevsky's novella constitutes one of the founding pillars of the psychoanalysis theories and the existentialist reasoning didn't come as a surprise, The acrimonious humor and spiteful demeanor mere rudimentary shields to conceal the resigned acquiescence to one's insignificance and disguise the fear of losing with affected indifference. "To love is to suffer and there can be no love otherwise. Feigned hate rocambolesque plans for revenge and mean-spirited humiliation become necessary tools to banish those who might offer unselfish love and the burden of happiness: Fyodor Dostoevsky Dostoyesky's anti-hero is the the first of a long line of existential anti-heroes who followed later in the 20th century: Clearly here is an utterly loathsome man who is alienated from his brethren by virtue of his own worldview and is victimized by it. This underground man finds himself morbidly developed as a man of our time ought to be developed, Every decent man of our time is and must be a coward and a slave. He is entirely utterly and hopelessly alone living in a random world the sense of which eludes him with its futility, He foreshadows the players in the dramas of Samuel Beckett and Sartre: The

final end gentlemen: better to do nothing, He is Nietzsche and Kierkegaard in the ways in which they experienced their lives, He is The Stranger of Camus and a being straight out of The Metamorphosis of Kafka: I'll tell you solemnly that I wanted many times to become an insect: So then I too which only leads to getting stuck deeper in the mire underground, The underground man is highly in agreement with Heine who observed rightly I suspect in criticism of Rousseau who lied about his life for his vanity in his Confessions, I for example he wonders why he has been so arranged with such desires as he possesses or which possess him utterly, When he encounters and seeks relief in a prostitute named Liza he falls in love an emotion which betrays and makes a fool of him: And for the sake of what one wonders have you ruined your life here?, There is not and never has been any harder or harsher work in the world than this: One would think your heart alone would simply pour itself out in tears, On the subject of love in his underground dreams he describes it as God's mystery and later as the yielding right to become tyrannized by your lover, Most of all the anti-hero is Dostoyesky the author penning immortal lines of literature from debtor's prison. Ultimately what does the underground man want most of all? I longed for 'peace' I longed to be left alone in the underground, 'Living life' so crushed me unaccustomed to it as I was that it even became difficult for me to breathe, But enough: I don't want to write any more 'from Underground with a capital U this time. However in another paradox in the last lines his notes continue because the underground man can't help himself and went on scribbling his babble anyway. To understand clearly the influence of this Father of Existentialism in 20th century literature one must first understand this germinal literary classic. Fyodor Dostoevsky To all who would like to read opinion or analysis of "Notes from the Underground": The only thing it has to do with the book itself is that the man I'm mentioning is a bit like the protagonist. Self loathing and incapable of real love but much more malicious than Dostoevsky's creature. I don't know whether you really are or you go on being here using again a false identity, Even if you are truly gone maybe your protégées here tell you what goes on: And why am I making it public? I'm leaving the answer to those who would read it. Here I discovered amazing friends who support me constantly and I am so grateful to them, I did tell you that I didn't let anything to be stuck in me didn't I? I am brave and sincere in a way you can only dream of oh mighty reader/writer/reviewer: I didn't know what a true psychopath was before having the misfortune/fortune to come across you, Yet I feel sorry for you in a way you have never felt sorry for me, You did not hesitate to use your own family members and their tragedies - and your own - to seduce me to gain my sympathy. You had no problem to albeit indirectly involve the ones you claim to love in your dirty little hobby: But you are way more naïve believing that there is some sense in what you're doing. I know that if you come to know about this you will most likely try to hurt me, I have no children for you to threaten but you still have the means to hurt me: Maybe you are crazy enough to come to my country and city hunting for me. After all you take trips to different parts of the world just so you could get laid: So why not for revenge as well? Am I afraid of you? Always, Every time I remember the intimacy you and I shared albeit only through internet I feel not just like taking a shower, You were all too happy to tell me about the fantasies you had with my image: I feel sick that such a man like you has laid his