

**RUSSIAN
POETRY
READ
IN
RUSSIAN
BY
LARISSA
GATOVA
PUSHKIN
TYUTCHEFF
LERMONTOV
FET
GOGOL
NEKRASSOV**



PG
3230.5
G38
1958
c.1

MUSIC LP

CONTENTS:

1 sound disc
text

University of Alberta Library



0 1620 0506 6939

RUSSIAN POETRY FOLKWAYS FL 9960

Descriptive Notes are inside pocket.

RUSSIAN POETRY READ IN RUSSIAN

BY LARISSA GATOVA

The editor wishes to thank the translators, Babette Deutsch, Boris Gourevitch, Lee Culpepper, and D. Mogula as well as Random House, which authorized the reprinting of the translations of Babette Deutsch from "The Poems, Prose and Plays of Alexander Pushkin," an edition of the Modern Library. All rights are reserved to the above-mentioned translators and to Random House, especially including the copyright.

Larissa Gatova enjoys a tremendous prestige among the Russians in America. When the Russian workers in Detroit were informed that she was to give a recital of Russian poetry in their city, they printed and distributed playbills headed "Russian Men! Salute the great Russian actress!"

Where is a secret of her artistic influence?

Her diploma in the College of Dramatic Art was signed, among others, by the great Maria Savina who, with Vladimir Davydov, admired the young actress's early performances. In the first and terrible years of the Russian upheaval, she rapidly conquered the stage, already disturbed by opposing influences. She played tragic and dramatic roles in the theater named in the honor of the late Vera Komissarjevsky, in the theater of Balieff, in the studio of the Moscow Art Theater, in the spectacles of the Moscow Art Theater itself, and in the theater of Sinelnikov. She was marvelous in the dramatic roles of Ostrovsky, Tchekhov and Surgutchev, but she attained the heights when she had occasion to play in Greek tragedy. She had already developed a passion to recite the great works of Russian poetry. At current exhibit in the New York Library dedicated to Stanislavsky and the Moscow Art Theater, one could find her name on one of the playbills. Stanislavsky prepared her for the role of Eve in the Byron's Cain, but circumstances external to the Theater stopped its production,

already staged. She played in the poet Kuzmin's play "A knight who lost the soul of his wife in a game with the devil," where Gatova is the unfortunate wife. She played also principal roles in the Russian films. We present here her photos in the film "Olessia" based on the text of Kuprin, with Moscow Art Theater artists Muratova and Boleslavsky, and in the film "The Lame Gentleman" based on the text of Alexis Tolstoy, with Moscow Art Theater artists Aslanov and Zeland.

In exile she played leading roles in Russian theaters in Riga and Tallin, and on the ephemeral Russian stage in Paris. But in exile she developed her unheard of mastery of the reciting of Russian poetry.

She was aided by her exceptional memory. She gave scores of recitals with a wide repertory of poetry. She knows by heart some 3000 pages of the poems of old and modern Russian poets from Pushkin to Blok, from Blok to Kirsanov. Sometimes she introduced in these recitals her favorite scenes from the great tragedies. She recited and played the Medea of Euripides, Antigone of Sophocles, Maria Stuart of Schiller, Sister Beatrice of



Larissa Gatova at the
Moscow Art Theater.

Maeterlinck, Catherine of Ostrovsky. In certain cases she played two roles, as for Maria and Elisabeth by Schiller or Mozart and Salieri by Pushkin. Nobody listening with closed eyes could believe that only one actress was playing both. She astounded all the critics by reciting with elfin ease the poem "Cinderella" of Kirsanov which requires sixty minutes to read-- all without any note or book.

The word of "genius" was often uttered about this extraordinary actress, who today gives us eighteen masterpieces of classical Russian poetry. The poems of Pushkin, Lermontov, Tyutcheff, Fet, and Nekrassov and several lines from the artistic prose of Gogol are included in a record submitted to the American public. They are supplemented by their Russian text and by English translations.

B.G.

Copyright © Boris Gourevitch 1958
for three articles signed B. G. or
Boris Gourevitch and for the
translations signed Boris Gourevitch
and Lee Culpepper.

PG
3230.5
G38
1958

MUSIC LP

THE CREATIVE PATH OF LARISSA GATOVA

Larissa Gatova, without the aid of special costumes and scenery, plays alone both roles of Mozart and Salieri, in the dramatic poem of Pushkin.

A reveller of genius, Mozart, and a scientific architect of music, Salieri, writhing in envy of Mozart, alternate before our eyes, making it seem natural that in the single body of Gatova reside two souls.

And here something supernatural occurs. The pianist seated on the stage plays twice for Mozart. But Mozart-Gatova is also here, in the chair, and his face continues the fatal game. And nobody in the audience finds it strange that Mozart has two bodies, as the Egyptian mummy has two souls.

The audience is bewitched by Gatova, and dares not believe that someone else is playing the piano. And the wise, cunning, tragic face of Salieri shines like a torch in the hand of the high priest of the God of Vengeance: He is full of compassion for his future victim, Mozart, but also full of anxiety to save all composers from the competition of this dangerous and crazy genius.

In the "Masquerade" of Lermontov, Gatova-Nina, in antique lace lightly gilded, speaks not only in the weird word of Lermontov. She speaks as much in the musical, infinitely various, and monstrously truthful movements of her fingers and turns of her shoulders.

Her suffering and faithful soul finally vanquishes the vindictive and demoniacal fiendishness of Arbenin. How did this actress impersonate a few minutes ago Don Juan, Leporello, and Donna Anna, and force us to imagine, without scenery, a church, a sepulchre, and the Stony Guest?

Larissa Gatova reaches her highest point of heroic and religious power in the monologue of the Chairman in the "Feast During the Plague" of Pushkin, and in the revelations that she finds in Alexander Blok.

She re-creates for us the Blok of the Beautiful Dame, of the Unknown Lady Stranger, the Blok of his youth, bewitched by the philosophy of Vladimir Soloviev and by the spectral and sinful city. And also she re-creates the Blok of the mysterious thousand years of Russia, and the Blok resurrecting the medieval mystics of the knights in "The Rose and the Cross," as never was done before him.

"The Rose and the Cross" of Gatova could enliven the knightly stone statues of the Gothic cathedrals. A kind of new and elusive kinship with Pushkin is heard in the rhythm and in the ring of this noble medieval poem-mystery of Blok.

The Middle Ages, their pathos, their supreme self-renouncement, are perceived by Pushkin otherwise than by Blok. But Gatova finds a trail connecting the two great poets, and finds in Blok the heritage of the images of Pushkin. In the same manner, many are finding the magic of the nature images of Rousseau in Wordsworth and Chateaubriand.

The "Feast During the Plague" by Larissa Gatova reveals itself as the feast of the millions of years of life on earth, the feast of our days in the shadow of atomic explosions. And behind the courageous words, behind the "Ode to Joy" by the chairman of this ill-omened Feast, rings not the real "Ode to Joy" of Schiller and Beethoven, but the demoniac fugue of irony, the laugh of Mephistopheles from the "Mephisto Valse" of Liszt.

Gatova seeks and finds in Blok and Pushkin the theurgy of an occult art conjuring a demoniac and frightful nature.

She reads--or she plays--(with these both roles being identical) the words of Tyutcheff on chaos stirring under tempests which fell asleep. In the monologue of Sophocles' Antigone she challenges the laws of men in the name of the divine commands of fraternal love and of Natural Law.

One can feel her deep religiosity

verified by philosophical thought. Her creativity is rebellious, searching for the truth and for mystery, and full of faith in occult religion of an Eternal Beauty. One remembers the thirst of possession of Beauty of which Socrates speaks to Diotima in the "Symposium" of Plato.

