THE SENTIMENT OF NATURE IN THE POETRY OF F.I. TYUTCHEV

A thesis,

submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies and

Research in partial fulfillment of the

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Master of Arts

by

© Valentina Baslyk

Department of Russian and Slavic Studies

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An Abstract

The thesis examines the sentiment of nature in the poetry of one of Russia's finest poets, F.I. Tyutchev (1803-1873). This Romantic poet perceives in nature the presence of a higher form of life--the harmonious and orderly Cosmos. The latter, however, is but a spark in the all-engulfing abyss of terrifying Chaos, the fundamental reality. Tyutchev senses this dichotomy of primordial forces not only in the natural world, but more importantly in man. Chapter I serves as an Introduction; Chapter II analyzes how light, colour, sound and movement convey that the natural world is a living, spiritual being; Chapter III discusses the day as manifestation of the Cosmos. Chapter IV investigates the night as representative of Chaos from three angles: as mirror of the self and means of communion with the infinite, and the dream as source of poetic inspiration. The prevailing theme of the last two chapters is the interaction between man and nature.

Department of Russian and Slavic Studies,
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F.I. TYUTCHEV

par

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Thèse soumise en vue de l'obtention
d'une Maîtrise ès Lettres

Résumé

Cette thèse examine le sentiment de la nature dans les oeuvres poétiques de F.I. Tyutchev (1803-1873), un des plus grands poètes russes. Ce poète romantique perçoit dans la nature la présence d'une forme d'existence supérieure: le Cosmos harmonieux et structuré. Ce dernier, cependant, n'est qu'une étincelle dans l'abîme engouffrant du Chaos terrifiant--la réalité fondamentale. Tyutchev a conscience de cette dichotomie des forces primordiales non seulement dans le monde naturel, mais avant tout dans l'homme lui-même. Le premier chapitre sert d'Introduction; Chapitre II analyse comment la lumière, les couleurs, les sons et le mouvement reflètent la nature en tant que monde vivant et spirituel; Chapitre III considère le jour comme manifestation du Cosmos. Le quatrième chapitre traite de la nuit comme d'un symbole du Chaos sous trois différents aspects: comme miroir du moi et moyen de communion avec l'infini, et le rêve (la nuit de la nature) comme source d'inspiration poétique. Les deux derniers chapitres ont pour thème principal l'interaction entre l'homme et la nature.

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Preface

The Russian edition of Tyutchev's poetry used in this thesis is F.I. Tyutchev, Stikhotvoreniya, ed. V.V. Kozhinov (Moscow: Soyetskaya Rossiya, 1976). The verse translations are taken from R.A. Gregg, Fedor Tiutchev The Evolution of a Poet (New York and London: Columbia University Press, 1965), and Jesse Zeldin, Poems and Political Letters of F.I. Tyutchev (Knoxville: The University of Tennessee Press, 1973), referred to in the text as Gregg or Zeldin. All the other translations, i.e., quotes from letters, extracts from books and articles, were done by the author of the thesis unless stated otherwise in the footnotes.

This thesis uses System 1 from J. Thomas Shaw, The Transliteration of Modern Russian for English Language Publications (Madison: The University of Wisconsin Press, 1967) for all proper names and words. When an English or French publication is quoted, the system of transliteration used by the author of the text has been retained.

I wish to thank Dr. R.V. Pletnyov for his assistance during the initial stages of this thesis, Dr. Paul M. Austin for his helpful comments and suggestions, and Dr. V.I.. Grebenshchikov for his guidance and support.

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Chapter I

Introduction

> Furthermore, as a lyricist, Tyutchev is incomparably deeper than Pushkin.
>
> L.N. Tolstoy[1]

> Of late it's Tyutchev who shares my night lodgings most often. A worthy guest.
>
> Vladimir Nabokov, The Gift

Only four years separate the births of two of Russia's finest poets, Alexander Pushkin and Fyodor Tyutchev. When Pushkin was mortally wounded on January 29, 1837, at the age of thirty-seven, his genius was already long recognized, and Russia deeply mourned the loss of a great poet. When Tyutchev died at the age of seventy on July 15, 1873, his literary legacy was to lay dormant another twenty-two years before it was "resurrected" at the turn of the century by the poet-philosopher V. Solovyov. Tyutchev's contemporary A. Fet once wrote of him that he would never be a popular poet because of the complex nature of his lyrics: Time has proven Fet quite wrong, for Tyutchev has become a widely-read and most influential poet.

In Russian literature, F.I. Tyutchev is known foremost as the "bard of nature."[2] The natural world as spiritual nourishment for the poetic imagination came to the fore during

the nineteenth century. René Wellek, in Concepts of Criticism, writes that one factor links all great Romantic poets, and it is their "common objection to the mechanistic universe of the eighteenth century."[3] They looked upon the physical world not as a machine run by an "absentee mechanic"[4] but as an "analogue of man rather than a concourse of atoms--a nature that is not divorced from aesthetic values, which are just as real (or rather more real) than the abstractions of science."[5] This interpretation of the Romantic experience fits in very well with Tyutchev's sentiment of nature. Like the European Romantics, the Germans in particular, Tyutchev conceived of the natural world as a living, organic whole whose existence is in some way akin to man's. Each and every member of the physical world, including man, is a manifestation of this universal life. To quote Coleridge: "'Each thing has a life of its own, and we are all one life."[6]

Tyutchev was a seer into nature. He perceived in the physical world the presence of a higher realm of life, the harmonious and orderly Cosmos, and possessed to the highest degree what is known as Conscious Consciousness or Cosmic Awareness. The Canadian psychologist Dr. Maurice Bucke, in his classic study of man's relation to the infinite, Cosmic Consciousness, explains:

> The prime characteristic of cosmic consciousness is, as its name implies, a consciousness of the cosmos, that is, of the life and order of the universe. . . . Along with the consciousness of the cosmos there occurs an intellectual enlightenment or illumination which alone would place the individual on a new plane of existence-which would make him almost a member of a new species. To this is added a state of moral

> exaltation, an indescribable feeling of elevation, elation, and joyousness, and a quickening of the moral sense. With these come, what may be called a sense of immortality, a consciousness of eternal life, not a conviction that he shall have this, but the consciousness that he has it already.[7]

This "sense of immortality", of oneness with the Cosmos, represents but a fleeting moment in the life of the universe. Tyutchev is at heart a Manichean, a disciple of Janus, for whom the Cosmos is but a gleam, a spark in the vast abyss of the "terrifying but native" Chaos--the only permanent reality. Tyutchev perceives this dichotomy of primordial forces not only in the universe but more importantly in man. His appreciation and understanding of the natural world is based on a sense of identity with it, a feeling that man and nature live one life and are in constant reciprocation with one another. Man and nature are kindred spirits, blood relatives, since both are born of "native Chaos." Man, however, by developing his conscious self, or mental faculties, has lost the ability to communicate with nature. The conscious self wants to know nature intellectually; the divine, the infinite can only be perceived intuitively. This yearning to partake of a higher, spiritual reality and merge with the infinite, and the refusal of the intellect to accept the supremacy of the laws of nature result in two metaphysical rifts: not only is man estranged from the natural world but he is also alienated from his very own self. To heal the breach between man and nature and the dichotomy in himself, Tyutchev's lyrical hero sought fusion with the natural world, or in the words of Wordsworth "marriage between mind and nature." M.H. Abrams in Natural

Supernaturalism writes:

> Romantic philosophy is thus primarily a metaphysics of integration, of which the key principle is that of "reconciliation", or synthesis, of whatever is divided, opposed, and conflicting.[8]

Tyutchev's nature lyrics embody the Romantic endeavour to reconcile man and nature, subject and object, the conscious and unconscious.

Tyutchev's sentiment of nature will be analyzed in three parts: Chapter Two will be a stylistic analysis of the primordial dualism in the natural world and how it is conveyed through light, colour, sound and movement; Chapter Three will be a study of nature as manifestation of the Cosmos; Chapter Four will be an investigation of Chaos in nature and in man. The pervading theme of the last two chapters is the interaction between man and nature.

The first major collection of Tyutchev's poems appeared in the leading literary journal of the time, Pushkin's "The Contemporary." The sixteen lyrics were published in 1836 under the title "Poems Sent From Germany" and signed F.T., and by 1850 the number grew to thirty-nine.[9] That they appeared in such a noted journal as "The Contemporary" attests to their quality, but they nevertheless failed to spark any interest until 1850, when the civic-poet Nekrasov gave birth to the first article of any major critical importance on Tyutchev's verse. He paid F.T. the ultimate compliment by stating that only Pushkin could have written such poetry. He went on to say that the main value of the poems lay in their "lively, precious, plastically faithful descriptions of nature. He

loves her passionately, understands her perfectly, he is aware of her subtle, imperceptible traits and nuances and all this is superbly reflected in his poetry."[10] Turgenev, in an article written four years later, also commented on the Pushkin legacy in Tyutchev's verse, but emphasized the role of thought in his lyrics:

> each of his poems begins with a thought, but a thought, which like a fiery point, bursts into a flame under the influence of a deep feeling or a powerful impression . . .[11]

The Symbolist poet-philosopher, Vladimir Solovyov, in an article written in 1895, was the first to emphasize the philosophical aspect in Tyutchev's poetry. He was also the first to comment on the importance of Chaos in the bard's poetry. The poet-philosopher observed that not even Goethe grasped as profoundly as Tyutchev "the dark root of existence" from which originates all life--both vegetable and human.[12] Solovyov begins his article by immediately pointing out Fyodor Ivanovich's deep affinity with nature:

> Of course, all authentic poets and artists sense life in nature and conceive of her in personified images; however, Tyutchev's superiority over many of them lies in the fact that he fully and consciously believed in what he perceived,--the living beauty that he sensed he accepted and understood not as his imagination but as the truth.[13]

As the Soviet critic Maymin points out in his study of Russian philosophical poetry, Russkaya filosofskaya poeziya, there is a certain measure of truth in what Solovyov says, but he emphasizes that the belief in a living and spiritualized nature was not a fact of his everyday life but a particular

trait of his poetic consciousness.[14] It was not so much Tyutchev the man but Tyutchev the poet who had a pantheistic view of nature. Such a distinction may initially appear elementary but its importance cannot be overemphasized in Tyutchev's sentiment of nature. In his poetry, the lyric I suffers the metaphysical pain of "living on the threshold of a double existence"--his conscious, or empiric self, gravitates towards the world of the sense, whereas the unconscious self turns inward, towards the realm of the spirit. The endeavour to escape the empiric self by turning to nature, which in essence is a metaphor for his own soul, is the central theme of Tyutchev's poetry.[15] The interaction between man and nature, or the finite and the infinite, is one of the major concerns of the nineteenth century philosopher Schelling, and it lies at the basis of Tyutchev's vision of the world.

That Tyutchev's poetry is philosophical and based on a pantheistic view of nature is not at all surprising when one considers that the poet spent twenty-two years of his adult life abroad, for the most part in Munich, Germany, when German Romanticism was at its height. A brief biographical digression is here in order to shed further light on Tyutchev's sentiment on nature.

Fyodor Ivanovich Tyutchev was born of noble birth on November 23, 1803 (Old Style). A spoiled, lazy but intellectually precocious child, "Fedya" was raised in a provincial Orthodox family where, as was characteristic of Russian nobility, everyone but the servants conversed in French. In

1812, the poet, translator, and pedagogue, S.E. Raich was hired as the child's tutor. Raich gave his student a good knowledge of Latin poetry and more importantly encouraged his poetic endeavours. In 1817, Fyodor Ivanovich began attending lectures at Moscow University as an auditor. Although Tyutchev was never a diligent student, he nevertheless managed to graduate with honours in 1821. A year later, at the age of eighteen, Tyutchev left for Munich, Germany, as a member of the diplomatic corps. He remained abroad until 1844 and returned to Russia only infrequently. His biographer and son-in-law, I.S. Aksakov, called this period the most important in his life, "a period of intellectual and spiritual formation."[16]

When the diplomat arrived in Munich, he found German Romanticism at its apogee. Ludwig I of Bavaria set out to make Munich the cultural center of Europe, and there Tyutchev became acquainted with the luminaries of German intellectual and artistic life. He developed a close friendship with Heine, engaged in infrequent discussions with Schelling, and was reputed to have known Baader. Further evidence of his interest in German Romanticism are his translations of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Lenau, Zedlitz, Uhland, and Heine.

That German Romanticism, in particular German Romantic philosophy, influenced our bard's sentiment of nature is acknowledged by most critics. This subject has nonetheless provoked much controversy. Richard Gregg, in Fedor Tiutchev The Evolution of a Poet, completely rejects that Tyutchev was ever a philosophical poet.[17] Pumpyansky asserts that Tyutchev's

poetry is a synthesis of German Romanticism, stressing Schelling's influence, and the tradition of Russian poetry dating back to Derzhavin.[18] Strémooukhoff, in La poésie et l'idéologie de Tioutcheff, acknowledges the importance of Schelling's philosophy of nature (particularly the identification of nature and the human I) in Tyutchev's verse, but stresses that Goethe more than anyone else left his indelible mark on the Russian bard's sentiment of nature.[19] It was Goethe's pantheism, or the identification of nature and spirit, that fashioned Tyutchev's perception of the natural world. The leading Soviet authority on Tyutchev, K. Pigaryov, is in agreement with Strémooukhoff.[20] Our poet believed in an animated nature, and German philosophy endowed nature with a soul. M.H. Abrams, in his study on Romanticism, states:

> The habitual reading of passion, life, and physiognomy into the landscape is one of the few salient attributes common to most of the major romantic poets.[21]

By adopting a pantheistic view of nature, Tyutchev, called by one critic "the most genuine romanticist in Russian literature",[22] was just following the trend set by Goethe and followed by other European Romantics. Goethe, in Faust, sings a hymn to nature:

> Le monde des esprits n'est point fermé; c'est ton sens qui est aveuglé, c'est ton coeur qui est mort; lève-toi, disciple, et sans relâche baigne ton sein mortel dans les rayons de l'aurore.[23]

In England, Byron sought refuge in the mountains and waves of the sea, whereas in France, Lamartine advised man: "Plonge-toi

dans son sein qu'elle t'ouvre toujours."[24]

Many Russian poets dealt with the theme of nature, but no one as profoundly as F.I. Tyutchev. Pushkin admired nature purely from an aesthetic point of view and failed to develop for it any kind of emotional attachment. He much preferred the company of people to the solitary confines of his own soul, a prerequisite for developing an intimate bond with nature:[25]

> J'aime le monde et son fracas
> Et je hais le solitude.[26]

For his contemporary Lermontov, nature was a sanctuary for his spiritual isolation, a haven away from man, and as a result his landscapes breathe of his own personality and spiritual turmoil:

> Mais une trace humide est restée dans la ride
> du vieux rocher. Il s'élève
> solitaire; il reste pensif
> et pleure doucement dans la solitude . . .[27]

Turgenev, who not only edited but was very much responsible for the publication of Tyutchev's first collection of verses in 1854, shared with Fyodor Ivanovich a similar view of nature. Both were pantheists and both used Schellingian symbols and imagery in their works. A theme common to both is the indifference of the natural world to man. One has only to compare a stanza from Turgenev's "Filippo Strozzi" (1847),

> O, our mother-eternal earth!
> You devour with eternal indifference
> The sweat, the tears and the blood
> of your children
> Shed for a righteous cause,
> As well as the morning droplets of dew![28]

with two stanzas from a poem of Tyutchev's:

Nature knows nothing about the past,
Our phanthom years are alien to her,
And before we vaguely recognize
Ourselves to be only the dream of nature.

One by one all her children,
Having completed their useless terms,
She greets in the same fashion
With her all-devouring, pacifying abyss.

("Ot zhizni toy chto bushevala zdes")

(Gregg, p. 199)

to see the similitude.

