

# TROIKA

The word 'TROIKA' is written in a large, black, serif font. The letter 'O' is replaced by a circular emblem containing the silhouettes of three horses standing in a row, facing right.

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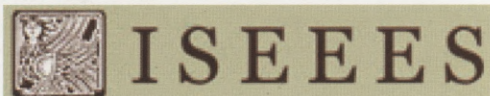


Primavera, George Pocheptsov



Locks, Caitly Knowlton

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Saskia Bremenmacher



A Fall Evening at Peter and Paul Fortress, St. Petersburg, Russia,  
Kris Sakarias

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Saskia Bremenmacher

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# EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Reader,

This past May, I found myself amidst the culmination of my college career: the graduation ceremony. Right before that, I was frantically finishing up my senior thesis, organizing a large event for the Russian Club, and, of course, putting the last touches on *The Troika Journal*. It was a busy semester.

As they say, all good things come in threes, so I am especially excited to introduce to you the third issue of the journal: Spring 2012. Founded in Fall 2011, *Troika* is still a relatively new student publication, but I am amazed at how much the journal has grown in such a short time. After receiving twice as many submissions for this issue as in the past, we the editors found it extraordinarily difficult to select the most outstanding, original, and groundbreaking student works for publications. In the end, I am very happy with the choices we've made. The Spring 2012 issue contains a variety of poems, one of our most controversial stories yet, articles covering diverse topics from ballet to film to architecture, beautiful photographs and artwork, original field research from the Balkans and much, much more. We are proud to present to you these undergraduate works and we hope that a perusal of *The Troika Journal* will spark an interest in the vast field of Eastern European and Eurasian studies.

I am very happy to have dedicated a large portion of my time at the University of California at Berkeley obtaining a degree in Slavic studies. Not only is the department all-around wonderful, but I believe the knowledge I may have stumbled upon in pursuit of the diploma will matter in my life. I am also extremely happy to have been on the staff of *The Troika Journal* since its founding. Starting a print publication—especially at a time when print is dying—catering predominantly to students involved in a not so popular field, sounds like a recipe for disaster. However, *The Troika Journal* is a success. This is thanks in a large part to my incredibly dedicated, amazing, and talented editorial staff. But, perhaps, *The Troika* isn't such a shabby idea. After all, there is a plethora of students producing works begging to be published, a legion of students interested in editing, and, most importantly, there is a chance to bring these works together and produce a journal which can tell at least one person something new, something interesting, something thoughtful. I hope that as you turn the pages of this brand new issue of *Troika*, you will discover for yourself why we worked so hard to create this one-of-a-kind publication.

Happy reading!  
Olga Slobodyanyuk  
Editor-in-Chief



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I want to also acknowledge the contributions of Masha Kutilova, former editors Maya Garcia, Djamilia Niazalieva, and Nick Bondar-Netis and our founder, Alekzandir Morton.

But most of all, I want to thank all of this year's editors for their hard work and effort in creating this publication.

## DISCLAIMER

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# TROIKA EDITORIAL STAFF

## **Olga Slobodyanyuk**

*Editor-in-Chief*

Olga will be graduating this year with a double major in History and East European Studies. She wrote her thesis on the metaphors for tuberculosis in pre-revolutionary Russia. She is also the president of the Russian Speaking Association.

## **Harry Rackmil**

*Managing Editor*

Harry is a first year History and Economics major. He is of Lithuanian descent, and is very interested in Lithuania in the middle ages. More generally, he intends to study European economic history.

## **Alexis Ramos**

*Managing Editor*

Alexis is a graduating senior double-majoring in History and East European and Eurasian Studies, with a focus on Polish Trans-atlantic Relations and Polish Language. She spent time at the Jagiellonian University in Krakow, Poland in Summer of 2011 studying Polish language and culture.

## **Katarina White**

*Layout and Design Editor*

Katarina is a third year double major in History and East European Studies with a Human Rights minor. She grew up speaking Serbian, learned English in kindergarten, moved on to Spanish and German in high school, and is now studying Russian.

## **Julia Nowak**

*Website Design Editor*

Julia is a graduating senior majoring in East European Studies. Her main interests are Polish literature, Russian and Polish translation, Eastern European cinema, and World War II & East European fascism.

## **Margaret Comer**

*Copy Editor*

Margaret is a fourth year Anthropology major with a minor in Russian Language, Literature, and Culture. She spent the fall of 2010 studying abroad in Moscow, and her interests include archaeology, ethnography, nationalism, the ancient past, and Kievan Rus'.

## **Isabella Mazzei**

*Copy Editor*

Isa is a second year comparative literature major, studying Italian, Russian, and English literature. In her spare time she enjoys writing, drinking tea, and doing yoga.

## **Katherine Pizarro-Grant**

*Copy Editor*

Katherine is completing her fourth year as an English major with a minor in Russian Language, Literature, and Culture. She has also studied French and Old English. She enjoys singing, vegan cooking, translating, and crossword puzzles.

## **Ann Weiler**

*Copy Editor*

Ann is a graduating senior in the Slavic Languages and Literatures department. She enjoys studying languages and history.

## **Tara Armand**

*Associate Editor*

Tara is an intended Bioengineering major, currently in her freshman year at UC Berkeley.

## **Cody Boutilier**

*Associate Editor*

Cody is a third year History major, with a minor in German and East European Studies. His long-held interest in Russia has grown greatly since he studied in Moscow during his second year. He plans to obtain a JD and go into international law.

## **Zuzanna Gruca**

*Associate Editor*

Zuzanna is a third year double majoring in Sociology and Political Science with a concentration in Comparative Politics. Her academic interests include genocide at the macro and micro level during World War II and the process of democratization in Eastern Europe.

## **Ivan Motyashov**

*Associate Editor*

Ivan awoke from a bimillennial slumber over two decades ago, but still lives as a child lost in an adults' world, seeing the universe through a misty prism of confusion. A free artist and a cold-blooded philosopher, he's a dedicated student of computer science and alchemy.

## **Sanjana Narkar**

*Associate Editor*

Sanjana is currently a first-year Pre-Medicine student. She aims to attend medical school and become the pediatrician that will inspire children to become the strongest and healthiest that they can be. Though she is East Indian, Sanjana is greatly interested in learning about cultures and histories of countries other than her own. What better organization than Troika to gain this insight?

## **Alex Nisnevich**

*Associate Editor*

Alex is a third year Computer Science and Applied Mathematics major, with a minor in Linguistics. He was born in Vitebsk, Belarus, and emigrated to Los Angeles at age one. He is particularly interested in Slavic languages, Soviet and post-Soviet history, and modern Eastern European literature.

## **Erica Posey**

*Associate Editor*

Erica is an intended Slavic Languages and Literatures major in her second year. Her concentration is in Russian Language, Literature, and Culture. This is her second semester working on Troika.

# CONTRIBUTOR BIOS

**Kyle Barry** is a senior at Rutgers University majoring in Russian Language and Literature, as well as History. He would ultimately like to pursue a career in Russian literature with a focus on 19th century romantic poetry.

**Saskia Brechenmacher** is a senior at Brown University majoring in Political Science and Slavic Studies. Originally from Germany, Saskia spent the last two years of high school at the United World College in Mostar, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and studied abroad in Moscow during the fall of her junior year.

**Mane Chakarian** is a Psychology major at UC Berkeley.

**Maya Garcia** is a UC Berkeley junior studying comparative literature and Russian. She's currently doing a year abroad in St. Petersburg. When she's not wandering the canals, she likes to draw, knit, play the accordion, and watch Soviet cartoons. She is also Head Artist for the Heuristic Squelch.

**Caity Knowlton** is a fourth year undergraduate majoring in History and Political Science at UC Berkeley. She is interested in Imperial Russian history and the 20th century history of Central Europe. She has previously lived and worked in Prague and hopes to continue her travels in the region in the future!

**Ethan Larson** is a senior at UC Berkeley. He is pursuing a double major in History and Russian Language and Literature and will be attending UIUC for graduate school.

**Mariya Lipmanovich** is studying Spanish and Comparative Literature with a concentration in Russian Literature at New York University. She enjoys writing, dancing, painting, and photography.

**Gegham Mughnetsyan** will be a senior in UC Berkeley with a major in Peace and Conflicts Studies concentrating on Global Governance. He is also learning his fourth language - Arabic.

**Melinda Noack** is a graduating senior in the English department at UC Berkeley with a minor in Russian Language, Literature, and Culture. She spent last summer studying abroad in St. Petersburg. She enjoys reading poetry, writing, and drinking tea.

**Kyle Pickett** is a recent graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. He studied Political Science with an emphasis on Eastern European and Russian Political History.

**George Pocheptsov's** paintings sell for \$200,000+ in museums/galleries worldwide, and have appeared in Time Magazine and the Oprah Show. His commissions include the United Nations, Colin Powell, Hillary Clinton, and Michael Jordan.

**Kris Sakarias** is a junior at the University of Washington majoring in European and Russian History and minoring in Russian Language. He studied abroad at Moscow State University last fall semester.

**Jonathan Askonas** is a senior at Georgetown University's School of Foreign Service studying International Politics (Security Studies) with a minor in Russian and Eastern European Studies.

**Shira Atkins** is a sophomore at Brown University, concentrating in Slavic Studies and Religious Studies. Her areas of focus include 19th century Russian literature, Soviet Jewry, and poetry. This summer she will be working with the Jewish Community in Kiev and will spend next fall studying in Moscow.

**Gabriella Ferrari** is a senior in Classics and Slavic Studies at Brown University. Her academic interests are literature and art history in the modern and ancient world.

**Nathaniel Foote** received a B.A. in Government from Wesleyan University in 2012, having also studied at Corvinus University in Budapest. His interests include international diplomacy and development.

**Claire Griffith** graduated from Grinnell College in 2012 with a B.A. in Political Science, focusing on Eastern Europe. She studied in Serbia and Bosnia in 2011, and fell in love with the Balkans.

**Kalliopi Kefalas** graduated from UC Berkeley last spring with degrees in History and Cognitive Science. This fall she will be starting her graduate studies in History at UC San Diego.

**Claire Kim** is a fourth year undergraduate at the University of Chicago, concentrating in Music. She finds listening to any Russian folk song (even if sad) to be a guaranteed mood-lifter.

**Si Yon Kim** is from Goyang-si, South Korea, and is currently a freshman at Pomona College. She has recently declared her major to be in Russia Literature.

**Didar Kul-Mukhammed** is a student at Harvard University. She is pursuing a degree in Literature and French Language. She loves Russian literature and her favorite authors include Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, and Chekhov.

**Erika Reid** is a 2012 UC Berkeley graduate with a B.A. in Art History. She hopes to continue studying Russian Art as she takes a year off to discover what she wants to do with her life.

**Natasha Sharp** is a junior at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, majoring in French with a minor in Eastern European Studies. She enjoys studying Russian and post-colonial Francophone literature.

**Annie Yi** is a rising senior at Yale University studying History. She writes on narratives of war in the 20th century, with particular emphasis on memory, violence, and trauma. A California native, she misses sunshine and organic produce dearly.

## ESCAPING LOSSES AND FALSITY:

AWAKENING OF MAN IN TOLSTOY'S *DEATH OF IVAN ILYCH* AND CHEKHOV'S *ROTHSCHILD'S FIDDLE*

Shira Atkins

Martin Heidegger devoted the first chapter of Division Two of his magnum opus, *Being and Time*, to his figuration that we're all "being-towards-death." He writes, "Anxiety in the face of death is anxiety 'in the face of' one's ownmost, non-relational and unsurpassable potentiality for being. That which this anxiety is 'in the face of' is being-in-the-world itself."<sup>1</sup> Heidegger metamorphoses death from some incomprehensible event into a transparent one at the heart of our existence. Before Heidegger, two greats of Russian literature were writing about the human condition at this precise threshold: exploring the possibility of the awakening of man 'in the face of' death. *The Death of Ivan Ilych* (1886) by Leo Tolstoy, and *Rothschild's Fiddle* (1894) by Anton Chekhov, tell tales about the evasion of life, and the process of death. They probe the vanity and falsity of man, and reveal the possibility of light and salvation in man's final moments. Both writers deal with spiritual and physical suffering, and the subsequent nexus of religious and secular redemption.

Tolstoy profoundly influenced Chekhov, and the two writers have tremendously similar worldviews, as Bitsilli notes:

They have in common a Heraclitian-Schopenhauerian feeling for the life process, a striving towards liberation from all kinds of partial manifestations through death, death as a fusion with the universe, a tendency towards simplification as the first stage on the road to liberation. It is precisely this spiritual affinity of these two very great "artists of life" which explain why there are so few straightforward and obvious similarities (in lexicon, structure) between them, but so many of the kind which are barely discernable but...especially significant...Chekhov found much that was his own in Tolstoy.<sup>2</sup>

While the essential plots of these two stories—both fashioned after the Aeschylean structure of *pathei mathos*, or suffering into truth—are relatively convergent, a few divisions can be drawn. Tolstoy's work is individual, while Chekhov's is universal; Tolstoy primarily focuses on death, while Chekhov emphasized life. While Tolstoy mocks doctors, high society, and its conventions, but praises peasants, stoicism, and simplicity, Chekhov aims to equalize and unify all members of society. In their respective stories, both Tolstoy and Chekhov challenge accepted conventions; on a very base level, Tolstoy seeks to challenge social law, while Chekhov seeks to challenge human law—in the face of existential crisis, Tolstoy deconstructs the quantitative norm, while Chekhov attempts to create a new qualitative system of being.

The fundamental question that underlies *The Death of Ivan Ilych* is whether or not a life without deception is possible. Tolstoy's masterpiece tells the story of Ivan Ilych, a man who lives his "most simple and most ordinary and

most terrible life"<sup>3</sup> according to societal conventions, only to discover on his deathbed that "his professional duties and the whole arrangement of his life and his family, all his social and official interests, might all have been false."<sup>4</sup> Tolstoy seems to recall the Shakespearean notion that "all the world's a stage," and conveys the total theatricality of Ivan Ilych's world, in which each man plays his role according to some prescription, and each event is conceived of ritually and mechanically.

Death, particularly, appears to follow this formulation; the news of Ivan Ilych's passing comes "surrounded by a black border"<sup>5</sup> in a newspaper, as deaths presumably ought to be announced, and is yet utterly detached from the event itself. The funeral follows a formula: the women wear black, and Peter Ivanovich, one of Ivan Ilych's friends, enters the scene "feeling uncertain what he would have to do. All he knew was that at such times it is always safe to cross oneself. But he was not quite sure whether one should bow while doing so."<sup>6</sup> So too, "the dead man lay, as dead men always lie, in a specially heavy way, his rigid limbs sunk in the soft cushions of the coffin, with the head forever bowed on the pillow."<sup>7</sup> Tolstoy brilliantly echoes and comments on the rancid theatricality of this scene in the exchange between Praskovya Fedorovna, Ivan Ilych's wife, and Peter Ivanovich. The mechanics of the pouffe upon which Peter Ivanovich sits, and the suppressing and releasing of its springs, speak louder than the words of the characters themselves. The uncertainty of the characters is reflected in their choreography: they dance with each other, shifting between their natural inclinations, their desires, and the inevitable mechanics of the scene.

Again she took out her handkerchief as if preparing to cry, but suddenly, as if mastering her feeling, shook herself and began to speak calmly. "But there is something I want to talk to you about." Peter Ivanovich bowed, keeping control of the springs of the pouffe, which immediately began quivering under him.<sup>8</sup>

This dramatic representation of death logically follows an existence based on conventionality and mimesis. Ivan Ilych subconsciously perceives the typical, rather than the extraordinary, as excellent; after refurbishing his house, he is overjoyed:

In reality it was just what is usually seen in the houses of people of moderate means who want to appear rich, and therefore succeed only in resembling others like themselves...all the things people of a certain class have in order to resemble other people of that class. His house was so like others that it would never have been noticed, but to him it all seemed to be quite exceptional.<sup>9</sup>

Here, Tolstoy reconsiders the whole notion of the genre of Tragedy, and the classical tragic figure.<sup>10</sup> We feel for Ivan Ilych as if he were an Oedipus or an Electra, but he

never makes a conscious mistake, nor does he possess an apparent tragic flaw: he marries with the mindset of "Why shouldn't I marry?" and his 'tragic fall' is no more than a small misstep. Many structural elements of the Classical Tragedy remain, but with a small twist. The Aristotelian 'recognition scene' appears here as an internal realization: "It occurred to him that his scarcely perceptible attempts to struggle against what was considered good by the most highly placed people, those scarcely noticeable impulses which he had immediately suppressed, might have been the real thing, and all the rest false."<sup>11</sup>

But Ivan Ilych's desire to live according to the status quo is not solely responsible for his torturously deceptive life: the entire world in which he lives, according to Tolstoy, is one massive lie. Doctors follow scripts—"The doctor said that so-and-so indicated that there was such-and-such inside the patient, but if the investigation of so-and-so did not confirm this, then he must assume this and that. If he assumed this and that, then...and so on"<sup>12</sup>—as does his family, and in the end the "falsity around him and with him did more than anything else to poison his last days."<sup>13</sup> In *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, Tolstoy laments the diseases of vanity and deception that plague Russia. Ivan Ilych's slow death seems to be a mere play on the equivocation of the total "wrongness" of the farce that was his life.

Like Tolstoy, Chekhov was confronted and distressed by the vanity and artifice infecting Russia at the end of the nineteenth century. Following in Tolstoy's footsteps, Chekhov takes up the topic of the evaded and wasted life in his short story *Rothschild's Fiddle*. It is a tale about a grumpy small-village coffin maker, Yaakov Ivanov, whose heart is hardened against both death and life: everything appears to him as a continuous accumulation of financial losses.<sup>14</sup> When his wife falls ill and appears to feel joy at her final release from her husband's tyrannical and quarrelsome presence, Yaakov is vexed and regrets the way he treated her. After his wife's funeral, Yaakov himself begins to feel ill and on his way home pours out his wrath on a Jewish flautist named Rothschild. When he returns home, Yaakov finally remembers his dead child, whom his wife tried to remind him of before her death. Yaakov resolves that his life has been nothing more than a series of losses, and in his confession before death, he wills his fiddle to Rothschild.

While *The Death of Ivan Ilych* expresses the perils of a man too willing to conform to society, *Rothschild's Fiddle* does just the opposite. It shows a man dedicated to disunity; he embodies the national polemic of the demonization of the other. Yaakov is the product of a culture that treats minorities and women as objects, and he is only salvaged by the reversal of this paradigm: the moment of recognition of shared experience and the unity of mankind, and the easing of his hardened heart. Each man's tragedy lies in his dedicated and severe objectification of the most crucial pieces of his life: Ivan Ilych objectifies societal and emotional experience, adhering to only one ossified system of living, and Yaakov Ivanov's determinism leads him to objectify not only his experiences as just a dreadful series of

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missed opportunities and deficits, but also to disregard the brotherhood of man. If Ivan Ilych's 'flaw' is that in an earnest attempt to live an honest and good life, he drives himself into a completely theatrical and deceptive existence, Yaakov's is his inability to hoist himself out of an inexorable hole of losses, both 'true' and constructed.

As Chekhov struggled against materialism, he faced the absurdity and incomprehensibility of the world around him, and his characters tend to reach complete existential despair;<sup>15</sup> like Yaakov Ivanov in *Rothschild's Fiddle*, his characters are frequently alienated and isolated from the world, and they face the impenetrability of an absolute truth. Essential to Yaakov's existential condition is his confusion of the animate versus the inanimate—he treats his wife as more of an object than his fiddle—and, as is common in Chekhov's works, the fallibility of perception and sight.

These two qualities are interconnected: his constant objectification of his wife and subjectification of his fiddle propel him to count only more and more losses. While Yaakov is completely unaware of 'truth,' Chekhov's narrative form presents the reader with what Amos Oz describes as a "precise equilibrium, as on a chemist's scale between the ridiculous and the heartbreaking. The contract includes verbal understandings, as it were, between the narrator and the reader...frequently the reader has to understand something by means of its opposite."<sup>16</sup> Though the narrator outlines Yaakov's living conditions ("he lived as poorly as any common peasant in a little old hut of one room, in which he and Martha, and the stove and a double bed, and the coffins...were stowed away"<sup>17</sup>), it's clear that it is Yaakov who sees his wife Martha as one of the many objects lying around his house. Rather than turning to his wife in times of despair and worry, Yaakov seeks haven with his instrument: "When those worries came trooping into his brain he would touch the strings, and the fiddle would give out a sound in the darkness, and Yaakov's heart would feel lighter."<sup>19</sup> Chekhov grants the fiddle the personified ability to mollify Yaakov's pain.

Likewise, the mobility and humanization of the pouffe in Ivan Ilych's living room exemplify how Tolstoy comments on the fatal results of a confusion of the animate and the inanimate. As Nabokov writes:

Egotism, falsity, hypocrisy, and above all automatism are the most important moments of life. This automatism puts people on the level of inanimate objects—and this is why inanimate objects also go in action and become characters in the story. Not symbols of this or that character, not attributes as in Gogol's work, but acting agents on par with the human characters.<sup>19</sup>

In this sort of existence, the result can only be tragic. Chekhov presents the moral conclusion that such a lifestyle almost invariably leads to the type of man who "wherever he turned he found losses and nothing but losses."<sup>20</sup> This life is nothing more than a living death, and the tragic irony that Yaakov makes his life by building coffins—he survives on the death of others—is particularly poignant. Naturally then, both Martha and Yaakov see their deaths

as a relief from life (which was really death). Just as Yaakov objectifies Jews as stinky and greedy, and his wife as a tool rather than a human, his job as a coffin-maker forces him to objectify even death (the ultimate tragedy) leaving him seemingly empty and robotic: "He was always very reluctant to take orders for children's coffins, and made them contemptuously without taking any measurements at all, always saying when he was paid for them: 'The fact is, I don't like to be bothered with trifles.'" <sup>21</sup>

We learn later on, though, that his bitterness comes from stifling his emotions after his greatest loss of all: the death of his forgotten child many years ago. The death of his child is the killing of his own emotional capacity, but the later death of his wife sends him on a trajectory towards spiritual rebirth. At first when he sees his wife's joy that death has finally come, "horror overwhelmed him," <sup>22</sup> but, as Jackson points out,

Martha inaugurates the theme of remembrance on the eve of her death...and her death will shake up Yaakov's memory and conscience. Returning from the cemetery after Martha's death, "a deep anguish" seizes him; "all sorts of thoughts" creep into his head. He recalls again his cruel treatment of his wife over the years...He encounters Rothschild, but rebuffs him: "Lay off!"; he is in no mood for musical engagements. More than customary irritation with the Jew underlies his harshness at this point... "He wanted to cry"...but Yaakov is not quite ready to cry, but his overwhelming desire signals the beginning of a tectonic shift in his whole moral-psychological being. <sup>23</sup>

Jackson links the themes of exile and anguish for a lost homeland in Psalm 137 ("By the Rivers of Babylon") to Yaakov's spiritual crisis in *Rothschild's Fiddle*. The design of the music—that of Rothschild's "weeping flute" and Yaakov's final "mournful notes"—is likened to the song of man's exile on earth from his Jerusalem (a metaphor for man's desire for spiritual harmony), which establishes that man is only redeemed through suffering and the recognition of suffering in others. <sup>24</sup> This theme of redemption through suffering is also recognized in *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, and in fact, the majority of the story focuses on Ivan Ilych's stasis towards death, the painful recognition that his entire life was "wrong," and the accompaniment of physical pain. Tolstoy's final metaphors of experience, which describe the event of the death itself, alternate between the sensations of the dying with the descriptions of what spectators, and we as readers see. <sup>25</sup> Tolstoy writes:

For three whole days, during which time did not exist for him, he struggled in that black sack into which he was being thrust by an invisible irresistible force. He struggled as a man condemned to death struggles in the hands of the executioner, knowing that he cannot save himself... [it] was like the sensation one sometimes experiences in a railway carriage when one thinks one is going backwards while one is really going forwards and suddenly becomes aware of the real direction. <sup>26</sup>

As Jackson notes, suffering is the key impetus for salva-

tion, and Ivan Ilych is redeemed upon bursting through the bottomless black sack. Suddenly, "there was no fear because there was no death. In place of death there was light." <sup>27</sup> emancipation from the suffering and falsity of his life. The moments of revelation for both Yaakov Ivanov and Ivan Ilych are accompanied by crying; Chekhov's and Tolstoy's characters finally release themselves from their losses and their falsity when they are returned to their natural state, their uncorrupted, visceral moaning. Their cry is involuntarily produced from the depths of their being, for once, the men don't *do* anything: revelation *happens* to them.

