



POETRY AND MUSIC EVENING

celebrating Marina Tsvetaeva's 130th Birthday



MARINA TSVETAEVA (1892-1941)

The 8th of October marks 130 years since the birth of Marina Ivanovna Tsvetaeva, a famous Russian poet, prose writer and playwright. Her work is considered to be among some of the greatest in Russian literature of the 20th century. Tsvetaeva lived through, and wrote of, the 1917 Russian Revolution and the Moscow famine that followed it. In an attempt to save her daughter Irina from starvation, she placed her in a state orphanage in 1919, where Irina died of hunger. Tsvetaeva left Russia in 1922 and lived with her family in increasing poverty in Paris, Berlin and Prague before returning to Moscow in 1939. Her husband Sergei Efron and their daughter Ariadna (Alya) were arrested on espionage charges in 1941, soon after that her husband was executed. Tsvetaeva committed suicide in 1941. As a lyrical poet, her passion and daring linguistic experimentation mark her out as a striking chronicler of her times and the depths of the human condition. The work of Marina Tsvetaeva developed in line with the tradition of Acmeism. Her lyrics are characterized by confession, emotional expression and hyperbolic imagery. This is poetry not of experience, but of passion and its effects. The constant motifs of loneliness, rejection and alienation, which had already appeared in the early lyrics, were reinforced by the further circumstances of her life.

CamRuSS is a volunteer-run charity. Please support us by becoming a member, donating or offering Gift Aid to help organise more events and community projects.

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Thank you for your support!

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PROGRAMME

Part I. Elena Toponogova, piano

Frederik Chopin, *Nocturnes op.27 no 2 in D flat major*

Frederik Chopin, *Etude op.10 no 9 in F minor*

Sergey Rachmaninov, *Etudes-tableaux* op.39 no 2 and 5*

Sergey Rachmaninov, *Musical moments op.16 in B minor and D flat major*

Nikolai Medtner, *Sonata-Reminiscenza* op.38*

Nikolai Medtner, *Fairytales* in F minor op.26 no 3*

INTERMISSION – 10 minutes

Part II. Poetry Readings

Three actresses from the Xameleon Theatre, Maria Blatstein, Elena Knight and Vlada Lemeshevskaya, will share their personal readings of Tsvetaeva's poems with a piano accompaniment by Maria Blatstein: three women, three destinies, three perceptions of freedom and life seen through the prism of Marina Tsvetaeva's works from different periods, including excerpts from *Insomnia* directed by Dmitry Turchaninov. The full list of poems that will be read can be found at the end of this programme leaflet.

Music recital by Alice Ruffle (violin) and Peter Hewitt (piano)

Igor Stravinsky, *Suite Italienne* (for violin and piano)

Poetry reading by Dmitry Turchaninov

Rainer Maria Rilke's poetry in a translation by Boris Pasternak and Marina Tsvetaeva. Please see the poems in Russian and English in this programme leaflet.

* * *

Please support our collective plea for peace.

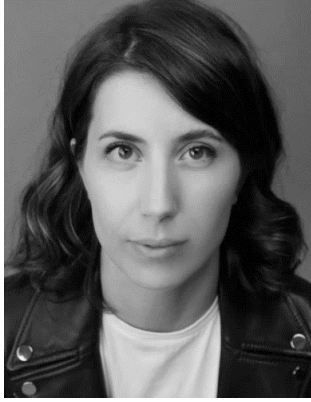
Proceeds contribute to the *CamRuSS for Ukraine Hardship Fund*.



XAMELEON THEATRE is a London based theatre company working with artists originally from former Iron Curtain countries. Working with migrant artists with an Eastern, Northern European, Russian or Central Asian background, Xameleon Theatre draws its inspiration from the varied theatrical traditions of these regions. Xameleon creates bold, contemporary

adaptations of classical texts. Find out more at xameleontheatre.com

VLADA LEMESHEVSKA is an actress and theatre maker originally from Riga, Latvia. She trained as an



actress in London at the East 15 Acting School and graduated with a Master of Fine Arts in Acting. She participated in residencies at Shakespeare's Globe and the Russian Institute of Theatre Arts (GITIS, Moscow). In 2015, Vlada took part in the Summer Theatre School in Moscow, where she worked with some of the most prominent Russian theatre practitioners. Her acting credits include the roles of Suzanne in *The Marriage of Figaro*, Nora in *A Doll's House*, Antigone in *ANTI-GONE* and various roles in *Anna Karenina* and *Love in a Nutshell*. Vlada is also a producer and Artistic Director of the Xameleon Theatre.

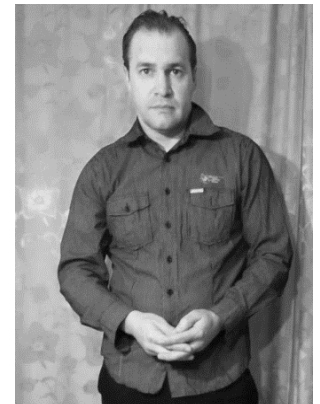
MARIA BLATSTEIN is a London-based actress and pianist. Maria was born in Mariupol, Ukraine, and graduated from Technion – Israel Institute of Technology. She has been living in Britain since 2007 and studied acting at the City Academy and Actors Studio in London. Maria has performed in several musical, theatrical and film projects, including *Love in a Nutshell* by the Xameleon Theatre and *The Cry of the Queen* by Orzu Arts. She is also a permanent cast member of LiveWired, the improvisation comedy troupe.