Of all the Russian poets, only Fet came anywhere near possessing as highly developed a sentiment of nature as F.I. Tyutchev. But for the latter alone was the natural world such a powerful spiritual force which nourished his heart, mind, and soul.

In this thesis, I will be analyzing only the nature lyrics. The political poems and letters, as well as most of the religious verse, have very little bearing on my topic and therefore I have not discussed them.

FOOTNOTES

[1] D. Blagoy, "Chitatel Tolstogo-Lev Tolstoy," Uraniya Tyutchevskiy almanakh, ed. E.R. Kazanovich (Leningrad: Priboy, 1928), p. 238.

[2] K. Pigaryov, F.I. Tyutchev i ego vremya (Moscow: Sovremennik, 1928), p. 219.

[3] Concepts of Criticism (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1963), p. 182.

[4] M.H. Abrams, The Mirror and the Lamp (London: Oxford University Press, 1953), p. 184.

[5] Ibid., p. 182.

[6] J.W. Beach, The Concept of Nature in Nineteenth-Century English Poetry (New York: Russell and Russell, 1936), p. 102.

[7] R.M. Bucke, Cosmic Consciousness (New York: E.P. Dutton, 1923), p. 3.

[8] (New York: W.W. Norton and Co., Inc., 1971), p. 182.

[9] R. Gregg, Fedor Tiutchev The Evolution of a Poet (New York and London: Columbia University Press, 1965), p. 11.

[10] N.A. Nekrasov, "Russkie vtororostepennye poety," Sobranie sochineniy (Moscow: Khudozhestvennaya literatura, 1967), VII, p. 193.

[11] I.S. Turgenev, "Neskolko slov o stikhotvoreniyakh F.I. Tyutcheva," Polnoe sobranie sochineniy i pisem (Moscow: Izdatelstvo Akademii Nauk, 1963), p. 241.

[12] V. Solovyov, "Poeziya F.I. Tyutcheva," Vestnik Evropy, 11 (1895), p. 736.

[13] Ibid., p. 743.

[14] Russkaya filosofskaya poeziya (Moscow: Izdatelstvo "Nauka," 1976), p.147.

[15] D. Strémooukhoff, La poésie et l'idéologie de Tioutcheff (Paris: Les Belles Lettres, 1937), p. 74.

[16] I.S. Aksakov, Biografiya Fyodora Tyutcheva (Moscow: Tipografiya M.G. Volganinova, 1886), p. 23.

[17] Gregg, p. 25.

[18] L. Pumpyansky, "Poeziya F.I. Tyutcheva," Uraniya Tyutchevskiy almanakh, ed. E.R. Kazanovich (Leningrad: Priboy, 1928), p. 56.

[19] Strémooukhoff, p. 44.

[20] Pigaryov, p. 226.

[21] Abrams, p. 55.

[22] D. Chizhevsky, History of Nineteenth-Century Literature, Vol. I: The Romantic Period (Nashville: Vanderbilt University Press, 1974), p. 151.

[23] As quoted by Strémooukhoff, p. 45.

[24] As quoted by Strémooukhoff, p. 24.

[25] V.F. Savodnik, Chuvstvo prirody v poezii Pushkina, Lermontova i Tyutcheva (Moscow: Pechatiya S.P., 1911), p. 85.

[26] As quoted by Savodnik, p. 80.

[27] E. Picard, Mikhail Lermontov 1814-1841 (Neuchâtel: Les Editions du Lis Martagons, 1948), p. 116.

[28] M. Ledkovsky, The Other Turgenev: From Romanticism to Symbolism (Germany: jol-verlag, würzburg, 1973), p. 19.

Chapter II

Light, Colour, Sound and Movement in the Description of Nature

In 1821, at the age of eighteen, Fyodor Ivanovich wrote a poem chastising man for his slavery to science and reason, and his subsequent inability to comprehend and commune with nature. "There is no faith in marvelous fancies" laments the poet as he bemoans man's loss of the imagination, the faculty destroyed by "learned bustling." Science has drained all life from the natural world and reduced what was once a "temple of the gods" to a "mean hovel." Forty-one years later, his faith in nature still strong, Tyutchev dedicates a poem to a fellow poet and visionary, A.A. Fet, where he elaborates on this special gift of the imagination:

> Some have received from nature
> A prophetic blind instinct-
> With it they feel, hear waters
> Even in the dark depths of the earth . . .
>
> Beloved by The Great Mother,
> You are one hundred times more enviable in your lot:
> More than once under the visible envelope
> You have seen (Nature) herself . . .
>
> ("A.A. Fetu")
>
> (Gregg, p. 196)

It goes without saying that Tyutchev could easily be including himself among the recipients of nature's "prophetic blind instinct" which enables the chosen few to penetrate the "visible envelope", "feel, hear waters", and "see (Nature) herself."

The natural world was Tyutchev's source of poetic inspiration, and he loved nature passionately. The visible world takes on mythic proportions in several poems where it is addressed as "Great Mother" and "Mother-Earth." In "No, I cannot hide my fondness for you, mother-earth!", the poet delights in the Dionysian pleasures of nature that seemingly far outweigh those of "bodiless spirits."

> To drink all day in profound indolence
> The warm spring air;
> In the clear high sky
> Sometimes to follow the flight of clouds;
> To wander idle and aimless,
> And inadvertently on the wing,
> To come across a fresh spirit of blueness
> Or a bright dream.
>
> ("Net, moego k tebe pristrastiya")
>
> (Gregg, p. 85)

Tyutchev's appreciation of nature, however, went far beyond the aesthetic and the sensual. In him dwelled a tireless and demanding intellect that thirsted for ultimate truths and answers to the mysteries of being, but the mind, guided by reason alone, could not grasp all the complexities of the natural world. Only when the poet listened to his intuitive self or "prophetic blind instinct" was he able to see the powerful spiritual forces of nature at work. Tyutchev shares much with the mythopoeic English Romantics who, through the prism of the imagination, "passed from sight to vision and pierced, as they thought, to the secrets of the universe."[1]

Before the transition from sight to vision can take place, a poet's imagination must first be set in motion, and for Tyutchev the catalyst was the senses, particularly those of

sight, sound, and to a lesser degree smell. In this chapter I shall analyze the roles of light, colour, sound, and movement and show how they convey 1) that the natural world is an animate and spiritual being; 2) the primordial duality inherent in nature.

Light

In Tyutchev's descriptions of nature, whether they be diurnal scenes or nocturnal ones, light plays a predominant role. It always symbolizes the good unifying principle[2] and is a physical manifestation of the resplendent and orderly Cosmos. The diurnal scenes depict the natural world blissfully basking in the sun's rays, and the nocturnal ones portray the heavenly vault triumphantly ablaze with the light of the burning stars. The poet also shows us nature in transition, day becoming night, or night turning into day, when all conflicts are resolved, and light and darkness blend into dusk and man becomes one with the universe. Finally light is contrasted with darkness, and in keeping with Tyutchev's dualistic perception of life in the universe, the one is constantly battling with the other.

Light has traditionally been associated with the spirit, "the creative force, cosmic energy, irradiation",[3] and during the day the entire natural world possesses and emits this luminous force. Everything glows, glitters and sparkles: rivers, lakes, rocks, trees.

The main source of daylight is the sun, "the source of life and energy",[4] often portrayed at noon when it is at its most powerful, its pure rays burning zealously: "Uzhe poldnevnaya

pora Palit otvesnymi luchami"[5]/"Already the midday season Burns under vertical rays"[6]; "Pod raskalyonnymi luchami"[7]/"Burned by incandescent rays"[8]; "Poludennyy luch zadremal na polu: . . . Kak plyashut pylinki v poldnevnykh luchakh, Kak iskry zhivye v rodimom ogne!"[9]/"A midday sunbeam on the floor dozing: . . . How the anthers danced in the midday beams, How vital the sparks in their natal fire!"[10].

The scorching rays of the sun are so intense that they cast a mist over the natural world: "Nash dolnyy mir . . . Vo mgle poludennoy pochil"[11]/"Meanwhile our valley world, . . . Sunk deep in langorous pleasure, Is immersed in midday mist."[12]; "Lenivo dyshit polden mglistyy, . . . I vsyu prirodu, kak tuman, Dremota zharkaya obemlet"[13]/"Misty midday lazily breathes, . . . Warm somnolence, like a looming haze, Embraces all of nature."[14] or covers it in a smoke of "ether invisible and clear."[15]

That the outer world be enveloped in a mist when the sun is an incandescent ball of fire may initially appear a contradiction in terms if one interprets the word "mglistyy" (misty) literally as did the critic Pumpyansky. He claims that the epithet means dark as in night;[16] it implies, however, that the natural world is always covered by a veil, suggesting that the day is a cover, a temporary reality. Furthermore, it is even harder to agree with him when one considers that Tyutchev combined words that seemingly contradicted one another in meaning. B. Bukhshtab in Russkie poety comments on this aspect of Tyutchev's style:

> Tyutchev's poetic use of words is linked with his endeavour to bring together, to fuse human emotions with the soul of nature. Following Zhukovsky, but in a more bold and obvious fashion, Tyutchev focuses

> on a word's emotional aureole rather than on its meaning,- so much so that the usage contradicts its literal meaning, something Zhukovsky avoided.[17]

The same critic uncovered in Tyutchev's poetry three emotional complexes: the blissful world, the dead world and the stormy world, and it is to the first that he attributes a state characterized by the epithet "mglistyy." The blissful world is one of stillness, coolness and peacefulness,[18] and a misty noonday breathing lazily, resting in the noonday mist evokes images of the natural world enjoying the sun, quiescent and content. Such an interpretation appears justified when one considers that mist is "symbolic of things indeterminate, or the fusing together of the Elements of air and water."[19] In other words, mist is symbolic of a harmonious state brought about by the marriage of air and water, or the male and female principles. The sun's rays, therefore, seem to infuse a mist of harmony and oneness into the natural world.

The smoke emanating from the natural world when it is penetrated by the sun's rays may appear to lend further support to Pumpyansky's statement that the natural world is encompassed in darkness during the day. Smoke, however, is attributed the epithet damp which radically alters both the symbolic meaning and the "emotional aureole" of the word smoke itself. Smoke is symbolic of two masculine principles, air and fire,[20] whereas damp, by its very association with water, becomes synonymous with the female principle. As a result, smoke, like mist, may be interpreted as a synthesis, a union of opposites. In the poem "The soul would like to become a star", smoke becomes the

purest of elements, "ether, invisible and clear."[21]

The word "mgla" (mist) is closely related to and brings to mind another word of similar emotional colouring, "sumrak" (dusk or twilight). Symbolically, mist and twilight are closely linked:

> The half-light of morning or evening is a symbol of dichotomy, representing the dividing line which at once joins and separates a pair of opposites.[22]

In the poem "Dusk", Tyutchev sings a paeon to evening twilight, symbol of his metaphysical union with the universe.

In the nocturnal scenes, the main sources of light are the stars, the moon, and one which is not a heavenly body, fire. The stars are emblematic of "the forces of the spirit struggling against the forces of darkness"[23] and in consonance with their symbolism are often portrayed as sparkling or shining radiantly: "zvyozdy svetlye"[24]/"bright stars"[25]; "S neba zvyozdy nam svetili"[26]/"Stars sparkled over us"[27]; "Zvyozdy na nebe siyali"[28]/"Stars were shining in the sky."[29] The stars, like the sun, are depicted as burning bodies: "Nebesnyy svod goryashchiy slavoy zvyozdnoy . . . I my plyvyom, pylayushcheyu bezdnoy Co vsekh storon okruzheny."[30]/"While we drift onwards, a flaming abyss On every side encircling us."[31]; "V bezdonnom nebe zvyozdnyy sonm gorit"[32]/"a host Of stars mysteriously burns in a limitless sky"[33] that suffuse the firmament in a mist, which at times appears as a dull-reddish glow, highly suggestive of fire, symbol of spiritual energy and strength: "Zvyozdy chistye goreli, . . . Neporochnymi luchami"[34]/"The pure stars were blazing . . . With their immaculate, spotless

rays"[35]; "Kak na nebe zvyozdy rdeyut, Kak pod sumrachnym ıkh svetom Nivy dremlyushchie zreyut"[36]/"How stars glow red ın the sky . . . How drowsy cornfıelds ripen In theır crepuscular gleam."[37]

The lıght of the moon appeárs infrequently in Tyutchev's nocturnal scenes. In two poems ıt flashes suddenly: "Glukhaya polnoch! Vsyo molchit! Vdrug ız-za tuch luna blesnula"[38]/ "Voiceless mıdnıght! All ıs silent! Just then the moon broke through the clouds"[39]; "No lish luny, ocharovavshchey mglu, Lazurnyy svet blesnul v tvoyom uglu"[40]/"But let the azure lıght of the moon, Subduing the darkness, flash into your corner",[41] and ın others does lıttle more than shıne: "Kak sladko svetıt mesyats zolotoy"[42]/"How sweetly does the golden moon shıne"[43]; "Struıtsya lunnoe sıyanie"[44]/"The luhar aureole streams".[45] There are two poems, however, where the moon ıs descrıbed ın a fresh and orıginal manner. In both poems the poet compares himself to the moon, a gaunt and emaciated cloud by day, and a shining and radiant god by nıght: "svetozarnyy bog",[46] "a lıght-flashing-god."[47]

The struggle between light and darkness, day and nıght, ıs perhaps the major theme in Tyutchev's poetry. It ıs usually depıcted by contrastıng and juxtaposing the brıghtness of the day with the darkness of the nıght. These lıterary devıces serve not so much to underlıne the superiority of one over the other, but to poınt out that beneath the radıance and brılliance of the day lurks the ominous realm of shadows. In their battle for control, the day and the night adopt the stances of

the mythological Cosmos and Chaos: "Kak more veshnee v razlive, Svetleya, ne kolykhnet den,-I toroplivey, molchalivey Lozhitsya po doline ten."[48]/"Like a vernal sea in flood, The bright day does not waver, Until hasting silent shadows Spread wide across the valley."[49]; "Yeshchyo shumel vesyolyy den, Tolpami ulitsa blistala, I oblakov vechernikh ten Po svetlym krovlyam proletala."[50]/ "Bright day still clamored, Streets sparkled with crowds, And evening cloud-shadows Flew past shining roofs."[51]; "No merknet den-nastala noch"[52]/"But day is fading; night has come".[53]

The constant interplay of light and darkness illustrates the inherent dualism of the natural world. Even during the day, when light prevails over darkness, the diurnal world is usually enveloped in a mist, implying either that it is in a perpetual state of harmony, or that the dark forces of Chaos are always present. The night is usually ablaze with the light of the stars, suggesting that the forces of light, or the Cosmos, are as ubiquitous as those of Chaos.

Colour

The cornucopia of colours in Tyutchev's lyrics has

been commented on by several critics who all agree that he was a master in the art of coloration (kolorita) Pigaryov writes that Tyutchev loved colours as much as he loved everything else bright and alive. Savodnik perhaps describes the essence of Tyutchev's mastery best when he states that:

> Tyutchev's descriptions of nature are especially rich in purely artistic devices . . . Tyutchev was naturally gifted with a wonderful talent for observation, a particular keenness of vision, an ability to capture the most fleeting impressions, the finest details of reality, and in two or three strokes he was able to recreate a whole scene, full of light, life and movement.[54]

Gavrila Derzhavin, the poet whose genius towered over the mediocrity of the eighteenth century, brought the art of coloration to its pinnacle in such odes as "Waterfall" and "Peacock".[55] That he influenced Tyutchev is undisputed, and many consider the Romantic poet a disciple of the eighteenth-century master.[56] The bard of nature, however, was far too creative to imitate someone else's style. Tyutchev's debt to eighteenth-century poetry and to Derzhavin lies in his use of compound adjectives such as "iskrometnyy" (spark-throwing), "zlatotkanyy" (gold-embroidered) and "pyshnostruynyy" (luxuriant-streaming), adding a definite archaic flavour to his style.[57]

Tyutchev's colour composite adjectives are far more impressionistic than Derzhavin's, which is easily illustrated by comparing how the two poets used them and what they strove to convey. Derzhavin tried to create a definite hue or shade and as a result formed colour composite adjectives from the same semantic group, producing such combinations as "krasno-rozovyy" (reddish-pink), "nezhno-strastnyy" (gently-passionate). Tyutchev, on the other hand, attempted to impart the emotion a colour adjective evoked in him[58] and as a result often combined two disparate adjectives, creating a synthesis of the two rather than highlighting one or the other: "tusklo-rdyanyy" (dull-red), "pasmurno-bagrovyy" (cloudy-purple).

