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"Breaking Through": Young Writers and Contemporary Literary Problems

Part I: Introduction

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I

The Soviet Union has no shortage of writers, especially young writers; this is surely one of the few points on which literary scholars East and West could agree. I suspect they could probably even agree on two other points: that there are far too many "would-be" writers--grafomany, or scribblers, as they are referred to in Russian--and not enough "real" writers, the definition of "real" being, of course, the point at which consensus falls apart and discussion turns from artistic to political categories.

This surfeit of writers is understandable in a society where writers enjoy the status of film stars in the West. In addition to generous honoraria and an interested readership--two privileges of which few American writers can boast--they also enjoy other luxuries and forms of remuneration to which Soviet citizens in other professions normally do not have access: subsidized travel related to a proposed writing project, private showings of films not in general circulation, accomodation in holiday resorts not open to the general public, and, of course, access to the Central House of Litterateurs, the Writers' Union club with its bar, café, and excellent restaurant. In a society that has virtually no sit-down cafés in the Western sense, and where restaurants are both expensive for the average citizen and difficult to gain entry to, the Writers' Union club, or Ts.D.L., as it is known by its Russian initials, provides an invaluable haven where members can entertain family and guests. Given all these factors, as well as the prestige and mystique associated with the profession, it is small wonder that so many young authors are clamoring for the official recognition of their writing that only membership would provide. Membership, however, depends in turn on sponsorship and publication, as well as other professional and political considerations.

The growing discontent among young writers over difficulties of breaking through into publication has resulted in an attempt on the part of the Writers' Union to establish an official forum where complaints can be aired. Beginning last fall, Literary Gazette (Literaturnaya gazeta), the weekly newspaper of the Writers' Union, began a new series of guest editorials entitled "The Right to a Name" ("Pravo na imia"), in which young writers are invited to air their views, complaints, and suggestions concerning established publishing practices. It goes without saying that the most controversial issues--censorship, political vetting, the discouragement of experimental writing--are not discussed in print; yet other issues, such as editorial favoritism and what we would refer to as the old boy network, certainly are. As one contributor points out in a recent essay:

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There is a [publication] series "New Name"--i.e., unknown name--but there is no series "Unknown--to the editor (to the in-house reviewer, editor-in-chief, etc.)--Name."²

An oft-repeated remedy suggested by young writers is the anonymous submission of manuscripts to editorial boards, a procedure all too infrequently followed in the United States as well. Members of the Moscow River Literary Organization have proposed a two-step publication process, according to which manuscripts would first be submitted to a review commission, made up of Writers' Union members. Those young writers whose manuscripts received favorable ratings would then be recommended to consult with editorial boards on the preparation of their manuscripts for publication.³

Two significant recommendations came out of last year's Eighth All-Union Congress of Young Writers: first, the publication of books by young authors in small (by Soviet standards) editions of only 1,000-5,000 copies; second, payment of publication honoraria to young authors only if their books sell out. The first of these recommendations, essentially a liberalizing measure, would presumably allow publishing houses to produce more first-volume publications without the investment of resources into the printing of a more standard run of 5,000 to 20,000 copies. The second recommendation--payment of an honorarium only when a first volume sells out--is, despite its official endorsement by young writers, surely a rather short-sighted economic measure in a publishing community where the works of wealthy and established writers remain unbought on the shelves, even though the writers themselves have long ago collected substantial honoraria for their publications.

Ironically, a complaint frequently heard both in the press and in private conversations with young writers concerns the absence of clear editorial standards for literary quality. The insistence on a more clearly defined criteria of artistic excellence--criteria that would presumably facilitate the insistor's appearance in print--alternates with criticism of artistic norms as too restrictive. And yet the contradiction implicit in this alternation is rarely addressed. One would expect that the last thing a young Soviet writer would want, even if it promised publication, is more rigidly defined artistic standards; standards that bring literary discussions back to production-line metaphors of an earlier era. And yet the younger generation--writers currently between twenty and forty--is composed of the same range of personalities as its predecessors. So familiar, in fact, are both the players and the game that one sometimes has a feeling of déjà vu.

