SOME AFFINITIES IN THE PROSE OF THE POETS RILKE AND PASTERNAK

I

Of Rilke's importance to him, Pasternak said, in 1959:

> J'avais toujours pensé que, dans mes tentatives originales, dans toute mon activité artistique, je ne faisais que traduire ou diversifier ses motifs, que je n'ajoutais rien à son originalité et que je nageais toujours dans ses eaux.[1]

The width of reference and the grateful abandon in this acknowledgment are astonishing. In all his work Pasternak seems engaged in an attempt to evoke the most positive and affirmative in life, to reproduce "life itself" (a phrase he often uses), its very presence, while Rilke seems to start out from a tormented concern with death, and to be impelled by griefs and anxieties. Pasternak's question is the one that bursts out at the high point of his 1919 poem "Our Storm": "Where shall I put my joy?" The corresponding question in Rilke is the one he put in a letter, in 1915: "How is it possible to live, when the elements of this life are competely ungraspable for us?"[2]

Pasternak is happy with the human condition. He is even delighted with the impossibility of grasping it. He is glad to be confounded with amazement. "The live, real world," he wrote in 1918, "is the only plot of the imagination which has once succeeded and which goes on being endlessly successful. Look at it continuing, moment after moment a success."[3] One imagines him rushing to a window, and pointing outside. Such simple-hearted – which doesn't mean simple-minded – delight, and the gesture of pointing in astonishment at the world as if at a miracle, are characteristic of all his work.

Rilke differs in this first gesture, as if the muscle of his mind is made to stretch down instead of up. Repeatedly he reminds us of our homelessness, as when he writes that "even the noticing beasts are aware / that we don't feel very securely at home / in this interpreted world . . . "[4] This thought not only finds no equivalent in Pasternak, but Pasternak's work is filled with the sense that we *are* at home, a sense that is summed up by the marvellous phrase in *Doctor Zhivago* saying that since Christ human beings no longer die in the gutter but die "at home in history". And if the world is unstable, then we are somehow at home in instability.

Probably the most essential principle in Pasternak's conception of man in the world is "movement": "look at it *continuing*". Even abstract notions are not static: beauty, he once wrote,[5] keeps rising out of the just-thinkable thought of an oscillation between the earth's appearance and its disappearance. History he calls[6] the story of the work devoted to solving the enigma of death: a never-ending, always moving on, though paradoxically also ever-succeeding, *process*. These examples say: so long as there is feeling, passion – or, more

existence and non-existence

widely and to use Pasternak's own central concept, "sila" (not easy to translate: force, strength, power, energy) – there will be worthwhile living and achieving. Pasternak cannot lose, in a way.

In the same way, Rilke can only lose, or can never win more than temporarily. Instead of that initial amazement at the world's and at art's success (their existence and continuance), he begins with an awareness of a metaphysical failure, a gap between us and the real that needs to be bridged; things have somewhere gone inexplicably wrong and need to be put right. Instead of the irrepressible affirmativeness with which Pasternak makes existence and non-existence "oscillate" to produce beauty, Rilke defines beauty as "the beginning of the Terrible".[7] In place of those extraordinary notions of the wholeness of human experience that keep leaping out in Pasternak's work in metaphors like that of the path of history which consists of innumerable jumps *off* the path,[8] or that of the picture of a scene of vigorous movement painted upon a canvas which is itself being vigorously moved and flapped by an invisible wind[9] – instead of these enormous exhilarations, Rilke, infinitely skilled in lament, can say at his most affirmatory only that the failure of human existence might be remedied, or that it has not been *exactly* a failure: "so, after all, we have *not* / failed to make use of the spaces, these generous spaces, these / *our* spaces . . . "[10]

II

An important instance of this difference of response between the two poets is the way each describes the moment at which creative writing begins in the writer's life. Yet in this very difference there is a telling similarity: each uses the image of a gesture of looking back at something left behind.