Tyutchev's predilection for composite adjectives is very much a reflection of his very sentiment of and identification with nature. When the poet describes the natural world, he always does so in human terms, and, conversely, when he speaks of himself, it is always as part of the visible world. Thus nature is approached from two angles: the natural and the human; i.e., he describes what he sees objectively and then imparts a subjective or emotional colouring to it:[59] the mountains and sun are fiery-alive ("ognenno-zhivye", "plamenno-zhivoe"), the sky incorruptibly-pure ("netlenno-chisto"), light coldly-colourless ("kholodno-

bestsvetno"). In other words, he fuses two concepts into one; e.g., light is perceived subjectively (coldly) and objectively (colourless).

The Soviet critic A.V. Chicherin, in his article "Stil liriki Tyutcheva", gives an interesting and valid interpretation of composite epithets. In the "bifurcating epithet" (razyashchiy epitet) he sees Tyutchev's philosophy of life itself, "something transitory, unsteady, vacillating."[60] He interprets the composite adjective not as a synthesis of two concepts but rather a transition from one to the other, first a separation and then a union, like the thought process itself.

The colours favoured by Tyutchev are blue, the colour of predilection for the Romantics, followed by red, gold, and then green.

Blue in terms of its colour symbolism "stands for religious feeling, devotion and innocence."[61] Blue is used to describe the heavens, the waters and lastly the night. The Russian language distinguishes between two kinds of blue: "goluboy" denoting a light blue, and "siniy" a dark one. Tyutchev, in accordance with his elevated style, often interchanges the archaic "lazurnyy" and its variants for the more commonly used "goluboy": "v nebe golubom"[62]/"in the deep blue sky"[63]; lazur nebes"[64]/ "the azure sky"[65]; "v voxdushnoy bezdne goluboy"[66]/"in the airy blue abyss"[67]; "S lazurevykh vysot"[68]/"From azure heights"[69]; "lazur nebesnaya smeetsya"[70]/"the celestial azure laughs"[71]; "i lyotsya chistaya i tyoplaya lazur"[72]/"and pure

warm azure flows".[73] Blue and its various shades serve as epithets for the waters: "more goluboe"[74]/"the deep blue sea"[75]; "po ravnine vod lazurnoy"[76]/"on the azure water's plain"[77]; and the night: "po lazurevym nocham"[78]/"On dark blue nights"[79]; "v nochi lazurnoy"[80]/"in the azure night".[81]

Red, the colour of "passion, sentiment and the life-giving principle",[82] and its various shades are found principally in scenes of spring, when the natural world is budding with life and joy. In the poem "Tears", the colour red seems to come to life, as it weaves its way from one stanza to the next:

> O friends, I love to feast my eyes
> On the purple hue of sparkling wines,
> Or on the fragrant ruby
> Of the fruit between the leaves.
>
> I love to look on creatures
> Plunged as it were in spring;
> And the world, fallen asleep in fragrance,
> Smiles in its slumber.
>
> I love it when a zephyr flames the face
> Of a beauty with its kiss,
> And sometimes blows up the voluptuous curls of silk.
> Sometimes delving into the dimples of her cheeks!
>
> But what are all the charms of the Paphian Empress,
> The sap of grape clusters, the smell of roses,
> Before you, holy source of tears,
> Dew of a divine daybreak!
>
> ("Slyozy")
>
> (Gregg, p. 36)

The subject of the poem is rain, and consonant with the poet's two-dimensional perception of life, it is both anthropomorphized in the form of tears, as can be seen from the title, and rendered godlike. Rain is the "dew of the divine daybreak"; in other words, rain, or its human equivalent tears, embodies two principles: the earthly and the divine.

The poem is a celebration of life, transmitted primarily visually. As the colour red pulsates, in light and dark tones, throughout the stanzas, nature becomes deliciously and sensuously alive.

The first stanza delights our senses with the juxtaposition of rich, bright and succulent colours. The second stanza makes no mention of any shade of red but the word fragrance immediately evokes the "fragrant ruby" in stanza one. The verb "flames" in the third stanza continues the living chain of fiery and sensual imagery. In the fourth stanza, red runs the gamut from the purple of grapes to the ethereal reddish hue of a divine daybreak. In this stanza, all three senses (sight, smell and taste) seem to fuse in preparation for the final vision, that of the "divine daybreak."

Tyutchev uses a rather unusual but most apt epithet "rumyanyy" (ruddy, rosy) to describe and humanize a child-like Spring: "Spring is coming, spring is coming!/And the red-cheeked, lightfoot choral of dancers/Of quiet, mild, Maytime days/Gayly press and throng behind it." (Zeldin, p. 42); light: "O time of love, time of spring,/Flowering bliss of May, ruddy light." (Gregg, p. 85); and a sound uttered by the latter: "Rumyanym gromkim vosklitsaniem"[83]/"In a loud crimson exclamation" (Gregg, p. 72).

The epithet "bagrovyy" (crimson, purple), encountered in "Tears", appears again in "Autumn Evening" where it imparts a tone of majesty and grandeur to a dying Mother-Nature: "The serenity of autumn evenings/Retains a tender, secret charm:/ The presaging luster of motley trees,/Purple leaves lightly,

languidly rustling," (Zeldin, p. 40).

Other shades of red that appear are "ognennyy" (fiery) and "plamennyy", referred to in the section on light. "Krovavyy" (bloody) is used only in political or religious verse and for that reason does not concern us.

The epithet "zolotoy" and its Church Slavonic variant "zlatoy" belong to the "emotional complex" of a blissful and peaceful world. The colour itself is:

> the image of solar light and hence of divine intelligence. If the heart is the image of the sun in man, in the earth it is gold. Consequently, gold is symbolic of all that is superior, the glorified or "fourth State" after the first stages of black (standing for sin and repentence), white (remission and innocence) and red (sublimation and passion). Everything golden or gold tends to pass on this quality of superiority to its utilitarian function.[84]

Not only does the colour epithet "gold" evoke resplendent visual images but perhaps, more importantly, it conveys the poet's purely subjective response to nature. Everything golden breathes of majesty, superiority, luxuriousness: the day, when it is symbolic of the life-giving and orderly Cosmos, is described as "pyshno-zolotoy"[85] (luxuriant-gold) or as a "pokrov zlatotkanyy"[86] (a gold-brocaded cloak). Gold is, of course, strongly suggestive of the most powerful force in the diurnal world, the sun, which magically converts falling rain into glistening golden threads ("Spring Storm").

In an autumn scene, depicting a "half-disrobed" forest in mourning, a hundred "gilded" leaves is all the remains of a once luxuriant forest, but, even though death is at hand, they still retain their dignity:

Fanned by prophetic dreams,
The half-disrobed wood mourns;
But few of summer's leaves,
Now shining with autumn gilt,
Still rustle on the branches.

("Obveyan veshcheyu dremotoy")

(Zeldin, p. 79)

The phrase "autumn gilt" (osenney pozolotoy") perfectly conveys the fragility of life.

Tyutchev, who sang such hymns of praise to the day and the light, also manifested an especial predilection for the night. The night is a two-faced Janus which both terrifies and seduces the poet. Tyutchev is particularly susceptible to the charms of the night when it radiates a warm, golden glow: "How sweetly does the golden moon shine through The apple tree, with blossoms whitened." (Zeldin, p. 55); "How drowsy cornfields ripen In their (the stars') crepuscular gleam. How their golden gilded waves, Silently, sleepily dreaming, By moon's rays whitened, sparkle In the stillness of the night." (Zeldin, p. 71)

Green, the colour of fertility and vegetation, is fourth in line in Tyutchev's palette of colours and not nearly as important as the preceding ones in terms of its symbolism. It is used to describe hills/"zelyonye vershiny"[87]; the mane of a seahorse/"a blednо-zelyonoy grivoy"[88]; a garden/"temno-zelyonyy"[89]; and seawaves/"zelyonymi volnami".[90] The verb from "zelenet" (to grow green) appears a few times in scenes of spring or during a storm: "Gusts of sultry wind, Distant thunder and raindrops, Cornfields turning green And greener

beneath the storm." (Zeldin, p. 69)

White is also a relatively insignificant colour and appears most infrequently as an attribute of mountains, snow and a flash of lightning.

The colour epithets are used for the most part in conjunction with the diurnal world. The main colour epithets, blue, red and gold, emblematic of (in order) spirit, passion and superiority, suggest the natural world is a living, vibrant being, possessing a rich spiritual life and an equally intense but more sensual one of the senses.

Sound

> Nature is not what you suppose:
> Its soul is neither cruel nor blind.
> It has a soul and liberty,
> It has a tongue, in it is love.
>
> ("Ne to, chto mnite vy, priroda")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 58)

The natural world abounds with sounds, ranging from the barely audible rustling of leaves to the wild and plaintive cry of the night wind. Tyutchev interpreted the gurgling of water, the crashing of sea waves against the rocks, even complete and utter silence, as nature expressing itself vocally. Stars, lightning, dusk--the entire natural world speaks, listens, carries on conversations, and the poet, blessed with the "prophetic blind instinct", comprehended these cryptic, "non-earthly tongues" of nature.

O. Walzel, in his book German Romanticism, writes that the

Romantic's perception of nature was to a large degree musical:

> His (the Romantic's) hearing was better and more subtle than that of other people; dull, faint noises reached his ear more clearly. Visual perceptions assumed a rhythmic quality or a spiritual process took the form of a musical melody, but combination and antithesis in the realm of thought seemed to him like symphonically arranged voices.[91]

The harmony that Tyutchev's sundered Romantic soul so craved was no more manifest than in the natural world's multifarious yet always mellifluous voices. Furthermore, the poet often speaks of nature in terms of musical categories:[92] "organ"[93] (organ), "vechnyy stroy"[94] (eternal consonance), "obshchiy khor"[95] (general chorus), "sozvuchie polnoe"[96] (full consonance).

The diurnal world is for the most part characterized by noisy yet cheerful and lively sounds:

> Bright day still clamored,
> Streets sparkled with crowds,
> And evening cloud-shadows
> Flew past the shining roofs.
>
> All teeming life's sounds
> Reached me together--
> All melted to one,
> Clamorous, boistering, blended.
>
> ("Eshchyo shumel vesyolyy den")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 33)

Infrequently one may hear a reed pipe singing or birds fluttering loudly, but the majority of the sounds are created by water and occasionally by leaves. Fountains and springs babble, gurgle: "It (spring) flows on always and, babbling and gurgling, Disturbs the deathlike silence." (Zeldin, p. 48) "The fountain babbles in the corner as before." (Gregg, p. 68); and whisper some mysterious prattle: "The fountain fell silent-

and some sort of strange babble, as if through sleep, whispered incoherently." (Gregg, p. 68) Leaves speak a soft, sensuous language, as conveyed by the noun "shelest" (rustling) and the verb "shurshat" (to rustle): "Purple leaves lightly, languidly rustling,". (Zeldin, p. 40) A spring even talks in the human sense: "We hear articulation of distant music, And also the louder speaking of a nearby spring." (Zeldin, p. 55). And in "Spring Waters" the freshets energetically announce the arrival of the vernal season:

> The snow is still white in the fields,
> But freshets gurgle with the sound of spring.
> They run and wake the sleepy banks.
> They run and dazzle
>
> And proclaim on all sides:
> "Spring is coming!
> We are the harbingers of youthful spring.
> She has sent us in advance."
>
> ("Vesennie vody")
>
> (Gregg, p. 48)

But perhaps the body of water that appealed most to Tyutchev's musical sensibilities was the sea, often depicted at night. When the sea speaks, it commands the attention of the other members of the natural world. The moon and stars listen to the sea waves as they sing: "The moon would listen Waves would sing . . . The stars . . . Would listen to them . . . ". (Zeldin, p. 53) And even Napoleon's shadow harkens to their din: "An alien (Napoleon), heeds the roar of the wave." (Zeldin, p. 29) Regardless of whether the sea rages and roars as in the "Sea and Cliff":

It rises rebelling and seethes,
It slashes, whistles, and squalls,
It would leap up to the stars,
Up to the unshakeable heights.

("More i utyos")

(Zeldin, p. 130)

or hums a lullabye as in "We followed our sure path":

Dreams have scope to play
Beneath the magical moon,
And the peacefully flowing waves
Lull them with lullabies.

("Po ravnine vod lazurnoy")

(Zeldin, p. 71)

it always embodies the harmonious principle:

There is a harmony in seawaves,
A concord in elements' quarrels,
And a mellifluous musical rustling
Runs streaming in rippling rushes.

("Pevuchest est v morskikh volnakh")

(Zeldin, p. 109)

The poet loves the sea in all its moods and temperaments and hears in its "quiet rustling" an expression of "caresses and love". Even its "prophetic groans" do not frighten him as do those of the ominous night wind. In fact, none of the natural world's seemingly angry voices seems to have any adverse effect on Tyutchev: the rumble of a storm is perceived as gay and sweet ("How gay the rumble of summer storms"), soothing as a lullabye, or is interpreted as a "friendly conversation".

As the day grows darker, the visible world concurrently becomes quieter with the result that many of nature's sounds become more audible, clearer; they are no longer muffled by the noises of the day: "How sweetly does the dark green garden

drowse, . . . And also the louder speaking of a nearby spring." (Zeldin, p. 55) At times, the sounds of the day disappear entirely giving way to a nocturnal symphony of peace and tranquility, and at other times they fuse into a cacophonous roar.

Of all the natural world's repertoire of musical voices, perhaps the most pregnant with meaning and emotion, even sacrosanct, are those described as quiet, silent, still, muted. Does not the poet say in "Silentium" that "spoken thought is but a lie" and communication with the "world in your (man's) soul of mysterious-magic thoughts" (Gregg, p. 91) can only proceed in silence.

One of Tyutchev's favourite epithets is "tikhiy" (quiet) and it evokes the same "complex of emotions" as do light and warmth, namely that of bliss. It is applied to the sounds of the sea: "You, seawave of mine, . . . Sweet your quiet rustling," (Zeldin, p. 88); dusk, the time of oneness with the universe: "Quiet, sleepy twilight, Invade the deepest depths of my soul," (Zeldin, p. 56); and occasionally to the day: "Of quiet, mild, Maytime days,". (Zeldin, p. 42)

Close in meaning to "tikhiy" is the epithet "nemoy". Its primary meaning is dumb as in mute, but it can be used figuratively in the sense of dead, silent: "Spring whispers in speechless twilight." (Zeldin, p. 95)

A scene bathed in silence and tranquility is rich in implication. In "Napoleon's Tomb", the "solemn quiet" and "universal stillness", coupled with the dynamism and warmth of spring, majestically convey the harmonious spirit that flows

through the natural world:

> Enlivened is nature with the advent of spring,
> And everything glitters in this solemn quiet:
> The azure sky, the deep-blue sea.
> The splendid sepulchre, and the cliff.
> Fresh color has mantled the trees around,
> And their shadows, in universal stillness,
> Are barely rippled by the waft of the wave
> Above the marble warmed by spring.
>
> ("Mogila Napoleona")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 29)

The phrase "torzhestvennyy pokoy" (translated in the above stanza as "solemn quiet" and below as "solemn repose") reappears in another poem where it has definite religious connotations:

> And there, in solemn, grave repose,
> Disclosed at morning to our view,
> The distant peaks of Mont Blanc shine
> Like an otherworldly revelation.
>
> ("Utikhla biza")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 105)

"Molchanie" (silence) presages the coming of a storm: "In the stifling stiffness of air, As though in foreboding of storm," (Zeldin, p. 48), and appears as a prerequisiste for creative activity. At night, amidst universal silence, the poet is subject to divine visitations which set his poetic powers in motion:

> There is an hour in the night when all is still;
> At this hour of specters and miracles
> The living chariot of creation
> Resounding rolls in the sanctuary of the skies.
>
> ("Videnie")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 31)

The luminaries of the night, the stars and the moon, are always portrayed as silent bodies;

Let them (feelings and dreams) mutely rise and set,
As clear stars do in the night;

(Zeldin, p. 42)

Rome reposes in the azure night,
All in possession of the risen moon
Which has imbued the sleeping city, stately
In loneliness, with her unspeaking glory.

