

PETERSBURG DREAMS

Avril Pyman

*Dreams are true while they last,
and do we not live in dreams?*

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Dreams . . . what was their fascination for Remizov? Mistrustful people considered that he used them for his own obscure, and almost certainly discreditable purposes.

Remizov developed an unpleasant practice, verging on blackmail, of seeing various famous people in his dreams! And he could manipulate these fantasies of his (*etimi grezami*): some people would appear in favourable circumstances, others in humiliating ones. And Remizov published these dreams with his own commentaries. It went so far that Xodasevič once actually had to write to Remizov: 'From today I forbid you to dream about me!'¹

One wonders what precisely Remizov could have hoped to gain by such 'blackmail'. The assessment—of course—is false through and through. To begin with, Remizov never differentiated between the 'famous' and the obscure. They pass in and out of his dreams and waking hours without distinction of persons: possibly this is precisely what some of the comparatively famous most fiercely resented. Secondly, irreverent though they are, Remizov's dreams constitute no threat to the living or the dead—unless, as in the legends he loved, those who wander through them bring their own threat with them.

He recorded dreams systematically, as a scientist records series of experiments, step by step: 'Ночь без сновидения для меня, как «пропащий» день.' ('A night without a dream for me is like a day lost.')2 He kept pencil and paper by his bedside, so that he could note his dreams even if he woke briefly during the night and, as his sight became worse, it was a real anguish for him when he could not read what he had written next morning. It would have defeated his purpose to 'manipulate' the dreams themselves, although on occasion I do not doubt that he could invent them, working from within the experience of remembered dreams. On the whole, though, he believed that in the state of dream the mind is freed from 'causality', from 'ratio', and therefore the dream state provides insights denied to the waking mind. True, he found the waking world, too, considerably less 'clear and mathematical than is customarily assumed'³ and admitted that,

for him, the two tended to overlap, both in everyday life and in literature. In the book *Vzvixrennaja Rus*⁴ he deliberately allowed dream to overflow into a daytime reality which had become so arbitrary and topsy-turvy as to verge on and occasionally merge with the chaotic world of night. This was an artistic experiment, made possible by the observations of many years, and the result was one of the most successful, most poignant and *true* subjective depictions of the years of Revolution and War Communism. It is possible, I suppose, that here and elsewhere in Remizov's writing there are 'invented', 'literary' dreams, but if there are they do not serve as a way to say things he would not otherwise have dared to say. N. Kodrjanskaja, in the preface to her book of Remizov's letters, denies that he *ever* invented dreams. 'They run through his thoughts like fish playing in a mountain stream' is her description of the phenomenon.⁵

Often, though, Remizov would simply record his dreams, with or without comment. Many were assembled in *Martyn Zadeka Sonnik*, published with a cover of his own design by 'Oplešnik' in 1954.⁶ In the preface to this book we have Remizov's thoughts about dreams and their significance . . .

First of all, it seems, the dreamworld is the world of '*bezobrazie*':* a term much loved by Remizov which—he claims in the publication below (Dream 1)—was well understood by Lev Šestov. Indeed, Remizov was closer to Šestov than might be supposed. Both challenged causality; both experimented with extreme situations; both were prepared to venture unprotected into the realm of the irrational. Remizov would have agreed with Šestov's thought 'that either not everything is as it should be, or our approaches to the truth and the demands we make of it are struck by some canker at the very root'.⁷

Šestov, however, was a thinker; Remizov—a poet, albeit a poet in prose. Šestov dealt in abstract ideas; Remizov—in dream and legend. But both, feeling (as Blok, according to Gorkij, felt towards the end of his life) that 'the brain is an unreliable organ', sought a way back to the truth through conscious opposition to the very idea of controlling reason.

Šestov quotes Plato, speaking of the necessity 'as though in battle to struggle through those truths which have been built up by the sciences which "may dream of that which is, but which are unable to perceive it when awake"'.⁸

Remizov uses dreams deliberately, hoping to perceive a truth or reality normally obscured by what we think we know. He sees the method as clumsy, pedestrian, but it is necessary for *him*. To penetrate beyond the half truths and primordial falsehood in which mankind has become enmeshed, it is necessary to have 'a ladder', because people, he thought, have become ossified 'even since the time of Shakesneare and Erasmus': our sensitivity to

the 'other' world is blunted. Dostoevskij's ladder was epilepsy, Poe and Hoffmann drank. But Remizov, feeling himself depressingly 'normal', was reduced to recording dreams and legends.

'Подлинный сон всегда ерунда, бессмыслица, бестолочь, перекувырк и безобразие.' ('The genuine dream is always folly, nonsense, twaddle, subversion and unreason').⁹ Besides this primary function of the dream to disorient the dreamer and jettison the laws of determinism, causality and common sense, Remizov, in his introduction to the *Sonnik*, lists a number of other functions, which for the sake of clarity I have here set out as nine separate points:

1. The dream as freedom from retribution. Transgression—in dream—entails no punishment.

2. The dream as being and judgement. We dream as we believe, and will continue to do so after death until 'the content of faith is exhausted, and then the human soul flies like a spark into the ocean'.

3. The dream as communication with the dead; dream is not just the only state in which we can see and hear the dead, but it may be *real* communication. It is even possible that we still influence the fate of the dead.

4. Linked with (3), is the idea of dream as telepathy, a way of communicating with those whose minds are open and not blocked and overcrowded by 'the things of life'.¹¹

5. The dream as a way to self-knowledge and to knowledge of other people. Just as there is no punishment, so there is no shame nor concealment: 'And no gossip, no amount of spying and peering will open up to you that which is so simply revealed in dream.'¹²

6. Dream as prophecy. This is clearly catchy and has something to do with the relativity of time. Remizov does not claim to have seen events of great significance in dream, simply bits and pieces of the next day, disconnected scenes, sometimes important, often not. He links the gift to the divination of the ancient Oracles but, in his own case, finds such foresight highly subjective, unreliable and disturbing. What of free will? . . . The question must arise from the acceptance of dream as prophecy; Remizov puts it, but gives no answer. Then, of course, such 'prophecies' are coded. 'I never know when it is going to be fine weather but rain and snow are an open book to me. It may sound funny: every time I dream about our learned Hispanic scholar, critic and philosopher K. V. Močulskij.'¹³

7. Dream as code. Not surprisingly, Remizov's own dreams are full of word-play, highly irreverent word-play which he enjoys describing and decoding. In a different context he makes the point that this may be a *déformation professionnelle*. that a writer's dreams tend to be literary. He

also admits the possibility of relevant symbolism, but not of a generally applicable code from which one might compile a quick guide to interpretation.

Symbolism is passed on by tradition, is absorbed in childhood and so, it would seem, it ought to be possible in spite of everything to establish some rules to go by?

It is possible, of course, but one cannot be certain: the symbolism of dreams is not constant. Just as the speed of lightwaves alters according to the time of day, changing from hour to hour, so symbols change from person to person and according to their mood.¹⁴

Remizov appears more interested in magical than medicinal (Freudian or Jungian) dream-analysis, but this passage on the inconstancy of symbols might serve as a useful caveat in that field also. N. Reznikova tells me Remizov found Freud 'interesting but one-sided'.

8. Dream as eternal return. In dream one is never free of the past, nothing is forgotten, and this is a heavy burden. In ethical and religious terms, this is clearly linked to points (1) and (2). Although our actions are not necessarily punished from without, we have to live with them—and other people's. The only thing that can free us from eternal return is our own belief in the possibility of such emancipation.

9. Dream as revelation of a truer reality. In the introduction to the *Sonnik* Remizov touches lightly on this. It is only when we look at the sum of the previous points that they do appear tentatively to adumbrate a truer vision, uncluttered by the expendable things we are conditioned to believe. One recalls the quotation from Blake on which Remizov ends a poignant dream of Alexander Blok: "If the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear as it is, infinite", I read from Blake, from his *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, and woke up'.¹⁵ 'The most improbable people', Remizov declares in the *Sonnik*, 'sometimes have dreams that are pure poetry. It is as if a stone began to sing . . .'

Или «поэзия» и есть самая сердцевина нашей загадочной жизни — душа бесконечного мира.¹⁶

(Or 'poetry' is the very heart of our mysterious life—the soul of the infinite world.)

In *Ogon' Veščej*, where he examines not his own dreams but the dreams of Gogol', Puškin, Lermontov, Turgenev and Dostoevskij, Remizov comes out more strongly in favour of this link between dream and truth, ultimate reality. Dostoevskij, he notes, doubted Gogol's 'invisible tears'. But . . .

Я скажу, слова о этих «незримых слезах» вырвались у Гоголя из самого сердца: Гоголь их не выдумал, это память его из его глубочайшего сна о любви человека к человеку.¹⁷

(I would say, the words about those 'invisible tears' came bursting out of Gogol's very heart: Gogol did not think them up, they are remembered from his deepest dream about the love between human beings.)

It is through the literary process of filtering life itself through the logic, or lack of logic, of the world of dreams, that he comes upon the beginning of a new truth, truer than the self-evident 'truths' by which man has surrounded himself:

And not from books alone, but from my knowledge I know: there is the pain of life, and without that pain there is no life, it is something like music; and there is also the joy of life, and without that joy there is no life, it is love; and there is also the joy that comes from without (*obradovannost'* [Comfort? as in 'Oh tidings of comfort and joy?'] We seem to have lost the meaning of the word. A. P.), and without that joy life is not full—it is those sudden tears, only not of bitterness, but of love, 'when the angels of God rejoice in the heavens', it is that meek appeal of the great human heart when to my question: 'will this be forgiven me?' I hear in answer: 'it will not even be remembered against you!', it is that voice with the power to raise, which sounded once to a man in his last need: 'Arise, come forth!' This is the whole compass of my feeling for life, which is inevitably pain and inevitably joy and, as a special gift, comfort. But now all that remains to me as my final portion—is pain alone . . .¹⁸

Russian literature has always loved tears for the moment when they shall all be wiped away; its strength lies in the fact that it does not expect to dwell in this moment here and now, to hold to it and keep it as a smug certainty—'solid joy and lasting treasure'. On the contrary, it is from *outside* the world of cause and effect; coming unexpectedly, '*kak osobyi dar*'. It cannot be merited or possessed and in this sense, too, is '*bezobrazie*'.

In this it is tenuously linked to the world of dreams. The process is a complicated one. Remizov, as we have seen, kept a record of his dreams as he dreamt them, but this—again, I repeat—does not mean that he denied the use of 'dream as a literary device',¹⁹ rather that he studied long, carefully and publicly how to fade literary invention into genuine dream reality:

In dreams it is not important whether they are invented or dreamt, so long as they preserve the verisimilitude of dream—the 'sense' of this second 'nonsensical' reality, when 'reality, yielding to daydreams, merges with them in the dim visions of first sleep.'²⁰

In his use of the world of dream as a key to reality, Remizov is very conscious that he follows Dostoevskij, suggesting that the novelist's last-minute reprieve had opened his eyes to the illusory quality of what Puškin called '*suščestvennost'*' (reality): 'остались от нее одни клочки и оборки.' ('All that remained of it were rags and tatters').²¹ In *The Idiot*, Remizov

maintains, it becomes quite impossible to disentangle dream from reality: or rather not so much impossible as somehow superfluous. It is clear from the first meeting in the train that Rogožin will eventually destroy Nastasja Filipovna and that Myškin, accepting and even seeking total involvement in their lives, will somehow try to help him bear the guilt. The whole novel after this first meeting: the broken vase, the impassioned dialogue between Myškin and Ippolit, the meeting in the park (twice dreamt before it actually occurs), the eyes, the knife, the tragic denouement . . . all *could* be Myškin's dream.²²

Но что чудно, оказывается, что чем действительность не правдоподобнее, тем она действительнее — «правдашнее». И только в этой глубокой невероятной действительности еще возможно отыскать «причину» человеческих действий.²³

(But the extraordinary thing is that it turns out that the more incredible reality is, the more real it becomes, the more 'true to life'. *And only in that deep, improbable reality is it still possible to seek out the cause of human actions.*)

This exploration of root causes—and of reality beyond reality—has of course nothing to do with 'manipulation' or blackmail. Nor was Remizov the only writer of his time to perceive its potential. In a recent study of literary dreams from Tartu University it is noted that Blok, Axmatova and other twentieth century authors were also seeking a way back from 'the concept of dream as conscience, allegory, memory or prophecy' to 'a time when the mechanism of dreams was the nucleus of mytho-poetic texts and rituals' as well as a 'special state of soul, of heart, of hope, of imagination, the equivalent of that *oblivion* (Puškin's usage), when "the spirit lives within its own content, clearing the ways for memories which synthesize a higher truth" . . .²⁴

It was this 'clearing of the way' for a higher truth which interested Remizov. Not only did he systematically record his own dreams, but in one of his first letters to Serafima Pavlovna, written when her term of exile in Vologda at the turn of the century ended before his own, he asked her to write down hers:

Our everyday life with its thousands of minute pinprick impressions effaces what is important 'in life'. It is necessary to shake off the volatile dust of everyday impressions . . . Then life will show itself from another point of view, will show its other face. Perhaps all the rest is nothing but a knot which life itself binds about our eyes and hands . . .²⁵

Remizov's reverence for his wife was unbounded. He considered her, like Blok, 'a naked conscience' and at the same time she was a living tie with

the religious world of his own youth, the colourful world of Orthodox Christian practice from which he later became somewhat, though never totally, estranged. After her death, he copied out and ordered all her papers and many letters in a series of exercise books marked with her initials. One of these, S. P. D-R, Book II, bears the title 'Petersburg Dreams 1908-1909'. It is from this 'book', by kind permission of N. V. Reznikova, that the following publications have been selected. They consist of Aleksej Mixajlovič's notes of some of his wife's dreams (as told by her in the first person) and of his own commentaries. Most of the dreams are about personalities of the Silver Age with whom the Remizovs were in constant contact between 1905 and 1921. Among those not included here are Dream 2: Z. A. Vengerova, Dream 3: F. Sologub, and Dream 5: K. D. Baľmont (Very beautiful but, as Remizov says in the commentary, possibly more important for Serafima Pavlovna than for Baľmont; a dream of a stairway drenched in light and a rich paradise mirrored in the eyes of the poet who—reading her doubting thoughts—assures her that he 'never drank'. Remizov adds in the commentary that in his dreams, too, Baľmont always appeared quite sober—and 'wearing spectacles'.) As in Remizov's manuscript, the dream, as Serafima Pavlovna told it, is followed by Remizov's comments in square brackets. Since these comments are idiosyncratic and in no way intended 'to be of assistance to the scholar', I have further appended my own, academic notes to the translations of both dreams and commentaries.

To this I must add a caveat that much of the material is not new—possibly only the arrangement. N. V. Reznikova believes Serafima Pavlovna's dreams to be unpublished,²⁶ but with Aleksej Mixajlovič one can never be sure. In fact, he appears to have appropriated a number of the dreams here recorded and published some in the emigré newspaper *Zveno*, No. 143, 26 October, 1925, as 'Moi sny'²⁷ . . . Many of Remizov's own remarks on Filosofov and the Merežkovskijs, also, are quoted by Horst Lampl from the first version of *V rozovom bleske*, Part I. Lampl's source for this version is, like mine for the present publication, N. V. Reznikova's archive.²⁸

To look again at his material as Remizov himself arranged it after Serafima Pavlovna's death does, however, contribute to our knowledge of the writer in two ways.

First, it further illustrates the point I have been trying to make in this introduction that—for Remizov—dreams were primarily important neither as a way to self-knowledge nor as a means of teasing his contemporaries, but as a means of release from the bonds of causality and ratio, space and time. It was therefore not important to him whether the dreams were

dreamt by himself or others, or even whether they were invented, so long as the inventor had shuffled off normal, daytime considerations and entered this world where everything is possible, even that which 'with men is impossible' (Mark X: 27). In this sense, Remizov's world of dreams had an open border onto Šestov's philosophy of tragedy—'where according to general conviction there can be nothing except eternal darkness and chaos, where even Mill assumes the possibility of effect without cause'²⁹—and one onto the world of legend, fairy-tale, 'eu-catastrophe',³⁰ 'obradovannost', a world distinguished from 'that of dream because it does not require or tolerate the frame of reality'.³¹

Secondly, the fact that Remizov could publish his wife's dreams as his own, and indeed her drawings as his own (see figs. I and II), is a remarkable illustration of the phenomenon Xodasevič called 'collective creation', a phenomenon which was an essential ingredient of 'the air of symbolism'.³³¹ This would make an interesting study in itself, if only confined to intellectual and artistic cross-fertilization between husband and wife.

NOTES

* I asked N. V. Reznikova how she would translate 'bezobrazie' and her answer confirmed the Šestov connection established below. It is, she writes, something like the French 'act gratuit': something undertaken with no aim or purpose outside itself—'prosto tak'. (Letter to author, December, 1984). For want of a better word, I suggest the translation 'unreason', though some such hybrid as 'anti-form' might be nearer the mark. The usual sense of the Russian is 'ugliness' or 'mischief', but 'obraz' means image, ideal form or type and 'bezobrazie' suggests a conscious falling off from this.

1. S. P. Janovskij. 'Polja Elisejskie', *Vremja i My*, N. 38, 1978, Tel Aviv, p. 172. The story is told somewhat differently in the 'Who is who' section of Nina Berberova's *The Italics are Mine*, Longmans, London and Harlow, 1969, pp. 573-4: 'Xodasevič once told him in public: 'Aleksij Mixajlovič, remember that I, for one, am never present in your dreams!' ('Ja vam ne snjus.')

2. A. Remizov, *Martyn Zadeka, Sonnik*, 'Oplešnik', Paris, 1954, p. 7.

3. Ibid.

4. A. Remizov, *Vzvizrennaja Rus'*, 'Tair', Paris, 1927.

5. N. Kodrjanskaja, *Remizov v svoix pis'max*, published by author, Paris, 1978, p. 10.

6. This collection (for full reference see n. 2) unites three previous publications: 'Bedovaja dolja' in *Rasskazy*, 'Progress', 1910; 'Kuzovok' in *Vesennee Porošje*, 'Sirin', SPb., 1915 and in *Sirinost 3*, 'Sirin', 1913-14. Another collection of recorded dreams—'S očej na oči'—is mentioned by H. Sinany *Bibliographie des oeuvres de Alexis Remizov*, Bibliothèque russe de l'Institut d'Études Slaves, Tome XMIV, Paris, 1978, p. 10, but the date and place of publication are not specified nor have I been able to locate it elsewhere. One of the earliest publications of Remizov's dreams is in the periodical *Zolotoe Runo*, No. 5, 1908, Moscow, pp. 31-37 under the title "Pod krovju noči. Sny. 25 snov."

7. L. Šestov, *Skovannyj Parmenid, ob istočnikax metafizičeskix istin*, YMCA-Press, (undated) p. 7. For how Šestov presented this book to Remizov see 'U Šestova', *Učitel' Muzyki*, ed. Antonella d'Amelia, La Presse Libre, Paris, p. 343.

8. Ibid, p. 8.

9. A. Remizov, *Martyn Zadeka, Sonnik*, p. 10.

10. Ibid, p. 11.

11. Ibid, p. 12.

12. Ibid, p. 12. This view is in direct opposition to Freud's idea of the 'Censor' which still works in dream.

13. Ibid, p. 14.

14. Ibid, p. 14.

15. A. M. Remizov, *Podstrižennymi glazami, Kniga zakrutoj i uzlov pamjati*, YMCA-Press, Paris, 1951, pp. 14-15.

16. *Martyn Zadeka, Sonnik*, p. 15.