In *A Safe Conduct* Pasternak conjures up a strange race through an inner landscape, where love and nature rush ahead, competing with each other and carrying the poet with them (– he is borne along by strong feelings within him in response to those strong forces outside him?), while other things, moving more slowly, lag behind, or heap up far in the rear, so that he hears a "hiss of yearning" which issues "from the point at which everyday life had got torn away"; he turns round to look back . . . and "what is known as inspiration consisted in this turning round".[11] (The gap between, on the one hand, ordinary things not transformed by feeling and, on the other, the ecstatic extraordinary feeling that moves the poet away from those things is itself what gives rise to poetry.)

In contrast to this vision of the poet looking back and gathering up armfuls of dead or past matter to revivify it, Rilke sees him as looking back to the past with sorrow and guilt and only after tremendous effort and labour becoming able to revisualise it, reinterpret it as endurable after all. His look back is over the whole past of mankind. He describes a young poet, Malte Laurids Brigge, sitting in his garret high over Paris and considering how the past has been wasted. Nothing essential, he thinks, has yet happened, people have not realised

themselves, existence has not been felt, not faced, a gap has opened up between the real and us. He is incredulous and dismayed:

> "It it possible that mankind has had thousands of years in which to observe, reflect and record, and has allowed these millennia to slip past, like a recess interval at school in which one eats one's sandwich and an apple? / Yes, it is possible. / Is it possible that despite our discoveries and progress, despite our culture, religion and world-wisdom, we still remain on the surface of life? . . . / But if all this is possible . . . then surely, for all the world's sake, something must be done . . . This young, insignificant foreigner, Brigge, will have to sit down in his room five flights up and write, day and night. Yes, he will have to write; that will be the end of it."[12]

As Heidegger said: "Guilt is the sense of the discrepancy between the given past and the whole I ought to and never can create of it."[13] This notion of a discrepancy in the nature of things and the radically different ways the two poets meditate on it will be taken up at the end of this article.

III

The difference is deep, and yet so much of Rilke reappears in Pasternak, who was certainly not merely indulging his ever-alert inclination to admire and thank, when he said he had always swum in Rilke's sea. Let us identify a few instances of Rilkean imagery, thought and intonation, in Pasternak's early prose. From them the question is bound to emerge: if these are some of the ripples, the jetsam and, as it were, the catchable fish, what is the entire ocean? How can we formulate the *general* thing the two poets have in common? Is it solely poetic "strength", or is it something both larger and preciser? *Are* they writing in and of the same world, or (taking poets as guides to life) have we got to choose between them?

Elements of Rilke reappear in Pasternak in a transformed state – transformed not so much into a new idiom as into a new, adjacent, *import*. When Pasternak writes "only the *almost-impossible* is real", this sounds very like Rilke. Its spirit fills, for example, the fifth Duino Elegy, and in the first Elegy Rilke longs to listen as intently as the saints – the "impossibles" – did, when their listening raised them up into the air. S. Leishman writes: "That life is real in proportion to its difficulty was one of Rilke's most fundamental convictions."

But as we study the context of the quoted Pasternak phrase we find that for Pasternak the difficulty of our achieving reality is a condition that has been especially arranged by nature *for our benefit* – in order that the best shall be achieved and that rapture about it shall be possible. Speaking, for example, about the "mistakes" the youthful consciousness makes about sex, about the "sphere of Kreutzer sonatas, and sonatas written against Kreutzer sonatas" (that is, the quarrel between self-restraint and sexual freedom), Pasternak argues that these are not regrettable mistakes but that the frenzies of argument for and against the "natural' will go on being repeated for ever and it is *right* that they should be repeated –

> For these sonatas, appearing as the threshold to the only complete moral freedom, are written not by the Tolstoys and Wedekinds, but, through their hands, by nature herself... Holding to the philosophy that only the *almost-impossible* is real, she has made feeling extremely difficult for everything that lives.[14]

About Nature's "methods" both poets have introduced the idea of a concealment, a *deliberate* making of difficulties. Thus in *Malte* we read that into every drama, although it is really only about two people, a third person is invariably introduced, to act as a curtain or a "noise" at the entry to the essential and to be

> one of the pretexts of nature, who is always endeavouring to divert man's attention from her deepest secrets. He is the screen behind which a drama is unfolded. He is the noise at the threshold of the voiceless stillness of a real conflict...