("Rim nochyu")

(Zeldin, p. 75)

And the starry night is dumb to them.

(Zeldin, p. 58)

The stars do communicate amongst themselves, albeit silently:

The stars in the sky, one after another
In order gliding,
Would note them and without a sound
Pursue their private colloquy.

("Tam, gde gory, ubegaya")

(Zeldin, p. 53).

Such a cryptic ability is shared by another luminescent body of light, summer lightning:

But fiery flaming summer lightnings,
Igniting one another,
Hold conversation among themselves
Like demons deaf and dumb.

("Nochnoe nebo tak ugryumo")

(Zeldin, p. 111)

Silence and tranquility also characterize, though rather rarely, the natural world in the midst of winter, when all is sombre, dark, cold and stagnant:

Here where the indifferent vault of heaven
Regards an earth grown gaunt;
Here, plunged in a persistent dream,
Exhausted nature sleeps.

Only occasional white birches,
Stunted bushes, and moss
That has grown grey like agued visions
Disturb the deathlike stillness.

("Zdes, gde tak vyalo svod nebesnyy")
(Zeldin, p. 36)

The nocturnal world is also distinguished by strange, jarring sounds produced by souls as they collectively leave their mortal bodies to begin the night side of life:

Whence does it come, this incomprehensible humming?
Is it the fleshless, heard but invisible world
Of mortal thoughts emancipated in sleep
That now is swarming in the chaos of the night?

("Kak sladko dremlet sad temno-zelyonyy")
(Zeldin, p. 55)

They are responding to the call of the night, which "compels" and "beseeches" them to journey into "the chaos of the night":

Its voice compels us and beseeches.
A magic skiff already stirs at the wharf,
The tidal water swells and quickly bears us
Into dark waves' immensity.

("Kak okean obemlet shar zemnoy")
(Zeldin, p. 36)

Only man's "night soul", or his unconscious self, comprehends the plaintive wailing of the night wind. Man's conscious, or empiric self, desperately fears the "roaring" of the night and interprets it as a sign of some "incomprehensible torture". The night soul on the other hand "hearkens to its favorite tale". The "night wind" sings of "ancient native chaos", man's blood relative, and as man's unconscious listens, it longs to merge with its origins:

O do not sing those terrible songs
Of ancient native chaos!
How greedily the world of the night soul
Hearkens to its favorite tale!
It longs to leave the mortal breast,
It thirsts to join the infinite.
O do not arouse the sleeping storms;
Beneath them Chaos is stirring!

("Den i noch")

(Gregg, p. 101)

As terrifying as the tales of the night may be, the night is nevertheless an agent of the irrational and amorphous Chaos, the primary reality, and must be heeded.

The poet's perception of the natural world is to a large degree musical. The voices of the day are perhaps more variegated and multitudinous than those of the night, but it is the latter which hold the keys to the mysteries of the universe. The numinous silence and the cacophony of sounds of the night reveal the basic trait of the physical world, its inherent duality.

Movement

Movement in Tyutchev's nature lyrics plays an especial role, for the natural world embodies above all vital, dynamic life. Each and every one of its members, from the waves in the ocean to the stars in the heavenly vault, live on the one hand a life not uncommon to man's and on the other one vastly superior. The poet animates nature in a twofold manner. First, Tyutchev attributes to it verbs usually associated with human movement, particularly the verbs of motion; secondly, true to his

pantheistic view of nature, he perceives the visible world as fraught with cosmic life--it is in a constant state of flux, in perpetual motion and constant change, yet always harmonious.

For Tyutchev, personification is not simply a literary device but an expression of a deep conviction that the natural world is a living organic whole.[97] In "Summer Evening" nature is portrayed with a head, eyes, breasts, veins, legs; in short, it appears as a human being:

> Already has earth slipped from its head
> The incandescent globe of the sun,
> And the wave of the sea engulfed
> The peaceful fire of the evening.
>
> Bright stars have already mounted on high,
> And with their dripping heads
> Upraised the heavenly vault
> Which weighed so heavy upon us.
>
> A river most airy
> Flows between heaven and earth,
> My breast breathes easy and free,
> Relieved of sultriness.
>
> A sweet throbbing has swept
> Like a stream through nature's veins,
> Like spring waters lapping
> Her burning legs.
>
> ("Letniy vecher")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 30)

Tyutchev humanizes nature so subtly, so naturally that one forgets the entire poem is an extended metaphor, albeit a barely perceptible one, and this ability of the bard to render so human the natural world is further evidence of his deep intimate bond with it. He dissolves all barriers between man and nature.

The poet personifies the physical world chiefly by means

of verbs of motion which may be used either figuratively, thus depriving them of their human element, or literally. Tyutchev has a tendency to employ them for their literal meaning. The indeterminate verb "khodit" (to walk) and its prefixed forms are attributed to the sea: "In the lunar light, as if alive, it walks, breathes, and flashes." (Gregg, p. 178); to the night: "But day is fading; night has come; It has arrived ('prishla');" (Zeldin, p. 66); to shadows: "Shadows and flickerings Were creeping ('khodili') along the walls." (Zeldin, p. 34); to snow and grass: "The snow has melted and gone ('ushyol') . . . The grass will fade and go ('uydyot')." (Zeldin, pp. 57-58); and "brodit" (to roam, wander) is used at times to describe the movement of light: "And only westward does radiance wander" (Zeldin, p. 91); and even to fragrances: "Where palpitating aromas wander Among the dusky shadows," (Zeldin, p. 78).

Nature, however, is described most often when it teems with energy and vitality, and in keeping with this one finds a preponderance of the verb to run ("bezhat") and its derivatives. They often describe bodies of water--brooks, springs, currents, rivers rushing headlong to some destination: "Yet still the stream runs and splashes" (Gregg, p. 46); "How wild the gorge! Its stream is hasting ('bezhit') towards me: It hurries to the camp in the dell." (Zeldin, p. 56)

Tyutchev held one of the natural world's major attributes to be its dynamism and one of his innovations in Russian poetry was the portrayal of nature in motion. Maymin writes that Tyutchev's nature lyrics are not static landscapes but scenes:

> Nature is described in time, in her open and hidden transitions. Tyutchev likes to talk not about a particular state of nature but about various states: he prefers to talk about a living diversity, about the being of nature.[98]

Nature as dynamic principle pervades several poems, among them "Spring Waters" and "The Sea Steed". In the latter poem, the volatile and explosive sea steed symbolizes the multifarious movements of the wave. The first stanza is a description of the sea steed itself, a hybrid of intense emotions and boundless physical energy:

> O zealous steed, O sea steed,
> Cresting white and green,
> Now mild and tender-tame,
> Now furious and frisky!
> By the seething whirlwind were you suckled,
> In boundless heavenly fields;
> It taught you how to spin,
> To play, to leap at will!

The poet loves the sea steed best when it is bursting with verve and vigour and ready to smash itself to smithereens as it charges into the shore. And the second stanza describes such "a roaring run at the shore":

> I love you when you headlong rush
> In all your prideful power,
> Your thick mane all dishevelled,
> Your body steaming and lathered,
> And in a roaring run at the shore,
> Gayly neighing, whirl,
> Fling hooves on sounding strand,
> And splinter into spray.
>
> ("Kon morskoy")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 36)

In "Yesterday in charmed dreams", Tyutchev describes a different kind of movement. The poem is a sensual, bordering

on the erotic, description of a ray of sunlight as it clambers onto the bed of the poet's beloved. In contrast to "The Sea Steed", where the transition from one movement to the next is sudden and quick, "Yesterday in charmed dreams" emphasizes the slow unfolding of motion, the very genesis of movement itself. In fact, many of Tyutchev's poems contain verses beginning with key words such as "vot" (now), "vdrug" (suddenly) that express instability and signalize change, which can be illustrated by the following poem:

Yesterday in charmed dreams,
With the last ray of the moon
In your darkly lit eyelids,
You fell into a late sleep.

Silence fell around you,
And shadows frowned more somberly,
And the even breathing of your bosom
Flowed but more audibly into the air.

But not for long did the night darkness flow
Through the airy curtain of the windows.
Blown upwards, a sleepy lock of your hair
Played with an invisible dream.

And lo, gently flowing, gently blowing,
As if borne by the wind,
Light as smoke, lily-white, and misty,
Suddenly something has flitted in through the window.

Now like an invisible thing
It has run along the darkly glimmering rugs.
Now having seized hold of the coverlet,
It has begun to clamber along the borders:

Now wriggling like a little serpent,
It has clambered up on the bed.
Now fluttering like a ribbon,
It has uncoiled between the canopies . . .

Suddenly with a palpitating radiance,
Having touched your young bosom,
In a loud crimson exclamation,
It has opened wide the crimson of your lashes.

("Vchera, v mechtakh obvorozhyonnykh")
(Gregg, p. 72)

We have thus far examined movement as "change of place or position or posture",[99] but there is another dimension that has to be dealt with. Tyutchev sees living links, bonds and affinities in disparate phenomena which enables him to compare such different objects as fire and roses:[100] "Where the exhalation of late pale roses Warms December's air." (Zeldin, p. 62); light and roses: "Even now the sunrise Sows fresh roses on them (snowy heights)." (Zeldin, p. 58); "It (sunset) scatters golden sparkles, It sows flame colored roses, And the torrent bears them away." (Zeldin, p. 79) And much of his imagery is synaesthetic, i.e., he translates from one sense into another,[101] e.g., colour into sound: "In a sudden, palpitating blaze It (sunlight) touched your youthful breasts, And with a crimson stunning cry Forced wide the silk of your lashes." (Zeldin, pp. 60-61)

In Tyutchev's perception of nature, everything lives, everything has potential for life, and everything interacts and interpenetrates harmoniously. In the diurnal world, we find a striking interplay of movement between the elements of fire and water: "How like unto a living cloud The radiant, sparkling fountain writhes; How its damp smoke first blazes up, Then burns to powder in the sun." (Zeldin, p. 57); "Already has earth slipped from its head The incandescent globe of the sun, And the wave of the sea engulfed The peaceful fire of evening." (Zeldin; p. 30); light and water. "A gorgeous day! Ages will pass, in eternal order The river will flow and sparkle And fields will breathe in the heat." (Zeldin, p. 115); "Reflections of golden roofs Flow slowly in the lake." (Zeldin, p. 112); air

and water: "How suddenly and brightly, In transitory glory, The aerial arch (rainbow) arose In the moist blue-tinted sky!" (Zeldin, p. 110); air and fire: "How the anthers danced in the midday beams, How vital the sparks in their natal fire!" (Zeldin, p. 30)

The most frequently mentioned element is water, and there is a preponderance of verbs denoting liquid movement both in the literal and figurative senses. Bachelard, in L'eau et les rêves, writes "L'eau doit suggérer au poète une obligation nouvelle: l'unité d'élément."[102] Light, air, shadows, the sky--all appear as harmonious liquid elements. The verb "tech" (to flow, stream) is attributed to a moving body of air: "A river most airy Flows between heaven and earth," (Zeldin, p. 30); "There in that mountain dwelling, No place for mountain life, Currents of air, of mankind Cleansed, more lightly meander." (Zeldin, p. 53) The verb "slitsya" (to flow together, to blend, mingle) describes the movement of shadows and smoke: "The shadows of pines beside the path! Have already flowed together." (Zeldin, p. 40); "There where the vault of heaven smokelike Has blended with parched earth," (Zeldin, p. 37) "Struitsya" (to stream) delineates the sounds of rustling: "And a mellifluous musical rustling Runs streaming in rippling rushes." (Zeldin, p. 109); and breathing: "And the even breathing of your breast Streamed louder through the air." (Zeldin, p. 60) The heavenly vault is a body of water where trees and stars bathe and swim: "The trees are trembling in gladness and joy, As they bathe their crests in the bluehued

sky." (Zeldin, p. 90), "Golden clouds are drifting ('plyvut'- swim) Above the vine-covered hills." (Zeldin, p. 52)

In contrast to the dynamism and vitality intrinsic to the diurnal world, the nocturnal one is characterized by the absence of any kind of movement. Chaos does stir ("Why are you wailing so night wind") and an occasional shadow does move, but on the whole movement is more inherent of the diurnal world--the Cosmos, where everything radiates energy and being.

FOOTNOTES

[1] C.M. Bowra, The Romantic Imagination (New York: Oxford University Press, 1961), p. 13.

[2] N.V. Koroleva, "F.I. Tyutchev," in Istoriya russkoy poezii, Vol. 2, ed. B.P. Gorodetsky (Leningrad: "Nauka," 1969), p. 204.

[3] J.E. Cirlot, A Dictionary of Symbols (New York: Philosophical Library, Inc., 1962), p. 179.

[4] Ibid., p. 304.

[5] F.I. Tyutchev, Stikhotvoreniya, ed. V.V. Kozhinov (Moscow: Sovetskaya Rossiya, 1976), p. 36.

[6] Jesse Zeldin, Poems and Political Letters of F.I. Tyutchev (Knoxville: The University of Tennessee Press, 1973), p. 32.

[7] Tyutchev, p. 63.

[8] Zeldin, p. 37.

[9] Tyutchev, p. 28.

[10] Zeldin, p. 30.

[11] Tyutchev, p. 36.

[12] Zeldin, p. 32.

[13] Tyutchev, p. 79.

[14] Zeldin, p. 34.

[15] Ibid., p. 57.

[16] Pumpyansky, p. 15.

[17] Russkie poety (Leningrad: Khudozhestvennaya literatura, 1970), p. 54.

[18] Ibid., p. 56.

[19] Cirlot, p. 202.

[20] Ibid., p. 285.

[21] Zeldin, p. 57.

[22] Cirlot, p. 335.

[23] Ibid., p. 295.

[24] Tyutchev, p. 30.

[25] Zeldin, p. 30.

[26] Tyutchev, p. 140.

[27] Zeldin, p. 76.

[28] Tyutchev, p. 140.

[29] Zeldin, p. 76.

[30] Tyutchev, p. 31.

[31] Zeldin, p. 36.

[32] Tyutchev, p. 38.

[33] Zeldin, p. 55.

[34] Tyutchev, p. 140.

[35] Zeldin, p. 76.

[36] Tyutchev, p. 133.

[37] Zeldin, p. 36.

[38] Tyutchev, p. 34.

[39] Zeldin, p. 124.

[40] Tyutchev, p. 64.

[41] Zeldin, p. 42.

[42] Tyutchev, p. 68.

[43] Zeldin, p. 55.

[44] Tyutchev, p. 174.

[45] Zeldin, p. 113.

[46] Tyutchev, p. 114.

[47] Zeldin, p. 57.

[48] Tyutchev, p. 37.

[49] Zeldin, p. 34.

[50] Tyutchev, p. 43.

[51] Zeldin, p. 33.

[52] Tyutchev, p. 112.

[53] Zeldin, p. 66.

[54] V.F. Savodnik, Chuvstvo prirody v poezii Pushkina, Lermontova i Tyutcheva (Moscow: Pechatiya S.P., 1911), p. 169.

[55] D.S. Mirsky, A History of Russian Literature (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul Limited, 1949), p. 48.

