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**SEEING TOLSTOY’S GHOST IN KHODASEVICH’S MIRROR**

**Перед зеркалом**

*Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*

Я, я, я. Что за дикое слово!

Неужели вон тот -- это я?

Разве мама любила такого,

Желто-серого, полуседого

5 И всезнающего, как змея?

Разве мальчик, в Останкине летом

Танцевавший на дачных балах,-

Это я, тот, кто каждым ответом

Желторотым внушает поэтам

10 Отвращение, злобу и страх?

Разве тот, кто в полночные споры

Всю мальчишечью вкладывал прыть, --

Это я, тот же самый, который

На трагические разговоры

15 Научился молчать и шутить?

Впрочем -- так и всегда на средине

Рокового земного пути:

От ничтожной причины -- к причине,

А глядишь -- заплутался в пустыне,

20 И своих же следов не найти.

Да, меня не пантера прыжками

На парижский чердак загнала.

И Виргилия нет за плечами, --

Только есть одиночество -- в раме

25 Говорящего правду стекла.

(*18-23 июля 1924, Париж*; publ. 1925; **Ходасевич 1989**: 174-175)

“Before the Mirror”. *In the middle of the journey of our life* (Dante). I, I, I. What a weird word! Is that one there really I? Can it be that mother loved such a person, grayish-yellow, with hair turning white, and omniscient like a serpent?

Can it be that the boy who use to dance at country-balls at Ostankino in the summer – is I, who by each of my answers inspire loathing. Anger and fear in newly hatched poets?

Can it be that the one who used to throw all his boyish vivacity into midnight arguments is I, the same one have learnt to be silent and to jest in response to tragic conversations?

Yet it is always like this midway on the fatal journey through life: [you go] from one trivial cause to another, and behold, you have lost your way in the desert and cannot find your own tracks.

Yeah, [it was] not a panther in pursuit that with its leaps has driven me into a Paris garret, and there is no Virgil standing behind my shoulders. There is only loneliness – framed in the mirror that speaks the truth [**Obolensky**: 308-308, with some literalizing emendations – *A. Z.*].

**1.**

The epigraph from Dante (echoed in lines 16-17) is not the only intertextual reference in the poem (further abbreviated as *BTM*), as is being gradually discovered.[[1]](#footnote-1) In what follows I will identify a major Russian subtext – one that is hidden, so to speak, in plain view, but as far as I know has not yet been retrieved by scholars (e. g. **Miller 1981, Kirilcuk 2002, Postoutenko 2002, Дзуцева 2009, Ронен 2009**).

The fact is that a powerful cluster of the poem’s motifs – questioning the validity of language, facing one’s splitting self in the mirror, the multiple untranslatable *razve’*s, the “mother” theme and that of stumbling through “trivial causes,” even the fatal “frame” at the end of the text – all these come courtesy of Leo Tolstoy, from his “Smert’ Ivana Il’icha” (The Death of Ivan Ilych; abbreviated as *DII*).

To begin with most salient references, here is a passage (from *DII’s* Chapter VI) that couches the denial of an existential crisis in terms of *razve* clauses appealing to mommyand other early memories; it also and features the insistent shifter pronouns *tot*, “that,” *tak* “so, like that,” characteristic of *BTM*, as well as the adverb *vsegda,* “always”(appearing in line 16 of the poem).The original Russian text is followed (here and on other occasions) by an English version, taken from **Tolstoy 1991**: 123-166, slightly emended and, what’s more important, provided, in brackets, with those Russian words that are lost in translation but constitute crucial links between the two texts.

В глубине души Иван Ильич знал, что он умирает, но <…> никак не мог понять этого. **Тот** пример силлогизма, которому он учился в логике Кизеветера: Кай -- человек, люди смертны, потому Кай смертен, казался ему во всю его жизнь правильным только по отношению к Каю, но никак не к нему. То был Кай-человек, вообще человек, и это было совершенно справедливо; но **он был не** Кай и не вообще человек, а **он всегда был** совсем, совсем особенное от всех других существо**; он был** **Ваня с мамà,** с папà, с Митей и Володей, с игрушками, кучером, с няней, потом с Катенькой, со всеми радостями, горестями, восторгами **детства**, **юности, молодости**. **Разве** для Кая **был** **тот** запах кожаного с полосками мячика, который **так** **любил** Ваня! **Разве** Кай целовал **так** руку **матери** и **разве** для Кая **так** шуршал шелк складок платья **матери**? **Разве** он бунтовал за пирожки в Правоведении? **Разве** Кай **так был** влюблен? **Разве** Кай **так** мог вести заседание? И Кай точно смертен, и ему правильно умирать, но **мне, Ване**, **Ивану Ильичу,** со всеми моими чувствами, мыслями, -- мне это другое дело. И не может быть, чтобы мне следовало умирать. Это было бы слишком ужасно.