Quite similarly, we read in Pasternak that

> Life initiates very few people into what she is doing with them... And so that man should not mix his obtuseness into the organising of his immortal essence, many things have been set up to distract his vulgar curiosity away from life, who doesn't like working in his presence.[15]

(Science, conventional religions and, especially, psychology, are among the distractions thus devised by "life".) So in both comes this idea of obstacles at the threshold, the screen at the entrance and the "pretext" (or fore-wall [Vorwand]?), as being things constructed on purpose by nature, or by life, to keep us from "the real". The difference is that Rilke (though in one of the "Orpheus Sonnets" he *is* able to say: "although we do not know our true place / yet we act in real relation") wishes we *did* look directly into the essence of things and regrets our inability to do so, while Pasternak says cheerfully that the whole thing, just as it is, is excellent, for we *ought* not to look at it: the gap between us and it is solely beneficial.

There are other remarkably similar passages, or perhaps adoptions of theme or imagery by Pasternak from Rilke. In both *A Safe Conduct* and *Malte Laurids Brigge*, Venice has an elusively symbolical presence, a separate section being devoted to it. Further, each has a great deal to say about "faces". and if Rilke's "Gesichter" (actual faces, weirdly seen – as when they are compared to gloves that are changed when they wear out) are not at all the same thing as Pasternak's "litsa" (closer to "personalities", yet also weird; for example they are "promised by tradition . . . "), yet the very conspicuousness of the motif links the two writers. Both are repelled, further, by "surfaces": Pasternak's feverish impatience with the "naglyadnost'" of things, their merely visuality, their unfelt surface banality, and his wish to remove this and replace it with depth and authenticity, is related to Rilke's hero's fear (rather than impatience) of "Oberflächen": the surface of a house, of a person, is something terrible to him. Then, certain metaphors recur in both – for instance, one from cooking: of bad plays Rilke writes, in *Malte*, "it is the same underdone reality";

and of the emergence of creative feeling from the uncreative everyday, Pasternak writes: "When the dreary simmering of ingredients was done, and, having dined from the finished dish . . . " And many sentence-structures, or thought-structures, of Rilke's reappear in Pasternak. "I mean to write no more letters," Malte says, for

> What would be the good of telling anyone that I am changing? If I am changing, then surely I am no longer the person I was, and if I am someone else than heretofore, then it is clear that I have no acquaintances. And to strangers, to people who do not know me, it is impossible for me to write.

Very similarly, in his story "Aerial Ways" Pasternak describes a mother and father searching in the countryside for their kidnapped child and losing hope of finding him:

> There exists a law according to which those things that are always happening to others can never happen to us. This rule has been noted more than once by writers. Its irrefutability consists in the fact that so long as our friends still recognise us, we suppose our misfortune to be curable. But when we become permeated with the consciousness that it is incurable, our friends cease to recognise us, and, as if in confirmation of the rule, we ourselves become those whose vocation it is to be burned down, to become frenzied, to end up in the lawcourts or in the madhouse.

Rilke's logic and Pasternak's "law" very seriously oppose the common assumption that people remain the same people even when changed by feeling. But while Rilke is melancholy about it, Pasternak is faintly jocular (as if writing of a likeable human weakness – we never think *we*'ll be the ones), and Rilke's sad psychological truth contrasts with Pasternak's sharp and curious paradox.

Of the same order as the idea of the curtain or noise at the threshold to the truth is the idea of "need" that comes up in both writers. Both conceive the world of material things as in *need* of the poet's activity. A line from one of Rilke's poems goes: "Have you then fully felt, felt every bit of, the roses of last Summer?" His emphasis is on the task of feeling them and the suggestion that they may not be fully there, themselves, if one didn't. Elsewhere he describes poems as plasters laid upon the world's wounds, an indispensable healing. The idea of "need" is also fundamental to the Duino Elegies, where the earth is conceived of as longing for the poet to work at it, its separate "things" needing him to "say" them and make them safely "invisible". All this is desperate – born of desperation: we so much need to be needed.

