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SINYAVSKY/TERTZ: THE EVOLUTION OF THE WRITER IN EXILE

Catharine Theimer Nepomnyashchy

It has now been slightly over a decade since Andrei Sinyavsky emigrated from the Soviet Union in 1973 to take up residence in France. He began this third and most recent period of his literary and critical career by publishing an article containing the basic tenets of his aesthetic credo in emigration, entitled "The Literary Process in Russia," in the inaugural issue of the emigre journal *Kontinent*. All told, in 1974 and 1975, three articles by Sinyavsky appeared in *Kontinent*, after which he broke with the journal. Disgusted with the narrow-minded editorial policies of emigre publications, which, for Sinyavsky, amounted to nothing other than a "mirror-image" censorship hardly less pernicious than what he had left behind in the USSR, the writer launched his own journal *Sintaksis* in 1978.¹ One or two pieces by Sinyavsky appeared in each of the ten issues of the journal published between 1978 and 1982, although nothing of his is included in the eleventh issue, which came out in 1983. Sinyavsky's emigre publications include seventeen critical, polemical, or review articles, three interviews,² a book-length study of Vasily Rozanov's *Fallen Leaves*, and the novella *Little Tsores*, the latter two works both having been issued by the writer's own "Sintaksis" publishing house in Paris. An autobiographical novel entitled *Good Night* (*Spokoinoi nochi*) is to be released imminently by "Sintaksis."

As indicated by the above list, the bulk of Sinyavsky's emigre writings is comprised of nonfictional works devoted to literary theory and criticism as well as to related problems of history, culture, and religion, and in recent years he has held a post teaching Russian literature at the University of Paris. In fact, although probably better known in the West as a writer of fiction, Sinyavsky began his career in the Soviet Union as a serious literary scholar and remains one of the rare authors of major stature working in any language who has been able to straddle the boundary between creative writing, on the one hand, and talented and innovative criticism, on the other.

Sinyavsky (born in 1925) received his doctorate in literature from Moscow University in 1952. By the early 1960s, he was contributing critical articles regularly to the leading Soviet literary journal, *The New World*, and had established himself as a promising new liberal voice in Soviet criti-

cism. He also co-authored books on Picasso and on early Soviet poetry and was instrumental in seeing into print a more complete edition of Boris Pasternak's poetry. His lengthy introduction to that volume remains one of the outstanding studies of the poet to have appeared either in the Soviet Union or the West.³

Yet already in the mid-1950s, Sinyavsky appears to have found the limitations imposed on him by literary criticism and by official acceptability too constricting. He tried his hand at fiction, producing in 1955 his first short story, "At the Circus," and soon thereafter the persona of Abram Tertz was born. It must have been clear to the writer early on that "At the Circus" and the works that followed were too unorthodox to be considered for publication in the Soviet Union, and, rather than write "for the drawer," Sinyavsky made the decision to have these works smuggled out of the country and published abroad under the Tertz pseudonym. The first of the Tertz works to appear in the West in 1959, *On Socialist Realism*, was not however fiction but criticism, yet criticism of a very different tenor from that published under the author's own name at home. Adopting a persona whose voice combines naive credulity with scathing irony, Sinyavsky explores in *On Socialist Realism* the origins and development of Soviet socialist realism. The essay remains one of the writer's finest pieces of literary analysis. Yet it is in the final brief section of the work, two pages conveyed to the West and tacked on shortly before publication, that Sinyavsky makes statements most telling for his own writing. Here he calls for a "phantasmagoric art, with hypotheses instead of a Purpose, an art in which the grotesque will replace realistic descriptions of everyday life."⁴ In the fictional works which followed *On Socialist Realism* to the West, six "fantastic tales" and two short novels—*The Trial Begins* and *Lyubimov* (published in English as *The Makepeace Experiment*)—Sinyavsky proceeded to illustrate his theory of "phantasmagoric art" in practice. Also during this period, a short collection of aphorisms and personal meditations signed by Tertz was published abroad under the title *Thoughts Unawares*.

Yet despite Sinyavsky's deftness at creating and maintaining distinct literary voices,⁵ his dual identity was uncovered by the Soviet authorities, and he was arrested in September 1965. The four-day trial in February 1966—at which Sinyavsky and his co-defendant Yuly Daniel became the first writers in Soviet history to be tried outright for the content of their works—marked the end of the period of intermittent cultural "thaw" which had followed in the wake of Stalin's death in 1953. Sinyavsky was sentenced to seven years at hard labor, of which he ultimately served five and a half years. Even in the camps, during what may be considered the second period of his literary development, Sinyavsky continued to write, transmitting his writings outside in letters to his wife, a fact which certainly helped to shape the final form of the three works produced in prison: *A Voice from a Chorus*, a moving and impressionistic narrative of the author's inner life

during the years of imprisonment, and *Strolls with Pushkin* and *In the Shadow of Gogol*, irreverent and idiosyncratic critical assaults on the sanitized and lifeless traditional depictions of these two major Russian writers. All three of Sinyavsky's camp works appeared in the West under the Tertz signature.

Clearly, Sinyavsky's career has been shaped by paradox, by a sort of literary schizophrenia (and here we are using the term in a patently non-psychological sense) which has allowed him to re-create himself in varied and apparently incompatible roles. For our purposes, attempting to come to grips with Sinyavsky's creative evolution, it would surely be more "convenient" if the split between Sinyavsky and Tertz corresponded neatly to at least one of these dualities, if, for instance, Sinyavsky were the critic and Tertz the writer or if Sinyavsky represented the "official" voice and Tertz the "dissident." Such, however, is not the case. From the beginning Sinyavsky has attributed to Tertz both fictional and nonfictional works (although his fiction has invariably appeared under the pseudonym). Moreover, even assuming that the Tertz mask was originally created merely as an expedient designed to baffle the Soviet authorities, had it remained only that, it most certainly would have been discarded upon the disclosure of the author's true identity. Yet, during his emigre period, Sinyavsky has continued to publish under both names, alternating the two with a studied regularity that does not admit of the arbitrary.⁶ It would seem, upon closer inspection, that, once removed from the immediate political context which called Tertz into being, Sinyavsky has been left free to manipulate and develop the purely literary implications of the Tertz persona as central to both his method as critic and fiction writer and to his conception of literature as a whole.

