



My Father's Suitcase: The Nobel Lecture

Orhan Pamuk

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“Two years before his death, my father gave me a small suitcase full of his writings, hand writings and notebooks.”

Orhan Pamuk gave a speech called “My Father’s Suitcase” when he received the Nobel Prize in Literature in December 2006. This emotional speech which sincerely conveys the spirit of Pamuk’s thirty two years of writing effort, had a deep, worldwide impact. This book combines “My Father’s Suitcase” which is a basic text about writing and living with Pamuk’s two other speeches in which the same subjects and problems are discussed from other perspectives. “The Implied Author”, the speech that Pamuk gave when he received the Puterbaugh Prize given by World Literature magazine, in April 2006 is about the psychology of writing and the urge and adventure of being a writer. Pamuk’s other speech, “In Kars and in Frankfurt” that was given when he received the Peace Prize given by the German Publishers Associations in October 2005 is investigating the power of the writer to put himself in another’s place and the political consequences of this very natural human talent. My Father’s Suitcase consists of three speeches that are seen as a whole by their writer.

It’s a unique, personal book on what writing is, how to become a writer, life and writing, the writer’s patience and the secrets of the art of novel (from the author's website)

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Farhan Khalid says

My Father's Suitcase: The Nobel Lecture

Two years before his death, my father gave me a small suitcase filled with his writings, manuscripts and notebooks

[Literature] is what a person creates when he shuts himself up in a room, sits down at a table, and retires to a corner to express his thoughts

A writer is someone who spends years patiently trying to discover the second being inside him

The starting point of true literature is the man who shuts up in room with his books

As for my place in the world – in life, as in literature – my basic feeling was that I was ‘not in the center’

I felt that my father had read novels to escape his life [and culture] and flee to the west

I write because I have an innate need to write

I write because I can't do normal work like other people

I write because I want to read books like the ones I write

I write because I am angry at all of you

I write because I love sitting in a room all day writing

I write because I love the smell of paper, pen and ink

I write because I am afraid of being forgotten

I write to be alone

I write because I like to be read

I write not to tell a story but to compose a story

I write because I have never managed to be happy

I write to be happy

I had decided, aged 22, to become a novelist

My father said nothing, but he at once threw his arms around me [in a way to show his happiness]

He was trying to convince me to set this prize as a goal

My father died in December 2002

I dearly wish he could be amongst us

Fateh Brgl says

Simply i love this man

Sidharth Vardhan says

" I write because I have an innate need to write! I write because I can't do normal work like other people. I write because I want to read books like the ones I write. I write because I am angry at all of you, angry at everyone. I write because I love sitting in a room all day writing. I write because I can only partake in real life by changing it. I write because I want others, all of us, the whole world, to know what sort of life we lived, and continue to live, in Istanbul, in Turkey. I write because I love the smell of paper, pen, and ink. I write because I believe in literature, in the art of the novel, more than I believe in anything else. I write because it is a habit, a passion. I write because I am afraid of being forgotten. I write because I like the glory and interest that writing brings. I write to be alone. Perhaps I write because I hope to understand why I am so very, very angry at all of you, so very, very angry at everyone. I write because I like to be read. I write because once I have begun a novel, an essay, a page, I want to finish it. I write because everyone expects me to write. I write because I have a childish belief in the immortality of libraries, and in the way my books sit on the shelf. I write because it is exciting to turn all of life's beauties and riches into words. I write not to tell a story, but to compose a story. I write because I wish to escape from the foreboding that there is a place I must go but – just as in a dream – I can't quite get there. I write because I have never managed to be happy. I write to be happy."

Pamuk shares his memories of his father in his Nobel-prize acceptance speech. [Read it here.](#)

Mevsim Yenice says

Esere de?il, Orhan Pamuk'a veriyorum 5 y?ld?z?. ?d?l konu?mas?n? bile novella k?vam?nda yapabildi?i i?in, iyi bir yazar olmak u?runa can?n? nas?l di?ine takt??? i?in ve Orhan Pamuk oldu?u i?in.

Hep s?yleyece?im, iyi ki vars?n Pamuk :)

Metta says

Tre conferenze dello scrittore, di cui la prima che dà il titolo al libro, è il discorso di ringraziamento per il conferimento del Nobel, quello da cui sono tratti i seguenti brani. Da leggere, per chi sente profondamente scrittura e lettura come momenti imprescindibili del divenire chi si è.