For Ivan Ilych, this aspect of his liberation is accompanied by a stasis to complete lack of awareness of time and self at the end of the story. Once he realizes the inflexibility of his illness, his sense of time changes, and he fully submits to death: "to him all this happened in a single instant, and the meaning of that instant did not change. For those present his agony continued for another two hours." Catharsis, for Ivan Ilych—accompanied by incessant sobbing—is a purging of deception, of theatricality, of vanity; it is a purge of the death, which has tormented him his whole life, and Ivan Ilych is born: "Death is finished...it is no more!" <sup>28</sup>

As previously suggested, Yaakov, too, is liberated through immense pain, but his cries—unlike Ivan Ilych's cacophony of noises and screams—are plaintive and harmonious. They usher in a moment of transcendence, when Yaakov recognizes Rothschild as his brother. The unity is achieved both in conscious acknowledgment of the common form of expression between the two men, and the innate expression of Yaakov's deepest sorrow:

...the tears gushed out of his eyes over his fiddle. Rothschild listened intently with his head turned away and his arms folded on his breast. The startled, irresolute look on his face gradually gave way to one of suffering and grief. He cast up his eyes as if in an ecstasy of agony and murmured: "Okh—okh!" And the tears began to trickle slowly down his cheeks, and to drop over his green coat. <sup>29</sup>

The moment of transcendence for both Ivan Ilych and Yaakov Ivanov happens at the chasm of the past and the future: Yaakov sits on the "threshold of his hut, clasping his fiddle to his breast. And as he thought of his life so full of waste and losses he began playing without knowing how piteous and touching his music was," <sup>30</sup> and Ivan Ilych straddles the divide between life and death, fear and submission, past pain and future salvation. Death is an awakening, and really, both stories end with new life, and not death, but the concluding action of *Rothschild's Fiddle* is alive, while the final moment of *The Death of Ivan Ilych* is dead.

These moments, however, are more similar than they are different: each story ends with a fulfillment of the promise of their titles. Amos Oz points out that:

The four 'deceptions' in the story's title (Rothschild is not the baron; Rothschild is not a fiddle; Rothschild is not the protagonist of the story; the fiddle is not his) are unexpectedly put to rights at the end of the story: Rothschild is indeed

made wealthy by his inheritance as he becomes the owner of the violin; he ceases to be a piper and becomes a fiddler, carrying on Bronze's melody. <sup>31</sup>

Not only do Yaakov and Rothschild find unity as brothers and musicians, they also both become acutely aware of their shared experience of mortality: they're aware of what we know as the Heideggerian notion that they are "being-towards-death." This same fatalistic yet liberating conclusion is reached at the end of *The Death of Ivan Ilych*, and as with Chekhov's story, it is accompanied by the bringing to fruition of the title's suggested plot. As Nabokov points out, "this is really the story not of Ivan's Death but the story of Ivan's life," <sup>32</sup> and so the last sentence of the story is not only an achievement of the title's prescription, but a straightening out of Nabokov's figuration, in the most literal sense of the words, death and life.

Though, as Jackson notes, the ecumenical unity of both Christians and Jews at the end of *Rothschild's Fiddle* galvanizes Yaakov's spiritual awakening, Yaakov dies before he ever gets to physically enter the spatio-temporal 'Jerusalem' <sup>33</sup> of unified being. So too, Ivan Ilych finds redemption in his last breath of life, but dies immediately thereafter. While the implication of the story is that Ivan Ilych gains entrance into some ephemeral Kingdom of Heaven, there is nothing particularly spectacular about this hardly-visible redemption. Both stories point to Yaakov Ivanov's conclusion that "life to a man was a loss—death a gain," but as Yaakov continues, this reasoning, though correct, is also "distressingly sad." Would it not make more sense for the truest salvation to end in a living, embodied revelation? Ivan Ilych and Yaakov Ivanov, like Moses before them, look out over the Promised Land but do not enter.

The reader is left asking the same question Yaakov asks: "Why should the world be so strangely arranged that a man's life, which was only given to him once, must pass without profit?" <sup>34</sup> But the man that Yaakov wonders about is a man like himself and Ivan Ilych, who suppress their humanity to live according to some societal convention, who inadvertently forgo any chance of a life filled with profit, and can therefore only look back on life as deficit and lies. Both Yaakov and Ivan Ilych do, however, find the next best redemption to a life of truth: awakening in death. Ivan Ilych realizes, "It is as if I had been going downhill when I imagined I was going up. And that's really what it was. I was going up in public opinion, but to the same extent life was ebbing away from me. And now it's all over and there's only death." <sup>35</sup> Jackson's conclusion about Yaakov's pathos and tragedy holds true for Ivan Ilych as well: "he simultaneously discovers and loses his earthly paradise." <sup>36</sup>

Though the grandson of a serf (Chekhov) and a Count (Tolstoy) are able to agree on this tragically ironic conclusion, and subsequently bring to fore new universal insight on the elusive nature of death, a still greater paradox remains. Death, which is the only absolute in our lives—and which once recognized, can open the gates to redemption and true being

in this world—is simultaneously the most fundamentally unknowable aspect of our reality.

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## BULGAKOV'S "FATAL EGGS": A DUAL CRITICISM

— Si Yon Kim —

In 1924, Mikhail Bulgakov's story "Diaboliad" was published in the fourth anthology of *Nedra*. While Bulgakov had contributed numerous feuilletons and comical sketches to several publishing houses and had written a few plays that were staged in the provincial theaters of Vladikavkaz, "Diaboliad" was his first major fictional work to be published – and for Bulgakov, a long-awaited glorious debut in Moscow's literary scene as well. The story was instantly praised as "the most interesting contribution to the almanac" by Marxist literary critic Vladimir Pereverzev,<sup>1</sup> and Evgeny Zamyatin, author of the famed dystopian novel *We* (1921), said, "[F]rom its author we can evidently expect good work in the future."<sup>2</sup> It was to these eager and expectant Moscow literati that "The Fatal Eggs" (1925) was presented: naturally, it was immediately embraced, most notably by figures such as Andrei Bely, V. V. Veresaev, and M. L. Slonimsky.<sup>3</sup> Gorky even urged his acquaintances to read Bulgakov's new work promptly: "It will make you laugh. It's a witty thing!"<sup>4</sup> Despite several negative reviews written by proletarian critics who tried to decipher anti-Bolshevist messages within this ingenious text, such criticism was mostly insignificant and poorly substantiated.<sup>5</sup> For the most part, "The Fatal Eggs" was not read as a satirical attack towards Soviet realities at all,<sup>6</sup> and although some made allegations to Bulgakov's anti-Bolshevist intent, such claims were weak, and in vain.<sup>7</sup>

That is, until the writing and publication of *The Heart of a Dog* (1925) and ultimately, *The Master and Margarita* (1966-67). These two works came to define Bulgakov's literary career as that of an anti-Bolshevik satirist. In light of these novels, patently critical of the Soviet regime, "The Fatal Eggs," similar in its fantastic, comedic, and topical elements to *The Heart of a Dog* and *The Master and Margarita*, was naturally viewed as a kind of harbinger of these two satires. Scholars, in their study of "The Fatal Eggs," never fail to mention the widely accepted notion that the novella is to be considered primarily as a social satire attacking the wrongs of the Bolshevik era.<sup>8</sup> "The Fatal Eggs," *The Heart of a Dog*, and *The Master and Margarita* are now thought of as being along the same lines – the satiric brain-triplet of Bulgakov's creative mind.

"The Fatal Eggs" is undoubtedly critical of Soviet realities: the character Feyt, a caricature of the devout communist, arouses a sneer and reveals Bulgakov's mocking attitude towards Bolshevism. Moreover, there are many parallels that can be drawn between the events of "The Fatal Eggs" and that of the Soviet Union that point to the inadequacies of Bolshevik ideas and policies.<sup>9</sup> However, whether the novella should be read primarily as a satirical attack towards Bolshevism remains in question: after all, Bulgakov did write in his diary, "Is ['The Fatal Eggs'] a satire? or a provocative gesture? ... I'm afraid I might be hauled off...for all these heroic feats,"<sup>10</sup> hinting that his main intent in composing the novella was not to criticize the Soviet regime. Maybe proletarian critics found the allegory in "The Fatal Eggs" "muddled" and "ambiguous"<sup>11</sup> because Bulgakov did not intend

the novella primarily as an allegorical satire; didn't Bulgakov write an unambiguous satire – *The Heart of a Dog* – only several months after finishing "The Fatal Eggs"? Perhaps it was not that Bulgakov's satiric ability grew exponentially in a matter of months, but that Bulgakov did not intend "The Fatal Eggs" primarily as a satire against Bolshevism, although he did criticize the Soviet regime in this novella to some extent.

The text of "The Fatal Eggs" provides us with a clue to this puzzle. It is made clear at the beginning of the story that the havoc wreaked in Russia is primarily the doing of Professor Persikov: "The beginning of the terrifying catastrophe must be set precisely on that ill-fated evening, and just as precisely, Professor Vladimir Ipatievich Persikov must be considered the *prime cause* of this catastrophe" [italics added].<sup>12</sup> The blame does not go to Feyt, the communist who doggedly insists on the utilization of Persikov's premature technology, nor to fate, by whose twisted quirks the reptile eggs get switched with chicken eggs; it is *Persikov* who is to be blamed. Then, if "The Fatal Eggs" is to be considered mainly as a satire against Bolshevism, Persikov should represent communist ideals throughout the narrative so that ultimately, communism becomes the "prime cause" of the disaster that devastates Russia. Some critics have argued that Persikov allegorically represents Lenin;<sup>13</sup> more commonly, critics have focused on the color of the ray – red – to show that Persikov, the inventor of the "revolutionary" red ray, represents Bolshevism.<sup>14</sup> Superficially, these arguments seem to hold, confirming the commonly accepted interpretation that "The Fatal Eggs" is primarily a satire attacking Bolshevism.

However, Persikov cannot be Lenin, for he very explicitly remains an outright opponent of Marxism throughout the novella. The Professor's contemptuous attitude toward the proletariat and the revolutionaries is evident in the manner with which he interacts with a student who fails his class: "What? How is it you don't know how amphibians differ from reptiles ... It's simply ridiculous, young man," Persikov remarks in dissatisfaction; but quite unexpectedly, he moves on to ask the ashamed student, "You are a Marxist, probably?"<sup>15</sup> implying that he believes in the incompetence of Marxists in general. More striking is Persikov's first impression on Feyt, a caricature of the dogged Bolshevik with his old-fashioned outfit befitting the revolutionary era of 1919: "an extremely unpleasant impression."<sup>17</sup> These characterizations of Persikov show that he is more representative of the antithesis of Bolshevism than of communist ideals.

Furthermore, the nature of the ray defies its topical redness. The red ray's effect on living organisms is not even remotely close to what the Reds aspired to achieve through their Bolshevik Revolution:

The red strip teemed with life. The gray amoebas, stretching out their pseudopods, *strove with all their might* toward the red strip ... In a few seconds these organisms attained full growth and maturity, only to immediately produce new generations in their turn.

Kim

The red strip and the entire disk quickly became *overcrowded*, and the *inevitable struggle* began. The newborn ones attacked each other furiously, tearing each other to shreds and swallowing them up ... *The best and strongest were victorious*. And these best ones were terrifying. First, they were approximately twice the size of ordinary amoebas, and second, they were distinguished by some sort of special viciousness and motility. Their movements were speedy, their pseudopods much longer than normal, and they used them, without exaggeration, *as an octopus uses its tentacles* [italics added].<sup>18</sup>

Here, the ray first accelerates the growth rate of the irradiated amoebas, which subsequently leads to overpopulation. The amoebas are bigger but the ray illuminates the same amount of space, and thus the "inevitable struggle" to remain irradiated begins. In this battle to secure limited resources for oneself, only "the best and strongest" survive. Ultimately, the survivors – the fittest – have transformed into totally different organisms from what they used to be; they have evolved, in a sense, from simple amoebas to a new generation of octopus-like super amoebas so that they may triumph in this struggle in which only the fittest survive.

The red ray does not Bolshevitize: it does not foster equality among comrade amoebas but triggers inequality – the ascendance of one group of amoebas over another. With its ability to instill life in the irradiated organism, the red ray justifies the amoebas' drive to sabotage other amoebas, to evolve into fitter beings, and to reign on top of unfit amoebas. Clearly, the red ray is not "red" in the Bolshevik sense; rather, it represents a struggle in the Darwinian sense—a struggle in which the fittest reign above the unfit as a most natural consequence, without any moral implications.

Such a Darwinian struggle comprises the main plot of the novel *The Food of the Gods and How It Came to Earth* (1904) by H. G. Wells, the marked prototype of "The Fatal Eggs" – only, since the story is set within human civilization rather than in a laboratory, the novel now touches on Social Darwinism. In this novel, humans consume a substance called Herakleophobia – a direct counterpart of the red ray – and become giants. The normal people – "pigmies," as they are called – are frightened by the formidable appearance of the giants and try to subjugate them. Naturally, a struggle between the giants and the pigmies arises – a war in which only those who prove themselves to be fitter can survive, for "[they] cannot have pigmies and giants in one world together."<sup>18</sup> Though the story's conclusion is open-ended, it is strongly suggested that the giants ultimately rise as victors; a self-proclaimed Darwinian,<sup>19</sup> Wells has conceived a *Social Darwinist* narrative in which the most natural train of events involves the evolved, and thus fitter, giants dominating the pigmies, the less fit.

A peculiar aspect of this novel is that it is easy to morally accept the giants' victory over the normal people because giants are endowed with a certain greatness in the course of their "evolution" triggered by their consumption of Herakleophobia. As Russell points out in his summary of *The Food of the Gods*, "the giants are large-minded, generous, far-seeing and progressive"

while the pigmies are "small-minded, mean, short-sighted and reactionary."<sup>20</sup> In other words, as a result of their Herakleophobic evolution, giants are morally better than the pigmies, and therefore their ascendance is ethically justifiable, even without the Social Darwinist justification that they are simply fitter. So arises a question: do the giants win because they are more moral or simply because they are fitter? One can only wonder what may happen to vicious and vile giants in a strictly Social Darwinist, Wellsian world: it seems more probable that they should still triumph for the simple reason that they are fitter.

Bulgakov attempts to confront this Social Darwinist notion through his novella "The Fatal Eggs." In response to Wells' depiction of a world in which fitter beings can supplant unfit beings without moral consequences, Bulgakov creates a world in which fitter animals, having become monstrous and terrible in the course of evolution, try to reign over humans now rendered unfit. By depicting the scenes of the giant snake's murder of Feyt's wife, Shchukin, and Polaitis with such clinical realism,<sup>21</sup> Bulgakov shows that while it may be only logical for a fitter creature to dominate and even exterminate the less fit, it is nevertheless not a pleasant or agreeable sight to bear. Through his novella, Bulgakov seems to attack not only Bolshevism but also the Social Darwinist idea that inequality is fair and even just.

Such an interpretation is supported by the fate of Persikov, the creator of the red ray. Throughout the novella, Persikov consistently assumes a superior attitude in interacting with people around him. When the GPU journalist Bronsky visits his office, Persikov addresses Bronsky in a very disrespectful manner as if he is of a higher order of evolution, snapping, "What do you want?" when Bronsky so respectfully "bow[s] to the professor twice, once to the left and once to the right."<sup>22</sup> Furthermore, when a suspicious figure leaves his galoshes at Persikov's house, Persikov impudently demands that Kolesov, the chairman of the house committee, write a receipt for the galoshes, saying, "Let some literate son of a bitch sign for him [Kolesov]!"<sup>23</sup> This is in stark contrast to the polite manner of the people from the State Political Administration, who visit Persikov to make an investigation on the suspicious figure with the galoshes:<sup>24</sup> one of them says, "The State Political Administration invites the secretary of the house committee Kolesov to report at Professor Persikov's apartment with the galoshes." Persikov's disdainful and impertinent attitude in treating people – "ordinary mortals"<sup>25</sup> unlike himself, "an absolutely first-rate scientist"<sup>26</sup> and "no talentless mediocrity"<sup>27</sup> – as if they are his subordinates, not to mention his general disregard towards Bolsheviks and the proletariat, is somewhat ominous if we are to think that Bulgakov opposes the amorality with which Social Darwinism treats the ascendancy of one group of people over another.

Professor Persikov's disregard for others extends to animals. He treats animals cruelly, as can be seen in the very beginning of the novella, in which he examines a frog, crucified and left to die in pain.<sup>28</sup> Here, he is described as "the higher creature observ[ing] the lower one,"<sup>29</sup> reinforcing the notion of superiority Persikov seems to sustain throughout the novella. This indifference towards the tortured frog, again, is in stark contrast to the humane attitudes of Drozdova and Matryona, who react

to the deaths of their chicks with such misery that they might as well be crying for a dead son or daughter.<sup>30</sup> In general, Persikov's attitude of predominance is more than obvious, and if Bulgakov really is rejecting the Social Darwinist notion of "fair inequality" in "The Fatal Eggs," this attitude of superiority that Persikov maintains calls for a tragic ending for this genius of a professor.

And of course, Persikov pays his price for being the immoral fitter. He is brutally murdered, probably by men he would have shamelessly belittled had he lived.<sup>31</sup> In a world where his own discovery, the red ray, creates a new generation of fitter creatures intent on taking over the less fit humans, Persikov, who once enjoyed the privileges of being the genius – the fit – is inhumanely discarded to make room for the fitter. The breeder of inequality thus meets his tragic finale, receiving his punishment for matter-of-factly accepting inequality as a scientifically justified phenomenon in the fictional world Bulgakov creates to confront the ideas of Social Darwinism.

This kind of narrative, sympathetic to the less fit, held more relevance in the context of the New Economic Policy. The number of private businessmen, which had diminished after the Bolshevik Revolution, resurged during the NEP years and reached its peak;<sup>32</sup> people worriedly voiced their opinions that these private traders – the bourgeoisie – might once again take away social, political, and economic power and oppress the proletariat.<sup>33</sup> In these circumstances, Bulgakov may have been inspired to challenge the Social Darwinist notion of fair inequality which is so deeply embedded in the basic philosophy of capitalism. In the future Soviet Russia of "The Fatal Eggs," the NEP is in full bloom: people have thrown off their revolutionary garb,<sup>34</sup> trade with foreign countries has become so common among citizens of Russia that Persikov even purchases his reptile eggs from America,<sup>35</sup> and foreign companies actively participate in business within Russian territory, most markedly a united Russo-American Company, which "buil[ds] fifteen fifteen-story houses in the center of Moscow."<sup>36</sup> Within these circumstances, Persikov's red ray sparks an evolution and inequality develops to an extreme; humans are on the verge of extinction through the process of natural selection. Fortunately, the "fitter" giant animals fail to dominate the "less fit" humans due to "an unprecedented frost," one "unlike anything any of [Russia's] oldest inhabitants had ever seen";<sup>37</sup> in a sense, these monsters had been less fit in their ability to endure the cold. A miracle ultimately saves the day in the fictional Russia; whether that would be so in the real Russia, a Russia with its New Economic Policy, is another matter.

Of course, this is not to say that Bulgakov is expressing his sympathy towards Marxism by denouncing the wrongs of capitalism and ultimately that of Social Darwinism. Opposition to each faction may seem mutually exclusive at first glance, but Bulgakov was actually in a position in which he could reasonably protest to both, for he was neither a bourgeois nor a proletarian. Bulgakov writes in his diary: "...blows rained down upon me, and from both sides at that. The bourgeois persecuted me after one look at my suit, which gave me the appearance of a proletarian. The proletariat tried to evict me from my apartment on the grounds that even if I wasn't a bourgeois of the first order, I was

in any case his substitute."<sup>38</sup> Evidently, Bulgakov was welcomed by neither faction and desired to associate with neither. Therefore, he was in a unique position that enabled him to penetrate the wrongs of both opposing sides of the "class struggle" with the impartial – or grudging – eyes of an outsider, and blend his criticism of both worlds so skillfully in his witty yet poignant work of literature, a novella containing various layers of social satire directed towards various sects of society—"The Fatal Eggs."

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- <sup>4</sup> Ellendea Proffer, *Bulgakov: Life and Work* (Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1984), 117.
- <sup>5</sup> Milne, 48.
- <sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 45.
- <sup>7</sup> Proffer, 116.
- <sup>8</sup> Though there is not much scholarship on "The Fatal Eggs" compared to that on Bulgakov's many other works, scholars tend to associate the novella almost exclusively with anti-Bolshevism. Haber writes in his biography of Bulgakov, "critics have commonly interpreted Professor Persikov's 'revolutionary' experiments with the red ray as an Aesopian allusion to the radical social experiments of the Red Bolsheviks" (Haber 190).
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- <sup>10</sup> Vitaly Shentalinsky, *Arrested Voices: Resurrecting the Disappeared Writers of the Soviet Regime* (New York: The Free Press, 1993), 75.
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- <sup>12</sup> Mikhail Bulgakov, "The Fatal Eggs," in Ellendea Proffer and Carl R. Proffer, ed., *Diaboliad and Other Stories*, trans. Carl R. Proffer (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1972), 48-134.
- <sup>13</sup> Haber, 271.
- <sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, 190.
- <sup>15</sup> Bulgakov, 51.
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- <sup>34</sup> Bulgakov, 92.
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- <sup>38</sup> Proffer, 52.

THE BIG RED DREAM

Kyle Pickett

Author's Note

*At its peak, Communism controlled the destinies of nearly half of the world. Its stated aspirations of freedom, liberation and community were as universal in their appeal as their failure to manifest in practice. Like a siren, this blue rose ideology scorned the affection of its followers, providing nothing but misery to its misguided suitors. The poem is an attempt to capture this dichotomous split between the realities of life under Communist rule and the passionate hopes that originally carried it to power.*

Flame growing and thriving, harsh winter surviving  
the Big Red Dream to my sympathy called  
Her voice was melodic, her movement erotic  
Emollient battlefield, heartbeat enthralled

Pellucid, reflected, no thought left neglected  
Transparent pursuit of a deified form  
Fervor sincere lent a passionate ear  
of sapid intentions a movement was born

February came first, revolution outburst  
her banner from ramparts raised up a new God  
A Hoorah, Hoorah! echoed out of the maw  
as the old and the damnéd were buried in sod

Her pantheon shone o'er my earthen throne  
and seemed upon my cause quite fully inclined.  
Transfigured, transfixed, with me she mixed  
The springtime elations her visage defined

Yet fleeting and airy, presence temporary  
perpetual scarcity the Red Dream entailed  
A short blissful light in a truculent night  
no call for return ever availed.