[56] For further information on Derzhavin's influence on Tyutchev, see J.N. Tynyanov's article "Vopros o Tyutcheve" in Arkhaisty i novatory (Leningrad: Priboy, 1921), pp. 367-385.

[57] T.J. Binyon, "Lermontov, Tyutchev and Fet" in Studies of Ten Russian Writers, ed. J. Fennell (Berkley: University of California Press, 1973), p. 188.

[58] B. Bukhshtab, Russkie poety, p. 54.

[59] Kontekst 74 (Moscow: "Nauka," 1975), p. 240.

[60] Ibid., p. 276.

[61] Cirlot, p. 50.

[62] Tyutchev, p. 20.

[63] Zeldin, p. 28.

[64] Tyutchev, p. 21.

[65] Zeldin, p. 29.

[66] Tyutchev, p. 22.

[67] Zeldin, p. 50.

[68] Tyutchev, p. 207.

[69] Zeldin, p. 96.

[70] Tyutchev, p. 35.

[71] Zeldin, p. 32.

[72] Tyutchev, p. 205.

[73] Zeldin, p. 94.

[74] Tyutchev, p. 27.

[75] Zeldin, p. 29.

[76] Tyutchev, p. 135.

[77] Zeldin, p. 71.

[78] Tyutchev, p. 75.

[79] Zeldin, p. 71.

[80] Tyutchev, p. 141.

[81] Zeldin, p. 52.

[82] Cirlot, p. 52.

[83] Tyutchev, p. 97.

[84] Cirlot, p. 114.

[85] Tyutchev, p. 43.

[86] Tyutchev, p. 112.

[87] Ibid., p. 39.

[88] Ibid., p. 45.

[89] Ibid., p. 68.

[90] Ibid., p. 69.

[91] German Romanticism (New York: Frederich Ungar Publishing Co., 1965), p. 127.

[92] V.N. Kasatkina, Poeziya F.I. Tyutcheva (Moscow: Prosveshchenie, 1978), p. 16.

[93] Tyutchev, p. 82.

[94] Ibid., p. 260.

[95] Ibid., p. 233.

[96] Ibid., p. 233.

[97] Maymin, p. 147.

[98] Ibid., p. 149.

[99] Webster's New College Dictionary, ed. in chief H.B. Woolf (Springfield: G. and C. Merriam Company, 1977), p. 753.

[100] Kasatkina, p. 15.

[101] Webster's New College Dictionary defines synaesthesia as "a subjective sensation or image of a sense (as of color) other than the one (as of sound) being stimulated." (p. 1183)

[102] L'eau et les rêves (Paris: Librairie José Corti), p.102.

Chapter III

The Seasons as Manifestation of Cosmic Life

Tyutchev perceived the diurnal natural world as a living, vibrant being, and as manifestation of the harmonious and orderly Cosmos. Nature possesses a rich, inner life on the one hand not unlike man's, and on the other vastly superior. The external world undergoes not only physical changes from one season to the next but emotional ones as well. Tyutchev's sentiment of nature is so acute, so intense that he detected and understood all the vicissitudes of the outer world's inner makeup.

Our poet believed that he, or rather his "prophetic soul", lived one life with nature, that his inner world of feelings, emotions, intellect and passions was identical to that of nature's. He participated in the life of nature to such a degree that all barriers between himself and the natural world disappeared. Imagery from the physical world often served to illustrate a human sentiment, and at times, though less frequently, a human emotion shed light on a state of nature. Tyutchev's sentiment of nature is such that there is complete identification between the inner life of nature and that of man. In this chapter I shall analyze the rich fabric of nature's inner life and show how the texture alters from one season to the next, bearing in mind that the emotional, intellectual and spiritual layers 1) parallel those of man; and 2)

allude to the presence of a higher form of life--the Cosmos.

Of the four seasons, Tyutchev identifies most with spring. The vernal season is a time of physical and emotional rebirth, a joyous celebration of new life, both in nature and in man. In "Still mournful is the mien of earth", both nature and man sleep through winter and are aroused by spring. The natural world hears the arrival of spring in its sleep and breaks out into a smile:

> But through her slowly thinning sleep
> She has discerned the coming spring
> And cannot help her smiling.
>
> (Zeldin, p. 59)

The physical awakening in nature is analogous to an emotional one in man. By means of nature imagery, Tyutchev describes the physical and emotional changes that occur in man because of a woman's love:

> My soul, my soul, you were asleep,
> But what now suddenly excites you,
> What caresses and kisses your sleep
> And turns your dreams all golden?
> Snow blocks glitter and melt away,
> The azure glitters, blood runs faster.
> Is it the pleasure brought by spring,
> Or is it perchance a woman's love?
>
> ("Eshchyo zemli pechalen vid")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 59)

Throughout the spring cycle of poems, the emphasis, both thematic and stylistic, is on the youthfulness of spring. In "With reason is Winter vexed", spring is personified as a beautiful, carefree child, driving winter away. In "Spring Storm" the first clap of thunder appears childlike as it frolics gaily during the storm it is helping to create:

I love a storm at May's beginning,
When spring's first thunderings,
As though in play and sportively,
Crash in the deep blue sky.

(Zeldin, p. 28)

In the above poem, the theme of youth is emphasized by the abundance of words denoting the beginning, such as "at May's beginning" and "spring's first thunderings", which culminates in the last stanza with the appearance of the goddess of eternal youth, Hebe herself. The storm, in fact, is attributed to one of her pranks:

It is as though cup-bearing Hebe,
While feeding the eagle of Zeus,
Spilled laughing a thunder-boiling goblet
From heaven onto earth.

("Vesennaya groza")

(Zeldin, p. 28)

The predominant mood of this and other spring poems ("Spring Waters", "With reason is Winter vexed") is one of felicity, evoked by the natural world's infectious delight at being young and alive. All of nature's members joyously partake in the storm, which is more a reason for celebration than cause for alarm.

Another facet of the physical world's youth is its exuberance and vitality. In "Spring Storm" everything is in perpetual motion, feverishly scurrying to and fro; not only does thunder scamper about, but "rain spatters and dust flies", and the speedy brook tears down the mountain. Nature's dynamic spirit is best illustrated by the poem "Spring Waters", which has already been quoted in the previous chapter. The main image

of the poem is of spring waters rushing headlong, announcing the advent of spring. The pulsating rhythm of the waters, both visually and musically, is created by the metric pattern--the four-foot iambic tetrameter, consisting primarily of stressed even syllables. The symmetrical repetition of words and phrases ("vesna idyot", "begut", "glasyat") conveys not only the energetic movement of the natural world but also embodies its vitality. As the consonant clusters (bgt-bdt-bg-bgt-blt-glt)* appear and reappear, the sounds, words, even the poem itself comes to life.[1]

Spring is not only synonymous with eternal youth and a vital life force, but it is also symbolic of a fundamental principle of Tyutchev's sentiment of nature: the immutability of the natural world, its inherently youthful beginnings (vechno molodoe nachalo):[2]

> Immortal life gleams in her gaze.
> There are no wrinkles on her brow.
>
> (Zeldin, p. 65)

The above theme is directly linked to the psychological makeup of the poet himself. Tyutchev lived in constant fear of time and space; he looked upon them as his metaphysical enemies. In a letter to his second wife, Ernestine, he calls time and space the oppressors (ugnetateli) and tyrants (tirany) of mankind:

* In Russian the verses read as follows:

> Begut i budyat sonnyy breg,
> Begut i bleshchut i glasyat

> Never, when I write do I feel that there is something in the distance, someone who is waiting for my letter and will read it with pleasure. I sooner find myself a madman who talks to himself. No one, I think, has felt less insignificant than I in the face of these two oppressors and tyrants of mankind: time and space.[3]

The pressures of time and space found direct expression in Tyutchev's philosophic verse and in his spring cycle of poems.

The themes of the passing of time and the transiency of life were by no means new ones for the Romantics, but for Tyutchev they were much more; they were facts of his everyday consciousness. In a letter to Ernestine, the poet describes how the pressures of time have affected his daily existence:

> The fragility (khrupkost) of human life--is the only thing on earth that neither lofty phrases nor oratorical eloquence will ever be able to exaggerate. . . . a feeling of anguish and horror has for many years been the normal state (privichnoe sostoyanie) of my soul.[4]

Nature, unlike man, is completely unaware of time in the intellectual sense. It lives only in the present:

> Their life (leaves), like the shoreless ocean,
> Is all poured out in the present.
>
> (Gregg, p. 87)

is blissfully ignorant of the past:

> Not of the past do the roses sigh,
> Nor the nightingale sing in the night;
> And Aurora sheds no fragrant tears about the past . . .
>
> (Gregg, p. 87)

and has no reason to fear the future, which will bring certain death to all mortals:

And fear of the inevitable end
Does not blow a single leaf from the tree.

("Vesna")

(Gregg, p. 87)

Man, on the other hand, is acutely aware of the fragility of life, since he possesses that one faculty, the capability for thought, which denies him immortality. Time has no power over the natural world, because it is unconscious of its own existence, whereas man is a thinking being, or as stated by Tyutchev, "a thinking reed".

Neither does nature know death, as its life is cyclical. Every spring is the first spring:

Virginal as primal spring,
She scatters her flowers over the land;
She acknowledges no other springs
Which once there may have been before her.

. . . . .

Never a single trace does she find
Of springs whose flowering is over.

("Vesna")

(Zeldin, p. 65)

Its individual members, however, are mortal. In "Calm" an oak tree is felled during a storm. The natural world, refreshed and revitalized by the storm, pays absolutely no attention to the "lofty oak . . . , by Peroun's bolts slain" and instead of mourning the latter's death, bursts into festivity:

Long since has the sonorous, engulfing
Song of the birds been sounding throughout
The grove, and the end of the rainbow's arch
Been anchored in the verdant crests.

("Uspokoenie")

(Zeldin, p. 37)

The theme of nature's indifference to death appears again in another poem "Leaves". Here, leaves, after having passed their prime, turn to the tempestuous winds and beg to be blown away rather than grow old:

Faster, still faster,
O wanton winds!
Still faster pluck us
From these tiresome branches.
Pluck us and whirl us,
We would not wait.
Fly, fly!
We will fly with you!

("Listya")

(Zeldin, p. 41)

Spring's ebullience and dynamism culminate in the radiant and tranquil splendour of summer. Gone is the nervous energy that permeated "Spring Waters" and "A Spring Storm", and in its place we find the natural world bathed in a state of hedonistic bliss, exultant and intoxicated with life:

The sun is shining, the waters glitter,
A smile on all and life in all.
The trees are trembling in gladness and joy.
As they bathe their crests in the bluehued sky.

The trees are singing, the waters glitter,
The air is liquefied in love.
The world, the flowering world of nature,
Is ecstacied by life's abundance.

(Zeldin, p. 90)

True to Tyutchev's dualistic perception of life in the universe, which he interprets as a struggle between Chaos and Cosmos, he concludes this breathtaking scene of nature with a metaphor suggesting that the dark forces of Chaos are always present:

But in this abundance of ecstacy
No ecstacy is any greater
Than just a single tender smile
Of your tormented soul.

("Siyaet solntse, bleshchut vody")

(Zeldin, p. 90)

As transporting as nature's smile may be, the "tender smile" of his beloved's tortured soul brings him greater euphoria. The juxtaposition of pain and pleasure is but another facet of Tyutchev's sentiment of nature; all forms of life, both natural and human, are created by the interaction of opposite forces. The image of the smile of suffering returns in a fall poem and will be analyzed in the section dealing with autumn.

Summer, like spring, is also a season of celebration, but one senses in nature a maturity, an appreciation of life, that it lacked in the vernal season. The estival season appears calmer, more tranquil. No longer does it scurry to and fro to express joy at being alive, nor does it indulge in childish pranks. Nature is now in full bloom, at the height of its creative powers, and teems with a different kind of life, an overflow of life ("izbytok zhizni"), which is more intense, more profound. The natural world emanates a cosmic force, transcending both space and time, which is particularly manifest when nature appears at rest, as in "Midday":

> Misty midday lazily breathes,
> The river lazily rolls,
> And in the pure flaming firmament
> Clouds lazily melt away.
>
> Warm somnolence, like a looming haze,
> Embraces all of nature,
> And now great Pan himself unruffled
> Dreams in the cave of the nymphs.
>
> ("Polden")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 34)

Here the natural world embodies the fusion of water and fire. It is bathed in a mist of "pure flaming firmament", evoking

lightness and warmth, a harmonious state of being.

The source of the "overflow of life" appears to be the blazing hot rays of the sun, for in the summer scenes nature is usually described at noon, when the heat is most intense. In "I see your eyes anew", the poet speaks of the sun's rays as "life-giving light" ("svet zhivitelnyy") which transforms the "fatal north" from a "monstrous ugly dream" into a "magic land". At times the natural world thrives under the blazing hot rays of the sun:

> See how the grove is greening,
> Glazed by the scorching sun,
> And with what languorousness
> Each branch and leaf is waving.
>
> ("Smotri, kak roshcha **zeleneet**")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 95)

and the torrid heat of the sun often induces a blissful kind of sleep:

> Meanwhile our valley world,
> Its strength all sapped and dozing,
> Sunk deep in languorous pleasure,
> Is immersed in midday mist.
>
> ("Snezhnye gory")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 32)

When the natural world is unable to contain "the overflow of life", it bursts into a storm. In the following poem, Tyutchev parallels the eruption of a woman's emotions to that of a coming storm:

> In the stifling silence of the air
> Like a presentiment of a thunderstorm,
> The fragrance of the roses is more ardent,
> The voice of a dragonfly is shriller.

Hark! Beyond the white, smoky stormcloud
A muffled thunderclap has rolled;
The sky is girdled
By flying lightning.

A certain excess of life*
Is poured out in the burning air:
Like a celestial liquor,
It thrills and burns in the veins. . . .

Maiden, maiden, what excites the veil of
The veil of your young bosom?
Why does the damp brilliance of your eyes
Of your eyes become cloudy?

Why does the flame of your maiden-cheeks,
Turning pale, die away.
What oppresses your bosom
And set fire to your lips?

Across your silken eyelashes
Two tears have passed.
Are these the raindrops
Of an incipient thunderstorm?

("V dushnom vozdukha molchane")

(Gregg, p. 66)

The analogy drawn between the passionate emotions of a maiden and a storm serves to illustrate one of the basic premises of Tyutchev's sentiment of nature: the inner world of feelings and passions is a manifestation of the irrational, of Chaos, in man. The poet's attitude to the latter is reminiscent of "Malaria", where he states that he loves the wrath of God. Once more, he evinces his attraction to the "mysterious evil poured out in everything", which seems to enhance the beauty of the natural world. The approaching storm heightens the poet's aesthetic and sensual awareness of nature and the young

* Gregg translates "izbytok zhizni" as "excess of life", whereas Zeldin uses "life in overabundance".

woman. The fragrant roses emanate an ardour which is parallelled in the maiden by a similar intensity of emotion: her eyes water, her cheeks become enflamed, and her lips burn. As the poet drinks in the loveliness of the scene unfolding before him, he becomes inebriated by the "excess of life"; the sultry air is a "celestial liquor" that "burns his veins". Meanwhile the young woman is in emotional turmoil and on the verge of tears, which does not elicit from the poet any compassion whatsoever; he is completely transported by the intoxicating beauty of the world around him.