"E' il senso del lavoro di un uomo che si chiude in una stanza e che, seduto a un tavolo, ritirato in un angolo, si esprime per mezzo di carta e penna - vale a dire il senso della letteratura. (...) La vera letteratura parte dall'uomo che si chiude in una stanza con i suoi libri.

(...) Credo che la letteratura sia il tesoro accumulato dall'uomo nella ricerca di se stesso."

"Scavare un pozzo con un ago" è un bel modo di dire turco che descrive il lavoro dello scrittore.

"Oggi, a distanza di tanti anni, so che questa infelicità è la caratteristica fondamentale che trasforma un individuo in uno scrittore. (...)

Per me, essere scrittori significa prendere coscienza delle ferite segrete che portiamo dentro di noi, ferite così segrete che noi stessi ne siamo a malapena consapevoli, esplorarle pazientemente, studiarle, illuminarle e fare di queste ferite e di questi dolori una parte della nostra scrittura e della nostra identità. Un autore parla di cose che tutti sanno senza esserne consapevoli."

"Come sapete la domanda che più spesso viene posta a noi scrittori, la domanda preferita è: perché scrive? Io scrivo perché sento il bisogno innato di scrivere! Scrivo perché non posso fare un lavoro normale, come gli altri. ?Scrivo perché voglio leggere libri come quelli che scrivo. ?Scrivo perché ce l'ho con voi, con tutti. Scrivo perché mi piace stare chiuso in una stanza a scrivere tutto il giorno.? Scrivo perché posso sopportare la realtà soltanto trasformandola.? Scrivo perché tutto il mondo conosca il genere di vita che abbiamo vissuto, che viviamo io, gli altri, tutti noi a Istanbul, in Turchia.? Scrivo perché amo l'odore della carta, della penna e dell'inchiostro.? Scrivo perché credo nella letteratura, nell'arte del romanzo più di quanto io creda in qualunque cosa. ?Scrivo per abitudine, per passione.? Scrivo perché ho paura di essere dimenticato. ?Scrivo perché apprezzo la fama e l'interesse che ne derivano. Scrivo per star solo. Forse ?scrivo perché spero di capire il motivo per cui ce l'ho così con voi, con tutti. ?Scrivo perché mi piace essere letto.? Scrivo perché una volta che ho iniziato un romanzo, un saggio, una pagina, voglio finirli. ?Scrivo perché tutti se lo aspettano da me.? Scrivo perché come un bambino credo nell'immortalità delle biblioteche e nella posizione che i miei libri occupano negli scaffali. ?Scrivo perché la vita, il mondo, tutto è incredibilmente bello e sorprendente. ?Scrivo perché è esaltante trasformare in parole tutte le bellezze e ricchezze della vita. ?Scrivo non per raccontare una storia ma per costruirla. ?Scrivo per sfuggire alla sensazione di essere diretto in un luogo che, come in un sogno, non riesco a raggiungere. ?Scrivo perché non sono mai riuscito ad essere felice. ?Scrivo per essere felice."

U?ur Karabürk says

Orhan Pamuk Okumak keyifliydi

Bu?ra Aydo?an says

Kitaba ad?n? veren Nobel konu?mas?, Orhan Pamuk'un yazarl???n?n özeti niteli?inde. Üstelik sözü edilen

bavulun sahibinin IBM'in ilk Türkiye genel müdürü ve Türkiye'ye bilgisayar? getiren ilk insan oldu?unu bilerek okumak kafamda taban tabana z?t iki insan profili canland?rd?. Bunlar?n ayn? ki'i oldu?una ikna olmam için birkaç kez daha okumam gerekecek san?r?m.

Frank says

This was published in its entirety in the December 25, 2006, issue of the *New Yorker* just a few weeks after Mr. Pamuk gave the address. I was blown away by the force of the writing, and not long after reading it, I bought his novel *Snow*. The serendipity of reading the transcript of this short talk set me on a particular reading path: Searching out and reading the works of Nobel laureates. While I've only read one other novel by Pamuk (*My Name is Red*, in January of this year), it lead me to José Saramago (I've read everything translated so far save one which is out-of-print), Elfriede Jelinek (*The Piano Teacher* and *Lust*), J.M. Coetzee (*Disgrace* and *Elizabeth Costello*) as well as put a number on my 'to read' list (which I have to add here!) like Halldor Laxness (*Independent People*) for one.