17. A. Remizov, *Ogon' veščej. Sny i predson'e*, Oplešnik, Paris, 1954, p. 14.

18. A. Remizov from 'Pišmo Dostoevskomu', *Učitel' Muzyki*, pp. 295-6.

19. A. Remizov, *Ogon' veščej*, p. 128.

20. Ibid. The quotation of course, is from Puškin's *Kapitanskaja Dočka*, and introduces Grinev's prophetic (and indeed convincingly alogical) dream of Pugačev.

21. Ibid, p. 203.

22. Ibid, p. 222-23.

23. Ibid, p. 203. The italics are mine.

24. R. D. Timenčik, V. N. Toporov, T. V. Civljan. 'ny Bloka i Peterburgskij tekst načala XX veka', *Tezisy I Vsesojuznoj (III) Konferencii: Tvorčestvo A. A. Bloka i russkaja kul'tura XX veka*, K 70-letiju D. E. Maksimova, Tartu, 1975, 129-35.

25. Letter of 27 May 1903. A. M. Remizov. *Severnye Afiny*, a commentary to his early letters to Serafima Pavlovna published in *Sovremennye zapiski, Ežemesjačnyj literaturnyj i obščestvenno-političeskij žurnal*, No. 30, 1927, and under the title 'Vologda 1900-1903, Proščenyj den' in *Novoe Russkoe Slovo*, No. 14890 for 1 Feb. 1953; (2). 'Podorožie', No. 14897, 8 Feb. 1953; (3) 'Podorožie', No. 14911, 22 Feb. 1953; (4) 'Savinkov', 14925, 8 March 1953, but quoted here from manuscript in possession of N. V. Reznikova, Book 10, SPRD, consisting of letters (Vologda 1903, 27 May - Petersburg, 1905 22/24 August) copied out by Remizov with interpolations, explanation of initials, etc. The original letters are also in the archive of N. V. Reznikova.

26. In a letter to the author December, 1984.

27. Horst Lampl, 'Zinaida Hippus an S.P. Remizova-Dovgello.' *Wiener Slavistischer Almanach*, 1978, Band I, pp. 159, 182-3.

28. L. Šestov, 'Dostoevskij, Nitše, filosofija tragedii', *Sobranie sočinenij*, 4th ed., YMCA Press, Paris, 1971, III, 245.

29. J.R.R. Tolkien. 'On Fairy-Stories', *Tree and Leaf*, fifth impression 1971, (first pub. 1964), Union Books, London, p. 60 et seq.

30. Ibid., p. 21.

31. Vl. Xodasevič, 'O simvolizme', *Izbrannaja proza*, ed. and intro. N. Berberova. Russica Publishers, Inc., N.Y., 1982, pp. 123-8.

ПЕТЕРБУРГ
1908-1909

с н ы

ЛЕВ ШЕСТОВ
1866-1938

1908 21 на 22 XII
(с воскр. на понедельник)

Я и А.М. попали в какой-то сарай вроде постоялого двора. На мне шуба. И вижу, здесь же в сарае Н.П. Булич (Оводов) и мне хочется увидеть его и сказать ему, чтобы он не сердился на меня, да никак не могу найти его. Вот открываю дверь и вижу, что с другой стороны эту же дверь отворяет Н.П.Б. Он почти весь седой. Я обрадовалась: наконец-то нашла его! Я сказала ему что-то из моей мысли, а он нахмурился и отвернулся. И мы очутились на «поле битвы» возле какого-то села, где живет Лидия Ант. Борейко (Лена Боровая). Лежим мы втроем: я, А.М. и Лев Шестов. Кругом трупы убитых, очень страшно . . .

Шестов говорит: «Вот для примера! — и подает в руке какие-то отвратительные разложившиеся кишки.

Могилы открыты. Я чувствую, как в одной из могил кто-то шевелится в золотой одежде. И вдруг я поняла, что это шевелится царь Алексей Михайлович. Я очень боюсь, чтобы А.М. это не узнал: он, как узнает, сейчас же пойдет смотреть на царя Алексей Михайлович — ничем не удержишь. А царь так давно ведь умер — в 1676, и поэтому вид его, должно быть, ужасен. А в это время кто-то из могилы кричит: «Послушайте! Послушайте!» И вдруг подходит ко мне какая-то барышня:

«Я думаю, говорит она, значение современных писателей в том, что они влияют на людей».

Я сказала: «Может быть, вы правы». И проснулась.

(Для Шестова очень характерно эти «разложившиеся кишки»: его страсть «разлагать», чем он особенно гордился, вся тут в его руке. По «кишкам» не называя имени, сразу догадываешься: никто, как Шестов. Мне это понравилось в Шестове, я люблю «копаться», да думаю, без этого и нельзя, если хочешь иметь отчетливое представление о вещах, но я люблю и легенду и чувствую ее магию и без легенды не могу

представить себе живое в мире, все то, что можно разложить. А беда Шестова в том, что его глаза и сердце были закрыты для этого сказочного мира и от его слов всегда печаль, как его глаза. И для меня этот сон характерен: мое любопытство, которое заметила С.П., мое всегдашнее посмотреть что-нибудь такое необыкновенное, как тут царя Алексей Михайловича. Но не в этом дело, а в моей зрительной памяти, которую заметила С.П., а эта моя память острейшая, захватывающая всю душу. С.П. боялась этого. Особенно напугал я ее в Херсоне, в первый год нашей жизни: в Херсоне поймали какого-то важного «разбойника» и приговорили к смертной казни, назначен был день — в 4 ч. утра — на тюремном дворе; для назидания было решено присутствовать при казни всем, кому охота, и я собрался идти. Теперь я думаю, если бы я увидел, всю бы жизнь мою в глазах у меня висел бы человек на виселице. Вот этого С.П. и испугалась.

Кроме писем, не философских, а домашних, осталась от Шестова память: написал в альбом С.П. 26 XI 1921, Berlin.

«Первые слова после многолетней разлуки: Кто знает? Может быть, жить — значит умереть, а умереть значит жить. Эврипид».

К этому глубокомысленному закруглению двух противоположностей: «жить» и «умереть», я подписал под Эврипидом от мудрости самого Льва Шестова: «хлопотать за всех сразу — верное средство не выхлопотать ни за кого» («Последние Новости» № 1769, 25 I 1926, Paris). В этих словах тоже закругленность Эврипида: «хлопотать, значит не хлопотать». Кажется, так просто, куда проще, чем «жизнь» и «смерть», но Шестов при своем уме, понимая Эврипида, не мог всю жизнь понять своих собственных слов и всегда за «всех» хлопотал.

Шестов с бутылкой «порто» (портвейну) нарисовала С.П. Она вообще не рисовала, но я всегда приставал к ней нарисовать что-нибудь — любопытно, как человек не рисующий, кого-то изображает: испытание человеческого глаза при безыскусственной руке. И в чем-то всегда получается сходство. Человек рисует глазом, это заметил Новалис, а глаз, если только есть глаза, никогда не обманет. Обычно я обрисовывал рисунки С.П.-ы и только в этом мое. А.Р.]



Figure 1.
Serafima Pavlovna's drawing of Lev Šestov
'drawn round' by Aleksej Mixajlovič



Figure 2.
From Vestnik RXD, N 121, 11, 1977
An elaboration of Serafima Pavlovna's drawing by A. M. Remizov.

PETERSBURG

1908-1909

Dreams

I

Lev Šestov
(1866-1938)¹1908 night of 21/22 XII
(Night of Sunday to Monday)

A. M. and I had got ourselves into some kind of outhouse, something in the nature of an old posting-inn. I'm wearing a fur coat. I know N. P. Bulič (Ovodov)² is already here in the outhouse and I want to see him and tell him not to be angry with me, but I can't find him however hard I try. Now I open a door and there is N. P. B. opening the same door from the other side. He is almost completely grey. I was glad: at last I'd found him. I told him something of what I had been thinking, but he frowned and turned away. And suddenly we were on a 'battle-field' near some village, where Lidia Ant. Borejko (Lena Borovaja)³ is living. The three of us are lying there together: I, A. M. and Lev Šestov. All around us the bodies of the slain, very horrible.

Šestov says: 'There you are, for example!' and holds up a handful of repulsive, decomposing guts.

The graves are open. I sense someone moving in one of the graves all dressed in gold. And suddenly I realized that it was Car' Aleksej Mixajlovič⁴ moving: I am very anxious that A. M. should not find out: as soon as he does, he will immediately go to have a look at Car' Aleksej Mixajlovič—there'll be no stopping him. And the Car' died so long ago, you see, in 1676, and so his appearance, presumably, is terrible. But just then someone cries out of the grave: 'Listen! Listen!' and suddenly a young lady comes up to me:

'My opinion is', she says, 'that the significance of contemporary writers is that they influence people.'

I said: 'You may well be right.' And woke up.

[For Šestov those 'decomposing guts' are very typical: it was his passion to 'de-compose'⁵ and he was very proud of his ability to do so, and there it all is in his hand. By those 'guts', even without naming names, you'd guess immediately: no-one but Šestov. That was what appealed to me about

Šestov, I like to 'get to the bottom of things', and even think that there is no other way if you want a clearly defined conception of them, but I also love legend and feel its magic and without legend I can't imagine any living thing in this world, any of those things that are subject to decomposition. Šestov's misfortune was that his eyes and heart were shut for all that world of story and his words left one with a feeling of sorrow, as did his eyes.⁶

And the dream is typical of me, too: my curiosity, which S. P.⁷ had noticed in me, my unflinching curiosity would certainly have prompted me to have a look at anything so altogether out of the way as this Car' Aleksej Mixajlovič. But the point is not in this but in my visual memory, which S. P. had also noticed in me, and that memory is extremely poignant, obsessive. That was what S. P. was afraid of. I scared her particularly badly in Xerson, in the first year of our life together:⁸ In Xerson they had caught some exceptionally important 'brigand' and had condemned him to death, the day was fixed—at four o'clock in the morning—in the prison yard; to make an example of him anyone who wanted to be present at the execution was permitted to do so, and I had meant to go. Now I think that if I had seen it, the man on the gallows would have dangled before my eyes all my life long. That is what S. P. was afraid of.

Apart from letters, not philosophical but domestic, there is one relic of Šestov: he wrote in S. P.'s album for 6:XI:1921, Berlin:⁹

'The first words after many years separation: Who knows? Perhaps to live is to die and to die is to live. Euripides.'¹⁰

To this profound reconciliation of two opposites, 'to live' and 'to die', I added, under Euripedes, from the wisdom of Lev Šestov himself: 'to try to do good to everyone at once is a sure way of not doing any good to anybody at all' (*Poslednie Novosti*, No. 1769, 25: I: 1926; Paris).¹¹ In these words there is the same kind of reconciliation of opposites as in Euripides: 'to do good is not to do good'. It seems so simple, much simpler than 'life' and 'death', but Šestov, clever as he was and well up to understanding Euripides, could never, till the end of his days, understand his own wisdom—and was always trying to do good to everybody.

S. P. drew Šestov with a bottle of 'porteur' (port wine). She didn't draw at all, really, but I used to talk her into having a try: it is interesting to see how somebody who doesn't normally draw will depict people; a test of the human eye allowing for the unskillfulness of the hand. And there's always some likeness. A person draws with their eye, Novalis noted that,¹² and the eye, if only one knows how to look, never lets one down. Usually I would draw round S. P.'s drawings—and that was all my contribution. A. R.]

Notes to Dream I and Commentary

1. Lev Isaakovič Šestov, (Ieguda Leib Švartsman), 1866-1938, son of a Kiev businessman, educated Kiev and Moscow where he studied first mathematics, then law at Moscow University. Forbidden by the censor to defend his doctoral thesis on labour legislation in Russia, Šestov served a term in the army (1890-1891), then returned to Kiev where he worked for five years in the family business and discovered a vocation for literature and philosophy. His first book *Šekspir i ego kritik Brandes* was published privately in St Petersburg in 1898, but his real literary debut may be counted from the publication of his *Dobro v učenii Gr. Tolstogo i Fr. Nietzsche* in 1900 under the auspices of Vladimir Solov'ev. This was reviewed at length by N. K. Mixailovskij in *Russkoe Bogatstvo* and elicited an invitation to contribute to *Mir Iskusstva*. During the ensuing years Šestov became an accepted figure in modernist circles. He shared their interest in Dostoevskij and Nietzsche and was a powerful ally in the critique of positivism, but his keenly destructive thought, which seemed to rejoice in insoluble questions and irreconcilable paradox, often led him into ferocious polemics with his own side. Even before the revolution he lived much abroad and read and studied voraciously, his interest in ideas in literature gradually yielding to pure philosophy, although he retained an aphoristic and essentially literary style. He left Russia in 1920 and eventually settled in Paris where, from April, 1922 to March 1936, he lectured in philosophy at the Section Russe de l'Institut d'Etudes Slaves près L'Université de Paris and published a steady flow of new works in French, German and Russian. His friendship with E. Husserl, whose phenomenology he had originally attacked for undue rationalism, led to Šestov's discovery—in 1928—of the oeuvre of Kierkegaard, with which he felt a profound affinity, and to which he devoted several major studies. In spite of his international renown and influence (notably upon the young Albert Camus), Šestov was too destructive a thinker to be acceptable to all his fellow-Russians, including some of the editors of *Sovremennye Zapiski*. Remizov was first introduced to Šestov by Berdjaev in Kiev in November 1904. Even then, there must have been a feeling of kinship. Šestov—by then a major figure in literary Kiev—greeted the young Remizov, whose career was all before him, with a penetrating glance from his 'sad, blue eyes' and the Russian phrase: 'Rybak rybaka vidit izdaleka' ('One fisherman recognizes another afar off'). When, in 1905, Remizov's article 'Po povodu knigi L. Šestova 'Apofeož Bespočvennosti'', appeared in *Voprosy Žizni*, July, No. 7, Spb, 1905, it seemed to its subject the only approving voice; to some of Remizov's friends, however, the article read as though it were indeed 'po povodu' (à pro pos) rather than about the book, as though Remizov was writing about himself (See N. Baranova-Šestova, *Žizn' L'va Šestova*, I, La Presse Libre, Paris, 73-4). This article was republished many times: in the book *Krašenye ryla. Teatr i kniga*, izd-vo 'Grani', Berlin, 1922, pp. 124-6; in the journal *Svoimi Putjami*, Prague, No. 12/13, June, 1926 (on the occasion of Šestov's 60th birthday); and in *Nov'*, Tallin, No. 8, 1934; a translation appeared in the French journal *Hippocrate*, Paris, No. 2, 1936, (in time for the subject's 70th birthday). It has recently been made the subject of a special study by Katalin Ceke: "'Apofeož bespočvennosti': Lev Šestov i Aleksej Remizov." Remizov also wrote of a visit to Šestov in 'U L'va Šestova', *Čisla*, Paris, No. 9, 1933, (more readily available in *Učitel' Muzyki*, ed. Antonella, D'Amelia Paris, 'La Presse Libre', 1983, pp. 340-5) and a moving obituary 'Pamjati L'va Šestova' for *Poslednie Novosti*, No. 6451, 24, November, Paris, 1938 (now more readily obtainable in *Vstreči*). Needless to say, Šestov figured also in Remizov's dream-life 'vsegda k den'gam' (always as a sign money was on its way)—See 'Moi sny', *Zveno*, No. 143, 26 October, 1925, where Šestov appears together with other contemporaries such as Brjusov, Baľmont, Kuzmin, Filosofov, Merežovskij, Ščegolev and Aleksej Tolstoj. Some of these dreams were in fact 'borrowed' from Serafima Pavlovna (see introduction).

In the daytime also Šestov's inner world and Remizov's had open borders. 'In all my "comedies" Šestov undoubtedly played the chief part. . . . For me, with my whimsical world without beginning or end, Šestov was just the person I needed, I could easily and uncon-

strainedly let my imagination run riot along all the highways and byways of its 'bezobrazie'. And Šestov believed in my make-believe, trustingly accepting even the most 'unlikely things' (i samoe nesobraznoe'). . . It was easy for me to be with him and I felt free—that's a man who was never a block of wood, never one of those people without a smile, those humourless sober people in whose society there's no air to breath' ('Pamjati L'va Šestova', *Vstreči*, pp. 267-9). Nikolay Andrejev, in a perceptive article on Remizov published in *Grani* (No. 34-35, Munich, 1957, 202-214) describes the writer's attitude to other people, and to their fate in the world, their struggle for 'their own voice' in the choir of the world, as 'smiling' ('Remizov polon ljubvi k etomu čeloveku, on ulybčiv k nemu', p. 212 [my italics]) and this is very apt. Horst Lampel, in his factually invaluable account of Remizov's life in Petersburg, misses both smiles—Remizov's and Šestov's—when he cites the hardships of the former's youth to excuse his 'thoroughly unpleasant' behaviour towards his fellow men, his habit of spreading rumours and mystifications 'for example that Šestov was a secret alcoholic' ('Remizovs Petersburge Jahre. Materialien zur Biographie', *Wiener Slavistische Almanach*, Band I, 1978, p. 276). Since Serafima Pavlovna's drawing of Šestov depicts him grasping a bottle of *porteau*, this particular 'rumour and mystification' deserves attention here. Remizov did not actually say that Šestov was a secret drinker. He merely indicated to Vasilij Rožanov—who found it very sad and quite incomprehensible—that Šestov 'bez vina ne možet' ('can't get along without a drink'). Rožanov thereafter always made sure there was wine on the table when Šestov and others came visiting. . . . 'in droves', as Remizov tells us. What he failed to notice was that it was not Šestov but Berdjaev and Remizov who then drank it! (*Kukxa. Rožanovy pis'ma*, Berlin, 1923, pp. 25-7). Later, Šestov was appointed 'Vinodar' (the giver of wine) to the Obezjanja Voľnaja Palata, a compliment to his generosity as well as a continuation of the 'mystification'. His daughter tells us that 'Šestov laughed a lot' at this fantasy of Remizov's (N. Baranova-Šestova, op. cit., p. 89n.) and her biography offers a very simple explanation as to how it all originated. In 1903, the young philosopher saw in the new year with three new acquaintances, the marxists-turned-idealists Vodovozov, Bulgakov and Berdjaev. 'If only you could have seen me', he wrote to his wife, 'I got thoroughly tight ("Zdorovo vypil") and amused the whole company. It doesn't happen often, but it does happen, especially when there's champagne. I drank brudershaft with Berdjaev and Vodovozov. And the things I said to them! But it was all right—they didn't take offence. Berdjaev even came to see me next day and we talked philosophy for about 5 hours' (Ibid, p. 5). Later, Šestov told his French disciple Benjamin Fondane that, in his youth, contrary to his general reticence and dislike of polemics, he was always ready to start an argument after a drink or two and that his friends, knowing this and finding it extremely amusing, 'always found a way of making me a bit drunk.'

2. N. P. Bulič, depicted in *V rozovom bleske* under the name of Ovodov, self-appointed guardian of the heroine's school days who virtually followed her into revolutionary activity and thereafter into prison and exile. He hated Remizov, who appears to have born him no malice.

3. Lidia Antonovna Borejlo, depicted in *V rozovom bleske* as Lena Borovaja, a friend of Serafima Pavlovna's.

4. Car' Aleksej Mixajlovič (1629-76), 'Tišajšij', last Car' of the old, pre-Petrine Muscovite Russia and, of course, particularly interesting to Remizov because of the shared name and patronymic.

5. 'Decomposing', 'to de-compose': in the original Russian 'razlagajuščiesja' and 'razlagat'. The non reflexive verb can also mean to seduce from the straight and narrow, to induce disaffection, doubt.

