THE BULLETIN
OF THE PUSHKIN SOCIETY IN AMERICA
FIRST ISSUE

December 2015
TO THE READERS

Dear readers!

We are launching The Bulletin of the Pushkin Society in America in which we will inform you about cultural events and our activities, feature American and Russian-speaking poets, writers, artists, and musicians. It will be published once in a quarter. The Bulletin will be distributed via email to those who opt in, as well as to libraries in the USA and Russia, and to slavistic centers of Universities. If you do not want to receive it, tell us via the email on the last page. You will always be able to find the Bulletin on our web site. You are welcome to write to us. We are eagerly expecting your feedback.

History of the Pushkin Society in America

The Pushkin Society in America was originally recorded under the name Pushkin Fund, Inc. in 1935. In 1935, Boris Brasol, a prominent lawyer, and other organizers aimed to collect the necessary amount of money to fund memorable evenings honoring the Centennial of the death of Alexander Pushkin across the United States. Following Brasol's initiative Andrey Avinoff, prince Sergey Belosselsky-Belozersky, Petr Rutskiy, Igor Sikorsky, Mikhail Karpovich and others formed the Board of Directors for the Pushkin Fund. Later, our organization became known as the Pushkin Society in America. In 1971, Semen Bogolyubov, the third president, made a formal document affirming the bond between the Pushkin Fund and the Pushkin Society in America. During the 1970s, our organization became known as the Pushkin Literary Society. However, during the 2000s, the name of the organization was repeatedly changed.

1937 marked the 100th anniversary of Alexander Pushkin’s death. Russian immigrants worldwide gathered together to remember that momentous occasion, remembering significant contributions of Russian writers to world literature. In 1934 they began active preparations for the forthcoming celebration in the United States. The immigrants established a special jubilee committee led by Boris Brasol, an employee at the United States Department of Justice. The committee’s headquarters was located in Paris. The meeting of the first committee took place in New York on January 29, 1935 and included 47 people. The committee appointed Brasol as its president, Peter Rutsky as treasurer, and Peter Malevski-Malevich as secretary. Thus, the Pushkin Society in America became an active organization and continued to preserve the legacy of Alexander Pushkin. A very strong and active group of 22 people became a driving force of the society towards the end of 1935. They included such experts in literature as Alberta Gallatin Childe, the founder of the Edgar Allan Poe Society, Edwin Markham, an old American poet, T. Parrot, Princeton University professor and a William Shakespeare scholar, and Clarets Manning, Columbia University professor. These literary experts collaborated with their Russian immigrant colleagues to found various branches and 21 committees of the Pushkin Society in cities across the United States, including Baltimore, Washington, Cleveland, Bridgeport, Seattle, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Chelsea, and Los Angeles.

As president of the Pushkin Society in America, Boris Brasol devoted his time to organizing it, and lecturing, as well as publishing literature about Pushkin. In 1936, an American publishing company released “The Russian Wonderland”, a booklet that included fragments of “Ruslan and Lyudmila” and three of Pushkin’s fairy tales. The company also published a jubilee book containing English-language articles, such as “Pushkin: The Man and the Artist” with a detailed biography. A short reader
of works by Pushkin and many separate poem editions were published in Russian as well. The Board of the Pushkin Society in America founded a library and named it after Pushkin, in addition to naming its own publishing company after him; the company published a booklet with an emblem. In 1937, certain memorabilia, such as “The Bronze Horseman” postcards, Orest Kiprensky’s portraits of Alexander Pushkin and jubilee medallions featuring Pushkin’s face were released in the United States for the commemorative date.

On January 24, 1937, more than 1,000 people gathered at the International House in New York City to commemorate the 100th anniversary of Pushkin’s death. The commemoration began with a memorial service honoring the legacy of the poet. The participants at the commemoration included the Archbishops Vitaly, Adam, and Aleksei, as well as Archdeacon F. I. Semenov. A symphony chorus conducted by Vasily Kibalchich accompanied the service. B. L. Brasol made the opening speech. The audience was presented with the musical program directed by M. M. Fiveisky. The participants at the musical program included O. N. Averino, A. D. Anikina, I. V. Ivantsov, A. N. Cherkasski, and the Prince A. A. Obolensky vocal group performance of the “Anthem to Pushkin”; it included music by M. M. Fiveisky and songwriting by L. Y. Nelidova-Fiveiskaya. F. I. Zakharov was the artistic director of the concert. On January 31, 1937, Dr. Hans Kindler, the symphony orchestra director, presented a concert in commemoration of Pushkin. He played a few fragments from Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov’s “The Golden Rooster.” The Washington branch of the Pushkin Society in America initiated this event. Sergei Kusevitsky, the Boston Symphony Orchestra director, also gave three concerts commemorating Pushkin. Prior to the first concert, P. A. Sorokin, a member of Pushkin Society, presented a short speech dedicated to Pushkin’s works. On February 14, 1937, the Boston Symphony Orchestra performed a jubilee concert at Carnegie Hall. They played some of Pushkin’s works that were set to music by Russian composers. The performance demonstrated the significant contribution of Russian composers to the genre of classical music. During that evening, a bust of Pushkin was installed in the lobby of Carnegie Hall. N. V. Dimitriev, a sculptor and member of the Jubilee Committee, presented Pushkin bust as a gift to Pushkin Society. In 1941, the Pushkin bust was transported to Jackson, N.J. The unveiling ceremony of the first monument to Pushkin in the United States took place there. Many people gathered to commemorate the event in cities that included active committees. From 1936 to 1937, 38 lectures on the historical importance of Alexander Pushkin’s works were delivered in New York City. In 1937, it became known that Pushkin Jubilee had taken place on all five continents. Pushkin commemorations occurred in 170 cities in 24 European countries, 4 cities in Australia, 14 cities in 8 Asian countries, and 28 cities in African countries; altogether, these commemorations took place in 42 countries and 231 cities worldwide.