The recently deceased Carl Proffer, probably the leading American specialist on contemporary Russian literature, wrote an article a decade ago in The New York Review of Books about the then-current literary scene during the time of his November 1975 visit to Moscow and Leningrad.⁴ He pointed to indications that liberalizations might slowly be resuming: Aksekov's lectures at U.C.L.A. in the summer of 1975, Vinokurov's visit to the University of Kansas, Akhmadulina's anticipated visit to the United States. Ten years have passed since Proffer's article, and, in cataloguing events in the literary community here, one could neither claim that the anticipated liberalizations have been carried out, nor that the literary scene has changed substantially;

it is a case, to misquote a non-literary source, of one step forward, one step back: Akhmadulina never did receive permission to visit the United States (although she visited there briefly anyway), Aksenov was exiled to the West in July 1980, Valentin Rasputin and other writers have been granted official permission to give lectures at U.S. universities. The period characterized as stability by the Soviet press, as stagnation by the Western press, continues in literature as in other aspects of Soviet culture.

And yet, however unremitting the picture seems to be through Western eyes, one cannot go so far as to agree with statements made by such commanding figures as Voinovich, for example, to the effect that the quality of Soviet literary journals has fallen to a level lower than that of the Stalin era, or Mme. Mandelstam's famous response to a question about the current literary scene: "What literary scene?" However appealing it may be to turn one's back, in the first instance, on literature written within the Soviet Union in favor of emigré literature, or, in the second instance, on the literature of today because of masterpieces of a previous era, a more careful, if less cathartic assessment leads to the acknowledgement that the contemporary literary landscape here is peopled by a number of interesting and talented writers, no less talented than, if very different from Aksenov and Voinovich when they themselves were part of the literary scene within this country. This is the case whether one chooses to look at official, established writers, or at unofficial, lesser-known authors; at multinational--i.e., non-Russian minority-writers, such as Matevosian (Armenian) and Amiredzhibi (Georgian); at the Moscow School writers, such as Makanin, Kireev, and Kim; or at the so-called Meta-metaphorists, such as Aleksandr Eremenko, whose work in some respects revives the experiments of the Oberiuty.⁶ Talented writers, whether in 1975 or in 1985, are no easier to find among the thousands of mediocre writers in Moscow alone, than they ever were; but to deny their existence is to substitute (at their expense) drama for accuracy.

II

One such author whose work shows considerable promise is Elena Makarova, a Moscow prose writer in her early thirties. Three books by Makarova have recently appeared. The Spool (Katushka) and Overfilled Days (Perepolnennyye dni) are collections of short stories; her most recent volume "Free the Elephant" ("Osvobodite slona") is a collection of one-to three-page philosophical essays on her experiences as an art teacher for pre-school children at what the editor describes as an experimental studio of aesthetic education; in simpler terms, apparently, an art school attended by children after morning kindergarten classes.

Raised in Baku, the capital of the Soviet republic Azerbaidzhan, Makarova received an academic degree in arts with specialization in sculpting. Her artistic work, however, extends well beyond this area, and includes illustrations that accompany her own short stories. She also studied at the Gorkii Literary Institute, where she was a student of Vladimir Makanin. She is the daughter of the poet Inna Lisnianskaia and currently lives near Moscow with her husband and two children, aged three and five.

Makarova's writing does not fit in easily within the established groups of of the Moscow literary community. It derives from the Moscow School; it belongs most comfortably to a category of writers who can be grouped together not because of personal acquaintance or stylistic affinity, but by thematic similarity: women's writing about contemporary everyday life, what the Russians describe using that untranslatable word byt, the daily grind, humdrum existence. Marina Kudimova's poems, Petrushevskaja's plays, and, with some reservations, novellas by Irina Grekova, Natal'ia Baranskaia, and Maia Ganina all could be included in this group of writers. Their grouping together is in some measure artificial, in the sense that they are not apparently involved in artistic give-and-take as much as they are in parallel, analogous kinds of writing that grows out of lived experience of urban life.



Elena Makarova

Makarova's short stories and novellas, which range in length from two to eighty

pages, draw largely on material from the author's own background: the urban, educated Russian intelligentsia.⁸ Her characters are teachers, artists, musicians, writers, researchers; occasionally, she attempts characters or settings outside that realm, as in the short story "Uncle Pasha" ("Diadia Pasha"), whose eponymous hero is a retired sailor, working as a character