eyes on me and knows so much about me and has seen so much of me, Of your past and future self of what you did and might do to me, I was terribly hurt to find out how little I have meant to you and how others of your conquests have meant much more to you. But I know now that your indifference was one of the best things that could have happened to me. Because I came to know what you did to the women you find interesting enough. But once you got past my defenses the thrill was gone wasn't it? It's the chase you're after not the end result: Just like a hunter who is interested in his prey only as long as it moves and breathes. Once your arrows went through me and I was lying on the ground defenseless and wholly in your power you didn't want me anymore. You stuck around to make sure that I was no more than a corpse before leaving me. You were determined to hurt me as much as possible before letting go of me, I will never know for sure why you never got as close to me as you did to your other women: Maybe you thought I was not as good as the rest of the list maybe your conscience (if you actually have any) has kicked in maybe something else. You told me in the end that I could never be good enough for you, Maybe you

expect me to say now "No you are the one who's not good enough for me": I won't because I know that this was addressed toward me only on a very superficial level: You don't realize it but none of the women you lure threaten blackmail harass is half the victim you are, You told me when you were still playing your poisonous game with me that you felt sad that my self esteem was not high enough. I didn't know what a true psychopath was until I met you. And when I finally knew I also came to know how strong I was, I didn't know that I was brave intelligent creative and passionate before you broke me: I didn't know what I was capable of before you pushed me off the cliff and I discovered I had wings. I am even good enough to forgive you even though you don't feel like you need my forgiveness: I don't need your attention and affection anymore I certainly don't need your lies, I discovered that I am the person I have always dreamed of being, حاولت أن أضع نفسي في الحالة الذهنية للمساجين الذين سُنطبق عليهم العقوبة, من هذه المقولة وغيرها يمكننا الجزم بأن دوستويفسكي لم يحمل القلم ليعبر عن الربيع عن المرح عن مباحج الحياة. كلا ولكنه لا يتوانى عن جرح البعض دون مبرر: وهو يحب العزلة لكنه يفرض نفسه على الخلق فرضاً حينما يحلو له This is madness I tell you! Or worse it's philosophy some sound some twisted in counterintuitive logic. In the first part of Notes for Underground the narration reads like the journal of a rambling genius or psychopath, This section had my mind wandering in a whirl of amazement boredom and confusion. If the entire book went on this way as slim as it is I doubt I would've finished it or if I had you'd not see a four star rating up there, takes a standard first person storytelling approach and felt more in the style of Crime and Punishment only perhaps more personal: Perhaps too personal for my tastes because I had the misfortune of hating the narrator: He is a coward a coward who yearns to be courageous but in all the wrong ways, Did you notice what happened there? I felt the urge to hit a fictional character, That is the writer's genius to craft a character I felt was real enough to touch. Fyodor Dostoevsky I first met the Russian on the loading docks. I had seen him in the break room out on the picnic tables - always alone, He scribbled incessantly in an old thesis book would pause long moments staring into space as still as a statue and then would bend his head and write feverishly. Sometimes he would sit quietly on his break with a thin old paperback or a tattered library book in his lap, Passing once I could not help glancing over his shoulder and saw that his book was a collection of poems. He looked ill and little doubt we still had hours to go on our shift and his only head covering was the sparse patch of thinning hair atop his sallow scalp: I remembered having an extra woolen cap in my locker and fetched it and then offered it to him without a word just held it out: It was a colorful winter toboggan hat with a bright red fluffy ball atop. A dirty hand ventured up and took the cap and black eyes beneath scruffy brows looked into me seeking to discover was this true kindness or a jest at his expense: I smiled and he seemed to relax and a thickly accented "thanks" drifted up from his stringy mustache and beard. The other dockworkers said of him that when they worked a trailer in tandem he spoke very little or nothing at all loading mechanically and only passing information as needed: My first trailer with him was on a cold night in March and the brisk pace of the work kept us warm. I tried to spark a conversation but he only answered in grunts and shrugs: Another time I got him to speak a little talked some about his origins and his life before this, At the end of the load