

## **ELEMENT OF SELF-INTROGATION AND PSYCHOLOHICAL PERSPECTIVE IN DOSTOYEVSKY'S *NOTES FROM UNDERGROUND***

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**Abstract:**

*Notes from Underground* by Fyodor Dostoyevsky is a psychological novel in which the narrator confesses open heartedly that to have a longer life span is not a matter of pride/credit because after forty years everything transforms into futility. The whole story carrying a single character called "I" which stands for universe, no one can escape from the most burning/leading question that the narrator wants to put across why, what and how we should live while there is no value of ones being. Here, narrator finds out the meaninglessness of existence which is burdensome rather than enhancement.

**Keywords:** psychological, meaninglessness, existence, burdensome, enhancement

*Notes from Underground* by Fyodor Dostoevsky is heavily loaded with an emptiness of mankind. It is not about the soul pathetic a story of a character who is coming from Russia but it proclaims universal appeal whomsoever may go through reading process. Here, the protagonist of the novel is having no name, culture, religion, cast, creed and above all having no respect for humanity. He keeps on narrating by simply using first person singular form of 'I' and compelled the readers to go through the same predicaments and ideologies that he has. The narration pattern is most striking element because each fiction carries principal and minor characters while this novel thoroughly leads by a story teller who does not know anything about himself/herself. The most hidden part of the mankind's vacuum is put across by the character in such way that you are telling/sharing the essence/charm of your life by using the most negative adjectives.

Usually it is said that in distinct past we were the citizens of paradise in which God was blissful and rest of the creation of Him equally having its own importance. But due to the blunder/ fatal mistake made by Adam and Eve, we were exiled/ thrown out side from that horizon. It is a heavy curse on mankind that throughout our lives, we have to crave for 'peace' and as long as we alive, we cannot separate ourselves. We have to keep on moving without any vision/aim till death. Only death has that power to release us from this internal and external crisis. But the tragedy is that, day by day medical science reducing the 'death ratio' which ultimately adds more troubles/sufferings/pains/predicaments/obstacles/hurdles and many more in

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the path of one's soul submission to God. In spite of reducing the death ratio medical science should think about to increase peacefulness and energetic life that a man should live rather than simply increasing an age. Once you collapsed/die from within, everything will be futile whether you may die at twenty or eighty, you simply investing/adding havoc in the rest of the years that are still allotted to you.

From distinct past, philosophers, literary scholars and saints tried their level best in generating the notion that mankind is the most convincing creation of God but at the same juncture we feel pity for it because mankind go up to any extent. He may be above divine figures and at the same time below the category of wild animals. So the beneath meaning is no one can assure that human always behaves humanly. At contemporary time, man dies from within ever before he enters into the threshold of adulthood. That means physically we are alive in each respect but the lucidity that God has poured in us it is totally evaporated and we are completely dry/barren from within which leads us towards the destruction of fertile soil that we are craving for. Once, Albert Einstein said "I love humanity but not humans." It seems difficult to digest/trace such a contradictory perspective.

As per general understanding one can say that humans are not worthy of love while to support them is our privilege. This statement shows the disgusting approach for human. We live because we cannot die. Otherwise there is no charm in continuation. In spite of living, man passing near by the life. He wants to show being busy in living but actually there is no involvement into. At surface level we pretend like anything but our inner voice confesses openly that we are befooling ourselves by postponing life. Once, Osho Rajnesh said "Life is festival, let's celebrate each day" but unfortunately it is our delusion that one cannot conquered it. From morning up to midnight, man crawling like a turtle and found nothing. It's just like Robinson Cruse's story that for what and why mankind wandering and exploring each corner of earth however everything is beyond his reach. From distinct past, man wants to pour each drop of water from sea into his mind so that he can release himself from this vacuum but ultimately none can found even the wetness in his mind. God has given us the rest of the things that a man thought to be but unfortunately rest is not there. In spite of pure emptiness, man is busy in garb ageing which stinks within a time bound period.

If we peep into the matter of narrator's previous life then we found, he has no roots to contact himself. This is the most crucial aspect of his life because one's you do not have family or a person to whom you love and loved by totally absent then how can you learn to correlate with someone and of one own self. You are habituated to follow alienation even though you are surrounded by plenty of people. As long as a branch of the tree connected to it, it will derive meaning of one's existence but if it will cut off then naturally there is no aliveness into. In the same way, here narrator is not in a position to derive that satisfaction of connectivity that's why he is destine to flow in air which leads him inhumanity. It is totally illogical to justify the central character as 'immoral' but we can trace him in 'unmoral' category which is not related to

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morality. He knows who, how and what he is. Such foundational questions are already been answered by him at the very initial juncture.

Psychologists are of the opinion that our mind is divided into two parts like right side and left side. They said right side of the mind functioning only for logical conclusion while left side of the mind follows emotion patterns only. So, this paradoxical organ made by God which is totally beyond our reach to classify. Generally man is found of using right part while woman used to left part but at last juncture man realizes that right part is not right path to live. While woman feels displeas by using left part and confesses it is of no use and not required to continue with it. So, ultimately man and woman reaches at common platform that mind has nothing to do with life. It is the thirst for someone and something that leads us otherwise mind has not that power to govern a life and if it so then no one is ready to suffer in life. Mind is not an appropriate substitute for everything.