In 2011, The Lodyjensky Immigration Archive Center of Russian and Ukrainian Culture was founded in New York City. The Pushkin Society in America was established in 1935. From 1995 to 2009, Dr. Catharine Lodyjensky served as the chairperson of our organization. She collected a significant amount of documents regarding various meetings, programs, and artistic activities of Russian-speaking immigrants in New York City. As a member of our organization, Dr. Lodyjensky sponsored literary and artistic events. In her will she expressed a wish that the Pushkin Society in America would continue her efforts. As a result, we decided to name our cultural center and archive in her honor. Following that time, the Pushkin Society in America, one of the oldest Russian-American organizations, began a new chapter as a developing institution.
KALEIDOSCOPE of EVENTS

Visiting R. V. Polchaninov

On September 4 we had a field-trip to R. V. Polchaninov’s place. Mr. Polchaninov is a legendary collectioner, a member of our people’s council. We recorded an interview with him. Rostislav Vladimirovich was a member of the Pskov Orthodox mission during World War II. He told us a story of finding a small bust of Pushkin that was a source of great joy for his wife. R. V. Polchaninov taught at parish schools and in 1944 emigrated to Germany with his family. In 1951, already in the USA, he was a scoutmaster of young Russian “spies”. He worked at a plant in New York, and during 1968-1972 he did weekly broadcasts “Spiritual music of All Times and Nations” on Radio Liberty. (Photo: Inna Grubmair)

Meeting with E. K. Bogolyubova

On September 9 a working meeting with E. K. Bogolyubova took place. The adgenda was study of the Pushkin Society archives, selection of most interesting photographic materials, discussion of urgent problems related to publications from the private archive of her family. We have received photos from 1950ies, clearly representing S. N. Bogolyubov as public figure, one of the leaders of the “Vladimir-city groups”, working closely with the Orthodox youth inside the Russian diaspora. Among the active listeners of Semen Nikolaevich were future Orthodox priests Vladimir Shatilov and Vladimir Shishkov. One of the photos shows a lecture with participation of Arch-Bishop Averkiy, permanent rector of the Svyato-Troitsk Seminary. During S. N. Bogolyubov’s tenure this College was recognized as a part of SUNY.

Poet Yury Bunchik’s presentation

On September 27 there was Yury Bunchik’s presentation in the Cultural Center on Bensonhurst in Brooklyn. He just came back from his Russia tour, meeting his readers. Yury Bunchik was born in 1962 in Odessa, Ukraine. He has been living in New York since 1978. In spite of hard times related to his disability, he is writing poems, translating classics of Russian literature into English. His poems and articles about him have been published in literary journals. He authored four poetry collection books and a book of translations of Marina Tsvetaeva’s selected lyrics (Moscow, 2004).

Natasha Mizuri was greeting Yuri on behalf of Pushkin Society and wishing him a lot of strength and inspirations.
Russian-language Olympics

On **September 4** awarding of the winners of the 7th Russian-language Olympics took place at Brooklyn College. This competition was open for school students between 7 and 18, permanently living in the USA. This “Olympic” School has been founded by the teacher Alla Markova. Olympics have become a tradition for many Russian-speaking families from New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Maryland. The Pushkin Society is helping each year in the jury and awarding of the winners. Besides Russian language, students take part in courses on Russian history, culture, and geography. This year, Natasha Mizuri, a vice-president of the Pushkin Society was awarding medals and gift editions of books from the Society.

Literary Season in Zinc Bar

On **September 7** we launched the new Literature Season in Zinc Bar. First Wednesday of every month the Russian-language literary community of New York gathers before a jazz concert of the legendary trumpeter Valery Ponomarev, an honorable member of the Pushkin Society. Poets read their works and Valery Ponomarev selects texts for his jazz compositions.

This project has been expanded. We have shown a movie by Edward Topol “Trumpeter from Russia”. Before the movie, Victoria Kurchenko, Rudolf Furman, Elena Gracheva, Tatyana Shchogoleva, and Tatiana Sheremeteva recited their poems and texts. Preparations for the 90th birthday of Naum Korzhavin, a beloved Russian poet living in North Carolina, were discussed, among other literary issues. It was decided to to send him greetings and organize a poetry reading in his honor.

The 8th Independent Festival of Russian Documentary Cinema

On **October 9-11** 8th Independent Festival of Russian Documentary Cinema in New York, RusDocFilmFest-3W took place at the Anthology Film Archives, DCTV and at the Brooklyn Public Library. The jury has awarded

Alexander Zamyslov, Vladislav Kolesov, Evgeny Aronov (Russia) for their film KROV’ (BLOOD)

Ramune Sakalauskaite (Lithuania) for her film NA PUTI K PRISTANI (ON THE WAY TO THE PIER)

Olga Lvova (USA) for her film WHEN PEOPLE DIE THEY SING SONGS

Helga Landauer (USA) for her film ARCADIA

Sofia Geveiler, Yulia Buvsheva, Sofia Kutcher (Russia) for their film DUH V DVIZHENII (SPIRIT IN MOTION)

Michael Beckelhimer (USA) for his film PUSHKIN IS OUR EVERYTHING. This film was also awarded a medal and a diploma from Pushkin Society.
Discussion of the book by Garret B. Robinson

On October 17 a discussion of books by Garret B. Robinson took place at the National Writers Union. The greatest attention received his poem “Martha” that was released in 2012 and made the author famous. The heroine of the poetic narrative is a ballet dancer. Robinson is writing not just about a particular woman but rather about what it means to be a ballet dancer, investigating the existence of the dance. “She was dancing even before she was born, then in her childhood, then in her adult life, through her career, through the obstacles of everyday and internal life”. Such purposefulness leads to composure and frees not only the muscles but also the energy of freedom. In a lyrical form, the author looks into the potential of human abilities. Books were on sale in the hall of the New York chapter of the Union.

Upon the stage, Martha stands in her place and waits. Her body is lunging to move in every direction at once. Beyond the curtain, the clatter of clapping, then a sudden hush. The conductor stands upon the podium, a glowing figure in the darkness before the sparkling polish of the instruments. At one moment, there is perfect silence, as if space was the surface of a placid lake. The speaker announces, “In humanity I see grace, beauty and dignity.

Видео: https://youtu.be/z62my2HH0Hs
A WORKMAN TO THE GODS

By Edwin Markham

Once Phidias stood, with hammer in his hand,
Carving Minerva from the breathing stone,
Tracing with love the winding of a hair,
A single hair upon her head, whereon
A youth of Athens cried, “O Phidias,
Why do you dally on a hidden hair?
When she is lifted to the lofty front
Of the Parthenon, no human eye will see.”
And Phidias thundered on him: “Silence, slave:
Men will not see, but the Immortals will!”

(See translation by Dmitry Garanin
in the Russian version of the Bulletin)

THE DARING ONE

By Edwin Markham

I would my soul were like the bird
That dares the vastness undeterred.
Look, where the bluebird on the bough
Breaks into rapture even now!
He sings, tip-top, the tossing elm
As tho he would a world o’erwhelm.
Indifferent to the void he rides
Upon the wind’s eternal tides.

