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## **Marginality as Power**

Marginality<sup>1</sup> is paradoxical in the sense that the weakness of a situation turns out to be, simultaneously, a source of energy or force. In other words, where there is danger there are also forces of rescue. In the structure of any idea there are internal forces of destruction, forces aspiring to punish for the symbolical demolition of what should be attacked, or for the symbolical conjunction of what should exist separately.

A man cursing or polluting is an individual fly in the communal ointment. He is always mistaken from the point of view of the community. He has crossed a certain conditional line, which he shouldn't have crossed, and this stepping over makes him a danger to the community. But the danger appearing is mutual, as the force it impersonates is structurally inherent in this idea, the force by means of which this structure hopes to protect itself.

Let's watch how this force acts using the literary confession of writer Venedikt Erofeev (1938-1990), in the poem *Moscow – Petuschki*<sup>2</sup>, in the image of his character Venichka. Here, we are interested in the way in which the psyche expresses itself in today's Russia.

If you find yourself in Moscow, visit the square in front of Kursk Station. There on a low plinth stands the bronze figure of a tall young man wearing an unbuttoned coat, hurrying somewhere, with a small case pressed to his chest. Where is the man hurrying? Now we know his name is Venedikt. He is hurrying to a suburban train that will take him to his blessed Petuschki - to the Promised Land, to Eden. "There is your salvation and your joy " (p 43), "where the birds never cease singing, by day or by night, where in winter and in summer the jasmine never ceases to bloom" (p 43), to the place of Absolute Happiness and Love. The stiffened instant of the monument has transformed the life "of a small man", the writer Venedikt Erofeev, into a myth. It has made

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<sup>1</sup> The word "marginality" comes from "marginal" that is, "written on fields of the book". Alternatively "marginality" designates a reference, a footnote on a page, or at the extreme edge of the page. In a psychological sense, marginality is the sensation of oneself as an alien in a group (cop-out), collective, society or state.

<sup>2</sup> For all references to Venedikt Erofeev, see his book, *Moscow to the End of the Line*, Evanston, IL: Northwestern University Press. 1994

him *marginalissimus* Venichka. It has connected the author to the image of an eternal wanderer, a singer of hangover songs, the maker of his own soul.<sup>3</sup>

### Marginal Spaces

We designate as marginal space the zone occupied by people with an asocial *modus vivendi*. Society instinctively aspires to change them, to adapt them to the rules of their own social community, or to reject them finally from themselves and make them complete outsiders. But at the same time marginality is a force. This force is not necessarily something revolutionary, like “a proletariat of all countries”, whom, having united, try to carry out a coup-d’etat. First of all, it is a force resulting from a person’s condition of marginality. And second, it is a conflict arising from the change in relations between the marginal disorder and the prevailing social order.

In any society, there are zones of tabooed behavior and marginal styles of life. This zone or space readily admits those exhibiting unacceptable behaviors: alcoholics, drug addicts, and criminals. However, these tabooed behaviors are always present, to some extent, in the community. Moreover, they are endowed with a force to corrupt, involve, and encouraged recruits from the public norm.

And there are many other kinds of individuals in this social margin: philosophers, writers, and intellectuals. Among them are the ancient Greek cynic Diogenes, the German mystic Jacob Boehme, the Russian author Feodor Dostoevsky, and the author Fritjof Capra - who combined rock-festivals, psychedelics and political struggle with an academic career. They were all marginals. The Soviet academician Dmitri Likhachev spent several years as a camp prisoner in the 1930s. The Nobel Prize winning poet Josef Brodsky was sent to exile for so-called “parasitism” (avoiding social labor) in the 1960s, and later emigrated. The writer Venedikt Erofeev was also marginal. A whole generation of intelligentsia from the 1970s in the former Soviet Union proved to be marginals, either by origin (provinciality), or by way of life (alcoholism). Besides, in order to survive many intellectuals had to work as porters, stokers, or watchmen. Thus in the USSR, by the end of the 1960s, a unique phenomenon called the "underground" articulated itself in a framework where marginality became whole, existentially and literally. These people were suspended between two worlds. Between a severe daily life and a spirituality with its romantic ideals, they appeared as creatures of a special sort, quite unlike the routine middlebrow of the Establishment. In a way, the marginal is a landscape phenomenon formed by the special traces, footpaths, corrugations and wrinkles, made by human life, skin, heart, and

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<sup>3</sup> ) It is curious that Venichka, in the poem, also describes himself as standing on the plinth in front of Kursk station, prophetically speaking about a monument: “I also stop. Exactly one minute, standing like a column in the middle of Kursk Station Square, I stare darkly at the Station clock. My hair one moment flying in the wind, now standing on end, now flying again with taxis flowing around me on all four sides. People, too, and they look at me wildly, undoubtedly thinking. ‘Should he be sculpted like that for the edification of the people of the future, or not?’” (p 22)

soul. Hence a marginal discourse that cannot be understood or explained or interpreted in the usual everyday sense, but that it should be lived through.

Specific here is the indispensable presence of something that we call “soul”. Soul, not only its presence, but in its making, creating, going on daily, every hour, every second. It is painfully stuffy and nasty for a marginal to be in a factory, academic institute, office, museum, where officialdom and the pressure of stupid bosses reigns supreme, where the work is routine, conveyor-like and completely useless, and the salary is so small that he cannot make an adequate living. Therefore, the marginal does not suffer from professional rootlessness, rather from the search for a job that would allow him a maximum freedom of expression. What kind of cultural hero is this? What do we call him? He is obviously not a knight, nor a John Henry, nor a fighter for national happiness. In his own way, he is proud, honest, and irreconcilable in upholding his own freedom. He is unsatisfied with his life, and serves something unknown, transcendental, although he does not call this something by the name of God or Truth. Call it the polytheism of the psyche, a poetic basis of mind. The marginals are worthy people searching for the soul. They live in a “vale of soul-making”.

Erofeev’s *Moscow – Petuschki* was written in 1970. For many years it existed in the so-called Samizdat, which was illegal in the USSR, and was available abroad in the Tamizdat. At the end of the 1980s the poem was finally published officially in the USSR and enjoyed a boom. Editions followed editions; it became a bestseller. Different specialists wrote about it. Today it is translated into more than thirty languages.<sup>4</sup>

In the poem the author recreates himself. Venedikt Erofeev,<sup>5</sup> in life, and Venichka in the poem, become the same person, which shows that we are dealing with a myth. It is difficult to talk about this to someone who has not read the poem. But I shall try to speak as previously, resorting to short citations.