6. Indeed, though the facts of Šestov's biography suggest a comparatively happy, well-ordered and successful life (certainly for a XX century Russian writer and European Jew), he was caught always on the horns of the dilemma Remizov here suggests: the impossibility of 'justifying the world' without faith (that 'magic' and legend', without which, for Remizov, there could be no life)—and the impossibility of reconciling what he knew of the world with

any religious or philosophic certainties whatsoever. His enquiring mind demanded proof, not the life-giving, aesthetic, intuitive consolation Remizov drew from 'legend', including the apochryphal legends of Christian Russia (I do not know whether he would have used the word 'legend' to describe Christianity itself). The two authors were, however, at one in their acute awareness, not dissimilar to Kafka's, of the defenselessness of man in a world 'which is going under by reason of its own dull 'reasonableness' and cold 'calculation', like a self-deceiving gambler, who thinks that he has found the perfect 'mathematical' system! That this is so is self-evident. You don't even have to look in order to feel what is going on all around, the fathomless suffering which is engulfing the world of written judgements by default, of theoretical programmes which have no ear for living, palpitating life. Šestov's 'madness', his 'Apotheosis of groundlessness', was a challenge to this very soulless, world-wide order of the machine. . . .' ('Pamjati L'va Šestova', *Vstreči*, p. 268). If Remizov looked to St. Nicholas 'swift-to-help', Šestov called his philosophy one of tragedy and chose title and epigraph for one of his most remarkable books from Job: 'Oh that my vexation were but weighed, and my calamity laid in the balances together! For now it would be heavier than the sands of the seas.' Job I, 23. (*Na vesax Iova*, first published, Izd-vo 'Sovremennye Zapiski', Paris, 1929). Ultimately, there was perhaps a shared hope, but Šestov's was 'demythologised', harder to grasp, 'nur für die Schwindelfreien' (*Only for those who do not suffer from vertigo*), as he himself once qualified it. Yet at Šestov's graveside, Remizov, picturing himself bobbing about terrified as he pulls himself up to a vertiginous summit on a climber's rope, was able to say: 'I accompanied you to the very edge. . . .' ('Pamjati L'va Šestova', *Vstreči*, p. 269).

7. S. P.—Serafima Pavlovna Dovgello-Remizova (1883-1943).

8. Serafima Pavlovna and Remizov were married in June 1903 in Xerson after he received permission to leave Vologda at the end of his term of exile. In Xerson, Remizov worked with Vsevolod Meyerhold's *Tovariščestvo Novoj Dramy* and sent work to Merežkovskij's *Novyj Put'* (which did not accept it) and to Brjusov, who was more encouraging. When Meyerhold's troupe left for Tiflis, the Remizovs moved to Odessa, then Kiev. They were not permitted to reside in Petersburg until the autumn of 1904.

9. The Remizovs left Petersburg on 5 August 1921 and arrived in Berlin, where Remizov was elected president of the *Dom Iskusstv* and member of the *Klub Pisatelej v Berline*. In November 1923, they moved to Paris. Šestov, who emigrated in 1919 to Switzerland, where he had been living before the war, moved to Paris in 1921, but from there made several visits to Berlin where he had publishing interests.

10. Cf. L. Šestov's letter to his daughters dated Geneva, 13-4-1921, à propos his own article on Lev Tolstoj's view of death 'Na strašnom sude', *Sovremennye Zapiski*, Paris, 1920, for the view that 'the revelation of death is not the denial of life, but on the contrary is rather an affirmation, only not in the sense of the usual 'mouse-like scuffling' on which people tend to waste themselves' (*Na Vesax Iova*, YMCA-Press, Paris, 1975, p. 392).

11. *Poslednie Novosti*, a daily paper edited first by M. L. Goldštejn then by P. N. Miljukov, Paris, 25 April, 1920- 11 June, 1940, No. 1-7015. Nathalie Baranoff's *Bibliographie des Oeuvres de Léon Chestov*, Bibliothèque Russe de L'Institut des Etudes Slaves, Tome XXXVI, Paris, 1975 gives no article by Šestov for this number.

12. Novalis' pseudonym of Friedrich von Hardenberg, 1772-1801, German poet. Was leading practitioner (and to a lesser degree, theoretician) of the Jena Romantics, one of whose principal tenets was the subjective, idiosyncratic quality of vision.

ВЯЧЕСЛАВ ИВ. ИВАНОВ

1866 -

1909 1-2 VIII на среду

Видела много знакомых и маму. Попала в огромный дом, иду по коридору — по сторонам двери. И вижу Лидия Димитриевна (Зиновьева-Аннибал, жена Вяч. Иванова) в черном шелковом платье. Она показывает на дверь:

«Не пускайте Вячеслава в эту дверь, говорит она, там его смерть: придут такие маленькие, черненькие, цепкие . . . Скорее! Скорей!»

Я бросилась к двери и вижу, стоит Вяч. Иванов и еще какие-то, они тоже не хотят его пускать.

«Вячеслав Иваныч, не ходите туда, не ходите!» кричу.

А он как-то сразу приоткрыл дверь и собачонкой юркнул туда. Лицо у него бледнее, чем всегда, а волоса чернее. Мы тоже вошли за ним в комнату. Нас человек десять: я, А.М., Вера Константиновна (Шварсалон, падчерица Вяч. Иванова, а впоследствии жена), Анна Рудольфовна Минцлова, Александра Николаевна Чеботаревская, Марья Михайловна Замятина, Модест Людвинович Гофман, а кто еще, не помню. Комната пустая, четырехугольная, высокая, полы крашенные и очень блестят. По одной стене желтые венские стулья. Мы сели и все заняли. А Вячеслав Иванов лег у противоположной стены на пол.


И вот вижу, идут, и откуда они взялись? — я насчитала восемь — маленькие, черненькие и все в черном, один повыше, другой пониже — тоненькие, цепкие. Идут тихо, медленно, на цыпочках и ложатся на пол: одни ничком, скрестив тоненькие руки, другие навзничь, скрестив руки. И стало тихо до жути. И я вспоминаю, как Лидия Димитриевна сказала, чтобы не пускать Вячеслава в эту комнату . . . и я боюсь, умрет он.

«Господи, что сделать! Как сделать, чтоб он не умер? Возьми из меня силы, чтобы только не умер!»

И задыхаясь вдруг почувствовала, как вылетает из меня с шумом, как голуби шумят, и вижу маленькие птички — белые, и много их — стая, и полетели.

Я стою у окна и смотрю в сад. И мне сердце щемит — это такое чувство, когда хочется в сад, а не пускают.

[Вяч. Ив. Иванов замечательный человек: он все знает.

Таким универсальным был кн. Одоевский и Сенковский (Барон Брамбеус). Рисунок С.П. в моей обрисовке . Его стихи высоким стилем, не архаические слова, а церковно-славянские. Они, конечно, имеют право обращения, но после Ломоносова, Третьяковского и Хераскова потеряли значительность и звучат смешно. Можно было бы и тут найти неиспользованные слова, сколько есть и какой звучности в русском переводе Иоанна Златоуста, хотя бы Беседа II-я на послание к Ефесем, нравоучение II-ое. «На Схизматики, отдирающих себе от Церкви в тойжде вере, занеже противная закону и правилом творити». Вяч. Иванов «обратился» в католичество, он может во что угодно обратиться, так необъятна его «универсальность», эта беседа ему бы как раз, но зачем ему по-русски, когда он может по-гречески! К слову «обернуться»: в 1919 г. вернулась из Москвы О.Д. Каменева, она заведовала ТЕО, и нам — «члены коллегии» — сообщила свое необыкновенное открытие: она разговаривала с Вяч. Ивановым, и оказывается он «марксист» — было очень весело. «В каком плане?» спросил А.А. Блок, но Каменева не поняла. Вяч. Иванов мог быть одновременно и марксистом и антропософом и православнейшим и католиком — и все в «разных планах». Е.В. Аничков уже тут, в эмиграции, ездил в Рим и видел Вяч. Иванова «припадающим» католиком. «Но меня это несколько не удивило», рассказывал Аничков, «до утра мы с ним проговорили о манихейцах, Вячеслав защищает, впрочем Вячеслав все может». Если Ф.К. Сологуб чтением, как рассказов, так и стихов, действовал снотворно, редко кто выдерживал, и Ф.К. сердился, Вяч. Ив. Иванов своим чтением вызывал самый добродушный веселый смех, но так как в стихах было полно любознательности (философии), и никакого шутовства и смеяться было не к месту, выдохывались потом, впрочем, если бы кто не удержался и прыснул, Вяч. Иванов не заметил бы: он при чтении отдавался стихам весь до слепоты, до глухоты и до беспомыслия, забыв какую-нибудь строчку он держал в беспокойной тишине обалдевающее внимание слушателей. Голосом на грани фистулы, с распеваем, гнуса он выводил строку за строкой, никто ничего не понимал, и тут дело не в церковно-славянских жупелах, а как определил Картыков, автор сборника «Бабьих сказок», — «все мы средней культуры, а Вяч. Иванов высокой». Сын нашего петербургского «Демона» Тартаков жил в Усикирхе в санатории Волковой, и так не заморыш, да еще и разнесло, лечился для похудения, а я лежал с грелкой — язва желудка, так и познакомились. И что странно, таких крупных размеров человек, а

представлял самых маленьких птичек чижигов, ремеза не мог, но зато соловья, как настоящий, обыкновенно после обеда выйдет в соседнюю комнату с орехами — такой был способ леченья, наестся орехов — и начнет свое соловьиное, затарахтит, защелкает и до чаю с час заливается, вот подлинно дар Божий это его птичье пенье. А был в Петербурге такой писатель Осип Исидорович Дымов (Перельман), в революцию 1905 первый писатель в «Биржовке», человек доброй души и незлобивый, и, как Тартаков птиц, Дымов писателей представлял. Люди тонкой чувствительности говорили про него «пошляк», а он был самый настоящий отпрыск Гейне с его наивным идиотизмом, только без Гейновской гениальности. Сенковский очень метко определил, как Гейне пишет стихи: «Его спрашивают, говорите ли вы по-французски? — нет, отвечает он, но мой двоюродный брат отлично играет на скрипке». Дымов представлял и таких начинающих, как я, и почтенных отставных, как Аким Львович Волинский (Флексер), редактор когда-то самого задорного из журналов «Северного Вестника» и писавшем всегда на одну тему с Мережковским, а в наше время утопшим в болоте, предшественник В.Я. Левинсона, бесподобно передавалась Дымовым природная осточертенность Волинского, но всех лучше выходил Вячеслав Иванов: «Се медь звучит, оле! не ты ли Кюхельбекер!» — Вяч. Иванов слушал и не мог не улыбаться, он слышал свой голос, свой прием, какие-то свои слова. В альбом С.П. Вяч. Иванов написал стихи, но без всякой «меди» и «Кюхельбекера»: 26-27 IX 1906 г.

Млея в сумеречной лени, бледный день
Миру томный свет оставил, отнял тень.

И зачем-то загорались огоньки;
И текли куда-то искорки реки.

И текли навстречу люди мне, текли . . .
Я вблизи тебя искал, ловил вдали.

Помнил я: ты в околдованном саду . . .
Но твой облик был со мной, в моем бреду;

Но твой голос мне звенел, — манил звеня . . .
Люди встречные глядели на меня.

И не знал я — потерял иль раздарил:
Словно клад свой в мире светлом растворил, —

Растворил мою жемчужину любви . . .
На меня посмейтесь дальние мои!

Нищ и светел, прохожу я и пою, —
Отдаю вам светлость щедрую мою.

Вяч. Иванова рисовал К.А. Сомов, 96 сеансов: терпение! — золотые кудри и золотая козья борода и все лицо золото, сияя кротостью и миленью: «овчий пастырь». Потом Вяч. Иванов эту маску с себя снял, и уж лысый и бритый обратился в немецкого профессора; Jean Chuzeville встречавший Вяч. Иванова в Москве в образе «овчего пастыря» через много лет полтора месяца прожил в Риме на одной улице с Вяч. Ивановым и был убежден, что это Момзен. А интересно бы знать, как сам Вяч. Иванов себя представляет себя — свое «я» без всяких масок. Я спрашиваю это потому, что по себе сужу: мне случилось видеть себя — себя, непохожего ни на какие фотографии, ни на то, что сам я вижу в зеркале — кое что о себе я представляю, конечно, в общих очертаниях, и несколько раз я встречал на улице и всегда думал, вот на кого я похож, и это ото всех скрыто, и если бы как-то содрать с себя кожу и рассечь себя, вышел бы этот человек — я.

Лидия Димитриевна Зиновьева-Аннибал, ученица Виардо, автор единственного рассказа «Тридцать три урода» (33 портрета — но как и что, ничего не помню). Ей всегда было жарко и она легко одевалась, так и простудилась и померла 17 X 1907. Добрый человек и очень внимательный.

Анна Рудольфовна Минцлова (сестра С.Р. Минцлова, прославленного в эмиграции, но он печатался и в России, только как-то незаметно) оккультная дама и не без зрения, С.П. выделяла, но я почему-то попал в круг «темных». Она и знала много, можно было ее спросить, я, помню, о снах с ней разговаривал, только как-то все расплывчато у нее получалось, чего-то в ней не было или точнее, что-то в ней было, что ее затолкало, и она вдруг исчезла, говорили, что кончила самоубийством, возможно. Злые люди говорили, что «завралась», а надо сказать «запуталась», это вернее: взяла на себя такое, на что сил не было, а отказаться не было мужества. Кто был ее учителем, не знаю. Папюс? Какое-то отношение она имела к антропософии — к Рудольфу Штейнеру. Говоря, она держала руку, закатывала глаза — иногда

слова ее набегали и перебивали друг друга, у нее спадали зубы. Человек безусловно добрый. Долго у нас хранился ее золотой крестик на цепочке, она дала С.П., когда у нас ничего не было, сначала закладывали, а в последние годы пришлось расстаться. Между прочим, у нее не было никакой оседлости: она все время переезжала: то в Москве, то за границей. О ней есть у Андрея Белого и у Г.И. Чулкова в «Воспоминаниях». Мне ее всегда было жалко: она была какая-то бездомная в жизни.

Александра Николаевна Чеботаревская, сестра Настасьи Николаевны, жены Ф.К. Сологуба. Она была в стае Вяч. Иванова, или как ее называли «мироносицей» Вяч. Иванова, у него были такие верные, вот она и Марья Михайловна Замятина, верные до самопожертвования. Ал. Ник. была переводчица, хорошо знала и немецкий и французский, а жила в Москве, и часто приезжала в Петербург. От нее я узнал, что она была невестой Павла Владимировича Беневоленского. А Беневоленский имел для меня огромное значение: он давал мне книги, он был товарищ моего брата Николая и часто бывал у нас, через него я добирался до самой верхушки — он мне давал и Ницше и Ибсена, только что появившиеся тогда на свет Божий, по крайней мере для русских. Вместе с братом он окончил гимназию и поступил на филологический. Но уже студентом я его не встречал. Я всегда думал, что из него выйдет что-нибудь особенное. А как-то слышу от брата, что Беневоленский едва перешел на 2-ой курс: надорвался. А потом слышу: болен и дают ему только виноград. А вскоре и совсем плохо: туберкулез. Совсем молодым помер. Сын священника от Семена Столпника.

Модест Людвикович Гофман, ему было лет 15, ходил он в голубой распашонке и представлял «отрока» при Вяч. Иванове, я не слышал, чтобы он сказал хоть слово, всегда молча на цыпочках, а между тем, однажды мы были у него, и он показывал такой вот огромный ворох бумаги — свое сочинение: «История русской литературы». А.Р.]



Figure 3.
Serafima Pavlovna's drawing of Vjačeslav Ivanov
drawn round by Aleksej Mixajlovič.

IV

VJAČESLAV IV. IVANOV¹

1866 -

1909, 1-2, VIII, to Wednesday

I saw many people I knew and Mama. Here I am in a huge house, I go along the corridor; there are doors on either side. I see Lidia Dmitrievna [Zinov'eva-Annibal, the wife of Vjač. Ivanov]² in a black, silk dress. She points to the door.

'Don't let Vjačeslav in through that door', she says. 'His death is behind it: they'll come, the little, black, clinging ones . . . Quickly! Quickly!'

I rushed to the door and saw Vjačeslav Ivanov standing there and some other people, and they don't want to let him through either.

'Vjačeslav Ivanyč, don't go in there, don't go!' I cry.


But somehow he opened the door a little way all of a sudden and whisked through like a little dog. His face was paler than usual and his hair darker. We followed him into the room. There were about ten of us; I, A.M., Vera Konstantinovna [Švarsalon, Vjač. Ivanov's stepdaughter, and later wife],³ Anna Rudol'fovna Minclova,⁴ Aleksandra Nikolaevna Čebotarevskaja,⁵ Mar'ja Mixajlovna Zamjatina,⁶ Modest Ljudovikovič Gofman,⁷ and who else I don't remember. The room was empty, lofty, with four corners, the floor boards were painted and very shiny. Along one wall was a row of yellow Viennese chairs. We sat down, occupying all of them. And Vjačeslav Ivanov lay down against the opposite wall on the floor.

And there I see them, they're coming, but wherever from?—I counted eight—small, black and all in black, one a bit taller, another shorter—skinny, clinging. They come softly, slowly, on their toes and lie down on the floor: some on their sides, folding their skinny little arms, others flat out, folding their arms. And it grew quiet, uncannily quiet. And I remember how Lidia Dmitrievna had said not to let Vjačeslav into that room . . . and I am afraid that he will die.

'Lord God, what's to be done? How can we manage so that he should not die? Take strength from me, only don't let him die!'

And gasping for breath, I suddenly felt something flying out of me with a whirr like pigeons on the wing and I see little birds—white, and there are lots of them, a flock, and off they flew.

I am standing at the window looking out into the garden. And my heart contracts—it's the feeling you get when you want to go out into the garden but they won't let you.

[Vjač. Iv. Ivanov is a remarkable man: he knows everything. Prince Odoevsky⁸ and Senkowski (Baron Brambeus)⁹ were universal in this way. S.P.'s drawing is drawn round by me: . His poetry was in the high style, not archaic words but Church-Slavonic. Of course, they do have a right to circulation, but after Lomonosov,¹⁰ Tredjakovsky,¹¹ and Xeraskov¹² they lost their meaningfulness and sound funny. It would have been possible to find fresh words there too, how many of them there are and how resonant they sound in the Russian translation of Ioann Zlatoust,¹³ the 11th address, for instance, on the Epistle to the Ephesians, the 11th homile 'On the Schismatics, who have turned themselves away from the Church and the one faith, insofar as they do that which is against the law and the cannons.' Vjač. Ivanov turned Roman Catholic,¹⁴ he can turn anything you care to name, so unencompassable is his universality. That address might have been written for him, but why should he read it in Russian when he has the Greek! About that word 'to turn': in 1919 O. D. Kameneva¹⁵ came back from Moscow, she was in charge of TEO,¹⁶ and announced to us 'members of the collegium' her astonishing discovery: she had had a talk with Vjač. Ivanov and it turned out he was a 'marxist',—it was very funny. 'On what plane?' A. A. Blok¹⁷ asked, but Kameneva didn't understand. Vjač. Ivanov could be simultaneously a marxist and an anthroposophist and an Orthodox and a Catholic and all 'on different planes'. E. V. Aničkov,¹⁸ here, in the emigration, went to Rome and saw Vjač. Ivanov a 'practising' (lit. 'venerating') Catholic. 'But that did not surprise me in the least', Aničkov told us. 'He and I talked till morning about the Manicheans,¹⁹ Vjačeslav sticks up for them, but then Vjačeslav can do anything.' If F. K. Sologub's²⁰ reading of stories and poems worked soporifically—few people lasted it out and F. K. used to get very annoyed—Vjač. Ivanov's reading called forth the most good-natured laughter although, since his poetry was full of wisdom (ljubomudrie) and not jests it was really inappropriate to laugh at the time, we all had our laugh out afterwards, though as a matter of a fact if someone had lost control and snorted, Vjač. Ivanov would not have noticed: when reading he would so immerse himself in the poetry as to be blind, deaf and unconscious of anything besides, when he happened to forget a line he would hold the stunned attention of his listeners in uneasy silence.

