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ARIEL
I believe that on this excursion I saw Bely for the first time in his basic element: flight, in his native and terrible element of empty spaces, and so I took hold of his hand so as to delay him longer on earth. Next to me there sat a captive spirit.¹

There is no more tender portrait of Boris Nikolaevič Bugaev, the man, than that presented so lovingly, in such soft detail, in Marina Cvetaeva's memoir, "A Captive Spirit". Marina began her memorial for Andrej Belyj who had died on January 8, 1934 on January 16 and completed it on February 26.² Her reminiscences of their brief, yet intense, relationship of May and June 1922 were her posthumous gift to him. It was the return of a favor. Andrej Belyj's own tribute to Cvetaeva, his collection of poems Posle razluki (After the Separation, Berlin: 1922) had been a response in verse to her Razluka (Separation, Berlin: 1922). The story of their special relationship has emerged in pieces over the years as Cvetaeva's own memoirs have been supplemented by the recollections of her daughter, Ariadna Efрон.³ Anna Saakjanc has published several documents attesting to "the poetic relationship" between the two poets and their works suggesting that it ought to be the subject of a major article or monograph.⁴ She echoes the frequent, albeit never demonstrated conclusion, that Belyj's own poetic manner was a reflection and personal reworking of Cvetaeva's poetry. Simon Karlinsky notes: "Andrej Belyj was so impressed by the slim volume, Razluka, that he evolved for himself a new poetic manner which, in subtle homage to Cvetaeva, he tried out in a collection entitled, Posle Razluki (After the Separation).⁵ Boris Christa states:

While writing it, Bely was strongly under the influence of the personality of Marina Tsvetaeva, whom he had just met. [sic] The title has a double meaning. It refers to Tsvetaeva's volume of poems "The Parting", which had made a strong impression on him, and to the parting with Asya.⁶
Your book is 26 Chairs, and the cover is a picture of the characters.

I read all evening — snuggled close to the light of the pages, so necessary.

My mother would read to me, and she always did. The words she read were magic.

Decide on 16 May 1922

Zossen

The book came soon and immediately wrote a note to Cossar.

Arrived next day appeared in Berlin and after their conversation, why read

the book. The same evening and immediately wrote a note to Cossar.

The book was received

The book was received

The book was received

I was happy to touch the pages, and I knew that when I closed the covers, the magic would continue.

When I closed the covers, the magic would continue.

When I closed the covers, the magic would continue.

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The day was hot, the sun was setting, and the waves were crashing against the shore. Maria and Emily sat on the rocky cliffs, watching the sun dip below the horizon. They had been hiking for hours and were enjoying the peaceful solitude.

"I can't believe we're finally here," Maria said, her voice filled with excitement. "I've always wanted to see this place.

Emily nodded, her face etched with a rare sense of wonder. "Me too. It's been worth the hike."

The sun was now a bright orange ball, casting a warm glow over the ocean. "Look at that," Emily exclaimed, pointing towards the horizon. "A whale!"

Maria gasped, her eyes wide with awe. "Oh my god, it's真的 a whale!"

They spent the rest of the evening watching the whales, marveling at their size and grace. They knew they would never forget this moment. It was a day they would always remember, a day filled with wonder and beauty.

"This has been amazing," Maria said, turning to Emily. "I can't wait to come back again."

Emily smiled, her heart full of hope. "I know. I'll never forget this day."

And so they sat, watching the sun set over the ocean, their hearts beating in rhythm with the waves, and their spirits soaring with the birds. It was a day they would always cherish, a day they would never forget.
The image contains a page from a book or a document, written in English. The text appears to be a page of prose, possibly an excerpt from a literary work. However, the quality and orientation of the image make it difficult to transcribe accurately. The text is not legible enough to provide a clear and verifiable transcription.
The essence of literature is the power of empathy. When the words are read, they become pictures in the mind; when read, they become a story. The writer's words evoke emotions and thoughts in the reader, allowing for a shared experience. This is the power of literature, to connect people across time and place, to bring us together through the shared human experience.

Just as the power of literature is to connect, so too is the power of art. When a painting is viewed, it becomes a window into the artist's mind, allowing us to see their perspective and imagination. The colors and forms on the canvas, the strokes and brushwork, all come together to create a single, unified whole that speaks to the viewer. And just as literature can transport us to other worlds, art can transport us to other times and places, allowing us to experience things we may never have seen or felt before.

In this way, literature and art are not just forms of entertainment or expression, but tools of connection and understanding. They allow us to see the world from different perspectives, to experience emotions that we might not otherwise feel, and to connect with others who may be vastly different from ourselves. And in doing so, they help to build a more empathetic and understanding world, where people from all walks of life can come together and share in the joy of the human experience.
After the sensation, there is the expectation of an effect. The mind is a whole body. After your sensation, there is no more feeling. You will be a whole book. After your expectation, there is no more feeling. You will be a whole book.