Let’s begin with the plot. On awakening in the morning Venichka finds himself in a strange hallway. He tries to recollect what and where he drank the night before? In what sequence? Was it for good or for evil it to himself? Then our protagonist tries to cure his hangover in the railway station restaurant, where he drank sherry the previous night. In expectation of sherry, which does not appear, he is offered udder instead.<sup>6</sup> Venichka reflects on human roughness, in particular, the treatment accorded to people suffering

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<sup>4</sup> To mention a few of these translations: English - Venedikt Erofeev, *Moscow to the End of the Line*, NY: 1980 (references in the text are to this edition); French – Venedikt Yerofeyev, *Moscou-Petouchki*, Paris: 1976, and *Moscou-sur-Vodka*, Paris: 1990; German - Wenedikt Jerofejev, *Die Reise Nach Petuschki*, Zurich: 1978; Italian - *Mosca sulla vodka*, Milano: 1990.

<sup>5</sup> The author’s surname causes association with alcohol. “Erofeich” is a popular brand of Russian vodka.

<sup>6</sup> The opposition of “sherry” and “udder” is curious. In Russia, a certain brand name of “sherry” simultaneously contains a vulgar connotation for the male sex organ, “heres” – “her”. Here we are entering the plane of masculine-feminine opposition. The protagonist identifies with and asks for a masculine drink – “heres”, but is offered female drink instead – “udder”.

from hangovers. The scene comes to an end when he is shoved out of the restaurant. Then Venichka, after loading his small case with alcoholic beverages, goes from Moscow on a suburban train to a small town, Petuschki, to visit his girlfriend. On the way he drinks continuously and reflects on his troubles. As a result, the protagonist drinks himself into a state of suspended animation and misses his station. The train brings him back to Moscow, where Venichka awakes, and, after escaping from some bad guys, goes back to the strange hallway. And there he is killed, ruthlessly, when an awl punctures his throat. Symbolically, twenty years later, the author, Venedikt Erofeev, was killed by cancer of the throat. The awl became a synchronistic reality in the form of cancer.

Our subject is Homo Sovieticus, but not an enthusiastic builder "of a happy future", or a revolutionary hero. Our subject is a person experiencing a crisis (middle-age crisis in some sense) of the soul, a captive of hallucinations and visions and an incessant search "for simple human happiness". It is the figure of a wanderer, hermit, incorrigible tramp, who has torn himself away from sententious moralisms in search a rescue - like a God's fool in an Russian Orthodox sense of the word.

Venichka is the literary projection of the author's way of life in the 1960s, when he, constantly changing trades, wandered over the USSR in search of a Motherland, and Petuschki became the embodiment of that motherland. By the time he finished work on the poem Erofeev he was about thirty years old. It is an age which, from the point of view of analytical psychology, coincides with mid-life crises, a period of life characterized by many personal failures and disasters. It is a period of sharp questions about the sense of life, with answers to be found in the ways of individuation – an analytical concept that includes the embodiment of an ideal, execution of vital plans of each man, and achievement of individual sense of life. Individuation is similar to the search for the Holy Grail, the pursuit of treasure hard to attain. For Venedikt Erofeev, spiritual search and literary labor are inseparable.

### **Religious Parallels (1)**

In this sense, writing is a form of prayer, a formalized road to God. There is no need for literary intermediaries or public institutions in this case, because the basis "of the literary mandate" appears as a religious problem. But this is where the hard road of a marginal begins - all belongs to God and nothing is left for Caesar. In a totalitarian State notions of that sort are not welcome. There everyone is obliged, first of all, to work for Caesar (the State). For literary people this means aspiring to get into the official community of writers – the Writer's Union. But it was possible to overcome the inevitable conflict, by identifying oneself with the marginal: mentally retarded, disabled, a fugitive, or God's fool. A sad choice.

What do we see in our author? On the one hand, before us is a good looking man, tall, slender, a favorite with women. Although he drinks, he does

not get drunk. His companions are already under the table, but he is as sober as a judge. He is delicate, subtle, tidy. He is clever and erudite. He finishes school with a gold medal. But contrary features are also present: expulsion from all universities, working as a manual laborer (a layer of cables), lack of a Moscow registration, loss of passport, loss of manuscripts, poverty and disorder, vagrancy, deep drunkenness, terminal cancer, and an early death. A composite consideration of the above produces the mythological image of a wanderer, God's fool.

It was a rather widespread social image in the USSR. The "scourges", fugitive dissidents, and hippies occupied most peripheral zones of our immense Soviet land. When sanctity does not soar above the world in white clothes, it wallows about in the mud.

One of his friends writes: "Venichka had the sense that the safe, ordinary life is a substitute for real life; he destroyed it, and his destruction of it was partly of a religious character." It is for the sake of Christ that a God's fool destroys his own life, and subjects other people's lives to test. Through destructive drunkenness Venichka tries to comprehend the internal sources of the deity, tries to enter into a conversation with the Lord and to establish his own NEWEST Testament, more appropriate to the needs of his person. What kind of Testament? "Drink more, eat less. This is the best method of avoiding self-conceit and superficial atheism" (p 65).

### **The Intricacies of the Plot**

As a genre, *Moscow - Petuschki* is comparable with such works of world literature as *Gargantua and Pantagruel* by Francois Rablelais, *Sentimental Journey* by Laurence Sterne, *Journey from St Petersburg to Moscow* by Radichev, *Dead Souls* by Nikolay Gogol. The events take place in the Soviet Union, in an atmosphere of eternally unsophisticated experiences of fear and pleasure, sorrow and grief, pain and sadness. The poem is written in the form of an incessant internal dialogue. Venichka's reflections about life, human destiny and soul represent, as a matter of fact, almost ready questions to the *Ching*, to which, however, he, Venichka, does not receive any answers. In fact, he does not need any answers. It is much more important for him to ask a question.