In the depth of his heart [Ivan Ilych] knew he was dying but <…> simply <…> could not grasp it.

The syllogism he had learnt from Kiesewetter's Logic: "Caius is a man, men are mortal, therefore Caius is mortal," had always seemed to him correct as applied to Caius, but certainly not as applied to himself. That Caius -- man in the abstract -- was mortal, was perfectly correct, but **he was not** Caius, not an abstract man, but **he had always been** a creature quite, quite separate from all others. **He had been little Vanya, with a mamma** and a papa, with Mitya and Volodya, with the toys, a coachman and a nurse, afterwards with Katenka and will all the joys, griefs, and delights of **childhood, boyhood, and youth**. **What did Caius know [Razve…]** of the smell of **that** striped leather ball Vanya had been **so** fond of? **Had** [**Razve**] Caius kissed his **mother's** hand **like that**, and did the silk of his **mother’s** dress rustle **so** for Caius? **Had** [**Razve**] he rioted **like that** at law school when the pastry was bad? **Had** [**Razve**] Caius been in love like that? **Could** [**Razve**] Caius preside at a session **as** [**tak**] he did? "Caius really was mortal, and it was right for him to die; but **for me, little Vanya, Ivan Ilych**, with all my thoughts and emotions, it's altogether a different matter. It cannot be that I ought to die. That would be too terrible."

As Ivan Ilych becomes reluctantly aware of the change he is undergoing, two scenes involving a mirror ensue (in Chs. V, VIII).

- Что, переменился? -- Да... есть перемена. -- И сколько Иван Ильич ни наводил после шурина на разговор о его внешнем виде, шурин отмалчивался<…> Иван Ильич запер дверь на ключ и стал смотреться в **зеркало** -- прямо, потом сбоку. Взял свой портрет <…> и сличил <…> с тем, что он видел в

**зеркале**. Перемена была огромная <…>

Он с отдыхом умыл руки, лицо <…> и посмотрел в **зеркало**. Ему **страшно** стало.

"I have changed, eh?" "Yes, there is a change." And after that, try as he would to get his brother-in-law to return to the subject of his looks, the latter would say nothing about it <…> Ivan Ilych locked to door and began to examine himself in the **glass**, first full face, then in profile. He took up a **portrait** of himself <…> and compared it with what he saw in the **glass**. The change in him was immense <…>

With pauses for rest, he washed his hands and then his face <…> looked in the **glass**. He was terrified by what he saw.

The scary mirror reflections shock Ivan Ilych into realizing – against his obstinate denial (and hence a disbelieving and untranslatable *neuzheli*, a near synonym of *razve*, cf. line 2 of *BTM*), -- the truth (*pravda*, see line 25). Here are some relevant passages (from Chs. IV, V, VI, VIII, X, XI):

**Правда** было то, что ссоры теперь начинались от него <…> Этот случай испугал его. "**Неужели** я так умственно ослабел? -- сказал он себе. - Пустяки! Все вздор, не надо поддаваться мнительности.

“Так где же я буду, когда меня не будет? **Неужели** смерть? Нет, не хочу" <…> Неужели смерть?" Опять на него нашел ужас….

[О]н столбенел, огонь тух в глазах, и он начинал опять спрашивать себя: "**Неужели** только она **правда**?" <…> "И **правда**, что здесь, на этой гардине, я, как на штурме, потерял жизнь. **Неужели**?...” <…>

Иван Ильич смотрит на доктора с выражением вопроса: "**Неужели** никогда не станет тебе стыдно врать?" <…>

Что это? **Неужели** **правда**, что смерть? И внутренний голос отвечал**:** да, **правда**. X

Ему пришло в голову, что **то**, что ему представлялось прежде совершенной невозможностью, **то**, что он прожил свою жизнь **не так**, как должно было, что это могло быть **правда <…>** [К]каждое их **слово** <…> подтверждало для него ужасную **истину**, открывшуюся ему ночью.. Он <…> ясно видел, что все это было не то.