model in an art institute, or in "Herbs from Odessa" ("Travy iz Odessy"), in which the heroine ventures into the demi-monde of women trafficking in herbal cures. More typically, however, Makarova's settings, characters, and plots are familiar to the average Russian intelligent who makes up her readership and are recognisable in a generic sense as a part of the so-called urban or Moscow School of writing, of which Iurii Trifonov (1925-81) is the best known representative.⁹ As prose replaced poetry as the dominant genre of the seventies, a trend which continues in the present decade, the Moscow School became the source of novellas, short stories, and novels that employed an understated, ambiguous, and reflective prose style to probe the psychological problems of the urban intelligentsia, problems based on strained marital and filial relations, overcrowding, generational conflict, purposelessness in one's work, and pessimism about the possibility of building a happier life. One of several traits that distinguishes Makarova from other urban writers is her choice of major characters. Unlike Trifonov's settled, but discontented middle-aged men, or Kireev's ill-matched professional couples, Makarova typically chooses the perspective of the young heroine, whose age may range from the pre-school narrator of "Treasure" ("Zolotse") to the young schoolteacher of "The Gap" ("Promezhok"). Her best writing often takes as its central character the teenage girl whose perceptions about adult relations are acute, but whose level of emotional maturity is inadequate to deal with those perceptions.

Such is the case, for example, in "Herbs from Odessa," in which the heroine, Lenka, travels alone to that Ukrainian city to buy healing herbs for her dying grandfather. Lenka describes in first-person narration her lodging with a middle-aged retarded woman and subsequent purchase of medicinal herbs at inflated prices from worldly, mercantile dealers, profiteering from the incurable illnesses of others. Returning home, the heroine presents her grandfather with the ghastly mixture she has bought:

I triumphantly carried the bottle with the extract into the medicine-scented room. I poured a tablespoon of the sticky, black liquid from the precious bottle into a wine glass and held it out to grandfather.

His eyes clouded from pain, grandfather looked at the faceted glass, which promised him deliverance.

"Lift me up," he ordered, and I pulled him by his arms, helping him to sit up.

"Oh, God," grandfather whispered, and, frowning, took the glass from my hands. "I'll do it myself," he said and raised the herbal mixture to his lips. "Poison! That's poison!" he screamed out, flinging the glass away.

He wouldn't touch the herbs again. He was expiring quickly and horribly. In moments of clarity he looked at me with swollen, guilty eyes:

"Such bitter, bitter stuff, Lenka, such bitter stuff could not heal a human being."¹⁰

This conclusion is characteristic of Makarova's writing: it is not that

the heroine failed to save her grandfather's life, but rather that, out of inexperience, she failed to perceive the futility of the task. Greater maturity would not ensure success; it would merely ensure a more realistic prediction of the outcome of her efforts. A similar resolution is found in the novella "Bonjour, Papá...and A Curtsey" ("Bonzhur, papá...i kniksen"). Katia, the chubby, plain heroine loves a dissolute but talented violinist, Mitia, who, as the novella opens, is a star student of the Moscow Conservatory. The narrative is a chronicling of her futile pursuit of him, her acquiescence in ill-treatment, and her steadfast refusal to recognise any but sterling qualities in him, base ones in herself. As in "Herbs," the narrative ends with the failure of the goal the heroine has unrealistically set for herself, an outcome clear to the reader virtually from the outset. Makarova deliberately underscores the differences in and incompatibility of the characters by her use of language. Katia's is sown with literary references and high-flown phrases from a different era; Mitia's, on the other hand, is crowded with conservatory-student jargon and slang at times indecipherable even to the street-wise young Russian reader. Each character's speech is in its own way impenetrable: Katia's nineteenth-century effusions protect her from the bitter reality of their relations, while Mitia's smarmy slang protects him from any contact with deeper or more complex emotional responses. As Katia falls increasingly under Mitia's spell, her internal speech becomes a garbled mixture of slang and archaisms, artificially "ennobled" in proportion to her capacity for humiliation:

And in general, [Mitia's] behaviour was a sign of a remarkable personality. Hamsun, my beloved Hamsun was a hysteric and would drive his wife to a frenzy. Turgenev, too, was a fruitcake [khorosh frukt], to say nothing of Dostoevskii. Lermontov was out of it as well. Of course, there were also more peaceful geniuses. Chekhov, for example, but who knows? The fact is that they all needed a calm, composed wife, and I'm just the type. Let him create for eternity, while I shall modestly adorn his leisure hours, live, as they say, as in days of yore. I'll float in a long dress through the halls; read verses to the children, a girl and a boy in little velvet trousers. Mitia will stand in his dress coat by the music stand, and in his rest periods I'll fling open the doors and let the children in to see him. Bonjour, papa, bonjour, papá, and a curtsey. (90)

Katia's parents, well-intentioned but insensitive, are linguistically isolated as well. Her father, whose research and interests are wholly focused on white bears, has no interest in people, and addresses the outside world predominantly in inaccurate English ("What happened, as I was absent?"); together, the parents engage for Katia an English tutor whose sole apparent contribution to Katia's grasp of English is, significantly, the phrase "Love is blind."