The subject structure of the poem has four poles (fun – hangover, center - periphery) and is of a concentrically - circular character. The plot moves from the Kremlin (it is known to all that the Earth begins at the Kremlin<sup>7</sup>) to a closing in Red Square, symbolizing a chthonic beginning (Mother - Earth - Native Land). The "real" journey of the hero Venichka, from Moscow to Petuschki by local train comprises a background of symbolical travel of the soul from darkness to light, from dim low sobriety to high drunkenness, from periphery to the center. Moscow with its Kremlin is "the hell, a place that Christ has never been to". The poem asserts that "sobriety is an anomaly,

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<sup>7</sup> A line from a popular song of the times under Stalin.

drunkenness is a law of life and Venichka is the prophet of this law". Drunkenness is declared to be a way of existence, a kind of *modus vivendi*. It is paradoxical that in the USSR the poem was first published in the magazine *Sobriety and Culture*, set up for the propaganda of an extremely sober way of life, in a magazine that was still strictly censored in 1989.

Throughout the poem the protagonist stays under the influence of alcohol, praising it as a unique means of raising him to mystical heights, not allowing the spiritual energy to be wasted or reduced to indigence. But where does he get this energy? From one specific national feature: the archetypal depths of Russian character, of the Russian soul. And what does this feature mean, you may ask? It is our ability to overcome extreme situations. Give us an extreme situation, and watch us overcome it. It is one of the main theses about the greatness of the Russian people. The Russians threw off the Tartar yoke; defeated the Poles, Swedes, Ottomans, fascists; survived revolutions, civil war, epidemics, and mass repression (Gulags). It is sad, but in fact, in modern Russia, it is a criterion of viability.

Venichka acts in exactly the same way. At first, he creates a difficulty - a hangover - and overcomes it with the help of alcohol. But by losing his ability to get out of this vicious circle, towards sobriety as a spiritual condition, he goes back and is compelled to poeticize his hangover - to love it masochistically. He only appears fully free at moments of extreme danger - when drunk to delirium. So in any instability the Russian has an opportunity: first, to express himself by word, in our special case, a poem; second, to act, as in the life of the author of the poem; and third, feat, by the dramatizing of life in a poem, which was not possible for him in normal life. In the character of Venichka, Russia lost a taste for monotonous daily activities. Indeed, Russia lost it in the nineteenth century, when Gogol created his famous "bird-like troika". Gogol's team of three horses abreast was transformed by Erofeev, in his poem, into a local train, taking his Venichka to the blessed Petuschki, a place of Eden.

### **About the Meaning of Life**

In the poem there are not only boon companions, but also illusive interlocutors, though the speech-confession of the protagonist is addressed to "high authorities" - the angels and the Lord God. Each address is accompanied by questions, the main of which is - what for? But what kind of knowledge does the protagonist want to obtain? Has life any sense of its own? A sense not given to man as a fact, but a notion requiring an intense effort of thinking in order to be known?<sup>8</sup>

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<sup>8</sup> Carl Jung pays great attention to this question when he writes, "the World, into which we are born is brutal and cruel, and at the same time of divine beauty. Which element we think outweighs the other, whether meaninglessness or meaning is a matter of temperament." *Memories, Dreams, Reflections*, Recorded and edited by Aniela Jaffé, New York: Pantheon, 1963, p 391.

The character Venichka, in aspiring to find this sense, exclaims pathetically, "By the Grace of God, how many mysteries there are in the world! An impenetrable veil of mysteries!" (p18) For him, "... isn't the life of man a momentary booziness of the soul? And an eclipse of the soul as well? We are all as if drunk, only everybody in his own way: one person has drunk more, the next less. And it works differently on each: one laughs in the face of this world, while the next cries on its bosom. One has already thrown up and feels better, while the next is only starting to feel like throwing up." (p155)

In the 1920s the eminent Russian religious philosopher SL Frank wrote of emigration:

" We, Russians, now living without purpose or meaning, without motherland or home in need and deprivation either in a strange land or strangers in the native country – we understanding all 'the abnormality' - of our present existence from the point of view of the usual external forms of life; at the same time, it is our right and duty to say that it was due to the abnormal way of life that we first realized the true eternal essence of life. We are homeless and harborless wanderers - but, in a deeper sense, are not all men on Earth homeless and harborless, the wanderer?"<sup>9</sup>

His words reflect also today's Russian spirit of time, millions of compatriots out of Russia after the collapse of the USSR, refugees and emigrants. Their urgency and timelessness are felt by everyone who aspires to comprehend the world as a whole, realizing himself as a part of creation, and East and West as its polymorphic ingredients.

And his words are quite applicable to the marginal Erofeev as well as to Venichka,

"I am not saying that now the truth is known to me, or that I have approached it close up. Not at all. But I've gotten close enough to it so that it is convenient to look it over. And I look and I see, and for that reason, I am sorrowful. And I don't believe that any one of you has dragged around within himself this bitter, bitter mishmash. I'm in a quandary over saying what this mishmash is composed of, and, all the same, you would never understand, but mostly there's 'sorrow' and 'fear' in it." (p 46)

There is no sense in sobriety. That is the upshot of all the reflections of our protagonist.

## Religious Parallels (2)

The problem of sense, so burning for us today, is only solvable in connection with a sense of participation in something "larger" than we

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<sup>9</sup> S.L. Frank, *Smysl Zhizni*, Paris: Imka Press, 1926, p 5; see also his work, *Sochinenia*, Moscow: 1990, p 136 (Krushenie kumiroff).

ourselves. It is not enough to drink vodka simply because it is desirable. Venichka in his drunkenness aspires to something more significant. Therefore he drinks also with an unconscious purpose, to draw the attention of our Father in Heaven, even as punishment or negative attention, which occurs at the end of the poem. And as the protagonist is killed, though he is not guilty, he receives hope for salvation.

In the book there are many references to the New Testament. The poem can be represented as a triptych with a vertical ordinance. The lower part illustrates the dog's life of an alcoholic, God's fool, and is a deformed projection of history as it is described in the New Testament. The middle part depicts the flow of consciousness of the protagonist. And the upper part shows the life of Jesus Christ. It corresponds to the circuit of structure of the Universe, characteristic of old Russian beliefs.

I here refer to a work by the academicians Lichachev and Panchenko, *The Laughing World of Ancient Rus*,

“The universe is divided into the world proper [center – VZ], an organized world of culture - and an artificial world, a non-organized, negative world, a world of ‘anti-culture’. In the first world well-being and order of sign culture [totality of cosmos – VZ] dominate. The other world has poverty, famine, drunkenness, and complete confusion of all meanings [second level – VZ]. People in the second world are barefooted, naked, crowned with straw rings; for them, the pub replaces the church, the prison yard takes the place of the monastery, and their drunkenness is their ascetic feat.”<sup>10</sup>

Alcohol leads to crucifixion, as the passionate prayer of St Teresa to stigmata. Alcohol, like a prayer, takes the protagonist into a world with other forces acting, with different prospects and opportunities, and gives him some hope for a miracle. But instead of a prayer leading him into ecstasy, he gets drunk and develops delirium tremens.