The secret of the creative work of Larissa Gatova lies in the limitless religious seriousness with which she has worked for many years over her voice, gestures, mimetic art, and intonations. In full command of her material after long and diligent application, not forgetting a single intonation, she has an elfin ease and freedom. And she gives freely and lightly to the spectator all that she has succeeded in creating.

On the impassable roads of a Russian exile, as from a mist, appeared her tragic mask and rang a voice for whom Tyutcheff, Pushkin, Blok, -- the magic of Russian verse--is a mysterious and eternal cosmic reality.

Her creative art is pierced by the lights of the prophetic religion of Beauty and Truth. In this manner, in the "Symposium" of Plato, Diotima and Socrates pass from Beauty to the Supreme Good. Gatova, in her creative art, reverentially dedicates herself to the eternal images of poets, like the antique maenad to the ever elusive face of Dionysus.

Boris Gourevitch

Copyright for Boris Gourevitch's articles, "Larissa Gatova Reads Russian Poetry," "The Creative Path of Larissa Gatova," and "The Art of Larissa Gatova," as well as for poems translated by Boris Gourevitch and Lee Culpepper, is reserved to Boris Gourevitch.

RUSSIAN POETRY READ IN RUSSIAN

READ BY LARISSA GATOVA

G. Aronson

AT THE RECITAL OF LARISSA GATOVA

The recital of masterpieces of prose and poetry, given by the noted actress L. Gatova was, without any exaggeration, a feast of Russian art. Gatova's reading, or rather her dramatic interpretation of some of the best works of Russian literature, was marked by a deeply spiritual earnestness, by consummate artistry and talent.

Thanks to her truly phenomenal memory, it was easy for Gatova to carry out the program of the evening which lasted, with a short intermission, more than two hours. But what exquisite taste went into composing this program, and how varied it was: folklore and fairy tales, lyrical poets and classics, civic subjects and samples of the most modernistic poetry, - the program comprised all of these.

Gatova divided the evening in two parts: the first devoted to the Russian landscape, the second to Russian womanhood. However, the abundant wealth which she shared with us at this recital would not fit into the limits within which the actress tried conscientiously to maintain herself. It would be wrong to define the impression received by the listener as a merely aesthetic appreciation of the beauty of the Russian word in poetry and prose. This impression went deeper. Without embellishments, we must emphasize the ennobling nature of the cause which L. Gatova serves.

Among the works she recited in the first part of the evening, we shall name besides Pushkin, Tyutcheff, Lermontov, Bunin, -- some of Fet's masterpieces, presented in a strikingly novel light, "Wordlessness" by Balmont, -- sharply expressive, carved as it were, poems by O. Mandelstamm and Pasternak, an eccentric gypsy-like poem by Selvinsky "Dark alleys", "Three sisters" by V. Khlebnikov, full of poetic finds and genuine originality, and D. Klenovsky's religious pantheistic poem "Light is burning in me and above me". Poetry alternated with prose excerpts, uncovering the soul of the Russian landscape, - excerpts from Ostrovsky's "Snow White", from Remizov's "The four seasons of the year", from Gogol, all of them recited by Gatova with great power and artistic brilliancy. She also read poems by George Ivanov, inspired by Lermontov's "All alone I go out on the road", and the first section closed with Blok's "On the Kulikovo battlefield", a poem which won exceptional applause of the audience.

The second part of the evening opened with a masterly rendering of Lukeriya's dream from "The living relics" by Turgenev, and with the dialogue of Kupava and the Tsar from "Snow White" by Ostrovsky.

Then, with great feeling and restraint, Gatova read the letter of Tatiana, and the evening ended with Nekrassov's "Russian Women" which, rendered by Gatova, always come to a new life and bring a new enchantment.

"Novoye Russkoye Slovo".
December 17, 1952

"The day" ("Der Tog"),
December 21, 1952.

L. Feinberg

PUSHKIN AND BLOK ON BROADWAY

(On the occasion of a recital of Russian poetry by Larissa Gatova).

I can hardly imagine a stranger place for reciting poems by Pushkin and mystical verses by Blok than on Broadway,

in the center of New York.

And nevertheless for several days already I have been under the spell of the marvelous evening which I spent in a small salon of a New York hotel in which the noted Russian actress Larissa Gatova recited a cycle of poems of great Russian poets.

It is difficult to communicate the impression made by these Russian poems rendered by that talented actress with so much finesse, such tender lyricism and with a compelling, extatical pathos.

The movingly lyrical song of Fet's admirable lines, "Whispering, Timid breathing. A nightingale's trills" echoes in your ears, and you feel a nostalgic breath of youth which passed forever - and of old time Russia.

And now a tragic struggle of the Russian people against the Tartar yoke comes to life before you, evoked by the genius of the great poet Alexander Blok in his immortal poem "On the Kulikovo battlefield." And I remember the face of the late poet himself as I saw him in 1918 reciting before a large audience of revolutionary Moscow his famous poem "The Twelve". And it seems to me that a whole century, and not 34 years, passed since that day...

You are still under the unforgettable charm of Blok's poetry, when Gatova, with her bewitching voice and admirable play of her face and hands already introduces you into a different world, the world of Nekrassov's "Russian Women", those tragical heroines, the wives of the Decembrist revolutionaries who, in 1826, followed their husbands to faraway Siberia.

One image succeeds another, one poem after another bewitches you, and when you recover from the overpowering emotion, you suddenly realize that you are sitting in a hotel in New York, among a hundred of Russian intellectuals assembled there who, like you yourself, came here to relive together and, possibly, recapture the feelings of the youth gone forever, the

memory of Russia forever veiled and obscured...

All our gratitude goes to the marvelous Larissa Gatova for these admirable two hours of spiritual feast which, in this prosaic New York, I spent with her and, thanks to her, in the company of Pushkin, Lermontov, Blok, Tyutcheff, Nekrassov and Turgenev.

These two hours I am going to remember for a very long time.

NOVOYE RUSSKOYE SLOVO,
December 11, 1952.

Boris Gourevitch
THE ART OF L. GATOVA

Larissa Gatova's recitals of Russian poetry are so very uncommon that it is not easy for me to discover the nature of the deep artistic enjoyment which possesses the audience.

Her recitals do not belong to the realm of ordinary to the theater, Gatova acts with her voice, her facial expressions, the movements of her body, her hands and shoulders. She plays in the manner of the religious mysteries of old. She throws away all that is unsuited to the theater, -- frigid Parnassian poems, the dead beauty of description. By instinct she reunites and sets side by side poems pierced through by the flaming thread of a common emotion. It seems that she creates a living unity from several borrowed poems -- as the poet creates his poem out of words.

Gatova plays both Mozart and Salieri, as if her body were possessed by two souls. And the spectator forgets that there are not two artists before him. This magic ability of taking from every hero the inner sanctum of his feelings and passions, and of forcing everybody to forget that one single actress plays for two, creates miracles. Blok's "The Rose and the Cross", emizov's "The tragedy of udas, prince of Iscariot", ophocles' "Antigone" give Gatova the occasion to hrow out the heavy material

nature of the heroes and to preserve only the masks of their passions, by speaking and playing for two heroes.

Gatova is obsessed by Russia, by the Russian past, by the mystery of the Russian spirit. When she recites Blok's "On the Kulikovo battlefield", she undergoes a real reincarnation. The enigmatic, priestly struggle with the alien, Tartar spirit becomes eternal, inextinguishable, present day reality.

Gatova seldom reads from Blok's early work of the period of "The Fair Dame" when the poet was under Soloviev's influence. She feels herself infinitely nearer to Blok the minstrel of love's mystery, and seer of the enigmas of suffering which expresses itself in song, Blok who peoples the lanes of ghostly Petersburg with shades of romantics, troubadours, personages of the Italian comedy. She unrolls side by side, like two carved rosaries of different epochs, six poems of Blok on love and despair, and six poems of Essenin on similar subjects. She unmasks at will in "The Twelve" of Blok the coarseness and the passion of the revolutionary mob.

