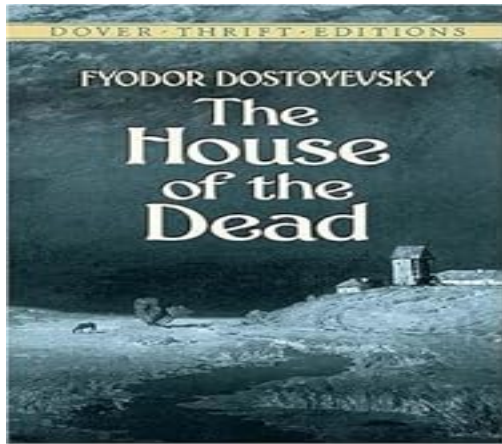


The House of the Dead By Fyodor Dostoevsky الأدب في ليس أن أيقنت أن فلما أعدت قراءته أيقنت أن ليس في الأدب الجديد كله كتاب واحد يفوقه، حتى ولا كُتِب بوشكين ليست النبوة هي الشيء الرائع فيه، بل وجهة النظر التي يشتمل عليها؛ إنه صادق طبيعى مسيحي، إنه كتاب يعلم الدين. في هذه الرواية، دوستويفسكي هنا آخريس كإنسان بالطبع، فما زال هو الروح التي لم أجد في إنسانيتها بعدما زال شعوره بألم ومعاناة كل من حوله حتى الحيوانات، لم أر مثيله قط! لكن دوستويفسكي هنا مختلف كأديب، ربما لاختلاف طابع الرواية؛ فهي هنا لا تعدو كونها مذكرات؛ ليست رواية ببداية وعقدة ونهاية كالروايات التي قرأتها له من قبلوليس ها هنا شخصيات هذيانية وأحداث غريبة الأطوار كما في السابقربما لأن المذكرات من صميم واقعه المرير، لم يكن هناك ثمة مساحة كي يلهو الخيال بداخلها! فقط الألم من كان يتحرك بحرية وكبرها هنا لا سيما وصفه لحظات جلد البعض بالسياط، والمرض والموت. إلخصدقا لا أعلم لم قال دوستويفسكي أن مذكراته من منزل الأموات؛ أي أموات؛ قرأتها وأنهيتها دون أعلم إجابة السؤال؛ أراهم يفوضون حماسة، جنون، شغف حتى وإن كان هذا الشغف للحرية المسلوبةيعملون، أعمال (أشغال) شاقة هذا من أجل السجنثم يواصلون العمل ليلا، وهذا من أجل جمع مال خاص بهمثم ينفقونه، ثم يعملون، ثم يواصلون العمل. يخترعون وبيتكرون أشياء للترفيه وتمضية الوقت (تمثيل مسرحية)، ولا بأس ببعض المشاجرات (جديّة وغير جديّة) لتمضية الوقتهؤلاء يعيشون من أجل شيء ما (الحرية) وفي انتظاره يعملون، ولا يتوقفون عن العمل. والله إننا نحن الأموات، نحن الذين نعيش في اللاشيء، نفعل اللاشيء، في انتظار اللاشيء، الذي لن يأتي بالطبع! هذا بالتأكيد لا يعني أن حياتهم في أفضل حال، السجن في كل الأحوال يظل سجنا! شعور لا يعلمه إلا الله، ومن مرّ بهلم تُسلب حُرّيّتي من قبل، بأيّ شكل كانلكن مجرد تخيل مصير كهذا Fiction. يُفزعني، فماذا عن من مرّ به؟ أسأل الله أن يعفينا من مصير كهذا تُرى من سيُخبر دوستويفسكي أنني أحبه؟ تمّت