LENA KNIGHT is a Russian-born British actress based in London. Lena graduated from the Nizhny Novgorod Drama Academy which is affiliated with Moscow Arts Theatre School in Russia and, since then, has worked extensively as a stage actress. She has worked in the repertory theatres, Kostroma State Drama Theatre and Pushkin Pskov Drama Theatre, playing various roles including Irina in *Three Sisters* and Masha in *The Seagull*. She then moved to Saint Petersburg, where she worked in the theatre, playing roles such as Catherine the Great and Larisa in Ostrovky's *Without the Dowry*. Since moving to London in 2000, Lena has been working as an actress, acting and movement teacher and a

theatre director.

DMITRY TURCHANINOV is a London-based theatre director and actor. He graduated as an actor from the Lithuanian Academy of Music and Theatre. He then joined the Lithuanian Russian Theatre in Vilnius and played various roles, including the leading roles in *Vassa Zheleznova* by Maxim Gorky, *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams and *Wrongly Accused* by Ostrovsky. Dmitry performed the main role in the show *Walking with Dinosaurs* which was staged in Saint-Petersburg (Russia) in association with BBC Worldwide. Dmitry also trained as a director, graduating with an MA in directing from Moscow Arts Theatre School. He moved to London in 2011, having previously directed plays in Vilnius and Saratov. He is an adaptation of Chekhov's short stories, *Love in a Nutshell*, Ibsen's *A Doll's House* and Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina* for the Xameleon Theatre.



ELENA TOPONOGOVA is a concert pianist and chamber musician based in London. Her main interest is in



Russian music with a special focus on the music of Nikolai Medtner. In 2017, Elena received a Master of Performance degree from the Royal College of Music, studying under Norma Fisher. Her studies were generously supported by the Norah Seary Trust, the Altrusa Careers Trust, the Future of Russia Foundation and the Tsukanov Family Foundation. She also studied at the Academie de Musique Riviera in Switzerland with Pavel Gililov thanks to the Help Musicians UK Fund grant. Elena has taken part in many international festivals (Chichester Festival, Bloomsbury Festival and the Timani Music Festival in Oslo, etc.). She has performed as a soloist and chamber musician in the UK, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Russia and has appeared at the prestigious Rachmaninov Hall of the Moscow State Tchaikovsky

Conservatoire, Salzburg Wiener Saal, Amaryllis Fleming Hall, V&A Museum and St.Martin-in-the-Fields among many others.



ALICE RUFFLE is a Cambridge-based violinist. She studied at Clare College, Cambridge and the Royal Academy of Music. In recent months she has played with the Musique Cordiale Festival Orchestra, East Anglia Chamber Orchestra and Mitchison Ensemble and has led the Norfolk Symphony Orchestra and Elysian Players. Alice teaches Latin, Italian and Classical Greek at the Perse Upper School, where she also coaches chamber music, and is a big fan of Max Pimenov's 'Comprehensible Russian Podcast'.

PETER HEWITT is a pianist who devotes his time to solo piano playing, chamber music and Lieder. Over the last 30 years he has



built up many long term musical partnerships and has given over a thousand concerts playing an average of 60 concerts each season. His recital work regularly takes him all around the UK, America & the Middle East. Peter has devoted a large proportion of his concert playing to giving charity fundraising concerts. During the lockdown he devised and recorded Beethoven piano sonatas for BBC Bitesize, which is available on YouTube, where he talked about, and then played, single movements from Beethoven's piano sonatas. Peter's repertoire includes

mainstream works from Bach to Prokofiev, but he also has a strong interest in the works of contemporary composers and has given many world premiere performances. He has recorded for BBC Radio and Television, broadcast on Radio 3, Classic FM, Australian Broadcasting Company and New Zealand Radio and has also made critically acclaimed commercial recordings for LITmus, Tremula and Meridian.

THE CAMBRIDGE RUSSIAN-SPEAKING SOCIETY (CAMRUSS)

CamRuSS unite people who speak or are learning the Russian language or are interested in Russian culture and way of life; we support communication, cooperation and fun-sharing between these people. The purpose of the CamRuSS is to further the understanding of Russian language and culture, and this extends equally to all the countries for whom this is a shared heritage. In February, 2022, with the help of our volunteers we launched the *CamRuSS for Ukraine* initiative, through which we offer support and essential up-to-date information to Ukrainian guests and their host families. www.camruss.com.

Педадь

Сколь пронзительная, столь же
Сглаживающая даль.
Дольше — дольше — дольше — дольше!
Это — правая педадь.

После жизненных радуший
В смерть — заведомо не жаль.
Глуше — глуше — глуше — глуше:
Это — левая педадь.

Памяти гудящий Китеж —
Правая! Летейских вод
Левую бери: глушитель
Длителя перепоеет.

От участковых, от касто-
вых — уставшая (заметь!)
Жизнь не хочет жить... но часто
Смерть не хочет умереть!