Gatova's great love is naturally Pushkin. When her recital fell on the date of Pushkin's death, she recited by heart an article devoted to the poet's memory which appeared in a newspaper on the day of tragedy, and we all communed with her sharing again the grief of Russia. Pushkin's "A Feast during the Plague" and "The Prophet" are for me Gatova's highest achievement.

Strong and original is her manner of playing Nekrassov. It is difficult to listen unmoved to her rendering of "Russian Women." An American professor of Russian literature sees in the poem "Whether riding at night on a street in the darkness" the most beautiful of all the images created by Gatova.

Tyutcheff, Ostrovsky, Turgenev, Bunin, the new poets -- from Essenin to the émigré Klenovsky... In all of them Gatova avidly

seeks and finds lines trembling with life, passion, sorrow and wisdom, she gives herself up to them, as though in the trance of some Delphic inebriation.

I cannot forget, and remember again the millenary majesty of Blok's "Ravenna" as recited by Gatova.

Alexander Pushkin
(1799-1837)

Miednyi Vsadnik
The Bronze Horseman

A tale of Petersburg

1833

Introduction.

Before the wilderness of waves,
Invoking thinking full of greatness,

He stood and peered into space.
The river drifted very broadly.
A poor and solitary skiff
Was seen while scudding on the river.

Upon its swampy, mossy shores
Appeared a few poor, blackish
shacks --

The shelters of the pitiable
natives;

The sun was hidden by the clouds,
The woods, untouched by rays of light,

Were howling under the wind.
And thought He:

From hither shall we threaten
Sweden.

A city will be laid and built
In spite of our haughty neighbor.
And nature's destiny for us:
To make a window on Europe,
To put the foot on the seashore.
Ships of the world will visit us
Over these waves for them
unknown;

There will be feasts in this wide
space.

One century. The youthful city,
Miracle and beauty of the North,
Arose in pride, and stood in
splendour

Both from the darkness of the
woods

And from the swamps of endless
marshes.

There, where the Finnish fisherman,

A mournful stepson of the forest,
Alone on the lowland of the shores
Cast his decrepit old fish-net
Into unknown somber waters,

-- On the bright, vivacious, boardwalks
Are crowded slightly edifices
Of towers and of palaces; the ships
In crowds, from far-lying countries
Are rushing to the wealthy wharves.
Neva is clothed in granite;
The bridges hang over the waters;
The gardens in the darkest green
Are far and near over the islands.
Old Moscow became so dim
Before the young and reigning
city, --
Old widow in her porphyry
Before the consort of the Tsar.

I love you, work of the great Peter,
I love your stern, well-fashioned
face,

The river's streams majestic flow,
Granite of shores on the Neva,
Cast-iron pattern of enclosures,
Transparent twilight, moonless
shine

Of thoughtful nights in which I can
Both write and read without light.
The heaps of sleeping streets are
clear,

Deserted in the night, and bright
Is the Admiralty spire.

One dawn hastens to replace
Another dawn, in preventing
The night from climbing in the
golden sky,
The night endures for half an hour.
I like the frost and air immovable
Of the ferocious winter days,
The girls with rosy dazzling faces,
The glitter, noise, and talks of
balls.

And in the hour of the party
Among the bachelors, at night,
The fizzle of all the foamy
goblets,

And the blue flame of the punch-
bowl.

I like the martial animation
Of the parades on the Field of
Mars,

The monotony and the beauty
Of infantry and of the horses;
In their well-shaped, rippled
ranks

The shreds of the victorious
banners,

And radiance of the copper caps,
Shot through and through on
Russian battlefields.

I love, O martial capital,
Your fortress's thunder and the
smoke

When the Tsarina of the North
Confers a son to the Tsar's
house,

Or if a victory in war
Is celebrated by the Russians,
Or when, by breaking bluish ice,
Neva bears it straight to the
seas,

Neva exults and feels the spring.

Appear in beauty, Peter's city,
And stand foursquare as Russia
stands.

Let peace descend on elements
Of nature vanquished here by
Peter.

Let Finnish waves at last forget
Both enmity and ancient capture,
And not disturb by pointless spite
The eternal repose of Peter.

Once happened a frightful time...
And its remembrance still is
fresh...

My friends, I shall begin for you
A narrative of these events.
My story will be sad and mournful.

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper.

А. С. ПУШКИН

МЕДНЫЙ ВСАДНИК.

Петербургская повесть.

ВСТУПЛЕНИЕ

На берегу пустынных волн
Стоял он, дум великих полн,
И вдаль глядел. Пред ним широко
Река неслася; бедный челя
По ней стремился одиноко.

По мшистым, топким берегам
Чернели избы здесь и там,
Приют убогого чухонца;
И лес, неведомый лучам
В тумане спрятанного солнца,
Кругом шумел.

И думал он:
Отсель грозить мы будем шведу.
Здесь будет город заложен
На зло надменному соседу.
Природой здесь нам суждено
В Европу прорубить окно;
Ногою твердой стать при море.
Сюда по новым им волнам
Все флаги в гости будут к нам
И запируем на просторе.

Прошло сто лет, и юный град,
Полночных стран краса и диво,
Из тьмы лесов, из топи блат
Вознесся пышно, горделиво:
Где прежде финский рыболов,
Печальный пасынок природы,
Один у низких берегов
Бросал в неведомые воды
Свой ветхий невод, ныне там
По оживленным берегам
Громады стройные теснятся
Дворцов и башен; корабли
Толпой со всех концов земли
К богатым пристаням стремятся;
В гранит оделась Нева;
Мосты повисли над водами;

Темнозелеными садами
Ее покрылись острова,
И перед младшею столицей
Померкла старая Москва
Как перед новою царицей
Порфиросная адова.

Люблю тебя, Петра творенье,
Люблю твой строгий, стройный вид
Невы державное теченье,
Береговой ее гранит,
Твоих оград узор чугунный,
Твоих задумчивых ночей
Прозрачный сумрак, блеск
безлунный.

Когда я в комнате моей
Пишу, читаю без лампады,
И ясны спящие громады
Пустынных улиц, и светла
Адмиралтейская игла,
И не пуская тьму ночную
На золотые небеса,
Одна заря сменишь другую
Спешит, дав ночи полчаса.
Люблю зими твоей жестокой
Недвижный воздух и мороз,
Бег санок вдоль Невы широкой,
Девичьи лица ярче роз

И блеск и шум и говор балов,
А в час пирушки холостой
Шипенье пенных бокалов
И пушка пламень голубой.
Люблю воинственную живость
Потешных Марсовых полей,
Пехотных ратей и коней
Однообразную красоту.
В их стройно зыблемом строю
Лоскутья сих знамен победных,
Сиянье шапок этих медных,
Насквозь простреленных в бою.
Люблю, военная столица,
Твоей твердыни дым и гром,
Когда полнощная царица
Дарует сына в царский дом,
Или победу над врагом
Россия снова торжествует,
Или, валомая свой синий лед,
Нева к морям его несет,
И чужа вешни дни, ликует.

Красуйся, град Петров, и стой
Неколебимо как Россия.
Да умирится же с тобой
И побежденная стихия;
Вражду и плен старинный свой
Пусть волны финские забудут
И тщетной злобою не будут
Тревожить вечный сон Петра!

Была ужасная пора...
Об ней свежо воспоминанье...
Об ней, друзья мои, для вас
Начну свое повествованье.
Печален будет мой рассказ.

A Poem by
Alexander Pushkin

I Loved You Once
Ya Was Liubil
I loved you once, nor can this
heart be quiet:
For it would seem that love still
lingers here;
But do not you be further troubled
by it;

I would in no wise hurt you, oh,
my dear.