Vanished anon, indignant eon  
Ascetic denials left fell gaping scars  
Sallowing lands stain the work of my hands  
Pursuit of a wisp efficiency bars

Imprisoned and torn, I wait on the morn  
when that Big Red dream will return from the cloud  
or painfully cured and slowly inured  
to the call of the siren before whom I bowed

Photo Right: Moscow's Ostankino TV Tower, *Cody Boutillier*

TRADITION

Maria Lipmanovich

Moscow, September 1, 1998, first day of school

The pale gladioli shake in sweaty palms,  
Faintly releasing a smell of contained happiness.  
Haughty eyebrows grace pouting freckled faces.  
A stiff, black-tied man towers from the stage;  
He drawls a speech, reciting future opportunities  
And expectations – such distant lonely ambiguities.  
Forty little booted feet stand still and guarded;  
A big red bow perched on a girl's head  
Trembles slightly. The crowd hums in annoyance,  
Ready to part, while menacing silence is ever present  
In the artillery rows. Slowly, the feet stir  
Bringing their bearers to a spacious room,  
A field of wild wheat undulating in the wind,  
Its sunlit hairs caressing the treasured seeds.





## RUTHENIAN CONFESSION AND IDENTITY IN THE 18TH AND 19TH CENTURIES

— Kalliopi Kefalas —

When Empress Catherine the Great of Russia took the throne in 1762, her policy of religious tolerance in the empire suggested that regional confessional stability— peaceful relations among religious groups— prevailed. This policy, however, was deceptive. In the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth and Ukraine, conflict was rife between the two Eastern Rite churches that dominated the professions of faith of the majority of the population: Uniate, also known as Greek Catholic, and Orthodox. In this essay, I will scrutinize and compare two works on this conflict from the eighteenth to the nineteenth centuries.

While Barbara Skinner's *The Western Front of the Eastern Church* focuses on the 1800s in these regions, John-Paul Himka's work *Religion and Nationality in Western Ukraine* examines the conflict during the last three decades of the 19th century. As this paper strives to compare two time periods and describe a process that happened over this period, the comprehensiveness of these works led me to ultimately choose them for analysis, although a more thorough look at the first three quarters of the 19th century would greatly benefit this study and prevent it from making any generalizations. I will first examine the differences in the authors' views on the creation of the Uniate-Orthodox divide, then analyze the reasons for later tensions, and finally investigate the changing nature of the conflict, namely, how the question of identity came to shape it. I will do this while addressing the question of whether one author's proposed pattern of Uniate to Orthodox dominance in the Russian lands holds for the principality of Galicia, which was under Austrian rule from 1772-1918, in present-day Western Ukraine.

The authors have dissimilar perspectives on the reasons for the Uniate Church's creation. Skinner attributes the Greek Catholic Church's existence to pre-Enlightenment trends of tensions between Christian confessions entering Eastern Europe from the West.<sup>1</sup> Specifically, she identifies the Protestant Reformation in the early 16th century as a major driving force for reform in the Ruthenian Orthodox community, observing that during a relatively short time period after the Reformation, in the late 16th century, Uniate jurisdiction began to grow up until the end of the 18th century.<sup>2</sup>

The goals of a number of Orthodox people in favor of reform also stemmed from the political limitations of Orthodoxy and lack of effective leadership from Constantinople due to the fall of the city in 1453 to the Ottomans.<sup>3</sup> Although the Union of Lublin in 1569 guaranteed equal rights for Ruthenians, a group of people identifying with the history, culture, and language of Rus' (an area that now comprises northern Ukraine and parts of eastern Russia)\*, many Ruthenian Orthodox nobles felt themselves to be second-class citizens as representation among appointed government positions became constrained.<sup>4</sup> "The Orthodox hierarchy had no representation within the Senate, to which every Roman Catholic bishop was granted a seat. In this regard, political and religious grievances were one and the same, and Ruthenians built up resentments about the perceived discrimination."<sup>5</sup> The Khmelnytsky Uprising of 1648 was one event that points to Ruthenian frustration regarding this inequality. The rebellion began as a private feud and evolved into a kind of Ukrainian struggle for freedom from the Poles, who exploited Cossack service.\*\* Its leader, Bohdan Khmelnytsky, demanded of the Polish king the equal status of Orthodoxy alongside Catholicism.<sup>6</sup>

A third reason Skinner offers for the Uniate church's creation is doctrinal: those who supported union with Rome saw acceptance of Roman doctrine as a condition to bolster their Church's status with-

in the Commonwealth and make it more equal to the Latin church.<sup>7</sup> "In the end, conversion to the Uniate faith served as a means of preserving the Greek rite without restriction among an increasingly ardent Catholic population."<sup>8</sup> Considering the reasons that the Uniates had to reform the Orthodox Church, it was those in favor of keeping the traditional Ruthenian church unchanged who made the most rapid progress.

By 1640, the Orthodox community had an articulated confessional identity, that is, it knew which religious tenets it subscribed to, while a firm Uniate identity was still tenuous as late as the early 18th century.<sup>9</sup> With the increasing number of Uniate dioceses in the Commonwealth converting to Orthodoxy, "the need for standardization and regulation of the Uniate ritual and church administration became urgent."<sup>10</sup> In 1720, the Synod of Zamosc was held to reform and define the standard practices of the church. Decrees were drawn up and laid out the practices of the Uniate faith, but did not elaborate on the theological basis of the Catholic doctrine.<sup>11</sup> Rather, they "created standard guidelines for expressing doctrinal union with the Roman church in the Uniate liturgy and sacraments, while promoting the Greek rite as a critical aspect of Uniate identity."<sup>12</sup>

The reasons given in Himka's research for the creation of a Uniate church do not include the spirit of the Reformation: "... at one time or another since the end of the sixteenth century, from Krizevci in Croatia... to Vilnius and Polatsk, Uniatism has flourished."<sup>13</sup> Instead, Himka observes the Uniate church's rise as a general trend of conversion to this brand of Christianity. Thus, Skinner points out a distinctly West to East movement, while Himka is inclined toward a more South to North motion. Additionally, Himka does not give a clear revolutionary motive for the origins of the Greek Catholic church, at least in Galicia. He describes it as having descended from the "Christian church established in Kyivan Rus' by Grand Prince Vladimir (Volodymyr) the Great in 988 and fostered by his son Iaroslav the Wise."<sup>14</sup> The claim that during this year Isidore, the metropolitan of Kyiv, accepted the Florentine union with the Roman church is significant. Himka therefore dates the concept of unity with the Latin Church, which helped form the Ruthenian Uniate church, to before the Reformation. He does note, however, that in Galicia the church union was not implemented until after the Khmelnytsky Uprising.<sup>15</sup>

Once the Uniate church was established in the Commonwealth and the lands on the border of Poland and Russia, tensions between Uniates and Orthodox did not cease. The opposing claims to legitimacy would soon prove that the boundary between Western and

\* 'Ruthenian' is also an ethnically loaded term. In the 19th century the Ruthenians began a national movement, which reached its apex in the 1830s and 1840s with the activities of a group of three seminarians known as the "Ruthenian Triad" who were heavily impacted by Ukrainian cultural revival literature and whose language in their works was influenced by a Ukrainian dialect. However, during the 1850s, another "Russophile" Ruthenian movement began, which held that Ruthenians were tied culturally to Russia. This was mostly political, though. The Ruthenians who held this view agreed that they were more closely related to the Ukrainians of Dnieper Ukraine, but they believed that this culture should not have political or high-cultural significance and that the Ruthenians should look to Russia for support against Poland, their invader.

\*\* The term 'Cossack' could refer to anything from a runaway to a petty noble. Polish kings used them as frontiersmen on the Polish-Ottoman border to counter and defend against Tatar raids (Skinner, 28; Lukowski and Zawadzki, 54).

— Kefalas —

Eastern Christianity and the dominant religious and cultural identity of the Ruthenians were at stake in the struggle between the two sides.<sup>16</sup> As noted by Skinner, religious differences, both in practice and worldview, eventually led to tensions in the national-political sphere: "First, the most basic lesson for Ruthenian parishioners explained their place within the larger Christian community. Both Uniate and Orthodox catechisms taught their communicants that they were members of the true apostolic Christian church, but with contrasting definitions of the unifying foundation of Christianity."<sup>17</sup>

The Orthodox Ruthenians emphasized their correctness of faith with the name they used for themselves, Pravoslavie, meaning 'true faith', implying that the Greek Catholics had caused the Christian schism by falling into doctrinal error and deviating from the "true faith."<sup>18</sup> The Uniates, on the other hand, "taught the Roman Catholic assertion that the papal church represented the true apostolic tradition and that therefore the Eastern Orthodox church was in schism for not recognizing the primacy of the pope."<sup>19</sup> The Uniates, or Uniaty, also expressed their self-concept in the name of their religion, as those who were in union, legitimizing themselves based on their association with the Catholic Church. The idea of union was important because if the Orthodox were not in union, they were in schism and hence not partaking in the true faith. The Uniates believed that union was the destiny of the Eastern Church and the doctrinally correct path for Ruthenian Christians.<sup>20</sup> Children were taught by members of the Basilian order that a Catholic was one whose mother was the Church and whose father was the pope, the father of all Christianity.<sup>21</sup>

Orthodox and Uniate instructional handbooks also reflected contrasting social values.<sup>22</sup> One striking feature of Uniate instructional literature was the emphasis on law and social and legal constructs.<sup>23</sup> In Uniate moral theology, Western law was a natural development from the principles of the Ten Commandments, and the moral theological literature tended to include discussions of contracts and promote the centrality of law within descriptions of other aspects of the faith.<sup>24</sup> In contrast, no Orthodox seminaries existed in the Commonwealth, and Ruthenian priests only had access to catechisms and instructional materials from Russia.<sup>25</sup> Orthodox manuals focused on universal concepts and mysticism, avoiding the constraints of the circumstances to which the Uniates applied the precepts in their moral theology manuals.<sup>26</sup> The most prominent example of this difference is in the explanation of the commandment to "honor thy father and thy mother." The Orthodox catechism interpreted this as placing the highest importance on obeying the state sovereign and officials after God. "In the first place, Kings and Magistrates, who rule over us in the Lord, are to us in the Place of Fathers, whose Duty it is to defend their Subjects and seek what is best for them, both in Temporals and Spirituals...and this is, next God, the highest Fatherly Dignity."<sup>27</sup> The Uniate moral theology, on the contrary, promoted respect for one's natural parents first, then to bishops and guardians, and lastly to people in "senior positions" such as kings and magistrates.<sup>28</sup> In short, it follows that Orthodox handbooks "... never completely separated the political from the spiritual needs and goals of society."<sup>29</sup>

Before turning to a discussion on how the aforementioned religious dissimilarities transformed into ones of national and political character, an assessment of confessional tension in the 19th century is in order. By the end of the 18th century, friction between and within the two confessions moved beyond the purely doctrinal sphere as both churches crystallized their beliefs and fully grew into their new separate identities. In 1794, Orthodox priests with armed police escorts fanned out across the Ukrainian lands annexed by Russia in the Second Partition of Poland, targeting parishes under

the jurisdiction of the Uniate church and preaching conversion to Orthodoxy. By 1796, Russian authorities triumphantly proclaimed the return of more than 1.5 million Uniates to the Russian Orthodox fold.<sup>30</sup> More episodes of discord occurred in the 19th century. In 1867, Iosafat Kuntsevych, a Uniate bishop who was hacked to death by a mob of Orthodox citizens in Vitsebsk in 1623, was canonized.<sup>31</sup> Rather than being enthusiastic about this honor, the Galician Ruthenian public greeted it with hostility, and the Galician Ruthenian press almost boycotted the canonization ceremony.<sup>32</sup> Similarly, during the early 1860s, Iosyf Sembratovych, a Greek Catholic, faced opposition from the Ruthenians when he was appointed metropolitan of Halych.<sup>34</sup>

The growing pro-Orthodox sentiment of the era had its roots in the burgeoning national reawakening movements that were overtaking Europe at that time. From about 1815 to 1830 a Ruthenian national awakening began in which the history of Galician Rus', that of Galician peasants, was rediscovered. During this time the Ruthenian Triad, a group of three seminarians from Lviv, the Galician capital, started a revolution that propelled the development of Ruthenian culture.<sup>34</sup> The revolution was eventually suppressed, but the Ruthenian intelligentsia underwent a profound ideological change as a result of the movement, indicated in the emerging prominence of Russophilism.<sup>35</sup> In the early seventeenth century, Orthodox leaders of the Polish-Lithuanian state approached Eastern patriarchs to try to gain Russian assistance. This is a critical historical point in Skinner's explanation of the beginnings of the involvement of the Russian Orthodox Church and the Russian state in the Uniate-Orthodox struggle. The goals of the Orthodox leaders in the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth were strictly financial and ecclesiastical, directed toward maintaining a functioning Orthodox Church within the Commonwealth.<sup>36</sup> But their Church was strengthened when the Polish ruler legitimized an Orthodox hierarchy in 1632 and with the metropolitan's reforms. Both Uniate and Orthodox identities remained rooted in Commonwealth society and the conflict between them was confined to the Polish-Lithuanian state.<sup>37</sup>

The Khmelnytsky Uprising changed the domestic nature of the discord between the Uniates and the Orthodox by involving the Russians on the Orthodox, Khmelnytsky's, side. As Skinner observes, "the religious cause to defend Orthodoxy beyond the boundaries of Russia was also not one that came naturally to the Russian church and state of the mid-seventeenth century...the Russian church was slow to develop an understanding of and interest in the religious situation in the Commonwealth after the Union of Brest."<sup>38</sup> Thus, the Russian-Cossack alliance during the uprising and subsequent incorporation of the Cossack Hetmanate (state) into Muscovy had significant political consequences for the Uniate-Orthodox conflict. The Cossacks took an oath of allegiance to the Orthodox tsar, which infused the Orthodox cause with political overtones and reinforced ties between the Ruthenian Orthodox community and Russia. Additionally, the shifting border between the Commonwealth and Russia in 1667 led to the rough alignment of the Uniate-Orthodox confessional border in the Ruthenian lands with the Polish-Russian border. The stronger half of the Ruthenian Orthodox Church was given to Russia, while the weaker half stayed behind in the Commonwealth, which was becoming increasingly intolerant of non-Catholic faiths.<sup>39</sup> During the mid-seventeenth century, Poland began to associate dissident societies with non-Catholic enemies of the state.<sup>40</sup> "Increased emphasis on pro-Polish political allegiances over the eighteenth century accompanied increased hostilities on the part of both Roman Catholics and Uniates against the dwindling Orthodox community in the Commonwealth. The alignment of Catholicism with Polish political identity meant that the loyalty of

Ruthenians who remained Orthodox would always be suspect.<sup>41</sup> Ironically, the Orthodox were deemed a disrupting force of church unity and disloyal citizens of the Polish-Lithuanian state.<sup>42</sup>

The government of the Commonwealth was justified in fearing a prospective coalition between the Orthodox in its lands with the Russians. However, Ruthenian Orthodox pleas to the Russians only capture half of the full explanation. Especially in Russia, the state regarded the church as a tool to extend the ruler's reach to the general population since local institutions were not well developed.<sup>43</sup> This led to a link between Russian political identity and loyalty to the Orthodox Church:<sup>44</sup> "Using the church to promote loyalty to the state began with the members of the hierarchy and the clergy themselves... general promotion of loyalty to the Russian ruler became a more explicit part of the priests' duties."<sup>45</sup> Ruthenian Orthodox priests within the Commonwealth received catechisms and other religious literature from Russia even as early as the 18th century, according to Skinner. With the explicit promotion of adherence to the state and the tsar found in these books, these political allegiances had an impact on the Ruthenian Orthodox community, even inside the Commonwealth.<sup>46</sup> This form of campaigning to the common people was also undertaken in a more direct fashion by Catherine the Great, who promoted her role as defender of the Orthodox faith in order to win her subjects' loyalty.<sup>47</sup> "The centerpiece of her early policy in Poland-Lithuania was to restore religious and political rights to the Orthodox and other dissident religious communities in the Commonwealth."<sup>48</sup> Thus, both the Ruthenian Orthodox in the Commonwealth and the Russian state's propaganda were responsible for Russian involvement in the affairs of the Orthodox community in the Commonwealth, and, more importantly, the tying of religious to political and national identity.

Regarding the 18th century and the linkage between political and religious identity, anti-Polish and Russophile attitudes leaked from the religious into the national and political arena. Barbara Skinner notes that during the 18th and 19th centuries there was a shift in majority power from the Uniates to the Orthodox in the territories of the Commonwealth incorporated into the Russian Empire, but this shift did not hold true in Western Ukraine. This can be demonstrated by three additional examples. First, Ioann Naumovych's ideas encapsulate the general feeling of the 1800s in Galicia. Naumovych, like the Russophiles, "had constructed a dualist politico-religious universe in which the papacy, the Poles, Roman Catholicism in general and the Jesuits in particular constituted the forces of evil bent on the destruction of the good: the pure Greek rite, otherwise known as Orthodoxy."<sup>49</sup> Through implication, Naumovych urged his countrymen to break with Austria and instead seek the protection of Russia.<sup>50</sup> There was no clear declaration of communion with Russian Orthodoxy, and the reasons for this are telling. Of course, there is the obvious reason that open advocacy of bifurcation with Austria would result in severe censorship and arrest.<sup>51</sup> Another possible explanation is the Polish presence in the nation, a Polish religious order, the Resurrectionists, petitioned for permission to establish a base for activities in Galicia, with the professed goals to "work among the Ruthenians, combat schismatic proclivities among them, and develop a spirit of cooperation and harmony between the rites."<sup>52</sup> Ruthenian bishops argued that this would be superfluous since the Concordia of 1863 already regulated relations between rites.<sup>53</sup> The Resurrectionists were allowed by Emperor Franz Josef to come into Galicia, despite objections from Ruthenian clergy in the area. The Ruthenians protested, naming a primary reason for wanting the Resurrectionists out as that of a lack of equal rights. The Ruthenians within the Commonwealth asked the Poles for equal political rights, but were not granted them.

An additional rationale for Naumovych's vagueness is the existence of the National Populists, who challenged the Russophiles both religiously and nationally. This group was divided into two smaller factions. The first argued that the Ruthenians benefitted greatly from union with the Catholic Church because of the contact it provided with "Western culture and enlightenment."<sup>54</sup> However, this view was too Polonophile for the majority of the national populists.<sup>55</sup> The response to this argument was that Polish Catholicism was a mere instrument of Polonization. The second group that believed this "wanted a church/nation that ruled itself, free from Polish and Russian political influence."<sup>56</sup>

In conclusion, the mood in the 19th century was mostly pro-Orthodox and Russophile, with few exceptions. In Galicia, the majority was not Orthodox, but still generally supported a transition of the Greek Catholic rite back to that of the traditional Orthodox.

Works Cited

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<sup>2</sup> Skinner, *The Western Front*, 18.  
<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 20-21.  
<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, 21.  
<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 33.  
<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 27.  
<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, 36.  
<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, 37.  
<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, 38.  
<sup>13</sup> John-Paul Himka, *Religion and Nationality in Western Ukraine: The Greek Catholic Church and the Ruthenian National Movement in Galicia, 1867-1900* (Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1999), 5.  
<sup>14</sup> Himka, *Religion and Nationality*, 6.  
<sup>15</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>16</sup> Skinner, *The Western Front*, 4.  
<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, 79.  
<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>20</sup> *Ibid.*, 80.  
<sup>21</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>23</sup> *Ibid.*, 81.  
<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, 83.  
<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, 84.  
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<sup>28</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, 86.  
<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, 3.  
<sup>31</sup> Himka, *Religion and Nationality*, 28.  
<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, 29.  
<sup>33</sup> *Ibid.*, 46.  
<sup>34</sup> *Ibid.*, 9-10.  
<sup>35</sup> *Ibid.*, 10.  
<sup>36</sup> Skinner, *The Western Front*, 89.  
<sup>37</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, 90.  
<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, 91.  
<sup>40</sup> *Ibid.*, 99.  
<sup>41</sup> *Ibid.*, 101.  
<sup>42</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>43</sup> *Ibid.*, 103.  
<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*, 102.  
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<sup>46</sup> *Ibid.*, 105.  
<sup>47</sup> *Ibid.*, 113-114.  
<sup>48</sup> *Ibid.*, 115.  
<sup>49</sup> Himka, *Religion and Nationality*, 27.  
<sup>50</sup> *Ibid.*, 26.  
<sup>51</sup> *Ibid.*, 27.  
<sup>52</sup> *Ibid.*, 67.  
<sup>53</sup> *Ibid.*, 68.  
<sup>54</sup> *Ibid.*, 52.  
<sup>55</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>56</sup> *Ibid.*, 53.

ON A TRAIN SOMEWHERE IN POLAND

Saskia Brechenmacher

I am not sure where we are now. The train is gliding eastward along the barren fields which stretch to the horizon as far as my eyes can reach. With the window pushed halfway down, I lean out and feel the cold evening air rushing past. It carries the fragrance of cut grass and harvested fields. Apart from a few solitary houses scattered here and there like blotches of black paint on an empty green canvas, wide meadows and rolling hills have long replaced the suburban greyness.

The train left Warsaw station about three hours ago. According to our estimates we should reach the Belarusian border before midnight. With our luggage safely stored away in the small wooden compartment, I venture out into the corridor to explore. The white lace curtains, the dark wood panelling, the plastic flowers adorning the table and the drunken singing from next door – everything radiates a dreamy, nostalgic charm. The train is crowded with Belarusian and Russian workers returning to their families and homelands on a weekend in August. Men in sleeveless shirts, bald men, tall men, muscled men, sleeping women, dishevelled women, little children, crying children, arguing couples, laughing couples – the train is alive with movement and agitation. I see people wandering along the corridor, getting dressed and undressed, sleepy faces turned towards half-opened compartment doors.

The smell of sweat and beer lingers in the air.

Berlin–Moscow, weekend migration, migration routine.

A young man stands next to me by the window, looking out as the sun casts its last glow over the fields rushing by. His eyes are firmly fixed on some undetermined point ahead, as if he were trying to hold on to the landscape, to hold on against the steady advance of the train. Where is his story? Is it in Berlin, in a small apartment in Kreuzberg, among Turkish Kebabs and Lebanese newspapers? Is it in the anonymity of Moscow's suburbs, or in a sleepy village on the Volga? I suddenly think that going by train might be the only true way of travelling. Its pace gives me space and time to reflect on my journey. In the age of Paris–Barcelona for 15 euros, of high speed Internet and Google Earth, the experience of a slow and gradual transition seems extraordinarily valuable. Berlin is not three hours from Moscow. There is too much history, too many untold stories that lie in between.

This train comes and goes every day. It is a constant movement between worlds, along the trajectory of countless past and future migrations. Images of train deportations come to my mind, images of humans crammed into wagons like animals, perhaps along these very railway tracks. Throughout the last century, these

trains have deported entire populations away from their lands into an uncertain future or into certain death; they have carried soldiers to the front lines and brought the injured back home to their awaiting families. They have transported migrants fleeing hunger and persecution, leaving to seek a better life somewhere else. And here I am, travelling along the very same path, unsure whether my story lies in what I leave behind or in what I set out to explore.

Abrupt halt.