In an almost falsetto voice, chanting, intoning, he would produce line after line, no one understanding anything and not at all because of the Church-Slavonic bugaboos but, as Kartykov, the author of the collection 'Babi Skazki'²¹ very properly put it: 'all of us are of merely average culture, whereas Vjač. Ivanov is *highly* cultured.' The son of our Petersburg 'Demon', Tartakov²² lived in Usikirche at the Volkovo Sanatorium. He never had looked underfed and at one time got so fat he had to take a slimming cure, and I was tucked up there too with a hot-water bottle, a stomach-ulcer, and that was how we met. And the strange thing was that though he was such a big man he could imitate the smallest birds such as finches, not a penduline tit though,²³ though after dinner he would go into the next room with his nuts—that was his cure, to satisfy his appetite with nuts—and begin this nightingale business of his, chirruping, chirruping and trilling away for an hour or more till they brought in the tea. It was a real God-given talent, that birdsong of his. And then in Petersburg there was a writer, Osip Isidorovič Dymov (Pereľman),²⁴ the premier writer of the *Biržovka*²⁵ during the 1905 Revolution, and this Dymov could imitate writers just as Tartakov imitated birds. Refined and sensitive people said he was 'cheap', but with his naive idiotism, he was the most genuine descendant of Heine, only without Heine's genius. Senkovski gave a most perceptive definition of the principle according to which Heine structured his poems: "He was asked: 'Do you speak French?' to which he would reply: 'No, but my brother plays the violin very well.'" Dymov could imitate beginners like me and worthy has-beens such as Akim L'vovič Volynskij (Flekser),²⁶ the editor of *Severnij Vestnik*,²⁷ once the most challenging of literary journals, who invariably wrote on the same subjects as Merežkovskij and—"in our time"—was quite bogged down in the past, a forerunner of A. Ja. Levinson,²⁸ and Dymov conveyed incomparably Volynskij's sense of being fed up to the teeth with everything. . . . Best of all, though, was his impersonation of Vjačeslav Ivanov: 'Se međ zvučit, olé: ne ty li Kjukhelbeker!'²⁹ (So sounds the brass, olé: is that you, Kjukhelbeker?) Vjač. Ivanov listened and couldn't help smiling; he heard his own voice, his technique, words that seemed to be his own. In S.P.'s album, Vjač. Ivanov wrote a poem, but without the 'brass' and the 'Kjukhelbeker':

26 27: IX: 1906

Quavering in the lazy haze, pale day
Left but luxurious light, stole shade away.

And, why we know not, little lanterns glowed,
And, where we knew not, rivers sparkling flowed,

And people flowed to meet me, flowed and flowed . . .
I sought close by you, found on a far road,

Remembered you: spellbound beyond the sea . . .
Yet in my fevered dream your image was with me;

Yet your voice rang clear, and singing drew me on.
I followed struggling through the staring throng

And knew not; was it lost or given away?
My treasure melted in the world's bright day,

Dissolved my pearl of love . . . ah, distant ones,
Laugh if you will, but I must needs go on. . .

Radiant and poor and singing as I go
On you—ungrudgingly—my radiance I bestow.³⁰

K. A. Somov³¹ drew Vjač. Ivanov, in 96 sittings: What patience!—golden curls and a golden goatee beard and the whole face awash and beaming with meekness and tenderness: 'A shepherd of lambs'. Later, Vjač. Ivanov took off this mask and, bald and shaven, turned into a German professor. Jean Chuzeville,³² having met Vjačeslav Ivanov in Moscow in the image of 'a shepherd of lambs', lived many years later for a month and a half in the same street in Rome as Vjač. Ivanov and was convinced that he was really Mommsen.³³ It would be interesting to know, though, how Vjač. Ivanov saw *himself*, his 'I', without any mask whatsoever. I would like to know because I judge from my own experience: it has happened to me to catch a glimpse of myself, myself as I am, unlike any photograph, unlike what I see in the mirror—and I do see myself to some extent, in a very general way, of course, and once or twice I have actually met myself on the street and thought: so that's who *I* resemble, but nobody else will ever see it and only if I could up and off with my own skin and cut myself open would that person who is really *me* at last emerge.

Lidia Dmitrievna Zino'eva-Annibal, a pupil of Viardot,³⁴ was the author of one solitary story: 'Thirty-three monstrosities' (33 portraits, but I remember nothing as to how and what).³⁵ She always felt hot and dressed lightly, and so she caught cold and died 17: X: 1907.³⁶ A kind person and very attentive.

Anna Rudol'fovna (the sister of S. R. Minclöv, who made his name in emigration but did also publish in Russia only not very noticeably somehow) was an occult lady and not without vision. She singled out S.P. but I, for some reason, was relegated to the circle considered 'dark'. She knew a lot, too, you could ask her things, and I remember I talked to her about dreams, only somehow everything she said was rather vague, there was something missing in her or rather there was something present in her that was pushing her towards the brink and one day she disappeared, people said that she had committed suicide, she may well have. Malicious people said that she had 'got caught up in lies' but one ought to say simply 'she had got caught up', that would be nearer the truth; she had taken upon herself something she hadn't the strength for and she hadn't the courage to give it up. Who her teacher was I don't know. Papius? She was connected in some way or other with anthroposophy—with Rudolph Steiner.³⁷ When she spoke she held your hand, rolled her eyes—sometimes her words would run on and interrupt one another, she was losing teeth. Undoubtedly a kind person. For a long time we kept her little gold cross on a chain, she gave it to S.P. When we had nothing we began by pawning it but later we had to let it go. By the way, she had no permanent place of residence: she was constantly on the move; now in Moscow, now abroad. There's something about her in Andrej Belyj³⁸ and in Čulkov's *Memoirs*.³⁹ I was always sorry for her: as though life had somehow deprived her of her birthright.

Aleksandra Nikolaevna Čebotarevskaja was the sister of Nastasia Nikolaevna,⁴⁰ F. K. Sologub's wife. She was one of Vjač. Ivanov's flock or, as they were called, Vjač. Ivanov's myrrh bearers; he had such faithful women, her and Mar'ja Mixajlovna Zamjatina, for instance, faithful to the point of self-immolation. Aleksandra Nikolaevna was a translator with a good knowledge of German and French, and lived in Moscow but often came to Petersburg. From her I heard that she had been betrothed to Pavel Vladimirovič Benevolenskij.⁴¹ And Benevolenskij had the greatest significance for me. He gave me books, he was a friend of my brother Nicholas⁴² and often came to see us, it was through him that I reached the very summit—he gave me Nietzsche and Ibsen, who were just emerging into the light of day, at least for Russians; he finished school at the same time as my brother and entered the philological faculty. But I never met him after he became a student. I always thought that he would become something special. Then I learned from my brother that Benevolenskij had hardly been allowed to go on to the second year: he had not stayed the course. And then I heard he was ill and allowed to eat only grapes. And soon things became really bad: tuberculosis. He died quite young. The son of the priest from St. Symeon Stylites.

Modest Ljudovikovič Gofman. He was about 15 years old, went about in a pale blue open jacket and fulfilled the function of acolyte (otrok), attached to Vjač. Ivanov. I never heard him say a single word, always silent, walking on his toes, and yet once when we were at his house he showed us a pile of papers *that* high: — his own work: 'The History of Russian Literature'. A. R.]

Dream IV. Notes

1. Vjačeslav Ivanovič Ivanov (1866-1949) Russian poet, scholar and theoretician of symbolism. Ivanov's social origins were the spheres of lower ranking civil servants and the priesthood (duxoventstvo), but he was encouraged by his mother to see himself from the age of five as a poet. Disturbed by student riots at Moscow University, he went abroad to complete his studies of classics and ancient history in Berlin and subsequently travelled widely in Europe. It was at this stage that, influenced in his interpretation of the classics by Friedrich Nietzsche, he began a lifelong labour of reconciliation of the most various tendencies of human thought and psyche with the elaboration of his religion of the suffering God—a religion which sees Dionysos not, as Nietzsche sees him, as the antipode but as the forerunner of Christ, and admits of an adogmatic, amoral Christianity and a mysticism which is amorous, orgiastic and tragic. Here also he met his second wife Lidia Zinov'eva-Annibal, and in 1904 the couple returned to Russia to take up residence in St Petersburg, heralded by the publication of a book of poetry *Kormčie Zvezdy* (1901), which earned Ivanov immediate recognition among the Russian Symbolists. Both in his own works, theoretical and poetical, and in the famous literary-philosophical discussions at 'The Tower' (1905-1910), Ivanov propagated his conception of art as a theurgic activity, of the poet as hierophant of a Divine Truth of which all religions are but fragmentary and partial revelations. In 1913 Ivanov moved to Moscow where he remained throughout the war and the Revolution. In 1921 he headed south to recover from the hardships of the time and was appointed Professor of Greek at the University of Baku. In 1924 he left the Soviet Union for Rome, where he continued to teach Classical studies and became a convert to Roman Catholicism, writing the *Rimskie Sonety* and doing a great deal of scholarly work and translations for the Vatican.

The sharply negative attitude to Ivanov which emerges from Remizov's commentary to his wife's dream stems primarily from a profound opposition of poetic temperament. Remizov liked to 'get to the bottom of things', as he says in his commentary to Dream I, whereas Ivanov glided majestically from 'plane' to 'plane', selecting all that was pleasing to his keen aesthetic sense and harmonizing discordant impressions according to the strict rules of genre, shrouding tenuous religious insights, the fall of empires and the sorrow, sin and loss of life itself in the splendid panoply of antique tragedy and myth. It was typical of the two writers that Ivanov should have drawn inspiration from Ancient Greece and from the highly artificial XVIII Century Church Slavonic as first used in lay literature, whereas Remizov took off from the spoken language and from the vigorous *skaz* of Protopop Avvakum, the spontaneous and unadorned XVII Century writings of *d'jački* involved in the day-to-day administration of Muscovite Russia, and the rhythmic lilt of legend and folk-tale. Ivanov, Vjačeslav The Magnificent, as he was nicknamed in Petersburg literary society, did not understand Remizov's '*bezobrazie*'—or the pain from which it sprang. At least when Remizov read his 'Strasti Gospodni' at the Tower in Passion Week, 1907, Vjačeslav Ivanov cried 'Blasphemy' and 'Remizov, who without that was already sufficiently bent and wounded by life, bent still lower and left in silence with his wife' (Margarita Woloschin. *Die Grüne Schlange. Lebenserinnerungen*, verlag 'Freies Geistesleben', Stuttgart, 1969 [?],* p. 194). Moreover, if Ivanov did not

understand the pain in Remizov's writing, how could he understand the humour of his fantasies? Horst Lampl tells us that on 3. 11. 1910 Ivanov wrote Remizov a letter forbidding him to spread rumours 'die seine Person betreffen' (H. Lampl, *Op. Cit.*, p. 315).

(*No date on book but the foreword by the author is dated March 1968.)

2. Lidia Dmitrievna Zinov'eva-Annibal (1872-1907). The rebellious daughter of a patrician family, Lidia Dmitrievna met and married Vjačeslav Ivanov while they were both resident abroad, bringing three children from a previous marriage. A vivid and, according to Blok, truly 'Dionysian' personality, she was popular with the poets who visited the Tower and would listen to their verses and talk art and poetry while Ivanov held deep discussions with the philosophers in the next room. Towards midnight they would converge over the supper table—and Lidia's poets had been known to pelt the sages with oranges if thereafter their conversation became too abstract. She also acquired considerable notoriety as author of the story Remizov mentions in his notes, 'Tridcať tri uroda' ('Ory', SPb., 1907) which was banned for its lesbian overtones. It is not true, however, that this was all she wrote—but the lush style dated and little else is remembered. Among her published works which include drama, short stories and articles are *Kol'ca*, 'Skorpion', M., 1904 and contributions to various 'mystic anarchist' publications such as *Mističeskij Zverinec*, 'Ory', SPb, 1907 and the shortlived 'Ory' periodical *Fakely*. She did not, as Remizov says in his commentary, die of a chill, but of scarlet fever contracted when nursing some village children while on holiday in the country (thus confirming his characterisation of her as 'attentive' and 'kind'). In her dress, she affected an antique mode altogether suitable for Vjačeslav Ivanov's Muse. Serafima Pavlovna's dream came two years *after* her death and may perhaps reflect the battle for Ivanov's spirit described in the notes below.

3. Vera Konstantinovna Švarsalon (1891-1920). Believing himself to have the blessing of his dead love Lidia Dmitrievna, three years after her death Ivanov took to wife her daughter Vera, who was expecting his child. The marriage shocked literary Petersburg (Cf., for instance, A. Blok's diary for the Autumn of 1911, Aleksandr Blok. *Sobranie Sočinenij I-VIII*, ed. VI. Orlov, M-L, 1960-5, Vol. VII, p. 72 and Aleksandr Elčaninov in 'Vstreči s Vjačeslavom Ivanovym ('Iz dnevnika 1909-1910 gg.', *Vestnik RSXD*, Paris.; No. 142, 1984, pp. 60-65), where he records a conversation on the subject with Ern which totally destroyed his regard for Ivanov as a spiritual mentor. Ivanov, however, convinced himself and his own immediate circle that his marriage was the product of a close spiritual union between himself, Lidia Dmitrievna and her daughter, a union in which Vera had always represented the principal of cool wisdom and freshness. He thought of her as Persephone to Lidia's Demeter. She bore him two children, but failed to survive the privations of the revolution and civil war and died of tuberculosis at the age of 30. The best accounts of the marriage as seen through the eyes of Ivanov's immediate circle are those given by Olga Dešart in her invaluable preface to the three-volume *Collected Works* (Vjačeslav Ivanov, *Sobranie Sočinenij*, Vols. I-III, 'Foyer Oriental Chretien', Brussels, 1971-1079, vol. I, pp.129-138) and by Vera's half-sister, serialised in *Novyj Žurnal*: (Lidia Ivanova, 'Vospominanija o Vjačeslave Ivanove'; *Novyj Žurnal*, Nos. 147-51, New York, 1982-3).

4. Anna Rudolfovna Minclova, a disciple of Rudolph Steiner who wielded considerable influence over Lidia Dmitrievna and was of great comfort to Vjačeslav Ivanov after her death, drawing him into her occult, anthroposophical beliefs and encouraging the attempt to sustain spiritual contact with his dead wife. For a time they spent many hours together daily and he dedicated to her the poem 'Vates' (published in the collection *Cor Ardens*). Minclova, however, believed herself to be the organiser of a secret Rosacrucian society destined to redeem Russia, and Vjačeslav Ivanov to be the chosen instrument of this redemptive labour. When she became aware that he was attracted to Vera she demanded from him a vow of chastity—which he refused to give. Dešart gives the following version of her disappearance: 'Quietly, humbly she said: "It's my fault. I have not been able to fulfil the task they laid upon me. They are calling me away. Goodbye. May God keep you." She went away. Forever. No one who knew her in Russia ever saw her again. She had disappeared.' (O. Dešart. *Op. Cit.*, p. 140)

5. Aleksandra Nikolaevna Čebotarevskaja 1870-1925, sister-in-law to Fedor Sologub, editor and translator. Aleksandra Nikolaevna was a good friend of Blok's, who found her sympathetic and valued her opinion on literary matters.

6. Maŕja Mixajlovna Zamjatina, died 25 March, 1919. A faithful friend of Lidia Dmitrievna, Zamjatina helped the Ivanovs raise their children and remained a part of their household in Moscow until her death from undernourishment and exhaustion during the period of War Communism.

7. Modest Ludovikovič Gofman (1890-1959), poet and critic. This well-named young man was part of the St. Petersburg literary scene from 1907 onwards and is the editor of a series of short articles on contemporary poets which appeared in *Kniga o russkix poetax poslednego desjatiletija*, ed. M. Gofman, 'M. O. Volf', M.-St. Pb, 1909, 1910. He also contributed reviews to symbolist periodicals. Having emigrated in 1923, he continued to draw on his memoirs of the Silver Age in numerous articles for emigré newspapers and journals.

8. Prince Odoevsky, Vladimir Fedorovič (1803-1869) philosopher, journalist and writer of short stories and an unfinished novel about *The Year 4338*, a precursor of the Slavophiles and president of the Society of the Lovers of Wisdom (Ljubomudry), deeply influenced by German Romanticism and Schelling. The comparison with Vjačeslav Ivanov is apt.

9. Osip Ivanovič Senkovsky (pseud. Baron Brambeus) (1800-1858), professor of Arabian and Turkish literature at the University of St. Petersburg, he published his own versions of folk tales from the cultures of the Near East as well as humorous articles and critical works on contemporary writers. His prose style, though influential, was undistinguished, and the comparison is grossly unflattering, though the interest in ancient cultures and modern literatures might, in a sense, be said to parallel Ivanov's range. Both these comparisons serve to place Vjačeslav Ivanov firmly in the company of those who, though they have found their niche in the history of literature, are distinctly second-rate as creative artists.

10. Mixail Vasilevič Lomonosov (1711-1765) the fisherman's son who became, in Puškin's words, 'a university in himself'. Lomonosov is the author of 'A Letter on the Rules of Russian Versification' (1739), as well as a *Rhetoric* (1748) and a *Grammar* (1757). He advocated a neo-classical system of three literary styles. The 'high' and 'middle' styles both allowed for a more or less heavy admixture of Slavonic words and Slavonicisms into a polite, emasculated Russian, the syntax of which followed Latin and German models. A poet in his own right, Lomonosov is the author of some truly majestic odes and Remizov, deeply opposed as he was to the Latinisation of Russian syntax, here implies his acknowledgement of their merit for their own day.

11. Vasilij Kirillovič Tredjakovskij (1703-1769). Another luminary of Russia's XVIII Century and theoretician of 'The Composition of Russian Verses'. The first to attempt Russian hexameters (in his translation of Fénelon's *Télémaque*) Tredjakovskij's awkward style and infelicitous borrowings from a variety of languages and cultures made him a figure of fun even during his lifetime. Batjuškov depicts him in *A Vision on the Shores of Lethe* as '... naezdnik xilyj/Stroptiva devstvennic sedla/Trudoljubivij, kak pčela', but grants him a place amongst the immortals. His work had considerable pioneering value at a time of total flux and uncertainty in the literary language.

12. Mixail Matveevič Xeraskov (1733-1807). A third and most curious figure of the Russian Enlightenment who sought to create a body of Russian epic poetry along classic lines, thus earning the reputation of a Russian Homer. In his work slavonicisms are used deliberately to counter the influence of modern European languages.

13. St. John Chrysostom (C. 345-407). Born in Antioch and educated at the Sophist school of Libanius, he was converted to Christianity in his mid-twenties and twenty years later became Archbishop of Constantinople and one of the greatest Christian preachers (hence the title 'Golden-mouthed' that became as it were a second name). Popular with the citizens but opposed by powerful enemies, Chrysostom ended his days in exile, with the result that many of his greatest homilies have come down to us as written works. Particularly beloved of Rus-

sian Orthodox Christians is the sermon read at Easter Matins welcoming those who have fasted and those who have not fasted, those who have toiled from the first hour and those who came only at the eleventh hour, but Remizov—characteristically—mentions a more recondite work, pertinent to his next argument.