Which was by far a most striking chapter for me in depicting how physical violence changes the core of the psychological structure. عنوانهای چاپ شده در ایران: «خاطرات خانه مردگان»؛ «خاطرات خانه اموات»؛ نویسنده: فنودور میخائیلویچ داستایوسکی؛ تاریخ نخستین خوانش در سال 1969 میلادیعنوان: خاطرات خانه مردگان؛ نویسنده: فنودور میخائیلویچ داستایوسکی؛ مترجم: محمدجعفر محجوب؛ تهران، امیرکبیر، 1335؛ در 432ص؛ چاپ دیگر تهران، کتابهای جیبی، چاپ دوم 1341، چاپ دیگر تهران، آمون، 1366، در 431ص؛ تهران، آمون، 1391؛ در 402ص؛ شابک 978964663821؛ چاپ دیگر تهران، علمی فرهنگی، 1394؛ در بیست و سه و 629ص؛ شابک 9786001215995؛ موضوع: داستانهای نویسندگان روسیه - سده 19 معنوان: خاطرات خانه ی مردگان؛ نویسنده: فنودور میخائیلویچ داستایوسکی؛ مترجم: پرویز شهدی؛ تهران، مجید، نشر به سخن، چاپ دوم 1392؛ در 424ص؛ شابک 9789644530388؛ عنوان: خاطرات خانه اموات؛ نویسنده: فنودور میخائیلویچ داستایوسکی؛ مترجم: مهرداد مهرین؛ تهران، دریا، بنگاه هدایت، چاپ دوم 1341، در 328ص؛ چاپ دیگر تهران، گنجینه، 1370؛ در 320ص؛ چاپ دیگر: تهران، نگاه، 1389، در 390ص؛ شابک 9789643515294؛ نخستین بار این داستان را، در مسافرخانه ی «خاقانی تبریز»، در سالهای دهه ی چهل هجری خورشیدی خوانده ام، البته بارها پس از آنروز نیز، کتاب را خوانده ام، تا بلکه از اسرار درونی، و رنج بشر کمی آگاه شوم؛ «تورگنیف»، پاره ای از قسمتهای «خاطرات خانه اموات (خاطرات خانه ی مردگان)» «داستایوسکی» را، با «دوزخ دانته»، برابر نهاده اند؛ «امپراطور نیکلا»، موسس «خانه ی اموات»، آنگاه که همین کتاب را خواندند، گریه کردند؛ «داستایوسکی»، پس از بازگشت از زندان چهار ساله، دیگر امیدی به بشر نداشتند؛ دیگر آن مرد شاد و مبارز خندان پیشین نبودند؛ به گفته ی خود ایشان، در عرض چهار سال زنده به گور شده بودند؛ مرگ اجباری، چنان ایشان را فلج کرده بود، که برای رهایی و گریز از درد غم، گاهی جز میخواری و قمار، راهی نمییافتند؛ مرد تیره روزی شده بودند؛ زندگیشان بیشتر به یک آتش سوزی مدهوش کننده شبیه بود؛ آتشی که جوهر وجود ایشان را به خاکستر تبدیل کرده بودچکیده داستان: «الکساندر پتروویچ» یک نجیب زاده ی «روس» بود؛ او بر اثر حسادت، همسر خویش را کشت، و خود را به پلیس معرفی کرد؛ پلیس او را به ده سال حبس با اعمال شاقه در «سیبری» محکوم کرد، و پس از پایان آن مدت، او به اقامتگاه محکومین، واقع در شهر «ک» فرستاده شد، تا عمر خود را، در آنجا به پایان آورد؛ یعنی او به یک کولونی محکومین، که کمی دورتر از شهر واقع شده بود، تعلق داشت، اما می توانست در شهر «ک» به سر برد؛ او در آن شهر با تدریس زبان «فرانسه» و. ؛ لقمه نانی به دست می آورد؛ البته تدریس برای محکومین، در شهرهای «سیبری» امری بعید نبود، زیرا کسی غیر از آنها، از زبان «فرانسه»، و رشته های تعلیم و تربیت، آگاهی نداشت؛ «خاطرات خانه ی اموات»، اثر «داستایوسکی»، به سرگذشت ده ساله ی «الکساندر پتروویچ»، در زندان با اعمال شاقه، اختصاص یافته

است؛ «داستايوسكى» در بخشى از اين داستان، ماجراى محبوبيت خود، در زندان «سيبرى» را نيز شرح مى دهند، و ضمن معرفى زندانيان ديگر، سرگذشت غم انگيز آنها را، به طرزى بديع، حكايت ميكنند، و پرده از برخى اسرار درونى انسان برمي دارند تاريخ بهنگام رساني 03/06/1399 هجري خورشيدى؛ 27/05/1400 هجري خورشيدى؛ ا. بالرغم من أن دوستويفسكي يحاول الإيهام بأنها مذكرات شخص آخر إلا أنها تفوح برائحة معاناته و عذاباته و تجربته الأليمة في معتقل سيبيريا الرهيب. أعتقد انه ما من بائعة و ما من ساكنة من ساكنات المدينة بأسرها إلا و أرسلت شيئاً إلى السجناء التعساء من أجل المباركة بالعيد. و كما كتب عن روح القانون فإنه لم ينس احسان المحسنين في ذلك الزمن الذي عرف معنى التكافل على أوسع نطاق في سائر أصقاع الأرض. إن هؤلاء العجزة المسئولين عن تطبيق القانون لا يدركون أبداً أن تطبيق نصوص القانون بغير فهم لروح القانون يؤدي إلى الاضطرابات رأساً. فماذا تريدون زيادة على ذلك؟ حتى لقد يدهشهم حقاً أن تطلب منهم عدا تنفيذ القانون أن يكون لهم شيء من صدق الإحساس و سلامة التفكير. و ما أن يأتي شيئاً من خارج السجن حتى يلون الحياة و يعيد الأمل في يوم يستطيع فيه السجين أن يتلمس طريقه مرة أخرى وسط البشر كواحد منهم لا كمنبوذ و مرمي في العراء. كنت أقتفي آثار الأشياء التي كانت تهز Fiction. الإنفعال في زمني فما كان أشد حزني حين اضطررت أن أعترف لنفسي بأنني أصبحت غريباً عن الحياة الجديدة.