The railway journey unrolls a picture of Dionysos' Bacchanalia, in which the Lord's Passion is parodied in a broken sequence. The trivial hangover cured by a drink corresponds to the resurrection of “the dead Venichka”, and the booze-up with other passengers in the train is the travesty of the Last Supper. Here, in a strange way, we have associations with “sofiology” of Vladimir Soloviev<sup>11</sup> and his doctrine about the total unity of mankind and Eternal Femininity that is called to rescue the world. The light-faced “Sofia”<sup>12</sup> lives in Petuschki.

Let's summarize. For Venichka drunkenness is an opportunity to show dignity before God (Balsam of Canaan – see below), an opportunity to embody the commandment of the Lord to do good in return for evil. And, finally, this is a means of enlightenment, an opportunity to see the essence of

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<sup>10</sup> D Liechachev and D Panchenko, *Smechovoj mir*, drevnej Rusi L, 1976, p 76.

<sup>11</sup> A famous Russian religious philosopher of 19<sup>th</sup> century.

<sup>12</sup> She is simultaneously Eve, and Helen, and Maria.

Things, to find the Self. Or else, to transform, to transfigure. To see the beneficent shape of the Blessed Virgin that is anima.

## The Soul

From a psychological point of view the function which makes man a participant in life is anima or his soul. Carl Jung characterizes anima, as the “archetype of life”. (CW9i, par 66)<sup>13</sup> It is said about a man full of life that he is “alive”; the absence of anima is expressed as “lifelessness”, or a “loss of soul”. Lifeless is Venichka in the morning before drinking his first dose of alcohol. The plot of the poem is a journey of the protagonist to his anima.

“There, every Friday [another allusion to the Last Supper – VZ], exactly at eleven o’clock, I’m met on the platform by that girl of the white eyes, white to off-white,<sup>14</sup> that most beloved of trollops, that red-haired she-devil. And today is Friday. In less than two hours from now - exactly at eleven o’clock - she’ll be there, with that whitish gaze in which there is no conscience and no shame. Come with me, oh, what things you will see.... And what did I leave behind, there, where I’m coming from? A pair of scraggly socks and work pants, pliers and a rasp, wages on account and overhead expenses - that’s what I left behind. And what lies ahead? What waits on the platform in Petuschki? Red lashes, downcast and heaving shapes and a braid from head to tail. And after the platform. Trapper’s vodka and port wine, bliss and writhing, ecstasy and convulsions. Oh, Heavenly Queen, how far is it to Petuschki?” (pp 43-44)

Alcohol also serves as an ersatz anima for it bears in itself an illusion about a possible vital force. In this sense Venichka’s suitcase carries out the function of a container of “the dummy Bride”. The protagonist begins to see it clearly, reporting to himself and to the Lord.

“And so, what do I have here? I took everything I had out of the suitcase and fingered it, from the sandwich to the stout rose at a ruble thirty-seven. Touched it and suddenly started to grieve and grew dim.... Lord, you see what I possess. But truly is this necessary to me? Truly is this what my soul is pained over? This is what people have given me in exchange for that over which my soul is pained. But if they had given me that, would I really be in need of this? Look, Lord, here’s the stout rose at a rub’ thirty-seven.”

And, all in blue flashes of lightning, the Lord answered.

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<sup>13</sup> CG Jung, *The Collected Works of CG Jung*, Bollingen Series XX, 20 vols, Princeton, NJ: Princeton University Press, 1953-92.

<sup>14</sup> This description of a female with the underlining domination of the white color induces an association with the achromatism of alcohol. Vodka, a “white transparent liquid” - and the eyes of the beloved woman are “albescent”.

'So what did St Teresa need her stigmata for? It, too, was unnecessary, yet she desired it.'

'That's the point,' I answered in ecstasy.

'Me, too, I desire this, but it's not at all necessary.'

'Well, since it's desired, Venichka, go on and drink,' I said to myself, but took my time. To see if perhaps the Lord had anything else to say. The Lord was silent." (pp 26-27)

In any case, the anima is "prepared" and "awaited". The magic word - "Petuschki" suffices for the anima to appear. When it has been summoned, and communication with it has been set up, it is able not only to bring our protagonist to life but also to become his muse, inspiring a creative artist in him. Throughout the journey Venichka stays in the creative condition of a story-teller.

### **Drunkenness as a Sacrament**

The Russian man, who was born and brought up in the USSR and had a "dark Slav soul", lived with a suspicion that some malicious forces - fascists, communists, Jews, imperialists, Chechens would intentionally deprive him of opportunities to reach Truth, Good and Justice.<sup>15</sup> His efforts in view of it, among other things, are to find the True Doctrine fixed in the Book. Hence his love of reading. He reads books illegally published in the USSR ("Samizdat" books), and Russian books published abroad ("Tamizdat" books). It is the alchemist's approach to knowledge in general, since knowledge opens the way to Truth, and the incessant search for a transformational base. The Russian man is an argonaut in search of the philosopher's stone, an eternal wanderer on the open spaces of his own soul. His soul quite corresponds to the external territorial space allocated to his countrymen by the world history.

The breadth of soul of the Russian man is generally acknowledged. And the search for the Truth may take all his life. It is not by chance that there is a popular joke in Russia (it was also known in the USSR) about the legendary Red commander Vasili Ivanovich Chapaev (1887-1919)<sup>16</sup> and the Book. The joke illustrates the fact that, for a Russian, the Truth is to be found in both the books and the bottle. Hence the "carnival display" of the Book as a bottle, and the Bottle as a book. The joke is as follows:

Chapaev calls his orderly, Peter, to his office and says, "Let us admit, Peter, that you and I have been drinking continuously. This business of ours must be kept in secret."

"So what?" asks the orderly.

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<sup>15</sup> Scapegoat syndrome.

<sup>16</sup> Actually a hero, but now a ridiculous awkward figure, an anecdotal source for acting out at parties, making fun of the political failure of scapegoats.

“So we shall call a bottle a ‘book’ and the ‘booze-up’ shall be ‘reading’. Whenever I order you to bring a book, you are to bring a bottle. Is that clear? Now, go and fetch Furmanov (the commissar in Chapaev’s army)”.