He tosses gladly on the gale,
For well he knows he can not fail —
Knows if the bough breaks, still his wings
Will bear him upward while he sings!
ESSAYS

Rachel B. Douglas - Living memory of Pushkin

The Living Memory of
Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin

Champion of the Creative Dialogue Among Poetic Minds

by Rachel B. Douglas

Alexander Pushkin is alive in the mind of virtually every Russian person, and in the minds of foreigners, who have encountered him upon making even the slightest effort to learn the Russian language, or have met a shadow of his thought, filtered through translation. Pushkin’s beautiful language is the core of literate Russian, which he made more powerful by bringing into Russian the ideas he shared and developed with the collaborators, living and dead, from far-flung times and places of human history, who peopled his own mind.

A national hero and a universal genius, Pushkin embodies the Classical idea in Russia. He was the soul of the Classical movement in Russian culture, which he sparked and advanced and helped to organize.¹

The special place of Pushkin in Russia, the intensity of a Russian person’s relationship with Pushkin, will startle someone unaccustomed to the mental habit of holding conversation with past thinkers, or unacquainted with this poet, as it did the present writer as a youngster several decades ago. I had a campaign-style button with a cartoon of Pushkin on it, although I didn’t know who it was, pictured in the caricature with wild hair and enormous eyes. A visitor to our house, a lady Russian teacher from a different Slavic country, saw my button and exclaimed, “Pushkin! I love Pushkin!” with an ardor that piqued my curiosity about the person who inspired it. Some years later, immersed in Russian at a summer school where the language was the slow, well-ordered speech of the resident native speakers, elderly Russian emigrés of the first and second waves,² I encountered that passion again. The artist Ye. Klimov painted my portrait and, as he worked,
Что в имени тебе моем?

Что в имени тебе моем?
Оно умерт, как шум печальный
Волны, пласнувшей в берег дальний,
Как звук ночной в лесу глухом.

Оно на камышном листке
Оставить мерцкий след, подобный
Узору надписи надгробной
На неподанном камне.

Что в нем? Забытое давно
В волненьях новых и мятежных,
Твоей душе не даст оно
Воспоминаний чистых, нежных.

Но в день печали, в тишине
Произнеси его тоску;
Скажи: есть память обо мне,
Есть в мире сердце, где живу я…

‘What Is There for Thee . . .?’

What is there for thee in my name?
For it will die, like the sad slapping
Of waves, at a far coastline lapping,
Like cries at nighttime on the plain.

On memory’s page the trace it burned
Is dead—the unfamiliar diction,
The pattern of a tomb inscription
In language foreign and unlearned.

What’s in it now? So long forgot,
In tumults new and wild surrender,
Unto thy soul it will give nought,
No recollections pure and tender.

But, on a day of silent grief,
Pronounce it then; thine want confiding,
Say this: A memory of me keeps,
There’s one heart, somewhere, I abide in.

—A.S. Pushkin, 1830

Rachel Berthoff Douglas is Russia and Eastern Europe Editor of Executive Intelligence Review. She has translated for Lyndon LaRouche on his several trips to scientific seminars and meetings in Russia.
ment that the regime, fearing political disturbances, shifted the funeral from St. Isaac’s Cathedral to a small church, with admission by ticket only. “In those two days,” wrote the poet Anna Akhmatova in A Word About Pushkin, “his house turned into a shrine for his Motherland, and a more complete, radiant victory the world has never seen.” His body was sent away by wagon in the dead of night, to be buried near his mother’s estate in Pskov Province. Today, the apartment is a national museum. At the place of the fatal duel, people still pause to read the inscription carved on a memorial stone.

Generations of Russians learned to read, reading Pushkin, especially during the Soviet period. Typical is a poetical primer for elementary schoolers, published in Moscow in 1972. “Because you are not so little any more,” the editor addresses the children, “it is time for you to know who Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin was, and when he lived. He was born long ago, in 1799, in Moscow. He wrote such verses, tales, and stories, as no one had been able to write before him. . . . You will grow up, and your Pushkin will always be with you. First, this book of verses, or his fairy tales. Then another—a book of longer poems, then a book of stories, and another, and another. When you’re all grown up, don’t forget to read the poet’s letters, which are really interesting. Pushkin will be with you all your life. . . .”

In the essay “Pushkin and the Children,” Anna Akhmatova talks about how a mental life of communion with Pushkin had given Russian people beauty and a sense of decency, even during the political terror of the 1930s. “Pushkin’s verses gave children the Russian language in its most perfect magnificence, a language which they may never hear or speak again, but which will remain with them as an eternal treasure.”

The subjects of Pushkin’s writing are the eternal ideas—truth, beauty, justice, mercy, love, freedom, commitment to a mission of doing good. Lawfully for a poet who, in his work, was transforming a language, he devoted special attention to “genius”—the nature of the creative motion of the individual mind. Exploring the paradoxes of leadership in Russian history, Pushkin pioneered the realm of Classical tragedy in the Russian language, with his drama Boris Godunov and his studies of Tsar Peter the Great. He was a master of the acerbic epigram, aimed at political or cultural foes. He was one of the great story-tellers of all time.

The Time for a Classical Movement

Pushkin created Russian anew as a literary language, a nation-builder’s language, in which a speaker or writer could express such universal ideas with great power and beauty. Employing Classical verse forms in combination with the spoken language of the people, Pushkin amplified the power of the ancient Indo-European linguistic roots that are preserved in Russian. He was self-conscious in his work, insisting that the “popular” (narodny) quality of a language will flower when it is elevated to express profound ideas. This principle, by which Pushkin accomplished the transformation of Russian had been Dante Alighieri’s principle when he composed his great Commedia in the Italian vernacular at the beginning of the Fourteenth century, providing for the population an enriched, more powerful language as the moving force for the development of the nation. The poet’s transformation of the common language gives an impetus to the creation of the modern nation-state, as happened with Dante and Shakespeare. The same principle is encountered in the musical development of folk themes by Ludwig von Beethoven, Johannes Brahms and others.

Thus, Pushkin worked in the way, expounded by Friedrich Schiller in his 1789 lecture, “What Is, and to What End Do We Study, Universal History?”:

All preceding ages, without knowing it or aiming at it, have striven to bring about our human century. Ours are all the treasures which diligence and genius, reason and experience, have finally brought home in the long age of the world. Only from history will you learn to set a value on the goods from which habit and unchallenged possession so easily deprive our gratitude; priceless, precious goods, upon which the blood of the best and the most noble clings, goods which had to be won by the hard work of so many generations! And who among you, in whom a bright spirit is conjugated with a feeling heart, could bear this high obligation in mind, without a silent wish being aroused in him to pay that debt to coming generations, which he cannot any longer discharge to those past? A noble desire must glow in us to also make a contribution out of our means to this rich bequest of truth, morality, and freedom which we received from the world past, and which we must surrender once more, richly enlarged, to the world to come, and, in this eternal chain which winds itself through all human generations, to make firm our ephemeral existence.

