

Victor Enyutin: AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

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 over-alert (confused) childhood and "sleazy" adolescence I was behaving like a typical bastard: I was masturbatorily disobedient and interactionally "difficult", I hated my stepfather who was always enveloped in newspaper editorials, I was over-obsessed with girls of my age (with their dimples – on cheeks and on the inside of knees when girls squatted), "disagreed" with the mandatory ideology, ridiculed flagriotic bull and "we-the best-in-the world" crap, and meaninglessly and cathartically challenged domestic rules and 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 - crawled into the dusty dirty Moscow yards with a wind of urine in the air (around sparse "elite" movie theaters), where the power of prescribed wisdom was invisibly towering over the roofs. 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 a discovery of myself or a discovery of myself in my very otherness to myself (in what was other to me)?

Later I was kidnapped and swallowed by the adult life and spent my time, mainly, on building psychological armor to block the drilling, 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 the 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 contemplations about my experiences with another human beings and human life in general have joined my relations with the macro- and micro-world. 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 like, as I felt then, a torn of Being.

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 (and became lost in) these paths.

Poems about sexual love and loving sex come by different intuitive routes but have a tendency to create a 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” were 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 psychological context of paradoxical sexual impulses, instead of gossiping for the purpose of feeling themselves as being better/higher than “sinners”, “deviants” and “perverts”. “Poems” and “Condensations” are about love and sexual aspect of love, about love/sex. “Constructions with flesh” are about sexuality challenging our timidity, cowardice and conformism. Sexual conformism is a facet of social one. Conformism always ends up in aggression channalized by commands and orders. It is like erection petrified and inflicting wounding blows, or like a bayonet’ penetration into the soft flesh – conformist rigidity and inertia mayhems life.

“16th 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 20th-21st centuries” (2009), as its introduction or “first volume”, as my secret dream in my native Russian of my book in English. Psychological totalitarianism of Soviet emigrants into the West was for me “transitional object” of the research located between Soviet totalitarian system and the neo- (masked) totalitarianism of Bushmerican neo-conservatives. I detest any nationalism wrapped in patriotism, any collective megalomania always inspiring people to hate.

“Dionysus Injured” is an external and internal portrait of New York, its culture on stilts and barefooted culturelessness, its existentiality suffocated and by this made swollen into artificiality, its social zones and psychological enclaves, its hysterical sociability and compulsive withdrawals inside – into the envelop of skin. For me NY experiences and their literary extensions, elaborations, corrections and mutations were not only an encounter with the world as otherness, but with otherness of myself who probed reality often without asking me for guidance or opinion.

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 write for Russian émigré press. After years of Reagan's righteous propagandist rhetoric identical to that of the Soviet Communists not by obvious content but by socio-psychological code, election of Clinton was the only chance for me to get the desire to become an American citizen, only to open a new circle of disheartening disappointments.

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 human nature - optimistic psychologically and pessimistic semantically. But isn't instinctive optimism more fundamental than intellectual pessimism even if it is also more basic? Aren't the primary psychic processes the honorable parent of the secondary ones even though these wunderkinds often mentally regress (by our proud efforts of competing, fighting, calculating and adapting) into a condition similar to old-age senility?