“Yes, sir. Only, in the morning I brought him and Anka (a legendary machine-gunning woman) a couple of books and now they sit so well-read.

The drunkard Erofeev also passionately, though unconsciously, aspires to find himself in the Book, more precisely, in its conception, in the creation of the Book. And here again his marginality gains in strength. Alcohol in the poem is the cord stringing the events of the plot together. The protagonist of the poem passes through all stages of drunkenness, but the clinically authentic picture only describes the external side. There is also another, deep side of life, a psychological “*Weltanschauung*”. Vodka in the poem is only the midwife assisting the new reality being experienced through the labor pains in the protagonist’s soul. Strange as it may seem, vodka plays the role of an oracle, like the I Ching and the yarrow sticks. Vodka creates a suitable atmosphere for a possible answer; it sets the stage for a projection. Each new drink of alcohol, like another distribution of yarrow stalks, melts the rusty structures of our world, the totalitarian world that does not allow either the protagonist or the author to make decisions on the relationship between the outer and inner worlds.

The person addicted to alcohol loves the world, but the world does not love the alcoholic. And it is this deep existential drama where the soulness and sentimentality of the Russian marginal is acted out. Unlike a romantic, an alcoholic keeps colliding with the hard reality.

" Why are they all so crude? Eh? And so blatantly crude at the very moment when they oughtn't to be crude, when a person has all his nerves dangling out, when he is chicken-hearted and placid? Why is it always like that? Oh, if everyone were like I am now, placid and timorous, never sure about anything, not sure of himself, nor of the seriousness of his position under the heavens – oh, how good it could be. No enthusiasts, no feats of valor, nothing obsessive! Just universal chicken-heartedness. I'd agree to live on the earth for an eternity if they'd show me first a corner where there's not always room for valor. 'Universal chicken-heartedness.' Indeed this is the panacea, this is the predicate to sublime perfection." (pp 20-21)

### **Imitatio Christi**

Erofeev’s widow writes, that "he had always been religious ... I think he imitated Christ." [Teatr, №9, 1991] We know from Jung that in *imitatio Christi* the believer tends to join in the process of transformation and to remain on the way of individuation. (CW11, pars 413-414) In the poem we also find this

theme of *imitatio Christi*, which develops into a crescendo, increasing more and more as the train approaches Petuschki; and three times a voice from Heaven announces the beginning of the railway journey. The association of Venichka's way with the Way of the Cross is further enhanced because the events along the way do occur not at the stops, but between the stops; it is emphasized by the titles of the chapters.

The Gospel orientation of the text serves to attach a double meaning to the events described. A slow dying through intoxication and a resurrection ("hang over dose") is followed by a new death. In general the Gospel theme arises already from the first pages of the poem. It is repeated with persistence, which the author, changing and modifying, makes evident throughout the text: "Stand up and go", foresee the future torments - to which the images of Gethsemane and Golgotha are associated, and Friday is mentioned as the day of Venichka's Passion. If we take into account the early identification of the Christ figure with Dionysos, then the parallel of Venichka-Dionysos with the Dionysian Bacchanalia makes sense.

### **Participation Mystique**

The Soviet Dionysos, Venichka, experiences a great variety of feelings on the way. These feelings are a result of his mixing with the people on the train.

"I went back in to the car ... As last time, dozens of eyes looked at me, big eyes ready for anything...slipping out of orbit, my homeland was looking at me in the eye. Before, after the 150 grams of Rossiiskaya, those eyes pleased me. Now, after 500 grams of Kubanskaya, I was in love with those eyes, in love like a madman." (p 72)

Common drunkenness is a powerful means for mixing (participation mystique). According to Jung, Dionysian ecstasy leads to an immersion in the collective unconscious, to a loss of ego. It is carried out, in the case of Erofeev, as delirium tremens and complete loss of consciousness. That is, his symbolic death. We deal here with the so called "bad infinity" like the Möbius strip. It is possible to assume that the next day our protagonist will again "resurrect" on a fortieth step in an unfamiliar entrance (p14), and will again set off from Kursk Station to Petuschki.

### **Psychoanalytical Parallels**

In terms of psychoanalysis all events in the poem occur in an atmosphere of continuous oral activity: all characters of the poem drink, "rinse the Throat", have a snack, talk, reason about hiccup and other details of the human body, and again drink. This oral feature, in particular, has allowed the eminent Russian philologist Bakhtin, author of research on Rabelais, to compare Venichka with Pantagruel. But Venichka is far below Rabelaisian

Megalomaniacs. They counted their drinks by the barrel, whereas Venichka has to think over every drink, counting them by the hundred grams or by the bottle. Still, his indomitable Russian spirit is always there, "What am I to drink in Thy name?" (p 66) Bakhtin writes that, before Rabelais used it as a name, the word "pantagrue" meant an illness of the throat, loss of voice (aphonia) as a result of heavy drinking. Remarkably, this proved to be the fate of Erofeev, who at the end of his life lost his voice, underwent several operations, and died from a cancer of the throat.

## Hangoverism

The author begins the poem with a description of the hangover:

"I turned right, staggering a bit from the cold and from grief, yes, from the cold and from the grief. Oh, that morning burden in the heart! Oh, the illusory nature of calamity. Oh, the irretrievable! What's worse about this burden which no one has yet called by any name, what's worse - paralysis, or nausea? Nervous exhaustion, or mortal sorrow somewhere in the region of the heart? But, if that's all equal, then all the same what's worse about it - stupefaction, or fever?" (p15)

It would seem that in a civilized society there is a culture of drinking. That is, first of all, knowledge of norm and struggle with the hangover. And invention of means against the hangover will crown such struggle. But with Erofeev the opposition of "fun – hangover" is changed – "without hangover there is no fun". So,

"I came outside when it was already getting light. Everyone knows - everyone who has ended up out cold in a hallway and left at dawn - everyone knows what a heavy heart I carried down those forty steps in a strange hallway, and what a weight I carried outside." (p 14)

It is a time of utter hopelessness, absolute fall, some "zero step of life".

"Oh, that most helpless and shameful of times in the life of my people, the time from dawn until the liquor stores open up! How many unnecessary gray hairs has it caused us homeless and grieving brunets! Let's go, Venichka, let's go." (p 15)

But it is also the time to wake up, to rise. Plans are shaping up in the alcoholic's head, what to begin with?

"...get moving, you'll feel better - the angels of God chorused - and the stores will be open in half an hour - no vodka until nine, it's true, but they will have a little red the first thing.