A NOTE ON RUSSIAN TRANSLITERATION

Two systems for the transliteration of Russian into English are used in this article. Bibliographical references in the notes are given in the Library of Congress system. In the article, the transliteration is modified to better approximate Russian pronunciation.

More (source): www.schillerinstitute.org/fid_97-01/993_pushkin.pdf
POETRY

A. S. Pushkin, Excerpts from Onegin’s travel
Translations by Walter Arndt, etchings by Ilya Shenker

«ИТАК, Я ЖИЛ ТОГДА В ОДЕССЕ...»
“AND SO I LIVED THEN IN ODESSA...”
Я жил тогда в Одессе пыльной...
Там долго ясны небеса,
Там хлопотливо торг обильный
Свои подъемлет паруса;
Там всё Европой дышит, веет,
Всё блещет югом и пестреет
Разнообразностью живой.

Язык Италии златой
Звучит по улице весёлой,
Где ходит гордый славянин,
Француз, испанец, армянин,
И грек, и молдаван тяжёлый,
И сын египетской земли,
Корсар в отставке, Морали.

I know Odessa's dusty summers...
There cloudless skies for long prevail,
There bustles an abundant commerce,
Outfitting sail on busy sale;
It blends with Western flair and fashion
Mediterranean glamor, flashing
With animate variety.

The tongue of golden Italy
Resounds with cheer across the paving;
With haughty Slavs parade the streets
Armenians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Greeks,
Besides the ponderous Moldavian,
And the Egyptian, Morali,
Emeritus of piracy.
Our friend Tumansky has depicted Odessa in resounding rhyme,
But he must clearly be convicted
Of being partial at the time.
For he arrived fresh from Parnassus
And wandered with his spying-glasses
Alone above the sea, and then
With his intoxicating pen
Extolled “the gardens of Odessa.”
But he ignored the facts: to wit,
There’s naked steppe surrounding it;
But seldom toil and water pressure
Has dabbed some artificial green
Upon the calcinated scene.

But let me take my ramble farther...
I called Odessa dusty then;
I might have called in muddy rather
And told no more than truth again.
Six weeks a year, the heaven’s sluices
By a decree of Stormy Zeus’s
Flood, bog, and choke the place entire
In thick impenetrable mire.
Half-fathom deep the houses wallow,
Pedestrians must lift their feet
On stilts to get across the street,
Men are engulfed and coaches follow,
And oxen, straining shanks and necks,
Replace the broken-winded hacks.
Marina Tsvetaeva’s poems translated by Nina Kossman.

EARTHLY NAME (ЗЕМНОЕ ИМЯ, 1920)

When parched with thirst, give me water,
One glass, or else I’ll die.
Persistently—languidly—melodically—
I pledge my feverish cry

Repeated at length—yet still more fiercely,
Once more—again—
Tossing all night long for sleep,
Aware all sleep is spent.

As if the fields were not abounding
In herbs that grant relief.
Persistently—senselessly—redundantly—
An infant’s babbled repeats…

Thus, each utterance more final:
Noose—at the neck joint…
And if it’s but an earthly name I’m moaning—
That’s not the point.

“Это пеплы сокровищ” (1922)

These are ashes of treasures,
Of pain and loss.
Faced with such ashes,
Granite turns to dust.

A dove, naked and taintless,
Alive, yet matchless.
These are Solomon’s ashes
Above the great vanity.

The menacing chalk mark
Of the dawnless age.
God’s at my doorstep
If my house is burned.

Unsmothered by rubbish,
Lord of dreams and of days,
My spirit—like fire—
Out of my gray hair flies!
My years, you did not betray
Me into backing down.
This gray hair is the victory
Of immortal powers.

“После бессонной ночи слабеет тело” (1916)

After a sleepless night my body grows weaker,
Becomes sweet and no one’s—no longer mine.
In the slow veins the arrows still flicker,
And like a seraph, I smile at passers-by.

After a sleepless night my arms grow languid;
Friend or foe, my indifference is complete.
A full rainbow unfolds from a chance sound
And the scent of Florence stuns in a frozen street.

My lips lighten tenderly, shadows golden
Round my sunken eyes. It is the night that lit
This luminous face. And when the dark night’s over,
Only our eyes stay darkened, that is it.

“От гнева в печени, мечты во лбу” (1921)

From the mind’s dreams, from the bile’s rage,
Goddess of Faithfulness, keep your slave.

With cast-iron hoops bind tight her breast,
Goddess of Faithfulness, be her nest.

Remove from the shrub all flowers and pips,
Make her mouth numb, then seal her lips.

As safe as bone encased in a grave,
Goddess of Faithfulness, keep your slave.

To keep your loom humming without a stop,
Her lips must learn the law of the lock.

To have it inscribed on the stone of her grave:
“Only of Faithfulness was I the slave!”

Her ribs to the post, with your sharpest stave,
Goddess of Faithfulness, now stab your slave!
A. S. Pushkin REMEMBRANCE, translated by Dmitry Garanin

REMEMBRANCE
(Alexander S. Pushkin, 1828)

When for the mortals ends the noisy day,
Upon the empty streets of cities
The night would cast its half-transparent shade,
The sleep would fall, the daily labor's duty,
The hours of my wake are dragging in the still
So tiresome that I lose my patience.
In my inactiveness so vividly I feel
As stings the viper of repentance.
My dreams are raging and my mind is blown
By thoughts becoming grievous burden.
Remembrance silently evokes the days bygone,
Its scroll is endlessly unfolding.
And with disgust deciphering my life
I'm shuddering, as struck by thunder,
I'm crying bitterly and humbly asking why
But these sad lines I'll never launder.

Translated by Dmitry Garanin
PROSE OF OUR AUTHORS

Boris Borukaev: The Lake

“Mark left me! He actually left me! This time forever!”

Wringing her hands, she paces from corner to corner of the spacious living room where the three of us, once upon a time, often played poker until dawn. Deep, dark green eyes full of tears exude anger, pain and despair. Golden locks, now tangled, cling to dampened cheeks. Neither the bitter lines in the corners of her mouth, nor the wrinkles gathered between her thinly groomed eyebrows detract from the loveliness of her face. Frankly, how could the features of a goddess be marred by anything?

