



Slučajevi

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This collection of stories is composed of short miniatures, many of which the author called "incidents." The quirky, bold writing of *Incidences* perfectly captures the surreal spirit of its times.

Slu?ajevi Details

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Davide says

Una volta, per caso, a Torino, ho sentito Paolo Nori che leggeva alcuni di questi pezzi - Paolo Nori è lo scrittore e è quello che ha tradotto questo libro - e da allora, ogni tanto, prendo su e mi leggo alcuni di questi pezzi ripetendo dentro di me, o a voce alta se mi capita sotto qualcuno, l'accento parmigiano (male).

Ad esempio, leggete - anche se non siete capaci - con l'accento parmigiano, queste

Scene dalla vita di Lev Tolstoj

1.

Lev Tolstoj amava molto i bambini, e non gli bastavano mai. Gliene portavano delle stanze piene, che non si poteva neanche camminare, e lui continuava a gridare Ancora! Ancora!

2.

Lev Tolstoj amava i bambini, ma i grandi non li poteva sopportare, soprattutto Herzen. Come lo vedeva, gli saltava addosso col bastone, cercava di picchiarlo negli occhi. E quello lì, faceva finta che non se ne accorgeva. Diceva: - Oh, Tolstoj, oh!

3.

Lev Tolstoj amava suonare la balalajka (anche i bambini, naturalmente). Ma non era capace. È lì che scrive il romanzo Guerra e pace, e pensa, tra sé e sé: Ten-der-den-ter-den-ten! Oppure: Bram-pram-dam-daram-pam-pam!

4.

Lev Tolstoj amava molto i bambini. Succedeva che gliene portavano cinque unità su una carrozza scoperta, lui li divideva tra gli ospiti. Naturalmente Herzen ci prendeva sempre male. Delle volte uno coi pidocchi, delle volte uno che morde. Prova, a lamentarti. Prende il bastone, tràc, sulla testa.

Il 5. è molto bello ma è troppo lungo per copiarlo tutto.

Jelena says

Jedna starica se usled svoje preterane radoznalosti nagnula kroz prozor, ispala i razmrskala se. Kroz prozor se nagnula druga starica da bi videla onu koja se razmrskala, ali je usled svoje preterane radoznalosti tako?e ispala kroz prozor, strmoglavila se i razmrskala. Zatim je kroz prozor ispala tre?a starica, zatim ?etvrta, zatim peta. Kada je ispala i šesta starica, meni je dosadilo da ih gledam, pa sam pošao na Maljcevsku pijacu gde su, kažu, jednom slepcu poklonili pleteni šal.

Evo, ja se zaljubila. Ljudska egzistencija svedena samo na taj jedan trenutak smrti. ?itava egzistencija je toliko besmislena da je 'dosadila' i da je zanimljiviji doga?aj ?in dobrote. Posmatrano u kontekstu vremena u kojem je Harms stvarao (Staljinov teror) to daje strašnu sliku Rusije nakon revolucije.

Knjižica se sastoji od 30 slu?ajeva koji u sebi sadrže apsurdnost života. Slu?ajevi bez ikakve motivacije, informacija... bez i?ega. Minijature jednog doga?aja koji je izgubio svaki smisao a jedino što je postojano je haos i smrt.

Tobias Kask says

Incidences is a selection of works by mr. Kharms; a collection of short stories, essays and plays written in Soviet Russia during the 1930s. It is my first glimpse of "critically acclaimed" literary absurdism; a form of humor that I've always enjoyed but never been able to categorize. I'm still not sure if i can.

I've read some essays by Kharms before (which ultimately lead to me buying this book), and i I find myself myself going \(\text{O}_\text{o}\)/ all the freaking time. The thing is, though, i enjoy going \(\text{O}_\text{o}\)/. I find it utterly hilarious and it boggles my mind how these stories came to be and how they survived the author (who died in a soviet prison in the early 40s; suspected an enemy of the state much because of what he wrote). I'm as glad as I'm surprised that the this-is-retarded-let's-save-it-people came across the writings before the this-is-retarded-let's-burn-it-people.

When reading Kharms, don't expect a plot or a punchline. The stories may or may not have an underlying meaning, and for me it's part of the point not to know. Give it a shot, read some Kharms and see if you like it or not. It's just about that simple.