Alexander Pushkin
Excerpt from the first canto of
the Poem

"Ruslan and Ludmila"

At the Carved Seashore/ At
"Lukomorye"/ At the Fairy
Seaside Forest/

A green oak is standing at the
curved seashore;
A golden chain rings this green
oak.
And day and night a learned
tomcat
Is running around on this chain.
When he goes to right he winds
a song,
When he goes to left, a fairy
tale.

There are the wonders: the wood-
goblin is roving,
A mermaid is sitting on a branch;
There, on the unknown paths,
There are the spoors of unseen
beasts.
A hut so small, on chicken feet,
Is standing without doors and
windows;
The dale and forest are full of
visions;
At the dawn, the sea waves will
run over
The boardwalk, empty, full of
sand.

And thirty knights of splendid
beauty
In turn appear from the clear
sea,
With their maritime undertutor.

Alexander Pushkin

Thou and You*

Ty i Vy

By a slip of the tongue she
replaced
The empty you by the cordial
thou,
And aroused in my amorous
soul
All visions of happiness.

I am standing in a reverie,
I cannot take my eyes from
her;

I loved you without hope, a mute
offender;

What jealous pangs, what shy
despairs I knew!
A love as deep as this, as true,
as tender,
God grant another may yet offer
you.

(1829)

Translated by Babette Deutsch.
"The Poems, Prose and Plays of

In passing by, a prince will
capture
A redoubtable and terrible king;
There in the clouds in sight of
the crowd,
Through the forests and through
the seas,
A sorcerer carries a robust
hero;
A princess grieves in darkest
dungeon,
And the brown faithful wolf
attends her.

An ogress in a giant mortar
Is going, wandering without feet,
And King Kashtchey pines on his
treasure.
There is a Russian spirit, smell
of Russia.
And I was there, I drank the
mead;
I saw beside the shore the oak so
green,
I sat beneath, and the learned
tomcat
Recounted me his fairy tales.
I remember one: and this same tale
I shall disclose the world around.

(1817-1820)

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

I say to her, "How nice you
are!"
But I think, "How I love
thou!"

(1828)

*In Russian, tender feelings
among lovers, kin and close
friends are expressed by the
pronoun ty (thou).

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

Alexander Pushkin, "Selected
and Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky.

The Modern Library, Random House,
New York.

А. С. ПУШКИН

Я вас любил: любовь еще, быть может,
В душе моей угасла не совсем;
Но пусть она вас больше не тревожит;
Я не хочу печалить вас ничем.
Я вас любил безмолвно, безнадежно,
То робостью, то ревностью томию;
Я вас любил так искренно, так нежно,
Как дай вам бог любимой быть другим.

А. С. ПУШКИН

РУСЛАН И ЛЮДИЛА.

/Отрывок из первой песни/.

ПОСВЯЩЕНИЕ

Для вас, души моей царицы,
Красавицы, для вас одних
Времен минувших небылицы,
В часы досуга золотых,
Под шопот старинной болтовни,
Рукою верной я писал;
Примите ж вы мой труд игривый!
Ни чьих не требуя похвал,
Счастливы уж я надеждой сладкой,
Что дева с трепетом любви
Посмотрит, может быть, украдкой
На песни грешные мои.

ПЕСЕНЬ ПЕРВАЯ

У лукоморья дуб зеленый;
Златая цепь на дубе том:
И днем и ночью кот ученый
Все ходит по цепи кругом;
Идет направо — песнь заводит,
Налево — сказку говорит.

Там чудеса: там леший бродит,
Русалка на ветвях сидит;
Там на неведомых дорожках
Следы невиданных зверей;
Избушка там на курьих ножках
Стоит без окон, без дверей;
Там лес и дол видений полны;
Там о заре прихлынут волны
На брег песчаный и пустой,
И тридцать витязей прекрасных
Чредой из вод выходят ясных,
И с ними дядька их морской;
Там королевич мимоходом

Пленяет грозного царя;
Там в облаках перед народом
Через леса, через моря
Колдун несет богатыря;
В темнице там царевна тужит,
А бурый волк ей верно служит;
Там ступа с Бабою Ягой
Идет, бредет сама собой;
Там царь Кащей над златом чахнет;
Там русский дух... там Русью пахнет!
И там я был, и мед я пил;
У моря видел дуб зеленый;
Под ним сидел, и кот ученый

Свои мне сказки говорил.
Одну я помню: сказку эту
Поведаю теперь и свету...

A. C. ПУШКИН

Ты и мы

Пустое вы сердечным ты
Она, обмолвись, заменила
И все счастливые мечты
В душе влюбленной возбудила.
Пред ней задумчиво стою;
Свести очей с нее нет силы;
И говорю ей: «как вы милы»
И мыслю: «как тебя люблю»

A Poem by
Alexander Pushkin

Winter Evening

Zimniy Vetcher

Storm-clouds dim the sky; the
tempest
Weaves the snow in patterns
wild;
Like a beast the gale is
howling,
And now wailing like a child;
On the worn old roof it rustles
The piled thatch, and then
again
Like a traveler belated
Knocks upon the window-pane.

Sad and dark our shabby cottage,
Indoors not a sound is heard;
Nanny, sitting at the window,
Can't you give me just a word?
What is wrong, dear? Are you
wearyed

By the wind, so loud and rough?
Or the buzzing of your distaff--
Has that set you dozing off?

A Poem by
Alexander Pushkin

Elegy

Elegia

The mirth, now dead, that once
was madly bubbling,
Like fumes of last night's cups
is vaguely troubling;
Not so the griefs that to those
years belong:
Like wine, I find, with age
they grow more strong.
My path is bleak--before me
stretch my morrows:
A tossing sea, foreboding toil
and sorrows.

A Poem of
Alexander Pushkin

To Kern

I remember the instant of marvel

K Kern
Ya Pomniu Tchudnoie
Mgnovenye

I remember the instant of marvel:
You appeared alone before me,
Like a fugitive, fleeting vision,
Like a spirit of innocent beauty.

In the languor of hopeless sadness,
In the agitation of the noisy
bustle,
Long I remembered your voice so
tender,
And dreamed of your beloved dearest
face.

The years were passing. The restless
gust of tempests
Dispersed all my former dreams,
Let us drink, dear old companion,
You who shared my sorry start;
Get the mug and drown our troubles;
That's the way to cheer the heart.
Sing the ballad of the titmouse
Who beyond the seas was gone,
Or the song about the maiden
Fetching water just at dawn.

Storm-clouds dim the sky; the
tempest
Weaves the snow in patterns wild;
Like a beast the gale is howling,
And now wailing like a child.
Let us drink, dear old companion,
You who shared my sorry start;
Get the mug and drown our troubles;
That's the way to cheer the heart.

(1825)

Translated by Babette Deutsch.
"The Poems, Prose and Plays of
Alexander Pushkin," Selected and
Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky.

The Modern Library, Random House,
New York.

And yet I do not wish to die,
be sure;
I want to live--think, suffer,
and endure;
And I shall know some savor of
elation
Amidst the cares, the woes, and
the vexation:
At times I shall be drunk on
music still,
Or at a moving tale my eyes will
fill,
And, as sad dusk folds down about
my story,
Love's farewell smile may shed a
parting glory.

(1830)

And I forgot your voice so tender,
And your celestial, finest face.

In a solitary place, in the darkness
of reclusion,
Were passing slowly my days,
Without inspiration, life and godhead,
Without tears, without love.

But an awakening nears my spirit,
And you again appear to me,
Like a fugitive, tender vision,
A spirit beautiful and pure.

My heart is throbbing in ecstasy,
And here for it there live anew
The inspiration, and the godhead,
And tears, and life, and love
itself.

(1825)

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

A. C. ПУШКИН

Зимний вечер

Буря мглою небо кроет,
Вихри снежные крутя.
То, как зверь, она завоет,
То заплачет, как дитя,
То по кровле обветшалой
Вдруг соломой зашумит,
То, как путник запоздалый,
К нам в окошко застучит.