The "Tertz method" has most commonly been associated with the biting irony of *On Socialist Realism*. Yet, while a thread of irony certainly runs throughout Sinyavsky's pseudonymous works, this undue concentration on a single rhetorical stance fails to take into account the entire range of Tertz's voices, including the more playful tone of *Lyubimov* and the meditative strains of *A Voice from the Chorus* and *Thoughts Unawares*. Sinyavsky himself has provided a valuable clue to the common denominator linking his Tertz works in a 1975 interview in which he spoke of his approach to literature as "fantastic realism" (apparently a more recent synonym for "phantasmagoric art") and claimed that this method could be wielded equally effectively in criticism as in fiction, "enabling you to reveal a certain kind of reality through literary facts by turning them upside down, by lending them a fantastic sense."⁷ Turning for our examples to the works published under the Tertz signature, we must assume that "fantastic" here is to be read in its broadest sense, as a new angle of vision directed at an all-too-well-known reality, a "twist" in perception which turns things "upside down," what the Russian formalists called "estrangement" (*os-*

tranenie). Thus we find that in those works which he signs with his own name, Sinyavsky appears before the reader within the framework of traditional scholarly or social conventions, whether as the serious academic who authored V.V. Rozanov's "*Fallen Leaves*" or as the down-to-earth polemicist having his say in emigre squabbles and pleading eloquently against the alarming growth of chauvinism and anti-Semitism among the Russian intelligentsia. In his Tertz works, on the other hand, the writer steps outside the real and the expected, tipping us off balance by injecting elements of science fiction and fairy tale into familiar scenes of everyday life or speaking with the solitary voice of individual vision set apart from the crowd or, in his criticism, forcing us to approach the core of literature from its extremes through the use of realized metaphor, irony, and an often crude and violently eccentric idiolect.

In a larger sense, both "fantastic realism" and the Tertz pseudonym with which it is associated are symptoms or demonstrations, almost necessary outgrowths of Sinyavsky's vision of literature and the role of the writer, a vision which, at least in its rudiments, has been with Sinyavsky since the beginning of his career. In order to pursue this point, we must return not to Abram, but to his progenitor Abrashka Tertz, a Jewish outlaw sung in "thieves' songs" of the early part of the century. Thus, the dual metaphor of the writer as thief and Jew has been an underlying principle of his Tertz identity from the first and is central to his earliest fictional work, "At the Circus." The main character is Kostya, an electrician who, enticed by the example of a circus magician called the Manipulator, turns to petty theft in an attempt to satisfy his craving for magic and spectacle, for something higher than the everyday reality which surrounds and threatens to engulf him. After an unsuccessful burglary in which he kills his mentor, Kostya is sent to a camp where he at last fulfills his desire to perform the ultimate trick. One morning he bolts from the column of prisoners, dashing for freedom, for liberation, for inspiration, hurling himself into one final somersault, a culminating artistic feat, from which he falls to the ground shot through the head by a guard. Characteristically, while he is still at liberty, Kostya's most frequent companion in his drinking bouts is an impecunious Jewish alcoholic named Solomon Moiseevich. Only in emigration has Sinyavsky elaborated on the theoretical significance of these images introduced almost twenty years earlier in his fiction, and just as Abrashka Tertz, Kostya, and Solomon Moiseevich stand at the beginning of his career as a writer of fiction, so the metaphors of writer as thief and writer as Jew define the limits of his first emigre critical article, "The Literary Process in Russia," which, in turn, forms the point of departure for Sinyavsky's conception of literature and the writer as formulated in his fiction and criticism of the past decade.

Sinyavsky opens his discussion in "The Literary Process in Russia" with an anecdote about how, while still in the Soviet Union, the writer Anatoly

Kuznetsov (author of *Babi Yar* [1966], who defected to the West in 1969) preserved manuscripts of his illicit works by burying them in glass containers in the ground in the dead of night. "He was, as the saying goes, covering his traces, burying his ill-gotten gains, just as thieves and robbers everywhere have always done."⁸ This grotesque transformation of writer into thief exemplifies, so the critic argues, the criminal status to which Soviet writers have been reduced by decades of persecution by the government. Yet, continues the critic, it is precisely the criminality, the intrigue of the role of writer in the literary process that is its draw. Soviet writers revel in their unfreedom, seeking out forbidden subjects, above all that of the labor camp, which has become the central theme in recent unofficial Soviet literature. On the other hand, the fact that the government goes to such lengths to silence writers and treats them as if they were a real threat to the system is also a good sign. It means literature is being taken seriously, that it is worth something. All of this taken together, we are told, has spurred an unprecedented growth of literature in the Soviet Union, because it corresponds to the inherent nature of all literature:

. . . all true writing—even when no clash with authority is involved—is something forbidden, something reprehensible, and in this illicit element lies the whole excitement, the whole dilemma of being a writer. . . . Whether we take Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*, or for greater respectability Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, we will notice that both of them are based on the notion of escape, of breaking the bounds; that the writer's very soul longs to escape That is why I insist that freedom of speech, of all things, is bad for a writer; that freedom can cause a writer to wilt and fade, like a flower in too strong sunlight. What are good for a writer are darkness, prison camps, the lash, the gag, and the ban (though at the same time with the chance, for those who are bold enough, of wrenching away that gag or evading the law). Deep in his gut, the writer longs not for freedom but for *liberation*, as someone who understands that mechanism once said. The point is to open a valve, and for that to be done the valve must first of all be pretty firmly shut. And so, the tighter the noose is pulled around the writer's neck (within certain limits, of course), the better and more cheerfully, on the whole, will he sing his song. (83-4)

Here Tertz plays devil's advocate for the political repression of literature (although, as Sinyavsky, he has consistently and reasonably argued for the loosening of all restrictions) precisely in order to wrench us out of a political context. All literature is forbidden, regardless of the concomitant political situation, but not because, as the Soviet authorities would have us believe, it poses any sort of immediate political threat.