Требует! Из всех безмясых
Клавишей, разбитых в ряд.
(Левой педадью гасят,
Правой педадью длят...)

Лязгает! Как змей из фальши
Клавишей, разбитых в гуд...
Дальше, дальше, дальше, дальше
Правой педадью лгут!

Pedals

(before Rachmaninov, *Etudes-tableaux, opus 39*)

As the distance pierces, likewise
It the distance does caress.
Longer – longer – longer – longer!
The right pedal, this one is.

It's no pity to be dying
After seeing life in bliss.
Deafer – deafer – deafer – deafer:
The left pedal, this one is.

Memory's humming Kitez -
Right! Lethan water's
Take the left: the deafener
Will out-sing the longerer.

From the plot ones, notice,
From the cast ones having tired,
Life doesn't want to live... but often
Death does not desire to die!

It demands! From all the meatless
Keys, all broken up in row.
(With left pedal they do deafen,
With right pedal they prolong...)

It clangs! Like snake out of the falseness
Of keys, broken up all the way...
Further, further, further, further,
With right pedal they do lie!

Translated by Ilya Shambat

Обреченная (отрывок)

Бледные ручки коснулись рояля
Медленно, словно без сил.
Звуки запели, томленьем печалы.
Кто твои думы смутил,
Бледная девушка, там, у рояля?

Doomed. Excerpt (before Medtner's Sonata)

Grand piano was touched by pale hands,
Slowly, as if without strength.
Sounds began to sing with languor of sadness.
Who your thought has confused,
Pale girl at the grand piano?

Translated by Ilya Shambat

Декабрьская сказка

Мы слишком молоды, чтобы простить
Тому, кто в нас развеял чары.
Но, чтоб о нём, ушедшем, не грустить,
Мы слишком стары!

Был замок розовый, как зимняя заря,
Как мир — большой, как ветер — древний.
Мы были дочери почти царя,
Почти царевны.

Отец — волшебник был, седой и злой;
Мы, рассердясь, его сковали;
По вечерам, склоняясь над золой,
Мы колдовали;

Оленя быстрого из рога пили кровь,
Сердца разглядывали в лупы...
А тот, кто верить мог, что есть любовь,
Казался глупый.

Однажды вечером пришёл из тьмы
Печальный принц в одежде серой.
Он говорил без веры, ах, а мы
Внимали с верой.

Рассвет декабрьский глядел в окно,
Алели робким светом дали...
Ему спалось и было всё равно,
Что мы страдали!

Мы слишком молоды, чтобы забыть
Того, кто в нас развеял чары.
Но, чтоб опять так нежно полюбить —
Мы слишком стары!

December Tale (before Medtner's Fairtale)

Him, who in us dispelled the spell,
We are too young to forgive.
But we're too old for him that's gone
Not to grieve!

Palace was pink, like winter dawn,
Like the wind – ancient, like the world – big.
We were almost empresses
Or nearly daughters of the king.

Father was mage, gray-haired and mean;
We, angry, bound him with a chain;
And often, bending over ash,
On evenings we did hex;

We drank from horn the deer's blood,
At hearts through lens we peered...
And he who believed there is love
Like fool appeared.

Once in the evening came from the dark
A mournful prince clothed all in gray. He spoke
without faith, and we
Could hear in faith.

December dawn in window peered,
Reddened with timid light afar...
He slept and he did not care
That we had suffered!

Him, who in us dispelled the spell,
We are too young to forgive.
But, we're too old once again
To tenderly love.

Translated by Ilya Shambat

Part 2. Poetry reading by Maria Blatstein, Elena Knight and Vlada Lemeshevskaya

1. *Вот опять окно / There is a light that shines*
2. *Какой нибудь предок мой был скрипач / Some ancestor of mine was a violinist*
3. *После бессонной ночи / After a sleepless night my body grows weaker*
4. *Все повторяю первый стих / The table has been set for six*
5. *Я бы хотела жить с вами в маленьком городе / I'd like to live with you*
6. *В огромном городе моем ночь / In my enormous city there is night*
7. *О слезы на глазах / Tears in the eyes appear*
8. *Сад / Garden*

Вот опять окно

Вот опять окно,
Где опять не спят.
Может – пьют вино,
Может – так сидят.
Или просто – рук
Не разнимут двое.
В каждом доме, друг,
Есть окно такое.
Не от свеч, от ламп темнота зажглась:
От бессонных глаз!
Крик разлук и встреч –
Ты, окно в ночи!
Может – сотни свеч,
Может – три свечи...
Нет и нет уму
Моему покоя.
И в моем дому
Завелось такое.

Помолись, дружок, за бессонный дом,
За окно с огнем!

23 декабря 1916 г.

There is a light that shines

There is a light that shines
From behind a shade.
Maybe they drink wine,
Maybe they hold hands,
Maybe they just sit as
They please.
Every home has
A window just like this.
Burning lights are not from stars:
From restless eyes!
Screams of parting pain –
You're the blaze that's lit.
Maybe a hundred flames,
Maybe only three.
Lost my sleep and calm,
Ringing an alarm.
It's my home light
Now burns all night.

Say a prayer, dear, for the sleepless plight,
For the home with the light.