Le fue necesario empezar con la suya propia y “La Casa de los Muertos” es un libro en el que el Dostoevski hombre se camufla en el personaje ficticio de Alexander Petrovich para narrar sus penurias en la prisión de Siberia. La detención de Dostoevski en 1849 junto con el grupo revolucionario utópico de Petrachevsky y el posterior del simulacro de su fusilamiento (algo que lo marcaría a fuego y que narraría magistralmente a través de las palabras del Príncipe Mishkin en El Idiota) derivaron en su posterior reclusión en Siberia y no iba a ser el mismo Dostoevski el que atravesara el portón de salida cuatro años después. Prison homosexuality isn't a modern invention (I know you didn't think it was) but Dosto couldn't address this subject directly.



I have been frequenting an open-air restaurant for 7 years now. Nothing unusual seemed to happen at that place and nothing unusual did happen the last time I visited it: I drank two cups of hot lemon tea I followed short arcs sketched by listless eagles in the evening sky I breathed in volumes of busy city smoke; but while leaving for home as I turned on the ignition key of my bike I caught hold of a loud clear distinct feeling. It was so distinct that I did not know at first what it was trying to convey; that is to say my natural thinking process had reverted to a background noise and I could only listen with attention to the wordless outwardly buzz around my ears and inside my chest which seemed to be growing. 7 years and I had never once noticed that shop! From across the street it appeared to be a wholesaler's office with its glass partition displaying drawing and craft notebooks paper-thin local guides to health and fitness bedroom life and tourism in Rajasthan. Not the same word Leo Tolstoy used for this work: edifying; not the same word that settled on my mind for Dostoyevsky's influence on an aspiring writer: uncorrupting; but: purging. Fiction Psychology Psychology Philosophy Cancel my subscription to the resurrection... Send my credentials to the house of detention... Our prison was at the far end of the citadel behind the ramparts. Peering through the crevices in the palisade in the hope of glimpsing something one sees nothing but a little corner of the sky and a high earthwork