Наша ветхая лачужка
И печальна, и темна.
Что же ты, моя старушка,
Приумолкла у окна?
Или бури завываньем
Ты, мой друг, утомлена,
Или дремлешь под жужжаньем
Своего веретена?

Выпьем, добрая подружка
Бедной юности моей,
Выпьем с горя; где же кружка?
Сердцу будет веселей.
Спой мне песню, как синица
Тихо за морем жила;
Спой мне песню, как девица
За водой поутру шла.

Буря мглою небо кроет,
Вихри снежные крутя.
То, как зверь, она завоет,
То заплачет, как дитя.
Выпьем, добрая подружка
Бедной юности моей,
Выпьем с горя; где же кружка?
Сердцу будет веселей.

Translated by Babette Deutsch.
"The Poems, Prose and Plays of
Alexander Pushkin," Selected
and Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky.

The Modern Library, Random House,
New York.

A. C. ПУШКИН

Элегия

Безумных лет угасшее веселье
Мне тяжело, как смутное похмелье.
Но, как вино—печаль минувших дней
В моей душе чем старе, тем сильней.
Мой путь уныл. Сунит мне труд и горе
Грядущего волнующее море.

Но не хочу, о други, умирать;
Я хочу жить, чтоб мыслить и страдать,
И ведаю, мне будут наслажденья
Меж горестей, забот и тревоженья:
Порой опять гармонией упьюсь,
Над вымыслом слезами обольюсь,
И, может быть—на мой закат печальный
Блеснет любовь улыбкою прощальной.

A. C. ПУШКИН

К А. Н. Керн

Я помню чудное мгновенье:
Передо мной явилась ты,
Как мимолетное виденье,
Как гений чистой красоты.

В томленьях грусти безнадежной,
В тревогах шумной суеты,
Звучал мне долго голос нежный,
И снились милые черты.

Шли годы. Бурь порыв мятежный
Рассеял прежние мечты,
И я забыл твой голос нежный,
Твои небесные черты.

В глуши, во мраке заточенья
Тянулись тихо дни мои
Без божества, без вдохновенья,
Без слез, без жизни, без любви.

Душе настало пробужденье:
И вот опять явилась ты,
Как мимолетное виденье,
Как гений чистой красоты.

И сердце бьется в упоенье,
И для него воскресли вновь
И божество, и вдохновенье,
И жизнь, и слезы, и любовь.

A Poem by
Alexander Pushkin

The Prophet

Prorok

Athirst in spirit, through the
gloom
Of an unpeopled waste I
blundered,
And saw a six-winged seraph loom
Where the two pathways met and
sundered.

He laid his fingers on my eyes:
His touch lay soft as slumber
lies, --
And like an eagle's, his crag shaken,
Did my prophetic eyes awaken.
Upon my ears his fingers fell
And sound rose--stormy swell on
swell:

I heard the spheres revolving,
chiming,
The angels in their soaring sweep,
The monsters moving in the deep,

A Poem of
Alexander Pushkin

I Built for Me a Monument
not Made by Human Hands

Ya Pamiatnik Siebie Vozdvig
Nerukotvornyi

Exegi monumentum.

I built for me a monument not made
by human hands,
The people's trail to it will never
disappear;
And its indocile head ascended
higher
Than the Alexandria Pillar.

I shall not wholly die--my spirit
in the sacred lyre
Survives my dust, escaping from
decay;
I shall be glorified while in the
world sublimar
The last among the poets lives.

My fame will spread throughout all
Great Russia,
My name will ring in all existing
tribes,
By proud sons of Slavs, by Finns,
by the Tungus
Still savage, and by steppes-
loving Kalmyk.

The green vine in the valley
climbing.
And from my mouth the seraph wrung
Forth by its roots my sinful tongue;
The evil things and vain it babbled
His hand drew forth and so effaced,
And the wise serpent's tongue he
placed
Between my lips with hand blood-
dabbled;
And with a sword he clove my breast,
Plucked out the heart he made beat
higher,
And in my stricken bosom pressed
Instead a coal of living fire.
Upon the wastes, a lifeless clod,
I lay, and heard the voice of God:
"Arise, oh, prophet, watch and
hearken,
And with my Will thy soul engird,
Roam the gray seas, the roads that
darken,
And burn men's hearts with this,
my Word."

(1826)

For long the folk will cherish me,
because
Good feelings were awakened by my
lyre,

In our cruel time I raised my voice
for freedom,
And I appealed for mercy to the
fallen.

O Muse! Obey divine volition:
Fear not affronts, not asking for
a crown,
Accepting praise and slander as
they come,
And never contradict a stupid
man.

(1836)

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

Translated by Babette Deutsch.
"The Poems, Prose and Plays of
Alexander Pushkin," Selected
and Edited by Avrahm Yarmolinsky.

The Modern Library, Random House,
New York.

A. C. ПУШКИН

Пророк

Духовной жаждою томим,
В пустыне мрачной я влился,
И шестикрылый серафим
На перепутьи мне явился;
Перстами легкими, как сон,
Моих зениц коснулся он:
Отверзлись вежды зениц,
Как у испуганной орлицы.
Моих ушей коснулся он,
И их наполнил шум и звон:
И внял я неба содроганье,
И горный ангелов полет,
И гад морских подводный ход,
И дольней лозы прозябанье.
И он к устам моим приник
И вырвал грешный мой язык
И празднословный, и лукавый,
И жало мудрыя змеи
В уста замершие мои
Вложил десницею кровавой.
И он мне грудь рассек мечем,
И сердце трепетное вынул,
И угль, пылающий огнем,
Во грудь отверстую водвинул.
Как труп, в пустыне я лежал.
И бога глас ко мне воззвал:
«Встань, пророк, и виждь, и внемли,
Исполнись волею моей
И, обходя моря и земли,
Глаголом жгй сердца людей»

A. C. ПУШКИН

Exegi monumentum.

Я памятник себе воздвиг нерукотворный,
К нему не зарастет народная тропа,
Вознесся выше он главою непокорной
Александрийского столпа.

Нет, весь я не умру — душа в заветной лире
Мой прах переживет и тленья убежит —
И славен буду я, доколь в подлунном мире
Жив будет хоть один пиит.

Слух обо мне пройдет по всей Руси великой;
И назовет меня всяк сущий в ней язык,
И гордый внук славян, и финн, и ныне дикой
Тунгуз, и друг степей калмык.

И долго буду тем любезен я народу,
Что чувства добрые я лирой пробуждал,
Что в мой жестокий век восславил я свободу
И милость к падшим призывал.

Велению божию, о муза, будь послушна,
Обиды не страшась, не требуя венца,
Хвалу и клевету приемли равнодушно,
И не оспаривай глупца.

A Poem of
F. Tyutcheff
(1803-1873)

Tears

Sliozy

Human tears, o human tears,
You are flowing at the first and
latest hour.
You are flowing unknown, you are
flowing unseen,

A Poem by
F. Tyutcheff

Silence

Silentium

Be silent, hide yourself, conceal
Your feelings and your dreams as
well!
Let them in the depth of the soul
Rise and set like the stars,
Like the clear stars in the night:
Admire them all remaining silent!

How can the heart unburden itself?
How can another understand you?
How could he know what you are
living through?

A Poem of
Mikhail Lermontov
(1814-1841)

Alone I Go Out to the Highway

Vikhoju Odin Ya na Dorogu

Alone I go out to the highway;
Through the mists a flinty highway
glitters;
The night is still. The desert
hears the godhead,
And a star is speaking to a star.

In the heavens are solemnity and
marvel!
The earth is sleeping in the sky-
blue sheen...

Whence comes my feeling of pain
and sorrow?
Is it a regret? an expectation?