The problem and the fascination of dealing with contemporary Soviet literature lies in the traditional Russian belief in the power of the word to

influence socioeconomic, "political" reality. According to this logic, writers are feared and persecuted as dangerous enemies of the state whose subversive activities jeopardize the stability of the system. There is a sort of "superstar" attraction in this which saves Soviet literature from the cold indifference which is the lot of the writer in the West. However, there is also the danger that unofficial Soviet literature will fall into the same trap as its oppressors, that it will begin to take itself too seriously as a force for social change, that it will succumb to lures of "truth" and "realism"—as did its nineteenth-century forebears with their *What Is to Be Done?* and *Who Is to Blame?*—and become nothing more than a "whining complaints book" (104). After all, Sinyavsky cautions, when pressed for a precise definition of socialist realism by the Union of Writers Stalin answered: "Write the truth—and that will be socialist realism!" (104). Which leads our critic to conclude:

The point has been reached where we should fear the truth, lest it hang round our necks again like an albatross. Let the writer refuse to tell lies, but let him create fiction—and in disregard of any kind of "realism." Otherwise all this promising, liberated literature will again be reduced to a recital of the torments we suffer and the remedies we offer in their place. . . . Having exorcised ourselves from the lie, we have no right to succumb to the temptation of the truth, which will lead us back to socialist realism inside out. We must put a stop to our cringing and currying favor with that hectoring taskmaster—reality! After all, we *are* writers, artists in words. (104-5)

In declaring his freedom from the traditional role of the Russian writer as social prophet, Sinyavsky points out that to replace the "lie"—which is, after all, only the official version of the "truth"—with another version of the "truth" merely invites a new perversion of the literary process. In other words, literature simply plays by different rules from reality.

If we now return to our prototype of the artistic act, Kostya's mad somersault into death in "At the Circus," we can see that it is constructed on this essential disjunction between art and reality. For the sake of argument, we may project ourselves into the shoes of the guard who shoots Kostya (hardly a character in his own right in the story). As a representative of the system (reality as it is seen by the Soviet authorities), his job is unquestioningly to maintain order. By its very nature, Kostya's bid for liberation challenges this order by implicitly rejecting the logic on which it is based. From the point of view of the guard, the thief's ill-fated escape attempt can only appear hopeless and—to use a well-worn Sinyavsky term— "purposeless," not to mention criminal. This is the essence of the relationship the critic postulates between art and reality, or, as Sinyavsky, taking the problem a step further, poses the question in a 1978 *Sintaksis* article entitled "Art and Reality": "And, perhaps, in fact art, all art is a crime? A crime

before society. Before life itself . . . So what is it then—art? And in what consists its good or evil?”

Sinyavsky explores more fully the issues raised by the analogy drawn between writer and outlaw in an article published in 1979 in *Sintaksis* under the title “The Fatherland. A Thieves’ Song.” Here the critic reverses his metaphor, no longer focusing on the artist as thief, but rather on the thief as artist. This leads him into the moral dilemma of art. After all, the thief, author and hero of the “thieves’ song,” is, in terms of the “real” world, an evildoer, and his villainies are glorified in the song. In addressing this problem, Sinyavsky maintains that murders, for example, have in the song an exclusively “decorative character,” that “They are devoid of literal content and are perceived as pure spectacle.”¹⁰ Of course, we are told, if the same events were to be narrated by the victim of a crime, the result would be completely different:

But this would no longer be a song, but a sad fact of my biography or, speaking more broadly, a “social ill,” “morality,” “police,” the “struggle with crime,” a “juridical case,” etc., etc., which have no direct relationship with poetry and which sometimes even enter into an irresolvable contradiction with it. This does not mean at all that art is “extrasocial” or “amoral.” It is simply that its social and moral criteria are evidently somewhat different from those in ordinary life, broader perhaps. (88)

Thus, art, in emptying event of “literal content,” dissociates it from reality and, in so doing, “purifies” it: “. . . the thieves’ song (precisely as song) is at its core pure and innocent, like a little child, and in [striking] a profound spiritual and moral note, independently of its own will, negates the crimes which it, so it would seem, celebrates with such skill” (89).

The point then is that the telling is all. “After all, we *are* writers, artists in words.” The aesthetic function, the “crime” is localized in the medium itself, so that—while forbidden themes, violence, the fantastic, the grotesque, and the extravagant as subject matter have a particular metaliterary value in that they draw attention to the nature of literature per se—focusing on what is being “talked about” will not bring us to the essence of the act of writing, which lies rather in the “talking about,” in the words, the language of literature. What then, we must ask with Sinyavsky, is the difference between literary language and the language of everyday speech?

Here again we may take Kostya’s *salto mortale* as our touchstone. Let us imagine for a moment, no matter how implausibly, that our hypothetical guard, having pulled the trigger, were roused from his stupor by the shock of the event long enough to contemplate Kostya’s act. Might he not well ask himself: “‘I wonder what he was trying to tell me by all that?!’”¹¹ Sinyav-

sky attacks the problem posed by this question, the significance of nonverbal gesture, in an article published in 1976 in *Survey* under the title "‘I’ and ‘They’: An Essay on Extreme Forms of Communication under Conditions of Human Isolation." Once again the technique is to begin with a limit situation—in this case, silence, the impossibility of communication—in order to make a statement about language, that is, a very specific type of language: the language of literature.

The basic premise of "‘I’ and ‘They’" is that

Many of our actions and impulses, especially those of an extreme and absurd nature, are original means of nonverbal communication by which we attempt to explain ourselves to people and to reality. When our most impassioned and expressive speeches fail to penetrate reality, or when we lack the words or cannot find them, we turn to gesture and actions in order to say something. (278)

This statement defines the permanent condition of the prisoner in a labor camp—Sinyavsky's main concern in the article—who, isolated and dehumanized, is unable to "penetrate reality" (once again in the guise of prison guards and authorities) through language. To illustrate his point, our critic catalogues, in graphic and unsettling detail, the desperate, almost unthinkable acts of self-mutilation, the hunger strikes "in perpetuity" which doom their participants from the start, the hopeless gestures of silence and finally of suicide which prisoners fling as a challenge to their captors in a final attempt to "get through" in an environment where language is no longer heeded. "In attempts to start a dialogue here [in prison], the natural interaction of 'I' and 'you' is replaced by the relationship 'I' and 'they.' 'They' are the people to whom 'you' are not 'you' (and not 'I') but simply another cipher from the impersonal, alien category 'they.' Communication takes the form of challenge, insult, mockery and ridicule" (280). Literature also, Sinyavsky tells us, while remaining on the level of language, in a sense stands in a relationship to reality which is comparable to that which, in the isolation of the camps, provokes prisoners to resort to nonverbal gesture in a final, extreme attempt to express themselves. Thus it follows that the language of literature is inherently different from that of everyday life, that it somehow participates in the violence of the desperate act. We can see this property of literary language most clearly in works of our time

. . . when the creative author stands sharply aloof from society and regards it with suspicion, in a situation, as it were, of extreme solitude and extreme want of understanding and contact. Here too, confronted by a public or a readership which, as well as the friendly "you," also bears the stamp of the hostile, blank "they," art too sometimes resorts to extreme methods to obtain its effect—*épatage*, the grotesque, the absurd, the fantastic and various kinds of eccentricity, which may be gen-

erally described as forms of intensely expressive, aggressive and at the same time communicative "speech." (282)

Yet the language of all true literature, no matter how apparently innocuous it may seem, is in its essence subversive: "The style may appear outwardly calm, simple, toned-down and even create a generally pleasant impression. Nevertheless, by virtue of its hidden undercurrent, it is still a total, prison-defying language, in which the author dies in order to rise again in it, or be dissolved, reduce himself to nothing and bury himself in his work" (282). And so the writer, like the labor camp prisoner, doomed from the start in his efforts to appeal to reality, spends himself in vile invective, in the obscene language of literature, a striking example of which (from Turgenev) Sinyavsky proposes in "The Literary Process in Russia": "How lovely, how fresh were the roses" (84, corrected translation).