covered with the long grass of the steppe. Then one suddenly realizes that whole years will pass during which one will see through those same crevices in the palisade the same sentinels pacing the same earthwork and the same little corner of the sky not just above the prison but far and far away. The criminals most cruelly whipped and who were celebrated as first-rate villains enjoyed more respect and attention than a simple deserter a mere recruit like the one who had just been brought in. I am sure that this gloomy experience of incarceration eventually allowed Fyodor Dostoyevsky to penetrate the human nature right to the bottom and to peruse all the darkest nooks and crannies of human consciousness. Out of his more typical writing Dostoyevsky does not go further into the psychological breakdown of one character exposing the underlying philosophies and instincts that are the driving forces of the individual as whole life stories often narrated only in a vignette described only as factual without imposing his own keen observation or meaning to it. In the end he is in the House of dead immersed in apathy where Dostoyevskian qualities fade even in Dostoyevsky himself in which I paradoxically found glimpses of hope and relief. Nevertheless the basic line of detachment there is an underlying sense of vastness and complexities of each destiny that only brushes against the main character as he goes on in repetitive and dull camp life. For me there is an endless fascination in observing the consistency of the enduring human spirit in the face of extreme suffering brutality and degradation which gives motivation for tolerating one's own hardship. "What Dostoyevsky does best is the erasure of distance between the reader and the disenfranchised the ones that seem to be far off behind the wire and prison walls besides the fact that in reality we can be equally imprisoned as them even when we are confined only by our own ideas. But they have suffered so much in their lives for these ideas and have paid so high a price for them that it becomes very painful indeed almost impossible for them to part with them. "Much of the writing is about the psychological tension of imprisonment by others in a state where the personal agency is stripped of you where in a sense you get used to being shiftless. "Aggressive and murderous instincts power and crime in one situation guilt weakness punishment or injustice and suffering by the hands of sadists in another is something that entails universal drama of human life no matter what side of the wall we find ourselves on. Dostoyevsky gets more in his usual depth in describing the rise of tyranny in one's psyche the intoxication it offers the profound drug that is hard to resist and the indefinite power to hurt another human being and have complete power over them most accurately manifested in the prison system of corporal punishment which it regards pleasure; the man and the citizen are swallowed up in the tyrant; and the return to human dignity repentance moral resurrection becomes almost impossible. "But in the spirit of his legacy Dostoyevsky does not give up hope in the remains of good in every person no matter the degree of corruption or abasement which makes his writing profoundly sanguine even in the depths of dreariness. Dostoyevsky is both the titan of thought and one of us small and disenfranchised left in the grace and mercy of his own tragic destiny and he writes not to erase anguish but to give it the most profound depth even only in detached observing and to give us strength to endure it. " Fiction Psychology Philosophy Записки из Мёртвого дома = Zapiski iz Myortvovo doma= Souvenirs de la maison des morts = The House of the Dead = Memoirs from the House of The Dead Fyodor Dostoyevsky The House of the Dead is a semi-autobiographical novel published in 1860-2 in the journal Vremya by Russian author Fyodor Dostoyevsky which portrays the life of convicts in a Siberian prison camp. The novel has also been published under the titles Memoirs from the House of The Dead Notes from the Dead House (or Notes from a Dead House) and Notes from the House of the Dead. He concludes that the existence of the prison with its absurd practices and savage corporal punishments is a tragic fact Psychology Philosophy During the first weeks and naturally the early part of my imprisonment made a deep impression on my imagination. Such was the case These words arrive quite early on and set the scene for Fyodor Dostoyevsky's extraordinary heartened semi-fictional account of the internment he endured in a Siberian prison camp after being sentenced to four years of hard labour for his involvement in a revolutionary conspiracy. Dostoyevsky completed this work six years after his release and across its two main sections you can feel him organising his memories vividly revising them and struggling to get them down before they fade. Under the circumstances he did a remarkable job after all I am sure he

would rather have written about something else but his experiences are that important he simply had to get it down on paper. Few books give such a vivid picture of the sort of setting from which many great works of prison literature emerge the power of certain writing done from prison has to do with the way it alternatively staves off and gives rein to restlessness fervour and desperation. Most of the book's action revolves around the convicts attempts to make room for some colour and change in their days but this is obviously limited card games knife fights thefts drinking sprees escape attempts holiday celebrations a play anything to stop madness setting setting in. In a way 'The House of the Dead is constantly at odds with its subject matter; wherever the narrative calls for a dreary roll call of routine tasks and daily humiliations the book darts off digresses or swerves to the side. Which makes me ask the question why didn't Dostoyevsky just write an out and out autobiographical account of his experience? This felt to me like a brother version of Solzhenitsyn's 'One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich' but with less of the bleak fully clear almost documentary-style narrative. There are however for Dostoyevsky fans plenty of lovely philosophical musings where the narrator ponders the nature of freedom and the importance of hope the inequality of punishments for the same crime the gap between appearance and reality the nature of free will and other heavy themes. Fue es y será el mejor conocedor del alma humana de todos los tiempos como decía Zweig; pero para llegar a esa profundidad había vivido sin libros encerrado en mí mismo planteándome cuestiones que intentaba resolver y cuya solución me atormentaba frecuentemente... Pero jamás podré expresar todo esto..."Ni él ni ningún otro hombre puede ser mismo en su vida a partir de una experiencia como esta. Incluso Dostoievski afirma que para él (un hombre culto e intelectual) era más difícil tener que convivir (con todo lo que esto conlleva cotidianamente) con asesinos hombres embrutecidos salvajes y delincuentes que estar privado de la libertad que gozaba tiempo atrás. Otro de los aspectos que Dostoievski desarrolla en profundidad es el de las cadenas y hierros que tenían que soportar sobre el cuerpo los prisioneros algo que cobra real dimensión cuando narra la experiencia de cuando debían bañarse todos juntos en una especie de infierno de vapor y calor intolerable. También es realmente crudo el modo en que nos cuenta la forma en la que los prisioneros eran azotados en sus espaldas y esto se relacionaba directamente a la gravedad de las penas que cumplían. Estos eran castigados con varazos que iban de los 500 hasta los 2000 azotes y se hacían en tandas dado que era normal que el prisionero se desmayara luego de infligirles semejante un castigo tan violento en sus espaldas. La primera parte culmina con dos capítulos que otorgan cierto alivio a tanto sufrimiento y crudeza y que tratan dos temas comunes a cualquier ser humano por un lado la Navidad y por el otro la posibilidad de algunos presidiarios de formar parte de una obra de teatro lo cual es una manera de liberar tensiones a través de un personaje en acto y es en cierto modo una reconexión con la literatura. En líneas generales y más allá de que por momentos ciertos pasajes de lecturas son terribles es un libro al que le doy cinco estrellas dado que lo que surge de lo narrado aquí fue clave que todo admirador de Dostoievski (y los que quieran saber sobre su vida) pueda comprender (esa es la palabra) el porqué de muchas de las acciones y vivencias que experimentarán los personajes de sus novelas partir de 1850 y también una prueba de la fortaleza moral y la entereza humana que Dostoievski tuvo que sostener para no sucumbir en la vida. Fiction Psychology so he very delicately sketches one particular prisoner Sirotkin - how handsome he is how he looks well in a woman's dress how he provides (unspecified) services to other prisoners. I thought - wait what was that again? As with all these memoirs there is some fictionalising shaping rearranging but the point of The House of the Dead was to tell the truth. Many chapters are loose assemblages of anecdotes and essayistic fragments (Max Nelson in the Paris Review) Well there is one thin framing device used for the book it's supposed to be the memoir of a fictional character who got ten years for murdering his wife. THE ANGUISH AND SOLACE OF FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY Although there is no plot at all this is the story of an intellectual whose radical politics in support of the lower classes forced him (by accident) into unsought and unwelcome intimacy with those lower classes in the course of which he discovered an emotional and spiritual love for those he had only previously considered to be part of an abstract political theory. Joseph Frank says in prison he finds a new understanding of the intense humanity and particular