23 December 1916. Translated by Irene Gersh

Какой-нибудь предок мой был — скрипач

Какой-нибудь предок мой был — скрипач,
Наездник и вор при этом.
Не потому ли мой нрав бродяч
И волосы пахнут ветром!
Не он ли, смуглый, крадёт с арбы
Рукой моей — абрикосы,
Виновник страстной моей судьбы,
Курчавый и горбоносый.
Дивясь на пахаря за сохой,
Вертел между губ — шиповник.
Плохой товарищ он был, — лихой
И ласковый был любовник!
Любитель трубки, луны и бус,
И всех молодых соседок...
Ещё мне думается, что — трус
Был мой желтоглазый предок.

Some ancestor of mine

Some ancestor of mine was a violinist
and a thief into the bargain.
Does this explain my vagrant disposition
and hair that smells of the wind?
Dark, curly-haired, hook-nosed, he is
the one who steals apricots
from the cart, using my hand. Yes,
He is responsible for my fate.
Admiring the ploughman at his labour,
he used to twirl a dog rose
in his lips. He was always unreliable
as a friend, but a tender lover.
Fond of his pipe, the moon, beads, and all
the young women in the neighbourhood...
I think he may have also been a coward,
my yellow-eyed ancestor.

Что, душу чёрту продав за грош,
Он в полночь не шёл кладбищем!
Ещё мне думается, что нож
Носил он за голенищем.
Что не однажды из-за угла
Он прыгал — как кошка — гибкий...
И почему-то я поняла,
Что он — не играл на скрипке!
И было всё ему нипочём, —
Как снег прошлогодний — летом!
Таким мой предок был скрипачом.
Я стала — таким поэтом.

June 23, 1915

His soul was sold for a farthing,
so he did not walk at midnight
in the cemetery. He may have worn
a knife tucked in his boot.
Perhaps he pounced round corners
like a sinuous cat.
I wonder suddenly: did
he even play the violin?
I know nothing mattered to him
any more than last year's snow.
That's what he was like, my ancestor.
And that's the kind of poet I am.

23 June 1915, translated by Elaine Feinstein

После бессонной ночи слабеет тело

После бессонной ночи слабеет тело,
Милым становится и не своим,— ничьим,
В медленных жилах еще занывают стрелы,
И улыбаешься людям, как серафим.
После бессонной ночи слабеют руки,
И глубоко равнодушен и враг и друг.
Целая радуга в каждом случайном звуке,
И на морозе Флоренцией пахнет вдруг.
Нежно светлеют губы, и тень золоче
Возле запавших глаз. Это ночь зажгла
Этот светлейший лик,— и от темной ночи
Только одно темнеет у нас — глаза.

19 июля 1916 г.

After a sleepless night my body grows weaker

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, and that is it.

19 July 1916, translated by Nina Kossman

Все повторяю первый стих

Все повторяю первый стих
И все переправляю слово:
«Я стол накрыл на шестерых»...
Ты одного забыл — седьмого.

Невесело вам вшестером.
На лицах — дождевые струи...
Как мог ты за таким столом
Седьмого позабыть — седьмую...

The table has been set for six

One word. My lips can't help but fix
One word as I rehearse your verses.
“The table has been set for six...”
You've missed one more, the seventh person.

There is much sadness in all six.
Your faces are like rainy heavens...
How could you, to a feast like this,
Forget to summon her, the seventh ...

Невесело твоим гостям,
Бездействует графин хрустальный.
Печально – им, печален – сам,
Непозванная – всех печальней.
Невесело и несветло.
Ах! не едите и не пьете.
– Как мог ты позабыть число?
Как мог ты ошибиться в счете?

Как мог, как смел ты не понять,
Что шестеро (два брата, третий –
Ты сам – с женой, отец и мать)
Есть семеро – раз я на свете!

Ты стол накрыл на шестерых,
Но шестерыми мир не вымер.
Чем пугалом среди живых –
Быть призраком хочу – с твоими,
(Своими)...Робкая как вор,
О – *ни души* не задевая! –
За непоставленный прибор
Сажусь незваная, седьмая.

Раз! – опрокинула стакан!
И все, что жаждало пролиться, –
Вся соль из глаз, вся кровь из ран
– Со скатерти – на половицы.
И – гроба нет! Разлуки – нет!
Стол расколдован, дом разбужен.
Как смерть – на свадебный обед,
Я – жизнь, пришедшая на ужин.

...Никто: не брат, не сын, не муж,
Не друг – и все же укоряю:
– Ты, стол накрывший на шесть – *души*,
Меня не посадивший – с краю.

6 марта 1941 г.

There is much sadness in your guests.
The crystalline carafe is idle.
You are heartbroken, they depressed,
Disconsolate – the Unentitled.
There is much grief and little light.
Ah! – food and drink – you'd do without.
How could you dare not get it right?
How could you err on this account?

How dared you never realise
That six (two brothers, then your parents,
Your wife and you yourself) give rise
To seven souls – for, I am there!

You've set the table for all six.
That doesn't set the rest a desert.
Than be a dread midst living things,
I want to be a ghost together
With your (hence also my) sextet.
Oh, timid like a thief, tonight at
The non-existing diner's set
I'll slip, the seventh, uninvited.