Yet in the very texture of the literary language, beyond the attempt to communicate with reality—destined as it is to failure—lies concealed an even more subversive, criminal, and hopeless impulse: the desire to transform reality. As we have seen, this desire, in bastardized form, may manifest itself in a literal—and completely wrongheaded—belief on the part of the writer that he can, through his literary works, change the world. All such attempts are foredoomed by the inherent nature of literature, but in their very hopelessness lies their power:

. . . an artist is a failed miracleworker, or, in simpler language, a magician who casts a spell on reality through his images. The magical transformation of the world by means of art is unattainable, but art lives and breathes by such stimuli. Hence the tragedy of the artist, who is incapable of carrying out the primordial injunction that has been laid upon him. And therein lies the great strength and joy of art: to create images by transforming life and thus on a sheet of paper or on the page of a book to play the artist's immemorial role—that of sorcerer and myth-maker. ("Fiction and Reality", 560)

Let us not forget that Kostya the thief is inspired to his trade by a magician and sees his own criminal acts as magical transformations.¹² And this is as it should be, for the metaphor of art as crime is rooted in the transforming power of language.

The language of everyday speech is fixed and invariable in that it embodies an automatized vision of reality. Again Sinyavsky makes his point by taking us to an extreme, by juxtaposing the literary language to the official Soviet jargon of slogans and clichés. Thus, in a 1975 review of Georgy Vladimov's *Faithful Ruslan* published in *Kontinent* under the title "Men and Beasts," the critic compares the clichéd language of propaganda to the commands used to train dogs. Both are unalterable, and both demand unthinking obedience:

We can't understand why the "masters," the "bosses" endlessly repeat phrases of the type: "socialist realism," "cult of personality," the "antiparty group of Malenkov, Molotov, Kaganovich, and Shepilov, who was associated with them." Would it really be impossible to shift this Shepilov, about whom we have heard only that he is "associated," just a bit to the right or left, well at least to include him, the skunk, in the full complement of the "antiparty group," without this meaningless, hackneyed epithet—"associated!" After all, then we might really be able to understand, feel, love something: at last the masters would allow, at least to themselves, some freedom of speech! Perhaps with this Shepilov, moved a little, a new era would begin, enthusiasm would rise! Communism!

No, it's impossible, you don't understand that if you change "Shepilov" the least little bit, everything will crumble. Because the whole training of dogs and men rests on rote. And it's impossible to say "sit!" instead of "lie down!": this would produce a revolution in consciousness and everything would go to the devil. It's better to let "Shepilov, who was associated with them," be "associated"—it's calmer.¹³

The whole official system, the whole society rests on an elaborate edifice of fixed linguistic formulae which exists not to communicate meaning, but to train to unquestioning submissiveness. Varying the formula by even a single word in itself constitutes an unforgivable, impermissible challenge to the accepted conception of reality, because it means that the training has not taken, that there is a possibility of thinking for oneself beyond the clichés, of seeing reality in a new way. This is the essence of the transforming power of the literary language, to move just a bit that one little word "associated" and thereby confront the official "lie." And so the writer is by definition a criminal, a subversive element. "They should all be mowed down with tanks!" ("Literary Process," 97, corrected translation).

In "Art and Reality" Sinyavsky advances the notion that "Dissidence is simply a synonym for art," that "Pushkin and Lermontov, Dostoevsky and Mayakovsky are also dissidents. And if we broaden this conception, then every writer in modern history is also always a dissident in relation to life or to some out-moded tradition" ("Iskusstvo," 113-4). Here, as we reach at last the core of Sinyavsky's vision of the role of art, we begin to discern echoes of an older critical tradition buried beneath the rhetoric of "fantastic realism." The Russian formalists depicted the history of literature as a process of destruction and renewal of tradition and located the mechanism of this process in the device of "estrangement." We should not then be surprised to find that, for Sinyavsky as well, "estrangement" is the key to his metaphor of art as crime just as it is the defining principle of his own literary method. We have been told that all art is forbidden because it openly confronts the accepted official reality, that it strives at the most basic

linguistic level for liberation from this reality, and now we can see that it is precisely the ability to stand aloof from commonly accepted views, to see the world through new, "estranged" eyes, which constitutes the liberating power of art. Thus, Sinyavsky writes in "Men and Beasts," commenting on Vladimov's use of a dog as the narrator of his tale:

. . . the feeling of amazement, which predominates here and which is linked with the "dog's view" of things, allows all the simplest, everyday objects of reality—which have lost their content and form from being seen again and again over a long period of time—to be as it were engraved anew on our amazed consciousness. Lord, how is it that earlier we were not amazed by seeing all this! By the same token, in arousing amazement, the world becomes worthy of being reproduced, of being fixed on paper, of being remembered and thought through. The epoch, reality, perhaps at first, in the heat of anger, insulted that the artist would treat it so disrespectfully and "distort everything," that he would stand it on its head . . . in the final analysis must be grateful to the artist for having immortalized it in such an amazing way, and, this means, that it will not disappear, will not vanish without trace into Lethe, as some kind of Mongols and Khazars passed through without memory. ("Liudi," 394)

And so the writer's fresh vision, embedded in the very texture of the language, is precisely what makes reality worth recording and preserving.