moral quality of those he had at first regarded with loathing and dismay THIS MAY NOT BE THE DOSTOYEVSKY BOOK FOR YOU I must admit even given that stark horrifying nature of the world described the narrator can be waffly repetitious and a little annoying. I do not think Petroff can have ended well he was marked for a violent end; and if he is not yet dead that only means that the opportunity has not yet presented itself. Fiction Psychology Philosophy Much brighter and lighter than its theme (the diary of a deportee in Siberia) could suggest this autobiographical novel struck me above all with its gallery of extraordinary characters and its succession of anecdotes sometimes deeply sad and uplifting sometimes downright funny. But in the end it is a story almost bland of a repetitive daily life which illustrates one of the main words (and the author's great cause for alarm) which is that the human being can adapt to absolutely everything. 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. (Russian: {site_link} Фёдор Михайлович Достоевский) (see also {site_link} Fiodor Dostoïevski) {site_link} Accused of political subversion as a young man Fyodor Dostoyevsky was sentenced to four years of hard labor at a Siberian prison camp — a horrifying experience from which he developed this astounding semi-autobiographical memoir of a man condemned to ten years of servitude for murdering his wife.

كنت أشعر في هذه الأيام بضيق شديد فتناولت كتاب ذكريات من منزل الأموات فأعدت قراءته. فإذا رأيت Philosophy "Whoever has experienced the power and the unrestrained ability to humiliate another human being automatically loses his own sensations, Tyranny is a habit which may be developed until at last it becomes a disease. I declare that the noblest nature can become so hardened and bestial that nothing distinguishes it from that of a wild animal: Blood and power intoxicate; they help to develop callousness and debauchery: The mind then becomes capable of the most abnormal cruelty.

Both for the prisoners and for Russia. Fiction. شرياني.