It was **true** [**pravda**] that now the quarrels were started by him <…> This incident alarmed him. "Has my mind really [**Neuzheli**] weakened to such an extent?" he asked himself. "Nonsense! It's all rubbish.”

“Then where shall I be when I am no more? Can this [**Neuzheli**] be dying? No, I don't want to!" <...> Can it really [**Neuzheli**] be death?" Again terror seized him <…>

[H]e would be petrified and the light would die out of his eyes, and he would again begin asking himself **whether** [**Neuzheli**] \*It\* alone was **true [pravda]** <…> "It really [**pravda**] is so! I lost my life over that curtain as I might have done when storming a fort. Is that possible [**Neuzheli**]?" <…>

Ivan Ilych looks at him as much as to say: "Are you really [**Neuzheli**] never ashamed of lying?" <…>

"What is this? Can it really [**Neuzheli pravda**], be that it is Death?" And the inner voice answered: "Yes, it **truly** [**pravda**] is."

It occurred to him that **that which** had appeared perfectly impossible before, namely **that** he had **not** spent his life **as** he should have done, might after all be **true** [**pravda**] <…>[T]heir every word <…> movement confirmed to him the awful **truth** that had been revealed to him during the night <…> [H]e <…> saw clearly that it [his life] was **not real** at all [**ne to**].

The quest for “truth” that runs through the entire text of *BTM*, is linked from the start with the poem’s other major theme: problematizing the “weird/wild (*dikoe*) word I” and focusing accordingly on metalinguistic matters (represented by the corresponding lexicon: *ответом* ”anwer,” *поэтам*”poets,” *споры*, ”arguments” *разговоры*,”conversations” *молчать* ”be silent,” *шутить* “to joke,” *говорящего* “speaking”). In *DII* the word *slovo*, “word,” appears often, mostly as part of Tolstoy’s favorite motif of “false words” to be trumped by the ultimate ”truth” of death, e. g., in Chs. II, VI, XI, XII:

Все происходило с чистыми руками, в чистых рубашках, с французскими **словами** и <…> с одобрением высоко стоящих людей <…> Иван Ильич чувствовал, что <…> ему стоит только написать известные **слова** на бумаге с **заголовком**, и этого <…> самодовольного человека приведут к нему в качестве обвиняемого <…>

[Он] перебирал все, что **говорил** доктор, стараясь все эти **запутанные**, неясные научные **слова** **перевести на простой язык** и прочесть в них **ответ** <…> очень ли плохо мне, или еще ничего? <…>;

И он <…> вступал в **разговоры** с товарищами <…> произносил известные **слова** и начинал **дело**. Но <…> боль в боку, не обращая никакого внимания на период развития **дела**, начинала свое сосущее дело <…>

Когда он увидал утром лакея, потом жену, потом дочь, потом доктора, -- каждое их движение, каждое их **слово** подтверждало для него ужасную **истину**, открывшуюся ему ночью <…> ужасный огромный **обман**, закрывающий и жизнь и смерть <…>;

Кончено! -- сказал кто-то над ним. Он услыхал эти **слова** и повторил их в своей душе. "Кончена смерть, -- сказал он себе"

It was all done with clean hands <…> with French **phrases** [**slova**], and <…> with the approval of people of rank <…> Ivan Ilych felt <…> that he need only write a few **words** on a sheet of paper with a certain **heading**, and this <…> self- satisfied person would be brought before him in the role of an accused person <…>

[H]e was going over what the doctor **had** **said**, trying to **translate** those **complicated**, obscure, scientific **phrases** [**slova**] **into plain language** and find in them an answer to the question: "Is my condition <…> very bad? Or is there as yet nothing much wrong?" <…>

And <…> he would <…>enter into **conversation** with his colleagues <…>, pronounce certain **words** and open the **proceedings**. But <…> the pain in his side, regardless of the stage the **proceedings** had reached, would begin its own gnawing work <…>

In the morning when he saw first his footman, then his wife, then his daughter, and then the doctor, their every **word** and movement confirmed to him the awful **truth** that had been revealed to him during the night <…> a terrible and huge **deception** which had hidden both life and death <…>

"It is finished!" said someone near him. He heard these **words** and repeated them in his soul. "Death is finished," he said to himself.