The prose of Pasternak nearest in time to his first reading of Rilke and also to his stay in Germany as a student, is a collection of fragments from the years 1911-1913 that was published in 1976 by Elena Pasternak,[16] and it is here that a very Rilkean respect for *things*, that is material objects, the things made by and surrounding human beings – Dinge, veshchi – is first found. And the main theme here too is that the things "need" the artist. In the first of those fragments this is put in an unforgettably original metaphor. Without art the

world of actuality is like a truncated trochaic word: only its stressed masculine syllable is given: "ona drozhit v poluslove" ("it trembles half-way through a word"), and to make sense it needs the feminine – unstressed – ending. Which art provides. Later, in *A Safe Conduct*, Pasternak develops this thought and writes that objects yearn to be set in motion by the poet; the town, he says, is all feverish malaise and impatience until the moments of talent appearing in it give it relief. And this is all enraptured, the product of rapture.

That art gives relief to the material world's suffering or imperfection is an idea prominently similar in the two poets. But once again they are deeply distinguishable. Perhaps the grief in Rilke's thought has to do with his feeling that *what* the things need is to be saved and preserved. He never forgets what threatens them. Or it may have to do with his concentrating on the poet as a tragic figure, a person who is as threatened as the things are, indeed more so. While the contrasting joy in Pasternak may have to do with his wanting not so much to save things as, child-like, just to set them going, to wind them up and give them motion for the pleasure of it; and with the fact that he concentrates not on the figure or person of the poet, but on poetry, seeing poetry itself as an ever active force, not threatened as a person is.[17]

IV

It would seem that the ending of *A Safe Conduct* is as full of Rilke as its beginning more overtly is. Pasternak once said[18] that *Doctor Zhivago* moves largely "in the world of *Malte Laurids Brigge*", which is a very odd remark to make about the novel and one that raises problems it would take far too long to investigate here. But it can be shown that the earlier work, *A Safe Conduct*, from which the novel to some extent springs, and which is in fact dedicated "to the memory of Rainer Maria Rilke", does move in that world.[19] Let us look first at a metaphor and then at a method, both of these characterising the endings of *A Safe Conduct* and *Malte Laurids Brigge*.

An important recent work here is Lazar Fleishman's *Pasternak v dvadtsatye gody*.[20] But, although he stresses Rilke's importance to Pasternak, Fleishman does not spell out influences or precise affinities of the sort that concern us here; he does link up the image of the "shot" (metaphor for silence) in the first section of *A Safe Conduct* – where the ten-year-old Pasternak meets Rilke on a train – with the shot that kills Mayakovsky at the end, but does not go beyond this in comparing the Rilke-centred opening and the Mayakovsky-centred conclusion.

The metaphor to be looked at is that of "heart". Here are two of many instances of the occurrence of the word "heart" in the latter part of *Malte Laurids Brigge*. About Christ, who diverts the strong pure feeling with which some women approach God, Rilke says:

> His heart's powerful lens assembles once again the already parallel rays of their hearts . . .

When Malte's father dies and, according to his wish, his heart – "the heart of our race" – has been pierced, Malte reflects that his own heart

> for this purpose did not come in question. It was an individual heart. It was already beginning over again from the beginning.

Instead of the romantic and common conception of the heart as the vague source of sentiment and mood, "heart" here indicates a hypostatising of feeling, a certain de-personalising, almost a physicalising, of it, which is not reductive but suggests that feeling actually, objectively, comes to inhere in dimensions of space and time or in some unknown realm of relation *between* the subjective and the inter-personal. The heart can set out on a journey, it can collect up rays. One may think here of Pasternak's "ray" of feeling (in the theory of art in Part 2 of *A Safe Conduct*) which strikes out into the world and changes it, and of his likening that to the rays that are studied by physical science. But, more particularly, these examples seem to lie behind the following passage which Pasternak places shortly before his account of the death of Mayakovsky at the end of *A Safe Conduct*:

> . . . who will understand and believe that a time comes when the responses that have long been coming from other hearts in answer to the beats of the main one, which is still alive and still pulsing and thinking and wanting to live, are suddenly fused into one expanded and transmuted heart? That the irregular, constantly accelerating beats are coming at last so thick and fast that all at once they even out and, coinciding with the main heart's tremors, start to live one life with it, from now on equal-beating . . .