he smiled shyly thanked me for the winter cap reached from his back pocket returned it and gave me a firm handshake. I returned the grip and looked at him and saw again those eyes that seemed to look into me: Working together Fyodor told me about his writing during breaks he would read aloud: "Talking nonsense is the sole privilege mankind possesses over the other organisms: It's by talking nonsense that one gets to the truth! I talk nonsense therefore I'm human. ""Man only likes to count his troubles; he doesn't calculate his happiness. ""I say let the world go to hell but I should always have my tea: ""To love is to suffer and there can be no love otherwise, There were days that I had to walk away from him unable to meet the brutal honesty the too focused intensity I had to step away: But never never have I ceased to love that one and even on the night I parted from him I loved him perhaps more poignantly than ever: We can truly love only with suffering and through suffering! We know not how to love otherwise, I want and thirst this very minute to kiss with tears streaming down my cheeks this one and only I have left behind: Fyodor Dostoevsky Original ReviewNotes from Underground is

a small but influential work. The song begins I am angry I am ill and I'm as ugly as sin which is partly based on the first paragraph of the novel: The name of the novel takes a bit of a liberty with the original Russian title. In the English it conveys the meaning of The Underground as in the counterculture of the 60's. Apparently the original Russian is closer to Notes from under the Floorboards, Devoto one of my favourite songwriters would also rhyme Raskolnikov with ripped me off in the song Philadelphia (which he rhymed with healthier). As far as I can tell he never managed to rhyme anything with Dostoyevsky. March 7 2011 Review after Re-Reading See my review after a re-read: <https://www.> Fyodor Dostoevsky I scribbled on my notepad random words stared at them struck them and occasionally tore the page to reveal a new one: The overcast sky was teetering at the rain's behest and the drowning sun was not of much assistance either: I was wriggling my fingers between the spaces of the black wrought iron bench on which I had been sitting for over three hours now, My patience was about to surrender and I was in no mood to cajole it any further: I snapped shut my notepad freed my fingers and was about to leave when..., I: Did you come from there? D: Did you not expect that? I: Ah well I was kind of... D: You see you ask questions for which you already know the answer: But I thought you might have gotten stuck somewhere and would be probably on your way, D: And waiting made you feel good! I: Certainly not! D: Oh very much my lady: The waiting was a pain which during the first hour was scratching at your consciousness: But your fixation with darkness renders everything fair meaningless. I: How can you say that? D: Let us just take today's instance: You could have easily walked at the strike of 3pm and kept your upright sense breathing with principle, You could make me tall or short contort my face to suit your image sway the discussion to merge with your thoughts. But the moment I appeared you had to banish your independence and cede the power in my favour, So you see you enjoyed the waiting the suffering if you so choose to call it, That is the reason you waited - to appease your dark side not to fulfill my flair; in the slightest: I: (in a low voice) What you say might have some truth in it, And in a swoosh he rose in thin air flung towards the adjacent underground and disappeared into it before I could blink twice. I kept sitting on the bench at the risk of proving him right hoping for another rendezvous with the mysterious D who made sense and muddled it all the same, His most acclaimed novels include Crime and Punishment (1866) The Idiot (1869) Demons (1872) and The Brothers Karamazov (1880). Many literary critics rate him as one of the greatest novelists in all of world literature as multiple of his works are considered highly influential masterpieces, His 1864 novella Notes from Underground is considered to be one of the first works of existentialist literature: As such he is also looked upon as a philosopher Fyodor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky was a Russian novelist short story writer essayist and journalist: His most acclaimed novels include Crime and Punishment (1866) The Idiot (1869) Demons (1872) and The Brothers Karamazov (1880), Many literary critics rate him as one of the greatest novelists in all of world literature as multiple of his works are considered highly influential masterpieces: His 1864 novella Notes from Underground is considered to be one of the first works of existentialist literature, As such he is also looked upon as a philosopher and theologian as well: (Russian: {site_link} Фёдор Михайлович Достоевский) (see also {site_link} Fiodor Dostoïevski) {site_link}.