I stand by the door, a dumbfounded look on my face, like a passing-by stranger that suddenly found himself in the middle of a dramatic affair. Nobody can be helpful in this type of tragedy, myself least of all.

“Forever!” she repeats and suddenly, frozen in the middle of the room as if the weight of her own words finally sunk in, she doubles over and falls to her knees. Bringing her hands up to grip her head, she rolls onto her side and her body begins to shudder with sobs. The hem of her thin, silken skirt, bundled up from the abrupt movement, is hiked nearly to her hips revealing shapely toned legs and thighs. It is not enough for my shameless gaze. My eyes wander…further. Into the shaded depths that provoke a wild imagination and furious heartbeat.

This is the first time I am seeing her like this; destroyed by grief, utterly careless about how she may appear to another. Is it even really her? Normally so proud, independent, always in full control of her emotions, her lips permanently fixed into a welcoming smile. Is this the power of love, or does her wounded vanity disallow her to accept the fact that she was cast aside? Abandoned? Traded for another? Perhaps it is all of the above.

I approach her and crouch down, using the advantageous moment to gently stroke her velvety soft hair. The scent of cherries wafting from it is intoxicating.

“Julia, come on now… Calm down. It’s just nerves. How can anyone leave you? It’s an absurd notion.”

“Absurd!” she exclaims, jumping to her feet and pushing me out of the way, then bounding to the coffee table by the window. There is a crumpled piece of paper on it which she grabs and quickly returns with, her hand outstretched towards me. “See for yourself! Evidently the only form of communication he deigns to grant me now is postal.”

My eyes drop to the letter and, taking it reluctantly, I begin to read aloud;

‘Hello, my angel, my brightest star. You fell from a dizzying height into my chilled hands, and then transformed into a kind, affectionate fairy, who warmed a lonely heart that previously had not known love. I am grateful to fate for this gift. I am also grateful to you. For the sincerity of your feelings and the unabated warmth that your soul enveloped me in. For making me believe that the world must truly be a wonderful place if a miracle like you exists in it. But alas. The universe is infinite, and within it an immeasurable amount of other stars ignite and burn, mysterious and enticing. I must traverse my Milky Way. Goodbye, my angel. Be as happy without me as I was with you.’

“What a move! That is how he ended all his past relationships. Apparently I’m no exception now. God! Why? What else could he possibly need? Nobody will ever love him the way I have!”

She is crying again.

“He didn’t even want to see me. Was just driving past, saw a familiar house where he lived once…memories of a naïve doll came flooding back, one that loved and forgave…loved and forgave…loved again—”

“Julia! Stop. Don’t do this to yourself…”

“—took a piece of paper and wrote right while driving. Then turned onto the street the house was on, pulled up to it silently, ran out of the car, tossed the note into the mailbox, turned around and ran back. Or, maybe, he just got someone else to do it, someone who was en route to the lake anyway… You know, just to clear his conscience. And you, Bob? Why are you being dishonest with me? I know for a fact that he never keeps a thing from you. Although… What are you guilty of?”

“It’s not like that at all. I have no idea where he is or what he’s doing, haven’t for months now.”

“And you don’t even exchange phone calls… You know what, never mind. You’re best friends after all, I expected this.”

Her sarcasm stings me.
“No Julia, we aren’t anymore!” I yell almost angrily.
And that is the truth…

I met Mark during my first year at university, which I attended more so out of the benefits of privilege rather than a genuine passion for knowledge. We ended up in the same circle of friends and got very close very quickly. It is difficult for me to get close to people, but with him it was easy and happened naturally on its own. Mark had a way of drawing people to himself. He gave off so much energy, openness and friendliness, that only a complete skeptic and killjoy would not approach him with love and trust. He was, undoubtedly, the best. His professors worshipped him. His sharp mind instantly absorbed and processed concepts that would take me and everyone else many hours of studying and sleepless nights to grasp the basics of. Few doubted that the completion of his studies would be followed by an incredible career.

On recreational occasions Mark had no equal. He would quickly become the heart and soul of any gathering, thanks to his quick wit and unparalleled imagination. He sang, played the guitar, and wrote amazing poetry and prose. As a tall, lean brunette with an athlete’s build, he enjoyed immense success with members of the opposite sex, and being far from an ascetic he put in a lot of effort to not deprive women of his attention.

His amorous escapades were the talk of the town. Mark was not shy about sharing all the juicy details with me, but the way he phrased things made everything sound amusing rather than lecherous. Unlike him I was not showered with feminine regard; I was always timid when things started to become intimate because I was lacking experience in such matters. It did not help that I was also extremely picky and did not fall in love easily. When Mark would get a new, as he liked to call it, ‘arrow to the heart’ we would only see each other during class and then he would disappear, winking at me. I did not take it personally that he preferred other, more pleasant company to mine.

I genuinely loved him and always thought: nothing will ever come between us. That is until…I saw her.

“Bob, meet Julia!” Mark’s cheerful voice boomed when they first approached me together. “Julia, this is my best friend, Bob.”

“Hi, Bob. I’m very glad to meet you. Mark told me so much about you that I feel I know and love you already.”

Those words did not actually make sense to me until after the meeting, sounding dulled and far away, when I later replayed the scene in my head. The moment they were spoken I could not hear or understand anything, just felt as if something awoke inside me and pulled me from the grey bleakness of reality into a colorful fairy tale. I recalled a sensation of an electric current jolting through my body when I shook Julia’s hand. The only accurate representation of what I had experienced would be to call it shock. I did not respond to her greeting. Just stared mutely, unable to take my eyes off of her face. For the first time in my life I understood what love was…love at first sight. That which I never believed in, that which I scorned even, had completely and utterly captivated me.

After that fateful day I knew no peace. I could not find it in the embraces of occasional women or at the bottom of beer glasses in local pubs, nor in the company of equally desperate male classmates. I no longer recognized myself: I would get drunk and start arguments, then get into physical fights with whoever I was drinking with, and got so out of hand once that the police were called and I was arrested. Only Mark’s intervention saved me from serious consequences with the university. He did not know the reason for my behavior, but did not pry with too many questions, sensing my irritation at any attempt to figure out what was the problem. The only time I acted differently was when I was face to face with Julia, at which point all I did was blush and stammer like a disgraced child.