Sinyavsky emphatically denies that what he is talking about is "art for art's sake." Rather he envisions an art which "at times lowers itself to the very depths of life and says more about it than it knows about itself. And all the same it is independent of life" ("Iskusstvo," 115). Art gives meaning and form to human history, form which has intrinsic value in its own right, which asserts its right to exist quite apart from any "Purpose," simply to preserve the diversity of existence which would otherwise be lost:

The mammoth is extinct, but it did exist and we can still admire its form, although we never set eyes on it. But it did exist; that's what is so marvellous. Yet had some terrible, all-powerful creator decided, "The mammoths will die out eventually anyway, so let's do away with them now," there would have been no mammoths, no mastodons, nothing at all from the past—and all destroyed in the name of the Final Objective. What a terrible temptation, to put everything ahead of you, with nothing at all behind you.¹⁴

The paradox of art then lies in the fact that, on the one hand, art is the most trivial of all human activities: "We can all manage perfectly well without art. The Soviet regime, for instance, does without it almost entirely. We cannot get by without food, without drink, without other essentials—but we can survive without art. It's like a kind of bonus, a luxury"

("Fiction and Reality", 560). On the other hand, if we can survive without art, it is only at the most basic level of subsistence, without history, without diversity, without everything that gives life its richness and meaning. So, despite its lack of practical value—or rather because of it—"Art is higher and more significant than reality" ("Iskusstvo," 118). Sinyavsky even ventures so far as to suggest that art is the only reality:

And what if art is in essence the only reality? And so-called reality is the dream or, if you like an appendage on art. And without art, outside of art reality by itself means nothing and is worth nothing. There would be no reality if there were no art. And therefore, in the form of relics or, as the Soviet authorities would say, as diversions, illegal and criminal, art from time to time appears and makes itself known. Like tongues of flame from beneath the ground. And as the artistic first principle of life. As a reminder of what in fact history and nature are. ("Iskusstvo," 118-9)

And so, if we accept this argument, art is crime in the eyes of reality (once again in the guise of the Soviet authorities) because it holds the secret of the true worth of that reality, because, by its very existence, it shakes—metaphorically, of course—the foundations of that "so-called" reality. Which, after all, is worth more, Kostya's somersault or the guard's bullet? For Sinyavsky the answer is clear.

Having released art from, or rather placed it beyond, any moral responsibility to reality, Sinyavsky has yet to deal with the role of the writer as a living being, acting in history. The critic's attempts to come to grips with this problem are focused around the metaphor of the writer as Jew, which, as we have seen, may be traced back to the beginning of the writer's career, to the relationship between Kostya and his drinking partner Solomon Moiseyevich. At the height of his career as a thief, Kostya frequents a restaurant called the Kiev, where he often treats Solomon to drink in exchange for conversation:

"All right then, all right, you've had your drink and you can be patient for a bit! Talk to me as one human being to another. Answer me—why am I a rogue and a drunkard, and why am I lost to shame? Come on, tell me, why are Russians always trying to steal something? Stealing or drinking. What's the origin of this spiritual need in the Russian?"

Solomon Moiseyevich knew the scientific answer to this, and, shyly nibbling on a pickle, would go back in his search for the causal origin as far as the Tartar Yoke, which was what started the tavern and the prison on Russian soil—the whole thing due to cultural backwardness.¹⁵

Perhaps no passage in Sinyavsky's works illustrates better than this ex-

change the symbiotic relationship between his two distinct yet inseparable metaphors for the artist, thief and Jew, the former the creative and therefore criminal aspect of the writer's identity and the latter the historical *raisonneur*, both outcasts according to the rules of polite society. Thus, we find that the Jewish abortionist Rabinovich plays an analogous role as spokesman for history in *The Trial Begins*, and in *Lyubimov* Proferansov the younger offers the following meditation, albeit subjective, on the Jew and history:

I once had a Jewess in my life—I won't forget her to my dying day. . . . She spoke Russian like a Russian—you couldn't tell the difference—and the only Jewish word she knew was *tsores*, which in their language means sorrow or trouble, or a kind of prickly sadness littering the heart. There was a grain of this *tsores* buried in her like a raisin you could never dig out—immured in her as it were, mixed into the very composition of her soul. . . . she was quite unaware that, from under her black eye-lashes and her camel eyelids, the parched desert was looking out, glazed with loneliness, and waiting for something, and drawing you somewhere, so that there was nothing left for you except to sit down on the sand and weep inconsolably over historical memories.¹⁶

The Jew, then, is mankind's historical memory or, to take this a step further, its historical conscience, for, beyond mere memory, there is the element of *tsores* in history, the question of guilt.

Sinyavsky concludes "The Literary Process in Russia" with a speculation on the philosophical implications of Russian anti-Semitism, elaborating on the traditional image of the Jew as scapegoat. The Russian, so Sinyavsky tells us, is faced with the particular moral problem of explaining what "went wrong" in Russian history. Where did all these prisons and labor camps come from? Certainly no Russian could have caused all this trouble. It must have been some alien group, some "left deviationists" or "right deviationists" or "Fascists"—or Jews. It is the old opposition of "*svoi*" and "*chuzhoi*," "us" and "them," intermixed with a heavy dose of Russian utopianism or, as Sinyavsky translates it into Biblical terms, "in the popular consciousness the Jew is an evil spirit. He is the devil, who has covertly invaded the virtuous body of Russia and has made everything go wrong. The Jew is an objectivization of Russia's original sin, from which she forever longs to purge herself but cannot" ("Literary Process," 115). So the atheistic system, having renounced God, cannot get along without the devil. After all, how else is the Russian, knowing himself and his fellows to be good, to explain the fact that heaven has yet to be created on earth, that Communism is still just beyond the horizon?

But Sinyavsky makes it clear in the course of the discussion that he is again using the image of the Jew to embrace a larger problem, that, in a

broader sense, anyone who is not "one of us," anyone who refused to accept unquestioningly the rules of society, anyone who stands in the way of the realization of the common goal, is a "Jew." And so we learn that

. . . every Russian writer (of Russian origin) who at the present time refuses to write to order is a Jew. He is a black sheep, an enemy of the people. I believe that if they now (at last) start killing Jews in Russia, the first people to be murdered will be writers and intellectuals of non-Jewish origin, who for one reason or another do not come into the category of "our man." In a broader sense, too, every writer—be he a Frenchman, Englishman, or American, who are under no threat—is a Jew who should be beaten up (and then, perhaps, he might write something). ("Literary Process," 117)

By the same token, then, if we take the metaphor to its logical limit, the writer, like the Jew, is society's scapegoat and, as such, must be called to account, must answer for history.