14. Vjačeslav Ivanov considered, as did Vladimir Solov'ev, at least in his middle years, that while diversity within the Church was perfectly in order, hostile division must be against the will of God. After emigrating to Italy he accepted the Roman Catholic—or at least the R. C. Uniate faith. Remizov's disapproval does not appear to be of an ecclesiastic nature, though clumsy attempts by invading Catholic powers to force a Union on the Ukraine, White Russia, the Baltic and elsewhere have left deep scars on the historical memory of the Russian Orthodox Church. Nor is it, in the strict sense of the word, theological. The homile of St. John Chrysostom (see n. 13) to which Remizov refers is against the Aryans and Chrysostom himself is, of course, a saint of the *undivided* Church. By emphasizing the fact that Ivanov read him in Greek rather than Russian, Remizov is gently ridiculing the sublime manner in which he tended to soar above the agonies of history, gathering only the honey from the roses and leaving the thorny bushes firmly implanted in the dirt from which they grow. The reproach echoes Blok's reaction to the first number of *Trudy i Dni* in a 1912 letter to Andrey Belyj: 'The first number is Vjačeslav Ivanov's number; he has taken pleasure in rattling a thunder-sheet over sad people, over sad Russia in her rags—that is the only way in which I can hear that cry of 'catharsis' which grates on my ear' (A. Blok. *Sobranie Sočinenij v vos'mi tomax*, Tom 8, M.-L. 1963, p. 387). Blok, too, spells out the 'catharsis' in the Greek. Of course, Remizov is not impugning the disinterestedness of Ivanov's motivation—he was later turned down for the Chair of Slavonic Studies at Bologna because he was not a member of the Fascist party, and it does not appear to have crossed his mind to make *this* adaptation. Here, for the balance, is Olga Dešart's account of his conversion: 'In 1926, on the Day of St. Vjačeslav in Russia (4/17 March), Vjačeslav Ivanov before the altar of St. Vjačeslav in St. Peter's Rome, read out the formula for joining the Catholic Church (not the usual one but the particular one composed by Vladimir Solov'ev) and then, in the Chapel above the Apostle's tomb, having attended Mass, he took communion in two kinds after the Orthodox fashion . . . uniting in his own person Orthodoxy and Catholicism, he had no doubt that he was not only fulfilling his own individual duty but also his duty to his country in obedience to the maturing, albeit unconscious, deeply hidden will of the people to Union' (O. Dešart. *Op. Cit.*, p. 174). From the same source, however, we learn that Ivanov, when called to a private audience with Pope Pius XI in 1938, said 'that he not only had no hope for the unification of the Churches, but none even for their reconciliation in the near future, in our century' (Ibid, p. 198), and that at his wedding to Lidia Dmitrievna—in a Greek Church in Livorno—he had been particularly delighted by the *Dionysian* 'crowns' held over their heads during the ceremony, wreaths woven, according to Greek custom, from vine leaves and the snow-white fleece of young lambs (Ibid., p. 35). Remizov's 'he can turn into anything you care to name, so unencompassable is his universality' is undoubtedly justified, but should be qualified by the sincerity of Ivanov's 'poetic' perception. For instance, when D. S. Merežkovskij, in an article 'Za ili protiv?' (*Novyj Put'*, September, 1904, pp. 269-270) challenged Ivanov to state clearly whether he were still for Dionysos 'of the many names' when 'the one Name' of Christ was long since revealed, Ivanov replied with an exquisite poem ('Lico ili maska', *Novyj Put'*, October, 1904, p. 165) recalling the many guises in which Christ himself had appeared, known yet unrecognised: on the road to Emmaus, lighting a fire on the bank of a lake, as a gardener, coming in judgement with a 'face shining as the sun'. He ends triumphantly.

Ty, Suščij—ne vseгда I? I, Tajnyj,—ne vezde li,—
I v grozdjax žertvennyx, i v belom sne lilej?
Ty—glas ulybčivij mladenčeskoj svireli,
Ty—skaly dvižuščij Orfej.

[Art Thou not He Who *is*, at all times? And He Who is in secret, in all places,
In the sacrificial grapes, in the white sleep of the lilies?
Thou art the smiling voice of the shepherd's pipe of our infancy,
Thou art Orpheus, who moves cliffs.]

15. O. D. Kameneva, wife of Lev Borisovič Rosenfeld (1883-1936) better known as L. Kame-
nev, a prominent Bolshevik, and sister of L. D. Trotskij. Olga Davidovna was Commissar of
the Theatrical Department of Narkompros in the early days of the Revolution in Petrograd,
where Blok and Remizov were in frequent contact with her as employees of TEO (TEO). This
contact was maintained, though naturally at one remove, after the Bolshevik Government
evacuated to Moscow in the spring 1918.

16. TEO, Teatralnyj otdel Narkomprosa RFSR 1918-20.

17. Aleksandr Aleksandrovič Blok, (1880-1921). For his changing relationship to Vjačeslav
Ivanov see E. L. Belkind, 'Blok i Vjačeslav Ivanov', *Blokovskij Sbornik* II, Tartu, 1972, pp.
365-84; Avril Pyman, *The Life of Aleksandr Blok* Vols. I and II, O.U.P., Oxford, 1979, 1980,
(index Ivanov, Vjačeslav) and also the important 'Iz perepiski Aleksandra Bloka s Vjač. Ivanov-
vym', Publikacija N. V. Kotreleva, *Izvestija Akademii Nauk, Serija Literatury i jazyka*, Tom 41,
No. 2, 1982, pp. 163-176. For Blok's relationship with Remizov see 'Perepiska s A.M. Remi-
zovym'. Vstupitel'naja stat'ja Z.G. Minc. Publikacija i komentarii A. P. Julovoj *Literaturnoe
Nasledstvo, Tom 92, Aleksandr Blok, Novye Materialy i issledovanija*, Kniga vtoraja, Nauka,
M., 1981, pp. 63-142. The page reference covers the supplementary publications of dedications
Remizov wrote on books presented to Blok and of his memoirs of Blok published in Berlin
1922 (*Axru. Povesi' Peterburgskaja*, Berlin-Pb.-M., Izd. G. I. Gržebina, 1922); in Paris 1931
(*Desjať let', Poslednie Novosti*, 6 August, Paris, 1931) and for the fortieth anniversary of
Blok's death 'Po serebrjannym nitjam (Litija)', (*Sovetskij Patriot*, M., No. 54, 9 August, 1946).
This publication is by N. A. Kajdalova and N. N. Primočkina. Apart from these reminiscences
of Blok, Remizov dreamt of him—"more often than of anyone else" and these dreams, too
provide remarkable poetic insights. 'I always remember you', he ended his last "Litija".

18. Evgenij Vasil'evič Aničkov (1866-1937) a critic and historian of literature who in Peters-
burg enjoyed great popularity for his liberal opinions and hospitality and was acquainted
with all the literary establishment of the pre-revolutionary years. After the Revolution he lived
outside Russia.

19. Manicheans. Heretics of the 3rd Century, who professed a dualistic creed which seeks to
combine Christianity with Zoroastrianism.

20. F. K. Sologub (Fedor Kužmič Teternikov, 1863-1927). One of the older generation of
Symbolist poets and an acknowledged arbiter of taste. Entertainment at Sologub's establish-
ment, whether the hostess was his hospitable, simple sister or his unhappy, intellectual wife
Anastasija Nikolaevna Čebotarevskaja, was a far more formal affair than at Ivanov's Tower.
There was no breaking up into small groups; guests sat round the table, reading and discuss-
ing poetry, almost as if at a seminar. Sologub, as an ex-school teacher and inspector of
schools, had a stiff manner which no doubt did work somewhat soporifically when he read his
own, deeply pessimistic and demoralising stories and exquisite verse.

21. I have been unable to trace Kartykov or *Babi Skazki*.

22. Our Petersburg 'Demon', Tartakov . . . also untraced.

23. Penduline tit: in Russian 'remez', from which the surname Remizov (originally Remezov)
derives.

24. Osip Isidorovič Dymov (Pereľman 1878-1959) journalist, playwright, short-story writer
and novelist who published a good deal with 'Šipovnik' between the revolutions. From 1913
lived in the U.S.A. Wrote also in Yiddish.

25. Biržovka—familiar name for the Petersburg newspaper *Birževye Vedomosti*, 1908-1917.

26. Volynskij (Akim L'vovič Fleksler, 1863-1926). Literary critic and art critic. From 1889 he
worked regularly for the journal *Severnij Vestnik*, from which, in his capacity as editor of the
literary section, he spearheaded the reaction against the literary critics of the 1860s (see his

book *Russkie kritiki*, SPb, 1896) and against positivism (see *Bor'ba za idealizm. Kritič. Stat'i*,
SPb, 1900). He also encouraged writers such as N. Minskij, F. Sologub, K. D. Baľmont,
Zinaida Hippus and D. S. Merežkovskij, many of whose early works were published in *Sever-
nyj Vestnik*. Like Merežkovskij, he wrote much about Dostoevskij (*Carstvo Karamazovyx*,
SPb, 1901; *Kniga Velikogo Gneva*, SPb, 1904; *Dostoevskij*, SPb, 1909) and Leonardo da Vinci
(*Leonardo da Vinči*, SPb, 1900). Having tilled the ground for the success of the symbolist
movement, he never shared that success, disagreeing with the symbolists (including Merež-
kovskij) on philosophical matters. V. adhered to a serene pre-Nietzschean, neo-Kantian world-
view which looked for consistency and methodical harmony. He dismissed the modernists'
paradoxical way of thinking and belief in 'arbitrary jumps' as equivalent to 'the conclusion
that all moral ideas are an empty chimera'. (See for instance his critique of VI. Solov'ev,
Severnij Vestnik, July, 1896, p. 235).

27. *Severnij Vestnik*. Monthly periodical published in St. Petersburg 1885-98. Originally the
journal, under the editorship of A. M. Evreinova, was populist in tendency and provided a
platform for N. K. Mixajlovskij and others after the closure of *Otečestvennye Zapiski* in 1884.
It was only from 1891 when the journal was acquired by the publisher L. Ja. Gurevič, who
entrusted the literary section almost entirely to Volynskij (see n. 26), that it began to propa-
gate aestheticism and idealism and to polemicize against utilitarianism in the arts. The political
section of the journal continued in much the same vein as before, and *Severnij Vestnik* was
thus a living example of the disestablishment of art both from the liberal 'second censorship'
and from official conservative ideology. It may be said to have prepared the way for the
modernist journals: *The World of Art* (1898-1904), *The New Way* (1903-4), *The Balance* (1904-
1910), etc., right on to *Apollo* (1910-1917) where, as Blok said, 'all the names' were still to be
found, though the spirit had by then become almost academic. A useful summary of the role of
Volynskij and *Severnij Vestnik* was published quite recently by Amy Barda, 'La Place du
Severnij Vestnik et de A. Volynskij dans les débuts du mouvement symboliste', *Cahiers du
Monde Russe et Soviétique*, Vol. XXII-1, Janvier-Mars, Paris, 1981, pp. 119-125.

28. A. Ja. Levinson, probably Andrej Jakovlevič Levinson (1887-1930) a theatre and art
critic who emigrated from Russia in 1920.

29. Pure parody. Kjujelbeker, Wilhelm Karlovič (1797-1846) was, of course, Puškin's
friend, a Romantic Russianised German poet and Decembrist who later—much to the
amusement of his acquaintance—turned to a stilted XVIII Century type classicism.

30. The last poem from the cycle 'Eros' entitled 'Nišč i svetel' ('Poor and radiant'), from book
II *Speculum Speculorum of Cor Ardens*. The cycle *Eros* was first published in a separate book:
Kniga liriki, 'Ory', SPb, 1907, (see also *Sočinenija*, II, 382). It commemorates the strange
'Platonic' experiment made by Lidia Dmitrievna and Vjačeslav Ivanov to include a third,
younger person (Sergej Gorodeckij and Margarita Vološina successively) in their passion for
one another. This poem, which must have been still unpublished when Ivanov wrote it into
Serafima Pavlovna's album, brings the unsuccessful romance with Gorodeckij to a resigned
conclusion. In the sonnets to Vološina ('Zoloty Zavesy', *Sočinenija* II 384-392) Ivanov plays
on her name, Margarita, and its meaning: 'Pearl'. But the date of 'Nišč i Svetel' suggests
that—in spite of the concluding image of the pearl dissolved—the inspiration came from the
renunciation of Gorodeckij. 'Indeed, one followed hard upon the other'. As Ivanov writes in
the first poem to Vološina:

Lučami strel Erot menja pronzil,
Vlača na kazn', kak svjazna Sevast'jana,
I, rastoča gorjuči snop kačana,
S drugim snopom primčaťsja ugrozil . . .

(Eros pierced me with arrows like rays of light,
Dragging me to execution, like the bound Sebastian;
And, having spent all his quiver of burning arrows,
He threatened to come running with another sheaf)

(*Sočinenija* II. p. 384)

31. Konstantin Andreevič Somov, (1869-1939) a painter from the *Mir Iskusstva* group, remarkable for the bitter-sweet nostalgia of his imaginative painting. He was also an excellent portraitist and his drawings of Kuzmin, Nurok, Blok, Ivanov and others have gone far towards forming our visual imagination of the Silver Age. In 1907 he designed the cover for Ivanov's *Cor Ardens* (pub. Skorpion, 1911). He was friendly with Remizov whom he first met in the autumn of 1905. In 1906 he illustrated Remizov's erotic tale 'Čto est' tabak. Gonosieva povest', published privately in an edition of 25 copies by 'Sirius'. There is a self-portrait in coloured crayon in Serafima Pavlovna's Album for the Year 1927. However, he distrusted Remizov's manner of writing: 'I began to read Remizov's "Vzvixrennaja Rus"'. He writes insincerely, tearfully. But he has it in him, if only the artificiality hadn't got into his blood' [. . .] *Konstantin Andreevič Somov*, ('Iz dnevnika, 25 Marta 1927 g'. *Mir Xudožnika, Pis'ma, Dnevniki, Suždenija sovremennikov*, 'Iskusstvo', M., 1979, p. 316). He preferred *Kukxa*: 'An awful lot of scatological, but it's very well done (Letter to A. A. Mixajlova 29 Dec. 1924; *Ibid*, p. 263). See Horst Lampl, *op. cit.*, pp. 284-5 for Remizov's association with Rozanov and Somov.

32. Jean Chuzeville. French Russianist, particularly interested in the 'decadents' and their contemporaries. He wrote *Dmitry Merejkovsky, l'âme russe et nous*, Editions Bossard, Paris, 1922, and pronounced the oration at M's graveside in 1941. Chuzeville was a frequent visitor at Remizov's flat in the Rue Boileau.

33. Professor Theodore Mommsen taught Vjačeslav Ivanov in Berlin after he left Moscow University to complete his studies in the classics and ancient history.

34. Turgenev's life-long love Pauline Viardot (1821-91), of whom he has a good deal to say in *Ogon' Veščej* ('Oplešnik', Paris, 1954, pp. 146-147): 'Turgenev's fate is bound up with Viardot, whom he first met in 1845, and all his life was spent under her sign: he died under it, too, in "another's nest", in Bougival, near Paris. The fate of Petuškov is the fate of Turgenev. There is no dream in the story, but something very close to a dream—"a love potion" . . .' I am indebted to April Fitzlyon, the biographer of Pauline Viardot (*The Price of Genius, A Life of Pauline Viardot*, John Calder, London, 1964) and a relation by marriage of Lidia Dmitrievna, for a reference confirming that the latter did indeed take singing lessons from Viardot. This is L. Ivanova, 'Vospominanija o Vjačeslave Ivanove', *Novyj Žurnal*, 147, 1982, p. 139.

35. The story tells the tale of a successful actress who forms a worshipful, erotic attachment to a beautiful young girl. Feeling that she should be generous and share her protégée's beauty with the world at large the actress encourages her to model nude for an art class where there are 33 artists. The paintings which result, at first deeply offensive to the delicate sensibilities of both women, are the 33 monstrosities. The young girl, however, feels increasingly drawn to these male views of herself, and the rarified friendship with the older woman is ruined. The story was certainly fuelled by Lidia Dmitrievna's own feelings during the attempt to establish a threefold love (see note 30).

36. Possibly the confusion as to the cause of Lidia Dmitrievna's death (see Note 2) arose from the fact that she had indeed suffered a serious inflammation of the lungs the previous winter.

37. Margarita Vološina, who introduced Minclova to the Ivanovs in the first place, had met her at a lecture given by Rudolph Steiner, but Minclova is known to have considered herself at least Steiner's equal and to have hinted at Rosacruzian associations.

38. Andrej Belyj, *Načalo veka*, OGIZ-GIXL, M-L, 1933 p. 318 et. seq. Minclova, for all the vividly grotesque description he gives of her, appears to have played some part in his reconciliation with Ivanov after the ideological warfare over 'Mystic Anarchism'. Certainly she was present—'her eyes like two wheels boring through the wall into cosmic emptinesses'—at their first 8-hour talk. (*Ibid*, p. 320)

39. G. Čulkov. *Gody stranistvija. Iz knigi vospominanij*, M., 1930. Čulkov knew Minclova in Ivanov's circle. In an undated letter written in the summer of 1906, Blok, trying to smooth over some misunderstanding with Čulkov, writes: 'Yesterday you transgressed the command-

ments of Minclova and something false came of it, (vyšla nepravda).' *Pis'ma Aleksandra Bloka, 'Kolos'*, Leningrad, 1925, p. 134.

40. Anastasia Nikolaevna Čebotarevskaja (1876-1921), writer and wife of the poet Sologub. She was a notable Petersburg 'hostess', though she never established her own creative 'persona' in the way Zinaida Hippus or Lidia Zinov'eva-Annibal had done, merely lending an element of sophistication and savoir-faire to the literary gatherings at her husband's home. She also introduced a new interest in amateur dramatics. A. N. committed suicide in 1921 as a result, it is said, of an unhappy love affair.

41. Pavel Vladimirovič Benevolenskij. I have been unable to discover more about this clearly significant figure in Remizov's early life than what he himself tells us in these notes.

42. Remizov, Nikolaj Mixajlovič (1874-19?) . Aleksej Mixajlovič's eldest brother. Like all the rest of the family, he was musical and gifted in many ways. Having studied law, literature and drawing he worked for a while as a lawyer, but devoted his principal energies to the Church, becoming 'starosta' of the great Cathedral of the Dormition in the Moscow Kremlin. Thanks to this appointment, Remizov himself was 'at home' in the cathedral and was able to attend services not open to the public at large. A reflection of this familial relationship with the great Kremlin Churches is to be glimpsed in R's *Lament for the passing of the Land of Rus'*. When in Moscow, he often stayed with Nikolaj in the wooden 'fliegel' in the garden of his typically Muscovite house, but the brothers do not appear to have been particularly close (see N. Kodrjanskaja, *Aleksej Remizov*, Paris, 1954, pp. 73-5).

VI

Д.В. ФИЛОСОФОВ

1873 - 1940

1909 22-23 X (на пятницу)

Пришла я к Мережковским. В передней стоят: З.Н. Гиппиус, Философов, Татьяна Николаевна Гиппиус в шубах, З.Н. и Т.Н. пошли в одну сторону, а мы с Философовым в другую. Идем — а по дороге лежат вседохлые лягушки, вообще какая-то дрянь. Потом видим лежит мертвый человек: из него все внутренности вынуты и пустой он. А Философов взял этого пустого мертвеца и надул воздухом, как надувают вербных свинок. И стал мертвый человек толстым — вот-вот лопнет. А мы пошли на Бестужевские Курсы — Курсы стоят на берегу реки. А возле Курсов пароходы, а кругом снег лежит, все в снегу.