Mark and Julia started to invite me over often hoping to distract me from my insanity. I would visit them at her small, cozy house, which she inherited from her parents that died in a car accident several years ago. That fact brought them closer together: Mark actually lost his parents the exact same way when he was a child. Having been left completely on his own, and having learned to accomplish everything in life independently, he came in his father’s old Buick to get a degree here from a nearby town. Naturally, living with Julia in her home was considerably more pleasant than living in the campus student housing dorms. The house was built in the scenic suburbs, only a mile away from the incredible beauty of an oval-shaped lake – the pride of local residents. In the evenings the three of us would get together. We played poker and drove to the lake to wander around. On the way back we would get a bite to eat, chatting about shallow nonsense, and when it got late we would part ways.

I would always wait for the next invitation with utmost impatience. It became the sole reason for my existence. I reveled in her company and could not go without for very long, like a drug addict that built up a tolerance and needed higher and higher doses to get the same effect. At the same time, unbeknownst to me,
feelings of jealousy and hatred towards Mark began to rouse in my soul. Why, I would constantly think, does she belong to him? If it was not her then it would simply be another, it did not really matter to him. It is not like he had any issues in that department, he always had his pick. Whereas I, in love for the first time and forever, was left only the pleasure of observing someone else’s happiness, which maybe I deserved far more, because I was sincere. How was that fair?

When during one of our usual gatherings they informed me about their quickly impending nuptials, which I would never have seen coming from Mark of all people, my hatred turned into utter loathing.

“No, Bob. I can’t believe that. You were friends before me and are friends still. You’re just mad at him because of me. Please don’t be…”

Julia lights a long, thin cigarette and takes a deep drag. Her slender fingers are visibly trembling. The space between us fills with glauous smoke.

“You shouldn’t blame just Mark. That’s the same mistake I made. I know his personality, I should have done something. Constantly keep changing, always be different, keep negativity and monotony out of our relationship, both things he couldn’t stand. I should have…”

“Julia!” I interrupt her. “It’s not like that. You are not at fault for anything. He simply doesn’t deserve you. You’re too different to be together for very long. You can’t trick destiny. And you…you did everything possible and impossible to keep him.”

And that is the truth…

Soon enough Mark tired of the calm, settled life with the same woman. His excessive freedom-loving nature demanded change and new amorous adventures. First he started to occasionally disappear at night, using the excuse that he was sleeping over friends’ places after boys nights out (mostly, of course, using me as an alibi). At any minute I had to be ready to lie for him, but thankfully Julia never stooped to the level of check-ups and interrogations, even though I suspected she was starting to figure things out. Then he would disappear for a week at a time and, once returned, did not even bother to offer any kind of explanations. Only I knew about his “injuries”, or rather the ‘arrow to the heart’ from some chick or another that lived on the other side of town.

Mark had been planning to leave Julia for good, but could not work up the nerve for that final conversation as he did not want to cause her pain. Despite my attempts to explain that his treatment of her was likely far more painful in the long run, he still would not do anything. Any talk of their engagement fell away on its own.

Time flew by. We all graduated. Mark, as was expected, got a job offer from a prestigious company after his very first interview. He invited me to celebrate this in a nice restaurant, but when I found out Julia was not going to be there as well, I politely declined, feigning illness. They have not seen each other in a long time, but despite everything Julia continued to wait, not losing faith. I, on the other hand, not at all distracted by unnecessary job hunting, spent all my free time (which I had way too much of) with her. We spent hours strolling by the lake, swimming in its warm, crystal clear water, talking about this and that or sitting in silence each thinking of our own thing: she, of course, of him and I, of course, of her. She was with me constantly, far away from Mark, but still she belonged to him and not me. I also did not lose faith. I felt her growing attachment to me and truly believed that one fine day, tired of endlessly waiting, she will turn her gaze on me – the one that did not abandon her in her time of need. It will be a different look from now; one craving closeness, loyalty, support. And love…love will certainly follow. As surely as Spring always comes or dawn always breaks.

Everything in its own time.

Eventually, however, after a long period of silence, Mark called and informed me that he decided to take Julia back. It had not even occurred to him that she might have stopped waiting for him or that she might have met someone else. You see, he made a mistake, and only just then realized that she was irreplaceable. For the first time in his life he wanted back the company of one he dumped. That actually meant something. I probably should not have told Julia all this in advance, but he was afraid that she was upset and would refuse to see him. Mark asked me to come with him, if I did not mind, to play the role of mediator. He wanted to pick me up the following evening and would afterwards give me a ride home. I agreed.

All the next day, overcast and brooding, very matching with my mood, I spent bar hopping with old friends. I was sober, focused, and did not drink at all which sparked everybody’s curiosity. Having achieved the desired I returned home and began to wait.

Mark arrived exactly on time. A gorgeous, forest green Mercedes, quietly purring, pulled up near my windows. I came out the door. We smiled at one another. Climbing into the car I noticed an enormous bouquet of red roses in the backseat. Mark positively radiated happiness. I have never before seen him so worked up. The whole ride there he cracked jokes and laughed, telling me the story of his latest conquest. When Julia’s house started to become visible through the thickness of the trees, I asked him to pull over a little ways from the lake.

“Yes, Bob, it’s a lie. I am lying to myself.” She looks drained. “Nothing can change him. Not even my
love. But I can’t live without him. I can’t. Please, Bob, bring him back to me! You can… I know you can…”

More sobbing.

“No. I’m sorry, Julia. I really can’t. Nobody can bring him back.”

And that is the truth…

He stopped the car at the hilltop of the narrow road leading to the lake, looking at me with wide and surprised eyes.

“What’s the matter?”

“See, Mark, my girlfriend… She… Well anyway, I’d like to break up with her. You know… without any stupid speeches and tears. Could you maybe write something and make it sound like it was coming from me? You’d be able to word it a lot better.”

“Oh-ho!” he exclaimed. “You never told me you got a girlfriend.”

“Well we haven’t really hung out lately.”

“That’s true. Why don’t I do this in the house?”

“I don’t want Julia to know. She won’t approve of this method. Plus, we’re going to have other problems on our plate. Much more serious ones.”

“Yeah, you’re right.” He pulled out a sheet of paper and a pen from the glove compartment. “What’s her name?”

“Eh, it’s not important.”

He chuckled, winking at me, and started writing quickly.

A few minutes later my eyes scanned the paragraph of text.

“Well? You satisfied with it?” Mark asked, smiling.

“Completely,” I answered, sticking the note into the left inner pocket of my blazer… my fingers brushing the gun that was hidden within it. I pulled it out and pointed it at Mark.

He stared at me, completely clueless, with the smile frozen on his face.

“I’m very sorry, old man,” I muttered softly, almost as if I was afraid to startle both of us. “I could not find any other way. God will probably punish me. But maybe not right away, so I could enjoy life for at least a little while.”