It is almost midnight when we stop at the border in Brest. In the darkness, one can only vaguely guess the iron structures of warehouses and barracks lining the tracks. Customs officers are talking and gesticulating outside, their sounds muffled by the noises of the awakening passengers around me. The artificial light of the lanterns illuminating the ghostly rails gives the scene a strangely surreal touch. I was told that for military protection, the railways in Russia and Belarus still have a different size than in the rest of Europe, and that the train's wheels will have to be changed at the Belarusian border. With the Polish integration into the Schengen Area, these borders have become the European Union's new frontiers in the East. Inspectors pass through the train, searchingly tapping the walls to find loose planks and hidden cavities, their dogs sniffing in the dustiest corners. From outside there are loud noises and commotion as wagons are lifted one by one to adjust the wheels. The corridors are suddenly empty as people retire into their compartments, awaiting the control, anxiously.

Borders, more than any political institutions, expose us to the raw power of state, the power of a nation. The power to refuse access to another part of the world suddenly becomes palpable in a dark blue uniform and a deep Russian voice. For a moment, we become names on passports; we become visa applications and embassy stamps, a date and a signature, a check on a list and an almost invisible nod.

The officers depart as suddenly as they came. Passports are stored away, passengers return to sleep and a nightly silence falls over the train. The scene which had come to life for a fleeting instance like the frozen picture of a gloomy film-noir has reverted to stillness. The man on the corridor is standing by the window again, contemplating the deserted platform. As the train sets back into motion with a sudden jerk, he looks over to me, and for a moment I imagine the shadow of smile flowing over his face.

A shimmer of relief, a momentary sense of victory.

Let us set out to new horizons, it seems to say. The train is rolling on into the night.

## “AND THEN THERE IS USING EVERYTHING”: THE RYABUSHINKSY MANSION AND ITS TIMES

— Gabriella Ferrari —

Between the final years of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth century, the new Muscovite language of the industrial and capitalist Russian culture was most significantly expressed and developed through the architectural accomplishments of Feodor Shekhtel. In particular, his project for the home of the industrialist Stepan Ryabushinsky at the very beginning of the twentieth century became exemplar of the formulation of a new architectural idiom, which was attuned to the language of Russia's artistic tradition while moving beyond it in an attempt to reflect the idiosyncratic qualities of its social context. The owner, Stepan Ryabushinsky, was indeed a prominent member of the newborn industrial bourgeoisie at the turn of the century, and the mansion Shekhtel designed for him seems to engage in its architectonic features with a new visual vocabulary, better suited for Ryabushinsky and his social milieu. In the construction of the house, Shekhtel made use of a diverse range of creative expressions, having combined modern artistic developments and traditional heritage. At the same time, he took advantage of an international artistic lexicon and incorporated it with the Russian one.

The Ryabushinsky mansion establishes a sense of fluidity between its diverse components, which facilitates the challenge of artistic conventions while also exploiting them to create a new cultural language. In a similar way, Ryabushinsky—both a major Russian personality of his time and a member of the new prominent industrialist class—was strongly tied to both traditional boundaries and the advancement of modernity in his process of self-definition. The building thus reflects both the aspirations of the very class it was produced for—the newly established bourgeoisie—and the highly idiosyncratic qualities of the owner. In Ryabushinsky's mansion, modernity projects itself within the sphere of Russia's sense of identity.

In the final years of the nineteenth century, the late yet rapid development of the Russian economy promoted the country's technological advancement and accelerated growth of its population. This period also saw the emergence of a new class: the industrial bourgeoisie. This particular social group was largely composed of the younger generations of families of freed serfs, and it amassed its wealth through the development of various traditional industries, such as textiles and railways production. Many of them also belonged to the Christian sect of the Old Believers; the members of this religious group followed a strict discipline after their schism from the official Orthodox Church.<sup>1</sup> The Russian industrialist families were, therefore, often characterized by an acute traditionalism combined with the progressive modernity of their trade, which allowed them to look beyond Russia's past into a more dynamic future based on com-

merce and industrial development. Despite these internal contradictions and its late development compared to Western Europe, by the end of the nineteenth century the industrialist class had established itself as a de facto social and political entity in Russia. It therefore became eager to assert itself in its distinct Russian qualities, as well as promote a self-image that could culturally represent its idiosyncratic traits and mark it apart from both the lower classes and the gentry. Moscow, with its mixed social environment and sprawling urban development (for the most part generated by the very development of the Russian industries), became the main stage for the development of the new visual and cultural language of these industrial magnates. The artistic and cultural phenomenon that defined the new group became strongly associated with the development of the style Moscow Modern, which took place in the eponymous city.

The Ryabushinsky Mansion, built between 1900 and 1902, presents qualities that reflect the polarity of traditionalism and modernity inherent in the social history in Russia. Shekhtel took great care to implement the latest advancements in construction technology and aesthetic sensibility, while simultaneously creating a suitable environment for the preservation and display of Russia's timeless traditions. The exterior of the house was built in “ferro-concrete... and glazed tiles,” which was a very resistant method of construction that had been developed and introduced only over the course of the nineteenth century.<sup>2</sup> Shekhtel also adopted the innovative use of “centralized warm-air heating circulating to all rooms”<sup>3</sup> and meticulously employed a combination of “natural and electric light.”<sup>4</sup> Shekhtel did not merely implement the language of modernity because of its practical convenience; he also engaged with the aesthetic idiom that new materials—such as glass and iron—required. Through-



*Exterior of the Ryabushinsky Mansion. Façade, detail: window, iron railing and floral mosaic.*  
[http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/7/7d/M\\_Dmitrovka\\_Ryabushinsky\\_Schechtel\\_detail.jpg](http://upload.wikimedia.org/wikipedia/commons/7/7d/M_Dmitrovka_Ryabushinsky_Schechtel_detail.jpg)

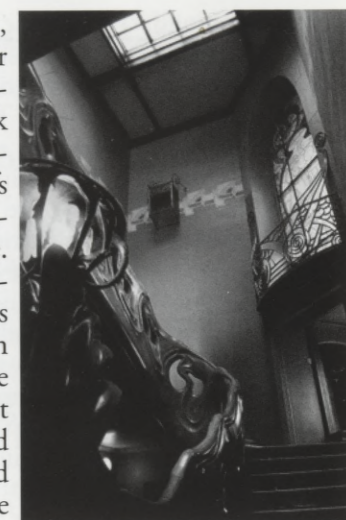
out the house, Shekhtel “strove to give fluidity to metal”<sup>5</sup> as was visible from the exterior, where a “wrought-iron fencing us[ed] a repetitive circular pattern”<sup>6</sup> along the two story, cuboid building reminiscent of the structures proposed by the modernist architect Olbrich during the same period.<sup>7</sup> The retorted-iron pattern was further echoed by the fish-scale motif of the balconies' railings. In accordance with a modern choice of material, Shekhtel extensively employed glass both decoratively and functionally. Windows, “found sometimes in rows of small apertures, sometimes in stepped ascent,”<sup>8</sup> create rhythmic motifs compatible with the complexity of the building. We see, however, that glass was also used in a purely decorative way, as found in the interior, where “beautiful wrought iron and stained glass folded wings of a butterfly/dragonfly” flank the entrance.<sup>9</sup> The architect's engagement with the visual language of modern materials in the building reflect the needs and aspirations of the owner, who was the young member of a social class that was dynamically tied to contemporary developments and based its economic and social power on the ability to move progressively forward in an industrial future.

However, the idea of modernity, which runs throughout the house, also underpins the ancient qualities of the building itself. The house was meant to be viewed not only as a testimony to the aesthetic principles of industrial progress, but also as the stronghold of the traditions of Old Russia. Ryabushinsky was a passionate icon collector and an “Old Believer.” Because of this, the house was designed to contain both Stepan's icon collection and a private chapel where he could perform the religious rites that the Old Believers were otherwise banned to officiate publicly. The modern qualities of the house, therefore, enter into a dialogue with tradition, “evoking a mood of duality and profundity.”<sup>10</sup> Even though the house was “the last word in modernity and convenience,” the architect paid tribute to the artistic language of tradition.<sup>11</sup> The icon collection was hosted in a building, where “primary colors and sinuous shapes” of both the language of medieval icons and of modern stylized decoration could be found.<sup>12</sup> In the mansion, the Art Nouveau decoration of a “stylized butterfly motif... translucent drops of water and fish-scales... wavering plants”<sup>13</sup> engages in a visual dialogue with the linear, non-naturalistic world of icons. Such coexistence of old and new becomes even more evident in the building's chapel. Located above the second floor in a secret room, the chapel was “the repository of traditional Russian values.”<sup>14</sup> Here, Shekhtel employed a parietal decoration based on church ornamentation handed down from the “early fifteenth to sixteenth century.”<sup>15</sup> On the higher level of the room, the four evangelists are set in a transitional position between the walls and the dome, where we find a representation of the heavens. The use of gilt work, bright primary colors—such as greens and reds—and a spiral design that emphasizes the silhouettes (despite being traditional Old Church visual representations), “had something in common with the Art Nouveau designs,” which we encounter in other

areas of the house.<sup>16</sup> In fact, the lower part of the chamber is decorated with “contemporary elements,” such as a dark green tendril pattern evocative of stylized nature-motifs that recur in the ornamentation of the Style Moderne. The recombination of traditional and modern features within the religious fulcrum of Ryabushinsky's home makes the chapel “the spirit of the house.”<sup>17</sup> Not only did Shekhtel fuse innovation and tradition to form a cohesive architectonic language, but he also allowed modernity and ancient beliefs to reflect one another in a process that ultimately defined the persona of the owner himself: he is both “the guardian of the old faith”<sup>18</sup> and the industrial pioneer of “radical innovation.”<sup>19</sup>

By assimilating international contemporary developments into Russia's own expressive language, the mansion bridged the gap between past and present and narrowed the artistic divide between Russia and Western Europe. The structure of the building, in particular, hints at the bilingual qualities of Shekhtel's project. From the exterior, the house appears as a two-story high building of “strong square proportions.”<sup>20</sup> This particular choice reflects the architect's awareness of the work of Olbrich, whose design for the house of the sculptor Ludwig Habich featured “the same block arrangement of mass and a flat overhanging roof.”<sup>21</sup> Nevertheless, if the formal aspects of the building evoke features of the international Art Nouveau, the distribution of its volumes depends on a domestic source of inspiration: the medieval Russian church plan. In both the Ryabushinsky mansion and Russian churches, “the structure developed from a central core,”<sup>22</sup> and derived its proportion from the central area. In a church this space would have been designated for the main drum and the cupola, but in the Ryabushinsky mansion, the area was defined by the staircase, which occupied the innermost position in the building. The window of the main drum of the church also reemerges as a feature in the house. Here, it becomes “a pitched skylight... and a large stained glass window,”<sup>23</sup> blending together the proportions of a cosmopolitan Art Nouveau and the compositional structure of Russia's defining architecture.

It is not only the structure, but also the ornamentation of the building that seems to have resulted from the communion of the broad-based *Jugendstil* and the specifically Russian artistic sensibility. On the exterior of two sides of the house, between the first elevated floor and the eaves, runs a decorative mosaic motif of lilies and orchids on an



*Interior of the Ryabushinsky Mansion. Staircase.*

<http://www.smartmoscow.com/literary/%20moscow/gorky1.jpg>

<sup>1</sup>Stein, Gertrude. “Composition as Explanation.” Selected Writings of Gertrude Stein. London: Hogarth Press, 1926.

azure background. The mosaic presents a floral composition based on the rhythmic progression of a strong line and the balanced distribution of chromatic areas (rather than a natural representation of the subject). The ornament was produced in a non-realistic fashion, which evokes “the concept of stylization... introduced in Russia in the late eighteen-nineties by Elena Polenova,”<sup>24</sup> as well as the “painted décor of large Russian wooden houses of the pre-Petrine period.”<sup>25</sup> Polenova and the group of artists at the Abramtsevo circle had, in fact, pioneered the phenomenon of the neo-Russian style, based on the revival of traditional folk motifs and the artistic heritage of medieval Russia. Nevertheless, the mosaic also visually complements “the curves of the window frames and the balcony railings,”<sup>26</sup> which were produced in the sinuous manner of the international Liberty design. Such an intertwining of cosmopolitan and specifically Russian elements in the home of Ryabushinsky seem aptly suited to its owner. The industrialist class in Russia was defined by “strong patriarchal values of the Orthodox faith”<sup>27</sup> —as Ryabushinsky’s adherence to the Old Believers already anticipated—and collectivist principles derived from the peasant communities in Russia. Yet it combined the latter with a push for a meritocratic system based on industry and commerce “materially, technically and economically... on the level with the West.”<sup>28</sup> The synthetic language of Shekhtel’s project, therefore, reflects the very polarity inherent in the owner’s social values.

The Ryabushinsky mansion creates “integral wholeness”<sup>29</sup> by combining elements that come from different cultural and chronological spectrums. Shekhtel pushed the confines of his syncretistic work beyond the historical and geographical boundaries of its time and place. The entire house was developed according to a central aquatic theme. This marine motif responds to the personal desires of the owner, who “wished to surround himself with a sea kingdom comparable to the stage set... of Rimskii-Korsakov’s opera *Sadko*.”<sup>30</sup> The opera was based on the folk tale of the young *Sadko*, who, after a series of adventures that lead him all the way to the bottom of the sea, amasses a considerable fortune and becomes a wealthy merchant. On the exterior, the watery references are conveyed by the fish-scale and wave-like iron railings as well as the curved lines of the window frames. Additionally, the sparkling *tesserae* of the floral mosaic along the upper floor represents lilies and orchids that usually grow around bodies of water. In the interior, the theme recurs throughout the rooms but is most marked in the central area of the staircase. Here, the main feature of the balustrade dominates the interior and progresses in a vertical spiral across the whole height of the central room. Its motion and its design are meant to resemble a wave crest with its surroundings mimicking a fantastic underwater scenery. The fake marble balustrade coated in aquamarine gloss, with its combination of sinuous lines and thick, material presence, resembles the “frozen wave”<sup>31</sup> that led *Sadko* underwater to the *Tsar of the Sea*. The lighting on the staircase is intended to convey the idea that it is a space removed from reality: “a newel-post lamp that resembles an octopus... and large stained windows”<sup>32</sup> define and isolate this ambience in its marine environment. Art Nouveau’s sinuous lines and natural motifs combined with the imagery of Russian fairy tales ease the viewer into feeling as if they

have “enter[ed] another world,”<sup>33</sup> or, as was the fate of *Sadko*, “he ended up at the bottom of the sea, but he didn’t know how he got there.”<sup>34</sup> Shekhtel, thus, created for Ryabushinsky an underwater utopia that removed him from the reality of everyday life, while never “deviating from its primary function... of a domestically arranged living space.”<sup>35</sup>

In the Ryabushinsky mansion, a rich and variegated expression constantly moves between centuries and national confines to interconnect Russian tradition with its present and project it on the international horizon. The house Shekhtel designed for Ryabushinsky allowed the latter to “impress upon the world the individualism” of its owner,<sup>36</sup> a man whose identity was shaped by both traditional principles and progressive ideas. Most importantly, the Ryabushinsky mansion creates an environment that reflects the complexities of its original owner while formulating its idiosyncratic Russian language – Moscow Style Moderne.

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Gegham Mughnetsyan

Հովր տիրում է գիշերվա մթին  
Մտքեր, մտքեր, մտքեր անսահման  
Փողոցից այն կողմ, գետի ջրերում  
Լուսինն է լողում, հեռանում անձայն

The breeze is in the somber night  
Thoughts, just endless thoughts  
Away from streets, in river waters  
The moon dips and leaves in quiet.

Ճաճանչների մեջ էս լույս եմ փնտրում  
Ու լույսին կարոտ վազում գետի հետ  
Բոբիկ ոտքերս կանաչին զգված  
Փնտրում են կյանքի մի նոր արահետ:

I quest for light in beaming rays.  
Lusting for moonlight, I ran along the river.  
My feet embrace the grassy surface  
While searching for a trail of life.

Վրաս է իջնում անհամբեր տապը  
Այս թարմության մեջ խեղդվում եմ ես  
Լուսինը ցրում է հոգուս տազնապը  
Սրտիս թրթիռը մի երգ է կարծես:

Restless fervor is upon me.  
Within this freshness my breath is gone.  
My alarmed soul is calmed by moonlight.  
My beating heart hums like a song.

Վաղվա լույսի հետ այս էլ կցովի  
Պարուրված հայացքիդ գերի կմնամ  
Քամու մի օրոր ինձ կհամոզի  
Որ ես հավիտյան իրենք դառնամ:

The darkness will disperse with the coming morning  
I will still seek your distant face  
The wind’s lullaby will still convince me  
That I should be hers for endless days.

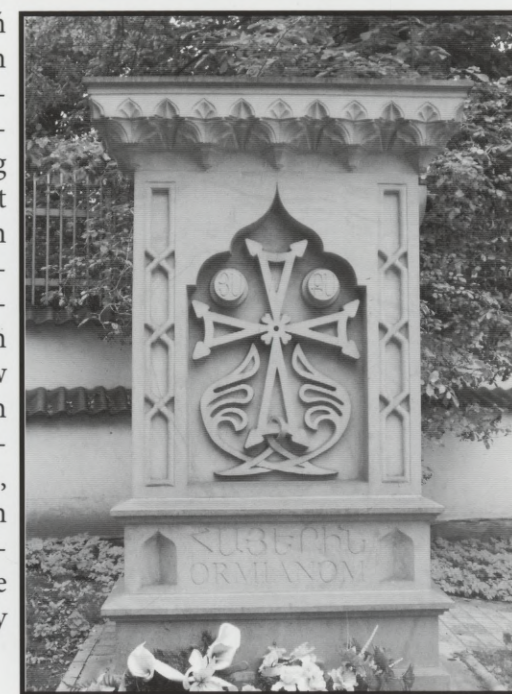
Ու ես կձգտեմ, կփարվեմ քամուն  
Հավատալով որ ազնիվն է հաղթում  
Նա ինձ կգրկի, կտանի հեռուն  
Միշտ շնչալով, «Դու ի մն ես կյանքում»

And I will yearn the wind’s embrace  
Forever believing that truth prevails  
She will take me and carry away  
Then whisper to me, “You are mine today.”

Գեղամ Մուղնեցյան  
Հուլիս 27, 2010

Gegham Mughnetsyan  
July 27, 2010

Ten Chaczkar czyli “kamień krzyżowy” z ormiańskim krzyżem “kwitnącym” upamiętnia Ormian, którzy od XIV wieku mieszkali w Polsce i położyli wiele zasług dla Rzeczypospolitej. Monument jest poświęcony również ofiarom ludobójstwa dokonanego na Ormianach w Turcji w 1915 roku. Ormianom i Polakom zamordowanym przez ukraińskich nacjonalistów z UPA 19-21 IV 1944 w Kutach nad Czeremoszem oraz w innych miejscowościach kresowych, księżom i ormiańsko-katolickim aresztowanym, zabitym lub wywiezionym na Sybir przez sowieckie władze okupacyjne w latach II wojny światowej.



This Hachkar “cross-stone,” with the Armenian “flourishing” cross, commemorates the Armenians who lived in Poland during the 14th century and gained much merit for the Republic. The monument is also dedicated to the victims of the genocide of the Armenians committed in Turkey in 1915, to the Armenians and Poles murdered by Ukrainian nationalists in Ukrainian Insurgent Army in April 19-21, 1944, in Kutu along the Czeremosz and in other borderland places, and to the Armenian-Catholic priests arrested, killed or exiled to Siberia by the Occupying Soviet government during WWII.

-Alexis Ramos



Trbušani Village near Čačak, Serbia, *Katarina White*



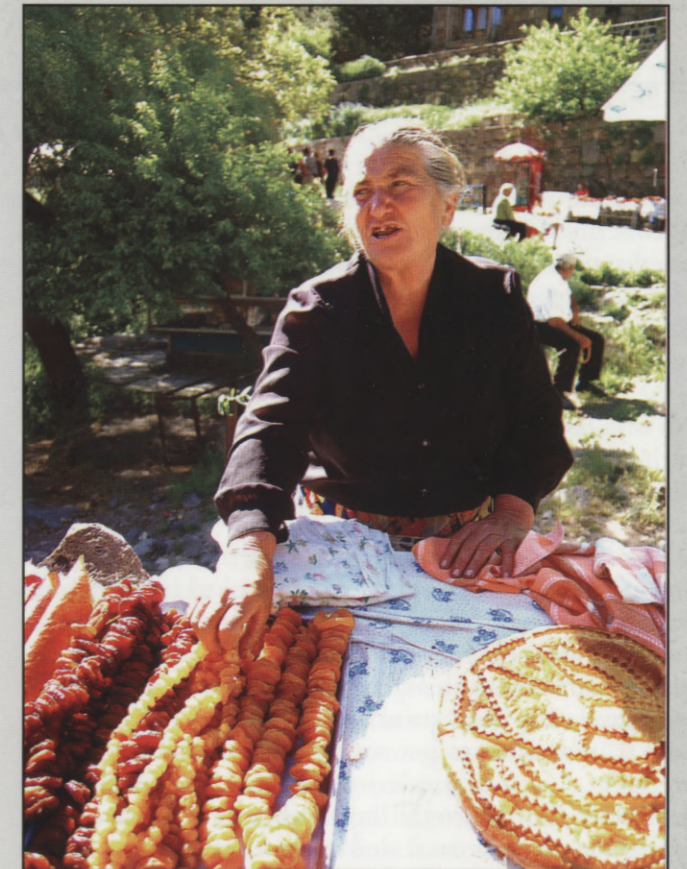
Smoke and Snow on the Neva, *Maya Garcia*



Overlooking Lake Baikal, Irkutsk Oblast', *Ethan Larson*



December II (Moscow, 2010), *Saskia Brechenmacher*



Gata, *Mane Chakarian*



Griboedova, *Maya Garcia*

## THE LENINGRAD CONFERENCE

— Kyle Barry —

In a particularly important government building in Moscow, on a gloomy January evening, stood a semi-circular, red-stained, birch table with thirteen highly decorative and decidedly uncomfortable seats. A conference had been called that evening to determine precisely what saved the city of Leningrad. Standing timidly as the members filed in, the director of the conference, a beaten down man of sixty who could have easily passed for eighty, who was still wearing a visibly dirty overcoat and thick lenses, mumbled an indiscernible quivering whisper from an almost wooden face.

The members took their assigned seats, which were numbered one through thirteen, and looked intently from side to side at each other. While beautiful at a glance, the room was oddly cold in appearance and temperature. The expensive chandelier hanging inauspiciously above their heads gave off a dim, unnatural light, and the members found it impossible to get comfortable in their stubborn, iron chairs. A look of perplexity fell upon their faces as they questioned their surroundings and, more puzzling, the countenance of the man seated in chair number one. With dark whiskers, a penetrating gaze, and a mocking smirk permanently pinned onto his face, "Number One" seemed completely at home, not in the least bit disconcerted by the falseness of the conference hall. It became obvious to everyone that Number One was some kind of bureaucrat, as he was decked in both military medals and awards for statesmanship, barely visible behind several unreasonably high stacks of papers sitting neatly in front of him.

The rest of the group was a motley bunch composed of a journalist, an engineer, a historian, a biologist, two professors (one of philosophy and one of mathematics), a musician, a sculptor, a painter, a novelist, and two poets. Feeling uneasy, the members waited patiently for the start of the conference with attentive eyes, mentally biting their nails and grinding their teeth. Seeing the group's ostensible readiness, Number One whipped his head violently towards the director, contorted his smile into a grimace, and raised his eyebrows in anticipation. The director, knowing this look well but unable to become accustomed to it, awkwardly cleared his throat while wiping beads of sweat from his clammy forehead, and began reading from the sheet placed before him.