The storm, by virtue of its symbolism, is creative and often carries a sacred connotation. Summer storms, in contrast to spring storms, appear more ominous and aggressive ("A shy reluctant sun", "Beneath the foul weather"), but they are nevertheless beneficent, for they relieve the natural world of the, at times, unbearable sultriness of the blazing sun ("Morning in the Mountains", "Calm") and thereby foster life and creativity:

> Gusts of sultry wind,
> Distant thunder and raindrops,
> Cornfields turning green
> And greener beneath the storm.
>
> ("Neokhotno i nesmelo")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 69)

Even the sacred has its origins in the demonic. In "The sky of night is louring", summer lightning, bearer of heavenly fire, is likened to demons:

> But fiery flaming summer lightnings,
> Igniting one another,
> Hold conversation among themselves
> Like demons deaf and dumb.
>
> ("Nochnoe nebo tak ugryumo")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 111)

As belligerent, portentous and demonic as the storm may be, it never disrupts the intrinsic harmony of the natural world, either during the upheaval itself:

> There is a harmony in the sea waves,
> A harmony in their elemental debates,
>
> ("Pevuchest est v morskikh volnakh")
>
> (Gregg, p. 197)

or after it has passed:

> The celestial azure laughs,
> Washed by the storm of the night.
>
> ("Utro v gorakh")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 32)

The transition from summer to fall, as from any season to the next, is always a struggle and implies some sort of conflict whether overt ("Not for nought is Winter vexed") or subtle:

> And through the sudden anxiety
> The loudly calling birds are heard,
> And somewhere the first of the leaves to yellow,
> Spinning flies onto the road.
>
> ("Kak vesel grokhot letnikh bur")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 85)

These four verses conclude "How gay the rumble of summer storms", a poem describing how a summer storm affects the physical world. The mood of nature changes from gaiety and bubbliness to sudden alarm. It is aware that something is wrong: the groves begin to tremble; the oaks murmur anxiously; the birds whistle ceaselessly. One yellow leaf, the first hint that autumn will soon take over, is the cause for alarm.

In the autumn, the natural world gradually sheds its estival finery and dons its mourning apparel, a striking array

of regal garments that progressively lose their opulence as nature's suffering intensifies and death draws nearer. In contrast to the explosion of joy that so characterized the cycles of spring and summer poems, the fall lyrics project a mood of calm, tranquility and sadness.

Early autumn, however, has not yet yielded to decay and for a very brief period embodies the essence of spirit itself:

> There is in early autumn
> A short but marvelous time-
> The whole day is crystal, as it were,
> And the evenings are radiant . . .
>
> Where the vigorous scythe (once) traveled and ears fell,
> Now all is vacant-empty space is everywhere-
> Only the fine hair of a spiderweb
> Gleams on the idle furrow.
>
> The air grows empty, birds are heard no more,
> But still far off are the first winter storms;
> And the pure warm azure pours out
> On the resting field.
>
> ("Est v oseni pervonachalnoy")
>
> (Gregg, p. 188)

In the space of twelve lines the poet magnificently conveys the sublime spiritual beauty of the natural world at rest. Nowhere is there a sign of anything human, either physical or emotional. All is pure spirit. Day is likened to crystal, "symbol of the spirit and of the intellect associated with the spirit".[5] The radiance of the evenings reinforces the crystal metaphor. In Chapter Two we saw that radiance has supernatural connotations and is associated with fire and daylight, symbols of spiritual energy. Even the "fine hair of a spiderweb" by virtue of its gleaming is suggestive of the spirit. The "pure warm azure" pouring "onto the resting field" completes the fine network of

light imagery, and in many ways it is an apocalyptic image; because of its liquidness, the symbolism of the blue sky is linked to that of water:

> Immersion in water signifies a return to the pre-formal state, with a sense of death and annihilation on the one hand, but of rebirth and regeneration on the other hand, since immersion intensifies the life-force.[6]

A natural world, bathed in a warm and pure liquid, is highly suggestive of such a spiritual rebirth.

The sense of spiritual calm and tranquility that pervades the poem is heightened and intensified by the absence of any kind of conflict or tension, such a salient trait of many of Tyutchev's nature lyrics. Richard Gregg writes that Tyutchev's nature lyrics underwent an evolution in the sense that the later ones are devoid of any tension or struggle, and to a certain degree he is correct. However, the first autumn lyric, "There is in the light of autumn evenings", or "Autumn Evening", written twenty years before the above poem, is also free of any tension or struggle. This leads us to believe, therefore, that serenity and harmony are traits peculiar to the autumnal world. Strémooukhoff states plainly that, "Si l'été est un trop plein de vie, l'automne en est l'absence".[7]

The peacefulness of the autumn landscape is created largely by the central image of the poem: "empty space is everywhere". The Soviet critic Zundelovich observes that this image reveals an important aspect of the poet's Weltanschauung (mirovozzrenie), namely his thirst for limitless space:

> . . . the poet here gives free reign to his feeling of space-"empty space is everywhere", to his delight

> at the boundlessness of the earth bathing in lucidity (the crystal day, the radiance of the evenings, the brilliance of the spider's fine hair).[8]

As was mentioned earlier, Tyutchev was haunted and obssessed by the pressures of space and time. In this poem, the poet has recreated the brief moment when the natural world has transcended his metaphysical enemies (nature has temporarily escaped the inevitable process of decay) and become pure spirit, infinite and boundless.

With the exception of the above poem, fall is usually depicted as a season of suffering and mourning, though not of despair. The autumn landscapes, regardless of whether they are portrayed in a regal robe of "crimson leaves", decorating a "motley of trees", or in the tatters of a "half-dressed forest", always radiate a light, a sign that inspite of its anguish, the natural world still retains a spiritual strength.

The initial stages of decomposition, when the physical world is still strikingly but inauspiciously beautiful, inspire in the poet a sense of awe:

> There is in the light of autumn evenings
> A touching, mysterious charm! . . .
> The ominous brilliance and motley of trees;
> The weary, light sough of crimson leaves;
> The misty, calm azure
> Above the sadly orphaned earth,
>
> (Gregg, p. 80)

The subtle presence of death imparts an evil yet arresting quality to nature which, in the eyes of the poet, enhances its loveliness ("mysterious charm", "ominous brilliance", "weary, light sough", "misty, calm azure"). Nature, nevertheless, is

dying; it is tired and frail and bears the pain ever so gently. Even when attacked by a "gusty wind", the natural world does not so much as whimper, but accepts its fate quietly and meekly:

> And like a presage of coming storms,
> Sometimes a clear and gusty wind . . .
>
> Damage, exhaustion-and on everything
> That meek smile of withering away,
> Which in a rational being we call
> The divine modesty of suffering.
>
> ("Vesenniy vecher")
>
> (Gregg, p. 80)

Nature, as in the spring and summer lyrics, is once again perceived in human terms; it is dying a human death. The slow process of dying, evoked by vocabulary eliciting pathos--"touching", "ominous", "weary", "sadly orphaned", "damage", "exhaustion", "withering"--is also a subtle personification of nature which culminates in the image of a woman's smiling face. To quote Gregg:

> the spectacle of pain, decay, and beauty in nature has evoked in the poet thoughts of pain, decay and beauty in a person possessing the "divine modesty of suffering".[9]

The poet senses something godly, divine in submitting passively to suffering, both in the natural world and in mortal man.

The motif of a smiling nature reappears in another autumn lyric, "Fanned by a prophetic drowsiness", written twenty years later, in 1850. As several critics have pointed out (Gregg, Zundelovich), the lyric is in many ways a sequel to "Autumn Evening". The poet deals with the same theme, the juxtaposition of "autumnal beauty and the pathos of decay",[10] and uses prac-

tically identical vocabulary, which arouses the antithetical feelings of pleasure and pain: shelest/shelestit; listev/listev; pestrota/ispeshchryonnym; uvyadanya/uvyadayushchee; prelest/prelest; ulybnyotsya/ulybka.[11]

The later lyric differs from its predecessor in two respects. First, it is totally bereft of any sense of foreboding, so prevalent in "Autumn Evening", perhaps because the natural world is not nearly so alluring:

> The half-undressed forest mourns . . .
> And scarcely a hundred summer leaves,
> Shining with their autumn gilt,
> Still rustle on the branch.
>
> (Gregg, p. 187)

Secondly, whereas the first poem is an objective description of the gradual unfolding of death in the natural world, the sequel is an emotional response to its suffering. The poet offers compassion: "I look with tender sympathy . . . ", and expresses admiration for the atrophied outer world as it greets death with one final smile:

> How withered, how dear!
> What charm in it for us,
> When that which has blossomed so and lived,
> Now so puny and powerless,
> Smiles for the last time.
>
> ("Obveyan veshcheyu dremotoy")
>
> (Gregg, p. 187)

In "Autumn Evening", the poet was fascinated by the ominous brilliance of nature, whereas in the above poem it is nature's reaction to its own death that delights him. Nothing remains of its former physical splendour; it is wizened and weak, yet it smiles.

As was stated earlier, Tyutchev identifies completely with the natural world, which is easily illustrated by an examination of his favourite trope, the simile. Most of his poems consist of only two stanzas, around which he often constructs extended similes, the first strophe being the tenor and the second the vehicle. The tenor, more often than not, describes a particular moment in the life of the natural world, and the vehicle correlates this to the human condition. Occasionally, the poet reverses the order, and an intellectual or emotional experience from the life of man becomes the subject of the tenor, and a parallel with nature is drawn in the vehicle, as in "When in a circle of sickening sorrows". The time of "sickening sorrows", when "life lies heavy", is compared to autumn "when fields are empty and groves are bare, The sky is pale and dale are dismal grown". (Zeldin, p. 71) And the inexplicable removal of the "stone" (of sickening sorrows) when "the past surrounds and embraces us" is analogous to the remedial powers of spring:

> A sudden warm moist wind will blow,
> Driving the fallen leaf before it,
> And it is as though our souls were bathed in spring.
>
> ("Kogda v krugu ubiystvennykh zabot")
> (Zeldin, p. 71)

Tyutchev rarely writes about winter, and only one poem is devoted to the hibernal season, in which it is personified as an enchantress (It should be pointed out that winter in Russian is feminine in gender):

> Bewitched by winter the enchantress,
> The forest stands stands-
> And under the snowy fringe,
> Motionless, mute,
> It shines with a marvelous life.

And it stands bewitched,
Not a dead thing, not alive-
Charmed by a magic dream,
All entangled, all fettered
In light downy chains.

The winter sun throws
Its slanting ray on it-
Nothing will tremble in it,
All of it will flare up and flash
In blinding beauty.

("Charodeykoyu zimoyu")

(Gregg, p. 192)

Again the emphasis is on the visual, on the dazzling beauty of nature, which breathes of rich, immortal spiritual life. Nature is perceived through the image of the forest, still splendidly alive even though winter has tried to cast a spell on it: " . . . under the snowy fringe . . . , it shines with a marvelous life". The light is the only sign of life in the winter landscape. Otherwise, the natural world appears inert, "motionless, mute", and in a state of numbness, "not a dead thing, not alive". The oxymoron "light, downy chains" suggests on the one hand confinement and on the other evokes images of softness, fluffiness, which in turn evoke feelings of comfort and pleasure. The "magic dream" of winter connotes, therefore, that a contrary state of delectable imprisonment, an illusion, perhaps, to the complexity of being. The natural world is liberated only when the sun "throws its slanting ray on it", which then causes the "marvelous life" to manifest itself fully; it will neither "shine" nor "tremble", but "will flare up and flash in blinding beauty".

In an earlier poem written in the thirties, winter appears

as a wicked witch whose "time is up". Here are a few verses from the delightful poem:

Not for nothing is winter raging.
Her time has passed-
Spring knocks at the window
And chases her from the yard.

Winter still bustles about
And grumbles at Spring.
She laughs in its face,
And only makes more noise . . .

The wicked witch has become frenzied,
And having snatched up some snow,
She has thrown it, running away,
At the splendid child.

("Zima nedarom zlitsya")

(Gregg, p. 186)

Winter also makes its infrequent appearance in a few metaphors such as "killed by the cold of existence" and "iron winter breathed", but on the whole Tyutchev was far more attracted to the dynamic aspect of the natural world.

Through continuous reciprocation with the diurnal world, Tyutchev discerned that within it flowed a life force, infinite and timeless. The natural world spoke of unity in all living things, of the harmonious and beautiful Cosmos.

FOOTNOTES

[1] Maymin, p. 152.

[2] Pigaryov, p. 203.

[3] G. Chulkov, Letopis zhizni i tvorchestva F.I. Tyutcheva (Moscow-Leningrad, 1933), p. 124.

[4] Ibid., p. 88.

[5] Cirlot, p. 71.

[6] Ibid., p. 346.

[7] Strémooukhoff, p. 100.

[8] Ya. O. Zundelovich, Etyudy o Tyutcheve (Samarkand, 1971), p. 85.

[9] Gregg, p. 80.

[10] Ibid., p. 187.

[11] Ibid., p. 187.

Chapter IV

The Night

The night in Tyutchev's lyrics is grand, awesome, seductive yet terrifying, for it is man's link with primordial Chaos, the essential reality. It is a protean and fertile realm which holds the key to the secrets and mysteries of the universe the poet so longed and so endeavoured to unlock. The night offered the sundered Romantic soul temporary respite from the burning rays of the sun, which made him painfully aware of the insignificance of his earthly life, of the pressures of time and space, and of the intellect's inability to permanently merge with the infinite. Only at night, when the night side of man merges with the night side of the universe, does the poet's craving for oneness and spiritual harmony become even partially satisfied. When the soul lives one life with the nocturnal elements, it either plunges into the "nameless abyss" of the night and comes face to face with the painful metaphysical truths of being, or soars into the starry firmament and there discovers a world of vision, which ultimately leads to communion with nature. The night will be investigated under three headings: the night as mirror of the self; the dream as source of poetic inspiration; and the night as means of communion with the infinite.

René Wellek, in Concepts of Criticism, writes:

> All great romantic poets are mythopoeic, are symbolists whose practice must be understood in terms of their attempt to give a total mythic interpretation of the world to which the poet holds the key.[1]

Tyutchev not only personifies the natural world but weaves a tapestry of myths explaining the origins of the universe and man's place in it. As we have seen, nature is not only anthropomorphized but is also symbolic of a higher realm of life, the Cosmos, "a slight and precarious spark of ordered beauty"[2] in the vast abyss of Chaos, the fundamental reality. The night will be analyzed in the context of these myths, as agent of terrifying but native Chaos, which gives birth to both the Apollonian and Dionysian strains in nature and in man.

The Fall from Nature

Man was once a member of the natural world, a harmonious being who spoke its "unearthly tongues" and believed in the importance of "marvellous fancies". Man, however, began ignoring the faculty of the imagination and concentrated on developing thought instead, with the result that he fell prey to self-consciousness. By becoming aware of himself as a being separate from the world around him, he thereby introduced disharmony into the natural world. Nature does not know consciousness and therefore will be a harmonious being, even in discord:

> There is a melody in seawaves,
> A concord in the elements' quarrels,
> And a mellifluous musical rustling
> Runs streaming in rippling rushes.
>
> There is a steady system in all,
> Full consonance in nature;
> It is only in our phanthom freedom
> That we sense discord with her.

Whence and how has discord arisen?
Why does the soul not sing
In choir with the sea, why does
This thinking reed complain?

("Pevuchest est v morskikh volnakh")
(Zeldin, p. 109)

Self-consciousness alienated the "thinking reed" from nature, and only by merging with the latter could he free himself of this burden. Strémooukhoff states that the major theme in Tyutchev's work is the desire to escape from the empiric self:

> Si nous voulions chercher le thème central de la poésie de Tioutcheff nous pourrions le définir comme le désir d'échapper à soi-même, à son moi empirique . . . Tioutcheff veut s'oublier, il tâche de s'échapper, soit dans les régions les plus profondes de son âme . . . , soit enfin et surtout dans la nature . . . c'est une nature inséparablement liée à la vie humaine.[3]

And this aspect of Tyutchev's sentiment of nature, man's inexorable bond with the natural world, will be investigated in the myth the poet created to explain the nature of his universe.