I pulled the trigger.

Having turned the steering wheel to the correct position I got out of the car, closed the door behind me, glanced around and started pushing the car down the road. The incline made it easier to move and, gradually gaining speed, it rolled towards the lake. On this particular side of the lake, the shore dropped off almost vertically as soon as it met the water and immediately went very deep. As I watched the car drown I realized how completely calm and sane my thoughts were, as if killing friends was an everyday thing for me. My hands were not shaking. My breath was even.

In the growing darkness I made my way to Julia’s house, threw the note into her mailbox and went back to the edge of the road to hitch-hike a ride home. The very next morning she called me, choking on her tears, and asked me to come over.

“Come on, honey, don’t.”

I approach her.

“You’re so young, so beautiful, you’ll still find happiness. What’s important is that you have a true friend beside you, that you know you can count on.”

“Thank you, Bob. I know you… you love me and won’t abandon me in a difficult moment.”

I pull her close to my chest and wrap my arms around her tightly. The smell of her thick curls has an almost dizzying effect on me.

“I will never leave you.” I whisper gently.

And that, of course, is the truth.

I shamelessly lied for a very long time. I was tortured by jealousy. And having been pushed to the edge of my sanity, I murdered my best friend in cold blood out of desire for his girlfriend.

How many commandments did I break?

To hell with commandments! Lessons in morality for imbeciles. A list of things you are not allowed to do but no mention of how to achieve happiness without them. Achieve being the key word here. Because you have to fight for it, often with people just like yourself, and even though everyone wants it there is not enough to go around. Some people have a lot of it, some do not have any at all; therefore there is a portion of the population that is happy at the other portion’s expense. Everything in this world is distributed unevenly. Those that are less fortunate, watching the ones that are successful, want what is owed to them and take action to rectify their situation if they are brave enough. There is nothing unnatural about this battle under the sun, nature has granted us all with the genetic predisposition to overcome obstacles and accomplish goals. I want – I take. No manmade concept or social order created to keep mankind in check can remove a person from their innate human nature and integral place in the order of things. After all, this society looks down on those who kill while simultaneously dying of hunger.

Is it worse to kill while dying of love instead? To me it is all the same. The irrepressible physical pain is identical; as is the inability to think about anything else, as is the inability to continue living normally.

I do not see Julia for a week. Seven days. One hundred and fifty five hours. An eternity.
When we were saying goodbye during our last meeting, she asked me to give her some time to be alone. I do not disturb her. I patiently wait. I know Julia pretty well, though, and therefore know that she is the type of person who cannot be alone for very long. She needs someone to always be beside her, someone she can take care of, someone with whom she can share all the highs and lows of a relationship.

The telephone’s ring sharply pierces my thoughts.

“Hi, Bob! How are you doing? Why haven’t you called me? You sure forgot all about me quickly.”

The cheerfulness of her voice is completely unexpected.

“Well no, Julia, of course not, I… Forgive me, just I… You were in such a state…I didn’t want to bother you…”

“You promised to never leave me, though, didn’t you?”

I am stunned. This is exceeding my expectations.

“Alright,” she comes to my rescue. “I forgive you. But only if you come over tonight. I hope you can carve out some time in your busy schedule to have dinner with me?”

“Yeah, Julia…of course! I will definitely be there! I’m so glad you’re okay…”

“Wonderful, Bob! I can’t wait to see you. I’m tired of being alone.”

Short tones of a disconnected call. I am staring at the receiver, not believing what just happened.

Her musical voice is still echoing in my head.

We are in Julia’s bedroom, lit only by the gentle light of the full moon spilling through the window. Our breaths come hot, spurred on by the urgent beating of our hearts, interrupted by long kisses. Hands are wandering in search of sensual caresses. I am pressing her toned body, so inaccessible until now, firmly against me, deeply inhaling her heady perfume and getting drunk on the taste of her warm, damp, parted lips. The benevolent night preserves this sweet moment…and us.

Beautiful images, alternating like kaleidoscopic shapes, dance inside my head when I drive up to Julia’s house. An evening never took so long to come before. Like an impatient teenager I counted the minutes to the long-awaited date. Here, finally, is the familiar dirt path leading to the only life I know now.

Julia greets me in an evening dress, turquoise like her eyes, with a deep neckline and seductive cut starting from the hip. Charming, as always. Her friendly smile inspires joyful hope. She allows me to kiss her cheek and, taking my hand, leads me through the spacious living room into the open terrace. In the middle of it is a round table laden with various aromatic dishes and beverages.

Is it possible that all this was prepared for our date?

I am brimming with happiness. Sitting at the table, we exchange trivial pleasantries about our health and the weather. She looks chipper and carefree. Now she is her usual self. The one I have always known. No…not quite. I sense glances on myself, the likes of which I never before had the privilege of experiencing. I cannot really explain the nature of them. Something unusual, almost frightful, provoking a kind of shiver. I decide that whatever it is, she is likely just looking at me in a new light as I wanted her to, and I am flattering myself with the attention.

“Julia, you see, I… I want to propose a toast to you. To your beauty, sincerity and the purity of your soul. To you – without whom my mundane and monotonous life would have no meaning.”

I know I look foolish, but I am overflowing with emotion.

“You completely changed me. I became strong, fearless, able to achieve goals; all things not initially in my nature. I… I can…”

“Bob. Who are you actually toasting here, me or you?” she laughs.

“Both of us,” I reply seriously.

We tuck into our meals. The terrace is dimly lit by little lights hidden between bushes. A light breeze from the lake pleasantly tickles our faces.

“How do you like the food?” asks Julia.

“Very. Did you make it all yourself?”

“Yes.”

“I didn’t know that you can cook. Especially so well.”

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me yet.”

“I hope to find it all out someday.”

“Undoubtedly.”

Again the mysterious glance.

“And here I thought Mark told you everything about us.”

Oh no. Do not bring him up. I am begging you.

“Why would you think that? We never talked about personal things.”

“Oh really? That doesn’t seem like Mark. But I guess you know him better. By the way, has he called you at all since?”

It feels as if the earth is sliding out from under me.

“No. He hasn’t called. And it’s not the first time. He can call tomorrow. Or in a week. Or…”

“…or never,” she says thoughtfully, looking through me.
“Julia why are you torturing yourself like this? Don’t start...”

Damn everything to hell! I did not come here to calm her down again! When is this going to stop? Is this seriously going to be my role, now that all obstacles are out of the way, to be nothing more than a faithful girlfriend whose shoulder she can always cry on?

“Do you want coffee?” she asks suddenly.