The overlap of thematic and lexical motifs between the two texts does not stop there. Their share in *BTM* is so big as if for his entire poetic vocabulary -- aside from references to other literary and biographical texts (such as: *пустыня* ”desert,” *пантера* “panther,” *Виргилий* “Vergil,” *Останкино* “Ostankino,” *дачный* “country(house),” *парижский* “Parisian,” *чердак,* “attic”) -- Khodasevich had recourse exclusively to Tolstoy’s novella. It features lexemes/episodes dealing with “dancing,” being “yellow,” “gray(-haired),” hyphenated colors, things that happen “always,” “loneliness,” “looking for/finding reasons/causes” and others that are prominent in Khodasevich’s poem.

Even the “frame of the truth-telling glass” of the poem’s climactic last line can be related to a detail in the novella: also a “frame,” albeit of a different sort. One of the crucial points of Tolstoy’s parable-like plot is that Ivan Ilych accidentally falls and hurts himself while personally decorating the new apartment and it is this *nichtozhnaia*, “trivial, insignificant” cause (to use Khodasevich’s wording) that eventually leads to his illness and death.

**2.**

The question naturally arises whether Khodasevich was indeed familiar with *DII* (incidentally, first published in 1886, the year of his birth) and took any interest in it. It turns out, indeed, that only a few years prior to writing the poem he had paid special attention to Tolstoy and reread several of his works, including *DII*.[[2]](#footnote-2) One of the by-products of this experience was Khodasevich’s speech turned article about the poetry of Innokenty Annensky, which over the years he committed to print, with slight changes, no less than three times (in 1921, 1922 and 1935).[[3]](#footnote-3)

Remarkably, the entire piece is based on a systematic comparison of Annensky with the title protagonist of *DII*. Weighing the attitude of the two to death, Khodasevich favors that of Ivan Ilych, who at the moment of death finds a way of overcoming it through newly found faith. In the article, Tolstoy’s novella is quoted and discussed at length and the pride of place is given to the passage about Caius! (**Ходасевич 1990**: 321-322, **Ходасевич 1991**: 453). Thus, just a couple of years before creating *BTM*, Khodasevich was probing into *DII* and correlating it with the experience of a poet – or shall we say *the* poet? What’s more, the article ends with two paragraphs more or less directly foreshadowing the future poem:

Но вот -- жизнь вдруг озаряется, понятая по-новому; старое “**я”** распадается, вместе с ним распадается и смерть *<…>* Поэтому и смерть становится чиста тоже. Это и есть очищение, катарсис, то, что внутренно завершает и преобразует **трагедию**, давая ей смысл религиозного действа *<…>* Оно наступает иногда очень поздно, но никогда не “слишком поздно”. Так было с Иваном Ильичом.

Драма есть тот же ужас человеческой жизни, только не получающий своего очищающего разрешения *<…>* занавес падает раньше, чем герои успели предстать зрителю преображенными. Драма ужаснее **трагедии**, потому что застывает в ужасе, потому что она *безысходна <…>* [Д]рама, развернутая в его поэзии, останавливается на ужасе -- **перед** бессмысленным кривлянием жизни и бессмысленным смрадом смерти. Это -- ужас двух **зеркал**, **отражающих пустоту друг друга**.[[4]](#footnote-4)

But then, life suddenly is illuminated, understood in a new way; the old **“I”** falls apart, and with it also falls apart death *<…>* Thus death itself also becomes pure. This is purification, catharsis, that which internally completes and transorms **tragedy**, endowing it with the meaning of a religious act *<…>* It sometimes comes very late but never “too late.” That’s how it was with Ivan Ilych.

Drama is the same horror of human life, only one that fails to get its purifying resolution *<…>*the curtain falls before the protagonists had the time to appear on the stage transformed. Drama is more terrible than **tragedy** because itfreezes in its horror, because it has *no way-out* [*bezyskhodna*] *<…>* Drama, when deployed in poetry, stops at the point of horror – **before** the meaningless grimacing of life and the meaningless stench of death. This is the horror of two **mirrors reflecting each other’s emptiness** [my translation – *A. Z.*].

As Khodasevich develops his comparison of Annensky with Ivan Ilych, he zeroes in on their main difference: unlike the latter, Annensky is a poet, pondering, realizing and poetically expressing the distinction between a person’ two “I”s.

