

Victor Enyutin: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE (abridged version)

My destiny to be a mauvais maverick manifested itself early. In the family of my mother I was abandoned by the male line – I didn't know my real father until my teens. During my childhood and adolescence I was behaving like a typical bastard: I was masturbatorily disobedient and interactionally "difficult", I hated my stepfather, was over-obsessed with girls (with their dimples), "disagreed" with the mandatory ideology, and meaninglessly challenged the domestic rules and the local authorities. I often indulged in "extreme" talks and "ultimate" verbal fights. Sometimes I behaved as if I were ready to die on the spot.

I was a bad schoolboy, poor grade maker, and a terrible college student. I was marked by solitude and depressed over being an outsider. I was awakened from my passionate melancholy by Ingmar Bergman and Alain Resnais whose films from the fifties, with their logic of non-correspondence to anything I knew and refused to identify with, found the way into the sparse elite Moscow movie theatres. I was thirteen and fourteen. I, as if, recognized something of me in the very tonality of their so dissimilar styles without, of course, understanding what was said or hinted at. These films were addressing me as though in a mute way. I saw, I heard and I recognized, but I didn't know what. I was overwhelmed and trembling. Was this just a discovery of myself or a discovery of myself in what was other to myself?

Later I was kidnapped and swallowed by the adult life and spent my time, mainly, on building psychological armor to block the corrupting and enslaving influence of the reality. I was resisting but my very resistance was conformist. I was living. I wanted to live – for the sake of living or for the sake of writing?

My early poems were, as I understand today, instinctive attempts to establish emotional contact with the world in general (through the gap of daily life) but with a world that was perceived by me in small doses of tiny effects and concrete things. They were poems of ephemeral impressions matched or pierced by the expressiveness of words, intonations, and language. Organisms of things were mating with organisms of impressions and were gently fighting with organisms of sounds and signs.

Step by step the contemplations about my experiences with another human beings and human life in general joined my relations with the macro- and micro-world. The language of my poetic effusions, while continued to indulge into episodes of impish improvisatory impulsiveness, was becoming thicker in its self-meditation. In "Crib-notes" (1989) my childhood, adolescence and youth - fully became the object of my introspection, while in "Condensations" (1986) and "Manoveniia" (1991) I felt a systematic need to react on the events of human world I was living amidst.

The part of my poetic excursions that seems to me rather important today were attempts to establish with the masters of sublimation (painters, composers, poets, film-directors and thinkers) an emotional rapport using words, morphemes and phonemes as hooks and notches not to lose coordinates in sometimes semantically stormy interpersonal zones. In “Poems: to Painters, Composers, Film-directors” (1984), “Condensations” (1986), “Constructions with Flesh” (1985), “Crib-notes”, and “Manoveniia” I was pursuing these paths.

Poems about sexual love and loving sex come by different intuitive routes but have a tendency to create hybrid forms while in life these experiences seldom cross one another and you know perfectly well when it is love and when it is just sex. “Constructions with flesh” was not only intended to shock the philistines but to realize the “pedagogical” task of shaking people into getting the desire to think about the meaning and the psychological context of paradoxical sexual impulses, instead of gossiping for the purpose of feeling themselves as being better than “sinners”. “Poems” and “Condensations” are about love and sexual aspect of love. “Constructions with flesh” is about sexuality challenging our timidity, cowardice and conformism. Sexual conformism is a facet of social one.

The “16<sup>th</sup> Republic of USSR: About Soviet Emigration to the West” (1982) can be considered as an anticipation and premonition of my recent book “Ideological Superstitions and Political Misperceptions in 20<sup>th</sup>-21<sup>st</sup> centuries” (2009), as its introduction, as my secret dream in my native Russian of my book in English.

“Dionysus Injured” is an external and internal portrait of New York, its culture on stilts and barefooted culturelessness, its social zones and psychological enclaves, its hysterical sociability and compulsive withdrawals into splinters of privacy. For me NY experiences and their literary extensions, elaborations and corrections were not only an encounter with the world as otherness, but with otherness of myself who probed the reality often without asking me for guidance.

In 1990s I again tried, and again mostly in vain, to awaken the Russian emigrants in USA from their emotional and behavioral (not ideological) totalitarianism, by continuing to participate in Russian émigré press. After years of Reagan’s propagandist rhetoric identical by socio-psychological code to that of the Soviet Communists, election of Clinton was the only chance for me to get the desire to become an American citizen.

Years of reading the American psychologists and the European philosophers, and the continuation of my study of intellectual art have kept me protected from becoming too hurt by the spiritual disappointments and moral frustrations. I am still an optimistic pessimist – optimistic by inspiration and pessimistic by what I have understood about the human nature.