A hypostatisation of feeling similar to Rilke's makes similar use of the image of the "heart".

V

Secondly, there is an affinity in method. *Malte Laurids Brigge* ends with a sort of sequence of legends – a kaleidoscopically changing lyrical narrative made up of memories and meditations and suppositions, in which one central theme grows more and more intense. It moves from, first, an evocation of girls who are to die young and who go outdoors into the open, the garden, to find nothing but strangeness and premonitions; to, secondly, their imagined meeting with some older man, whereupon it becomes *his* tale in which, talking of his past, he has an insight into the poetess Sappho; at which it gradually becomes, thirdly, the story of Sappho (who taught girls in love to seek not satisfaction but increased desire); thence, fourthly, it moves to the story of another beautiful woman whom Sappho reminds the narrator of, one who sang a song; and then goes over, fifthly, into the story of the lovers implied in that song (they prefer unrequited love to requited); and sixthly, this leads into the powerful prose poem which concludes the whole book: Rilke's interpretation of the parable of the Prodigal Son as of the man who devoted his life to achieving what is elsewhere called "intransitive" love – love without the desire to possess or to have the beloved's response, love finally without object.

The comparison with Pasternak could start at the opening of this concluding story, which goes:

> It will be difficult to persuade me that the story of the Prodigal Son is not the legend of one who did not want to be loved . . .

Section 14 of *A Safe Conduct* starts:

> I shall tell of the strangeness that is repeated from age to age and that may be called the last year of a poet.

Semantically and syntactically quite different, these sentences seem to have a deep likeness. We may look for it in the way both announce their plan, in the first person, pointing forward to the story, or in the way both encapsulate a title ("The last year of the poet", "The man who did not want to be loved"), or perhaps better in the way both emphasise a strangeness (Rilke does so implicitly in expecting attempts at dissuasion) and also invoke something universal (the Bible, the repetition from age to age). But something remains undefined, and perhaps it is the way both of them lyrically swerve off from this sentence *in medias res*, or maybe "in media somnia", into a kind of dream-truths, poetic truths about life, presented as far more reliable than any ordinary facts.

But my main point is that Pasternak too now sets off into a series of "legends" or narrative symbols. The end of Pushkin's life is one; the story of the "hearts" cited above is another; the bristling and twinkling life of the city in winter (mysteriously identified with Mayakovsky) is one as well; and then, after the piece about everyone's misunderstanding Mayakovsky, there comes the story of the Beautiful Woman. This particular legend is told just before Mayakovsky's suicide, as if in order to have asserted the essential and immortal thing about genius before telling of his personal death; for the beautiful woman is closely related to the genius: " . . . these two notions, a man of genius and a beautiful woman, have long since acquired the same banality. And how much they have in common!"

Like the girls in *Malte Laurids Brigge* and like the Prodigal Son there, she is seen first of all going *out*, out of the house and into the open:

> She goes out of the house. She wants the evening to notice her, the air's heart to miss a beat for her, the stars to pick up something about her. She wants the renown enjoyed by trees and fences and all things upon earth when they are not in the head but in the open air.

She walks on, and now, although she meets her lover, he is not what is important to her. If to some extent it is true that she has come out to meet him, this is only because *everyone* is "to some extent dust and homeland and the quiet of a spring evening" (that is, there is a sense in which anyone will do). Her whole being evades the ordinary lover, as instinctively she seeks something far more "distant" than human love, and she finds it in the unplanned meeting with her "distant brother", the genius, with whom she is united, like two profiles printed on a medal (an image fleetingly reminiscent of Rilke's many "constellations").