[Иван Ильич] прав, Каю действительно “правильно умирать”, потому что он -- абстракция, фикция, **ничто** и **никто**. Ивана же Ильича отличают от Кая его “чувства и мысли”, то есть его личность <…> единственное не общее, не абстрактное, что есть у Ивана Ильича. И эта личность не может, не должна умереть: она -- единственная реальность в **пустыне** абстракций <…> единственная зацепка за бессмертие.

Чего не додумал Иван Ильич, то знал Анненский. Знал, что никаким директорством, никаким бытом и даже никакой филологией от смерти по-настоящему не загородиться <…> Только над **истинным его “я”,** над тем, чтo отображается в “чувствах и мыслях”, над личностью -- у нее как будто нет власти. И он находил реальное, осязаемое **отражение** и утверждение личности -- в поэзии. **Тот**, **чье лицо он видел**, подходя к **зеркалу**, был директор гимназии, смертный **никто**. Тот, **чье лицо отражалось в поэзии**, был бессмертный **некто**. Ник. Т-о -- *никто* -- есть безличный действительный статский советник, которым, как видимой оболочкой, прикрыт невидимый **некто**. Этот свой псевдоним, под которым он печатал стихи, Анненский рассматривал как перевод <…> того самого псевдонима, под которым Одиссей скрыл от циклопа Полифема свое **истинное** имя, свою **подлинную** личность, своего **некто**. Поэзия была для него заклятием страшного Полифема -- смерти» (**Ходасевич 1991**: 453).

Ivan Ilych is right, for Caius it is really “right to die”, because he is an abstraction, fiction, **nothing** and **nobody**. While Ivan Ilych differs from Caius in his “feelings and thoughts,” that is, his self [*lichnost’*, person, personality, identity] <…> the only non-generic, not abstract [thing] that Ivan Ilych has. And this self cannot, should not die: it’s the only reality in the **desert** of abstractions <…> the only hope for [*zatespka*, hook-up to] immortality.

What Ivan Ilych failed to think through, Annensky knew. He knew that neither principaldom [of the *gimnaziia,* high school he headed], nor domestic life nor even philology could really ever shield one from death <…> Only his **true** **“I,”** that which is reflected in the “feelings and thoughts,” the self seems to be beyond its power. And he found real, tangible **reflection** and affirmation of[ the] self in poetry. **That one, whose face he saw** as he looked in the **mirror**, was the principal of a high school, a mortal **nobody** [***nikto***]. **The one whose face was reflected in poetry** was an immortal **somebody** **[nekto**]. N.O. Body [Nik. T-o] – nobody [*nikto*] – is a faceless actual state counselor, a visible shell that covers the invisible **somebody** [**nekto**].This penname of his [Nik. T-o] over which he published his poems Annensky saw as a translation <…> of that pseudonym under which Ulysses hid from the cyclops Polyphemus his **true** name, his **true** self, his **somebody** [**nekto**]. Poetry was for him an incantation [*zakliatie*, spell] against the scary Polyphemus – death.

**3.**

In light of these considerations Khodasevich proceeds to discuss Annensky’s poetry. The next steps would be to use this vantage view for comparing the oeuvres of the two poets, which do exhibit essential affinities, as well as for systematically reinterpreting Khodasevich’s own late poetry. But here I will confine myself to has already been shown in the above,[[5]](#footnote-5) only adding some general observations.

Tolstoy’s intertextual presence in Khodasevich’s poem appears to be proven beyond reasonable doubt. The proof is triple: the many verbal and thematic affinities between the two texts, the fact of Khodasevich’s rereading the novella not long before writing the poem, and the significant textual similarities between the poem and the article(s) based on DII. Taken together the three pieces of evidence are so convincing that one cannot help wondering why the connection was not established before. I think the exculpatory reasons are several, some of them obvious.

- Khodasevich fully entered literary scene rather recently and as a result has not been the focus of scholarly attention long enough.

- Intertextual study of his oeuvre has not been as systematic as, say, the “Mandel’shtam industry” – perhaps, because Khodasevich’s intertextuality is of a different, less conspicuous sort.

- There is a general tendency, especially in the West, in particular in this country, to prioritize the ideological, political, social, existential, psychoanalytic and the like, “content-oriented,” dimensions of the literary text, not excluding poetic, at the expense of its verbal, linguistic, lexical and grammatical, i. e. textual proper, aspects.