"Welcome, citizens. As you know, our great nation has expelled the black-winged fascist hordes..." the director paused, cautiously fixing his eyes on Number One, who had reverted back to his smirk and gave a nod of approval, convincing the director to go on in his perfunctory way, "that until recently bombarded our fine city of Leningrad. These animals made it their prerogative, by use of incendiaries and explosives, to destroy not only the inhabitants

in the city, women and children alike, but to systematically strip the Soviet Union of its culture. We've gathered not to debate the facts of this victory, as they are undeniable," the director added, trying not to bite his lip, "but to hear from voices of erudition from every realm of science and art in order to ascertain what saved the city, so we can employ in full force that which was so beneficial. Please."

The opening left a bad taste in the mouths of the members. The director's tone was one of feigned normalcy, like a child, shivering in fear, trying to assure his father of his tranquility. His unnerve was nevertheless evinced by his drooping posture, his quick and perfectly timed breaths, and his ruminating stare at the brilliantly red hammer and sickle shaped lock on the only door, the only exit in the room, as though attempting to think himself through to the other side, but to no avail.

Throughout the speech, each member, while sharing anxiety and confusion, responded to the director's words uniquely. The journalist feverishly took copious notes, keeping his hand moving as he observed the members to record their temperaments. The painter sat upright in his chair, pompously stroking his soul patch and fluttering his eyes, proving he was deeply contemplating what was being said. The novelist racked her brain to conclude what Lenin would think about this and, deciding he would be put off by such official nonsense, disregarded the speech, listlessly searching the room for something meaningful. Several others simply looked askance at Number One, interpreting him differently, as he was tapping his fingers without rhythm, confidently gazing at the cobwebs dangling above the director's head.

Following the question posed by the director, everyone sat patiently, assuming Number One would be the first to respond, but he, too, with hands folded and a smirk incongruous with the rest of his constitution, glanced from person to person, and gave permission to answer. A state of hesitation overcame the room. A few of the members appeared as if they were going to speak up, but withdrew in reticence, knowing that the last thing to do was to stand out. Finally, the poet seated in the thirteenth seat, directly opposite Number One, mustered up the courage to make a statement. She brushed back her graying hair with a thin, veiny hand, adjusted her clean, white face, and opened her mouth.

"Words. Words saved the city," she said firmly and eloquently. As she tried to figure out what effect this had at the table, she met eyes imploring her to explain.

"The Russian spirit is embedded in words," she went on. "Leningraders looked to Tolstoy, whose stories and characters showed a reality more tangible than their own. Dostoevsky taught *blokadniki* that humanity exists in acts

Barry

of irrational kindness, which was all important to their survival. Without Pushkin's celebration of the city, they would have nothing to fight for. And Simonov's words kept the front alive and inspired." The poet said all this freely, unrestrainedly, as she knew it in her heart to be true. The majority, however, was not convinced, and her articulation fell deaf on their ears and evoked fierce retort.

"On the contrary," chimed in the biologist, the youngest man at the table, who had a perfect figure, chiseled cheek bones, but sad, brownish eyes, and who was no longer afraid to speak his mind, "it was precisely these words you mention that distracted Leningraders from focusing their fleeting energies on finding bread and water, which is clearly what saved the city. If they had decided to put down War and Peace, and think up new recipes for bread, save meat for when it was necessary, and ration butter effectively to store fat for that infamous winter of '41 and '42, losses would have been minimal. During times of great hardship, pleasure is not paramount; it takes a back seat to utility."

Feeling completely self-satisfied, he sat back in his chair with an air of superiority, licking his lips and waiting for someone with the gall to disagree.

After a moment of pondering, the musician, from the seventh seat, with neatly combed hair and perfectly circular frames, asserted himself.

"The soul needs sustenance as much as the body does. Only music can inspire, emotionally and physically, enough to overcome against great odds. Were it not for 'The Blue Kerchief' to keep the soldiers at the front inflamed in passion, and the Symphony to pierce the hearts of not only our Leningraders, but even the Germans as well, all would have been lost," the musician uttered so beautifully that half the room was on the verge of tears, while the others hardly listened to this touching garbage.

Not bothering to address the musician's points, the historian, a robust, yet cultivated man with a thick white beard, a pince-nez barely hanging on to his nose, and a bellowing, intelligent voice, silently placed his hands on the table and spoke up.

"It is a simple historical fact that the Road of Life saved the city. Hundreds of thousands of tons of supplies were brought into the city through this sole gateway to Leningrad. Naturally, bread and water were vital, but fuel, ammunition, and an escape route were just as necessary."

Each sentence uttered ignited more and more excitement. As the members became more comfortable, they spoke up more frequently and had to force out their ideas in quicker, less thoughtful words.

"And I suppose the radio played no part, or the newspapers?" the journalist managed to spit out in annoyance.

Side conversations emerged from debate. The painter turned deliberately to his neighbor, the musician, and questioned him about his remarks.

"How can you say with such absoluteness that music is the only thing capable of such inspiration? Music is lim-

ited; it requires notes and rhythm and melody, while paint can be anything and everything. Did Shostakovich truly do more than Serov, for instance?"

The historian challenged the journalist about the significance of the destruction of the Badaevsky warehouses. One of the engineers interrupted him, explaining the idiosyncrasies of the railway built out of Leningrad, completely irrelevant to the discussion at hand. Their aggressive tones added fuel to the fire and eventually insults and *ad hominem* attacks led to threats.

"You're incorrigible."

"Your crooked nose fits perfectly with your twisted mind."

"I know your supervisor well. We shall see if you have a job tomorrow."

Throughout the entire discussion, Number One sat quietly, only noticed by his deep, nasal breathing, as though sucking the erudition out of the room, exaggerating his smile while things escalated. Not knowing what to do, the director opened his mouth to calm the room, but Number One gave him a reassuring hand gesture, and just before punches were thrown, stood up, scanned the board intently, and addressed the members.

"Comrades, I appreciate all of your remarks, and I find them helpful. However, I think I can clear up the dispute with an answer that will satisfy all of your requirements for what was necessary for survival in Leningrad," he began, speaking calmly, but inciting fear at the same time. "If we can conclude that each of you has made a valid point, there can only be one thing, or rather, one entity, capable of bringing every one of these notions into existence, and that is the government. Take words, for instance, which our esteemed poet offered up as a solvent to the problems that plagued Leningrad during the Great Patriotic War. It is too simple to say that Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, and others saved the city through their works, as it is the government that allows these books to exist. That holds true for music, art, and the like. Only through the tolerance and wisdom of the government could these things exist and be used in a utilitarian manner. And to our colleagues, the historian and biologist, what kept the fascists at bay enough to open the Road of Life, and bring in bread and supplies, if not the Red Army, a branch of our Soviet Government? And again, it was our government-run military, instilled with greatness by leadership from Stalin himself, that finally defeated the Nazis, pushed them away from the city, and set our people free from repression. Stalin's achievement as a father to a nation in danger solidified every citizen's Soviet characters, which allowed the arts and sciences to facilitate the saving of the city. Where would we be without him, nurturing us, making us who we are, giving us the strength to accomplish what we have accomplished? No, comrades, books and food are only meaningful when tied to something greater. In fact, if the city managed to ward off the fascists in just the same way, but not in order to fight for

Stalin and the motherland, we could not justifiably call the city saved."

Everyone at the table was paralyzed by this diatribe. No one looked around. A frozen glower was plastered on each member's face and an unmistakable scent of burnt wax singed their nostrils before quickly dissipating. While they instinctively felt it necessary to reject such nonsense, no one said a word, understanding the discussion was over and accepting this as the inevitable denouement. Evidently, not only did the members plunge from the heights of enlightenment throughout the conference, but their courage, their will to fight, too, fell by the wayside.

Immediately after Number One spoke, he grinned cloyingly, bowed in a sardonic manner, nearly bumping his head on the birch table, and turned quickly to the director, who, though panicky, seemed relieved it had ended. With a sigh, he started reading the second half of his speech, explaining, as a result of what was found to be obvious during the conference, the necessity to expand the government and its powers as much as possible in order to stop any future issues that may arise.

"Because of what we have learned today, it's clear to all of us that...." The director suddenly stopped, noticing a figure walking out of a dark corner in the room. Flustered, the director continued reading, breathing heavily and slurring his words, but the members, broken out of their stupor, turned their heads to the figure that caught his eye. Everyone gazed in shock as the bald-headed man, wearing long white robes, approached the table silently. Number One was the last to realize what was happening, and once he did, it was as if he were electrocuted. His face went through every possible look of anguish and anger, settling on one of enraged dread. The strange man from the corner stood still, letting the dim light from the room gather on his pale, hairless forehead, creating an oddly strong, but pleasant glimmer. He was massaging his wrists, which were purple and bruised, but his constitution proved his strong, yet tested, will. The members looked upon him in wonder, with nostalgia, trying to pin-point exactly when in their youth they saw something like him.

Having partially recovered from his frantic episode, Number One leapt out of his seat, shielding his eyes with his hand in futility, and cried in a loud, despairing voice, "Arrest him, he is a prisoner, arrest him!" His desperate appeal met nothing but excited postures and confused faces from the members, and the stranger, also ignoring the order, readied himself to speak.

"Friends, I've sat through this meeting in that dark corner listening to voices of reason become hateful and illogical." As he spoke, the members' eyes grew large, not knowing what to expect, while Number One exhausted himself trying to scream over the stranger, but his yell became a murmur. "Your knowledge is vast, but that went to waste. Your attitudes are calm and collected, but you resorted to derision. And each of you have the backbone, the audacity,

to pursue righteousness, but that, too, slipped away. Without wisdom, temperance, and courage, the search for justice will never yield anything." At this point, the members were so enamored by the stranger's speech that they hung onto every word he uttered, and thought deeply about what was being said. They began to see clearly what they turned into during the conference. Blinking and nodding his head toward Number One, who was now burying his head in his arms on the table, mumbling to himself angrily like a child having a tantrum, the stranger proceeded, "This man has obfuscated the argument and force-fed all of you an absurd notion that the government saved the city of Leningrad. Brothers and sisters, was it not our government that so embarrassed our nation during the Winter War enough to invite the Germans to attack before we were ready? Did Stalin not wipe out nearly all of the highest-ranking officers in the Red Army during the purges, leaving our military entirely without leadership?" The members, though pleased, were concerned for the stranger's sake, fearing he had no chance after saying what he said. "And to credit the government for allowing art and science to be pursued, even though that was hardly allowed, is to award a man for choosing not to torture another, a massive folly. Each of your contributions to the question of what saved the city of Leningrad had some truth. Clearly the physical bodies of Leningraders needed food and water, supplies from the Road of Life, and even information from the radio. But, while these things may have kept people alive through the blockade, a city barely hanging onto life, with no higher hopes, no love, no drive, is more of a destroyed city than a saved one. The words of our greatest writers and poets, our music and art, feed us the passion and teach us the lessons that make us not just living animals, but humans. As you've seen here today, the government stifles our passions and hinders our learning. The conference called today was not intended to find truth, but to force us to rely on the government ever further. Let us part from here more willing, more able to seek rectitude and virtue, challenging those who take away our sovereignty. Veritas vos liberabit."

The members had calmed down, but were still in elation, smiling with their eyes and staring at the stranger as he turned quietly away and disappeared behind the doors. Silence ensued for several minutes. No one knew what to do or say, but they were convinced that things had changed. They no longer had to be fearful and could live and work as they pleased.

Number One poked his head out from under his arms, and confirming that the stranger had left, caught his breath like someone coming up for air. He peered around the room, making eye contact with each of the members, who were looking at him in a new light, with pitying gazes.

"Nothing has changed. Leave!" he said emphatically, slamming his fist on the table. Everyone got up and walked out, feeling proud, with the director followed at their heels.

With new knowledge and energy, there was hope.

## MUSICAL AESTHETIC IN SOVIET ANIMATION: PRE- AND POST-THAW YEARS

— Claire Kim —

In the earliest years of Soviet animation, film director Sergei Eisenstein (b. 1893) taught the principles of "ritm" (rhythm) and "plastika" (plasticity); in his view the ideal animation (multiplicatsii) should possess a rhythm – represented by visual lines, music, pacing and phrasing of frames – capable of both syncopating and responding to the events of narrative.<sup>1</sup> According to Eisenstein a succession of frames, that is a "multiplication" of lines, is capable of expressing poetry through the drawings, the spacing in time of the linear alterations in shape, and their fusion with sound. While animations of the 1930s through 1950s were marked by cheerfully domestic or folk-tale-based themes for children, the Khrushchev Thaw of the mid-1950s resulted in a change in the subject matter, target audience, and overall vision of animated films. As a result, music's function in animation changed due to the differing aesthetics – one being Wagnerian in which music acted as a unifying seal of artistic experience, and the other being Brechtian, where music acted as a wedge between theatrical components in order to stimulate the audience's social awareness and critique.

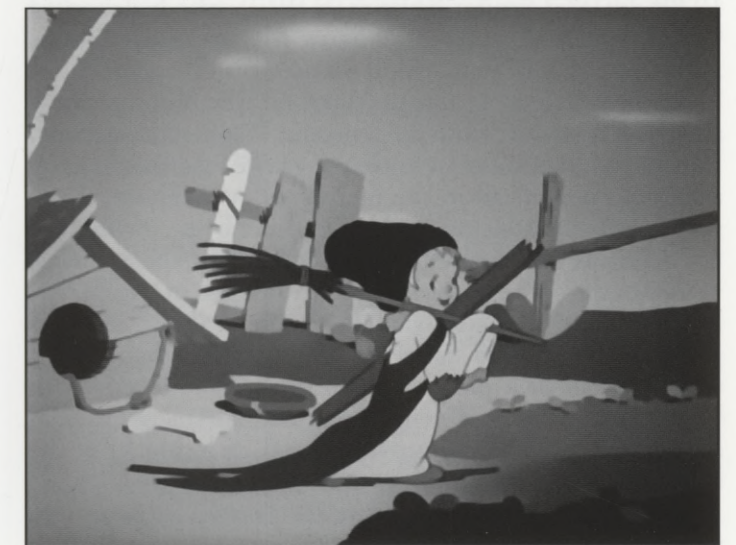
In 1935, the small studios of the Soviet Union's major cities merged to form Soyuzmultfilm, a new studio of Disney-style animation based upon cell technique.<sup>2</sup> In prior years, Eisenstein had influenced Disney's use of camera angles and montage in order to manipulate emotions,<sup>3</sup> and the resulting style spread back to Soyuzmultfilm, which had Disney's directorial equal in Ivan Ivanov-Vano (b. 1890). As the political climate in the 1930s fostered a preference for a Socialist Realist form of animation analogous to Disney's naturalist, live-action-based frame aesthetic, the animated films catered to an audience of mainly children. One of the studio's earliest films was Ivanov-Vano's "Moidodyr" (1939), the plot of which is centered on an (eponymous) animate washbasin who chides a young boy unconcerned with matters of hygiene. In this film one can indirectly (as represented in an early Soyuzmultfilm work) see what Eisenstein appreciated in Disney – "not [merely] an illustrative correspondence between the essences of the musical movement and the movement of the image," but one in which a subject such as the ocean would correspond to an "orchestration . . . like a synthesis of the traits of the sea."<sup>4</sup> Eisenstein's "synchronization of senses" renders a visceral, Wagnerian unity of artistic synthesis that could subconsciously have an emotional effect on the viewer.

The black-and-white "Moidodyr" opens with a morning scene in the countryside – a Peer-Gynt-suite-like representation of morning. As a blanket of sustained woodwind tones welcomes a pastoral solo flute melody, a stretch of fences drawn low beneath the sky soon meets the talons of a rooster who has come to perch and deliver his own morning salutation. A repetition of the initial melody in minor coincides with the film's cut to a badling of ducks moving straight in line; a bassoon's staccato entrance in the bass

line seems to anticipate the lead duck's quacking response, which is in turn rhythmically synchronized with the musical cadence in the phrase. The continued addition of instruments of varying timbre forecasts the entrance of the new animal subjects introduced in the film, as they migrate to their nearest watering hole for a bath. This introduction is followed by the sights and sounds of the blankets of a recently awakened boy, fleeing from him on account of his state of squalor; slide whistles match the ever-turning folds of the panicked fabric.

When Moidodyr the washtub speaks to the boy about the admirable hygienic habits of outdoor creatures, the camera revisits the scene of animals accompanied by the familiar pastoral melody; when Moidodyr returns to addressing the faults of the boy, the same melody – reproduced perfectly until then – ends on a dissonant note, just as the camera returns to the sight of the angry washtub. This use of music exemplifies Wagner's principle of a "shaping [of tone-figures peculiar to the individual character of specially appropriate instruments] into the specific Orchestral-melody . . . speak[ing] out That which is now revealing itself to the eye in physical Show and by means of gesture."<sup>5</sup> The gestures created by the visual movement on the screen correspond tightly to the carefully orchestrated music (movement for the ear), and result in a unified experience of continuous, linearly progressing sensation.<sup>6</sup>

Vladimir Suteev's "Merry Vegetable Garden" (1949) is one of several films similar to "Moidodyr" in its calm presentation of a dose of the unrealistic in a mundane children's setting, through its characterization of an animate, emotional scarecrow presiding over two children tending to a vegetable patch. The plot is initiated by the singing of the brother and sister; as they make their way to their destination with rake and watering can in hand, they sing a jaunty, yet lyrical march describing their horticultural in-



Merry Vegetable Garden (1949)

tentions, continuing as they decorate their scarecrow. The frame shifts to a single bird whistling the same melody alone. When the girl requests some music to accompany her dance with her brother, the smiling scarecrow instantly strums the theme from the opening credits on a balalaika. The music is not simply a representation of the action that it accompanies or foreshadows; it also functions as a cohesive factor for the presentation through its use of returning motifs to create a variety of moods. The opening melody is repeated and manipulated several more times, as new species of the animal kingdom threaten the integrity of the nascent vegetables. In the end, the scarecrow manages to play the initial sung melody in the manner of a rousing fanfare, with a pair of pipes. This incites the vegetables to emerge from their hiding places and conclude with a full-blown, triumphant march version of the melody. Clearly, the motifs are recycled in the same manner as the fate of the seeds being placed in the garden's soil, manipulated and used for unity with the setting (through metaphor) and visual gesture.

As the leitmotif – a major component of the Wagnerian aesthetic – was the means by which the listener could construct the mythical world whence it came,<sup>7</sup> amplifying what text and visuals alone could not do in Wagner's operas, the music in this film induces an experience of synthesis. This aspect of spectacle is especially obvious in 1952's "The Snow Maiden," another film directed by Ivanov-Vano; its music is supplied by an arrangement of Rimsky-Korsakov's 1881 opera of the same name, composed of leitmotifs for several characters. The plotline is taken from a fairy-tale; accordingly it incorporates choruses chanting folk-melodies and sweeping gestures of symphonic grandeur, all accompanying the visuals of an epic tale, one scene smoothly giving rise to the next.

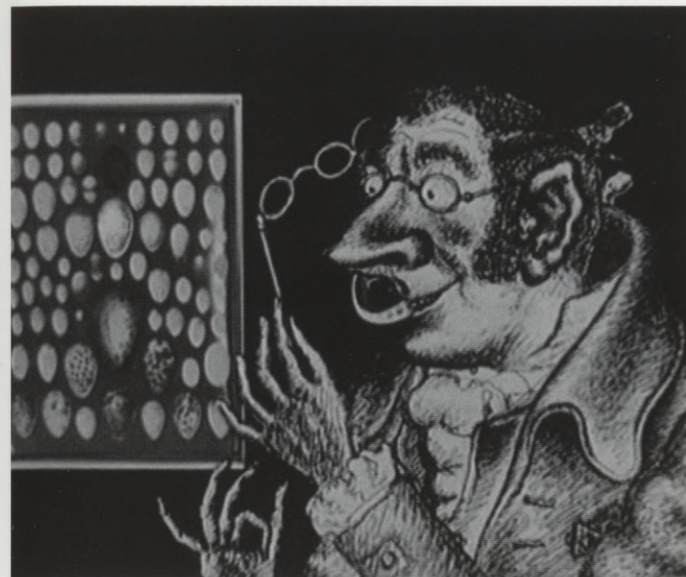
The Khrushchev Thaw of the early 1950s through late 1960s allowed animation to return as a major medium for adults and to become a platform for contemporary topics, which had not been able to surface since the avant-garde 1920s. In 1962 Fyodor Khitruk (b.1917), who had worked with Soyuzmultfilm on "The Snow Maiden" and "Buratino" (a variation of Pinocchio), released his directoral debut "Story of A Crime" to a stunned public. The film represents a striking departure from the sensuous Wagnerian aesthetic. Besides the stark contrast in drawing style, characterized by a minimum of detail in the figures and a roughness in visual movement transitions, the illusion of being involved in the action is dispelled from the beginning – the audience witnesses the crime in the first three minutes. In a suspense-killing format, the narrative then returns to a time 24 hours prior to the crime, to show the ensuing events that had led to it. Instead of a plot in which one's consciousness can become absorbed and neutralized, this spectacle provides a narrative that forces observation and exclusion from the action.

Shortly after viewing the crime (a man striking two women with a pan), in a Brechtian gesture, an off-screen narrator recounts the nature of the so-called criminal and

declares to the audience, "Never jailed, never arrested. Does he look like a criminal?" The narrator announces the beginning of the story to start at 8:30 in the morning; a clock clearly indicating the time in the narrative is made visible at every nearly transition of setting (when the man leaves the house, arrives at work, leaves work, and so forth). From these visuals and the disrupted continuity of the scenes, time itself is thus shown to be fundamental to the audience's ability to observe the spectacle from a distance, with the understanding of their potential as agents of questioning and change. While the music in the first third of the film consists of an unassuming, melodically staid ditty played repeatedly by various combinations of woodwinds, piano, and accordion, the sounds change dramatically upon the main character's return to his apartment complex (the scene of the crime). The producers of the "music" are now the noisy neighbors, and most importantly, this music depicts on screen the noisy neighbor not as a character of a plot, but as a representational symbol that the audience can observe and consider in the raw.

This type of phenomenon is not possible in the other tradition in which cherubic, dimensionless gardening children, smiling scarecrows, and a faceless orchestra provide the music. With every passing hour, the peace-desiring protagonist (a typical middle-aged accountant) faces the likes of percussive domino-players, an upstairs neighbor who blasts rock-music on his large radio (image of which is singularly cut-out from a photo, not drawn), a boisterous songful party from yet another floor, as well as more auditory atrocities. Perhaps during the period of the film's release, the visually and sonically emphasized modernity of the radio, with its popular songs, made "real," "present" time an object for contemplation.