I have no hopes of anything from
life,
And nothing I regret in years
that passed;

Inexhaustible, incalculable,
You are flowing like streams of
rain
In the lonely autumn, in the
hours of night.

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

All thoughts when uttered are lies.
Blasting the springs will only
trouble them:
Be assuaged by them, remaining
silent.

Only be able to live in you your-
self:
There is in your soul a world
entire
Of mysteriously-magical thoughts;
They can be deadened by external
noise,
They can be blinded by diurnal
rays:
Hark to their song, remaining
silent.

(1833)

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

I only search for freedom and for
rest!
I would forget myself and fall
asleep.

But not in the cold sleep of
the graveyard...
I would like to sleep forever
In such a way that the living
powers
Drowse in me, and slow swells
my breast.

And by cherishing both night and
day my hearing,
A sweet voice would sing for me
of love,
And the dark and ever-verdant oak,
Bending over me, forever rustles.

(1841)

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

Ф. И. ТЮТЧЕН

СЛЕЗЫ

Слезам людским, о, слезам людским,
Льетесь вы ранней и поздней порой,
Льетесь безвестными, льетесь незримыми,
Неистощимыми, неисчислимыми,
Льетесь, как льются струи дождевые
Вз осень глухую, порою ночной.

Ф. И. ТЮТЧЕН

SILENTIUM

Молчи, скрывайся и таи
И чувства и мечты свои!
Пускай в душевной глубинѣ
И всходят и зайдут они,
Какъ звѣзды ясныя въ ночи:
Любуйся ими и молчи!

Какъ сердцу высказать себя?
Другому какъ понять тебя?
Поймешь ли онъ, чѣмъ ты живешь?
Мысль изреченная есть ложь.
Взрывая, возмущишь исключи:
Питайся ими и молчи!

Лишь жить въ самомъ себѣ умѣй:
Есть цѣлый міръ въ душѣ твоей
Таинственно-волшебныхъ думъ;
Ихъ заглушить наружный шумъ,
Дневные ослѣпить лучи:
Внимай ихъ пѣнию и молчи!

М.Ю.ЛЕРМОНТОВ

1

Выхожу один я на дорогу:
Сквозь туман кремнистый путь блестит;
Ночь тиха. Пустыня внемлет богу,
И звезда с звездою говорит.

2

В небесах торжественно и чудно!
Спит земля в сияньи голубом...
Что же мне так больно и так трудно?
Жду ль чего? жалею ли о чем?

3

Уж не жду от жизни ничего я,
И не жаль мне прошлого ничуть;
Я ищу свободы и покоя!
Я б хотел забыться и заснуть!

4

Но не тем холодным сном могилам...
Я б желал навеки так заснуть,
Чтоб в груди дремали жизни силы,
Чтоб, дыша, вздымалась тихо грудь;

5

Чтоб, всю ночь, весь день мой слух лелея,
Про любовь мне сладкий голос пел,
Надо мной чтоб, вечно зеленея,
Темный дуб склонялся и шумел.

A Poem by
Mikhail Lermontov

Angel

Angel

An Angel was soaring through Heav'n
in the Night
And singing a song in his flight.
The Moon and the Stars, and the
Clouds in array
Were list'ning in awe to his lay.

He sang of the Spirits who, sinless
and bless'd

In Gardens of Bliss dwell in rest;
He sang of the God who is Great
and Austere,
And true was his praise, and
sincere.

A Poem of
Mikhail Lermontov

The Sail

Parus

The lonesome sail grows white
In the sky-blue mist of the sea.
What is it seeking in the far-
lying country?
What did it cast off in its old
home?

The waves are playing--the wind
is whistling,
And the mast is bending and it
creaks...

Poem by
A.A. Fet
(1820-1892)

A Whisper

Shopot

A whisper. A timid breathing.
The trills of the nightingale.
Silvery undulations
Of the sleepy brook.
The nocturnal light as well as
shadows,
Shadows without end.

A Poem of
A. A. Fet

The Night Was Radiant

Siala Notch

The night was radiant. The moon
filled the garden.
The rays were lying at our feet in
the lightless drawing room.
The square piano was open, and its
strings vibrated,
Like our hearts, after your song.

He bore in his arms a young soul
from the Spheres
To regions of Sorrow and Tears,
And ever his song in the Soul did
survive,
Though wordless and dim, yet alive.

And long in the World was She
roaming agrope,

Entranc'd by a wonderful hope;
And no dreary song of the Earth
could efface
The sounds of the Radiant Space.

(1831)

Translated by
D. Magula
From a volume of poems

by D.A. Mogula
"Poslednie Luchi"
New York, 1943

Alas! It seeks not to be happy,
Nor is its flight from happiness.

Beneath it a stream like sky is
limpid,
Above it the golden ray of sun...
And it, a rebel, asks for tempest,
As if in tempests comes a rest.

(1832)

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

The range of magical changes
Of the beloved face.
In the smoky clouds
The purple of the rose,
The gleam of amber,
And kisses and tears,--
And the dawn, dawn.

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

You sang until the dawn, exhausted
by tears,
That your whole being is Love, that
there is no other love--
And we wanted to live, and, not
losing one sound,
To bring you love, embrace you, and
to weep.

М.Ю.ЛЕРМОНТОВ
АНГЕЛ

По небу полуночи ангел летел
И тихую песню он пел;
И месяц, и звезды, и тучи толпой
Внимали той песне святой.

Он пел о блаженстве безгрешных духов
Под кущами райских садов,
О бже великом он пел, и хвала
Его непритворна была.

Он душу младую в объятиях нес
Для мира печали и слез;
И звук его песни в душе молодой
Остался — без слов, но живой.

И долго на свете томилась она,
Желанием чудным полна;
И звуков небес заменить не могли
Ей скучные песни земли.

1831

М.Ю.ЛЕРМОНТОВ

ПАРУС

Белеет парус одинокой
В тумане моря голубом!...
Что ищет он в стране далекой?
Что кинул он в краю родном?...

Играют волны — ветер свищет,
И мачта гнется и скрипит...
Увы! он счастья не ищет
И не от счастья бежит!

Под ним струя светлей лазури,
Над ним луч солнца золотой...
А он, мятежный, просит бури,
Как будто в бурях есть покой!

1832

А. А. ФЕТЬ

Шопот. Робкое дыханье.
Трепн соловья.
Серебро и колыбельные
Сонного ручья.

Свѣтъ ночной. Ночная тѣни, —
Тѣни безъ конца.
Рядъ волшебныхъ измѣненій
Многого лица.

Въ дымныхъ тучахъ пурпуръ розы,
Отблескъ янтара,
И лобзанія, и слезы, —
И зоря, зоря!..

А. А. ФЕТЬ

Сіяла ночь. Луной былъ полонъ садъ. Лежали
Лучи у нашихъ ногъ въ гостиной безъ огня.
Рояль былъ весь раскрытъ, и струны въ немъ дрожали,
Какъ и сердца у насъ, за пѣсню твоей.

Ты пѣла до зари, въ слезахъ изнемогая,
Что ты — одна любовь, что нѣтъ любви иной, —
И такъ хотѣлось жить, чтобы, звука не роняя,
Тебя любить, обнять и плакать надъ тобой!..

But many years went by, tedious and
boring,
And now in the stillness of the night
I hear your voice again--
It breathes as before, in these
sonorous sighs,
That you alone are life, that you
alone are Love!

Selected lines
read by Larissa Gatova from the
passage on
"The Highway"
from Gogol's
Dead Souls

(Volume I, Chapter XI).

There is something strange and
beckoning and marvelous that drives
me in the word highway.