Kelly says

With this:

As you know, the question we writers are asked most often, the favourite question, is; why do you write? I write because I have an innate need to write! I write because I can't do normal work like other people. I write because I want to read books like the ones I write. I write because I am angry at all of you, angry at everyone. I write because I love sitting in a room all day writing. I write because I can only partake in real life by changing it. I write because I want others, all of us, the whole world, to know what sort of life we lived, and continue to live, in Istanbul, in Turkey. I write because I love the smell of paper, pen, and ink. I write because I believe in literature, in the art of the novel, more than I believe in anything else. I write because it is a habit, a passion. I write because I am afraid of being forgotten. I write because I like the glory and interest that writing brings. I write to be alone. Perhaps I write because I hope to understand why I am so very, very angry at all of you, so very, very angry at everyone. I write because I like to be read. I write because once I have begun a novel, an essay, a page, I want to finish it. I write because everyone expects me to write. I write because I have a childish belief in the immortality of libraries, and in the way my books sit on the shelf. I write because it is exciting to turn all of life's beauties and riches into words. I write not to tell a story, but to compose a story. I write because I wish to escape from the foreboding that there is a place I must go but – just as in a dream – I can't quite get there. I write because I have never managed to be happy. I write to be happy.

...he made me fall in love with this writing all over again. And yes, I'm comfortable displaying my Pamuk talent crush this openly, because if ever a guy deserved it, this man is it. Oh yeah, also, I cried. Deal with it.

The rest of the painful, amazing discourse on his father, the craft and experience of a life writing, his and his country's tortured relationship with the West and the writers of that world, and his struggle for self-worth in a world where people "on the periphery" are made to feel inadequate is equally involving and thought-provoking, I really recommend that anyone who is feeling any lack of motivation or any frustration with the Universe, Life, or Anything go read this. And then read it again, and again, and again again. (Yes, I'm also entirely comfortable with my adoration for this piece causing me to use ridiculous grammar!)

Here's the full lecture: http://nobelprize.org/nobel_prizes/li...

Ananthu says

It did not sound like a speech but a story; a thought-provoking, moving, dazzling story which made me feel ashamed, because I am yet to explore this wonderful man's oeuvre. Spare a few minutes and read this. You won't regret it.

Priyanka says

I was just blown away by this Nobel lecture. Even though I'm not a writer, I can completely relate to it. Every sentence is a gem. The way Pamuk paid tribute to his father moved me a great deal. Because, like him, my reading habit is very much influenced by my father. If it were not for my father, I would never have had this love for books. He taught me to read, to save money for the summer book fair, to use the bookmark and not to disrespect the book by folding its pages, to treat the book as a person and not as an object, and above all to live through the books.

I never felt it was a lecture. I felt as if he is telling my story with his words.

It is just 12 pages and if you have 30 minutes to spare, do read this. You won't regret it.

Cihan Karde?ler says

Kendi hikayemizden ba?kalar?n?n hikayeleri gibi ve ba?kalar?n?n hikayelerinden kendi hikayemizmi? gibi bahsedebilme h?neridir edebiyat.

Diego Alexanderson says

This lecture made me cry. Made me cry a lot. As every written piece by Orhan Pamuk I find an amazing way to build up a story. The first lines and the finishing lines are epicness in its true nature. Orhan Pamuk is the best writer in the world.

G?n?l K?v?lc?m says

"As for my place in the world – in life, as in literature, my basic feeling was that I was 'not in the centre'. In the centre of the world, there was a life richer and more exciting than our own, and with all of Istanbul, all of Turkey, I was outside it. Today I think that I share this feeling with most people in the world. In the same way, there was a world literature, and its centre, too, was very far away from me. Actually what I had in

mind was Western, not world, literature, and we Turks were outside it."

He is 'translator' of the feelings of most of the intellectual Turks. That is probably one of the reasons what makes him so great...

Elephantnoises says

very emotional