Whoops! – knocked a glass! And all that could
Be shed, that craved for spilling out:
Salt from the eyes, blood from the wounds,
Poured downward to the under-ground.
And – none is missing! none deceased!
The home awake, carafe enabled.
Like Death at an engagement feast,
I'm Life, at the remembrance table...

Son, brother, husband? – Not at all,
Nor friend – and nonetheless I'm charging:
“You set the table for six souls,
And didn't leave for me – a margin.”

6 March 1941, translated by Alexander Giventa, Elysee Wilson-Egolf

Я бы хотела жить с вами в маленьком городе

...Я бы хотела жить с Вами
В маленьком городе,

I'd like to live with you

I would like to live with you
in a one-horse town

Где вечные сумерки
И вечные колокола.
И в маленькой деревенской гостинице –
Тонкий звон
Старинных часов – как капельки времени.
И иногда, по вечерам, из какой-нибудь мансарды –
Флейта,
И сам флейтист в окне.
И большие тюльпаны на окнах.
И может быть, Вы бы даже меня любили...
* * *

Посреди комнаты огромная изразцовая печка,
На каждом изразце – картинка:
Роза – сердце – корабль. –
А в единственном окне –
Снег, снег, снег.
Вы бы лежали – каким я Вас люблю: ленивый,
Равнодушный, беспечный.
Изредка резкий треск
Спички.
Папироса горит и гаснет,
И долго – долго дрожит на ее краю
Серым коротким столбиком – пепел.
Вам даже лень его стряхивать –
И вся папироса летит в огонь.
10 декабря 1916 г.

where it's always dusk
and bells don't stop chiming
and the pubs echo
with old clocks
time drizzling
and sometimes, at sundown, from an attic
a flute
and the player in the window
framed by big tulips
and if you didn't love me, I wouldn't care.
* * *

In the centre of our room – a huge tiled oven
each tile branded with an image
– rose – heart – ship –
and in the single window
snow three times.
You would lie – I love you
like this: idle, indifferent, carefree.
Now and then, the fizz
of a struck match,
the roll-up glowing down
to a tremble of ash
suspended
and you too lazy to even flick it
and everything always on fire.

December 1916, Translated by Helen Mort

В огромном городе моём ночь

В огромном городе моём – ночь.
Из дома сонного иду – прочь
И люди думают: жена, дочь, –
А я запомнила одно: ночь.
Июльский ветер мне метет – путь,
И где-то музыка в окне – чуть.
Ах, нынче ветру до зари – дуть
Сквозь стенки тонкие груди – в грудь.
Есть черный тополь, и в окне – свет,
И звон на башне, и в руке – цвет,
И шаг вот этот – никому – вслед,
И тень вот эта, а меня – нет.
Огни – как нити золотых бус,

In my enormous city there is night

In my enormous city, there is night.
Away, from sleeping buildings, I take flight.
The passers-by all ponder: daughter, wife,-
But I remembered one thing only: night.
The mild July wind shows me where to go.
In someone's house, music's playing - low.
Until the sunrise, surely, winds will blow
And pass between my ribs and into – slow.
There's a lit up window and a poplar tree,
A flower in my hand, a church-bell's plea,
This path I take in no one's footsteps - free,
And this lone shadow - there is no me.
Outside, the lamps, like golden beads, blaze,

<p>Ночного листика во рту – вкус. Освободите от дневных уз, Друзья, поймите, что я вам – снюсь.</p> <p><i>17 июля 1916 г., Москва.</i></p>	<p>And in my mouth, - this bitter leaf's taste. My friends, release me from the day's maze. You're merely dreaming all of this, dazed.</p> <p><i>17 July 1916, Translated by A.S. Kline</i></p>
<p>О слезы на глазах!</p> <p>О слезы на глазах! Плач гнева и любви! О Чехия в слезах! Испания в крови! О черная гора, Затмившая — весь свет! Пора — пора — пора Творцу вернуть билет. Отказываюсь — быть. В Бедламе нелюдей Отказываюсь — жить. С волками площадей Отказываюсь — выть. С акулами равнин Отказываюсь плыть — Вниз — по течению спин. Не надо мне ни дыр Ушных, ни вещей глаз. На твой безумный мир Ответ один — отказ.</p> <p><i>15 марта — 11 мая 1939</i></p>	<p>Tears in the eyes appear</p> <p>Tears in the eyes appear! The cry of love and pain! O Czechia in tears! O blood that mires Spain! O mountain of grime, — All colours rendered black! O Lord, it's time — it's time — To give your ticket back! Refusing life — I'm done. In Bedlam of non-men, I choose not — to live on. With wolves around the bend, I'm choosing not — to howl. With sharks that move in packs, I will not swim or prowl On top of people's backs. No holes for ears, withhold My eyes — they're of no use! To such a crazy world, One answer — I refuse!</p> <p><i>Translated by Andrey Kneller</i></p>
<p>Сад</p> <p>За этот ад, За этот бред, Пошли мне сад На старость лет. На старость лет, На старость бед: Рабочих – лет, Горбатых – лет... На старость лет Собачьих – клад: Горячих лет –</p>	<p>Garden</p> <p>After this hell After this misery Send me a garden In my ageing years For my ageing years For my ageing cares For years of slog For crooked years For my ageing years A dog's bone-stash</p>

Прохладный сад...
 Для беглеца
 Мне сад пошли:
 Без ни-лица,
 Без ни-души!
 Сад: ни шажка!
 Сад: ни глазка!
 Сад: ни смешка!
 Сад: ни свистка!
 Без ни-ушка
 Мне сад пошли:
 Без *ни-душка!*
 Без ни-души!