Tomas Ramanauskas says

I thought I've seen the light after reading this book in 1999. Finally, I knew what was outrageously funny to me! I've been waken from my bankrupt teeny humour nightmare and transported to this weird, harsh, cynical, ironic, absurdist place. I was born again Charmsian. So I used to carry this tiny paperback around and read aloud to my friends. I've tortured my poor sister daily, opening the book and going "listen, listen, you will die laughing from this". She did laugh a bit, though. I have irritated her and many others, for sure.

Nobody struck me as originally, as unexpectedly, as Charms back in the day. I'm not sure how he will work his magic on me as a 30-something now, but boy did he punched me straight in to the stomach when I was searching for new literature highs.

Michelle says

Oddly hilarious, and hilariously odd, this collection of sundry writings by Kharms disturbs and charms. The so-called 'Incidents' make up much of the book, and are like literary candy - small stories that range from the mundane to the violent. Kharms experimented with micro forms way before the Internet age, but this style coincides with our trend towards bite-size chunks of information (I was reminded, in a way, of Jennifer Egan's Twitter-enabled short story for The New Yorker).

The use of dreamlike recursion, repetitive/recursive names, and the author's constant threat of involvement make these stories more like unsettling co(incidences): wait, did I dream this, or read it? Even his letters are absurd. Be prepared to be constantly unresolved while reading; it's a challenge to your sensibilities that I

think is totally worth it.

Ajeje Brazov says

"Com'è facile, per l'uomo, perdersi in cose insignificanti. Si può passare ore dal tavolo all'armadio, e dall'armadio al divano e non trovare un'uscita. Ci si può perfino dimenticare dove ci si trova e andare a sbattere con le braccia contro un armadietto sulla parete. 'Ooooh, armadietto" - gli si può dire. - Stai un po' attento!'. Oppure ci si può coricare per terra e mettersi a guardare la polvere. Anche in questo c'è dell'estro. E' meglio farlo per ore capendo sempre di più col passare del tempo. Del resto, è molto difficile fissare delle scadenze, ci son forse nella polvere delle scadenze?

Ancora meglio guardare dentro un catino con dell'acqua. Guardare l'acqua è sempre utile e istruttivo. Anche se non si vede niente, va bene lo stesso. Guardiamo nell'acqua, non si vede niente, e presto cominciamo a annoiarci. Ma ci conforta la circostanza che ciò che facciamo è ben fatto. Pieghiamo le dita e contiamo. Ma cosa contare, non lo sappiamo, c'è forse qualche conto da fare, nell'acqua?"

Susa says

Rajoja rikkovaa sillä tavalla, joka melkein särkee päätä, koska missään ei ole mitään järkeä eikä mitään voi ymmärtää.

aconeyisland says

"Io non capisco perchè tutti pensano che sono un genio: secondo me non sono, un genio. Ieri gli ho detto: Ascoltate! Ma che genio sarei? E loro mi han detto: Un genio. E io a loro Ma genio come? E loro non m'han detto come m'han detto solo che sono un genio che sono un genio. Ma secondo me io non sono, un genio. Dovunque compaio, adesso tutti cominciano a sussurrare a indicarmi "Ben ma, che roba è" dico io. E loro non vogliono sentire ragioni ho sempre paura che da un momento all'altro mi prendono mi portano in trionfo."

[genio].

Margot says

Vorrei che si pubblicassero più disastri di questo genere e meno cazzate perfette di tutt'altro tipo.

Impagabile.

Rick Slane says

Stalin nipped another great one in the bud. Kharms is a delightful mix of Kafka, Vonnegut & Brautigan.

Madison says

The translation is not as fluid as other English versions of his work, but this collection includes of some of Kharms' erotica I haven't read anywhere else. The stories are amazing, but the translation falls a little short for Kharms' prose.

Andrew says

Let us take a moment to appreciate the fact that Daniil Kharms lived in a different time, when his writing was refreshingly different, and in which his strange, gnomic little stories were to be appreciated, cared for, distributed as samizdat, and ultimately remembered as a perfect example of black humor at the height of the Stalinist purges. Because if he was alive today, he would almost certainly be camped out as some kind of weird Twitter alternative comic (@selfkharm), a routine shitposter of surreal memes, and generally waste his observational talents in the bullshit arms race of Internet relevance.

Noce says

Non è un libro per persone serie (Ahò!! Ho detto serio, non serie)

I pro e i contro.

I pro: non so se l'appendice di Paolo Nori, anche nell'edizione "Marcos y Marcos" sia alla fine del libro. Nel qual caso, vi consiglio di leggerla prima di iniziare il libro, e non dopo; leggere prima la vita di Charms raccontata da Nori, aumenta la salivazione e rende la lettura più gustosa.