The Myth of Day and Night

This Romantic poet perceives life in the universe as an eternal struggle between two primordial and polar forces, Chaos and Cosmos, which manifest themselves in the natural world as day and night. The quintessence of Tyutchev's Weltanschauung is the poem "Day and Night", which is not about nature at all but an apocalyptic vision of life in the universe, where the only reality is the "nameless abyss", from which emerge two forces, the day and the night:[4]

Upon the world of mysterious spirits,
Over that nameless abyss,
A cloth-of-gold pall has been thrown
By the lofty will of the gods.
Day is this shining cover-
Day, the animating power of earthlings,
The healing power of the aching soul,
The friend of man and gods.

But day darkens-night has set in;
It has come-and from the fatal world
It throws back, having snatched away,
The beneficent cloth of the pall. . . .
And the abyss is exposed to us
With its fears and fogs;
And there are no barriers between it and us-
That is why night is terrible to us!

("Den i noch")

(Gregg, pp. 101-102)

The day, by virtue of its life-creating powers--"the animating power of the earthlings", "the healing power of the aching soul"--is emblematic of the mythological Cosmos, a realm of light and beauty, order and harmony: light is "the creative force, cosmic energy, irradiation".[5] However, as visually resplendent as the day may be, it is but a "cloth of gold pall", a temporary cover, an offering of the gods to appease man, to hide and protect him from the abyss that lurks below. The theme of the empiric world as magnificent illusion is taken up in another poem "Malaria". This time the subject of the poem is the natural world, depicted as an earthly paradise, where everything breathes of evil and death:

I love the wrath of God! I love
That mysterious evil poured out in everything-
In flowers, in the clear glasslike spring-
Both in rainbow-colored-rays and in the very sky of Rome.
Still the same high, cloudless firmament,
Still your bosom lightly and sweetly breathes in the same way;
Still the same warm wind sways the tops of trees;
Still the same smell of roses, and all that is-Death! . . .

Who knows, perhaps there are in nature sounds,
Fragrant odors, flowers, and voices,
Harbingers for us of the final hour
And sweeteners of our final agony.
And by means of them the fatal emissary of the Fates,
When he summons the sons of Earth from life,
Conceals from them his terrible arrival,
As with a light fabric he screens his image!

("Mal'aria")

(Gregg, p. 74)

The poet interprets the natural world as being essentially evil because everything in life eventually leads to death. All in nature--the clear sky, flowers, fragrances--is an illusion; the only reality is that of the abyss and its emissaries--evil, death.

The night, in contrast to the beneficent and friendly day, instills fear and terror into man. Not only does it violently cast off the "cloth-of-gold pall" of the day and thus manifest its physical superiority, but by doing so forces man to face the horrific reality of the "nameless abyss", peopled by living fogs and fears.

As terrifying as the night may be, man is nevertheless drawn to it. In another night poem, written ten years later, the night becomes holy, as it was for the German Romantics:

Holy night has risen into the firmament
And has rolled up the comforting day,
The kind day, like a golden pall,
A pall thrown over an abyss.
And like a vision, the outer world has departed . . .
And man, like a homeless orphan,
Now stands powerless and naked,
Face to face with the dark abyss.
He is hurled back upon himself-
The mind is abolished, thought is orphaned-
He is plunged into his own soul as into an abyss;
And from without there is no support, no bourn . . .

> And all that is bright and alive
> Seems to him like a dream long since past . . .
> And in this alien, indecipherable, nocturnal (element)
> He recognizes his native legacy.
>
> ("Svyataya noch na nebosklon vzoshla")
> (Gregg, p. 102)

The night is terrifying and holy because it reveals to man painful metaphysical truths about his origins and those of the universe. When man descends to the depths of being, he discovers that the seeds of night and day are planted in him. During the day, when man is blinded and deceived by the physical splendour of the diurnal world, he assumes that the empirical world, as perceived by the senses, is the real world. However, when the night descends upon the outer world, not only does reality as he knows it disappear, but that in him which corresponds to the empiric world, his faculty for thought, also deserts him. Thus cosmically and painfully alone, man must come to terms with the knowledge that the abyss exposed by the night is nothing less than his own unconscious, firmly embedded in the irrational:

> And in this alien, indecipherable, nocturnal (element)
> He recognizes his native legacy.

Tyutchev originally called the above poem "Samopoznanie" or "Self-consciousness", which is completely in keeping with its underlying symbolism.

The image of the orphan, helpless and powerless before the grand spectacle taking place before him, masterfully conveys the existential horror and primordial terror of being left alone to face the unknown. Man is isolated and completely cut

off from life as he knew it; what was once real, "bright and alive" (an allusion to the Cosmos), is now a dream and the only reality is the dark crevice yawning before him.

Much of the imagery in "Holy night" initially appeared in the profoundly pessimistic "Insomnia", written approximately twenty years earlier. The poet interprets the monotonous striking of the clock at midnight as the night narrating the tragic tale of the transiency of human life:

Monotonous striking of hours-
The wearisome tale of the night.
Their language, like conscience, is foreign
To all while heard by each.

Has one of us griefless heard,
Amid universal silence,
The mute moans of time,
The voice foretelling farewell.

Ours is an orphaned world,
Caught by unbending Fate,
In our battle with all of nature
Abandoned to ourselves.

Our life is there before us,
A phanthom on the marge of earth;
Like both our time and friends,
It pales in distant twilight.

A new, a young generation
Meanwhile has bloomed in the sun,
As we our friends and time
Pass to be forgotten.

A rare metallic funereal
Voice performing a mournful
Rite at the midnight hour
Sometimes wails for us.

("Bessonnitsa")

(Zeldin, p. 31)

The night repeats over and over again, gnawing away at man as persistently as his conscience, that death is at hand. The

poet is so sensitive to the passing of time that he interprets one night as a temporal abyss. By morning, he fears, his life will be lost in oblivion; only a trace of it will remain in the form of a phanthom.

Loneliness, isolation and alienation are motifs running through many of Tyutchev's poems. Man, by severing the umbilical cord joining him to the natural world, suffered a threefold tragedy. Not only was he alienated from nature, from his fellow man ("You saw him in high society's world", "My soul, Elysium of shadow"), but also from his very own self ("O, my prophetic soul"). The poet's biographer and son-in-law, I.S. Aksakov, writes that Tyutchev could not bear to be alone and, as much as he may have despised "high society", he could not bear to live without it. In a letter to his wife Ernestine, F.I. Tyutchev describes how loneliness affected his mental state:

> Yesterday, the loneliness I so feared was on the contrary beneficial for me. A kind of calm took over my soul. I did not feel that absurd (nelepaya) and horrible anxiety (toska) which changes every day of your life into the final one of a man condemned to death.[6]

Being alone allows man to contemplate the self, the abyss in his soul, and the more he does so, the more seductive it becomes for him. It is an attraction based on desire and fear, because the day side of man, or his conscious self, fears the irrational, whereas the night side, or his unconscious self, seeks out the force that will liberate it from the confines of diurnal life. The conflict is resolved only

at night, when the unconscious awakens and the conscious lays dormant. The third in the night cycle of poems describes the suffering endured by a divided self, as the day side shrinks away in horror from the call of the night wind and the night side eagerly responds to it:

> Why are you wailing so, night wind?
> Why do you keen and cry so wildly?
> What does your strange voice signify,
> Now silent in grief and now in grief roaring?
> In a language the heart alone comprehends
> You rummage in the heart and, rummaging,
> From time to time explode these frantic tones.
>
> Of ancient chaos, of primal chaos!
> How avidly the night-soul's world
> Hearkens to its favorite tale!
> It strives to escape its mortal breast,
> It thirsts to merge itself with infinitude.
> O do not rouse the storms that now are sleeping:
> Chaos still is restlessly stirring beneath them.
>
> ("O chyom ty voesh, vetr nochnoy")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 48)

Man's day side, or conscious self, is aware that at the root of all existence lies Chaos, and that within man dwell "sleeping storms" ready to erupt. Man's night side, or his unconscious, on the other hand, hearkens to the call of the night wind and tears itself away from its "mortal breast" to merge with "ancient native Chaos". Man's conscious self, governed by the faculty of reason, eschews all knowledge that cannot be cognized intellectually, whereas the unconscious yearns to break away from the confines of thought and merge with the infinite, which can only be perceived intuitively.

The poet often belittles man's empiric self for its inability to commune with nature; thought and reason are but a

"plaything and victim of private life", "insignificant life", a "thinking reed". The latter is condemned by Fate, another agent of Chaos, never to participate fully in divine life. As illustrated by the poem "The Fountain", man is allowed a glimpse of "the forbidden heights", but the experience lasts no more than a mere moment:

> How like unto a living cloud
> The radiant, sparkling fountain writhes;
> How its damp smoke first blazes up,
> Then burns to powder in the sun.
> It rises beam-like to the sky,
> It touches the forbidden heights,
> And then is fated to fall to earth
> Anew in fiery-tinted ashes.
>
> O cascade of mortal thought,
> O inexhaustible cascade!
> What law beyond our understanding
> Impels your striving, then casts you down?
> How avidly you dart to heaven!
> But a fateful hand, hidden from sight,
> Refracting your persistent beam,
> Gleams in the spray from heights above.
>
> ("Fontan")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 57)

The same theme appears in "The buzzard rose from the glade", where man's fate is contrasted with that of a buzzard who has the ability to soar and consequently disappear into the heavens, whereas man, the "emperor of the earth", remains rooted to the ground.

The unconscious, on the one hand, suffers great pain during the day, because the light of the day makes man painfully aware of the limitations of the ego:

O, how piercing and savage,
How hateful to me are the noise
The noise, the movement, the talk, the cries,
Of this fiery young day . . .
O, how crimson are its rays,
How they burn my eyes!

("Kak ptichka s ranneyu zaryoyu")
(Gregg, p. 89)

The intuitive self has tasted of the divine ("A Flash of Light") and begs the night for solace and comfort:

Night, night, where is your shelter,
Your soothing shade and dew?
(Zeldin, p. 51)

However, as seen in the chapter on the seasons, the poet does love the world of the senses as represented by the day. A part of him desires to live a life of passion and love, while another yearns to live the life of the spirit:

O you, prophetic soul of mine,
O heart o'erflowing with anxiety,
O how you struggle on the threshold
Of what does seem a double life!

You are a dweller of two worlds:
Your day is painful and passionate,
And prophetically vague are your dreams,
Like revelations of spirits and ghosts.

Let fatal passions rage and riot
In my afflicted, suffering breast:
My soul is ready, like Mary, to cling
Forever to the feet of Christ.

("O veshchaya dusha moya")
(Zeldin, p. 93)

Because the days are "painful and passionate" and the nights "prophetically vague", "like revelations of spirits and ghosts", the poet feels he is constantly living on the edge of an abyss. By turning to the night, Tyutchev does not

necessarily reject the world of the day, but sooner places greater value on the spirit. The following commentary on Novalis' Hymns to the Night could easily apply to Tyutchev's own poetry of the night:

> To love the Night is to love the spiritual in man, which, though, for a time joined to man's body, will someday be released, and will pass from the daylight of early existence into the light of eternal life.[7]

The night offered Tyutchev's "prophetic soul" refuge from the demands of the day and, by removing all "covers" and "illusions" of diurnal life ("Day and Night", "Malaria"), exposed the rich and fertile realm of the unconscious, which for the German Romantics was man's lifeline with nature:

> L'inconscience des romantiques . . . est la racine même de l'être humain, son point d'insertion dans le vaste processus de la nature. Par lui seul, nous restons en harmonie avec les rythmes cosmiques et fidèles à notre origine divine.[8]

Only by turning to the night, home of the unconscious, does the night side of man live one life with nature. Only then does he rid himself of the loneliness and anguish that so characterize his diurnal existence.

Not only does man live a richer life when released from the confines of the day, but so does the natural world. Night is the dream of nature:

> A minuit commence la "vita nuova", je veux dire le chaos dans la nature et le chaos dans la conscience, et en même temps se célèbrent les noces de la conscience et de la nature.[9]

writes V. Jankélévitch, an authority on German Romanticism.

In the following section, I shall show how the dream, or the marriage between the chaos in nature and the chaos in the unconscious, guides the poet to a world of vision which nourishes the poetic imagination and fosters spiritual life.

The Dream

In Tyutchev's mythology, the collective unconscious comes to life only at night, when it is liberated by the dream of the natural world. Upon awakening, it manifests its liberation vocally, in the form of a marvellous roar:

A veil has descended upon the diurnal world;
Motion has been stilled, toil fallen asleep.
Above the sleeping town, as in forests crests,
A strange nocturnal humming has been roused.

Whence does it come, this incomprehensible humming?
Is it the fleshless, heard but invisible world
Of mortal thoughts emancipated in sleep
That now is swarming in the chaos of the night?

("Kak sladko dremlet cad temnozelyonyy")
(Zeldin, p. 55)

The journey to the world of vision begins when the earth is enveloped by an ocean of dreams, which seems to signal to the elements that they are now in charge. They beckon man to embark a magic skiff whose course is guided by another agent of Chaos, the sea:

Just as the ocean embraces the globe of the earth,
Just so is our earthly life encircled by dreams;
And then night comes, and with their sounding waves
The elements strike against its shores.

Its voice compels us and beseeches.
A magic skiff already stirs at the wharf,
The tidal water swells and quickly bears us
Into dark waves' immensity.

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>
> (Zeldin, pp. 35-36)

Chaos, as in "Why are you wailing so, o night wind" and "Insomnia", chooses to manifest its will vocally and, because it has to coerce man to fulfill its wishes, one can conclude that man must first battle the nocturnal element, experience terror and horror before he is allowed to partake of a life of creation.

In the above poem, the journey ends in a realm permeated with beauty, harmony and tranquility:

> The celestial vault in starry glory
> Cryptically watches us from out its depths,
> While we drift ever onwards, a flaming abyss
> On every side encircling us.
>
> (Zeldin, p. 35)

Stars play an important role in the poet's nocturnal imagery. The lone star "as a light shining in the darkness" is a symbol of the spirit,[10] and this Romantic poet writes that he would like to be a star not at night when he would be visible for all to see,

> But rather by day when, hidden as though
> By smoke in the scorching rays of the sun,
> Like deities they brighter burn
> In the ether invisible and clear.
>
> ("Dusha khotela b byt zvezdoy")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 57)

Invisible, the star is purer, more powerful, and in a cluster they are linked with the idea of order and destiny.[11] Furthermore, as Bachelard states in The Poetics of Reverie, "everything which sparkles sees".[12] The "celestial vault in starry glory", by virtue of "watching" man, puts an end to his isolation and, as a result, suffering man is no longer alone in the universe,

he is no longer an orphan ("O holy night", "Insomnia"), but is at one with the universe. When the heavenly vault is reflected in water ("While we drift onwards, a flaming abyss on every side encircling us"), the feeling of union and harmony is intensified, because both abysses merge to form one whole:

> The sky is then for the water, the call to a communion in a verticality of being. The water which reflects the sky is a depth of the sky.[13]

The image of the starry firmament reoccurs in "The Swan", where the poet contrasts the fate of the eagle with that of the swan:

> Let the eagle flying beyond
> The clouds greet lightning flashes
> And with its staring eyes
> Drink in the light of the sun.
>
> No fate is more to be envied
> Than yours, immaculate swan-
> Divinity has dressed you
> In features as pure as yourself.
>
> Between the twin abysses
> She nurses your allseeing dream;
> You are everywhere surrounded
> By the glory of starlit creation.
>
> (Zeldin, p. 35)

Symbolically, the eagle is linked with the sun and the masculine principle, whereas the white swan is identified with the night and water. However, the symbolism of the latter is rather complex. In literature and poetry, as Bachelard points out, the white swan suggests chasteness and immaculate whiteness, but he sees in the image a deeper meaning, hermaphrodism:

> . . . since in its movement and certainly in its long phallic neck it is masculine yet in its round, silky body it is feminine. In sum, the body always points to the complete satisfaction of a desire,

> the swan-song being a particular allusion to desire which brings about its own death.[14]

The poet does not envy the powerful and courageous eagle, soaring into the heavens and drinking in the light of the sun; flight itself does not attract him. He prefers the feminine, the unconscious, the fate of the swan, floating passively in the starlit night. The swan has transcended flight; it is expressive of a god-like state of divine purity which penetrates and takes over the poet's entire being, as he himself floats through the "twin abysses" of the night. The latter exists not only as an exterior reality but as the topography of his own soul. As Bachelard states:

> The redoubling of the sky in the mirror of the waters calls the reverie to a greater lesson. Isn't this sky enclosed within our own souls?[15]

In "Silentium", Tyutchev offers a reply. The poet instructs man on how to cultivate the spirit which lives one life with the stars and the moon. The first step is to remain silent and listen to the rhythm of your inner world:

> Be silent, be secret, hide
> Your secrets and your dreams.
> Deep in the depths of your soul
> Let them mutely rise and set,
> As clear stars do in the night:
> Admire them and be silent.
>
> (Zeldin, p. 42)

He writes further that your fellow man is incapable of understanding the language of your heart and, moreover, you yourself are incapable of expressing in words your own feelings and dreams. Man can find spiritual nourishment in his own soul,

but first he must block out the world of the senses and then concentrate on listening to the language of his own heart:

> Know how to live within-
> Your soul contains a world
> Of mysterious, magical thoughts;
> The outer tumult stifles,
> The beams of daylight blind;
> Hear their song and be silent.
>
> ("Silentium")
>
> (Zeldin, p. 42)

Of the five senses, two are of major importance in Tyutchev's sentiment of nature: hearing and sight. We have seen that when Chaos displays its dark, ominous side, it does so vocally, in the form of strange, cacophonous sounds, whereas when it reveals its light side it does so through vision. In Tyutchev's translation of Schiller's Song of Joy we read that the "heavenly ray" leads to the heavens, to divine revelation. Silence, however, is very much a language of its own and often appears as an attribute of the heavenly bodies and is as much a means of cognition as is vision.