- There is a residual reluctance, despite many indications to the contrary, to look for sources of poetry in prose and for sources of prose, in poetry, ignoring the widespread crosspollination.[[6]](#footnote-6)

- There is also a preference, in this country, for dealing, where possible, with translations -- rather than originals.

- And last but not least, our profession is not a science, a status to which it, due to the firm convictions of many of its members, does not covet – or for that matter even see as prestigious and desirable; hence we tend to discover now some facts, now some others, but do not feel obliged to strive for a complete and systematic coverage of the field.

To end on a personal note, here is the story of my modest “discovery.” I do not consider myself a Khodasevich specialist (although I have published two studies of his poems) and I was led to the observations I made by a mostly accidental route. I participated in an informal advanced seminar on “The Death of Ivan Ilych,” that took p[lace on UCLA premises, was led by a distinguished out-of-town scholar, a specialist on Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, gathered a score of Law, Complit and Slavic scholars (faculty and graduate students) and resulted in a stimulating discussion – of the above mentioned existential sort. It is in preparing for the meeting that I reread Tolstoy’s text, first time in many years, and immediately noticed the parallels with Khodasevich’s masterpiece. At the meeting, everyone had similarly pre-read the novella and had the text in front of them – practically everyone in English, including the visiting scholar. This resulted in some interesting disputes between me and the others, as I would point out that what they were discussing simply *was not there* in the original. Needless to say, there was no room for sharing my discovery about Khodasevich.

Once decided to present my finding in an article, I discovered Khodasevich’s Annensky article, which clinched the argument. But, to return to the theoretical issue of why the *DII-BTM* connection has not been established earlier, in general one cannot expect to be handed such incontrovertible evidence. It is good to have such ultimate proof, from the horse’s mouth, so to speak, but one only rarely gets so lucky. The “normal” case – the usual challenge – is to be able to infer and demonstrate the, let us say, borrowing by finding the relevant counterpart text and correlating them properly. And it’s here that attention to the verbal specifics of the texts, certainly in the original, irrespective of their being in prose of verse, pays off. To put it in a nutshell, one has to have been forever wondering whence that sequence of *razve*’s could come from…

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1. See, among other studies, **Жолковский 2011, Панова 2011**. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. «В конце 1920 года, в Петербурге, перечитывал я Толстого. Я начал с "Анны Карениной", перешел к "Крейцеровой сонате", потом к **"Смерти Ивана Ильича",** "Холстомеру", "Хозяину и работнику"». (**Ходасевич 1991**: 241). [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. See **Ходасевич 1991**: 451-458. The first version of the article (**Ходасевич 1990**: 318-333) was delivered by Khodasevich at a meeting dedicated to the memory of Annensky on 14 December 1921 at the Petersburg House of Arts (Dom Iskusstv). He then published it in the collection «Feniks», Bk. 1 (М.: Kostry, 1922. P. 122-136, dated 13/XII-1921); in the journal «Epopeia» (Berlin, 1922, № 3, December [actually 1923]. P. 34-56); and in the newspaper «Vozrozhdenie» (Paris 14 March 1935, № 3571); see commentaries by John Malmstad and Robert Hughes in **Ходасевич 1990:** 522). Obviously Khodasevich set a great store by this article.. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. I am quoting the 1935 version (in **Ходасевич 1991**: 458), which does not differ significantly from the corresponding passage in the previous versions (see **Ходасевич 1990**: 332-333, and also <http://annensky.lib.ru/notes/hod.htm>).

   [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
5. For more detail on this see **Жолковский 2011**. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
6. Thus, one of poetic sources of *BTM* is Alexander Blok’s «Unizhenie» (1911/1913), written in the same anapestic trimeter with alternating masculine and feminine rhymes and deploying a series of *Razve* clauses: ***Разве*** *дом этот -- дом в самом деле?* ***Разве*****так** *суждено меж людьми?* ***Разве*** *рад я сегодняшней встрече? <…> (****Разве*****это** *мы звали любовью?*) This poem, in its turn, has a literary pre-text – prosaic: “Разве эдак любят?”, “Разве эдак человек с человеком сходиться должны?” (Достоевский, “Записки из подполья”; see commentaries by S. Iu. Iasenskii and S. N. Bystrov in: **Блок: 601)**. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)