[Что же такое был Философов? У него было чувство долга, а это не валяется. Помню, в те еще времена, когда бунтовала Государственная дума он как-то «почтительно» поехал в Павловск — предполагалась демонстрация на вокзале во время музыки. И еще у него была верность: это к Мережковским: жить с Мережковскими, а он уехал от матери с Баскова пер., и поселился в доме Мурузи, это уже подвиг. И терпел до Варшавы, т.е. до 1920 г. и тут что-то произошло, Мережковские со Злобиным уехали в Париж, а он остался в Варшаве. Он был библиотекарем в Публичной библиотеке, любил книгу. Да, он был без лукавства и всякой «политики», он был простой, а судьба его столкнула с такими, как Мережковские, потом Савинков. Какое разочарование и сколько огорчений! В «России в письменах», т. II (не издано) о Философове: «Письма его деда и отца». А.Р.]

DREAM VI

D. V. Filosofov¹

1873-1940

1909 22-23 X (to Friday)

I arrived at the Merežkovskijs'. In the entrance hall were standing Z. N. Hippus,² Filosofov, Tatjana Nilolaevna Hippus³ in fur coats. Z. N. and T. N. went one way and Filosofov and I the other. We are strolling along and all along our way dead frogs are lying and in general some pretty nasty things. Then we see a dead man lying: all his insides have been taken out and he's empty. And Filosofov took this empty corpse and blew it up like you blow up Palm Sunday balloons (verbnix svinok). And the dead man grew fat—at any moment he was going to burst. But we went on to the Bestužev courses⁴—they were on the bank of a river. And just by the Courses were steamers, and all around the snow was lying, everything was covered in snow.

[What *was* Filosofov? He had a sense of duty, and that's not to be sneezed at.⁵ I remember the time when it was still the State Duma that was in a state of rebellion he once 'respectfully' went out to Pavlovsk⁶—there was supposed to be a demonstration at the Railway Station during the music.⁷ And another quality of his was fidelity: I mean to the Merežkovskijs: to live with the Merežkovskijs—and he left his mother's house in Baskov Pereulok and moved in to Dom Muruzi⁸—that is real self-sacrifice. And he bore it until Warsaw, that is until 1920, and there something happened. The Merežkovskijs and Zlobin⁹ left for Paris and he remained in Warsaw. He worked as librarian in the Public Library, he loved books. Yes, he was without cunning or any 'politics' (probably in the sense of 'capacity for intrigue'. Tr.) He was straight-forward, and Fate brought him together with people like the Merežkovskijs, then Savinkov.¹⁰ What a disillusionment and how many disappointments! In 'Rossija v pijs'menax', Vol. II (not published) under Filosofov there are: 'letters from his grandfather and father'.¹¹ A. R.]

Dream VI—Notes

1. Dmitrij Vladimirovič Filosofov (1872-1940). A cousin and, in youth, a lover of S. P. Djaghilev, Filosofov was one of the founder-members of the circle for self-education which

formed the nucleus of the *Mir Iskusstva* group. Originally gathered about himself, Alexandre Benois, Walter Nouvel, Alfred Nourok and Leon Bakst, the group was later virtually taken over by Djaghilev. Under his aegis they began to publish the journal *The World of Art*, of which Filosofov was literary editor. His beautiful, sociologically committed mother Anna Pavlovna commented on the first number: 'I cannot altogether agree with them! All that they preach is very fine and, of course, the cult of beauty and the implanting of the love of art in the masses is a good thing, but not yet, not here, in much suffering and starving Russia . . . at this present I would rather see my son somewhere in the districts of Kazan or Penza organising famine-relief than the fearless editor of the journals *Law* and *The World of Art*' (*Sbornik Pamjati Anny Pavlovny Filosofovoj*, Vol II, Petrograd, 1915, p. 29). This responsible, philanthropic strain in Filosofov's upbringing led first to a serious involvement in the Merežkovskijs' inner circle and outward activity to promote a New Religious Consciousness, to which, as Remizov points out, Filosofov remained loyally committed until after the three of them fled abroad, accompanied by the youthful Vladimir Zlobin, in 1919. In his remarkable biography of Hippus (*Tjaželaja Duša*, Kamkin, Washington, D. C., 1970 and in translation *A Difficult Soul: Zinaida Gippius*, ed. annotated and with an introductory essay by Simon Karlinsky, Documentary Studies in Modern Russian poetry 2, University of California Press, Berkeley, 1980), Zlobin tells the story of Filosofov's defection in human terms, as a rebellion against the domination of Zinaida Hippus. In her 'Life of Dmitrij Merežkovskij', Hippus depicts Filosofov's increasing involvement with Savinkov and Pilsudski's anti-bolshevik army in Poland as the immediate occasion for the break-up of their relationship, but the publications of her letters and diaries by Temira Pachmuss (Cf. particularly letters to Filosofov and Savinkov in *Intellect and Ideas in Action. Selected Correspondence of Zinaida Hippus*, Centrifuga Russian Reprintings, Vol. II, Wilhelm Fink Verlag, Munich, 1972, and the diary 'O byvšem', published in the journal *Vozroždenie*, Nos. 217 and 218, Paris, 1970) tell us much more of the intricate course of the amitié amoureuse which bound her 'in different ways' to her husband and Filosofov, and which also bound the two men. Essentially, both their alliance and its dissolution were founded in the fact that they complimented one another. Filosofov had done all the hard work for Djaghilev, and his role in the creative lives of the Merežkovskijs was equally supportive. He was a cultivated journalist (see his collection *Slova i Žizn', Literaturnye Spory novjšego vremena 1901-1908 gg.*, SPb, 1909) who shared and propagated their opinions, but he was not a creative artist in his own right, and it was probably psychologically inevitable that he should eventually have rebelled against the role of second fiddle. He would have been less aware of this role at the beginning of their relationship, when Zinaida Nikolaevna effectively 'stole' him—an arrogant Adonis, very conscious of belonging to the intellectual and social élite of St. Petersburg (Cf. A. Benois, *Moi Vospominanija v pjati knigax*, Vol. I, 'Nauka', M., 1980, II, 9, p. 609)—from the glittering world of *Mir iskusstva* and from his family home. From 1920 Filosofov lived in Warsaw where he wrote articles for the newspaper *Za svobodu* and edited the journal *Meč*. Benois, while paying tribute to his exceptional intelligence, claims that 'He wanted to fly but lacked wings; it was a kind of spiritual emasculation (skopčestvo) which he himself, on occasion, admitted with some bitterness. He was particularly tormented by the absence of any creative principle; this nurtured a kind of envy towards those of his friends who were creatively gifted' (Benois. Op. Cit., vol. II, IV, 43, p. 363). At the same time, 'he was always seeking . . . disinterested . . . there was a kind of essential loftiness in his ideas which always charmed me . . . In some other age of the world he would have been a puritan iconoclast, and fate played a strange joke on him when it established him at the very heart of one of the most important artistic undertakings in the Russia of his time' (p. 364). It is curious that Remizov here uses almost the same words: 'and fate brought him together with people like the Merežkovskijs, and Savinkov'. Could it be that the irreproachable Filosofov needed all these 'imperfect' people and undertakings to fill some inner emptiness, and that some such perception lies behind Serafima Pavlovna's dream of his attempt to 'blow up' a dead man?

2. Hippus, Zinaida Nikolaevna, (1869-1945) Wife of D. S. Merežkovskij, symbolist poet, short story and play writer, literary critic and religious 'seeker'. Apart from the works mentioned in Note I, one of the best, and kindest, portraits of her is that given by S. K. Makovskij in his *Na parnasse Serebrjannogo Veka*, Verlag 'ZOPE', München, 1962, pp. 87-122. In English, her religious thought has been examined in a scholarly monograph by Temira Pachmuss *Zinaida Hippus: An Intellectual Profile* (Carbondale: Southern Illinois Univ. Press, 1971), her poetry by Olga Matich (*Paradox in the Religious Poetry of Zinaida Gippius*, Centrifuga Russian Printings and Reprintings, Vol. 7, Wilhelm Fink Verlag, Munich, 1972) and her role as a precursor of the 'sexual revolution' by Simon Karlinsky in his preface to the translation of Zlobin's book. She also figures prominently in most memoirs of the period, dominating the Symbolist scene in Petersburg from the mid-nineties until 1906, and in Oleg Maslennikov's pioneering book *The Frenzied Poets*. Her friendship with Serafima Pavlovna and patronising attitude to Remizov is described by Horst Lampl in the introduction to 'Zinaida Hippus on S. P. Remizova-Dovgello', *Wiener Slavistischer Almanach*, 1978 Band I pp. 155-194. The poverty of the young couple and the fact that they were late-comers to Petersburg literary society gave her every opportunity for benevolent interference. She tried to persuade R. to take a steady job in Government service, loaded S. P. with advice on how to bring up her daughter and provide spiritual support for her husband, and tried to control the Remizovs' circle of friends. Her critical assessments of Remizov (in *Russkaja Mysl'*, I, 1912, III and *Sovremennye Zapiski* 22, 1924, pp. 447-9) were not unfriendly, but she did not really admire his work and opposed the publication of 'Prud' in *Novyj Put'*. It was Remizov's search for contact and continuity with Soviet literature leading to his cooperation with Svyatopolk-Mirskij's journal *Versty* 'pri bližajšem učastii A. Remizova, M. Cvetaevoj i L. Šestova' which, in 1925, led to a five-year break in relations after Z. N. had sent Remizov an insulting letter and attacked him in print for being nearer to the animal than the human state. After 1930 the quarrel between S. P. (who had been bitterly offended on her husband's behalf) and Z. N. was made up but the former closeness was never resumed and the correspondence dwindled to nothing by 1937.

3. Hippus, Tatjana Nikolaevna (Tata) (1877-197) Sister to Zinaida, artist and member of the Merežkovskijs' religious circle. Tatjana lived on in the Soviet Union and was, I believe, still resident in Novgorod with her sister Natalia in 1959.

4. The building of the Bestužev Courses for young ladies where Serafima Pavlovna was studying at the time of her arrest for revolutionary activity.

5. Remizov had good reason to appreciate Filosofov's loyal friendship. Disregarding R's position as a political exile, Filosofov had not only kept him supplied with *Mir Iskusstva* during his exile in Vologda but had met him on a clandestine visit to Petersburg before the ban on visiting the capitals was lifted. The two men had got on well and Filosofov encouraged Remizov's early attempts at writing, showing an appreciation of the novel *The Pond* which he tried unsuccessfully to persuade the Merežkovskijs to publish in *Novyj Put'*: 'The imperfection of form attracts me . . . it bears witness to a process, and not to academic finish.' (Cf. Horst Lampl, op. cit., pp. 182-3, n.3).

6. Pavlovsk. One of the many royal palaces in the country near St. Petersburg, built by Catherine the Great for her son Paul. As with all these miniature and not-so-miniature Versailles, the palaces were soon surrounded by small towns to house both courtiers and people providing the various services required by the court. These in their turn became ideal holiday resorts and dormitories for Petersburg and were served by the suburban railways.

7. Music at the railway station at Pavlovsk cannot but call to mind Dostoevskij's *Idiot* and the scandal created by Nastasia Filipovna during a concert in the same setting.

8. 'Dom Muruzi'—the house where the Merežkovskijs lived during the heyday of their influence in Petersburg and right up till 1913.

9. Vladimir Anan'evič Zlobin, (1894-1967), poet, house-friend, disciple and general factotum to the Merežkovskijs throughout their exile and to Zinaida Hippus until her death. I met Vladimir Anan'evič in 1951 when he was living in the South of France and still writing, or

possibly merely planning his book on Zinaida Hippus (see Note 1). He recalled walking in on a scene between her and Filosofov. She was lying, gazing up at him with wide, glittering eyes and he—standing rigidly some feet away from her—cried out on her that she had devoured him, that he must be free. Zlobin's own attitude seemed to be that of one who had himself but recently 'escaped', although he had clearly revered and, at the last, deeply pitied Hippus. His movements were light and boyish, he was living, too, like a student, in an attic-room where he entertained my friend and me (who were students) to large (and delicious) plates of spaghetti cooked on a ring. We had hoped he might have the Merežkovskij archive still, but he told us that much of it was sold to Lifar and what was not was in the bottom of a trunk at his aunt's house in Paris. We did not, however, return empty-handed. Zlobin most generously presented me with Zinaida Hippus' copy of *In Memoriam, Dmitry Merezhkovsky 1865-1941*, a brochure commemorating the inauguration of Benois's monument in 1945. We also took away with us a vivid impression of the Merežkovskij's life in exile, their total inability to cope with day-to-day affairs and their total absorption in the life of the mind, their mutual dependence, and her rebellion against God Himself for allowing Dmitrij Sergeevič to die before her. To Zlobin she was obviously a hard taskmistress who had, on occasion, ridden rough-shod over his self-respect, not scrupling to mock him for the very down-to-earth ability to cook and shop and clean which held the household together. Equally obviously, she had been an enthralling companion, and his biography, when it came, turned out to be a deeply sensitive tribute, the life-work of a lyrical Boswell, such as could not have been written by anyone not themselves a poet. The first volume of poems, published by this most self-effacing man in 1951, was entitled *Posle ee smerti*. Hippus's letters to Zlobin have been published with invaluable notes and an ill-considered introduction by Temira Pachmuss (*Intellect and Ideas in Action*, pp. 181-331).

10. Boris Viktorovič Savinkov, 1879-1925. A leader of the S. R. party and political terrorist, involved in the assassinations of U. K. Plehve and of the Grand Prince Sergej Aleksandrovič. Deputy Minister and Minister of War towards the end of the Provisional Government, committed to carrying on the war against Germany and thus utterly opposed to the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks, Savinkov worked actively against them for the next seven years from within and without the Soviet Union. Sickened by the carnage of Civil War, he eventually repented of his activities before a Soviet Tribunal and subsequently took his own life—or, as some maintain, was murdered—in a Moscow prison. He began to write under the influence of Zinaida Hippus, and in 1909 published a novel about his terrorist activities *Kon' Blednyj (The Pale Horse)* under the pseudonym V. Ropšin. The title was actually thought up by Hippus. This was followed, in 1914, by *To čego ne bylo* (That which didn't happen) about the 1905-7 Revolution and *Kon' Voronoj* (The Black Horse) published in both Moscow and Paris in 1924 which, written in the first person in telegraphic prose and question-and-answer dialogue form, catalogues the meaningless horrors of Civil War. In 1931, a book of Savinkov's poetry previously published in various almanacs and, according to the *Kratkaja Literaturnaja Enciklopedija* (Vol. 6, p. 588) redolent of Hippus's influence, was published in Paris. Hippus blamed Savinkov, her one-time lover, for alienating Filosofov in 1920 when he made him assistant and deputy of the chairman of the Evacuation Committee [as the Russian detachments in Poland were called] . . . 'He separated us from Dima (Filosofov) taking him entirely under his influence . . . He is nothing. I have plunged Dima with my own hands into this deceptive emptiness', Hippus noted in 'Savinkov', *Intellect and Ideas in Action, Selected Correspondence of Zinaida Hippus*, Centrifuga, Russian Reprintings and printings, Vol. II, 1972, Wilhelm Fink Verlag, Munich, pp. 133-140.

11. Horst Lampl (stet: op. cit., pp. 182-3) describes Filosofov's attitude to Remizov as 'Wohlgesinnt und hilfsbereit' ('benevolent and ever ready to help'). He notes that Filosofov not only gave Remizov the family materials here mentioned for his *Rossija v pis'menax* but, in his capacity as librarian at the Public Library, accepted for safe-keeping a part of Remizov's archive.

VII

Д.С. МЕРЕЖКОВСКИЙ 1865-1941
З.Н. ГИППИУС 1867-

1909 г.

Лежу в лесу на кровати. И знаю я, что в лесу я путешествую: то в кровати, то так — иду. Лес зеленый, лиственный и такой жуткий холодок. Птицы перепархивают. И слышу, как они между собой разговаривают. Птицы говорят:

«Померла Зинаида Николавна Гиппиус. А через полчаса и Димитрий Сергеич».

И вижу: идут они — З.Н. в черном, Д.С. в сером. Ну такие же самые, только чуть побледнели лица и вроде как просвечивают. Я поднялась в кровати и пошла с ними.

«Ну как же у вас, кружки какие существуют?» спрашивают оба.

«Есть, говорю, один, называется «Вирофлей», там читают Мережковского».

А З.Н. на это как-то так, не то, что недовольно, а капризно:

«Зачем же читают Мережковского?»

Д.С. вступился:

«А почему же не читать Мережковского?»

И они так это говорят, будто совсем не про них говорится, а о ком-то другом. А птицы все перепархивают и такой зеленый лес.

И вижу я продается рыба, селедка что ли — она плавает в кадке, а на какде палочка и на дощечке надпись — 1 р. 50 к. А продает рыбу приказчик в белом фартуке, и такой неприветливый, нет, чтобы предложить, знай себе руками вылавливает рыбу из кадки и опять в кадку пускает.

«Дайте и мне немного», говорит З.Н. приказчику. И ко мне: «Это я Бердяеву хочу отнести».

«Нет, говорит приказчик, я вам не дам, это им раньше заказано!» на меня показывает.

А я тихонько утешаю их:

«Не обращайтесь, говорю, на него внимания, это не настоящий хозяин: настоящий хозяин совсем добрый».

[С.П. хранила память о З.Н. Гиппиус: письма, книги с надписями и два стихотворения, посвященные С.П.-е: 1. на листке 1.1 1906 Спб. 2. в альбоме — 1 1913.



Д.С. МЕРЕЖКОВСКИЙ

Figure 4.

Serafima Pavlovna's drawing of D.S. Merežkovsky,
drawn round by Aleksej Mixajlovič.

1

То бурная, властно-мятежная, —
То тише вечернего дня;
Заря огневая и нежная
На небе взошла для меня.

Простая, спокойно-суровая,
Как правда пряма и ярка,
Чиста, как вода родниковая,
Как чистый родник глубока.

Пусть люди, судя нас и меряя,
О нас ничего не поймут.
Не людям — тебе одной верю я,
Над нами есть Божеский суд.

Их жизнь суетливо-унылая
Проходит во имя ничье.
Я — вечно люблю тебя, милая,
И все, что ты любишь — мое.

1906,

2

Тебе

В горькие дни, в часы бессонные
Боль побеждай, боль одиночества.
Верь в мечты свои озаренные:
Божьей правды живы пророчества.

Пусть небеса зеленеют, низкие,
Помню мысль свою новогоднюю.
Помни, есть люди, сердцу близкие,
Веруй в любовь, в любовь Господнюю.

1913.

О Мережковском память: его словесный загиб в альбоме С.П.:
«Людей надо судить не по тому, что они есть, а по тому, чем они
хотят быть». Почему это философы всегда пишут глубокомысленную
«бестолочь», ничего не поправляющую в живой жизни? Еще есть

письмо Мережковского С.П-е, а у меня хранилось письмо здешнее уж, да кто-то стащил. Рисунок С.П. передает то у Мережковского, чем он был.

В Петербурге мы часто встречались с Мережковскими, хотя у меня не было никакого пристрастия к [так у Ремизова], я ценил отношение З.Н. к С.П. Зинаида Николаевна поняла ее больше, чем кто-либо. А.Р.]

ИЗ ДНЕВНИКА 1941 г.

9.XII. Вчера умер Д.С. Мережковский, Господи, прости ему все грехи, упокой его. Тяжело думать. Прости ему!