In "A Vision", Tyutchev states clearly that the dream is a source of poetic inspiration and that this visitation from the gods occurs at a "certain hour of universal silence":

> There is a certain hour of universal silence in the night;
> And at that hour of apparitions and miracles
> The live chariot of creation
> Rolls openly through the holy house of the heavens.
>
> Then the night thickens like chaos on the waters;
> Oblivion, like Atlas, oppresses the land-
> Only the virgin soul of the Muse
> Do the gods stir in prophetic dreams.
>
> ("Videnie")
>
> (Gregg, pp. 42-43)

The theme of night as the time of apocalyptic vision reappears

in "Just as the ocean embraces the globe of the earth", "The gay day still sounded", "You saw him in the mundane spheres", and "In crowds of people, in the hurly-burly of the day". In the latter two poems, the poet likens himself to the moon, a "wizened cloud" by day and a "light-flashing cloud" by night. The second stanza of "In crowds of people" suggests that the poet is an instrument of God, also implied in "The Swan":

> Look, how in the daytime the lustrous moon, mistily white,
> Barely glimmers in the sky,
> But when Night comes, upon pure glass
> The fragrant amber oil will pour.
>
> ("V tolpe lyudey, v neskromnom shume dnya")
> (Gregg, p. 43)

The image of the holy oil is also found in "Poetry", where Tyutchev expresses the view, shared by the English Romantics, Blake and Coleridge, that poetry, or creative activity, is an act of God:

> Amid the thunders, amid the fires,
> Amid the seething of our passions,
> In elemental flaming discord,
> From heaven she flies down to us,
> Heaven-sent to the sons of earth,
> An azure clarity in her gaze.
> And over the mutinous rioting sea
> She pours her reconciling oil.
>
> ("Poeziya")
> (Zeldin, p. 74)

Dreams in Tyutchev's poetry are often linked with the nocturnal sea ("Just as ocean encircles the globe of earth", "We followed our sure path", "How beautiful you are, night sea"), which is not surprising when one considers that the sea is symbolic of both universal life and of the collective unconscious.[16] The poet loves the sea as much as nature itself.

He loves the life it exudes, the "marvelous power", its sensuous whispers "full of caresses and love", "its turbulent groans". The sea seems to have a tremendous power over the poet perhaps because of its expansiveness, the limitlessness of its waters, and it is no wonder that Tyutchev chooses to bury his own soul in the "wild abyss":

Not a ring, as a sacred gift,
Did I drop into your rippling surface,
Nor was ~~it a precious stone~~
That I buried in you-

No, at a fateful moment,
Attracted by a secret charm,
I interred a living soul
In your depths.

("O volna moya morskaya")

(Gregg, p. 182)

The sea holds one more attraction for the poet; it is in some way related to the creative process. In "A Dream at Sea", the stormy sea gives birth to and eventually destroys the vision it creates:[17]

Both the sea and the storm rocked our skiff;
Sleepy, I was abandoned to the full caprice of the waves.
Two infinitudes were within me,
And willfully they played with me.
Around me, like cymbals, resounded the cliffs.
The winds replied and the waves sang.
I flew deafened in a chaos of sounds,
But above the chaos of sounds my dream was swiftly borne.
Sickly bright, magically mute,
It blew lightly over the resounding darkness.
In the rays of my fever it unfolded its world-
The earth shone green, the ether grew bright-
Labyrinthine gardens, palaces, columns;
And myriads of silent crowds swarmed.
I recognized many figures, unfamiliar to me.
I saw magic creatures, mysterious birds . . .
Across the peaks of creation I strode like a god,
And under me the world shone motionless.
But through all the dreams, like the wail of a magician,

I heard the roar of the ocean's abyss,
And into the quiet domain of visions and dreams
Burst the foam of the roaring waves.

("Son na more")

(Gregg, p. 96)

The poet speaks of two infinities trifling with man: the first is the sea, capricious, willful and above all impregnated with cacophonous sounds; the second is the dream, a sequence of stunning yet bizarre images, characterized by the complete absence of any sound or movement. The first eight lines express the theme, describe the first reality and state the conflict; the next ten lines describe the dream; and the final four lines resolve the conflict.

Tyutchev's lyrical hero is in a skiff, in the midst of a storm at sea, completely at the mercy of the sea waves. Inspite of the pandemonium of jarring noises produced by the storm, the sea waves still manage to rock the persona to sleep, and by doing so release the dream. Daniel Laferière, in his article "Subjectivity and Symbolism in Tyutchev's 'Son na more'", points out that the persona in the dream is not the same one lying in the skiff:[18]

I lay deafened in a chaos of sounds,
But above the chaos of sounds my dream was swiftly borne.

Another explanation might be that the poet is treating the two different selves in his soul as two different personae. This would be completely in keeping with the dualism pervading the Romantic poet's lyrics, especially the night cycle of poems, where the struggle between the conscious and the unconscious

selves is one of the major themes.

The dream that unfolds before the poet is a vision of light and beauty, order and peacefulness, permeated with magic and mystery. Whether the poet is author of the vision, or whether it is a work of Chaos, is unclear ("In the rays of my fever it unfolded its dream"); but two things are certain. First, even though the persona in the dream rises to the status of a god, he nevertheless is unable to control his surroundings; he cannot sustain the dream. Secondly, the dream, a source of creative inspiration, has its origins in the unconscious, which in man as in nature is a domain of Chaos.

Artistic creation, the poet seems to be saying, is a state which controls the artist. His friend, Prince V.P. Meshcherskiy, observed that Tyutchev "wrote verses as if he himself were not aware of it; they formed in his mind at a given moment under the influence of a certain impression. . . . He did not know what it meant to compose verses; they created themselves . . . he threw them down on a piece of paper then, forgetting them, dropped them on the floor and his wife would pick them up" (as quoted by Gregg, 1965, p. 28).

We can summarize this section by saying that, for Tyutchev, the artistic process, like union with the infinite, as in "The Gleam", is an ephemeral state, or perhaps a divine visitation, which has its origins, direct or indirect, in Chaos, and man must therefore live with knowledge that the dark, elemental force does indeed control all aspects of man's life, both spiritual and intellectual.

We have mentioned several times that the night for Tyutchev was a means of communicating with the infinite. A particular time of day, dusk, when day blends into night, was symbolic of a pantheistic union with nature. The following poem describes the metaphysical anguish of a divided soul becoming one with the natural world:

Grey-blue shadows merge,
Color has faded; sounds are asleep-
Life and movement have been resolved
Into the tremulous darkness, into a distant hum . . .
The invisible flight of a moth is heard in the night air . . .
Hour of unspeakable anguish . . .
All is in me and I am in all . . .

Quiet darkness, sleepy darkness,
Pour yourself into my soul's depths;
Quiet, weary and fragrant-
Flood and quiet everything.
Fill my soul to overflowing
With the mist of self-forgetfulness . . .
Let me taste annihilation
Mix me with the sleepy world.

("Tenʹ sizye smesilis")

(Gregg, p. 86)

The first stanza delineates the physical world losing definition and blending with the night. Analogously, the soul breaks away from the confines of the body to merge with the incorporeal world. As much as it yearns to become one with nature, the initial separation is nonetheless excruciatingly painful.

The second stanza depicts the experience as one of "self-forgetfulness" and "annihilation". Gone is the fear of death, of time and space; all is warmth, tranquility and fragrance. Because of the preponderance of liquid imagery ("pour", "flood", "overflowing", "mist"), the state of pantheistic union is highly suggestive of being immersed in water, of being baptized. After

returning to the primal state and dying a physical death, the poet emerges spiritually reborn.

"Grey-blue shadows" illustrates that Tyutchev did possess Cosmic Consciousness, a feeling of unity with the Cosmos. That he entered the realm more than once is suggested by two poems: "A Flash of Light" and "Certain moments in life". In the first lyric consciousness of eternal life is likened to "an ethereal stream of heaven . . . flowing through our veins"; and in the second to "the graceful moments of the world's self-forgetting" ("Oni samozabvenie zemnogo blagodat").

Oneness with nature, however, was "no more than one burning moment" during a "magical dream".[19] Permanent union with the natural world would have meant sure death, and the night did not hold that strong an attraction for the poet to make him take that final step.

FOOTNOTES

[1] (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1963), p. 188.

[2] D.S. Mirsky, A History of Russian Literature (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul Limited, 1949), p. 129.

[3] Strémooukhoff, p. 74.

[4] For a detailed analysis of this poem, see the article "'Den i noch' Tyutcheva" by M. Girshman and B. Kormachev in Izvestiya Akademii Nauk: Seriya literatury i yazyka, XXXII (1973), pp. 494-502.

[5] Cirlot, p. 179.

[6] Chulkov, p. 88.

[7] R.M. Waerner, Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany (New York: Haskell House, 1966), p. 221.

[8] A. Béguin, L'âme romantique et le rêve (Paris: Librairie José Corti, 1960), p. 76.

[9] V. Jankélévitch, Le romantisme allemand (Paris: Les Cahiers du Sud, 1949), p. 97.

[10] Cirlot, p. 295.

[11] Ibid., p. 296.

[12] Translated by Daniel Russel. (New York: The Orion Press, 1969), p. 200.

[13] Ibid., p. 199.

[14] Cirlot, p. 306.

[15] G. Bachelard, The Poetics of Reverie, p. 199.

[16] Cirlot, p. 306.

[17] Interesting interpretations of a "Dream at Sea" are given by R.E. Matlaw, "The Polyphony of Tyutchev's 'Son na more'" in Slavonic and East European Review, 36 (December 1957-June 1958), pp. 198-204; and by E.N. Lebedev, "Romanticheskiy mir molodogo Tyutcheva" in Istoriya romantizma v russkoy literature, ed. C.E. Shatalov (Moscow: "Nauka," 1979), pp. 81-105.

Chapter V

Conclusion

Tyutchev's sentiment of nature is primarily an intuitive response to, coupled with an intellectual awareness of, the natural world as a living, spiritual whole. Intuition and feeling are the tools the poet used to interpret the outer world, and the senses the principal means of cognition. The poet's sentiment of nature is nevertheless philosophical because it is an attempt to present nature from the following two angles. First, it offers an interpretation of the physical world; secondly, it is concerned with the relation between man and the outer world.[1] The latter is a salient trait of nineteenth century Romantic philosophy.[2]

The poet perceives the natural world in human terms: it has a tongue, soul and personality (as seen in the chapter on the seasons). Yet he senses in nature the presence of life other than man's, infinite and eternal, the harmonious and orderly Cosmos. The latter, however, is but a lone shining star in the dark, all-engulfing abyss of Chaos, the fundamental reality. This is the heart of Tyutchev's nature poetry: the belief that man, like the natural world, is dualistic; the principal difference being that man is a divided being whereas the natural world is always whole, always one. The dualism inherent in all life is expressed by the opposition of the day and the night.

When Tyutchev looked upon the diurnal world, his visionary eye penetrated the outer layer and beheld Cosmic life flowing through it. This throbbing life force manifested itself in the resplendent light emanating from so many of the physical world's members, and in the "overflow of life" pulsating everywhere. Nature was in a constant state of flux, fraught with energy.

The light of the day, however, was also blinding. It was a constant reminder that the day in man, or his empiric self, is estranged from nature and subject to the laws of time and space. Thus the poet turned to the night.

In the nocturnal world, Tyutchev sensed a force more powerful than the Cosmos, the amorphous and terrifying Chaos from which stems all life. The nocturnal elements are perceived primarily, though not exclusively, through the sense of hearing. The night wind, by means of animal-like sounds, sings a tale of man's kinship with Chaos, and a marvellous roar tells of a swarm of souls leaving the empiric world to merge with primordial and native Chaos. The journey into the night, in effect a descent into one's unconscious, takes place during the dream, when the Chaos in man merges with the Chaos in nature. Sometimes it culminates in a realm of glowing stars where all is order and harmony. Here the poet finds spiritual nourishment for his troubled soul and inspiration for the creative process. Often man sinks to the depths of being where he faces loneliness, isolation, terror. Regardless of whether man communes with nature ("Dusk"), or descends to the depths of being

("Insomnia"), the initial contact with the nocturnal elements is always painful and involves great suffering.

In the light of man's intimate bond with the outer world, a question comes to mind: How does nature react to man? For the most part, indifferently, coldly,

> Nature is a sphinx. Indeed,
> Her testing undoes man the more
> Perhaps because she never had
> Nor yet has now, a riddle at all.
>
> ("Priroda-sfinks. I tem ona verney")
> (Zeldin, p. 116)

even cruelly:

> Nature knows nothing about the past,
> Our phanthom years are alien to her,
> And before her we vaguely recognize ourselves
> To be only the dream of nature.
>
> One by one all her children
> Having completed their useless terms,
> She greets in the same fashion
> With her all-devouring, pacifying abyss.
>
> ("Ot zhizni toy, chto bushevala zdes")
> (Gregg, p. 199)

Man must nurture the senses, cultivate the spirit already in him; only then will he realize that all the beauty of the natural world lies in his very own soul ("Silentium"). Man must work from the outer world to his own inner one, for nature will not come to him.

Tyutchev's nature lyrics are for the most part pessimistic, in large part due to the poet's own personality. His letters often speak of anguish, of the fear of time and space which could not but colour his perception of life. Nevertheless, he still was able to appreciate the beauty of the natural world.

His poems, both of the day and of the night, magnificently convey the complexity of being, as expressed by the mystery and seductiveness of the night and the clarity and brilliance of the day. Tyutchev left behind a rich legacy of nature poems offering an emotionally and intellectually satisfying interpretation of man's relation to the natural world.

FOOTNOTES

[1] G. Charlier, Le sentiment de la nature chez les romantiques français (Paris: Fontemoing et Cie, 1912), p. 5.

Charlier writes that one of the fundamental questions all philosophy poses and tries to answer is: "Que connaissons-nous du monde extérieur à nous? Quels rapports peuvents s'établir entre ces deux ordres de réalités, le moi et le non-moi?"

[2] F. Coplestone, A History of Philosophy, Vol. 7: Fichte to Hegel (New York: Image Books, 1963), p. 27.

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