I contro: se avete l'edizioni Adelphi, anziché l'edizione Einaudi e Marcos y Marcos, siete forse più fortunati. Il fatto che la creativa sregolatezza dello stile "Noriano" traspaia anche nella "cura" del libro, e che la sua postfazione sia scritta alla "Charms", è troppo approssimativa riguardo a un autore che forse meriterebbe più attenzione. Indubbiamente a Charms piacerebbe, ma considerando che a leggere il libro siamo noi.. beh, fate un po' voi.

Di seguito invece, alcune indicazioni utili per il pubblico pagante e non:

- Se non vi piace la rubrica "Risate a denti stretti" della Settimana Enigmistica, non leggete questo libro.
- Se non vi piace il grottesco (inteso come stile, e non come pittura rupestre paleolitica) non leggete questo libro.
- Se non vi piace questo motivetto: "E infine il Signore, sull'angelo della morte, sul macellaio,

che uccise il toro, che bevve l'acqua, che spense il fuoco,
che bruciò il bastone, che picchiò il cane, che morse il gatto,
che si mangiò il topo che al mercato mio padre comprò." non leggete questo libro.

- Se non vi piacciono le situazioni paradossali, non leggete questo libro.
- Se non vi piace Paolo Nori, non leggete questo libro. Perché il libro appunto è curato da lui e si vede.
- Se non vi piace il non sense non leggete questo libro.
- Se non vi piace l'avanguardia russa, perché in fondo siete dei totalitaristi che non ammettono opinioni contrastanti e vi piacciono le cose uniformi, precisine, e pure in fila, non leggete questo libro, anzi, non leggete per niente.
- Se non vi piace questa barzelletta: "Bambino si sbuccia ginocchio... e se lo mangia!" non leggete questo libro.
- Se vi piacciono le cose convenzionali, appena vedete questo libro, pronunciate a voce alta per tre volte, "VADE RETRO SATAN, VADE RETRO SATAN, VADE RETRO SATAN".

Buona lettura.

Sophie says

i read it and nearly fell off the bench laughing. then i was reading it to my friends on the subway and nearly fell off my seat laughing. then they were reading it to each other and nearly fell off their seats as well.

then we went home and that was all there was to it.

Buck says

Stupidly, I googled Daniil Kharms just before settling in to write my review, and I stumbled upon George Saunders' NYT review of another Kharms book, in which Saunders somehow plagiarized all my ideas *in advance*, before recasting them in a much wittier form than I could ever hope to achieve. All of which I consider EXTREMELY DISCOURTEOUS.

<http://www.nytimes.com/2007/12/09/boo...>

The Absurdist movement in 1920's Leningrad reminds me of the doomed 'Visceral Realists' in *The Savage Detectives*, except that Kharms and his buddies were doomed in a somewhat more literal sense: to internal exile, imprisonment and, eventually, gruesome deaths. It's nice to see that they're finally getting their due. Kharms, at least, fully deserves the belated recognition. I'm also curious about his confrere, Aleksander Vvedensky, another legendary figure. The one poem of his that I've read was tantalizingly good.

Mehmet K?r says

Hayat?n?zda okuyabilece?iniz en absürt kitaplardan biri bu olabilir.
Ama enteresand?r, bu kitap s?k?c? bir kitap de?il. Tam tersine ilgi çekici.

Bir al?nt?:

"??ten ç?kan adam eve dönerken yolda bir dilim Polonya ekme?i alm?? olan bir ba?ka adama rastlar.
Bununla ilgili bütün anlatacaklar?m bu kadar."

"YAZAR: Ben bir yazar?m.

OKUYUCU: Bence sen bir pisliksin!

Bu yeni dü?ünce kar??s?nda afallayan YAZAR birkaç dakika oldu?u yerde dikilir ve yere dü?üp ölür.
D??ar?ya ta??rlar onu.

2.

RESSAM: Ben bir ressam?m.

??Ç?: Bence sen bir pisliksin!

Kâ?t gibi sararan RESSAM ince bir kam?? gibi e?ilir ve ans?z?n nefesi tükenir. D??ar?ya ta??rlar onu.

3.

BESTEC?: Ben bir besteciyim.

VANYA RUBL?YOV: Bence sen...!

Nefesi kesilen BESTEC? arka üstü yere devrilir. Ans?z?n d??ar?ya ta??rlar onu.

4.

K?MYACI: Ben bir kimyac?y?m.

F?Z?KÇ?: Bence sen...!