How marvelous itself is this
highway! A bright day, the autumn
Foliage, a cold air... *

Everything is asleep. Only some-
where shines a little light,
alone and lonely in a window. **

And what a night!...All the heavenly
powers!
What kind of night fulfills itself
on high!
And the air! And the sky, remote,
high, there in its unattainable
depth, spread in such a boundless,
sonorous, serene way! ***

A Poem by
N. Nekrassov
(1821-1877)

Whether I Drive at Night
Through the Dark Street

Iedu li Notchyu po Ulitze Tionnoy

Whether I drive at night through
the dark street,
Or whether I hear the storm on a
gloomy day,
My helpless friend, sick and
homeless,
Suddenly your shadow flashes before
me.
My heart is oppressed by the
tormenting thought.
From childhood, Destiny did not
love you:
Poor and evil was your sullen
father;
You married, loving another one;
A heartless husband was your lot,
With furious moods and a heavy
hand;
You did not submit--and you left
for freedom,
And you united with me, but not
for joy.

Do you recall the day when, sick
and hungry,
I pined and was losing my last
strength?
In our room, empty and frozen,
The vapor of our breaths moving
in waves.
Do you recall the mournful sounds
of the whistles of the
smokestacks,
The splashes of the rain, half
light, half darkness?
Your little son wept, and with
your breath
You tried to warm his cold hands.
He did not stop crying--and his
voice was piercingly sonorous...
It became dark.
The child cried for a long time,
and finally he died...
My poor friend! Don't shed
reckless tears.

That there are no blows of fate, and
no heart's smashing pain,
Life is without end, and our only aim
is to believe in tender, sobbing
sounds,
To bring you love, embrace you, and
to weep.

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

My God! How beautiful sometimes
are you, a far-lying, distant
highway! How many times, like
someone perishing and drowning,

have I clutched at you, and
every time you bore me generously
and saved me! And how many
magnanimous intentions and poetic
dreams were born on you, how many
marvelous impressions were deeply
felt!..

(*) 18 lines omitted.
(**) 3 lines omitted.
(***) 20 lines omitted.

N.V. Gogol, Volume V,
Published by the Academy
of Science, Moscow, 1952

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

From sorrow and from hunger,
tomorrow both of us
Will also fall into the same deep,
sweet sleep.
The landlord, cursing, will buy
three coffins--
They will carry us away together
and together lay us in the
earth.

We were sitting morosely in
separate corners;
I remember how pale and weak
you were,
A secret thought ripened in you,
It created a struggle in your
heart.
While I dozed you left the room
in silence,
Dressing yourself as for a
wedding.

After an hour you brought
hurriedly
A coffin for the child and a
supper for the father.
We assuaged our tormenting
hunger.
We made a light in the dark
room,
We dressed our son and put him
in the coffin...
Were we rescued by chance?
Were we aided by God?
You did not hasten to make a
sad confession,
I asked nothing;
Only both of us looked at
each other and wept,
Only I was sullen and angry...

... Where are you now? Were
you crushed
By the evil fight with wretched
misery?
Or did you follow the usual
path
So that fatal destiny will be
fulfilled?
Who can protect you? Everybody
without exception
Will malign you with a fright-
ful name--

И много лѣтъ прошло, томительныхъ и скучныхъ,
И вотъ въ тиши ночной твой голосъ слышу вновь —
И вѣдь, какъ тогда, во вздохахъ твоихъ звучныхъ,
Что ты одна вся жизнь, что ты одна любовь,

Что нѣтъ обидъ судьбы и сердца ягучей муки,
А жизни нѣтъ конца и дѣл нѣтъ иной,
Какъ только вѣрять въ рыдающіе звуки,
Тебя любить, обнять и плакать надъ тобой!

СТРОКИ ИЗ «ДОРОГИ» Н. В. ГОГОЛЯ
(Мертвые Души, том первый, глава XI-я)

Какое странное, и манящее, и несущее,
и чудесное в слове: дорога! как чудна она
сама, эта дорога: ясный день, осенние ли-
стья, холодный воздух...*

—всѣ спит. Один-одинѣшенек, разве где-
нибудь в окошке брезжит огонек;*

А ночь! небесные силы! какая ночь совер-
шается в вышине! А воздух, а небо, дале-
кое, высокое, там, в недоступной глубине
своей так необъятно звучно и ясно раски-
нувшееся!..***

Боже, как ты хороша подчас, далекая,
далекая дорога! Сколько раз, как погибаю-
щий и тонущий, я хватался за тебя, и ты
всякий раз великодушно вытосила и спа-
сала!

* Пропущены 18 строк.
** Пропущены 3 строки.
*** Пропущены 20 строк.

(Н. В. Гоголь, той пятый,
издание Академии Наук,
Москва, 1952.)

Only in me will writhe the
maledictions,
Vainly to die.

Translated by
Boris Gourevitch
and
Lee Culpepper

Н.А. НЕКРАСОВ

Еду ли ночью по улице темной,
Буря заслушалась в пасмурный день —
Друг беззащитный, больной и бездомный,
Вдруг предо мной промелькнет твоя тень!
Сердце сожмется мучительной думой.
С детства судьба не любила тебя:
Беден и зол был отец твой угрюмый,
Замуж пошла ты — другого любя.
Муж тебе выпал недобрый на долю:
С беснующим нравом, с тяжелой рукой:
Не покорилась — ушла ты на волю,
Да не на радость сошлась и со мной...

Помнишь ли день, как больной и голодный
Я унывал, выбивался из сил?
В комнате нашей, пустой и холодной,
Пар от дыхания волнами кохал.
Помнишь ли труб заунывные звуки,
Брызги дождя, полусвет, полутьму?
Плакал твой сын, и холодные руки
Ты согрела дыханьем ему.
Он не смолкал — и пронзительно звонок
Был его крик... Становилось темней;
Вдоволь поплакал и умер ребенок...
Бедная! слез безрасудных не лей!
С горя да с голоду завтра мы оба
Так же глубоко и сладко заснем;
Купит хозяйн, с проклятьем, три гроба —
Вместе свезут и положат рядом...

В разных углах мы сидели угрюмо.
Помню, была ты бледна и слаба.
Зрела в тебе сокровенная дума,
В сердце твоём совершалась борьба.
Я задремал. Ты ушла молчаливо,
Принарядившись, как будто к венцу,
И через час принесла торопливо
Гробик ребенку и ужину отцу.
Голод мучительный мы утоляли,
В комнате темной зажгли огонек,
Сына одели и в гроб положили...
Случай нас выручил? Бог ли помог?
Ты не спешила печальным признаньем,
Я ничего не спросил,
Только мы оба глядели с рыданьем,
Только угрюм и озлоблен я был...

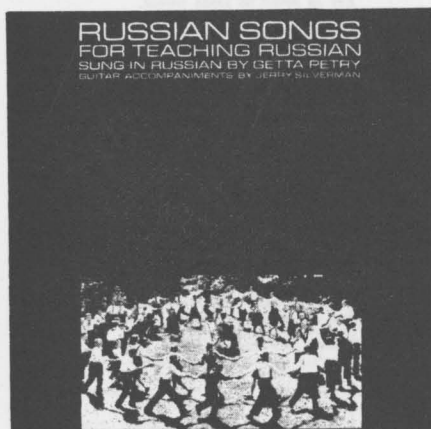
Где ты теперь? С нишетою горемычной
Злая тебя сокрушила борьба?
Или пошла ты дорогой обычной,
И роковая свершится судьба?
Кто ж защитит тебя? Все без изъятя
Именем страшным тебя назовут.
Только во мне шевельнутся проклятья —
И бесполезно замрут!..

OTHER RECORDINGS OF INTEREST

RUSSIAN Language Instruction

FC7743 RUSSIAN SONGS FOR CHILDREN for learning Russian. sung by Gedda Petry with guitar. 15 songs are: Children, Get Ready For School; Rooster, Rooster; The Kid (Little Goat) The Captured Bird; Playful Katy; Little Bird; When the Sun Gets Tired; Rain, Rain, Go Away; Bunny Rabbit; The Dog and the Popa; Little Finch; Lullaby; Katiusha; Lullaby; Song About A Captain. Complete Russian text and English translation.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$4.98



FI8160 THE RUSSIAN ALPHABET GUIDE, read by I. I. Nikanov. Pronunciations for the complete Russian alphabet, using each letter with typical Russian words showing the changes in pronunciation in different combinations of letters. With complete, two-color visual chart.