Скажи: довольно муки – на
 Сад – одинокий, как сама.
 (Но около и Сам не стань!)
 – Сад, одинокий, как ты Сам.
 Такой мне сад на старость лет...
 – Тот сад? А может быть – тот свет? –
 На старость лет моих пошли –
 На отпущение души.

1 октября 1934 г.

For scorching years –
 A breezy patch...
 For me the outcast!
 Send down a garden:
 That hasn't a face
 That hasn't a soul!
 Garden: no step-let
 Garden: no eyelet!
 Garden: no giggle!
 Garden: no whistle!
 Unwilling to hear
 Send me a garden
 That hasn't a smell
 That hasn't a soul

Tell me: the torture is over – yes
 The garden – lonely as myself.
 (But don't You dare come near me!)
 The garden's as lonely as You Yourself.
 Such a garden for my ageing years...
 That garden! Or perhaps – that world? –
 For my ageing years, bless me –
 A garden and free my soul.

Translated by Subhash Jaireth

Part 2. Poetry reading by D. Turchaninov

RAINER MARIA RILKE (1875-1926) IN TRANSLATION BY BORIS PASTERNAK AND MARINA TSVETAEVA

1. *За книгой* / *Das Lesende* / *The Man Reading*
2. *Кто нам сказал, что все исчезнет?* / *Who says that all must vanish?*
3. *Радость - что сахар* / *Joy like sugar*
4. *Орфей, Эвридика, Гермес* / *Orpheus, Eurydice, Hermes*

За книгой

перевод с немецкого Б. Пастернака

Я зачитался. Я читал давно.
 С тех пор, как дождь пошёл хлестать в окно.
 Весь с головою в чтение уйдя,
 не слышал я дождя.
 Я вглядывался в строки, как в морщины
 задумчивости, и часы подряд
 стояло время или шло назад.
 Как вдруг я вижу: краскою карминной
 в них набрано: закат, закат, закат.
 Как нитки ожерелья, строки рвутся
 и буквы катятся куда хотят.

RAINER MARIA RILKE. *Der Lesende* (Original)

The Man Reading (Translation from German)

I've read long now. Since this afternoon,
 with its rain rushing, lay against the windows.
 I'd become oblivious to the wind outside:
 my book was hard.
 I gazed into its lines as into faces
 whose looks grow dark from deep reflection,
 and around my reading the hours built up.—
 Suddenly now brightness spills upon the pages,
 and instead of the fearful word-confusion
 stands: evening, evening ... everywhere upon them.

Я знаю, солнце, покидая сад,
должно ещё раз было оглянуться
из-за охваченных зарёй оград.
Деревья складками коры
Мне говорят об ураганах,
И я их сообщений странных
Не в силах слышать среди нежданных
Невзгод, в скитаньях постоянных,
Один, без друга и сестры.
Сквозь рощу рвется непогода,
Свозь изгороди и дома,
И вновь без возраста природа.
И дни, и вещи обихода,
И даль пространств – как стих псалма.
Как мелки с жизнью наши споры,
Как крупно то, что против нас.
Когда б мы поддались напору
Стихии, ищущей простора,
Мы выросли бы во сто раз.
Все, что мы побеждаем, - малость.
Нас унижает наш успех.
Необычайность, небывалость
Зовет борцов совсем не тех.
Так Ангел Ветхого Завета
Нашел соперника под стать.
Как арфу, он сжимал атлета,
Которого любая жила
Струною Ангелу служила,
Чтоб схваткой гимн на нем сыграть.
Кого тот Ангел победил,
Тот правым, не гордясь собою,
Выходит из такого боя
В сознаны и расцвете сил.
Не станет он искать побед.
Он ждет, чтоб высшее начало
Его все чаще побеждало,
Чтобы расти ему в ответ.

I keep my eyes fixed, and yet the long lines
tear apart, and the words roll away
from their threads, to wherever they will
Then I know: over the overfull
glittering gardens the skies are vast;
the sun was to have broken through once more.—
And now summer night sets in, as far as one can see:
what's dispersed collects into a few groups,
darkly, on long paths, people wander,
and strangely far-off, as if it meant more,
one hears the little that still transpires.
And when now I lift my eyes from the book,
nothing will seem alien, everything great.
Here outside exists, what here inside I live,
and here and there the whole of things is boundless;
Save that I weave myself still more with it
when my gaze shapes itself to objects
and to the grave simplicity of masses,—
then the earth grows out beyond itself.
It seems to encompass the entire night sky:
the first star is like the last house.

Translated by Unknown

Кто нам сказал, что все исчезнет

Кто нам сказал, что всё исчезает?
Птица, которую ты ранил,
Кто знает? – не останется ли её полёт?
И, может быть, стебли объятий
Переживают нас, свою почву.
Длится не жест,
Но жест облакает вас в латы,
Золотые – от груди до колен.
И так чиста была битва,
Что ангел несёт её в след.