A clangorous fight between a married couple becomes an exercise in musical montage and caricature, as well as another outlet by which to emphasize time as satirizable for its position as an obsession with, and commodity of, modern culture. The latter is evident when the husband and wife, both searching for more household objects to hurl onto the floor, stop when a precious clock is picked up by mistake: as it emits the tinny, delicate tones of a music-box sonority, both freeze, lower their raised arms, and become calm. It is music that fills the moment of silence created by the couple, alerting these characters on screen and the audience off-screen to the clock's significance and agency – prompting contemplation of the reasons behind the clock's evident power. Until this point, the protagonist had patiently borne the cacophony; however, the last bit of sound – a tenant calling out in a loud sing-song to her friend – elicits unprecedented rage, resulting in the crime in which he physically renders them both unconscious. Music in this film sacrifices illusory experience in its relationship with the new subject matter and visual aesthetic, distinguished from Soyuzmultfilm's pre-Thaw films in that it does not mirror the movement so much as extract the symbol of the human being in the process of separating from words and immediate setting. The music helps the human to become the object of inquiry



In the World of Fables (1973)

for an audience who can become aware of his ability to take action.<sup>8</sup>

In the 1973 animation "In the World of Fables," directed by Andrei Khrzhanovsky and composed by Alfred Schnittke, music helps to separate itself from the words and setting in a way that expands upon the contrapuntal montage of the aforementioned couple's scene in "Story of A Crime." In this film, which mixes drawings of great detail and texture with sketches and imitations of classical-era portraiture, scenes are sliced and sequenced in a Brechtian, non-linear fashion. In the beginning segment, a bespectacled man is scrutinizing insects in a dark exhibit to the backdrop of an organ, faintly veiling a timbral range of solo dissonances from other instruments. A tap of snare drum and crescendoing trumpet are inadequate preparation for the next scene, a sketch of an aristocratic gathering in the era of Pushkin. Here, a brutally polytonal waltz supplied by vibraphone, organ, and violin is heard against a series of rhythmic, eerie laughs. The instrumentation increases as the camera reveals the multitude of the crowd. The contrast between classical visual style and novelty of harmonic language, and the frequent shifts in the latter between segments, give an impression of disparateness which the audience is left to question and decipher. With a sudden zoom on a painted scene of several famous Decembrists standing with their alliances, the music shifts to solo piano continuing the waltz in a less dissonant, more melancholic fashion, harmonically evoking Schnittke's 1972 "Suite in the Old Style." The whereabouts of the eponymous "Fables" so far are unclear; however, one more component of the puzzle is revealed with a visual flash to a theatre program announcing the performance of the famous fable of Krylov, "The Cuckoo and the Rooster," as an opera buffa (very classical in origin).

The camera soon enters the performance hall where the two birds are seated at a dinner table with other, obscured creatures, reciting the beginning lines of the fable and emphasizing certain phrases with the effect of absurdity. The fa-

ble, whose moral comments on the action of falsely praising another for the reason of having first been praised by him, is contextualized in the two birds' singing (its appraisal). The sung recitation consists of rhythmic, strident screeches, strangled tones, and free dissonances; call-and-response repetitions of the phrases "singer" and "I am ready" call attention to the music as a force that communicates independently of the text, and vice versa. Rather than heightening any expressive meaning in the phrases such as "singer" and "I am ready," the atonal music remains free of any recognizable gestural or timbral association with any concept of "singing" and "readiness." Once again, this achieves a separation from text and setting, compelling the audience to examine the nature of the human being that the music of the fable-reciting birds extracts as a symbol – a flattered, ridiculous human being. The film continues to alternate the scenes of contrasting drawing styles and subjects (the aristocratic gathering; the standing political figures; the birds), as if to create an external, yet transparent impression that the political undertones relate only to the culture of Russia in the 1820s. Although the final scene closes with the familiar visual of the standing Decembrists, the hectic use of montage (visual and musical) and unintuitive juxtapositions of traditional with novel harmonic language results in the isolation of music from setting and historical context, impeding any transportation to any distant, imaginary time or place.

The opposing aesthetics of pre- and post-Thaw animation in various well-known films demonstrate that the progression of aesthetic change and consequent reconceptualization of multiplicities' rhythm and plasticity in movement, was reflected in – though not driven by – the change in music's role in the animation medium. Soviet animation music was, for the most part, composed for the film, not vice-versa. Facilitated by the changing political climate, a leniency in subject matter and greater variation of drawing style, Soviet animation began to reassume a role of social critique through Brechtian means, and its music was able to escape from the Wagnerian aesthetic of unity and assist in prying the spectator from simply viewing in the lap of luxury viewing.

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TRANSLATION:  
ИЗ ДОМА ВЫШЕЛ ЧЕЛОВЕК  
THE MAN WHO LEFT HIS HOUSE

— Melinda Noack —

Песенка

Из дома вышел человек  
С дубинкой и мешком  
И в дальний путь,  
И в дальний путь  
Отправился пешком.

Он шел все прямо и вперед  
И все вперед глядел.  
Не спал, не пил,  
Не пил, не спал,  
Не спал, не пил, не ел.

И вот однажды на заре  
Вошел он в темный лес.  
И с той поры,  
И с той поры,  
И с той поры исчез.

Но если как-нибудь его  
Случится встретить вам,  
Тогда скорей,  
Тогда скорей,  
Скорей скажите нам.

-Даниил Хармс 1937

A Ditty

A man left his house  
With a bludgeon and a bag  
And on a long path,  
And on a long path  
He let his feet drag.

He walked a straight line  
And he looked straight ahead.  
He didn't sleep or drink,  
He didn't drink or sleep.  
He didn't eat, drink, or go to bed.

And then at dawn  
He entered the dark woods.  
And since then,  
And since then  
He's vanished for good.

But if by some chance  
you happen to meet this man,  
Then quickly,  
Then quickly,  
Tell us as fast as you can.

-Daniil Kharmis 1937

TRANSLATION:  
А ВЫ МОГЛИ БЫ?  
AND COULD YOU?

— Melinda Noack —

Я сразу смазал карту будня,  
плеснувши краску из стакана;  
я показал на блюде студня  
косые скулы океана.  
На чешуе жестяной рыбы  
прочел я зовы новых губ.  
А вы  
ноктюрн сыграть  
могли бы  
на флейте водосточных труб?

-Владимир Маяковский 1913

I smeared the map of nine to five,  
splashing paint out of a glass;  
I pointed to a dish of jellied meats  
with the slanting cheekbones of the sea.  
On the scales of a tin fish  
I read the calls of new lips.  
And you,  
could you  
play a nocturne  
on a flute of drainpipes?

-Vladimir Mayakovsky 1913



TRANSLATION:  
HATE!  
HERE, TAKE IT!

— Melinda Noack —

Через час отсюда в чистый переулок  
вытечет по человеку ваш обрюзгший жир,  
а я вам открыл столько стихов шкатулок,  
я — бесценных слов мот и транжир.

Вот вы, мужчина, у вас в усах капуста  
где-то недокушанных, недоеденных щей;  
вот вы, женщина, на вас белила густо,  
вы смотрите устрицей из раковин вещей.

Все вы на бабочку поэтиного сердца  
взгромоздитесь, грязные, в калошах и без калош.  
Толпа озверевает, будет тереться,  
ощетинит ножки стоглавая вошь.

А если сегодня мне, грубому гунну,  
кривляться перед вами не захочется — и вот  
я захохочу и радостно плюну,  
плюну в лицо вам  
я — бесценных слов транжир и мот.

-Владимир Маяковский 1913

Take an hour. And your butterball body  
will pour across the street's clean alleys,  
yet I bared boxes of poetry for you,  
I—the squanderer and lush of priceless words.

There you are, sir, cabbage in your mustache  
somewhere an untasted, untouched sour *shchi*;  
and there you are, madam, a plastered face,  
peering out like an oyster from its shelled belongings.

You, who are dirty in galoshes and without galoshes,  
heap everything onto the butterfly of the poet heart.  
The crowd will become a beast, will rub,  
bristle its legs against the hundred-headed louse.

And if today, I, a harsh Hun, no longer  
want to scowl at you—behold!  
I will howl in laughter and happily spit,  
happily spit in your face  
I—the lush and squanderer of priceless words.

-Vladimir Mayakovsky 1913

Photo Left: Artwork, Jonathan Askonas

TRANSLATION:  
ВЕСЕЛЫЙ СКРИПАЧ  
THE CHEERFUL VIOLINIST

— Melinda Noack —

Проходит Володя  
И тихо хохочет,  
Володя проходит  
И грабли волочит.

Потом достает  
Из кармана калач,  
И две собачонки  
Пронесются вскачь.

И пристально смотрит  
Скрипач на песок  
И к скрипке привычно  
Склоняет висок.

И думают люди:  
“Вот это игра!  
Мы слушать готовы  
Всю ночь до утра!”

-Даниил Хармс 1939

Volodya walks  
And laughing, shakes,  
Volodya walks  
And drags his rakes.

Then he reaches into  
his pocket for some bread  
As two tiny dogs  
Run full speed ahead.

And the violinist  
stares at the ground,  
Familiarly bending  
His head to the sound.

And people think:  
“What music, play on!  
We're ready to listen  
until early dawn!”

-Daniil Kharmis 1939

## ANNA'S CONTROL OF LIGHT

— Didar Kul-Mukhammed —

Leo Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* is a novel about control. It narrates the story of a woman who struggles to maintain power over other characters, manipulating, mesmerizing, and ultimately punishing them. Anna's desire to control is symbolized through an omnipresent source of light in her life, be it the lamps that illuminate her portrait, the dangerous glow in her eyes, or the metaphoric candle that she blows away before committing suicide at the end of the novel. This light comes in different shapes and forms and has different degrees of intensity, starting with a small spark and ending with a hideous conflagration. The dual nature of the light manifests itself in its attractive and repelling qualities. In the novel, the characters employ different approaches to deal with it; they merely reflect, purposely ignore, or meekly succumb to it. Anna, however, fully possesses and firmly controls the mysterious "light." Always dressed in dark colors, as if preferring to remain in the shadows, Anna strategically manipulates the direction of the light. This dangerous, all-powerful light eventually develops into a significant and essential part of her identity, ever-present in her terrifying and feverish gaze; metaphors such as "the fearful glow of a conflagration in the midst of a dark night" (126) and "Her eyes glowed with the fire" (164) are often used to describe Anna's eyes.

Anna's exertion of control is tangible throughout the novel. She has the power to navigate her light to discover carefully hidden aspects of her life or simply destroy it in order not to see; she can manipulate her husband, convince Vronsky, and even influence her young son Sergey. Karenin, Vronsky, and Sergey form a triangle around Anna as a group of vulnerable characters that are fully exposed to her control. Through the meaning of their names, one can see that each of them somehow serves or attends to Anna, as if following her demands. "Anna" means grace, "Alexei" stands for "protector," and the origins of Sergey's name can be translated as "attendant" or "servant." Thus, the novel presents three male characters that protect and serve Anna, submitting to her grace and remaining under her rigid control. The loss of control over these men devastates Anna, maiming her either mentally or physically.

Alexei, despite the powerful façade he presents to the public, is controlled by his wife. He is a weak, helpless target as he fails to exert a significant influence of his own; "a doll, an official machine" Anna calls him (306). Although he enjoys bragging about the importance of his work, he does not create any key changes in the government. When pondering to himself, Alexei thinks how he likes to merely "reflect" life. "All his life Alexey Alexandrovitch had lived and worked in official spheres, having to do with the reflection of life," Tolstoy writes, emphasizing the character's inability to capture, absorb, and control things that happen to him (124). Although in the beginning it seems like

Anna is fully dependent on her husband at the time of their divorce, she still has the power to postpone the legal procedures and see Vronsky in spite of her husband's admonitions. Not only does Anna control this marriage, she also blocks any external influence. The episode with Karenin's "bad habit" illustrates how Anna loathes any subtle hint of outside control in her life. Malicious gossip and slander, carefully veiled behind edifying lectures, give the high society the qualities of a powerful source of light: fire. "The conversation crackled merrily, like a burning faggot-stack," the narrator describes (117). This sound, "crackling," is echoed in Alexei Karenin's habit – crackling his knuckles, which greatly frustrates Anna. Immediately after the event, where Alexei is influenced by people's comments on Anna's "impropriety," Karenin approaches his wife with a stern speech. During their conversation, he cracks his knuckles, which reminds Anna of the crackling sounds of social gossip that drive her status conscious husband to change his attitude. "Oh, please, don't do that, I do so dislike it," Anna tells him (127). The crackling, bonfire-like sound irritates her because it is a source of light that she does not possess. Being in full control of her life, Anna detests when other people try to exert authority by daring to interfere with her affairs, be it the scrutiny of the prying society or the admonishing lectures of her husband.

Anna's control of Alexei grows weaker only when another woman appears in his life – countess Lydia. Lydia takes over Anna's position and starts manipulating Alexei, sending letters under his name, teaching his son, speaking for him during Stiva's visit, and imposing her religious values on him. "His heart is changed, a new heart has been vouchsafed him," Lydia explains to Stiva, implying how she manufactured and granted Karenin his new heart (614). Only with Anna's disappearance from his life and under Lydia's guidance does Karenin finally realize how powerless he used to be with his wife. "He could not understand the book he was reading; he could not drive away harassing recollections of his relations with her, of the mistake which, as it now seemed, he had made in regard to her," Karenin thinks, suffering from the burning sensations of his unnecessary torment and humiliation brought upon by Anna (428). Loss of power over Karenin heavily affects Anna; when Alexei refuses to comply and forcefully takes away her love letters in order to file for formal divorce, Anna almost dies in childbirth. Although Alexei forgives her, upon her recovery, Anna decides to let go of her husband.

Anna's relationship with her son is authoritarian as well. During the divorce process, Alexei, having been passive, starts to defend himself by snatching away what Anna treasures – her son. "Yes, I have lost even my affection for my son, because he is associated with the repulsion I feel for you. But still I shall take him!" Alexei declares, threatening

to take Sergey away (310). He says "take" as if Sergey is merely an inanimate object that can be possessed. However, Alexei's presence is not strong enough in the boy's life as Sergey continues to worship his mother. "He did not believe in death generally, and in her death in particular, in spite of what Lidia Ivanovna had told him and his father had confirmed, and it was just because of that, and after he had been told she was dead, that he had begun looking for her when out for a walk," the narrator writes, showing how in spite of hopeless answers given to him, Sergey continues his ardent search for Anna (441). Even after being physically separated from her son for an extended period of time, Anna's control, symbolized through light, remains terrifyingly strong. Before going to bed, Sergey imagines his mother and secretly prays for her, hiding his intentions from Vasilii Lukich; "Without the candle I can see better what I see and what I prayed for," Sergey says mysteriously when Vasilii tells him that he will take the candle away (444). After the candle's light is extinguished, Anna's invisible presence in the room grows increasingly apparent. "When the candle was taken away, Seryozha heard and felt his mother. She stood over him, and with loving eyes caressed him," Tolstoy writes, describing the invisible, yet powerful bond between Sergey and his mother (444). This detail emphasizes how Sergey submits himself exclusively to Anna's control. He refuses to use other sources of light except for the one that is possessed by his mother. When Anna visits Sergey on his birthday, she comes to realize that her son relies heavily on her in order to define his own relationship with his father. However, Anna eventually admits her defeat in the fight over Sergey; she realizes the futility of her efforts in the face of prolonged physical separation and Lydia's strong presence. "And she was forever--not physically only but spiritually--divided from him, and it was impossible to set this right," the narrator describes Anna's bleak situation (454). Having lost her son, Anna drives herself to commit social suicide. Her frustration over Seryozha fosters feelings of loneliness and gives rise to suspicions of Vronsky's affection. Unable to sit at home, she puts on her lavish dress and goes to the theater, ignoring Vronsky's warnings. At the theater, Anna refuses to see Katavasova's indignant reactions and pretends to stay calm, while suffering from within. After recovering from the catastrophic trip to the theater and reconciling with the loss of Sergey, Anna entirely diverts her attention to Vronsky.

Anna's power over her lover grows overwhelmingly tyrannical, causing their relationship to spiral toward mutual hatred. Anna already starts to exercise control at the very beginning of their affair; when reproaching Vronsky for mistreating Kitty, Anna uses a strong word that demonstrates how much she controls him. "But at once she felt that by that very word 'forbidden' she had shown that she acknowledged certain rights over him," Anna thinks to herself (121). When they start living together, Anna is determined to prove her authority to Vronsky. "She could not restrain herself, could not keep herself from proving to him that he was wrong, could not give way to him," Tol-

stoy writes, emphasizing the phrase "give way" in order to demonstrate how independent and uncompromising Anna is (623). She refuses to submit to anyone's will and continues to exert her power, which sets the corrosion of her relationship into slow motion. Anna's control of light becomes excessive; when Dolly pays a short visit to her estate, she notices that her friend has acquired a new peculiar habit. "Anna, taking her eyes off her friend's face and dropping her eyelids (this was a new habit Dolly had not seen in her before), pondered," Tolstoy writes (516). Dolly thinks that Anna is trying to close her eyes on certain things, refusing to see and accept them. Ironically, while squinting her eyes and blocking unwanted details out of sight, Anna detests when anyone keeps things in the dark, surreptitiously hiding secrets from her burning searchlight. Vronsky's attempt to hide Stiva's message about Alexei's refusal to grant formal divorce greatly irritates Anna. "Why didn't you show it to me?" Anna asks demandingly, later adding with an authoritative voice: "There was not the slightest necessity to hide it from me!" (625-626). Vronsky's explanation that he likes clarity is irksomely dismissed by her. Anna does not want "clarity"; she refuses to bring things to light unless she deliberately wishes to do so. She enjoys the complexity of her situation; she wants her social status to stay in the dark, as ambiguous, convoluted and unclear as it is.

Eventually, Anna starts to lose control over the light and her own self. At the end of the novel, she becomes disillusioned with her suffocating power, unsuccessfully imposing it on others only to realize that she is being ignored. This is Anna's greatest fear – not being noticed. Her haunting nightmare about a bearded man with steel is even more terrifying because whatever he does to her is beyond her control. To make matters worse, he does not pay attention to her. "She, as she always did in this nightmare (it was what made the horror of it), felt that this peasant was taking no notice of her, but was doing something horrible with the iron-- over her," Tolstoy writes (630). Anna's growing weakness in getting desired attention only further heightens her stubborn refusal to let go of her power; she can no longer sustain her authority, but her desire for it escalates until it is too strong for her to bear. The conflict between her capabilities and her ambitions is represented through the haunting feeling of duality. At the time she meets Vronsky at the train station, an unknown man falls under the train and his body is split into two; "They say he was cut in two," the witnesses claim (61). The grotesque dissection of the man's body symbolizes Anna's psychological state. Her feelings, attitudes, and identity split into two, leaving her wavering helplessly in between two extremes—to control or to submit. "Again she felt that her soul was beginning to be split in two," the narrator describes, showing how Anna cannot decide whether her desire to control starts to interfere with her life (251). Enjoying the spotlight of the Petersburg society and controlling their feelings toward her, Anna is horrified to discover her hideous status as an outcast and a fallen woman. Her gradual loss of power results in a painful feeling of duality, which manifests itself in her conflicting approaches

to society and her ever-changing attitudes toward deception. Anna is repelled by her milieu's pretentiousness, carefully orchestrated rules of conduct, and unhealthy interest in other people's personal lives. At the same time, Anna is attracted to the soothing feeling of familiarity and comfort society has to offer. "All around was that luxurious setting of idleness that she was used to, and she felt less wretched than at home" the narrator describes (252). Initially introduced as an honest character with genuine feelings, whose disarming openness makes her hypnotizing, Anna becomes a liar and a cheat. "Lying, alien as it was to her nature, had become not merely simple and natural in society, but a positive source of satisfaction," the narrator writes, describing Anna's transformation (252). As she loses her grip on her controlling light, things fall apart and Anna begins to suffer from an identity crisis.

The potential consequences of Anna's loss of control and submission to the will of others are hinted at through Levin's description of her portrait. Before meeting her for the first time, Levin takes time to admire Anna's portrait, appreciating its lifeless beauty. "Another lamp with a reflector was hanging on the wall, lighting up a big full-length portrait of a woman . . . Levin gazed at the portrait, which stood out from the frame in the brilliant light thrown on it, and he could not tear himself away from it . . . She was not living only because she was more beautiful than a living woman can be," the narrator describes (583). Anna's lifeless duplicate — her silent portrait — is the only part of her that allows outside light to shine upon it. While the living Anna possesses the light and chooses where to direct it, her portrait humbly allows itself to be illuminated. In a way, the lifeless woman depicted on the portrait gives up her power and submits to others. Thus, for Anna, giving up her power is equivalent to being dead. Levin's description of the portrait — "she was not living" — starkly contrasts with Anna's realization of her own overwhelming vivacity; "I was alive, that I was not to blame, that God has made me so that I must love and live," she thinks of herself (250).

Anna's excessive vivacity, which cannot be exhausted with hobbies, books, and parenthood, only further intensifies her desire to possess. She gradually starts losing control over her light as the things she keeps hidden try to escape from darkness. After going through another fight with Vronsky and contemplating punishing him through her death, Anna is almost attacked by the fantastic shadows in her room. "Suddenly the shadow of the screen wavered, pounced on the whole cornice, the whole ceiling; other shadows from the other side swooped to meet it, for an instant the shadows flitted back, but then with fresh swiftness they darted forward, wavered, commingled, and all was darkness," the narrator writes, personifying these shadows (630). As the relationship reaches a point where she can no longer communicate with Vronsky, Anna finally decides to divert the light's direction onto her own self; "And now for the first time Anna turned that glaring light in which she was seeing everything on to her relations with him, which she had hitherto avoided thinking about," Tolstoy writes

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After facing the world as it is, without turning away from the things she dislikes, Anna refuses to accept it. "Why not put out the light when there's nothing more to look at, when it's sickening to look at it all?" she asks herself (642). Her rash decision to commit suicide is orchestrated with contrasting feelings; she is horrified with the hidden things that her light snatches from the dark, such as her unhealthy, decaying relationship and the hopelessness of her social status; she is tortured with the continuous feeling of duality that prevents her from making rational decisions; finally, she is unable to fight her desire to control. She rushes to the train, her desperate act becoming one of the most explicit assertions of power — punishment: "there, in the very middle, and I will punish him," she thinks feverishly (644). She does indeed punish Vronsky; two months after her suicide, Vronsky cannot shake off the feeling of repentance. "He could only think of her as triumphant, successful in her menace of a wholly useless remorse never to be effaced," Tolstoy writes (655).

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Over the course of little more than a decade, Imperial Russia transformed into the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics in one of the greatest cultural, economic, and political revolutions of all time. This revolution, of course, did not occur in a vacuum; revolutionary politics existed in dialogue with Russian culture, including Russian literature and art. After the Revolution and Civil War, as the new political structure organized and reorganized itself, Russian culture was alive with the feeling of revolution, change, progress, and dynamism.<sup>1</sup> Within ten years, Russian culture had become stultified and stagnant, suffocated by the Stalinist regime. As historians struggle to understand the political, economic, and cultural complexities of this liminal timeframe, literature can provide new insights into the cultural context and mood of broader changes in Russia. Specifically, Zamyatin's *We* and Platonov's *The Foundation Pit* can be read as historical texts whose elements reference Soviet political, cultural, and economic antecedents and whose structures illuminate Russian society's reaction to Soviet governance. In essence, the transition from *We* to *The Foundation Pit* marks the progression from revolutionary experimentation to Stalinist certainties, not only in Russian literature but also in Russian society.