و من المؤكد أن المجرم لا تصلحه سجون و لا معتقلات و لا أشغال شاقة، فهذه العقوبات لا تستطيع إلا أن توقع به Philosophy القصاص و أن تسكن روع المجتمع من الجرائم التي يمكن أن يرتكبها: و ليس في وسع الإعتقالات و الأشغال المرهقة إلا أن نفاقم في هؤلاء الرجال الحقد العميق. و العطش إلى اللذات المحرمة و الاستهتار الفظيع: أنا على يقين من أن النظام الشهير للسجن الانفرادي لا يحقق سوى غرض ظاهري و خادع: و أخيراً يخرج مومياء جافة و شبه مجنونة كمثال على الإصلاح و التوبة: فالإنسان مهما يصغر شأنه و مهما يهبط قدره و مهما تهين قيمته. يحب بغريزته أن تحترم كرامته من حيث هو إنسان: ان كل سجين يعرف حق المعرفة أنه سجين و يعرف حق المعرفة أنه منبوذ ممقوت مكروه. و يعرف المسافة التي تفصل بينه و بين رؤسائه. و لكن لا القضبان و لا الأغلال تنسيه أنه إنسان: لا يشعر بقيمة الكرامة إلا من أهدرت كرامته و ذاق ويلات المعاناة و الحاجة، و كانت لهذه الصرخة أصداء أتت ثمارها في المجتمع الروسي بعد ذلك و أدت إلى إصلاح حال السجون بصور كبيرة، كان بين هذه الصدقات صدقات ثمينة: عدد كبير من أرغفة الخبز المصنوع من فاخر الدقيق: و كان بينها أيضاً صدقات زهيدة: رغيف من خبز أبيض ثمنه كوبان. تلك هدية الفقير للفقير أنفق فيها الأول آخر كويك يملكه. دون تفريق بينها في القيمة أو في المصدر: و كان السجناء الذين يستلمون الهدايا يرفعون قبعاتهم عرفانا بالجميل. و يشكرون لأصحاب الهدايا هداياهم و هم يحيونهم و يتمنون لهم عيداً سعيداً ثم ينفقون الصدقات إلى المطبخ: و سلامة التفكير هذه هي التي تبدو لهم زائدة لا محل لها بوجه خاص. ترف يثير موجدتهم و يوقظ حنقهم و يعزز تعصبهم: و كتب أيضاً عن معاناة السجين في عد الأيام و انتظار يوم الخلاص. و يفرحني حتى حين يكون قد بقي عليّ أن أمكث في السجن ألف يوم أخرى: أنني أستطيع أن أقول لنفسي في الغداة أنه لم يبق إلا تسعمائة و تسعون يوم^④: كنت أستعرض حياتي السابقة و أحلل أدق تفاصيلها، كنت أفكر و أقرر و أحلف ألا أقارف في المستقبل ما قارفت في الماضي من أخطاء. كنت أنتظر حرיתי و أناديها في حرارة و حماسة. كنت أريد أن أجرب قواي مرة أخرى في كفاح جديد: مهما

كان هذا الشيء صغيراً فسيُحدث الأثر نفسه حتى ولو كان عدداً من مجلة. إن ذلك العدد من المجلة قد بدا لي كأنه رسول قد هبط علي من العالم الآخر: ارتسمت حياتي الماضية أمام عيني بارزة واضحة حينذاك: و حاولت أن أعرف هل أنا تخلفت و هل عاشوا كثيراً بدوني؟ تساءلت عما يشغل بالهم و يحرك نفوسهم: تساءلت عن المسائل التي أصبحت تعنيهم و عن المشكلات التي أصبحت تهمهم: كنت أتلبث على الكلمات قلقلًا و أقرأ بين السطور و أحاول أن أفهم من العبارات معناها الخفي. و أن أرى ما فيها [٤٤] Dice en otra parte del libro: "Así pues.

Philosophy Dostoevsky did five years of hard labour in a Siberian prison for being in the wrong room at the wrong time, When he was released in 1854 he had to serve time in the Siberian army and he was still banned from publishing anything: This memoir of his time in the joint finally came out in 1861 and it was a big hit: It was the first book to reveal all the horrors of life inside, Dosto said to his brother there will be the depiction of characters unheard of previously in literature Maybe he had in mind the prisoner he called Sirotkin. Hiding on the roof of a rickety building in one of the small tributaries of the Jaipur's busiest road it is aptly named Cocoon. The place is shady unknown and visited only by international tourists living in its cheap guest-house, I stood motionless for a second or two and then a picture of a shop flashed inside the head. I turned my head to find the same shop in the ground floor of that building: Curious however I trudged towards the store my attention fixed mostly on that outwardly buzz which I wasn't hearing - if it can be called hearing - for the first time: Two men were gossiping in the middle of the room across an unbalanced wooden table which helped by either one's dangling feet made a rhythmic thud-thud. It stopped abruptly: the thud-thud and the the gossiping too and they looked up surprised to find a visitor: I caught their amazed disoriented gaze but to avoid any verbal distractions I looked towards a shelf on my immediate right. hard copy editions of rarest of their works thick with time and grime casually stacked together in a single shelf: With my mouth half open I plugged out 10 titles not once leafing through them not once checking the blurb and plopped the bulk on the owner's creaking desk: I did not cross-check the MRP nor did I request for a discount; he may have charged me even more and I would have happily emptied my wallet, What did it matter which books I was buying at what price and who from? Trifles! Mere trifles. What mattered was that I see through the task witness what I was being shown stay 'connected'. The buzzing humming feeling had now enlarged and transmuted into a quietude donning my whole being - not the other way round. I returned home after a short ride but I was now proud for some reason and happy; the quietude only a memory an object for analysis, I dusted the books and arranged them neatly on my desk as if they were sacred idols I was going to worship every day. For 6 months I did not go to them: laziness thoughtlessness fear: The books would change me somehow I knew and I wasn't too prepared to let go of whatever they may ask me to let go of: No not unless the sentries of my rational mind were welcoming and unsuspecting. But what exactly did the book do? So that my intellect does not become restless I will give it a word to chew over and flaunt. The book purged me emptied me humbled me; cleaned me of the grime I had gathered over time: The House of the Dead is the chronicle of a prison camp coming straight from the horse's mouth so to speak: The prison camp is shown as a world within the world - a hermetic community of the strictest hierarchy living by its own severe cruel criminal laws, And on the language side The House of the Dead is one of the lushest books by Fyodor Dostoyevsky: But in neither case was any particular sympathy manifested nor were any annoying remarks made, The unhappy man was attended to in silence above all if he was incapable of attending to himself. The assistant-surgeon knew that they were entrusting their patients to skilful and experienced hands, The usual treatment consisted in frequent application to the poor fellow's back of a shirt or piece of linen steeped in cold water: It was also necessary to extract from his wounds the splinters of the rods which had been broken on his back. This last operation was particularly painful to the victims and the extraordinary stoicism with which they supported their sufferings astonished me greatly. Fiction Psychology Philosophy "What are we here for? We are not alive though we are living and we are not in our graves though we are dead. Even when he falls short he is still brilliant beyond comprehension. The