10 XII. Очень плохо спала. Сегодня похороны Мережковского. Господи, прости ему грехи. Жалко З.Н.

DREAM VII THE MEREŽKOVSKIJS¹

D. S. Merežkovskij 1865-1941

Z. N. Hippus 1867-²

1909

I am lying in bed in a wood. And I know that I am travelling through this wood: sometimes on the bed, and sometimes just like that—on foot. The wood is green, deciduous, and there is a creepy sort of chill. Birds are fluttering around.³ And I can hear what they are saying to one another. The birds are saying:

‘Zinaida Nikolavna Hippus died. And half an hour later so did Dimitrij Sergeič!’

And I see them walking along: Z. N. in black. D. S. in grey. Just as they always were, only the faces are a tiny bit paler and as if there were some kind of light behind them. I got out of bed and walked on beside them.

‘Well, how are things with you? Are there any literary circles (kružki)?’ they both ask.

‘There is one’, I tell them. ‘It’s called “Viroflej” and they read Merežkovskij’.

To this Z. N., not exactly displeased, but a trifle peeved:

‘Why ever do they read Merežkovskij?’

D. S. put in a good word:

‘And why shouldn’t they read Merežkovskij?’

And they say it all as though it wasn’t themselves they were talking about, not in the least, but somebody else. And the little birds kept fluttering by and the wood was so green.

Then I see there’s fish for sale, salt herring, perhaps—it’s swimming in a wooden barrel and on the barrel there’s a little stick with a notice: 1 rouble 15 kopecks. And the fish is being sold by a superior salesman in a white apron—so unfriendly! there’s no question of his offering any, he takes no notice of anybody, just catches fish out of the barrel with his hands and then drops them back in again.⁴

‘Give me some too’, Z. N. says to the salesman. And to me. ‘It’s for Berdjaev,⁵ you see’.

‘No’, says the salesman. ‘I won’t give you any. The lady ordered it first!’ and pointed to me.

And I comfort them quietly:

'Never mind him', I say, 'he's not the real fishmonger: the real fishmonger is perfectly kind'.

[S. P. kept in memory of Z. N. Hippius: letters,⁶ books with dedications and two poems,⁷ dedicated to S. P.: The first on a piece of paper dated 1.1. 1906 SPb. The second in her album I/1913.

1

Now tempestuous, rebellious, commanding
Now quieter than late afternoon,
For me in the sky there has risen
A fiery and tender dawn.

Simple, and calmly austere,
Vivid and straight as truth,
Pure as spring-water,
Deep as a pure spring.

People may measure us, judge us,
And understand nothing—so be it.
It is you alone I trust—not people,
We are under the judgement of God.

Their life, busy and dismal,
Passes by in the name of—nothing.
I love you for all eternity, dear one,
And all that you love is mine.

2

To You

In bitter days, in hours of sleeplessness
Conquer the pain of loneliness.
Believe in your dreams that are full of light
The prophecies of God's truth are living yet.

What though the skies are green and lowering,
Remember my New Year's thought.
Remember, there are people close to your heart.
Believe in love, in the love of the Lord.

In memory of Merežkovskij: his verbal posturing in S.P.'s album: 'People should not be judged for what they are but for what they want to be'. Why is it these philosophers always write such profound '*bestoloč*' [nonsense—in inverted commas in the original A.P.], which is of no help at all in life as it is lived? There is also a letter from Merežkovskij to S.P. and I did have a letter written here but someone pinched it. S.P.'s drawing conveys something about what Merežkovskij was truly like.

In Petersburg we often met the Merežkovskijs, although I had no inclination whatever that way, I did appreciate Z.N.'s attitude to S.P.: Z.N. understood her better than anyone.⁸ A.R.]

From her [Serafima Pavlovna's] Diary 1941

9. XII. Yesterday D.S. Merežkovskij died. Lord, forgive him all his sins, grant him rest. It is painful to think of. Forgive him!⁹

10. XII. Slept very badly. Today was Merežkovskij's funeral, Lord, forgive him his sins. I am sorry for Z.N.

Dream VII — NOTES

1. The Merežkovskijs. It is fitting that they should appear together. Georgij Čulkov remembered that, way back in the days of *Novyj Put'*, the Petersburg Intelligentsia considered them as a kind of compound personality and it was Hippius's boast (or perhaps merely a statement of fact) that after their marriage they were never apart for so much as a single day. Emigré memoirs remember them always arm in arm, walking together as in Serafima Pavlovna's dream. The marriage was not a conventionally faithful one. Like Vjačeslav Ivanov and Lidia Zinov'eva-Annibal, they appear to have considered Eros an essential ingredient of spiritual friendship and high Platonic love. The resulting permutations of pairs might have verged on the comic, were it not for the undercurrent of tragic loneliness which colours their lives and poetry. For Merežkovskij, a hard worker and a constructive thinker for all his abstractions and oddities, Hippius was an essential link with live people and the whole sphere of intuitive perception. In a sense he fed on her, but Zlobin makes it clear that he also sheltered her from the 'fatal emptiness' which Blok (who dedicated to Hippius 'My deti strašnyx let Rossii' and called her a 'kindred spirit') perceived they shared. Indeed, Blok regarded walking the edge of an abyss into which, if one fell, 'there would be nothing left', as the occupational risk of the lyric poet. Merežkovskij walked between his wife and the edge. He was theoretically aware that the abyss was there but it did not draw him and he spent a weary lifetime promoting new combinations and definitions and formulae in an attempt to fence it off. For this Hippius revered him, but writers like Šestov and Remizov, who were *interested* in the abyss but less imperilled by it, were profoundly alienated by Merežkovskij's business on the brink. Other people, on the contrary, were fascinated: Filosofov, Belyj, Berdjaev, Kartašev and, to some extent, Serfima Pavlovna herself; later, Marietta Šaginjan. The Merežkovskijs, acutely aware of their own spiritual isolation, were genuinely hungry for religious community, but their

possessive tenderness towards those who had been drawn into their circle and the oppressive artificiality of the attempt to found a home church invariably led, sooner or later, to a more or less painful break away on the part of their disciples.

2. The missing date of Hippius' death (1945) is due to the fact that these dreams were written out (together with Remizov's commentaries) shortly after his wife's death and *before* Hippius's.

3. Birds in a pastoral setting, or in connection with prayer and paradise, seem to be a recurrent theme in Serafima Pavlovna's dreams (see the dream of Vjačeslav Ivanov and also a dream, unpublished here, in which she meets Baľmont). Birds are the natural symbols of joy in an unspoiled world in much religious literature—as, for example, in the C. S. Lewis religious science-fiction for children and grown-ups.

4. Fish—as we saw in the introduction, Remizov himself admitted the possibility of dream symbolism based on traditional associations, though with proper caution. As a working hypothesis, the fish might be taken to stand for Christian truth and the unfriendly fishmonger for the priesthood, who—with a few exceptions—were not unnaturally chary of the Merežkovskijs' Religion of the Trinity and the Coming Christ—particularly at the time of the dream—1908–9.

5. Nikolaj Aleksandrovič Berdjaev, (1874–1948) Marxist turned Idealist who graduated through a brief infatuation with the ideas of the Merežkovskijs (Zinaida Nikolaevna, he claimed in his autobiographical *Samopoznanie*, haunted his dreams till the end of his life) to acceptance of the Orthodox Church and a kind of Christian Existentialism. Like Remizov, Berdjaev first met the Merežkovskijs through his and Bulgakov's takeover of *Novyj Put'* in the autumn of 1904 which, under their aegis, changed its name and nature to continue publication throughout 1905 as *Voprosy Žizni*. Z. N. Hippius is confused, making everything happen a year later than it actually did in her Life of D. S. Merežkovskij, see pp. 142–147. For Berdjaev's account of the relationship see *Samopoznanie. Opyt filosofskoj autobiografii*, Paris, 1949. For Hippius' letters to Berdjaev see T. Pachmuss, *Intellect and Ideas in Action*, pp. 141–167.

6. Serafima Pavlovna's letters to Z. N. Hippius have been published by Horst Lampl, 'Zinaida Hippius and S. P. Remizova-Dovgello', *Wiener Slawistischer Almanach*, 1978, Band I, pp. 155–194.

7. The poems are both to be found in Zinaida Hippius's two-volume *Sobranie Stixotvorenij*, Munich, 1972 (unpaginated). The first was published in *Vozroždenie*, No. 43, 1955 p.28 under the heading: 'Iz al'boma Serafimy Pavlovny Remizovoj-Dovgello' and is quoted also by N. Reznikova in 'Aleksiej Remizov v Pariže (1923–1957)', *Vestnik RXD*, No. 121, II, 1977, pp. 2–39–40. The second poem 'Tebe' appeared in the same number of *Vozroždenie*.

8. Remizov's loving admiration for his wife, who he saw as guide and protector in life and art, corresponds very closely to the picture drawn in Hippius' first poem. All that there was to say against Serafima Pavlovna was summed up in the first word 'burnaja'. She was tempestuous and stubborn in wilfulness, quick-tempered, impetuous, easily offended and slow to forgive: but she was also, in full measure, all the other things Zinaida Hippius says of her. Remizov seems to have felt that hers was an essentially virginal soul and that perhaps she should not have married and become a mother. It was this thought, and the feeling of guilt and responsibility it entailed, that reconciled him—in a way—to the tragic loss of their daughter Nataša, who Serafima Pavlovna had tried to exclude from all part in her life and memory, having taken offence at the child's apparent alienation after a long separation during the Remizovs' early, poverty-stricken years in Petersburg.

9. Merežkovskij himself had asked for these prayers in a letter to Remizov quoted by Horst Lampl, op. cit., pp. 183–4, n. 9: 'Because I *am very sinful* and that comes out somehow under her profound, clear and seeing gaze . . . But as to you, I'm not afraid of you at all. There is much pain in you to which I feel akin, much puzzlement. Let Serafima Pavlovna pray for me and for Z. N. I *know* that her prayers have great power. And we will pray for her'. The reference given is Gosudarstvennaja Publičnaja Biblioteka, f. 643, ed. xr. 37. 1. 53.

АЛЕКСЕЙ МИХАЙЛОВИЧ РЕМИЗОВ

ПО ВОСПОМИНАНИЯМ 1948–1957 ГГ.

Из всех упущенных возможностей моей жизни, вероятно, возможность поговорить не спеша с Алексеем Михайловичем Ремизовым о серебряном веке русской культуры, об Александре Блоке, о Льве Шестове — да и о нем самом — это та возможность, о которой более всего жалею.

Дело в том, что я впервые познакомилась с Алексеем Михайловичем в момент, когда я не только не знала, какие вопросы задавать, но и вопросы-то на русском языке сложить почти не умела. Позднее, когда я уже закончила университет и вернулась в Париж с тем, чтобы там заниматься целый год — не то с 51-го на 52-ий, не то с 52-го на 53-ый — в библиотеках, и бывала у Ремизова едва-ли не еженедельно, я уже говорила довольно бойко и бегло читала по-русски, но даже будучи аспиранткой, я плохо представляла себе роль Ремизова в развитии русского модернизма. Тема была у меня громоздкая и очень интересная: «Происхождение русского „декаданса“, 1890–1905, с особым вниманием к Д.С. Мережковскому». Вся беда в том, что Ремизову разрешили переселиться в Петербург лишь осенью 1904 года, и он «входил» в мою тему краем — в качестве «домового» при редакции *Вопросов Жизни*. Я вопросов ему не готовила, и он рассказывал постольку-поскольку. Вообще ему несвойственно было вспоминать в общепринятом значении этого слова. Его разговор, как и его проза, был красочен и с перескоками, не повествователен и не аналитичен. Он никогда не садился рассказывать, у него этого не бывало, я не помню. Внезапно вспомнит, улыбнется, расскажет о каком-нибудь обычно чисто бытовом случае, связанным с тем или другим ныне известным поэтом или художником, ровно таким же голосом, как он рассказывал, бывало, о сне который видел в эту ночь, или о том, что у него только что побывал Африканский доктор, Верховая, Лифарь или профессор Паскаль; или о том, как у него загорелась в руках целая спичечная коробка и как он при этом думал, что пришел его последний час.

Былого, однако, не вернешь, и у этих частых, бытовых, каких-то малоосознанных встреч было, может быть, и свое преимущество: полное бескорыстие. Мы с ним встречались «просто так», а это иногда

лучшие встречи. Во всяком случае, через общение с Ремизовым на меня повеял «воздух символизма», без которого, по Ходасевичу, нельзя ничего понять в творчестве его художников. Я не хочу сказать, конечно, что Ремизов — символист, но он причастен к символизму — человечески и духовно.

В чем было отличительное свойство этого «воздуха», как я его почувствовала на квартире Ремизова?

Скорее всего дело было в том, что здесь жизнь и искусство как бы поменялись местами, м.б., искусство было даже более реальным. Когда заходила речь о книге, Ремизов тут же становился серьезным, сосредоточенным и деловитым. Он был почти слепым, ждал не дожидаясь чтецов, и всегда знал точно, что ему нужно . . . Какие страницы журнала, какой номер *Русской Мысли*, какой рассказ Лескова. С мучительным напряжением работал над корректурой изданий Оплешника, раздражаясь, трепетно переживая каждый знак препинания, каждую перестановку слов. У него была привычка отослать посетителей к словарю, и он мог всегда подсказать где и куда смотреть.

Помню всего две его просьбы: обе связаны с искусством.

Алексей Михайлович очень любил Розанова, однако, как выяснилось, никогда не читал его полузабытую философскую диссертацию «О понимании». Он был очень доволен, когда мне удалось обнаружить экземпляр этой действительно редчайшей книги в Чешской протестантской библиотеке: при этом ему явно пришлось по душе несообразность этого неожиданного убежища Розановской своеобразной русской музыки. Он попросил меня привезти ему книгу прочитать. Радовался, предвкушал, и устроился слушать — как всегда за тяжелым письменным столом, перед которым, левым ухом к окну, ютились гости на довольно-таки поломанной, засаленной тахте. Насколько я помню, поближе к двери стояло и низкое кресло, в которое я никогда не садилась, так как предполагала, что оно для более видных гостей . . . что это было местом Африканского Доктора или же Наташи Резниковой, приходившей по делу: письма писать, например, или править корректуру, или проверять перевод. Кровать же Алексея Михайловича была приставлена к задней стене, подалее от окна. Я знала, что он болен астмой, и что в бессонные ночи — а, может быть, и во сне — к нему туда проходят маленькие шустрые существа, не то гномы, не то домовые. Кровать эта представилась мне местом пыток, и он действительно там и умер. Боялся ночи: «Вот лягу, засну, и как проснусь, выдохнуть не смогу».

Но я отвлеклась от Розанова. Вот сижу у Ремизова и горжусь своей находкой. Предвкушаю изумительные Розановские афоризмы. Мне кажется, что сейчас посчастливится присутствовать при радостной встрече Василия Василиевича с Алексеем Михайловичем. В то же время нервничаю. Ведь у меня акцент и я способна испортить впечатление неверными ударениями. Напрягаясь, я читаю медленно и внятно, уделяя больше внимания произношению, чем смыслу прочитанного. Не прочитав и полустраницы уже отдаю себе отчет в том, что я теряю нить, что в первый раз меня не волнует розановская проза, и что читать эту книгу вслух — необычайно трудно. Однако продолжаю. Вдруг легкий полувздых, полухрап с той стороны стола. Поднимаю глаза: Алексей Михайлович прикорнул. Через минуту, чувствуя мой взгляд и молчание, глаза его открываются: веселые, задорные. «Ну, этого мы с вами дальше читать не будем. И кто бы подумал? . . . Василий Василиевич, значит, тогда еще не нашел себя. Все «является», «представляется» — все равно, что с немецкого». Потом, после паузы, прибавил: «Пускай у чехов будет, там и место ей — у баптистов».

Другого поручения я, к сожалению, не сумела выполнить. Алексей Михайлович когда-то клеил ширмы, наподобие его знаменитых, и действительно необычайно красивых самодельных обоев. Обои эти представляли собой абстрактный коллаж из разноцветной бумаги. Куски — продолговатые, острые — как обломки стекла. Поблескивало серебро. Он говорил, что клеил по впечатлению разбитого вдребезги во время воздушного налета оконного стекла. Ширмы же были, кажется, довоенной работы, и в момент, в один из этих назойливо вторяющихся в течение всей его жизни моментов крайней материальной нужды, Михаил Терещенко, тот самый, который когда-то издавал полное собрание сочинений Ремизова в своем издательстве «Сирин», закупил у него все, которые только были. Алексей Михайлович попросил меня узнать о судьбе этих ширм, которыми, видимо, очень дорожил.

Терещенко к этому времени скончался. Говорили, однако, что, как Корзухин в «Беге» он не хотел вспоминать о России. Первые годы эмиграции, как мне рассказали, он работал в банке и все говорил, что никогда не представлял в прежней жизни, сколько человеку приходится работать, чтобы просто прокормиться, просуществовать. Потом он восстановил свое материальное положение, женился на богатой скандинавке. Говорят, что он ужасно тяготился воспоминаниями о своей политической роли во Временном Правительстве и хотел только забыть

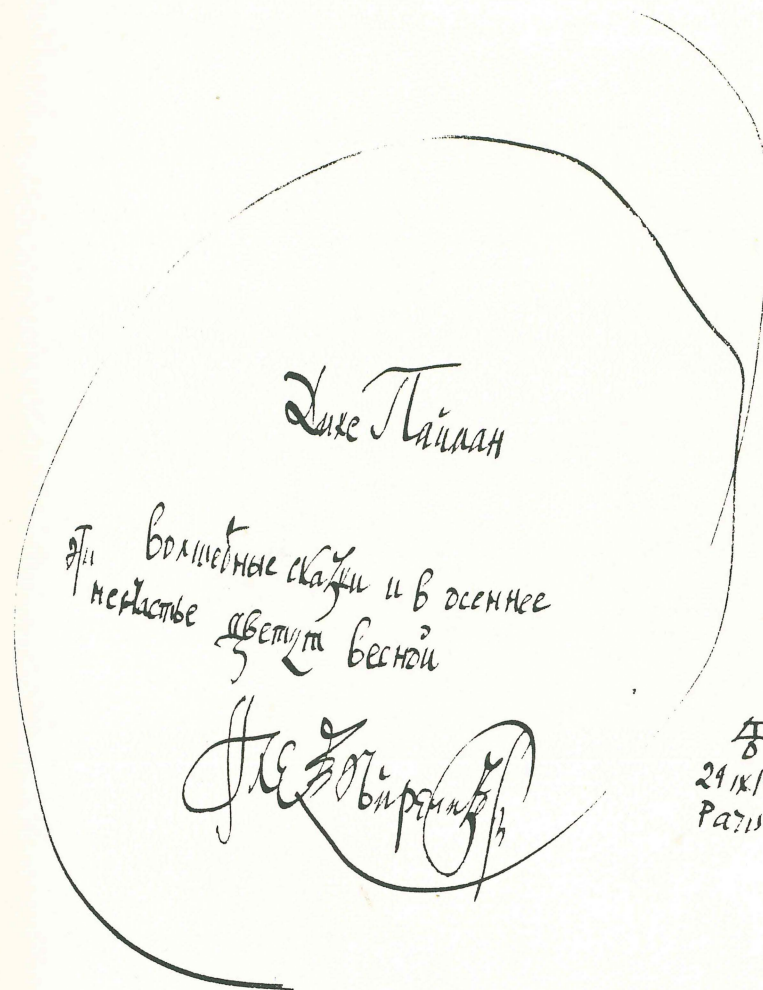
свое собственное прошлое. Во всяком случае, ни через сына его, кембриджского студента как раз в то время, когда я писала диссертацию, ни через семью его жены, с которой была в родстве одна моя свояченица, я ничего не сумела узнать о Ремизовских ширмах. Интересно, сохранились ли они?

