

reiter, *We thought they were free*
Studies in Classic Am. Lit. -- by D.H. Lawrence

"The great difference bet. the extreme Russians & lies in the fact that the Russians are explicit & symbol, whereas the Americans refuse everything explicit & put a sort of double meaning. They revel in subterfuge."

"if we have the courage of our own feelings, it becomes a mine of practical truth." "Never trust the artist. Trust the tale."

***** "It is never freedom until you find something you really positively want to be."

"Because the deepest self is way down & the conscious self is an obstinate monkey.... If one wants to be free, one has to give up the illusion of doing what one likes & seek what IT wishes done. "But before you can do what IT likes, you must 1st break the spell of the old mastery, the old IT. "IT being the deepest whole self of man, the self in its wholeness, not idealistic halfness."

p.157: "It reads like journalism. It seems spurious... He preaches & holds forth because he is not sure of himself."

Think of Tolstoy, "SHEER APPREHENSION OF THE WORLD." *Key*

"The reversion." "Not so much bound to any haven ahead, as rushing from all havens astern." ... it is our civ. rushing from all havens astern."

*Heard
interview
"Language
ceases to
be narrative
in new
form that
it enters
with the
embryo
not as
embryo
cess to be
were me. That is
wonderfully
well"*

Lera & her husband Antipov-Strelnikov--Zhivago dies 1929
DR. ZHIVAGO--completed 1954. According to A. Surkov, sec. of Union of Soviet writers the ad. of SOV pub. hse. held back publication in existing form but Feltrinelli in Milan pubd.

QUOTED BY N. Chiaramonte in "Pasternak's Message" (PARTISAN REVIEW, Winter 1958). Pasternak to Uruguayan magazine ed. for praising his poetry: "They are only trifles... The most important thing which I have until now succeeded in doing in my life is the novel, Dr. Zhivago. I am disturbed by the very sad circumstance which gives me an exaggerated fame on the basis of my 1st writings, while nobody knows my recent work..."

"Tolstoy delighted in, & excelled at, rendering the the solid, tri-dimensional texture of human existence. Pasternak's novel, for all the wealth of physical & social details which it contains is NOT 'OBJ. REALITY'.... The 'merely' lyrical is transcended here, but never wholly submerged..."

EPILOGUE. Gordon & Dudorov 1st in the '30s but really in 1943 when WW II appears as end of a nightmare, & relief from "magical power dead letter."