'Red wine?'

A little red wine, the angels sang out.

'Chilled?'

Chilled, of course.

Oh, I got terribly excited." (p 16)

And at once definiteness sets in, memory begins to work, the landscape appears:

"You know what, drop by the restaurant at the Station. They've got something there. Yesterday, they had sherry. It couldn't have been all drunk up in one evening." (p 17).

Venichka is not only an addict, but he is also an ideological drunkard. Since "The inherent phenomenon in me is my self-motivated Logos" (p104), Venichka's drunkenness is an ideological attitude toward the world that he does not accept. It is the only possible form of preservation of internal harmony and lucidity. Unlike other alcoholics, Venichka - though an addict - does not run into a drunken flip, into the exaltation of love and friendship, into the extreme states of courage and heroism. He drinks, but he does not get drunk, and becomes more and more stopped, sad and mild. The top state of Venichka is not a drinking-bout, but a hangover. In the dialectic of sobriety and drunkenness the hangover is the highest level, as denial of denial, a transcendent function according to Jung.

The stages by this dialectic lead from arrogance to mildness, from inflation (hubris) to contemplative softness and delicacy. The Jungian perusal of individual human destiny (no less than public history) is based on his concept of the process known as enantiodromia - the term that Jung borrowed from Heraclitus. In Jung's works the expression means: 1) that one extreme will inevitably turn into its opposite; 2) the pendulum swinging between two extremes tends towards a more humane and inclusive centeredness capable of relating to, even appreciating, extremes without identifying with them. [for example, see Sharp D. Jung Lexicon.1991. pp.50-51]

The binge is a way to bring down the sober, who are possessed by pride of sobriety. Drink, dear, and you will see that not all is obedient to you, that there was no use in your swaggering around just because you were privileged to trample the ground and be in possession of the sense. And the pride of sobriety goes down. But still there remains the pride of drunkenness. One feels equal to anything. He feels easy and confident just because he has no control over himself.

It is the hangover that makes both prides vanish. Such is the dialectic. He who drinks in the morning (after the binge) is squeamish and in the mood to forgive everyone. He is not able to hurt anyone; on the contrary, anyone can hurt him as if he were a child. And in him (in the male) appears the female (anima). And we see in the poem that Venichka begins to behave like a girl. He is ticklish. He shuns being touched. He becomes fragile and vulnerable.

Here we come to the idea of non-drunkenness. It is not sobriety. It is a certain condition of the soul, when one has no, or only a minimum of pretensions or enthusiasm in general. Faint-heartedness in Russian, means literally, “not much soul”, but it is not cowardice. What Venichka idealizes and made poetical is not the orgy but the man with a hangover, when one is quiet and with little soul.

There was a time in the 1950s when many Soviet films ended happily with a wedding, as if they were fairy stories. And I, then a boy, always wondered what would happen afterwards. In my innocence I was wondering who was going to wash up, when the guests would go, and what kind of morning it would be: a hangover morning in the new life, life after a festival.

### **Alchemical Parallels**

Despite his numinous experience and religious potential, Venichka didn't aspire to observe Christian laws. Venichka's amazing drunkenness was a kind of chains and flagellation. He didn't enjoy it. He didn't appreciate the taste of wine, nor did he relish it. Any discussion of drinks was, for him, platitudinous nonsense. One felt that that way of living was not a life of trivial drunkenness. It was a service in which there were more torments and labor than pleasure. What service was it?

Here we come to the alchemical hypostasis of Venichka's drunkenness, noting, in passing, the character of Russian drunkenness in general. Unlike the French or Italians, we prefer to drink bitter vodka than wine. It is an archetypal image of the “bitter chalice”, a characteristic Russian image that has moral connotations. The protagonist in the poem appears to be a link between a deity and the natural world, and a moral being too.

Another point is that linkage manifests itself only in the ecstatic state, that is, in the state of alcoholic intoxication. As a compensation for the impossible, it is possible to establish a connection in the sober state in which the presence of the shadow component is absolutely rejected. For the ego it means an opportunity to establish communication with one's own shadow. It gives the text of the poem an ethical coloring, beginning with the thesis of whether or not it is moral to drink at all. The protagonist considers it to be quite moral because it allows for a dialogue, not only with the shadow components, but with the heavenly forces and even a comparison with Christ.

Now, the procedure of drinking is a behavioral character, whereas the process of drinking is physiological and chemical, which takes us beyond the frameworks of psychological reasoning. To remain within the boundaries of psychology, it is expedient to look at the problem from the point of view of alchemy, which is more than the ancestor of modern chemistry. It also deals with processes that happen in the imagination when men try to attain the unattainable, to turn ordinary metals into gold.

Alchemically it is possible for the corporal bottom to enter into the path of divine apex. And it is not only a matter of Venichka, or the author Erofeev. We are dealing with a country where alcohol is consumed in huge quantities. It is in this alchemical way that a balance, however unstable, can be achieved between society and the individual, as well as between social groups, with the most important balance being achieved within the individual. Alcohol is also a means to keep equilibrium between the marginal and the social center.

Venichka's alcoholic troubles can be considered as an opus, as operations or actions similar to those carried out by the medieval alchemist, with the only difference being that the alchemical procedure is developed in Venichka's own corporal space.

“What could be more noble, for example, than experimenting on oneself? I would do this: on Thursday evening I'd drink all at one go, three and half liters of beer and vodka mixed. I'd drink it and lie down to sleep without getting undressed and with one thought only - will I wake up on Friday or won't I (p 60).

That is, Venichka has used his body as “*vas hermeticus*”, a hermetic vessel.

In 1942 Jung delivered the lecture “Mercury's Spirit” at Eranos. Using the Grimm brothers fairy tale “the Spirit in the Bottle”, he discovered the dual force of imagination, which, on the one hand, leads us to the love and creation of beauty, and on the other, awakens in us a rabid fury, a thirst for blood. According to Jung the human spirit was searching not only for a radical spiritual transformation of the soul, it was also seeking to compensate or to complement the spirit of Christ with the more robust and volatile spirit of Mercury:

“Hesitantly, as if in a dream, the introspective brooding of the centuries gradually put together the figure of Mercurius and created a symbol which, according to all the psychological rules, stands in a compensatory relation to Christ. It is not meant to take his place, nor is it identical with him, for then indeed it could replace him. It owes its existence to the law of compensation, and its object is to span a bridge across the abyss separating the two psychological worlds by presenting a subtle compensatory counterpoint to the Christ image.” (CW13, par 295)

“Mercurial essence,” writes Jung (and in our case the essence of Venichka), “the *principium individuationis*, would have developed freely under natural conditions, but was robbed of its freedom by deliberate intervention from outside, and was artfully confined and banished like an evil spirit.” (CW13, par 244) The “alchemist” Venichka does his best not to let Mercury, the lord of imagination, appear in his demonic hypostasis and act unrestrained in his world.