Katia fails in her vain pursuit of her beloved Mitia, despite her perseverance through his numerous romances, marriage, fatherhood, and divorce. As in the previous story, Makarova does not permit her heroine the insights presented so unsparingly to the reader. By the end of "Bonjour, Papá,"

Katia, although more jaded than at the outset of the story, is still vulnerable to the charms of her anti-hero. The closing line of the story, spoken in internal monologue by Katia, but still stylistically intermixed with Mitia's speech, suggests that, despite everything, she will return to him ("What about it, huh? Maybe I'll buzz over and console him?").

Katia, with her plodding devotion, is perhaps the least sympathetic though psychologically most developed of Makarova's heroines, and the only one who clearly conspires in, if not insists upon, her own victimization. Elsewhere, the victim-heroine is less in control, as in "The Gap," a short story of a boarding-school teacher alternately adored and tyrannized by her pupils, or "Such a Girl" ("Takia devochka"), which tells of a young girl's attempts to overcome the loss of her baby brother. "Treasure," undoubtedly the riskiest of Makarova's novellas, insofar as it is told as a first-person narration by a five-year-old girl, relates the deteriorating relations, adultery, and subsequent separation of the child's parents. Their marital conflicts, a theme which runs like a thread through the child's accounts of her days, are sensed but not understood by the heroine, who relates them to the reader in her own jumbled fashion:

And a man came in a black, curly fur coat and a black, curly hat.

Papa isn't drunk. But he hits the fur man in the nose with his fist. Alisa screams: "Help!," and the dogs Kliaksa and Vaksa latch on with their teeth to papa's pant leg. But papa keeps hitting and hitting the man.

"I've been waiting for you, you scum!" says papa quietly, without unclenching his teeth.

Alisa is not Auntie. She doesn't talk about the idea of humanism, but beats first one, then the other with a stick. Blood runs out of the man's nose, and papa has lost a bit of his pants to Kliaksa and Vaksa, who are dashing up and down the corridor with the scrap of cloth.

"Dad!" I tug him by the arm and papa sinks down on the cupboard we keep the shoes in. ...

I am ashamed of papa. This man's a stranger. Maybe he really is bad, but why get so furious and hit a stranger? (187)

Blessed with an unusually keen memory of her own childhood perceptions, Makarova is no doubt also aided by her professional work with children, as well as by her own two children. Taking as a partial model Belyi's Kotik Letaev (1922), a work that also describes family conflict from a child's perspective, Makarova manages to reconstruct the child's point of view without either coyness or editorial commentary. Here, for example, is the heroine's description of a visit to a church, an unusual event in the life of a Soviet child:

Granma Grunia and I went to the Armenian church. God is in all the pictures there. He looks like the king from the deck of cards. He has a black beard and big black

eyes. Granma Grunia kissed the cross in his hand. And then a live god in a long black dress turned up and everybody started crossing themselves. I asked Granma Grunia, "Is that the one who breathed and everything began?" Granma Grunia shushed me, but when we went out of the church she said that the live one was a priest but that the one that made everything is in the pictures, in the icons. I half believe it and half don't. (172)