Yevgeny Zamyatin was born to middle class parents in Lebedyan in 1884. While attending St. Petersburg Polytechnic Institute and studying Marine Architecture, Zamyatin began flirting with Bolshevism.<sup>2</sup> After 1905, Zamyatin's political activities were no longer tolerated; he was imprisoned from 1905 to 1906 and then exiled from 1911 to 1913. In 1916, Zamyatin undertook a trip to England to build ice-breaker ships; his experiences there with Western industrial processes would greatly shape his later works. After returning to Russia soon after the revolution, Zamyatin worked as an academic, critic, editor, publisher, and writer.<sup>3</sup> Between *We* (1921) and changes in the Soviet state, Zamyatin's position became more and more untenable until 1931, when he—with his friend Gorky's help—petitioned Stalin for a volunteer exile to Paris, where he died in 1937 after several quiet years.<sup>4</sup>

Zamyatin's ideological evolution provides an important backdrop for the events of his life and a powerful explanatory tool for his literature. Though a Bolshevik before the revolution, Zamyatin's understanding of revolutionary progress eventually placed him at odds with the Soviet state. First, Zamyatin believed that art stood above and outside politics; writing in 1921, he claimed that artists were to be "madmen, hermits, heretics, dreamers, rebels, and skeptics" not "diligent and trustworthy officials."<sup>5</sup> For Zamyatin, the Revolution represented a break from the Tsarist past, and he feared that the new regime would succumb to the temptation to control art and silence "every heretical word."<sup>6</sup> Second, Zamyatin believed in unending revolution; this

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Born near Voronezh in 1899, Platonov, like Zamyatin, came from a more or less middle class background. While he at times considered his origins to be petit bourgeois, his and his father's work on the railway gave them proletarian credibility.<sup>9</sup> Platonov, like Zamyatin, graduated from a technical school, and this perspective would later influence his writing. Though not politically engaged while in school, Pasternak appears to have welcomed the Bolshevik revolution, and, during the Civil War, he served as a railroad engineer and perhaps as an infantryman.<sup>10</sup> After the war, Platonov worked on land reclamation and electrification in the Don River and Volga regions; his experiences in these quintessentially Soviet projects gave Platonov great pride and certainly informed his fiction and poetry. Throughout this time, Platonov also wrote for and contributed to the general intellectual discourse of early Soviet society.<sup>11</sup>

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Having examined how Zamyatin and Platonov were shaped by their upbringings and their philosophical traditions, their work may now be placed in its proper cultural context. *We* and *The Foundation Pit* represent two seminal moments in early Soviet society as the new regime solidified its hold on power, laid claim to a specific ideology, and more clearly established its views on art. On one hand, the saga of *We's* writing and official reaction represents the life and death of revolutionary experimentation. On the other hand, *The Foundation Pit* demonstrates the careful balance between social criticism and official ideology which all artists of the Stalinist regime sought at their own peril.

In a historically miraculous fashion, Zamyatin's *We* became the embodiment of the very artistic suppression which Zamyatin warns of within the text. *We* was written within a cultural milieu of revolutionary ferment. Richard Stites writes:

It is no exaggeration to say that almost the entire culture of the Revolution in the early years was 'utopian.' All the arts were suffused with technological fantasy and future speculation: Constructivist art, experimental film 'rationalist' architecture, Biomechanics, machine music, Engineerism, and many other currents.<sup>17</sup>

Zamyatin's choice to write a dystopia (which takes the literary structure of utopia) is not incidental. Among other things, he is highlighting what he sees as a dissonance between the utopianism of the Proletcult and the political direction of Bolshevism; the novel is a parody of Proletcult and the very idea of art in the service of the state.<sup>18</sup> For Zamyatin, Proletcult represents a surrender of art's essential function, that of prophetic criticism of society. Within *We*, poetry, like all art, has become an industrial tool of the state; the human element has been subdued. In the One State of *We*, "we tamed and saddled the once-wild natural force of poetry. Now poetry is no longer a brazen nightingale call. Poetry is a state service: poetry is purpose."<sup>19</sup> Zamyatin points out that the utopian optimism of the Proletcultists is misguided; the system of art and the Bolshevik state they are creating ultimately undermines independent art itself. Essentially, by recognizing that a scientifically organized state must have a unified art, Zamyatin predicts the end of imaginative revolutionary fervor and the beginning of Socialist Realism.<sup>20</sup> Zamyatin's *We* had the ignominious pleasure of being a self-fulfilling prophecy. Its clear references to Soviet political structures earned the ire of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers (RAPP), and *We* became the first novel censored in the Soviet Union.<sup>21</sup> As Zamyatin predicted, utopias gradually lost popularity as the state moved further away from revolutionary imagination towards a unified political system. As Professor Stites insightfully remarked, "the death of utopian science fiction in the early 1930s is the perfect metaphor of the death of the utopian revolution of the 1920s."<sup>22</sup> Through its censorship, the writing of *We* actually helped measure the very phenomenon of state-controlled art that the novel predicts.

If *We* represents the death of utopia as a viable form of discourse in the USSR, *The Foundation Pit* represents the

birth of an era of Stalinist certainties in which the possibility of legal and meaningful social dialogue was essentially lost. Just as the form of *We* is indicative of an era of revolutionary dreams, so the form of *The Foundation Pit* indicates an era of repressed artistic dialogue. Platonov is writing at the very beginning of the Stalin period. The first Five-Year Plan is underway, and Russia's industrial and agricultural bases are being rapidly transformed. From a cultural standpoint, Platonov is concerned with utilizing the form of the production novel (a safe literary structure) to speak to the lives of the men and women whom he observed as an engineer and journalist during this period.<sup>23</sup> Platonov does not need the structure of utopia because the concerns and problems of Russian society at the time he writes deal profoundly with survival, meaning, and stability and not with revolution and possibility. Moreover, his work is subversive in the sense that it questions the political assumptions of the production novel rather than the form itself.<sup>24</sup> While *We* assumes a good deal of creative license through the imaginative form of utopia, *The Foundation Pit* gains its critical power by maintaining carefully the state-approved form of the production novel while subtly shifting its content.<sup>25</sup> Even though the novel focuses on the building of the Proletarian Home and on farm collectivization, Platonov refuses to dwarf his characters. There is no sense that the Party knows best or that the project of rapid industrialization will in any way succeed. Platonov is concerned with the laborers, and not the labor. Perhaps the most subversive element of Platonov's version of socialist realism is how realistic he in fact is. The novel succeeds because it takes the form of a production novel and then tells the truth. For Platonov, the Party does not know all, there is a serious human toll to rapid industrialization, serving the Party does not alleviate the human search for meaning, and labor toils as much under socialism as it does under capitalism.<sup>26</sup> However, that Platonov was limited in his criticism to this particular format supports an understanding of Russian culture under Stalin as essentially controlled and manipulated by the state.

Having examined the form and motivations that Zamyatin and Platonov gave their novels, questions of meaning and criticism now come into view. What were Zamyatin and Platonov criticizing? Upon what basis do they make these criticisms? A careful examination of the historical and ideological context of these novels reveals interesting answers to these questions.

A careful study of the constituent elements of *We* reveals a tremendous irony; the first novel banned in the USSR was not targeted primarily at Soviet political structures. All factors indicate that Zamyatin's primary target of criticism was the restructuring of society according to industrial and scientific principles: "the institutionalization of scientific thought, programmatically bringing objectivity, neutrality, verifiability into every area of life."<sup>27</sup> Zamyatin's primary political concern was not Soviet power structures but (in accordance with his revolutionary fervor) the proper reorganization of society. One school of thought, claiming the scientific management techniques of Frederick

Winslow Taylor and Henry Ford, sought to create a cult of the machine that would train and integrate every man as a flawless automaton of labor.<sup>28</sup> The task of *We* is to mock and repudiate such a view.

The chief evangelist of Soviet Taylorism was Alexei Gastev, a worker, teacher, poet, and "prophet of efficiency."<sup>29</sup> Marginally successful in persuading trade unions to adopt Taylorism, Gastev founded the Institute of Labor in order to "scientifically" determine the most efficient methods of production and train workers in said methods.<sup>30</sup> For Zamyatin, efforts like Gastev's were part of a dangerous industrialization of the human spirit. In the text of *We*, Zamyatin highlights the destructiveness of a scientifically organized society to the human spirit and undermines Gastev specifically. Two of the recurring elements of *We*, the Accumulation Tower (home of the Benefactor) and the Music Factory, mock Gastev's poems "The Tower" and "Factory Whistles," respectively.<sup>31</sup> Moreover, the main character of *We*, D-503, effusively praises Taylor, Ford, and the Table of Hours (a Taylor-esque scheduling mechanism); such praise recalls Gastev's poetry and becomes recognizable satire.<sup>32</sup>

Industrialization was not a new theme in dystopian literature; Zamyatin had read H.G. Wells and Jerome Jerome, two English authors whose utopias closely resemble the world of *We*.<sup>33</sup> In addition, Professor Stites identifies a little-known potential inspiration for Zamyatin: the short story "Everything in the Year 2217" (1906) by N. Fedorov.<sup>34</sup> This story contains many of the important elements of *We*, including glass architecture, sex upon request, a society without personal names, and the importance of a historical object in luring the heroes away from the utopian society. A careful reading of *We* reveals that, like many of these other dystopias, the majority of the novel's most pointed criticism targets the forces of industrialization and scientific management and not Soviet governance. Perhaps most importantly, Zamyatin himself gestures towards an interpretation of *We* as a novel of revolutionary possibility and not a prophecy of totalitarian Bolshevism. Zamyatin describes his novel as a "reduction ad absurdum of one possible solution" to the problem of the individual's relationship to the collective and of the artist's position in a society organized on new principles.<sup>35</sup> It seems that the project of *We* was to participate in the grander revolutionary spirit of 1921 Russia and to condemn Taylorism, not to attack the early Soviet state (except to the extent it condoned Gastev and the like). At the time Zamyatin was writing, these forces, and not the forces of totalitarian Communism, seemed the most dangerous. In light of the events of the 20th twentieth century, there is a strong temptation to read a more prophetic meaning into *We*, but the evidence neither supports nor suggests such an interpretation.<sup>36</sup>

Platonov's novel, situated in a cultural milieu far removed from Zamyatin's restlessly revolutionary reverie, concerns itself with interpreting current events in a contemporary setting. Specifically, Platonov writes in the midst of the first Five-Year plan. Platonov, motivated by his personal experiences in both industrialization and land reclamation,

is concerned with the real experiences of the Russian people as they relate to themselves and their surroundings. The cultural and political antecedents of Platonov's novel are primarily the intrusions of the Soviet state into the lives of millions through the ongoing Soviet project of organization and construction.

Platonov's interest in the construction of Bogdanov and Fedorov informs his perspective on Soviet construction and organization as it existed during the Five-Year plans. His sensibilities tend to inform his two heroes Prushevsky and Voshchev, who view their circumstances and the circumstances of Russia through an existential and spiritual (which is to say, not solely materialist) lens. For example, when he finds out about the Proletarian Home, the worker Voshchev immediately asks himself, "Man puts up a building—and falls apart himself. Who'll be left to live then?"<sup>37</sup> Not for him are the concerns of class warfare or model socialism. Platonov's philosophical concerns prove vital here; Bogdanov's version of Marxism immediately implies that Marxist-Leninism does not properly focus on the non-material side of man. Thus, much of *The Foundation Pit* serves as Voshchev's fruitless search for meaning somewhere in the Soviet project.<sup>38</sup> *The Foundation Pit* serves as a catalogue of such spiritual failures; much of the text concerns itself with an inverted or perverted Socialist Realism in which the official Socialist imagery is shown to be barren. For example, youth, health, and energy were often associated in Soviet propaganda of the period;<sup>39</sup> deconstructing Soviet propaganda, Platonov gives readers a happy and cheerful Pioneer orchestra whose participants are frail and scant due to early hardship in life.<sup>40</sup> For Platonov, such contrasts represent the failure of Soviet society to live up to the spiritual and physical needs of its people.

This failure is embodied in the Proletarian Home. The curious task of organization as understood by Fedorov and Bogdanov is the conquering of humanity's spiritual ailments through matter alone.<sup>41</sup> Prushevsky, the engineer responsible for building the Proletarian Home, grapples with his fear of "erecting empty buildings—buildings where people lived only because of bad weather."<sup>42</sup> Since his construction of matter will have spiritual results, he tries to imagine what sort of "psychic structure" would be formed by the people living there; he imagines they will be "filled by that surplus warmth of life that had been termed the soul."<sup>43</sup> As the novel progresses, demands for the home's size continue to increase, and the abyss of the foundation pit grows and grows. This project of digging deeper and wider is the inversion of the tower; Platonov is apophatically referencing the Tower of Babel, Tatlin's Monument to the Third International, and Gastev's "The Tower."<sup>44</sup> Like each of those towers, the attempt to achieve spiritual utopia through the Proletarian Home results in failure before an inhuman goal. The ultimate effect of *The Foundation Pit* is to draw the reader to new recognition of the incredible human cost of Soviet political goals. In the attempt to build the Proletarian Home, a holistic image of the first Five-Year Plan emerges: "All the poor and middle peasants were working with such zeal of

life as if they were seeking to save themselves forever in the abyss of the foundation pit."<sup>45</sup>

In Zamyatin's *We* and Platonov's *The Foundation Pit*, the tragic course of a revolutionary decade is revealed. The revolutionary dreams of Zamyatin seen in a far-future utopia give way to Platonov's determined, grim and gritty worldview expressed through the production novel. The parallels between the works reveal their deeper tragedy. *We*'s dystopian presentation of Gastev's world seems hopelessly daunting until *The Foundation Pit* depicts an even worse alternative: the spirit of Gastev dominating a world of bureaucrats, activists, and halfwits. The Accumulating Tower of *We*, the source of the Benefactor's power, becomes the unfinished abyss of *The Foundation Pit*, the inhuman imposition of impossible utopian dreams. In *We*, Zamyatin reframes Dostoevsky's "Grand Inquisitor" for the Revolution; the new Bolshevik state must choose between happiness and freedom. In *The Foundation Pit*, Platonov catalogues the utter lack of either.

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<sup>2</sup> D. J. Richards. *Zamyatin; a Soviet Heretic*. (New York: Hillary House Publishers, 1962), 7-8).  
<sup>3</sup> Evgenii Ivanovich Zamiatin. *A Soviet Heretic*, (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1970), 12-13.  
<sup>4</sup> Richards, 13.  
<sup>5</sup> Zamiatin, 57.  
<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, 58.  
<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, 107. Zamyatin places himself to the left of the Bolsheviks. It takes quite a revolutionary to argue that "I am afraid that we preserve too fondly too much of what we have inherited from the palaces. Take these gilded chairs – yes, surely, they must be preserved: they are so graceful, they embrace so tenderly any rear end deposited in them (pg. 53).  
<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>9</sup> Thomas Seifrid. *A Companion to Andrei Platonov's The Foundation Pit*. (Boston: Academic Studies Press, 2009), 4.  
<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, 6-7.  
<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, 10-11.  
<sup>12</sup> Thomas Seifrid, Andrei Platonov. *Uncertainties of Spirit* (Cambridge [England]; New York: Cambridge University Press, 1992), 31.  
<sup>13</sup> *Ibid.*, 27.  
<sup>14</sup> Richard Stites and David Goldfrank. *Passion and Perception: Essays on Russian Culture* (Washington, DC: New Academia Publishing, 2010), 127.

<sup>15</sup> Seifrid, Platonov, 22.  
<sup>16</sup> Stephen Lukashovich, N.F. Fedorov (1828-1903). *A Study in Russian Eupychian and Utopian Thought* (Newark: University of Delaware Press, 1977), 13.  
<sup>17</sup> Stites, 172.  
<sup>18</sup> Gary Kern. *Zamyatin's We: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Ann Arbor, Mich.: Ardis, 1988), 187.  
<sup>19</sup> Evgenii Ivanovich Zamiatin and Natasha Randall, *We* (New York: Modern Library, 2006), 60.  
<sup>20</sup> Stites, 189.  
<sup>21</sup> Richards, 70.  
<sup>22</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>23</sup> Seifrid, 106.  
<sup>24</sup> *Ibid.*, 110-1.  
<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, 128-30.  
<sup>27</sup> Richard D. Erlich and Thomas P. Dunn. *Clockwork Worlds: Mechanized Environments in SF* (Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1983), 72.  
<sup>28</sup> Stites, 145.  
<sup>29</sup> *Ibid.*, 1491  
<sup>30</sup> Kurt Johansson and A. K. Gastev, Aleksej Gastev. *Proletarian Bard of the Machine Age* (Stockholm, Sweden: Almqvist & Wiksell International, 1983), 104.  
<sup>31</sup> Patricia Carden. "Utopia and Anti-Utopia: Aleksei Gastev and Evgeny Zamyatin," *Russian Review* 46, no. 1 (Jan., 1987), 9.  
<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, 12.  
<sup>33</sup> Kern, 171.  
<sup>34</sup> Stites and Goldfrank, 142. Unfortunately, no other scholar has done work on this short story, so there is no scholarship with which to contrast Stites' findings.  
<sup>35</sup> Kern, 297.  
<sup>36</sup> Stites and Goldfrank, 147. Stites spends much time cautioning readers on historiographical methods. He has much to teach!  
<sup>37</sup> Andrei Platonovich Platonov and Robert Chandler. *The Foundation Pit* (New York: New York Review Books, 2009), 9.  
<sup>38</sup> Seifrid, 141.  
<sup>39</sup> Victoria E. Bonnell. *Iconography of Power: Soviet Political Posters Under Lenin and Stalin* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1997), 40-41.  
<sup>40</sup> Platonov and Chandler, 6-7.  
<sup>41</sup> Seifrid, 128.  
<sup>42</sup> Platonov and Chandler, 19.  
<sup>43</sup> Seifrid, 145-147. See Elizabeth Klosty Beaujour, "Architectural Discourse and Early Soviet Literature," *Journal of the History of Ideas* Vol. 44, No. 3 (Jul-Sep 1983), 477-495 and Caroline Humphrey, "Ideology in Infrastructure: Architecture and Soviet Imagination," *The Journal of the Royal Anthropological Institute*, Vol. 11, No. 1 (Mar., 2005), 39-58.  
<sup>44</sup> *Ibid.*  
<sup>45</sup> Platonov and Chandler, *The Foundation Pit*, 148

Nathaniel Foote

Nationalism in Hungary is a curiously strong and pervasive sentiment. It has recently gained strength with the assumption of majority power by the right-leaning Fidesz and Jobbik parties and now more openly affects everyday life, especially outside the cosmopolitan capitol city of Budapest.<sup>1</sup> I say curiously strong because, ironically, Hungarian nationalism is arbitrary by definition due to a lack of certainty regarding the origins of the "Hungarian nation." It has become a popularly accepted notion both inside and outside the country that Hungarians are descendants of the Huns who settled the Carpathian basin around the fourth century, though in actuality there is little connection as the area was settled several times by various tribes. The Huns were also very ethnically diverse but, despite the preceding evidence, Attila still remains one of the most popular Hungarian names, and early twentieth century Hungarian nationalists still used this perceived connection in an attempt to include much of Asia, including Japan and Korea, within the Hungarian national entity.<sup>2</sup> All of this is to say that the concept of a Hungarian nation can be, and is, defined from various points of initiation.

An examination of Hungarian nationalism can be roughly divided into three subtopics: the various occupying entities that have held control of the state, the modern ethnically-Hungarian nation, and what Hungarians deem "the Roma problem." As with most any nationalist movement, nationalist political parties also play a substantial role throughout all potentially nationalist spheres.

I would argue that Hungarian nationalism found its bearings during the sixteenth century rule of the Habsburgs. The waxing and waning exertion of Habsburg authority over Hungary was characterized by wartime policies of general sovereignty for the nation. This stirred nationalist sentiment among native Hungarians because of the fluctuating levels of self-determination.<sup>3</sup> I would further argue that this history established the precedent of an opportunistic wartime attitude that would ultimately lead to the shameful support of Nazi Germany by Hungarian leadership of the time.

The post-World War I Treaty of Trianon saw Hungary cede upwards of seventy percent of its territory to surrounding states. This figure was by far the highest among the Axis states on the losing side of the war. Even now, Hungarians remain deeply upset about this partition, so it is not too surprising that the Hungarian leadership of the mid-1900s jumped to action when Hitler promised them a restoration of the borders of Nagy Magyarország (Greater Hungary) in exchange for alliance and willingness toward occupation. As if to emphasize this expansion as the central reason for the Hungarian-Nazi alliance, the Hungarian Nazi Party was called the Arrow Cross Party, symbolized by an equilateral cross made up of four arrows pointing in the cardinal directions and joined at their tails. What's more, as Hungarian-American historian John Lukacs points out, "nationalist"

began to mean pro-German.<sup>4</sup> Nazi occupation of Hungary would prove to have significant permanent effects on both state and nation.

The other major occupier of Hungary was, of course, the Soviet Union. To a large extent, and parallel to Hobsbawm's Marxist theories,<sup>5</sup> Soviet occupation quelled Hungarian nationalism until its downward spiral in the late 1980s. Nationalism, often through the vehicle of the suppressed Catholic Church, would play an integral part in Hungarian resistance to the USSR, but Snyder explains that "Hungary... did not experience any rise in belligerent nationalism" after the fall of communism.<sup>6</sup> That is, unlike Yugoslavia, there arose ethnic tensions that remain today between Hungary and its neighbors, but there was no outbreak of outright ethnic war. Snyder asserts that this is due to relatively early democratization and marketization in Hungary which filled the potential political vacuum that in other cases was



The emblem of the Nazi party of Hungary, the Arrow Cross Party, within a political cartoon with the caption "Azertis..!" meaning "despite it all."

filled by nationalist politics.<sup>7</sup> It seems to me that the Magyarization policies of the Nazis—and to a lesser extent of the Soviets—that deported non-ethnically-Hungarian residents to their ethnic motherlands also functioned to inhibit the potential for ethnic war. Contemporary Hungary remains about ninety-three percent ethnically Hungarian as a result of these policies, a reality that likely improves the utility of nationalist sentiments for politicians.

I turn my focus now to the Hungarian nation as it is realized in modernity. As I mentioned, Hungary is almost entirely ethnically Hungarian, but do not make the mistake of assuming that all ethnic Hungarians in Central and Eastern Europe live within the modern state borders. There are large Hungarian minorities in several of the states bordering Hungary as a result of the Trianon partition. Slovakia, Romania, Serbia, and Ukraine retain Hungarian minority populations of 9.5%, 6.6%, 3.9%, and 0.3%, respectively, which are mostly concentrated in border areas and amount to about two million people collectively. These populations are the source of continuous tensions between Hungary and its neighbors, especially after the right wing majority party, Fidesz, pushed through a law that would grant a Hungarian passport to anyone who could prove Hungarian ancestry and mastery of the Hungarian language. This new law prompted Slovak prime minister, Robert Fico, to affirm that “Slovakia is a sovereign country and...cannot tolerate Fidesz’s policy of a ‘Great Hungary’ by first pushing through a law outlawing the use of any foreign language in public, then another outlawing dual citizenship.”<sup>8</sup> Fidesz has also declared June 4, the birth date of the Treaty of Trianon, a “day of national cohesion,” further inflaming relations.<sup>9</sup> The hard-line right wing nationalist party, Jobbik, that allied itself with Fidesz also claimed responsibility for these new laws, citing them as progress toward their explicit and primary goal of a return to Nagy Magyarország.<sup>10</sup>

My final area of analysis is the issue of the nomadic Roma population that troubles many European states. Hungary exhibits a specific brand of nationalist contempt for the Roma that is usually voiced and acted upon by the Jobbik party.\* The idea of the Roma as a separate nation was swept under the rug by the Soviets with relative success, mostly because communist practices made it easy to find jobs for the largely unskilled Roma population. However, as the Hungarian Ministry of Foreign Affairs explains, Roma were “the first to be made redundant at privatized companies,”<sup>11</sup> which in post-communist Hungary only fueled the stereotype of the Roma as lazy and unemployable leeches on Hungarian society. Add to that the inherent perceived threat resulting from a declining Hungarian population and a rising Roma population, and one finds the stage set for aggressive nationalist action. This potential was recently realized when members of the paramilitary group, Vederó (which is linked to Jobbik), attacked a Roma village in northern Hungary,<sup>12</sup> recalling images of similar actions committed during the wars of Yugoslavia’s break-up. Sup-

port for the Roma was initially strong after democracy took hold, but two decades of frustration with the economic state of Hungary make them an easy target for nationalist stirrings among Jobbik and Fidesz.