И так — Алексей Михайлович относился всерьез к искусству (к своему и чужому), но в жизнь он, на самом деле, «играл»: играл талантливо, улычиво, ласково, с воображением и находчивостью.

Я уже рассказала о его комнате. Едва-ли надо прибавить описание знаменитой ниточки с игрушками и рыбьими скелетами или тех разных, странных предметов, которые не столько украшали, сколько жили своей жизнью в его комнате. Здесь, в комнате, где жил и принимал Алексей Михайлович, тлели еще порядок и уют, которые, по рассказам Натальи Викторовны Резниковой, царствовали во всех комнатах, когда была жива Серафима Павловна. К тому времени, когда я впервые пришла в эту квартиру, она стала неуютной, опустела. Комната Серафимы Павловны была холодной, пустой, пыльной и нежилой. Она служила, в сущности, складом для книг, но грустным, каким-то активно пустеющим складом, который еще помнил о прежней хозяйке. В маленькой комнатке рядом с Алексеем Михайловичем, которая мне почему-то помнится темной, без окон, хотя возможно, что я туда и заглянула всего раз или два, и то вечером, жила Утенок. Это была маленькая, худенькая, частенько пьяненькая дама, которая в последние годы жила «сиделкой» у Алексея Михайловича. Мне кажется, что им обоим было трудно это вынужденное соседство. Ему в последние годы необходим был уход; она, вероятно, нуждалась. Я ее помню доброй и приветливой, и в то же время было больно на нее смотреть.

Грохающая уборная и маленькая, несоразмерно высокая кухня, где первое время еще священнодействовал сам хозяин, завершали довольно просторную, гулкую квартиру. Здесь — на кухне — Ремизов сам жарил котлеты, наощупь включая газ и поднося к нему длинную французскую хозяйственную спичку. Котлеты, картошка или макароны, чай, а потом, если кто догадался принести, какие-нибудь пирожные: «gateaux». Я приносила всегда «gateaux-pistache», которые ему нравились, и пачку сигарет Gauloises. Курил он очень много, и опять я вижу, яснее, чем вижу его лицо, старческие, бережные руки, и за пальцами — пламя. Спичку он искал руками же на столе, и прикуривал всегда как человек прикуривает на ветру, как бы защищая ее от несуществующих сквозняков. Вероятно, это было обусловлено его слепотой, но казалось еще, что в этом была какая-то ему лишь свойственная любовь к огню, который он считал своей стихией.

From the collection of Avril Pyman and Kirill Sokolov

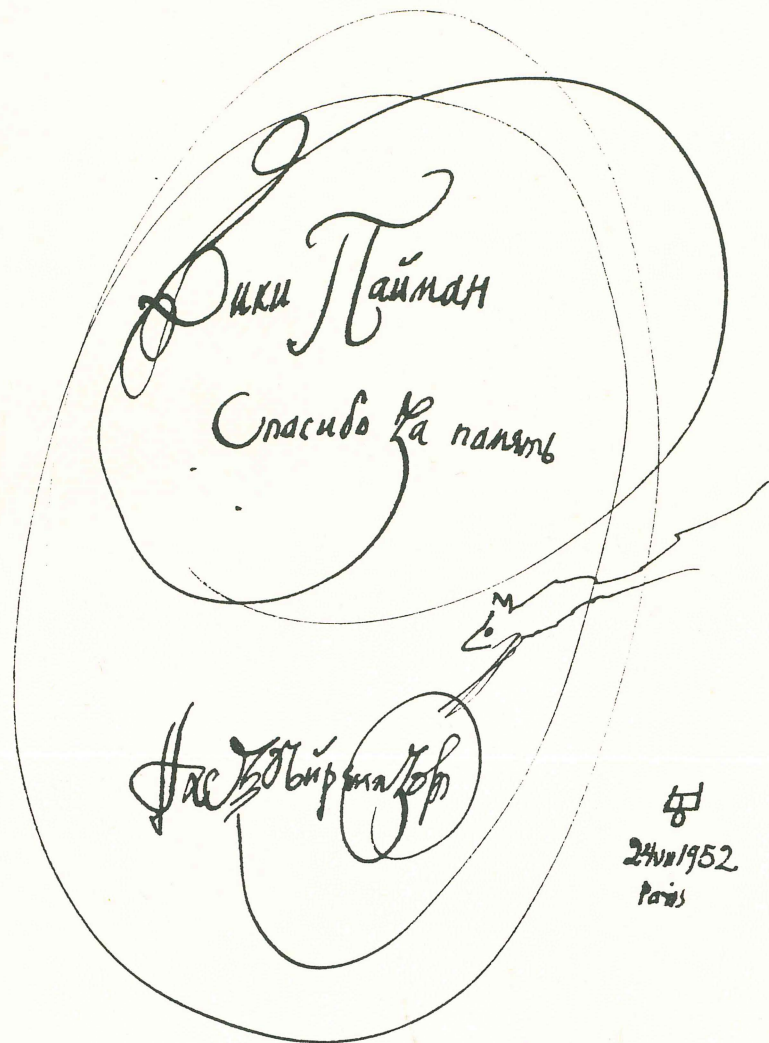


On the book *Natal'ja Kodrjanskaja (Наталья Кодрянская) Сказки, иллюстрации Н. Гончаровой, предисловие Алексея Ремизова, Париж, 1950*

Дике Пайман
эти волшебные сказки и в осеннее
несчастье цветут весной
Алексей Ремизов
24 IX 1951
Paris

To Dicky Pyman
These magic tales bloom like the spring
even in gloomy autumn weather
Aleksej Remizov
24 IX 1951
Paris

From the collection of Avril Pyman and Kirill Sokolov

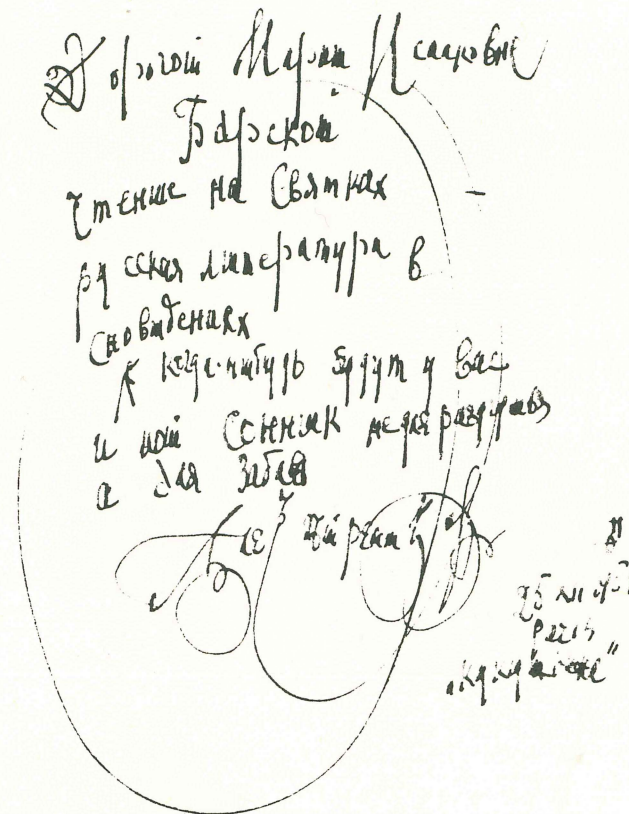


On the book *Мелюзина, Оплешник, Париж, 1950*

Дики Пайман
Спасибо за память
Алексей Ремизов
22 IX 1952
Paris

Dicky Pyman
Thank you for remembering me
Aleksej Remizov
21 IX 1951
Paris

From the collection of Avril Pyman and Kirill Sokolov, with grateful thanks to Father Michael Fortumalto, choirmaster to the Russian Orthodox Cathedral of the Dormition and All Saints in London, to whom Mar'ja Isaakovna Barskaja entrusted these books on her deathbed.



On the book *Огонь Вещей, Оплешник, Париж, 1950*

Дорогой Марье Исаковне
Барской
Чтение на Святках
русская литература в
сновидениях
Когда-нибудь будут у вас
и наш Сонник не для раздумья
а для забавы
Алексей Ремизов
25 XII 1954
Paris
«Кукурека»

To dear Mar'ja Issakovna
Barsky
for reading at Christmas-tide
Russian literature in
dreams.
Some time you will also have
our Dreams Manual (Sonnik) not for
meditation but for fun
Aleksej Remizov
25 XII 1954
Paris
"Kookooreka"

From the collection of Avril Pyman and Kirill Sokolov, with grateful thanks to Father Michael Fortumalto, choirmaster to the Russian Orthodox Cathedral of the Dormition and All Saints in London, to whom Mar'ja Isaakovna Barskaja entrusted these books on her deathbed.

Марья Исааковна
Барской

по словам пройдет Мелюзину
и вся ваша память уйдет
в ее неутешный клич

Вспоминаю, как прошлым летом вы померяли
очки, примеривая Дике шляпку*, а на утро
обнаружилось: очки на кухне у повидлы Савельича -
полбанки съедено.
Алексей Ремизов
24 VIII 1952
Paris

On the book *Мелюзина, Отлешник, Париж, 1952*

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полбанки съедено.
Алексей Ремизов

24 VIII 1952
Paris

To Mar'ja Isaakovna Barskaja

You will walk word for word through the story of Meljuzina and all your sadness will pass away into her cry that will not be comforted

I remember, how last summer you lost your glasses, trying on Dicky's hat, and next morning it turned out: the glasses were in the kitchen and half a jar of Savel'ich's jam had been eaten.

Aleksej Remizov

24.VIII.1952 Paris

(*Alas, I don't remember this incident, though it obviously has something to do with the hat in my memoirs! I'll have to change that bit in proof—my romantic speculation is clearly all wrong! A.P.)

Несмотря на замедленные темпы, «кушать/чай пить» у Алексея Михайловича было всегда весело. Хозяином он был заботливым и внимательным, любил угощать и радовался всяким безобидным мелочам жизни. Помню один случай, когда это тепло и заботливость меня даже вогнали в краску. Как-то летом, я к нему прибежала под проливным грозовым дождем и промокла до ниточки. Он заставил меня досидеть пока ботинки и платье не высохли; Утеночка дала халат. А Алексей Михайлович все беспокоился: «Сидите, сидите, отдохните. Вы снимите лучше лифчик, Вам же удобнее будет». Вероятно, судил он по своей представительной жене Серафиме Павловне.

Как это получилось, что я — английская барышня, не претендовавшая на особую культуру — впервые попала к Алексею Михайловичу Ремизову в возрасте восемнадцати лет? Случай. По-Ремизовски — «безобразие». Мне повезло.

Я начала заниматься русским языком в известном лондонском Finishing School (в это время еще надлежало барышням приседать перед королевой и в белом платье ночь протанцевать на первом балу). Так как я была единственной желающей, пришлось для меня специально отыскать учительницу русского языка. На мое большое счастье, нашли Марию Исааковну Барскую. Она была из тех странников по свету, которые всю жизнь живут одни, неприкаяны, оторваны от корней, но которые остаются способными на восторженную «любовь к дальнему», к неродному. Мария Исааковна с последней отдачей любила все, что было абсолютно ей противоположно. Малюсенькая, рыжая, зеленоглазая еврейка из Киева, с острым носом и подбородком, с коренастой фигурой, она была вывезена из России вскоре после революции своей зажиточной, ортодоксальной еврейской семьей, в Париже она работала в «couture» и сохранила на всю жизнь любовь к изящным мелочам. По-настоящему, однако, полюбила она непристроенных русских интеллигентов, художников, писателей, и среди них всю семью эсерки Ольги Елисейовны Колбасиной-Черновой: ее дочерей Ольгу, Наталью и Ариадну, и их мужей: Вадима Леонидовича Андреева, Даниила Георгиевича Резникова и Владимира Брониславовича Сосинского, будущих основателей издательства «Оплешник». Любила она и чттила и Ремизова, ценила его тогда, когда мало кто его по-настоящему ценил, и самолично фигурирует в книге «Мышкина дудочка». Во время войны Мария Исааковна застряла без копейки, одна (случайно же) в Англии, где она полюбила англичан, раз и навсегда, за военную солидарность и невозмутимость. Она так и умерла в Англии. Ее последней любовью была Православная Церковь. Она и сама стала православной и, много позже, уже в 1963 году, стала моей крестной . . .

Она же, в 1948 году послала меня на лето к Резниковым — учиться русскому языку. Наталья Викторовна читала со мной *Первую любовь* Тургенева на кухне, и взяла меня с собой на вечер-бенефис Алексея Михайловича Ремизова. У меня разные картины перед глазами, так что возможно, что я слила здесь воедино два вечера. Смутно помню рафинированную эмигрантскую аудиторию — приехала я в Париж как раз к шапочному разбору первой эмиграции — дамы, духи. Должен был, кажется, сказать вступительное слово известный тогда критик и литературовед Адамович. Ведущий, седой господин весьма преклонных лет, сказал, что сейчас выступит Ходасевич. Из аудитории кричали «Адамович, Ходасевич же умер!» Однако он настаивал. Пришлось Адамовичу выступить под псевдонимом. Потом — маленькая фигура Ремизова, горбатая, сказочная . . . лицо не человека вовсе, а доброго, подслеповатого гнома. Это был, пожалуй, мой первый живой писатель, и мне показалось, что необычайность его внешнего вида в порядке вещей. Что он читал своего, я не помню — я ведь очень мало понимала — но помню завораживающую музыку этого чтения, торжественность его отношения к слову, трепет. Это было, как я теперь понимаю, чтение поэта. Потом он прочел сказку о Рыбаке и рыбке: лукаво, весело, печально, а прежде всего с изумлением человека, который среди бела дня споткнулся о чудо. Это чувство сказки, которое дышит во всем, что он сам писал, было в высшей степени свойственно Ремизову-чтецу.

Интересно, что в Советском Союзе, где еще жива устная традиция, Ремизов, считавшийся в Париже трудным и малопонятным писателем, даже ломакой со своим измученным, якобы народным языком, оказался понятным и вполне доходчивым русскому крестьянину. Мы как-то дали почитать его *Мелюзину* Татьяне Максимовне Литвиновой, и она рассказала нам как она однажды забыла книгу на столе на кухне. Ушла к себе работать и вдруг слышит из кухни странные звуки, не то причитанья, не то стоны. Заглянула и видит: сидит уборщица, и вслух самой себе читает сказку, покачиваясь на табуретке. У нас был подобный же случай. Необычайная русская женщина, Мария Ивановна Рябцева, хозяйка избы, которую мы снимали на лето на Пахре, взялась на одну зиму у нас жить и ходить за нашей трехлетней дочерью. Она сама из Лукина, деревни монастырской, а вышла замуж в Куприяниху, деревню колдовскую. Здесь и пришелся Алексей Михайлович ко двору. Пропала за зиму книга его сказок. Спросила Марию Ивановну — не видела ли? «Да что Вы, Мария Федоровна, взяла я прочесть Женьке на печке. И бабам читаю. Хорошие сказки. Таких давно нет, а мы их

любим. Да зачем Вам, ученым людям, сказки?» Надо сказать, что если прожить подолгу в деревне, наслышишься много «сказок», из быта как и из памяти народной, по живости языка, меткости шуток, ритмичности повторов, драматизму и жути соперничающих с Ремизовскими. Что так называемая «орнаментальная проза» не такая книжная выдумка, как принято предполагать, показывает и тот факт, что Мария Ивановна с превеликим удовольствием у нас усидела также «На куличках» и «Уездное» раннего Замятина. Ее дети обладали таким же даром красочного устного рассказа, как и она. Не знаю, перешел ли он к третьему поколению. Враг этой традиции сегодня не Петр I и академии, а город и телевизор.

Да простит мне читатель длинное отступление. Но это тоже ведь — из воспоминаний. Вернемся в Париж. Когда Ремизов кончил читать, Наталья Викторовна представила меня и попросила разрешения привести меня к нему в гости. Так и поехали мы с ней из Кашана, с поэтической улицы Camille Desmoulins в 16-ый arrondissement, на поэтическую улицу rue Voileau. Позвонили. Послышались медленные шаги, тихо шлепавшие мягкими туфлями по длинному коридору. Приоткрылась дверь и снизу, через щель, смотрит это, ни на кого не похожее, лицо: испуганное, но любопытно-приветливое, потому что глаза улыбаются, и говорит:

«А я думал — привидения».

В этот ли раз или в другой — не помню — Алексей Михайлович меня расспрашивал о моих занятиях и не помню также, тогда ли или несколько позднее он каким-то своим чутьем почувствовал мою любовь к Блоку и подарил мне изумительный, в сущности пророческий подарок: свой рисунок трагического лица Блока, выглядывающего из осколков разлетевшегося мира. Не помню и шляпы, с которой он меня нарисовал и которую, по его же приписке, я двадцать минут надевала, уходя от него в 51 году. Помнится только, что шла тогда на свиданье, обернувшееся для меня печальным расставанием. Алексей Михайлович был внимателен к людям и, несмотря на слепоту, он, возможно, заметил мою тревогу. Скорее всего, однако, упоминание о шляпе связано с рассказами Марьи Исааковной о том, как она мне «примеряла шляпу на кухне у Савелича (см. надпись Ремизова, приведенная на стр. 105). Мой «портрет» со шляпой и «портрет» Марьи Исааковной опубликованы в сборнике в честь покойного Н.Е. Андреева: *Aspects of Russia, Poetry, Prose and Public Opinion*, Letchworth, 1984, p. 314.

Хочу закончить эти беглые впечатления о своем знакомстве с Алексеем Михайловичем несколькими словами в защиту его памяти. Когда я, по его же рекомендации, побывала у других героев моего романа, у Александра Бенуа, например, или у Сергея Константиновича Маковского, они смотрели на меня с некоторым испугом, узнав, что я не только была, но даже бываю у Ремизова — «Он, знаете ли, выдумывает . . .» «Нельзя, так сказать, вполне полагаться на . . .» — и косились на меня, как будто они сами появятся в моей диссертации в виде хвостатых и клыкастых.

К Маковскому попасть так запросто, как к мягкому, приветливому Александру Бенуа, было невозможно. Но в 1955 году, проездом в Париже, мне удалось добиться приема. Маковский меня принял сначала сухо и формально, как полагается «разумному и праведному» корифею . . . и нарасказал за полтора часа столько небылиц о своих коллегах, сколько я не слышала от Алексея Михайловича за все время нашего знакомства. К концу интервью, значительно подболев, он сказал: «Очень рад, что Вы ко мне пришли. Мой друг Алексей Михайлович Ремизов — милейший человек, конечно» — засмеялся — «знаете, плутоват. Мог бы Вам рассказать, Бог знает что!»

Интервью я, к сожалению, у Алексея Михайловича не брала, вопросов не задавала, и — как я уже говорила — он сам мало рассказывал. Он, как я понимаю сейчас, уважал неопытность, не торопил, не томил ненужными подробностями, и, во всяком случае, не вводил в заблуждение, не обманывал, не издевался. Думаю, что такое ему и не пришло бы в голову. Наоборот, он просто и доверчиво, как само собою разумевшееся, включил меня в свой мир, страшный, но чудесный, строгий, но улыбчивый и сострадательный, мир случайностей и безобразия, но в то же время мир самого трепетного уважения к той правде и добру, которые ничего не имеют общего с прописными истинами или с казенной моралью.

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