“Sure. I’d love some.”

Juliet gets up from the table and leaves the terrace. My mood is completely ruined. I feel that this is not the end of it. Other than prattling on about her emotional upheaval this evening is likely not going to go anywhere else.

Several minutes pass and she returns with two cups of coffee.

“You know, Bob, a lot of things happened in the short time we knew one another...”

She sets the cups on the table, pushing one towards me, and lights a cigarette.

“...wonderful and awful ones. Mark mistreated me pretty often. It is what it is. He valued his freedom more than anything else in the world. My jealousy made me crazy, but I held myself together. And despite everything...we did love each other. That is the most important part. He always came back. I always forgave him...”

I am sipping my coffee, listening intently. Something is hidden in her words that is making me feel uneasy. Her voice is quiet and steady. Her movements are slow and deliberate. It is as if she is building up to something, like an unnoticeable flow of a river that gradually picks up speed to turn into a deafening waterfall once it turns the bend.

“...the women that he cheated on me with didn’t really mean anything to him. They were just diversions. But his heart...his heart belonged to me. I know that for a fact. Any woman in love knows that. And we both knew that only what was happening between the two of us was real... Would you like to take a ride down to the lake?”

I am no longer startled by her sudden changes of topic.

“Sure, why not.”

I do not care anymore. We get up from the table, cross back through the living room and exit into the front yard. When I come up to the car and open the door, an unpleasant bitterness suddenly fills my mouth.

Julia is still speaking, her eyes on the road. It seems as if she is talking to herself. Little houses of varying sizes sprouting from the damp earth fly past us, indicators of us nearing the lake.

The bitterness is burning my throat. When I stop the car where Julia gestures, I feel very ill. Droplets of cold sweat spring up on my forehead. My hands, just painfully gripping the steering well, helplessly drop to my sides.

“...and we resolved all our issues. True love can overcome lies, infidelity, insults...but not death. Do you hear me, Bob? Not death, do you understand!!”

Where did the gentleness disappear to from her lovely face? Where are those enormous green eyes that are bottomless pools of warmth and light? A mask of bile and loathing is glaring at me now.

I cannot utter a sound. My tongue is numb, my eyes half blind, my head is recoiled backwards. I can no longer control my body at all but unfortunately I am still able to listen.

“I am not as naïve and simple as you thought.”

I understand now that I was poisoned. I do not doubt what she is planning to do. As if reading my thoughts in my eyes Julia continued;

“Flowers, Bob. Flowers. You didn’t roll up the car’s windows. Some of the roses floated to the surface and washed up on the shore. I saw them by accident when I was strolling by the lake the day after our last date. Some of them had tape stuck to them that was holding a note where you could still make out some of the words like; Julia...love you...roses...Bob...make amends... Not that different from the note that appeared in my mailbox, is it? I called two close friends who were certified divers, people I could trust. They pulled him out. His face was frozen with an expression of surprise and there was a hole in his forehead. And...a gun. Your second mistake, Bob.”

She is talking very fast, like an auctioneer, as if she is afraid that there will not be enough time for me to hear everything she has to say.

I cannot breathe. To slowly suffocate is agonizing. I wish the end came faster. A sharp pain is stabbing my stomach, as if a thousand needles are piercing it from all sides.

“He is buried not too far from my house, up on the hill where we played badminton. Only red roses will distinguish that plot of earth from the rest of the area. My mecca for life. Verifying the fingerprints wasn’t difficult at all. They’re all over the house. Of course it’s not like you’re a professional, Bob. You’re just an unlucky, jealous, lowlife...”

She grabs the front of my jacket and starts thrashing my lifeless body with all her might, screaming, “You killed the love of my life! You ruined my entire existence! And I can’t even hate you because that emotion is too good for you! I utterly despise you! In a few seconds you’ll be dead. I paid you back for what you did to Mark in exactly the same way. Go to hell!!”

She releases me and I crumple to the ground by the water, unable to do anything but watch her get into
the car. Rolling up the windows she speeds away. That is the last thing I see before the incoming tide of the lake overtakes me.

Then the world that I loved so much, this unbelievably contradictory world full of love and hate, joy and sorrow, suffering and lethargy, faith and fear…dissolves without a trace…into darkness and silence.

---

**Boris Borukaev** was born in Odessa.

He graduated from the Faculty of Romano-Germanic Philology of the University.

Philologist, translator.

Since 1994 lives in New York.

In 2007 the first book of poetry and prose "Hold the Sun!" was published.

In 2015 the second book "Five minus GMT" was published.

Member of the Russian Union of Writers.

Member of the Writers' Union of the XXI century.

Member of the International Union of Writers "The New Contemporary".

Vice-President of the Pushkin Society in America.
## Contents

**THE BULLETIN** ................................................................................................................................. {REF}

**TO THE READERS.................................................................**................................. 1

**History of the Pushkin Society in America.................................................................**................................. 1

**KALEIDOSCOPE of EVENTS.................................................................**................................. 3

- Visiting R. V. Polchaninov............................................................................................................................ 3
- Meeting with E. K. Bogolyubova.................................................................................................................. 3
- Poet Yury Bunchik’s presentation................................................................................................................. 3
- Russian-language Olympics........................................................................................................................... 4
- Literary Season in Zinc Bar........................................................................................................................... 4
- The 8th Independent Festival of Russian Documentary Cinema................................................................. 4
- Discussion of the book by Garret B. Robinson.............................................................................................. 5

**FROM THE ARCHIVE.................................................................................................**................................. 6

- Edwin Markham’s poems.............................................................................................................................. 6

**ESSAYS.................................................................................................**................................. 7

- Rachel B. Douglas - Living memory of Pushkin........................................................................................... 7

**POETRY.................................................................................................**................................. 10

- A. S. Pushkin, Excerpts from Onegin’s travel............................................................................................. 10
- Marina Tsvetaeva’s poems translated by Nina Kossman........................................................................... 14
- A. S. Pushkin REMEMBRANCE, translated by Dmitry Garanin............................................................... 16

**PROSE OF OUR AUTHORS.................................................................................................**................................. 17

- Boris Borukaev: The Lake........................................................................................................................... 17
Author of the idea of the Bulletin: R. V. Polchaninov

President: Victoria Kurchenko, Ph. D.

Editorial Board: Natalia Mizuri, Boris Borukaev, Inna Grubmair, Ph. D., Nina Kossman

Editor-in-Chief: Dmitry Garanin

Email: Dmitry Garanin <einschlag@gmail.com>

The Pushkin Society in America: http://www.americanpushkinsociety.com