перевод с французского Марины Цветаевой

Who says that all must vanish?

Who says that all must vanish?
Who knows, perhaps the flight
of the bird you wound remains,
and perhaps flowers survive
caresses in us, in their ground.
It isn't the gesture that lasts,
but it dresses you again in gold
armor –from breast to knees–
and the battle was so purean
Angel wears it after you.

Translated by A. Poulin

Радость -- что сахар

Радость -- что сахар,
 Нету -- и охаетшь,
 А завелся как --
 Через часочек:
 Сладко, да тошно!

Горе ты горе, -- соленое море!
 Ты и накормишь,
 Ты и напоишь,
 Ты и закружишь,
 Ты и отслужишь!

перевод с французского Марины Цветаевой

Joy - like sugar

Joy - like sugar,
 Not - and groan.
 And I wound up -
 Through the hours
 Sweet but nauseous!

Woe you woe - sunny sea!
 And you will feed,
 And you will get drunk,
 And you will whirl,
 And you will serve!

Translated by Unknown

..Орфей, Эвридика, Гермес

Причудливые катакомбы душ.
 Как тихие прожилки серебра,
 они змеились в темноте. И кровь,
 из-под корней струясь, шла дальше к людям,
 с порфиром схожа. Больше красный цвет
 здесь не встречался.

Скалы нависали,
 и иллюзорный лес, мосты над пустотой,
 и пруд, огромный, серый и слепой,
 висел над собственным далеким дном,
 как ливневое небо над ландшафтом.
 И пролегла в долготерпенье кротком
 полоска выцветшей дороги, как
 отбеливаемый и длинный холст.

И по дороге этой шли они.

Мужчина стройный в голубом плаще
 глядел перед собой нетерпеливо.
 И пожирала, не жуя, кусками,
 его шаги дорогу; тяжело
 и отрешенно свешивались руки
 вдоль складок, позабыв о легкой лире,
 что с левою рукой срослась, как будто
 с суком сливы вьющаяся роза.
 Казалось, чувства раздвоились в нем:
 взгляд убежал все время, как собака,
 и возвращался, и за поворотом
 стоял и поджидал его, - а слух,
 как нюх, все время шастал позади.
 И иногда ему казалось: слух
 улавливает шум шагов двоих,
 что следовать должны за ним наверх.
 Потом своей ходьбы он слышал отзвук,
 и ветер плаща вздувался за спиной.
 Он говорил себе: они идут;
 и, замирающий, свой слышал голос.
 Да, шли они, но шли она, увы,
 ужасно медленно. И обернись
 он ненароком (если бы тотчас
 не рухнул замысел, об эту пору
 свершающийся), он бы мог увидеть,
 как оба молча шли вослед за ним:
 бог-вестник, провожатый, в капюшоне

Orpheus, Eurydice, Hermes

This was the eerie mine of souls.
 Like silent silver-ore
 they veined its darkness. Between roots
 the blood that flows off into humans welled up,
 looking dense as porphyry in the dark.
 Otherwise, there was no red.

There were cliffs
 and unreal forests. Bridges spanning emptiness
 and that huge gray blind pool
 hanging above its distant floor
 like a stormy sky over a landscape.
 And between still gentle fields
 a pale strip of road unwound.

They came along this road.

In front the slender man in the blue cloak,
 mute, impatient, looking straight ahead.
 Without chewing, his footsteps ate the road
 in big bites; and both his hands hung
 heavy and clenched by the pour of his garment
 and forgot all about the light lyre,
 become like a part of his left hand,
 rose tendrils strung in the limbs of an olive.
 His mind like two minds.
 While his gaze ran ahead, like a dog,
 turned, and always came back from the distance
 to wait at the next bend—
 his hearing stayed close, like a scent.
 At times it seemed to reach all the way back
 to the movements of the two others
 who ought to be following the whole way up.
 And sometimes it seemed there was nothing behind him
 but the echo of his own steps, the small wind
 made by his cloak. And yet
 he told himself: they were coming, once;
 said it out loud, heard it die away . . .
 They were coming. Only they were two
 who moved with terrible stillness. Had he been allowed
 to turn around just once (wouldn't that look back
 mean the disintegration of this whole work,
 still to be accomplished) of course he would have seen them,
 two dim figures walking silently behind:
 the god of journeys and secret tidings,

над светлыми глазами, жезлом в правой
и вытянутой чуть впереди руке;
трепещущие крылья на лодыжках;
и в левой, как на поводке, - она.
Из-за нее, любимой, убиваясь,
всех плакальщиц перерыдала лира,
и сотворился мир из плача, где
все повторялось снова: и леса,
и доли, и дороги, и селенья,
поля и реки, птицы и зверье;
над плачем-миром, как вокруг другой
земли, ходило солнце, небо, звезды, -
плач - небо в звездах, искаженных мукой, -
из-за нее, любимой.

Держась за руку бога, шла она,
запутываясь в погребальных лентах, -
смиренна, терпелива и кротка.
Как будущая мать, ушла в себя,
без дум о муже, шедшем впереди,
и о дороге, уводящей в жизнь.
Ушла в себя. И инобытие
ее переполняло.