Makarova shares with Moscow School writers an introspective melancholy that borders at times on pessimism (a term of unmitigated opprobrium in Soviet literary criticism). While it is precisely this that, for the Western reader or in the private views of some Soviet critics, enriches her stories, it is a quality that may impede her acceptability by the literary establishment, particularly in view of the fact that her principal theme is childhood and teenage experience. At the same time, however, her works are not permeated with the same air of hopelessness as one would find most starkly in Trifonov's late novellas. By shifting the narrative focus from the experiences of adulthood to those of youth, Makarova examines issues of moral compromise in the context of their formation, not in their unanticipated consequences, a dominant approach in urban prose. This generational shift results in three significant differences between Makarova's novellas and those of other Moscow School writers. First, the political dimension implicit in any artistic representation of the older generation is replaced in Makarova's work by a more intensive psychological interest in the younger one. Second, an examination of the young heroine's psychological processes privileges a different set of artistic devices: flashback and reminiscences, for example, are replaced in Makarova's young heroines by extensive use of internal monologue, as the narrator tries to make sense of her surroundings. Third, loss of illusion, the destruction of an ideal, and the harsh imposition of reality leave Makarova's twelve- to sixteen- or twenty-five-year-old heroines with a very different set of alternatives than they do for the more traditional middle-aged hero. Her stories are rescued from a complete sense of futility by her heroines' sense of curiosity about the nature of their own powerlessness. The frequently heard accusations by Soviet critics that the entire Moscow School is obsessed with a kind of privileged malaise bespeaking the absence of an honest day's work, that its writing represents a kind of society tale turned sour, that its characters do not even have "real" problems, lose whatever faint ring of truth they might have had in these stories of children ill-equipped to cope with the complexities of the adult relations they perceive around them.

Makarova's work, set in the context not of Moscow School writers, but of other contemporary women writers, reveals, so to speak, a different set of differences. In the context of women's writing, what is striking about her work is its avoidance of the dominant themes in contemporary novellas: the conflict between domestic and professional demands, for example, the model for which is surely "A Week Like Any Other" ("Nedelia kak nedelia") by Natal'ia Baranskaia (1908-); the story of the "strong, capable woman," such as those by Maiia Ganina (1927-); the theme of the modern, professional

woman's increasing alienation from her love relationship, as in "Summertime in Town" ("Letom v gorode") by Irina Grekova (1907-), or, its narrative opposite, her turning away from work back into the domestic rewards of love and childbearing, as in Grekova's "The Department" ("Kafedra"). The woman writer's "eternal triangle"—work-love-progeny—is a source of endless plots in contemporary writing. It is in fact a rich enough narrative vein that the mining of it can lead many talented women writers far away from their male readers, who do not generally venture into such mineshafts. Ganina and Grekova, in part because of the sheer length of their writing careers (each has been active as a writer for some thirty years), escape literary ghettoization by the range and variety of the work they undertake: Grekova's "Beyond the Gate" ("Za prokhodnoi") or her "On Manoeuvres" ("Na ispytaniakh"), for example, could hardly be classified as typical women's issues.

What salvages Makarova's writing from ghettoization is her examination not of the dynamics of work-love-progeny, with all their limitless demands and limited choices, but of how the young heroine lived before all that, a pre-history, so to speak, of the adult woman. Thus, while Makarova shares with these two older women writers, arguably the best-known women prose-writers in the Soviet Union today, an involvement in "research of life through the fate of women,"¹¹ a more significant similarity with these two writers is more mediated than a concern for issues of gender in isolation. With Ganina, Makarova shares a concern for the survival of the sensitive, spiritual side of human nature, even though embodied in the social misfit, such as the young woman artist in Makarova's "Uncle Pasha." With Grekova, she shares an interest in the intersection of artistic creativity with other kinds of social production. The endless debates about poetry in the scientific institute of Grekova's "Beyond the Gate" or the coiffure creations of the hero in "Ladies Hairdresser" ("Damskii master"), for example, reflect the same need to integrate art and life as one finds in the heroines of Makarova's "Uncle Pasha" or "Fish-Needle" ("Ryba-igla").

Makarova's literary ancestors among women writers are to be found not only in the previous generation, but also in a much more distant one, namely that of Elena Gan (1814-42) and Karolina Pavlova (1807-93), with their concern for the young girl's upbringing and the ways in which it affects intellectual and creative resources. The heroine of Makarova's Bildungsprozess (the lived experience that forms a character's world view) is seen with somewhat more compassion and affectionate humor by her creator than is the heroine of Pavlova's "A Double Life" ("Dvoinaia zhizn"), the best known of these novellas, and yet the historical link is unquestionably there. Katia's right in "Bonjour, Papa..." to a disastrous choice for the object of her affections reads in places like a parody of nineteenth-century George-Sandism, the concern in literature for the woman's right to choose her own beloved rather than be chosen.