The history of Hungarian nationalism—especially within the realms of occupation, the Hungarian nation, and the Roma question—is a complex one, but thankfully one that has not led to outright war in and of itself. The use of nationalism both as a tool and as a justification for the actions of the elite and of the state presents a noteworthy parallel to the theories of Hobsbawm<sup>13</sup> and Gellner,<sup>14</sup> adding potency to the notion that nationalism is a construct rather than a result of natural societal progression. Recent events in Hungary have brought to light the delinquency of hardline nationalism, but young, liberal-minded Hungarians have taken note and taken to the streets of Budapest in protest of the aggressive rightist government. The political utility of nationalism hinges upon popular support, so one hopes that such uproar will curtail its progression.

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\* It is worth noting that Jobbik is a play on words utilizing the dual meaning of the Hungarian word “jobb,” meaning both “better” and “to the right.” Thus, literally translated, it means both “the superior choice” and “further right.”

— Claire Griffith —

Sanski Most, situated along the Sana River in north-west Bosnia,<sup>1</sup> had the misfortune of being ethnically cleansed twice during the war that ravaged Bosnia from 1992 to 1995. In 1992, Bosnian Serb forces took the town and displaced or killed many of the Bosniak and Bosnian Croat residents. They maintained control until 1995 when the Bosnian Army launched Operation Sana, a military campaign that retook large swaths of north-west Bosnia, and displaced many of the Bosnian Serb residents. Underscoring these campaigns was the ethno-territorial assumption that “demographically homogenous ‘ethnic’ spaces would provide security through separation,” and that this quest for security and fear of other ethnic groups necessitated the “un-mixing” of Bosnia’s multi-ethnic communities.<sup>2</sup>

Shortly after Operation Sana, leaders of the warring factions met in Dayton, Ohio, to sign the General Framework Agreement for Peace, the Dayton Accords. These Accords created two autonomous entities – Republika Srpska and the Federation of Bosnia-Herzegovina – perfunctorily linked by a weak central government. The Dayton Accords preserved the “un-mixing” of Bosnia, achieved through ethnic cleansing, and used the military borders to define the new political borders, thus enshrining separate physical and political spaces for the continuation of ethnic discourses.<sup>3</sup> The territories of “Republika Srpska and the Federation of Bosnia-Herzegovina,” notes anthropologist Stef Jansen, “were founded on the expulsion and/or escape of over 90% of their inhabitants of undesired nationality.”<sup>4</sup> The legacy of these war-time campaigns, reflected in the demographics, has direct implications for the viability, health and sustainability of communities such as Sanski Most.

Addressing the realities of ethnic cleansing and their implications for peace-building was a major concern of the Dayton Accords. Creating a stable political and social order required addressing the needs of the 2.2 million Bosnians displaced by the four-year war, resolving issues of property restitution, and clarifying the legal status of refugees and internally-displaced persons alike. The “solution” identified in Annex 7 of the Dayton Accords granted all refugees and internally-displaced persons the right “to return to their homes of origin” as a means of “settlement of the conflict”<sup>5</sup> – or, as geographer Richard Black argues, as a forum for “righting the wrong” of ethnic cleansing.<sup>6</sup> Defining home as “place of origin” underscores the individual-centric, rather than more broadly community-situated, conceptualization of home adopted by the Accords.<sup>7</sup> This framework minimizes the importance of social interactions in defining community spaces, and thus misses the significance of examining the “interpersonal ruins” the war created.<sup>8</sup> Addressing the human impact of the war, in addition to the physical, remains crucial for the success of reconciliation efforts.<sup>9</sup>

In 2004, the UNHCR proudly announced that one million Bosnians had returned, and touted the success of Annex 7. This emphasis on return to physical structures and the measure of “success” through the number of returnees does not take into account the dynamism of the process of return, nor does it define home as a socially constructed and situated space whose meaning is in part developed through the social interactions that occur there.<sup>10</sup> It also fails to acknowledge the impact of personal experience during the war, and how

“those returning to their former homes often find *themselves* vastly transformed, physically and socially, and have to negotiate their re-entry in quite different contexts of power and inequality.”<sup>11</sup> Assessing just one element of return masks the inherent complexity of return as an emotional and social process. Furthermore, defining return as a physical movement attempts to uncouple the physical from the emotional and social experiences of returnees. In this way, the physical or demographic characteristics of a community take precedence over social cohesion.

Through emphasizing return to pre-war locations, Annex 7 enshrines a pre-war, multi-ethnic vision of Bosnia, and claims that the objective of return is recapturing the “normalcy” disrupted by the war. Relying on memory of pre-war life to define “normalcy” assumes that reinstating demographic diversity will enable the return to pre-war harmony.<sup>12</sup> Such a perception fails to acknowledge the economic and political transformations, a product of the war but also a post-socialist restructuring, that both define Bosnia’s present situation and render the past unobtainable.<sup>13</sup> On an individual level, the language of “return” suggests a cyclical physical movement, which may not align with the emotional, social or economic trajectory of an individual. As Stef Jansen notes, “displaced Bosnians remembered previous *lives*, not just a previous place of residence,” and reclaiming a physical space will not necessarily reestablish pre-war lives.<sup>14</sup> This language also articulates a fixed end for the process of return: the physical re-entry into one’s “home of origin.”<sup>15</sup> Emphasis on “home of origin” neglects the needs and reality of over 100,000 Bosnians who remain internally displaced,<sup>16</sup> often living in collective centers or occupying homes of other displaced individuals—further complicating the reality of “return.”<sup>17</sup>

My fieldwork, conducted in April of 2011, was centered in Sanski Most and the village of Hrustovo, and examined how individuals, especially those ethnically cleansed in 1992 who later returned after 1995, experience making a home in a community still deeply impacted by the war.<sup>18</sup> Returnees spoke of the physical processes: repossessing property, rebuilding, and regaining a sense of security – all elements emphasized in the rhetoric of the Dayton Accords. At the same time, my informants also discussed the broader social and personal transformations that influenced their processes of remaking homes and communities, either as returnees to their “home of origin” or as those who remain internally displaced, unable or uncomfortable returning to their site of pre-war residency. Thus, beyond the physical loss and processes of reconstruction, the war also left a clear mark on the social fabric of Sanski Most. Despite the courage of those who have returned, Sanski Most has been irrevocably changed by the war. Before the war, roughly 50% of the population was Bosniak, a term marking Bosnian Muslims, and 40% Bosnian Serb.<sup>19</sup> Although there has been no official census taken since 1991, it is estimated by the Union for Sustainable Return that nearly 90% of the population in Sanski Most is now Bosniak – numbers that illustrate only one dimension of the demographic impact of the war, but not the entire story.<sup>20</sup> In addition to changes in the ethnic composition of the community, the war and dynamics of return dramatically changed the demographics of age, especially in rural regions such as Sanski Most.

Few incentives brought youth – or young families – back to Bosnia, and of the many youth with whom I spoke, a majority of whom were returnees themselves, all expressed desire to move to a more urban environment or, even more ideally, out of Bosnia entirely, for economic, educational and social opportunities. This brain-drain contributes to the fragility of many returnee communities. For Sanski Most, like small, rural spaces across Bosnia, the demographic upheaval fueled by the war has not fully concluded.

The lack of opportunities in Bosnia encouraged many refugees to seek permanent residency abroad while still maintaining a connection with pre-war homes, communities, and family.<sup>21</sup> These members of the Diaspora also fail to fit neatly into typical portrayals of “the returnee” as they maintain relationships within multiple spatial and social environments. Members of the Diaspora with whom I interacted frequently financially support their “homes of origin” and return periodically without establishing – or intending to establish – permanent residency there, even as many were rebuilding the family home. This contributes to another hidden form of return – seasonal or semi-permanent – the complexities of which are not reflected in official statistics on return. The implications, however, of part-time residents for communities, such as the village where I lived, are broader than seasonal bursts in population. Nearly half of the houses in the Hrustovo were inhabited semi-permanently, and the presence or absence of those families shaped the social environment of the community. With fewer full-time residents, class sizes in the local school were falling, and local businesses were closing. At the same time, remittances from Bosnians abroad constituted roughly 10% of Bosnia’s GDP in 2011.<sup>22</sup>

In late April, around the Easter holiday, the population of Hrustovo and Sanski Most swelled as many displaced Bosnians returned during the vacation. Many with whom I spoke discussed the difficulty of being both “a stranger here and there,” as one interviewee, Dina, put it. Dina’s brother, who was translating, added, “the term we use here [in Bosnia] is ‘crucified.’ One hand here and the other there” – he gestured, outstretching his arms. “But my heart is here,” Dina responded. These displaced Bosnians have been robbed not only of their homes, but of their sense of community, belonging and identity. The tension of belonging also finds expression in language use. One evening when relatives now living in Slovenia were visiting my host family, the conversation quickly slipped into Slovenian. Oddly, I was the only non-Bosnian in the room, and for everyone else, Slovenian was their second, not their mother tongue – yet it was obviously a language of comfort and connection for those assembled. As Dina later told me, “no matter how long we are [in Slovenia]...there is always something in Bosnia that connects us to this land, but here [in Bosnia] I am [also] a guest.” This contradiction, as expressed linguistically and through identification with place, positions members of the Diaspora between two rooted communities. Arguably what I observed that evening was the formation of a third community: the displaced, bound together by their shared tension of belonging, expressed in their common adopted tongues. The experiences of this transient community are often overlooked in attempts to quantify “return.”

Among the permanent community of returnees, many are elderly.<sup>23</sup> This trend, coupled with low birth rates, creates conditions for demographically unsustainable communities that are slowly dying out. On my first day in Sanski Most, for example, my host father, trying to sound nonchalant, noted that no new children had been born in their village that year. Many people of child-bearing age fled during the war, and have not returned permanently. One resident of Starija

Rijeka, a predominantly Bosnian Croat village close to Sanski Most, noted how important it was for his parents to remain in their village after the war, even though they were now the youngest family in the village, and the village still carried physical scars of the war – especially land mines.<sup>24</sup> “They were hoping others would return,” said Kruno, a high school senior, “but it doesn’t look like that will happen...there are only old people, and in seven or eight years there isn’t going to be anyone [Starija Rijeka] because all the old people are going to die and that will be that.” Attending the Easter Mass in Starija Rijeka, Kruno’s words echoed in my ears as I surveyed the church. Just a handful of young faces dotted the congregation. Of the eight individuals under twenty in the crowd, three were Kruno and his two teenaged sisters, two were children of members of the Diaspora who returned to Starija Rijeka for the holidays, and three were Bosniaks, friends Kruno had invited to celebrate Easter with his family – a big step for many of them. Obviously, the congregation isn’t getting any younger, especially as the youth, like Kruno, seek opportunities outside Bosnia. This snapshot of the community illustrates the unspoken precariousness that faces many of Bosnia’s aging communities, a reality not accounted for or encompassed in assessments of or programs facilitating permanent return.

Attending Mass that afternoon not only illuminated retention of youth as a post-war hurdle, but clarified how ethnic cleansing has led to increased homogenization within the country, and within communities.<sup>25</sup> One of the Bosniak girls who attended Easter Mass with me shyly admitted, “I don’t know how to greet [Bosnian Croats]” on Easter. Her comment indicates how presence of minority returnees does not entail what my host father, Vahido, who runs a peacebuilding NGO in Sanski Most, calls “meeting the other.” Furthermore, minority returnees may not be permanently settled. On a walk through Sanski Most, the only neighborhood where I saw signs selling rakija – home-distilled alcohol, a marker of non-Muslim families – also sported placards offering “house for sale or exchange with a house in Banja Luka or Prijedor,” both large towns in Republika Srpska. Many minority returnees, such as Bosnian Serbs in Sanski Most, hope to relocate to communities where they will belong to the majority, even if this entails leaving their “home of origin.” These sale signs indicate that even Sanski Most’s small Bosnian Serb community may not be permanently settled, that return, for these individuals, has not satisfied their social, emotional or economic needs.

Two of my interviewees, both Bosniaks, fled Prijedor (Republika Srpska) during the war, opting to settle after Dayton in Sanski Most for economic as well as security reasons. They, like many displaced persons, feared the implications of being “minority returnees.”<sup>26</sup> One, Edin, described Bosniaks who did return to Prijedor as “living under the shutter,” that is, keeping as low a profile as possible to prevent conflict with their neighbors.<sup>27</sup> The other interviewee, Mirsad, emphasized the importance of living under “our” – meaning Muslim – government rather than returning to “enemy territory,” to Republika Srpska, even if that was his “home of origin.” Like his physical house in Prijedor, his community was destroyed by the war. His comments illustrate the larger, harder truth that bricks and mortar can only reconstruct a house, not a home.

The homogenization and physical separation of communities provides a significant obstacle to peace-building.<sup>28</sup> My interviewees also highlighted the importance of face-to-face inter-ethnic contact in healing trauma. Selma, another high school senior, shared how it took meeting Bosnian Serbs for her to cast off her own assumption that a

“Serb was a monster, and a Croat too,” and that realizing that “they were people just like me...really helped me with my trauma.” These instances of personal transformation mark, according to psychologist Ervin Staub’s research in Rwanda, the first steps toward creating lasting peace through changing conceptions of the “other.”<sup>29</sup>

These pivotal moments of sharing experiences of suffering during the war and acknowledging common humanity provided the catalyst for many of my interviewees to begin reimagining the “other.” However, in divided communities, spaces for genuinely encountering the “other” are few. Furthermore, these spaces do not often occur organically, and depend upon the courage of individuals to enter into them with openness to truly hear the other’s story. Fear of meeting and interacting with the “other” inhibited many of my informants, including Vahido, from willingly entering such spaces. Required to attend an inter-ethnic teacher training session, Vahido was concerned that he would meet his former teacher, the Serb who “made me start hating ‘them.’” He later reflected in his Masters Thesis,

...I hated Serbs so much that my only motivation to go on with life was revenge: to harm at least one Serb in order to make him/her pay for my suffering...[At the training] it was very hard to sit in the same room with Serbs. It was disgusting to see their names on name tags that were stuck to their chests.<sup>30</sup>

Yet, as Vahido told me, the training also “transformed my life... it made my life much easier because it’s much easier to love than to hate.” Although the atmosphere was tense and the Bosnian teachers “couldn’t stand each other,” the facilitator framed this painful process as necessary, saying “either you deal with this or your children deal with this.” For Vahido, like a generation of Bosnians raised on horrific World War II stories and processing his own wounds from the most recent war, this logic resonated. Before the training, he had difficulty understanding why Serbs, especially those he knew, didn’t speak up in protest of the atrocities committed around them. For Vahido, inaction by his Serb acquaintances implicated them in the crimes, directly or indirectly. These trainings enabled Vahido to hear from Serbs how they too were threatened, and that their silence was not synonymous with support for the regime. He recounted,

This was my biggest difficulty with Serbs: why didn’t you say something? But now I realize that there were Serbs who were not supporting [the war]...[and] that they were threatened...and of course when you have to choose between your family and your children and your neighbor, I kind of now understand...I understand why they didn’t [speak up] and before I couldn’t.

Hearing the stories and experiences of “others” harmed by the war enabled Vahido to begin understanding the destruction of his community and his life in a more complex and compassionate way.

Integral to Vahido’s experience was his ability to return to his pre-war community, to confront not only Serbs, but the individuals who directly defined his wartime-suffering. Yet the process of reconciliation, like any process of return, occurs on a personal timeline. Furthermore, Vahido’s physical return to Sanski Most did not enable this transformation. Addressing his “interpersonal ruins” from the war took additional steps, took “meeting the other.” Yet this component of reconciliation is grossly overlooked in number-based evaluations of return. Until assessment of return encompasses sustainability of community, includes the transnational experiences of the Diaspora and encourages “meeting the other,”<sup>31</sup> such statistics scratch only the surface of what it means to come home.

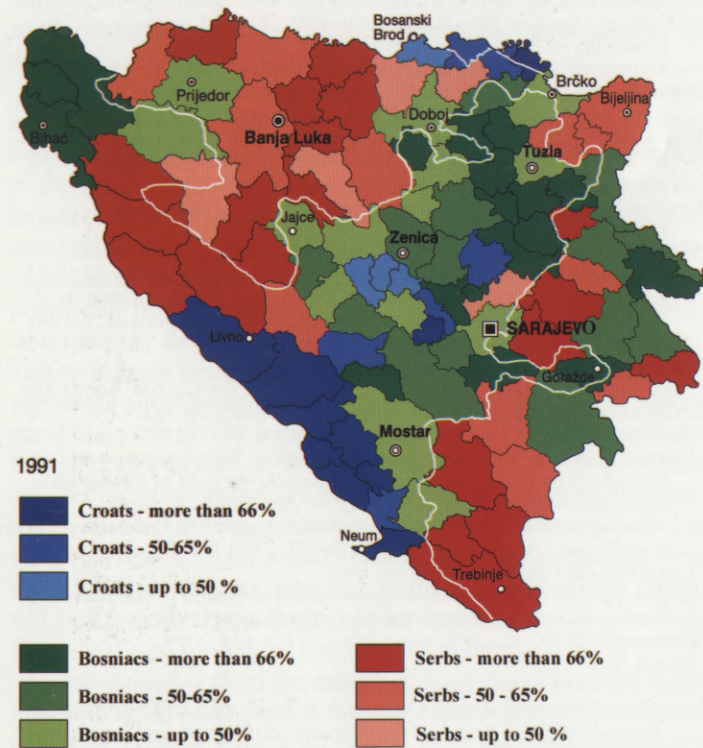
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- 19 Semi-structured interviews were conducted with six individuals, and one in-depth informal conversation with a seventh, in addition to information gleaned through participant observation. I received IRB approval from the School for International Training, who ran my study abroad program before conducting my research.
- 20 The remainder of the population was Bosnian Croat (5%) or identified as Yugoslav (5%). Union for Sustainable Return, Correspondence with Author
- 21 After twenty years, Bosnian politicians have finally agreed to conduct a census in 2013, a decision which occurred only after years of political battle. See Balkan Insight’s coverage of the lengthy Census debate. [www.balkaninsigh.com](http://www.balkaninsigh.com)
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- 27 In addition to concerns about physical security, many minority returnees were concerned about access to services (employment, housing and education) under local and entity governments dominated by other ethnic groups (Steffansson 2006, Jansen 2006)
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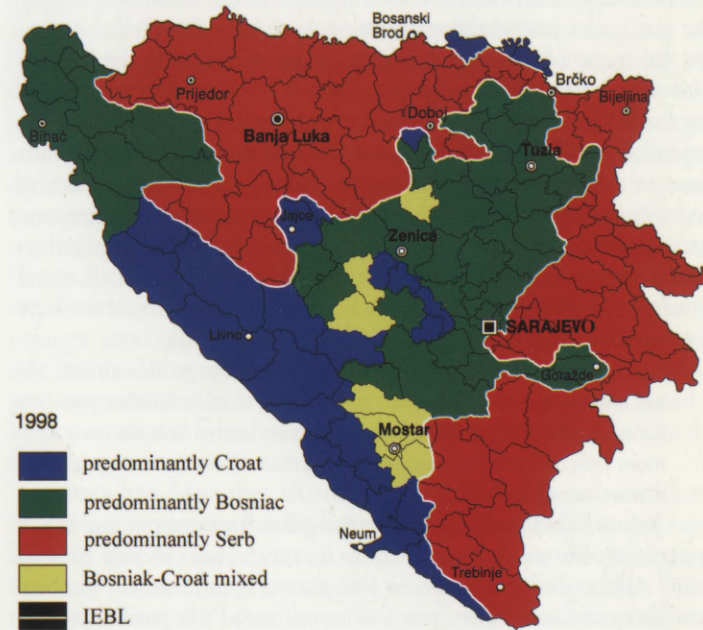


Appendix

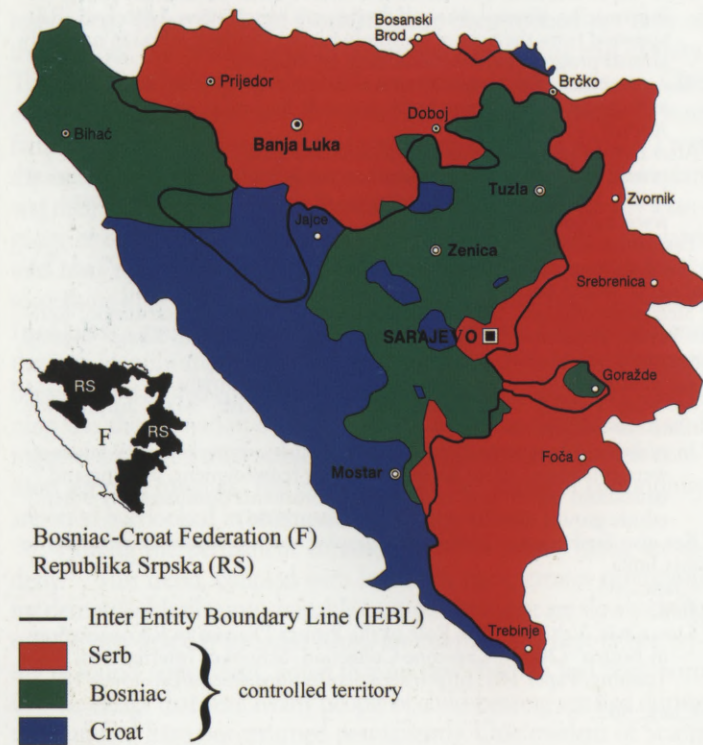
Ethnic composition before the war in BiH (1991)



Ethnic composition in 1998



Bosnia and Herzegovina under the Dayton Peace Agreement and the front lines at the end of 1995



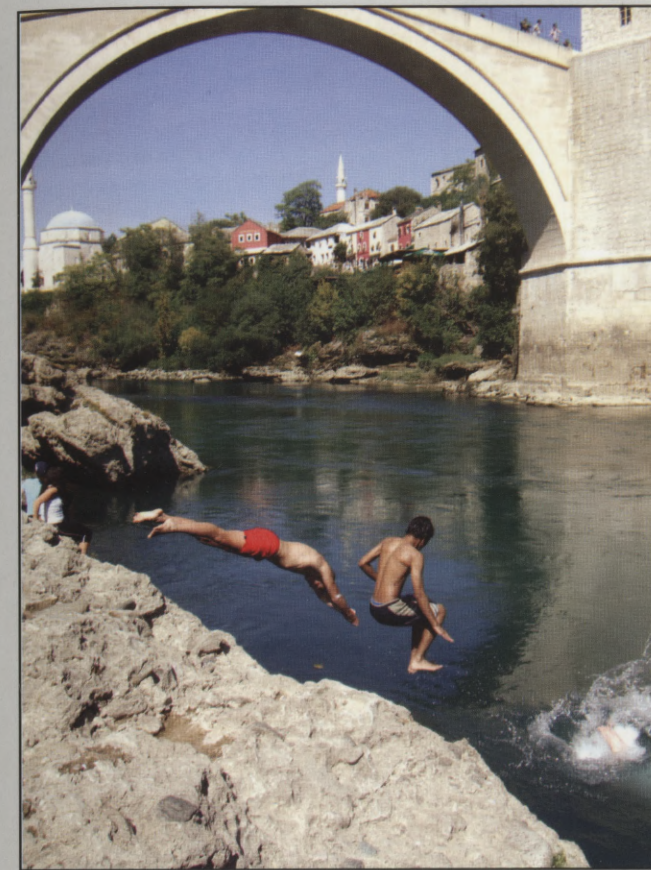
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This summer, help us to volunteer teaching in a multiethnic summer school program in the mountain town of Vareš. Participants will contribute directly to the reconciliation process by facilitating positive interactions between segregated ethnic groups.



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Mostar II, Saskia Brechenmacher



Sunday Morning (Lviv, Ukraine 2010), Saskia Brechenmacher



View from the Village, Mane Chakarian