The problem of historical guilt is central to *Little Tsores*, Sinyavsky's only work of fiction to have appeared in print since his emigration. The first-person narrator of the novella, who is referred to alternately as Sinyavsky and Tsores throughout, while still a small child develops a stutter, apparently due to the tensions of living in a communal apartment. In response to his fervent prayers, a fairy visits him in the guise of a pediatrician named Dora Alexandrovna and cures him of his speech defect in return for his agreement to sacrifice love. Tsores/Sinyavsky soon learns, however, that the ability to manipulate words gracefully carries with it the curse of having to bear the burden of guilt for the misfortunes of others. One by one he inadvertently causes the deaths of his five half-brothers and, unable to solve the riddle of the stigma attached to his vocation, falls into despair, which is relieved, it would seem, only by writing. At the end of the work, the narrator is briefly reunited with his benefactress and, through her mediation, is granted the opportunity to overhear a conversation amongst his five half-brothers while separated from them by the glass wall of death. To his amazement he learns that each of them believes Tsores to have died in his place, and, freed from the curse which has pursued him through life, he is left alone, a broken, stuttering old man.

When we realize, by reconstructing the historical chronology of *Little Tsores* from the meager but sufficient clues planted in the text, that Tsores loses his stutter, an event which clearly signifies the beginning of his writing career, in 1934 (the date of the First Congress of the Soviet Writers' Union at which socialist realism was canonized as the sole official literary doctrine), it is evident that we have stumbled into the realm of historical allegory. This assumption is borne out by the fact that the deaths of each of the half-brothers—all of whom are marked by their professions as respectable, "typical" members of Soviet society—correspond with major, cata-

Sinyavsky - 1934 - 1938
 Tsores - 1938 - 1941
 Sinyavsky - 1941 - 1948
 Tsores - 1948 - 1951
 Sinyavsky - 1951 - 1954
 Tsores - 1954 - 1957
 Sinyavsky - 1957 - 1960
 Tsores - 1960 - 1963
 Sinyavsky - 1963 - 1966
 Tsores - 1966 - 1969
 Sinyavsky - 1969 - 1972
 Tsores - 1972 - 1975
 Sinyavsky - 1975 - 1978
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 Sinyavsky - 1993 - 1996
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 Sinyavsky - 1999 - 2002
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 Sinyavsky - 2041 - 2044
 Tsores - 2044 - 2047
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 Tsores - 2050 - 2053
 Sinyavsky - 2053 - 2056
 Tsores - 2056 - 2059
 Sinyavsky - 2059 - 2062
 Tsores - 2062 - 2065
 Sinyavsky - 2065 - 2068
 Tsores - 2068 - 2071
 Sinyavsky - 2071 - 2074
 Tsores - 2074 - 2077
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 Sinyavsky - 2083 - 2086
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 Sinyavsky - 2089 - 2092
 Tsores - 2092 - 2095
 Sinyavsky - 2095 - 2098
 Tsores - 2098 - 2101
 Sinyavsky - 2101 - 2104
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 Tsores - 2242 - 2245
 Sinyavsky - 2245 - 2248
 Tsores - 2248 - 2251
 Sinyavsky - 2251 - 2254
 Tsores - 2254 - 2257
 Sinyavsky - 2257 - 2260
 Tsores - 2260 - 2263
 Sinyavsky - 2263 - 2266
 Tsores - 2266 - 2269
 Sinyavsky - 2269 - 2272
 Tsores - 2272 - 2275
 Sinyavsky - 2275 - 2278
 Tsores - 2278 - 2281
 Sinyavsky - 2281 - 2284
 Tsores - 2284 - 2287
 Sinyavsky - 2287 - 2290
 Tsores - 2290 - 2293
 Sinyavsky - 2293 - 2296
 Tsores - 2296 - 2300

strophic events of Soviet history. Nikolai, a naval officer, drowns in 1936, and Pavel, an agronomist on a kolkhoz, is arrested and sent to Vorkuta, from which he never returns, in 1938. These dates are, of course, linked to the beginning and end of Stalin's great purges. Vasily is killed at the front in 1943, and we are not given the dates of death of the two last brothers. However, it is clear that Yakov, a surgeon with a suspiciously Jewish name, is meant to represent a victim of the Doctors' Plot, and Volodya, an official of unspecified high rank, is a casualty of the aftermath of destalinization, perhaps even Krushchev himself. All of the half-brothers bear the solid Russian surname of Likhosherst, while Tsores, the issue of their common mother's mysterious second husband, is marked by his name as an alien, an outcast, or, to follow the imagery of the novella, the "runt" of the litter. Seen in the light of this evidence then, *Little Tsores* appears as a fictional interpretation of Soviet history, as seen through the eyes of the writer as social outcast.¹⁷

The novella is constructed around Sinyavsky's idiosyncratic equation of the story of Cain and Abel with the fall of man. In other words, Cain, by committing the first murder, unleashed evil into the world. Thus, the death of the narrator's first brother, in which—as with all the other deaths—he is only indirectly involved, represents the fall of Tsores's world, and he bears ever after his mother's accusation of guilt like a mark of Cain:

"You are guilty of everything! You killed your brother!"

It's true, she never actually said this again later. But the words had been said and remained on me—like a brand . . .¹⁸

In the passage that follows in the text, the narrator summarizes the central theme of the novella:

From that time no matter what I do—it's all bad. In the final analysis, you turn out to be guilty of everything. Oh, Little Tsores! Little Tsores! How I weep for you! Yet probably even you, like everyone, wanted only to be good and useful. What have you done? Why did you give issue to so much sorrow? . . .

Or is it that sometime—a very, very long time ago—we innocently sinned? And we ourselves don't know how guilty we are. If we weren't evil, if we weren't guilty, neither Hitler nor Stalin would have floated out of us to the surface. There would be no death. "Look back in anger!" said a nameless author. And I repeat after him: "Look back in anger and you will be looking at yourself!.." (23-4)

Thus runs the paradox of human existence. We are all decent, well-meaning people. Certainly we cannot be responsible for the unthinkable atrocities perpetrated by history in our name! So where are we to look for the guilty parties? To Hitler or Stalin? Or even farther back? And this line of

reasoning will take us (along with Solomon Moiseevich) to the very beginnings of history, to the fall of man, to Cain, the first murderer. This trouble is, Cain is not being called to account for these horrors. We are. "What have you done?"¹⁹

This paradox obsesses the narrator just as, before him, Ivan Karamazov was tormented by the innocent suffering of children to the extent that he returned to God his entrance ticket to paradise. Like Ivan, Sinyavsky's narrator keeps an archive of stories of suffering children to present in protest at the Final Judgment, and, in a loose paraphrase of Ivan's "Rebellion" from *The Brothers Karamazov*, three of these episodes are offered for our inspection at the very center of the novella. There is, however, an important difference. In the stories related by Ivan to Alyosha Karamazov, the brutality is intentional and malicious. In the examples gathered by Sinyavsky's narrator, it is accidental. "I beat my head against the wall when I hear such stories, and I can't find an answer. In everything, absolutely everything is mixed some trifle, some stupidity, some kind of mistake of nature, an invisible bit of *tsores* (*kroshka-tsores*)" (55). "Yes and evil in its pure form doesn't interest us, doesn't make us glad. Evil is only a side effect of the good we intend . . ." (57).