Moreover, this is also reminiscent of the *Malte* passage quoted above about the unfortunate interposition of Christ on the road of those seeking God. This comes just before the Prodigal Son story. Loving women are imagined proceeding on a journey towards God but often stopping at the lesser destination of Christ. "When they awaited nothing more but the endless road once again, they meet, expectant at the gate of heaven, a palpable form who spoils them with His welcome and troubles them with his virility." Altogether, there is much that could be said about the idea of the "beautiful woman" in Rilke and in Pasternak, about her relation to history and to art. For the moment I am only suggesting a connection, perhaps an influence, between the way – in Rilke – Christ is seen as a stopping-place and a distraction to those women from their otherwise infinite goal, and the way – in the last part of *A Safe Conduct* – the lover is seen as a fortuitous stopping-point or temporary companionship on the beautiful woman's path, whereas her distant brother, genius, is her true and, as it were, infinite destination. (Perhaps we see the same in *Doctor Zhivago* where Lara loves Antipov (with all his welcome and virility) but really belongs with Zhivago, the poet [who has himself a distant brother]). The central difference between the two poets is seen again in the way Rilke's goal ("God") is unattainable and his theme is therefore the heavy virtue of yearning, while Pasternak identifies himself with the goal (the genius and the whole natural universe) and his theme is the joy of attaining it.

These two quasi-autobiographical works are similar both in their ending with a series of stories or legends, and also in the gestures with which these legends are told, most especially this last one. There is here some intangible intonational kinship, which I have only hinted at but which seems to me of intense and contagious interest.

VI

Rilke's Prodigal Son is looking for a way of loving that will be the opposite of the love he knew at home when his family closed him in, blocked him off, with their love; the new way will be open, "intransitive", objectless, involving him in no relationship that would shut him off from the infinite world with all its incomprehensibility. Essentially, he is forcing himself out into a frightening existential task. By loving like this, he wants to discover what the universe is like without us human beings, beyond the language that contains and restrains it; to bear the endless shock of that, and *then* to celebrate. So the affirmation he wants to make requires the intensest awareness possible of the faultiness of our world, its gaps, inadequacies and ambiguities; the value of the achievement will depend on the amount of overcome suffering.

Pasternak has quite another attitude to "gaps". He finds a virtue in all life's discrepancies. Contradiction, incongruity, the difference between having to die and longing to live or between shortness of life and length of planned work, the inadequacy of language, the impossibility of understanding how things continue – these experiences don't distress or depress him but seem to be

sources of inspiration from the very beginning. Although there is sadness and lament in these lines to a friend who has died:

> Larisa, this is when I shall regret
> That I am not death and am nothing in comparison with it.
> I would find out by what means, *without glue*,[21]
> A living story is held together on the fragments of days . . .[22]

yet the stronger message is that out of the incomprehensible bits and pieces of time that cannot stick together, having no glue, somehow or other, human personality *does* grow and cohere; and death is not terrible, as it is the source of the thought of knowing and understanding how a person's life holds together.

We gave the example earlier of beauty conceived as "the ultimate *difference* between existence and non-existence"; it is a difference which is "not thinkable for longer than a moment" but which the poet can hold onto and "raise to a permanent poetic token". We could also quote Pasternak's reflection on the poet's use of language, in the essay on translating Shakespeare:[23]

> Metaphorism is the natural consequence of the shortness of man's life and of the vastness of his tasks, planned out for a long time ahead. Because of this *discrepancy* he is obliged to look at things with eagle-eyed sharpness and to explain himself in momentary illuminations that will be immediately comprehensible. This is what poetry is. Metaphorism is the stenography of a great personality, the shorthand of its spirit.