### **Alchemical Opus**

Although the entire poem may serve as a guidebook on alchemy, one chapter (“Electrougli - Kilometer 43”, a final fragment containing “research” on the hiccup) is particularly relevant to the secrets of alchemy, for it gives some recipes to try, to carry out the alchemical opus of mental transformation. Transformation of what? Transformation into what? I will dwell on it later, but now let me quote the chapter and the recipes offered.

#### “ELECTROUGLI - KILOMETER 43

Yes. Drink more, eat less. This is the best method of avoiding self-conceit and superficial atheism. Take a look at the hiccuping atheist: he is distracted and dark of visage, he suffers and he is ugly. Turn away from him, spit, and look at me when I begin to hiccup: a believer in overcoming who is without any thought of rebellion, I believe in the fact that He is good and that therefore I myself am good. He is good. He leads me from suffering toward the light. From Moscow toward Petuschki. Through the torments of the Kursk Station. Through the purgation at Kuchino, through the fancies of Kupavna to the light of Petuschki. Durch leiden licht.

I paced about in the vestibule in even more terrible agitation. And kept on smoking. And here, a clear thought struck my brain like lighting. What else am I to drink so that this exaltation will not be extinguished? What am I to drink in Thy name? Oh, misfortune! I have nothing that would be worthy of Thee. Kubanskaya, that's rot. While Rossiiskaya, it's ridiculous to speak of it in Thy presence. And stout red at one thirty-seven. God! ... No, if I get to Petuschki unharmed today, I'll make a cocktail in which it will be possible to drink without shame in the presence of God and man and in the name of God. I'll call it 'Jordan's Waters' or 'The Star of Bethlehem'. If I forget about that in Petuschki, please remind me. Don't laugh. I have vast experience in the creation of cocktails. From Moscow to Petuschki people drink these cocktails not knowing the name of their creator. They drink the 'Balsam of Canaan', they drink the 'Tear of a Komsomol Girl' and it's right that they should do so. If it is true that we cannot wait to be favored by nature, we must wrest her favors from her, then it goes without saying that it is necessary to know exact of recipes. If you wish, I'll give you these recipes. Listen.

To drink vodka, even from the bottle, is nothing other than weariness of spirit, and vanity. To mix vodka with eau de cologne, there are a certain caprice, but no pathos whatsoever. But if you drink a glass of 'Balsam of Canaan', there is a caprice and an idea and pathos, and beyond that a hint of the metaphysical. Which component of 'Balsam of Canaan' do we value above all else? Well, the methylated spirits, of course. But after all, the methylated spirits, being only an object of inspiration are themselves simply devoid of this inspiration. What is it, in this case, that we value the methylated spirits even more? Of course, the naked taste sensation. And even more than that, the miasma which it exudes. In order to set off this miasma, a touch of fragrance is necessary. For

this reason velvet beer or, best of all, Ostankino or Czech beer is added in this proportion 1: 2 with one part refined furniture polish. I won't remind you how to refine furniture polish - any child knows that. For some reason no one in Russia knows why Pushkin died, but how to refine furniture polish - that everyone knows. In any event, write down the recipe for 'Balsam of Canaan' (as one of our hack writers might have put it, 'Life is given to man only one time and it must be lived so as not to make mistakes in recipes'):

Methylated spirits 100 gr  
Velvet beer 200 gr  
Refined Furniture Polish 100 gr

And so you have before you 'Balsam of Canaan'. In plain speech it is called a Black Fox and the liquid is a blackish brown, of moderate strength and a staunch aroma that is really not an aroma, but a hymn. A hymn of democratic youth, because this cocktail fosters vulgarity and dark forces in the drinker. I've observed this many times! ...

And to stave off the fostering of these dark forces there are two means. First, not to drink 'Balsam of Canaan' and second, to drink in place of it the cocktail called of 'The Spirit of Geneva'. There's not a drop of nobility in 'The Spirit of Geneva', but it does have bouquet. You'll ask, 'What is the secret of its bouquet?' I'll answer you; 'I don't know what the secret of its bouquet is.' Then you'll give it some thought and ask, 'So, what is the key?' And the key to it lies in the fact that you shouldn't replace White Lilac eau de cologne with any other kind, not Jasmine, not Sweetbrier, not Lily of the Valley. 'In the world of components there are no equivalents,' as the old alchemists said, and they knew what they were talking about. That is, your Lilly of the Valley Silver is not White Lilac even in the moral sense, not to speak of bouquet. Sense of one's inalienable rights. While White Lilac, on the other hand, soothes the conscience and reconciles man to the sore spots of life. Once I drank a whole phial of Lily of the Valley Silver, sat down, and started crying. Why was I crying? Because I recalled my Mama, recalled her and couldn't forget her. 'Mama,' I say. And I cry. And then again, 'Mama,' I say, and once more I cry. Somebody else would have just sat there crying. But me? I grabbed a phial of Lilac and drank it. And what do you think? My tears dried up. And I was overcome by idiotic laughter, and as for Mama - I even forgot her name. Therefore, how ridiculous someone preparing 'The Spirit of Geneva' seems if he adds Lily of the Valley Silver to the athlete's of foot remedy! Listen to the exact recipe:

White Lilac 50 gr  
Athlete's Foot remedy 50 gr  
Zhiguli Beer 200 gr  
Alcohol Varnish 150 gr

But if someone doesn't want to tramp the universe to no good purpose, let him send to the devil both of 'Balsam of Canaan' and 'The Spirit of Geneva'. He had better sit down at the table and prepare himself some 'Tear of a Komsomol Girl'. Odorous and strange is this cocktail. Why it is odorous, you'll find out later. I'll explain first why it is strange. Somebody drinking just vodka will keep his right mind and a clear head or he'll lose them both at once. But in the case of a 'Tear' it's funny – you drink 100 grams of this 'Tear' and your head is clear and it's as if you never had a right mind. You drink 100 more grams and you'll be surprised at yourself. Where did all the right mind come from? And where did your clear head get to? Even the 'Tear's' recipe itself is fragrant. And from the prepared cocktail, from its odorousness it is possible to lose consciousness for a moment. I did, for example.