The narrator is marked by his name, is recognized by others and by himself, as the carrier of this *kroshka-tsores*. His curse is to bear the guilt of history, and this curse is clearly linked to his vocation as writer, as it originates, if not in the loss of his stutter, then in the mystery of his identity, as an inheritance from his father, who, we learn in the end, was also a writer, and it disappears when he regains his speech defect in the concluding paragraph of the novella. On the one hand, we may view *Tsores* the writer as simply a fictional rendering of the image of the writer as Jew, as scapegoat elaborated by Sinyavsky at the end of "The Literary Process in Russia." Society externalizes its sense of historical guilt, projects it onto the person of the writer as outcast, as "not one of us." And so the narrator is labeled guilty and shunned first by his school fellows, then by his mother, and finally by his dog even though, in realistic terms, there is no justification for their extreme reaction to his apparently innocent behavior.

On the other hand, *Tsores* himself accepts the fact of his guilt and is tormented by it. But this is as it should be, for the act of writing is by definition an expression of free will, of freedom of choice. All true writing, as we have seen above, is for Sinyavsky a rejection of the codified values of society and, as such, presupposes the author's ability to think for himself and therefore accept responsibility for his role in history. "Once you have inner freedom—then answer for yourself!" ("Liudi," 392). And so the only hope for absolution lies in writing:

But there is no devil, there is only me. Probably there are children specially born to sin, from whom issues a mysterious evil through the

world, inspiring everyone with disgust in return. I am one of them. It's not that I'm a bad person, but an evil spirit . . . But perhaps, with the years, even I will be absolved of a pinch of sin, because, hiding nothing, I try to write everything down? Or because of some well-turned phrase, because of one line inadvertently gone astray . . . (*Kroshka Tsores*, 30)

The writer, born to sin, can expiate this sin only by writing, which brings us back to the point at which we began this discussion of the novella. Literature, art, is history, the only true history. Thus, when at the end of *Little Tsores* Dora asks the narrator to choose between her and his books, his final answer is: "And if a day passes when I don't compose something, I feel physically this deficiency and gap in history" (97).

Tsores's mistake—a mistake perhaps endemic to the vocation of writer, at least in Russia—is not that he accepts guilt, but that he accepts too large a share of guilt, that he sees himself and allows himself to be seen as somehow different, guiltier than the average run of mankind. In shouldering the blame for the deaths of his half-brothers, within the symbolic structure of the novella, he is, in effect, taking responsibility for the entire calamity of Soviet history, is casting himself in the role of scapegoat. And can we not here discern an echo of the Russian writer's traditional sense of mission which Sinyavsky, as we have seen, so steadfastly opposes? The lesson which Tsores must learn, the truth to which he becomes reconciled in the end, is that we are all "to some extent evil and to some extent good" (110), and therefore we are all responsible. Thus, when he learns that his half-brothers are still alive, he asks Dora Alexandrovna hopefully, "And does that mean I'm not guilty?" She replies: "What difference does it make? . . . Guilty or not guilty? Everyone's guilty of something . . ." (100).

In a 1981 *Sintaksis* article entitled "Dostoevsky and Prison" Sinyavsky discusses the impact of the years Dostoevsky spent in prison on the writer's later career, explaining his predecessor's subsequent evolution into a great writer as hinging on his exposure to the "house of the dead," as the result of a revelation, a new understanding of human nature:

What happened? What did Dostoevsky discover that was new to him—there, in prison? It suddenly turned out that man is measureless. It turned out that a human being (a concrete human being) cannot be categorized as either "good" or "evil," "bad" or "good," "poor" or "rich." Today he is evil, tomorrow—good (or vice versa). What does this depend on? God only knows. Man is irrational.²⁰

Man is irrational, and in this irrationality lies his freedom: "Man is free. This is what Dostoevsky tells us after having been in prison—in all of his books. Freedom defines the soul of man, who, in Dostoevsky's works for the first time, appears as a free human being."²¹ Here is the underground

man's $2+2=5$, that perverse free will which Ivan Karamazov so deplores. And is the element of *tsores* in history, as the figure of man's fallen state, not also a function of this freedom which thwarts the logical and harmonious constitution of the world? And, thus, does not all art, as a hopeless and "purposeless" bid for liberation from structures and restraints—like Kostya's mad leap—issue from the same source?

Sinyavsky meditates on the impact of his own prison experience in a curious Tertz essay published in *Sintaksis* in 1979 (the same year in which *Little Tsores* was written) under the title "Glasses." In this piece Sinyavsky, some eight years after the fact, recalls the events leading up to and immediately following his release. In the last few hours before the event, still unaware that he is about to be set free, the writer finds himself in a cell in Potma transit prison and, like the seasoned zek he has become, proceeds to make himself at home. When, however, he turns to read the graffiti left on the walls by prisoners who have been there before him, he finds to his irritation that

The room from top to bottom was eaten away by a shallow relief, as if flooded by a sea of raised stone waves. It was impossible to write on this crust. The sharp, flint crests would have broken any pencil, would have devoured drawings and symbols. It would have been impossible to draw a cross or a curse or a name or the date of an impending departure, or execution . . .²²

He pulls out a pencil smuggled through the search and a copy of *Izvestiya* hoarded for rolling cigarettes and begins to write in margins and between lines in protest against this wall which "excluded the smallest hint of man's presence here" (34), this wall which reminds him of the lowest circle of hell. And so he writes, hearing around himself all the while the sounds, the voices of prison life and feeling himself to be "a cell, a molecule of a huge Leviathan, floating into the distance of history, without lights on the side, but with lights on the inside, in the prison, with crowds of devoured, gulped down but all the same exulting prisoners" (35). And so he writes, "hoping to call out to and at the same time to immortalize the abstract voices on the wall" (38).