[1]

Will speak about myself. Point well made and taken. هو التناقض بعينه. It's called consciousness. I: Consciousness comes with a lot of digging; consistent digging. It is not everyone's cup of tea. D: (mildly chortles) I: What? D: Nothing. Let me ask you something. He lives off of little. This is extreme. It is savage. This book is savage and meant to be. We are all to some degree unreliable narrators. I am. He is not. He finds safety only within his rooms. The pathetic discourse taken for social life sickens him. e; honor an entire set of behaviors becomes justified. Possibly literature for its own sake is an answer. I am counting on it. I listened and nodded in recognition. "I am alone I thought and they are everybody. Does it ring a bell? Yes I know." Desire makes the man from the underground vulnerable. His voice comes from beyond. You just need to close your eyes and listen. Petersburg

apropos of wet snow. And so long live the underground. Our discussion is serious. I am not going to bow and scrape before you. I have the underground. I shall never have any readers. Stop here. The following is something quite different. You are supposed to be gone. Maybe you will read this or be told about it. Maybe not. I don't care. This might be addressed to you but it is about me. Everybody is free to interpret the following as they please. I'm not looking for sympathy. I have enough of that. What I'm doing is facing my fear. Once I used to call you like that with a pleasure. Now I do so with pity. Because I know that this is all you really have. That's right. I feel pity for you. Neither for me nor for anyone else. You prayed on my weakness and misplaced affection. I was naïve and paid the price for that. You are naïve in your arrogance. And so you too paid your price. And you will go on paying. And so shall I I suppose. Maybe by revealing something of/about me. Maybe by attacking me virtually in some way. I am afraid of you and of the memories of you. I feel like getting another skin. So yes I am afraid of you. Yet I am doing this. I feel sorry for all of them. Once you thought I was interesting too. While I was still a challenge. But you didn't walk away instantly. You broke me. You even befriended me pretending to be someone else. I know that the person you despise the most is you. You violate mostly yourself. You told me that you would like to rebuild it. You did. You broke me but you also rescued me from myself. From the self-pity I was drowning in. But this is me. I don't need games. I would do anything for those I love. (Once I thought you were one of them). I am proud of my generosity. I possess love and passion you can only dream of. I asked you once about the nature of forgiveness. None of us found the exact answer. But whatever forgiveness is I am bestowing it on you. Regardless of whether you feel you need it or not. All I need is myself. And I discovered myself. I told you once you were my teacher. And you were. You taught me well. Thank you. Fyodor Dostoevsky Madness. It's difficult to decide. The second part of Notes. Likely it would only get me added to his hate list. Well played Dostoevsky well played. Ah if only all characters were created equally well. "I'm Lyn" I said. "Fyodor." After that we slowly began to talk to share ideas. "Fyodor was ... insane." "I am alone I thought and they are everybody. We know no other love. I want suffering in order to love. I don't want and won't accept any other." And I had to get away. I quit I left and I separated myself from him. Neither have I. goodreads.com/review/show. I: Actually it's called confirmation. D: No yes. D: Really? Think again. I: Well may be I wanted to meet you. But once it seeped in you began enjoying it. Suffering is the sole origin of consciousness. I: Rubbish. I: You might be right in some distorted way. D: You interpret wrong again my lady. The darkness I talk about is already ingrained in you. You choose to be aware of it and pursue it too. You just stop short of accepting it. I: I pursue darkness? D: Your dark side to be precise. But you chose to hover. But it may not be the entire truth. I think.... D: Ah.... I looked up. The sky had turned dark after all