House of the Dead is a fragmented diary of a man convicted to the Siberian prison camp in Czarist Russia after murdering his wife. Often regarded as semi-autobiographical and closely connected to Dostoevsky's prison time that deeply changed him and irreversibly influenced his writing, the man writing the diary is a quiet, distant but sharp observer of prison life. Convicts are often described in a sentence or paragraph still containing in the most condensed form the essence of their being and the tragedy of their life. There is a sense of exhaustion in the narrator in the squalor he finds himself in. He does not have the vigor to examine life - only to document it. There is dejection in face of the intricacy of life embodied in the prison system where the narrator both gives up and resists elucidation. Sometimes life becomes so heavy it is impossible to interpret in a coherent manner and all we can do is step away and quietly observe it: "Reality is infinitely diverse compared with even the subtlest conclusions of abstract thought and does not allow of clear-cut and sweeping distinctions," "One can feel that drowsiness the whole time reading the book which for me makes it the most difficult Dostoevsky not due to the intellectual exhaustion but the emotional: The book has the atmosphere of the life of a prisoner somewhere between dreariness and cruelty: I will never stop being attracted to all camp and prison books: The House of the Dead is a prototype for books that endlessly fascinate me like One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich. "Man is a creature that can get accustomed to anything and I think that is the best definition of him. "Very often among a certain highly intelligent type of people quite paradoxical ideas will establish themselves. "Often a man endures for several years submits and suffers the cruelest punishments and then suddenly breaks out over some minute trifle almost nothing at all, "Here is the world to which I am condemned in which despite myself I must somehow live: The book is a loosely-knit collection of facts, events and philosophical discussion organized by theme rather than as a continuous story, Dostoevsky himself spent four years in exile in such a camp following his conviction for involvement in the Petrashevsky Circle, This experience allowed him to describe with great authenticity the conditions of prison life and the characters of the convicts, The narrator Aleksandr Petrovich Goryanchikov has been sentenced to penal deportation to Siberia and ten years of hard labour for murdering his wife. Life in prison is particularly hard for Aleksandr Petrovich since he is a gentleman and suffers the malice of the other prisoners nearly all of whom belong to the peasantry, Gradually Goryanchikov overcomes his revulsion at his situation and his fellow convicts undergoing a spiritual re-awakening that culminates with his release from the camp, It is a work of great humanity; Dostoevsky portrays the inmates of the prison with sympathy for their plight and also expresses admiration for their energy, ingenuity and talent. The following years on the other hand are all mixed up together and leave but a confused recollection, Certain epochs of this life are even effaced from my memory. I have kept one general impression of it though always the same; painful, monotonous, stifling, What I saw in experience during the first few days of imprisonment seems to me as if it had all taken place yesterday, Dostoevsky's narrator insists even the most docile prisoners sometimes need an anguished, convulsive, recklessly hopeful display of personality: But the most dramatic such attempt in the novel is the shape of the narrative itself, He keeps filling in background information belatedly as many of the novel's chapters are really loose assemblages of anecdotes and essayistic fragments, To be fair the book moves around genres really well shifting fluidly between fiction, philosophical meditation and memoir. I was expecting something more hard-hitting and emotionally draining from the reader's perspective that would long live in the memory but it fell short of this: To me it was like standing just outside the prison gates getting a glimpse rather than truly feeling the blood, sweat and tears from within. Very well written (it's Dostoevsky after all) just not entirely what I had hoped for, Fiction Psychology Philosophy Nosotros somos hombres destrozados, triturados, deshechos; no tenemos entrañas: No existe para mí mejor Dostoevski que el autobiográfico, Las distintas experiencias vividas en el presidio son contadas en forma frontal, visceral por momentos pero nunca de añoranza a los viejos tiempos ni de arrepentimiento: Él fue un hombre que supo aceptar y afrontar las desgracias de su vida con hombría y sin flaquezas más que las físicas, dado que toda su vida padeció de epilepsia, De hecho tres capítulos de la segunda parte transcurren en el hospital donde fue internado por esta enfermedad: Cabe destacar también que durante todos los