Having arrived in Moscow after his release, the writer discovers that sometime during the last hours in prison or the first hours of freedom his eyesight has deteriorated and he needs glasses:

And I began to cry—not over my blindness, which, I repeat, was no reason to be upset. And not for the untimely loss of my youth, of which, I'll be blunt, there wasn't all that much left. But because of the *saddle*, as I called it, which had suddenly risen up in my consciousness and which divided me into two halves, into *before* and *after* my exit from behind the barbed wire, as if having a presentiment of how hard

it would be to return from there to people and of the gulf which lay between us and them. I cried and saw the *saddle* in the image and form of the glasses which I would put on as a sign of the impassable boundary, in memory of the gaseous wall streaming with letters, wailing tirelessly—and of the sea, of the sea . . . (38)

The writer becomes a living memorial to that lightless Leviathan floating through history, which is the world of the camps and perhaps even humankind as a whole. He takes the place of that wall, scribbling on odd scraps of newspaper, so that there will be a record—a bit of graffiti, a name, a curse—so that something will remain.

Clearly Sinyavsky's years in prison affected him profoundly. Yet, as we have seen in his emigre writings, they led not to a sharp break with his earlier career, but rather to a deepening and expansion of ideas that have been with him from the start. Moreover, we cannot fail to note the intensely personal nature of this experience as it has been assimilated into his works, a fact which is thrown into relief by the contrast between Sinyavsky's *A Voice from the Chorus* and the monumental *Gulag Archipelago* of his eminent confrere and sometime polemical opponent Alexander Solzhenitsyn. In his prison memoir, Sinyavsky speaks with the voice of the solitary individual, plumbing the depths of his inner consciousness, standing apart from the crowd. Solzhenitsyn, on the other hand, departs from his own ordeal in the camps into the experience of a nation, speaking with the collective voice of his people, for all those who cannot or will not speak for themselves. Much has been made of the polar differences in temperament and style between these two leading Russian writers, especially in the wake of Sinyavsky's much publicized statements taking Solzhenitsyn to task for losing sight of the true nature of literature, for falling into the heresy of believing he can indeed transform reality through his works.²³ Yet it is perhaps appropriate to conclude this study by pointing to the similarities between Sinyavsky and Solzhenitsyn, who, as the major Russian literary talents of their generation, in some sense define the cultural boundaries of the third wave of emigration. The need to redefine history—specifically, Russian history—in more adequate terms outside the Marxist grid is central to the works of both writers, as are questions of guilt and responsibility, and both recognize the role of the writer as witness, as recorder of individual and shared experience. For all literature is an act of memory, and, for the Russian writer spawned in a society whose ruling authorities ever seek to forget, it is an act of defiance, a desperate effort to preserve culture and continuity. And so the writer writes—so that something will remain.

NOTES

1. See, for example, Sinyavsky's comments on the genesis of *Sintaksis* in "Andrei Sinyavsky

on Dissidence," *Encounter* 52:4 (1979), 91-4.

2. *Times Literary Supplement*, May 23, 1975; *New York Review of Books*, November 22, 1979; *Encounter* 52:4 (1979).

3. Sinyavsky describes his meeting with Pasternak in "Odin den's Pasternakom," *Sintaksis* 6 (1980), 131-9. He was a pallbearer at Pasternak's funeral, and the appearance of the poet's novel *Doctor Zhivago* in the West may well have helped Sinyavsky to decide to publish his own Tertz writings abroad.

4. Abram Tertz, *The Trial Begins and On Socialist Realism* (New York: Vintage-Random House, 1960), 218.

5. In *The Positive Hero in Russian Literature* (2nd ed. [Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1975], 341-2), Rufus Mathewson, Jr., isolates no less than five "voices" employed by Sinyavsky in his official and unofficial works: two "legal" voices (Sinyavsky) and three "illegal" voices (Tertz).

6. Thus, for example, of the thirteen articles which the writer has published in his own journal *Sintaksis*, five are signed Tertz and eight Sinyavsky, and in the first two issues of the journal articles appear under both names.

7. "Sinyavsky: Fiction and Reality," *Times Literary Supplement*, May 23, 1975, p. 560. Further references cited in text as "Fiction and Reality."

8. Abram Tertz, "The Literary Process in Russia," *Kontinent* (Garden City, New York: Anchor-Doubleday, 1976), 78. Further references cited in text as "Literary Process."

9. Abram Tertz, "Iskusstvo i deistvitel'nost'," *Sintaksis* 2 (1978), 114. Further references cited in text as "Iskusstvo."

10. Abram Tertz, "Otechestvo. Blatnaia pesnia . . .," *Sintaksis* 4 (1979), 84. Further references cited in text.

11. Andrei Sinyavsky, "'I' and 'They': An Essay on Extreme Forms of Communication under Conditions of Human Isolation," *Survey* 22:3/4 (100/101) (1976), 278. Further references cited in text.

12. See Abram Tertz, "V tsirke," in his *Fantasticheskii mir Abrama Tertz* (New York: Inter-Language Literary Associates, 1967), 29.

13. Abram Tertz, "Liudi i zveri," *Kontinent* 5 (1975), 375-6. Further references cited in text as "Liudi."

14. "Andrei Sinyavsky on Dissidence," 92.

15. "V tsirke," 32. Translation taken from Abram Tertz, "At the Circus," trans. Ronald Hingley, in *Fantastic Stories* (New York: Pantheon Books-Random House, 1963), 155.

16. Abram Tertz, *The Makepeace Experiment*, trans. Manya Harari (New York: Pantheon Books-Random House, 1963), 49-50.

17. Apart from the historical allegory, there are clear autobiographical echoes in *Little Tsores*. To mention the more obvious ones, not only is the narrator referred to by two names in the text, but he also appears to have a dual literary career as underground writer and official academic. Moreover, at the end of the novella, he appears to have recently returned from a stint in the camps.

18. Abram Tertz, *Kroshka Tsores* (Paris: Sintaksis, 1980), 23. See also the reference to the thief as Cain and the "narod" as Abel in "Otechestvo. Blatnaia pesnia . . .," 95. Further references cited in text.

19. See "Liudi i zveri," 373, 386.

20. A. Sinyavsky, "Dostoevsky i katorga," *Sintaksis* 5 (1981), 108.

21. *Ibid.*, 110-1.

22. Abram Tertz, "Ochki," *Sintaksis* 5 (1979), 33. Further references cited in text.

23. See Andrei Sinyavsky, "Solzhenitsyn and Russian Nationalism," *New York Review of Books*, November 22, 1979.