"Vita brevis, ars longa" becomes something to be thankful for. Finally, here are two quotations from *A Safe Conduct* – one about art and one about the human world in general. The insoluble conflict between spirit and flesh, between religious values and the "licentious grand-monde luxury" of Renaissance painting, is somehow responsible for our whole culture; for

> The collision of the faith in the Resurrection with the age of Renaissance is an extraordinary phenomenon and one that is central for the whole of European culture . . . It was precisely in this *discrepancy* that I sensed the thousand-year-old peculiarity of our culture.

Altogether, it is out of opposites and clashes that we have made our reliable home, our interpreted world:

> I loved the living essence of the symbolic pattern of history, in other words that instinct with whose help, like Salangane swallows, we have constructed the world – a vast nest, *glued together* from earth and sky, life and death, and two kinds of time, present and absent . . .

Similar intonations, similar narrative methods, similar words and images and analogies, similar preoccupations; and yet, in these two poets, such utterly different attitudes, different atmospheres of existence. Can we combine them into a single vision?

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NOTES

[1] Letter written in French, quoted by M. Aucouturier in *Pasternak par lui-même* (Paris, 1963), p.32.

[2] Quoted by P. Jaccottet in *Rilke par lui-même* (Paris, 1970), p.72.

[3] "Neskol'ko polozhenii", published 1922. (See B. P. *Sochineniya*, ed. G. Struve and B. Filippov, University of Michigan Press, 1961; vol.3, p.155.) All translations from Pasternak's Russian in the present article are my own.

[4] First Duino Elegy, translation S. Leishman and S. Spender. All quotations from the Elegies are from the Leishman and Spender translation.

[5] In the story "Povest'", 1929, see *Sochineniya*, vol.2, p.192.

[6] In *Doctor Zhivago*.

[7] First Duino Elegy.

[8] *Okhrannaya gramota*, beginning of Part 3. (For the text of this work, see *Sochineniya*, vol.2.)

[9] An image twice used by Pasternak, for instance in a letter to Jacqueline de Proyart, quoted by her in Preface to *Sochineniya*, vol.1, p.xix.

[10] Seventh Duino Elegy.

[11] *Okhrannaya gramota*, Part I.

[12] *Die Aufzeichnungen des Malte Laurids Brigge*. All quotations from this work are from the translation by John Linton, i.e. *The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge* (Hogarth Press, 1969). (Here, diagonals indicate paragraphs.)

[13] See M. Grene, *Martin Heidegger*, 1957, p.39.

[14] *Okhrannaya gramota*, Part 2.

[15] "Detstvo Lyuvers" (*Sochineniya*, vol. 2).

[16] In *Pamyatniki kul'tury, 1976* (Moscow, 1977), pp.106-118.

[17] The points made in the first three sections of the present article are developed from those made in my paper given to the "Pasternak" Colloquium at Cerisy-la-Salle, France, in 1975 (proceedings published in *Boris Pasternak, 1890-1960*, ed. M. Aucouturier, Institut d'études slaves, Paris, 1979).

[18] Remark quoted by Christopher Barnes in "Boris Pasternak and Rainer Maria Rilke: Some Missing Links", *Forum for Modern Language Studies* VIII (1972), 61-78 (quotation p.61). This article by Dr Barnes establishes the most important biographical connections between Rilke and Pasternak and initiates the study of their stylistic affinities.

[19] As long ago as 1932 a Soviet study of Pasternak and Rilke (R. Miller-Budnitskaya "O 'filosofii iskusstva' B. Pasternaka i R. M. Ril'ke", *Zvezda*, 1932, No.5, pp.160-168) interestingly noted parallels between *A Safe Conduct* and *The Notebook of Malte Laurids Brigge* (in both works, it said, art is derived from childhood and from the irrational and is presented as the only right way to perceive the world, especially to perceive "the continuity of culture") but this study lacks close textual comparison and its use of the terms "neo-Kantian" and "bourgeois idealist" obscures the difference between the two poets.

[20] Wilhelm Fink Verlag, München, 1980.

[21] All italics in the quoted passages in these last two paragraphs have been added by me.

[22] "Pamyati Reisner", 1926.

[23] "Zametki k perevodam shekspirovskikh tragedii", *Sochineniya*, vol.3, p.194.