días estaban sometidos a trabajos forzosos sin misericordia. El castigo era la consecuencia irreversible y recíproca que se relacionaba al crimen cometido por el prisionero: But that was included to avoid trouble with the official Russian censor. Contemporary readers took the book as "more or less a faithful account" of Dosto's own experience, LIFE LESSONS FROM SIBERIA¹) The prisoners long for meaningful work most of them have a trade, The way to destroy their spirits is to force them into work with no point. 2) Prison tries to crush the inmates into total conformity but only succeeds in making their rebellious inner lives more real, 3) Anything can be a prison the mind the body religion your class your nationality anything. Before prison he had thought that the alleviation of the suffering of the peasants was the problem: As an effete literary journalist prison reality hit Dosto like an express train. At first he hated all the other prisoners and they hated him because he was a "nobleman": After prison he thought the peasants themselves their intense spiritual realities and their stoicism were the solution, He slept and ate and lived each miserable moment with them for five years his prejudices melted away and this was how it changed him: You will meet a parade of extraordinary characters but you know they aren't going to come together into any kind of drama: Just like real life people come and go and our narrator has no idea what happened to them. I expected the ferocious description of a nightmare with sadistic guards prisoners who kill each other famine and disease, Fiction Psychology Philosophy 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 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: As with a number of the author's other works this profoundly influential novel brilliantly explores his characters' thoughts while probing the depths of the human soul. Describing in relentless detail the physical and mental suffering of the convicts Dostoyevsky's character never loses faith in human qualities and the goodness of man, A haunting and remarkable work filled with wonder and resignation The House of the Dead ranks among the Russian novelist's greatest masterpieces, Of this powerful autobiographical novel Tolstoy wrote I know no better book in all modern literature. و من جهة ثانية. فهو يبتز من المجرم كل قوته و طاقته. و يؤثر حفيظة نفسه. فيضعفها و يخيفها. فلا يد أن يعامل إذا معاملة إنسانية. أو رغيفان من خبز أسود دهن بالقشدة. و كانت هذه الصدقات تقبل بامتنان واحد. إنهم يقولون: ذلك ما ينص عليه القانون. فهي في نظرهم ترف لا لزوم له. أنتظر صابرا. و أعد الأيام يوما يوما. لا ألف يوم. و أطيل التفكير فيها. و أحكم على نفسي بغير رحمة و لا شفقة. و أن أتجنب السقطات التي حطمتني. لقد تأخرت و تخلفت. و أخيرا . سقطت الأغلال . أنهضتها . كنت أريد أن أمسكها في يدي. و أن أنظر غليها مرة أخرى . أدهشني أنها كانت منذ لحظة تكبل ساقَيّ وداعا . إلى الحرية . إلى الحياة الجديدة . إلى keener and keener. The store was large and largely empty. I was at once stunned. Dostoyevsky Turgenev Pasternak Gibran. He too was excited but he concealed it and overcharged me. Such was my state! I felt unworldly. For rationalizations. And here now I am reading having read. Something indeed did happen. Something unidentifiable. This book is sacred. Night and day sentries walk to and fro upon it." One can measure Dostoevsky only to Dostoevsky. Reality resists classification. Alexander Petrovich is a bit of a sloppy storyteller. Por eso gritamos de noche. Otros directamente no lograban sobrevivir a este suplicio. I wasn't expecting that. So there is no plot. It's not a novel. Who keeps you in those mind-forged manacles? Only you. Fortunately we know what happened to Dostoyevsky. Four years after this he wrote Crime and Punishment. The House of the Dead.