Tek bir kelime daha edemeyen K?MYACI yere y???l?r."

Rhys says

An incredible book of ultra-short stories, dramatic fragments and weird non-fiction pieces... I grabbed this volume off the library shelf on impulse and I'm glad I did. It has turned out to be one of the most intriguing reads of the year so far...

This is pure Absurdism without any mitigating factors, individual prose fragments that make no sense on their own but when are regarded together with others of their kind seem to make a certain sense. Or rather, they echo and amplify each other (and sometimes distort or undermine each other too) to a point that is both *beyond* sense and yet somehow perfectly inevitable (and thus almost logical).

Writing in the 1920s and 1930s, Kharms seems to anticipate the use of postmodernist fragmentation while simultaneously looking back at the grand tradition of Russian writing. His work often feels like a deeply odd hybrid between Kafka and Barthelme. His recurring themes achieve an awful, hilarious resonance as the book progresses... Old women falling out of windows, bricks falling on the heads of pedestrians, random accidents, disintegrating men...

Another thing this volume does is demonstrate what a brilliantly funny letter writer Kharms was. And what a bizarre philosopher...

M. says

Okumas? oldukça e?lenceli, bir amaç güdülmeden yaz?lm?? sürreal öyküler...

Ben Winch says

I didn't get this at first. The cover's ugly, the edition nasty, and in the introduction someone called Simon McBurney writes about hearing Tom Waits on the radio while stuck in a traffic jam near Vine Avenue in L.A.. (*Heartattack and Vine*'s a favourite of mine too, friend, but some decorum, please!) Anyhow, eventually the penny dropped. Turns out Mr McBurney had some good advice after all: read it to children. And one day when my hyperactive eight-year old stepson wouldn't sit still I tried it. I read:

Kalugin fell asleep and had a dream that he was sitting in some bushes and a policeman was walking past the bushes.

Kalugin woke up, scratched his mouth and went to sleep again and had another dream that he was walking past some bushes and that a policeman had hidden in the bushes and was sitting there.

Kalugin woke up, put a newspaper under his head, so as not to wet the pillow with his dribblings, and went to sleep again; and again he had a dream that he was sitting in some bushes and a policeman was walking past the bushes.

Kalugin woke up, changed the newspaper, lay down and went to sleep again. He fell asleep and had another dream that he was walking past some bushes and a policeman was sitting in the bushes.

At this point Kalugin woke up and decided not to sleep any more, but he immediately fell asleep and had a dream that he was sitting behind a policeman and some bushes were walking past.

Now this is *exactly* the little boy in question's brand of humour, and maybe just from the thrill of hearing it read aloud – from an 'adult' book nonetheless – he was giggling with delight by the second or third paragraph. But by the fifth, he was ecstatic. And his older brother (ten years old) took an interest and came closer and they both egged me on, and I read aloud until they started with the questions, and somehow, I ended up telling them what little I knew of Kharms's life story: that he starved to death in a prison hospital a few blocks from his home in St Petersburg in 1942 after defying a ban on his writing. Isn't that crazy? we all agreed: that Stalin would have *cared* that anyone wrote or published these crazy stories. The boys were astonished. And crazier still, despite the ban, he was allowed to write children's stories. As if children were any less susceptible to his humour than adults! Me, I didn't really laugh until the boys laughed, and then I laughed as much at the boys as at the writing. It's freeing them! It's firing them up! They see that anything's possible! Stalin was an idiot to let Kharms anywhere near Russia's children, if he feared this poison spreading.

On my second and third readings of some of these 'incidences' I think Kharms is an important rediscovery –

up there with Krzhizhanovsky, and maybe more unique and more accessible. Imagine if Ernest Scribbler – the man who wrote the funniest joke in the world in a Monty Python skit and died laughing – had been a disciple of Hamsun and Gogol, forced to whisper his life's works to his neighbours lest the authorities see them in print. And the police – kitted in earplugs – are working to isolate the joke in the rubbish-strewn courtyard, where the neighbours fall around laughing. And the tanks are rolling through Nevsky Prospect on their way to liquidate the infected.

However, with this the author is finishing his narrative, since he cannot find his inkpot.

Good day to you.

Maurizio Manco says

"Bisogna essere imperturbabili, vale a dire esser capaci di tacere e non cambiare l'espressione fissa del viso. E quando la persona che parla con te dice delle cose assurde, sii gentile con lui e dàgli ragione." (p. 109)

"Prova a conservare l'indifferenza, quando finiscono i soldi." (p. 114)