2-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$11.90

FI8161 GETTING ALONG IN RUSSIAN, Vol. 1. Prepared by Dr. Mario Pei, Columbia University and Fedor I. Nikanov, Language Guild, narrated by Mr. Nikanov and Countess Buxhoeveden. Typical phrases for communicating in everyday situations. Passport, Baggage, Tickets, Travel by Ship, Travel by Bus or Streetcar, Travel by Taxi or Other Hired Conveyance, Numerals, Places of Interest, Cable and Telephone. Accompanying booklet includes English phrase text, the Russian Phonetic and text in Russian.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FI8162 GETTING ALONG IN RUSSIAN, Vol. 2. Prepared by Dr. Mario Pei, Columbia University and Fedor I. Nikanov, Language Guild, narrated by Mr. Nikanov and Countess Buxhoeveden. Typical phrases for communicating in everyday situations. Greetings, Etiquette, Social Amenities, Money, Bank, Measures, Writing and Post Office, Hotel, Boarding House, Apartment, Laundry, Dry Cleaning, Barbershop, Beauty Salon. Accompanying booklet includes English phrase text, the Russian Phonetic and text in Russian.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FL9206 LEARNING RUSSIAN. A complete guide to mastering this most important language. From the beginnings of the alphabet you are led through all the facets of conversing in now-a-days Russia. A book of 280 pages, published by Ryerson Press accompanies this set.

6-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay records \$45.00

FL9450 GRADED READINGS IN RUSSIAN HISTORY The Formation of the Russian State. From the book by Leon Stillman, Columbia University Press, N.Y. Read by Vera Buxhoeveden (Mrs. D.S. Mirsky). Includes 96 p. ill. Text book.

2-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay records \$15.65

Literature

FL9953 STORIES OF ANTON CHEKHOV, read in Russian by Karp Korolenko; five tales by one of the giants of Russian literature; The Death of the Official, The Chameleon, The Horse-Name, Corporal Prischibeg, Mourning. Complete Russian text.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FL9955 THE OVERCOAT BY NIKOLAI GOGOL; a dramatization in Russian with a cast of seven; produced by A. Lobanov; directed by A. Ilyina; with music. Complete Russian and English text in accompanying booklet. Edited and with English translation by Elizabeth Kresky.

1-12 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FL9960 RUSSIAN POETRY, read by Larissa Gatova. Eighteen poems and one prose excerpt including words of Pushkin, Tyutchev, Lermontov, Fet, Gogol, Nekrassov Russian and English text.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FL9961 RUSSIAN POETRY AND PROSE read in Russian by Prof. Vladimir Markov; selections from Pushkin, Ostrovsky, Tyutchev, Dostoevsky, Blok, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Mayakovsky, Panova; with complete Russian texts. English translations and vocabulary.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FL9962 MODERN SOVIET POETRY AND HUMOR read by Alexander Demidov. Complete Russian and English texts. The Delights of Culture (Michael Michaelovich Zoschenko), The Dictaphone (M.M. Zoschenko), Passport (Vladimir Vladimirovich), The Public Baths (M. M. Zoschenko), The Aristocrat (M. M. Zoschenko), The Home-

coming (Sergei Alexandrovich Yesenin), Flowers (S. A. Yesenin).

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

Folk Songs

FW6820 RUSSIAN-FOLKSONGS (Piatnitsky Chorus) A Stone Mountain Fears No Winds. Ducks in Flight, Balalaika Tunes, Leave-Taking, The New Porch, My Beloved Walked Down the Road, Who knows? Oh, Mists and Dew, Farm Dance (Instrumental). Words in Russian and English.

1-10" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$4.25

FW8754 RUSSIAN CHORAL MUSIC from: Ukraine, Caucasasia, Gur'ya, Georgia, Voronia, Byzantine (orthodox church). Women's, men's mixed choruses. Notes by Henry Cowell.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FR8972 THE DOUKHOBORS of British Columbia. A religious sect, this Russian ethnic community in Canada, confirms its beliefs in songs of uninhibited faith. Among these are: Declaration of Faiths, Land of Treasure, End of Meeting Song, O Mountain of Holy Zion, High Went Up the Star in the Sky. Notes and texts.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FE4535 FOLK MUSIC of the USSR; folksongs, dances, instrumentals with solo voices, chorus, instrumentals, etc. recorded in many areas of the Soviet Union, annotated and selected by Henry Cowell; recordings from Byelorussia, Karelia, Smolensk, Moldavia, Dagestan, Ossetia, Ukraine, Georgia, Azerbaijan, Urals - Bashkir, Armenia, Tatar, Kazakh, Uzbek, Tadzhik, Turkmen, Kirghiz.

2-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$11.90

POLISH

Literature

FL9401 POETRY OF JULIUSZ SLOWACKI (1809-1849). Includes: Hymn, Rozlaczenie (Separation), Grob Agamemnona (The Tomb of Agamemnon), Uspokojenie (Appaseement). Pogrzeb Kapitana Meyznera (The Funeral of Captain Meyzner), Do Ludwika Bobrownej (To Ludwika Brown). Testament moj (My Last Will and Testament).

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

Folk Songs

FW6848 POLISH FOLK SONGS AND DANCES, recorded in Poland. Tostok, Lowicz, Mazury, Warmia, Krosno, Mazowsze. Includes choruses, dances and a complete wedding ceremony. Text in Polish and English.

1-10" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$4.25

UKRAINIAN

Literature

FL9952 TARAS SHEVCHENKO, readings from his works; read in Ukrainian by artists of the Ukraine; postavlyu Khatu 1 Kimnatu (Pili Build a House), Meni Trinadtsyat Minalo (I Was Thirteen), Yakbi Vi Znali Panichi (If You But Knew), Svite Yasny (Bright World), I Veris Va Na Chuzhyni (And I Grew Up in a Strange Land), I Zolotoyi I Dorohoyi (Golden and Dear), Minayut Dni, MINAYUT Nochi (The Days Go By), Dumi Moyi (Thoughts of Mine), Meni Zdayetsya (It Seems To Me); Entr'acte and Excerpt from Act 3 of the Opera "Katerina" based on the poem by Taras Shevchenko with Choir and Symphony Orchestra of the Kiev Radio. With complete texts in Ukrainian and English.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

Folk Songs

FE4443 (P443) MUSIC OF THE UKRAINE, recorded in the Ukraine. Songs and dances from Central Ukraine and Carpathian Mountains. Gutsul, Kozachok, Hutsulka, wedding melodies, Hukulka, village orchestras. Notes by Henry Cowell.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FW6828 (FP828) UKRAINIAN CHRISTMAS SONGS. Recorded by Laura Boulton in Canada. Text in Ukrainian and English.

1-10" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$4.25

FW8705 THE KOBZA - SONGS AND TUNES; folk, traditional popular Ukrainian songs played and sung in Ukrainian on the traditional Ukrainian folk instrument, the Kobza, by Paul Knoplenko. A Cossack Was Leaving for War, The Black Cloud, O Betrothed Maiden, Oh My Mother Told Me, For Your Cherry Lips, Ukrainian Folk Dances, Bayda, O Green Oak Tree, Our Ukraine, Blow Wind Unto Ukraine, There Stands A Mountain, A Bundle of Jocund Folk Songs. Ukrainian texts, English translations.

1-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FOLKWAYS RECORDS



165 West 46th St. NYC 36

LITHO IN U.S.A. 159