It is the burning desire for warmth that provokes us to create something out of these paradoxical mechanisms. Even today 'peace' lies at the zenith of mankind but unfortunately man puzzled himself extremely that he finds difficulty to digest such a simple science. Even Einstein said at one juncture that 'scientific and technological tools give you comforts but never give peacefulness' means momentary gain, materialism, luxurious life, dominance and many more are simply pigmy in front of the urgent need of peace which is already within and we are unfortunate enough that we assume the rest of the things as peace. Only aloneness gives you peace and provides a chance to be at par with whole nature while loneliness bits you from within just like pests and insects. Narrator starts his story with a very blunt statement,

"I'm a sick man... I'm a spiteful man. I'm an unattractive man. I think there's something wrong with my liver. But I understand damn all about my illness and I can't say for certain which part of me is affected."

From the very starting point, narrator confesses open heartedly that there is a mania/phobia that lies in me which makes me a spiteful man and uncomparable man to whom none can trace as a normal human being and due to that he receives less recognition in the society. He has been living in isolation and alienation for last twenty years. He is a forty year man who works in government office at St. Petersburg Russia for a man named Aton. He suffers from insomnia for several months and he is habituated too. Second dissimilar point that one come across is,

"Not only did I not become spiteful, I never even managed to become anything: neither spiteful, nor good, neither a scoundrel nor an honest man, neither a hero nor an insect. And now I'm living out my life in my corner, teasing myself with the spiteful and utterly worthless consolation that an intelligent man cannot make himself anything and that it's only fools who manage to do that."

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On the basis of above mentioned narration, we found narrator is in a position to see life by X-ray radiation/sonography formation. For him, good-bad, intellect-innocence-ignorance, connect-disconnect, life- death, human- inhuman, society- barbarism, morality- immorality, right- wrong, truth- false, existence- decay- death and many more are simply a way of befooling oneself. He said clearly “an intelligent man cannot make himself anything” means once you become intelligent, you have to follow monotonous life and if you create a new path, society labeled you as a mad person. So, the in depth meaning is we have plenty ways of human life but we have only one option that is made by a fool. Violations of the invisible borders bring a black spot on your forehead. So, throughout our life span we are compelled/ forced to crawl in spite of to walk, run and fly. By selecting this pathetic option, man dies from within before his actual death and before forty he realizes that there is nothing worth seen to be and he totally exhausted in continuation. At one juncture he confesses that,

“...I didn't even manage to become an insect. I solemnly declare that many times have I wanted to become an insect. But even that hasn't been granted me. I assure you, gentlemen, that to be excessively conscious is a disease, a real, full-blown disease. For the needs of everyday life ordinary human consciousness should be more than sufficient that is, half or even a quarter less than the portion which falls to the lot of an educated man in our unhappy nineteenth century and on top of that, of one who has the twofold misfortune of living in St. Petersburg, the most abstract and premeditated city on earth.”

Above mentioned sentences indicates a humiliation on human life style. From the ancient ages, each culture has a high regards for elite/ intellect/ consciousness which ultimately brings nothing concrete into humanity. In spite of generating energy/ lucidity/ flow/ spirit, it harms directly the whole structure. The more you awaken, the more you add bitterness into. Ultimately what will be there left to do once everything is calculated according to tables. It is highly impossible to release oneself from the clutches of consciousness. Our upbringing never allows us to go beyond and by knowing your tragic condition, you simply accommodating yourself. Our ideology never functions universally. So, the last remedial steps that we have is simply doing nothing at all and merely keep on acting as a good for nothing. Even though having a telescopic approach in life, the narrator falls in love with Liza, quiet, young girl who has been forced into prostitution by her uncaring parents. During the first meeting, narrator showing his gratitude towards feminine gender and equally respect their inner most feelings that are very much in built in them. He said,

“Don't rely on your youth. You see, in this kind of place all that passes in a flash. They will throw you out. And not simply throw you out, since long before that they'll have started finding fault with you, reproaching you, cursing you, as though it wasn't you who sacrificed your health and allowed your youth and soul to perish for madam's benefit, but as if you'd ruined her, robbed her, sent her out begging everyone here is a slave and has lost all conscience and sense of compassion long ago. And you'll have given up everything, everything- your health, youth, beauty, your hopes, with no redemption and at twenty-two you'll look like thirty-five and you'll be lucky if you still have your health- pray to God for that!”

Here, it is crystal clear that narrator knows the softness/tenderness of feminine spirit. When a girl falls in love or share a bed with someone, she used to submit whole heartedly without any type of slavery and dominance while man simply enjoys beauty without any taken a care of her inner instincts. Love is a divine mystery and must be kept hidden from all other eyes, no matter what happens. It is believed that a woman occupies at par level to nature than man because she has the quality of fertility and creation while man is totally subordinate in each respect. Due to lack of warmth and roots both are coming from common platform and want to fill up that gapes by exchanging to each other so that one can generate meaning of oneself. But as per the narrator's ideology, Liza is not an appropriate substitute even though she has a pure heart and just because of his conventional mind, ultimately he loses her completely. After their dispute, he goes out in search of Liza but never finds her again. He says he has written her story after more than fifteen years for the sake of to release himself from the clutches of her mistreating the only person who ever showed real kindness and compassion to him.

To conclude, now he has created his own island on which no one can dare to reach and even the creator can't cross it. He has to follow miserable and alienated life by once again he has to set at the corner of his house and make it permanent world by simply creating an assumption that I am alive but actually everything is rotten/barren from within. Existence follows breathing process only not aliveness to any creature/ insect/ mankind. Man is destined to suffer for survival.

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