The mind is a whole book. After your expectation, there is no more feeling. You will be a whole book.
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E. H. Beyer, Jr.

HarperCollins
The post office teaches our to find our place in the world by giving us a new perspective. When you're at the post office, you're surrounded by letters and packages that tell stories of journeys. The concept of "perspective" is key here, as it extends beyond the traditional idea of "first person." Each letter or package can be seen as a small window into someone else's world.

For example, imagine receiving a letter from a dear friend who's recently moved to a new city. The words on the page transport you to that new place, allowing you to see the world through their eyes. This is similar to how the new perspective offered by the post office helps us expand our understanding of the world.

The next time you visit the post office, take a moment to appreciate the power of perspective. It's a small but mighty tool for seeing the world in new ways.
Marina Cervantes and Andy Betz

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The reference to the "dew" has been deleted as Ruby Stein's note in the margin indicates.

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Thomas R. Beary Jr.
The poem is a love poem, but its themes would make even more personal sense in a reader's life. The poet's celebration of love is not just a celebration of the love between two people, but also a celebration of the love of nature and beauty, the love of language and creativity.

The opening lines of the poem, "I am the dark lover."

The poet's dark lover represents the shadowy side of love, the hidden depths of passion and desire. The dark lover is a powerful and mysterious force, a force that is both inviting and terrifying, a force that draws the poet into a deep and intimate relationship with the person being loved.

The poet's dark lover is also a symbol of the poet's own inner self, a self that is both beautiful and terrifying, a self that is both irresistible and dangerous. The poet's dark lover is a force that is both irresistible and dangerous, a force that is both beautiful and terrifying.

The poet's dark lover is also a symbol of the power of language and creativity. The poet's dark lover is a force that is both irresistible and dangerous, a force that is both beautiful and terrifying. The poet's dark lover is a force that is both irresistible and dangerous, a force that is both beautiful and terrifying.
The text is too large to be accurately transcribed.
In reprinting the review (Saakjanc, 1988) "nudnych" is replaced by "trudnych". The reproduction of Belyj's text also contains several errors in the representation of poetic meters. In the original article Belyj (or the typesetter) is not always reliable.

In the second line of the 1988 reprint "sbruja" (harness) is replaced by "struja" (stream) eliminating the mythological allusion.

"Bessonica" was published in Zapiski meštatelej, V, 1922, 47. "Boł'nica" under the title "Ase" appeared in the journal edited by Belyj, Ėpopeja, I, 1922, 25, which was available in March 1922. "Ty – ten' tenej" appeared in the same issue on page 26.

"После разлуки написана в две недели… в 1922 году в Пассене я пытался продолжить правку [Золото в лазури], но вместо нее из передвижения строк и слов вырастает часть, стихов, напечатанная в "После разлуки". A. Belyj, "Zovy vremen: Vmesto predisolovija", Novyj žurnal, 102, 1971, 91–92.

Several of these poems would appear in Belyj's, Stichotvorenija, Berlin: Gržebin, 1923, in the section "Posle zvezly". Belyj revised one final time the poems for his proposed Zovy vremen and Zveza pod ornoj. For a more detailed discussion of textual variants see J. Malmstad, ed. A. Belyj, Sobranie stichotvorenij, 3 Vols. 1982–1984, Malmstad's work is indispensable for the study of Belyj's poetry which underwent such extensive re-working and re-organization.

For an examination of Belyj's influence and a review of the literature on the subject see Vjačeslav V. Ivanov, "O vozdejstvii estetičeskogo eksperimenta Andreja Belogo, Andrej Belyj. Problemy tvorchestva, M., 1988, 338–366.

Karen Handelsman of Middlebury first brought this fact to my attention. Belyj would most likely be pleased by the comparison.

When the poem was published in Golos Rossii #1067, September 24, 1922, 6, the three lines beginning "Don't speak dead words" were omitted.

In fact Belyj did take up dancing in the summer of 1922. Many have commented on his wild dance steps as symbolic of his mental degeneration. The dancing was intended to be physical exercise as prescribed by his physician. Belyj remembers that when he left Zossen in July 1922 for a vacation in Swinemünde: "Eслинко занимался фис-культуры: ...начинаю ради фис-культуры учиться фокстроту, джимми, бостону, уан-степлу" (Rakkurs, 114/1).

Malmstad, III, 322 points to similarities between the first lines of the poem and a quatrain composed in 1901 for Pepel.