At present, the range of Makarova's published writing is narrow. Whether this accurately reflects her writing as a whole is difficult to judge. Any distinct evolution to her work is therefore equally hard to establish. Within the limits she sets for herself in published pieces, she is a consistently perceptive and skilled writer. Some of the more interesting contemporary

developments in narrative technique might well be tried out by this young writer: Anatolii Kim's and Irina Grekova's use of alternating or multiple narrative voices, Chingiz Aitmatov's intermingling of history and myth, Andrei Bitov's use of intellectual and essayistic digression.¹² All could provide invaluable resources for her future writing, particularly as concerns the world of childhood, with its mysterious and creative recasting of adult realities.



Nancy B. Condee

¹ This restaurant, known as the Oak Room, originally housed the entire Union. It is described by Tolstoi in War and Peace as the site of the Masonic Lodge that accepted the hero Pierre Bezukhov into its ranks. Legend has it that the widow of the pre-Revolutionary owner, herself an emigrée in the United States, once visited the hall and expressed surprise when she was led into the small chamber now housing the office of Party functionaries. "And to think," she is said to have exclaimed, "that this was once my boudoir!" The Writers' Union restaurant, long a center for endless conversations about the future of literature, accompanied by countless bottles of cognac, vodka, and champagne, actually instated an in-house dry law well in advance of Gorbachev's June 1st crackdown on alcohol. By mid-May already, only beer could be purchased in the Union's bar, café, and restaurant. This gave rise to all kinds of new speculations about the future of literature, now bereft of its principal catalyst. Some maintained that the literary level would plummet catastrophically with the increased difficulty of obtaining hard liquor; others maintained that certain writers, deprived of the opportunity of spending hours in the Union arguing and drinking, might actually go home and write something worthwhile.

² A. Shalganov, "'A chem ia khuzhe!'" Literaturnaia gazeta, 9 January 1985, p. 5.

³ Shalganov, p. 5.

⁴ Carl R. Proffer, "Writing in the Shadow of the Monolith," The New York Review of Books, 19 February 1975, pp. 8-10, 12.

⁵ Proffer, p. 8

⁶ The Oberiuty, or members of the Association of Real Art (Ob"edinenie real'nogo iskusstva), were an avant-garde group of writers and artists of the late twenties. They include Daniil Kharms, Aleksandr Vvedenskii, Nikolai Zabolotskii, and others. See Kharms, Polnoe sobranie sochinenii, 3 vols., ed. Mikhail Meilakh and Vladimir Erl' (Bremen, 1978-80 /ongoing/); Vvedenskii, Polnoe sobranie sochinenii, 2 vols., ed. Mikhail Meilakh (Ann Arbor, 1980-84); Zabolotskii, Sobranie sochinenii, 3 vols. (Moscow, 1984). For English translation, see Russia's Lost Literature of the Absurd, ed. George Gibian (Ithaca, 1971).

⁷ Katushka (Moscow, 1978); Perepolnennye dni (Moscow, 1982); "Osvobodite slona" (Moscow, 1985).

⁸ I use this term in its broadest possible meaning—i.e., workers engaged in non-physical labor—rather than its narrow designation (intellectuals critical of the existing regime). For a useful discussion of the numerous variations of this rather confusing word, see The Russian Intelligentsia ed. Richard Pipes (New York, 1960).

⁹ Trifonov, Izbrannye proizvedeniia, 2 vols. (Moscow, 1978); Povesti (Moscow, 1978). For English translation, see The Long Goodbye: Three Novellas, tr. H.P. Burlingame and E. Proffer (Ann Arbor, 1978); Another Life and The House on the Embankment, tr. Michael Glenny (New York, 1983).

¹⁰ Perepolnennye dni, pp. 54-55. Translation here and elsewhere is mine. Subsequent quotations are from this volume and page numbers are given in parentheses.

¹¹ Rena Sheiko, "Na semi vetrakh," Literaturnaia gazeta, 12 December 1984, p. 5; Ganina, Izbrannoe (Moscow, 1983); Grekova, Kafedra (Moscow, 1983). For English translation, see Grekova, The Ship of Widows, tr. Cathy Porter (London, 1985). See also Xenia Gasiorowska, Women Soviet Fiction: 1917-1964 (Madison, 1968); Women in Russian Literature, Russian Literature Triquarterly 9, ed. Carl and Ellendea Proffer (1974).

¹² See Natal'ia Ivanova, "O zhivom i zastyvshem: polemicheskie zametki o sovremennom rasskaze," Literaturnoe obozrenie, no. 2, 1985, pp. 20-26; O. Kling, "Sovremennaia proza: mnogomernost' slova..." Voprosy literatury, June, 1984, pp. 232-38.

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