Как плод и сладостью и темнотой,
она была полна огромной смертью,
столь непонятной новизной своей.
Она была как в девственности новой,
и в лоно женское был вход закрыт,
как молодой цветок перед закатом,
и даже руки от прикосновений
отвыкли так, что прикасанье бога,
столь тихое, как у поводья,
мучительным, как близость, мнилось ей.

Увы, она была уже не та,
о ком самозабвенно пел поэт, -
Не аромат и островок постели,
не принадлежность мужа, наконец.

Распущена, как длинная коса,
отдавшаяся, как упавший дождик,
и роздана стократно, как запас, -
она была лишь корнем.
И когда бог стиснул руку ей и закричал,
от боли задрожав: 'Он обернулся!',
она сказала, как спросонок: 'Кто?'
А вдалеке, где зазял просвет,
виднелся некто темный, чье лицо
никто бы не узнал. Стоял, смотрел,
как на полоске луговой тропинки
бог-вестник молча повернулся, чтобы
проследовать в слезах за тихой тенью,
что шла назад по этой же дороге,
запутываясь в погребальных лентах, -
смиренна, терпелива и кротка.

перевод Бориса Пастернака

shining eyes inside the traveler's hood,
the slender wand held out in front of him,
and wings beating in his ankles;
and his left hand held out to: her.

This woman who was loved so much, that from one lyre
more mourning came than from women in mourning;
that a whole world was made from mourning, where
everything was present once again: forest and valley
and road and village, field, river and animal;
and that around this mourning-world, just as
around the other earth, a sun
and a silent star-filled sky wheeled,
a mourning-sky with displaced constellations—:
this woman who was loved so much
But she walked alone, holding the god's hand,
her footsteps hindered by her long graveclothes,
faltering, gentle, and without impatience.
She was inside herself, like a great hope,
and never thought of the man who walked ahead
or the road that climbed back toward life.
She was inside herself. And her being dead
filled her like tremendous depth.
As a fruit is filled with its sweetness and darkness
she was filled with her big death, still so new
that it hadn't been fathomed.
She found herself in a resurrected
virginity; her sex closed
like a young flower at nightfall.
And her hands were so weaned from marriage
that she suffered from the light
god's endlessly still guiding touch
as from too great an intimacy.

She was no longer the blond woman
who sometimes echoed in the poet's songs,
no longer the fragrance, the island of their wide bed,
and no longer the man's to possess.

She was already loosened like long hair
and surrendered like the rain
and issued like massive provisions.
She was already root.
And when all at once the god stopped
her, and with pain in his voice
spoke the words: he has turned around—,
she couldn't grasp this and quietly said: who?
But far off, in front of the bright door
stood someone whose face
had grown unrecognizable. He just stood and watched,
how on this strip of road through the field
the god of secret tidings, with a heartbroken expression,
silently turned to follow the form
already starting back along the same road,
footsteps hindered by long graveclothes,
faltering, gentle, and without impatience.

Translated from German by Franz Wright



We invite you to our future events!
Please join us this autumn.

Mushroom Walk and BBQ, 9 October (tomorrow)

Looking forward to seeing you on Sunday, 9 October, for a morning mushroom walk in the Thetford Forest followed by BBQ (14:00 to 18:00). Please bring food to BBQ and share. Details, directions and the maps are on our website.



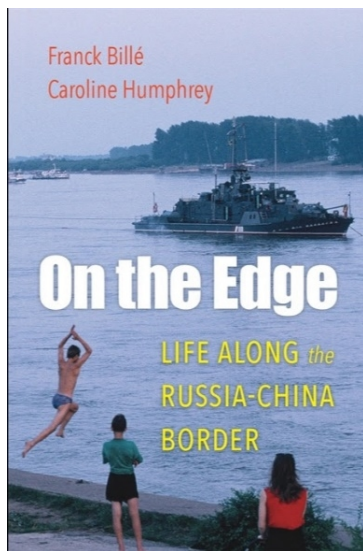
Life Along the Russia-China border, 25 November

We will be joined on 25 November at 18:00 by Professor Dame

Caroline Humphrey for a talk about her book *On the Edge: Life Along the Russia-China Border*, a pioneering examination of history, current affairs,

and daily life along the Russia–China border, one of the world’s least understood and most politically charged frontiers. This book was shortlisted for the Pushkin House Book Prize this year.

Details to follow.



We need your help

We are looking for a **volunteer to provide web administration support to our team** managing

the current website and its migration to a new platform. Knowledge of WordPress and MODx would be beneficial. Please email us to express your interest: camruss1999@gmail.com.



CamRuSS for Ukraine

Our **CamRuSS for Ukraine initiative volunteer group will meet online (Zoom) on Saturday, 15 October at 17:00**. Please see our website for details.

CamRuSS is a volunteer-run charity. Please support us by becoming a member, donating or offering Gift Aid to help organise more events and community projects.

You may donate via bank transfer (BACS) to The Cambridge Russian-Speaking Society, NatWest Bank, Sort Code 60-11-30, Account 25395637 or via [PayPal](https://www.paypal.com) to camruss@camruss.com.

Thank you for your support!