Lavender Toilet Water 15 gr  
Verbena 15 gr  
Herbal Lotion 30 gr  
Nail Polish 2 gr  
Mouthwash 150 gr  
Lemon Soda 150 gr

The mixture prepared this way must be stirred for twenty minutes with a sprig of honeysuckle. Some, it is true, maintain that in case of necessity it is permissible to substitute dodder for honeysuckle. But this is both incorrect and criminal. Cut me up left and right, but you won't get me to stir it with dodder. The 'Tear' I'll stir with honeysuckle. But enough of the 'Tear'. Now I present to you last and the best. 'Labor's crown is its own supreme reward,' as the poet said. In any event, I present to you the cocktail 'Bitches' Brew', a beverage which overshadows all others. This is more than a beverage - it is the music of the spheres. What is the finest thing in the world? The struggle for the liberation of humanity. But even finer is this (write it down):

Zhiguli Beer 100 gr  
'Sadko' Shampoo 30 gr  
Dandruff Treatment 70 gr  
Athlete's Foot Remedy 30 gr  
Small Bug Killer 20 gr

The whole thing is steeped for a week in cigar tobacco and served at table. I have received letters, incidentally, in which idle readers have recommended one more thing: that the infusion obtained in the above fashion should be run through a colander, i.e., run it through and go to bed. All these supplements and corrections come from flabbiness of imagination, from an insufficiency of mental scope; that's where these absurd corrections come from. 'Bitches Brew' can be served at table and should be drunk with the appearance of the first star, in large gulps. After only two goblets of this cocktail, a person will become so inspired that it is possible to go up to him for half an hour and, standing

one and half meters away, spit in his fat face without his saying a thing.” (pp 65-71)

It is not known whether Erofeev was familiar with alchemy, whether he read The works of medieval seekers of the philosopher's stone, but before us is an amazing sample of the alchemical ventures of the author. Thus in the poem there exists another layer, and this hermeneutic layer explains the inner dynamics of the alchemical experiences of the protagonist. The alchemist believed the world consisted of a *prima materia* that was the basis of every being. The qualities inherent in the *prima materia* were described from the point of view of three principles, spirit, soul, and matter, of which the latter was described in terms of relevant alchemical substances.

By applying the above-mentioned principles, as well as the process of transmutating those substances, and by performing certain operations involving a system of control over the various conditions - nigredo, albedo, rubedo, - the alchemist aspired to liberate spirit from the embrace of matter and to carry out a *conjunctio*, the unification of spirit and body. Actually, on a psychological plane, they aspired to carry out the process of individuation. It is the very thing that the protagonist Venichka aspires to do when he sets out on his journey to Petuschki. "Because, after all, a person has more than just a physical side. He has a spiritual side as well and more than that, there's a mystical, a super-spiritual side." (p 17) In this sense, his journey is a continuous alchemical opus that is aimed at his finding the terrestrial and the heavenly, for Petuschki is the place, "where the sky and the earth merge" (p 44).

### **Energy as Regression**

People all over the world have been glorifying energy for the last century, even longer. Energy has been manifesting itself in a great variety of forms: kinetic and potential, mental and sexual, energy of the individual body and the collective, energy of space and creative energy, energy of enthusiasm and politics. Galileo and Goethe, Marx and Nietzsche, Faraday and Freud, Jung and Einstein, Pushkin and Ostwald, Ford and Sartre, and others have glorified energy. Owing to seasonal inertness energy has always been highly appreciated in Russia, especially because of the vastness of the country. In Russia, energy is always discharged as explosions of feats and revolutions. And if a revolution is followed by a period of stagnation, the latter discharged in bursts of laughter and carnival festivities. In any case, energy does have a job, making the planets move, splitting the atom, working the conveyor belts, forcing industrial and sexual revolutions, turning heads and warming hearts, seducing young girls and fueling old lechers. Film stars and masterminds, tycoons and top models, sport champions and politicians - they all send out energy. Whatever its form, the energy they give off has always been attractive.

After seventy year period of constructing a happy future in the USSR, and now again in Russia, we have emerged from the experience as people with

hangover. As if having a presentiment of it, Venichka poetizes entropy, the energy of disintegration and decadence. In analytical psychology, an increase in entropy corresponds to a stage of regression in the development of an individual or a society.

At the end of 19th century, the world was frightened by entropy in the form of thermal death; by the end of 20th century that fear passed away. After the Chernobyl catastrophe, we are no longer happy to have atomic energy. Man began to be afraid of energy as such. The ecstasy over “a small victorious war” in Chechnya has been affecting the undernourished Russian society, with the West looking on and showing signs of alertness because Russia possesses the nuclear bomb. The coup by the military in Pakistan is also being assessed by the world from the point of view of Pakistan’s potential use of a nuclear bomb. It turns out that the world has become a very dangerous when it filled with energy. And Venichka appeals for a ban on the use of energy. (By the way, my wife says she feels happiest when all our family is at home and asleep. That is, when we display a minimum of vital energy.)

Venichka implies that it is not good to love energy too much. The communist carnival is over. Dialectically, and enantiodromically, the triumph of the hungry over the satiated ended up in a triumph of the latter over the former. Our century opened as a grand entrance leading to the “happy future”, and ended as a parody of all previous epochs of mankind (humankind for feminists). Everything, in the strange ideological intoxication, that the century had time to hastily swallow, it now throws up as dreary self-repetitions and jeering citations. One can say, by paraphrasing Erofeev, that each century has physical, spiritual and mystical sides - and now “there I was in the square expecting any minute to get sick on all three sides.” (p 17). This is especially obvious in Russia that suffered from centuries of drinking bouts, more than any other country in the world, or more than any other republic within the former USSR. The swallowed territories, polluted pieces of nature, deported peoples, the musty ideas of communist leaders - everything that was so warm and intoxicating - is now thrown up, and the cold vomit fills up the scene of the recent feast.

In this myth about the prodigal drunkard Venichka, sentimentality manifests itself on a new level, a new coil on its spiral course of development. The 21st century may well evolve as a time of prevailing sentimentality, into which the effects of carnival and parody have already been incorporated: thoughtfulness, silent meditation, subtle melancholy.

Report to the Eranos Meeting at 1999

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