In winter of 1965 and again in late summer and autumn of 1967, Arthur Miller and his wife, the photographer Inge Morath, spent several weeks traveling through the Soviet Union, preparing a book about Russian culture and society. On the second trip, they were accompanied by their friend and neighbor Olga Carlisle. A native speaker of Russian with extensive experience in the Soviet Union, Carlisle not only served as translator but also introduced them to her own network of friends, many of whom were luminaries in world of unofficial Russian culture. As Carlisle recalled, “That summer [1967] Arthur and Inge Miller decided to tour extensively in the USSR, and they invited me to join them for part of their trip. For me, this meant an opportunity to work on our book and to travel, under the best conditions, to places other than Moscow and Leningrad and in the company of the most stimulating of friends. In turn could provide them with introductions to Russian acquaintances who were difficult to contact, among them Nadezhda Mandelstam and Joseph Brodsky.”

These travels resulted in the book In Russia, which comprised sixty-three pages of text by Miller and almost two hundred pages of photographs by Morath. The visit to Nadezhda Mandel'shtam is recorded both through word and image. On pages 10–11, Miller writes:

“There is a tenderness toward what is Russian even in those whom she has punished, even in those who live part of their psychic lives in unrelieved fury at official hypocrisy and bureaucratic stupidity. In person after person one finds, below...”

Between the inception and completion of this publication, Inge Morath (1923–2002) passed away. My intention in reproducing her photograph of Nadezhda Mandel'shtam is to commemorate both photographer and subject.


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the political hostility toward so much that goes on, a feeling we would probably call patriotism but which is really a helpless kind of belonging. Madame Mandelshtam, widow of a great poet whom in 1934 she followed into exile—where he died after a second condemnation in 1938—seems to have clawed her way up to a kind of spiritual equilibrium, an outspoken contempt for everything superficial, whether it be a literary evaluation or the latest pronouncement of a high official, but enriched by a suffering which forbids easy cures and solutions. One inevitably expects her to make an invidious comparison of Russian practice with the West, but the West’s attitudes are very nearly beside the point for such as she. Just when one expects her to make a comparison she says, instead, “You must remember what these people have suffered. The sufferings of the Russian people are incomparable.”

Fig. 1 Nadezhda Iakovlevna Mandel’shtam in 1967. Inge Morath/Magnum Photos. “It was Inge who put my shawl on Nadezhda’s shoulders as she composed her photo. Nadezhda was very proud of the banquette on which she sits, to which she lovingly referred as “нянькина мебель” (Letter from Olga Carlisle to Michael Wachtel of [6] June 2002).

3Nadezhda Iakovlevna was apparently displeased with this excerpt. In a private letter to Carl and Ellenda Proffer, she wrote: “I didn’t like what [Arthur] Miller wrote about me. I am more interested in Scotch and detective stories than in such idiotic words. Did I say anything like that to you? Never! To him neither... I bet...” See Carl R. Proffer, The Widows of Russia and Other Writings (Ann Arbor, 1987), 47. Proffer does not give the date of this letter, but context suggests that it was written in late 1969 or early 1970. Olga Carlisle, who was present at this meeting, attests that Nadezhda Iakovlevna said precisely what Miller attributes to her (Carlisle letter to Wachtel of [6] June 2002).
In a photograph on page 166 of *In Russia*, Nadezhda Iakovlevna sits at the table in her apartment, smoking a cigarette and gazing directly into the camera.4

Recalling this meeting a few months later, Morath wrote to Nadezhda Iakovlevna: “It was a privilege and a joy to meet you, a bit of time only, but it made us so much richer. ... It would be wonderful if we could ever have you here with us, the exchange of thoughts is so much needed, and besides that, we were just simply conquered and charmed by Nadejda Mandelstam. We both want to thank you again to have come to the hotel in Moscow that evening, our ‘programm’ (stupid word, but hélas, applicable on big trips) was so crowded that this gesture of yours at least gave us the great pleasure of your company once more.”5 Clearly, the pleasure was mutual. The fact that Nadezhda Iakovlevna visited Miller and Morath in their hotel indicates how highly she valued their company. Moreover, it was she who initiated the correspondence. Inge Morath, who cherished her friendship with Nadezhda Iakovlevna, saved the letters she received. She answered virtually all of them, but only the letter cited above seems to have survived. Of this correspondence, Nadezhda Iakovlevna’s first letter is the lengthiest and most revealing. Yet all of the letters, however brief, give a sense of her views, moods, and habits. The first letter is addressed to Arthur Miller; the fifth and tenth letters to both Miller and Morath, the others to Morath alone. All are handwritten.

In the versions below, I have corrected obvious misspellings, but retained the syntax and word choice, even in the case of obvious Russianisms that go counter to standard English usage. These letters are part of the personal archive of Arthur Miller and Inge Morath and appear with their permission. I gratefully acknowledge their help as well as that of Julia Bolus, their assistant. I would also like to thank Olga Carlisle for recalling details of her meetings with Nadezhda Mandel’shtam (including the one recorded in the photograph) and Iurii L’vovich Freidin, Nadezhda Mandel’shtam’s literary executor, for permitting me to publish these letters. Excerpts from three of them appeared in edited form in Inge Morath, *Russian Journal 1965–1990* (New York, 1991), p. 32, together with another photograph from her 1967 visit to Nadezhda Mandel’shtam.

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4See Inge Morath, *Portraits* (New York, 1986), 95. “I will always remain curious about people. I like to photograph them in the places where they live or where they spend much of their time, places that have absorbed something of their person.” In keeping with this philosophy, Morath photographed Nadezhda Iakovlevna in her apartment. Nadezhda was delighted with the photograph, copies of which she gave to numerous friends. (Peggy Troupin, for example, received one.)

5Letter of Inge Morath and Arthur Miller to Nadezhda Mandel’shtam, The Osip Mandel’shtam Papers, CO539, Box 3, folder 102, Manuscripts Division, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections, Princeton University Library (cited with permission of the Princeton University Library and Arthur Miller). Though undated, a reference to the recent appearance of the book version of Miller’s “The Price” suggests that the letter was written in March 1968. Here and elsewhere in the annotations, I give precise dates of Miller’s life and work according to the chronology in Robert A. Martin and Steven R. Centola, eds., *The Theater Essays of Arthur Miller* (New York, 1996), xi-xviii.
January 7, 1968, Christmas.

Dear Mr. Miller,

I think it is the right way to address you though I feel

we have a sort of friendship with him and that because he is a

poet, which means one to whom I am used to dealing with,

You are a playwright which makes all the difference as it

means one from another, yet not so clear for me as poets.

I thank you very much for the book of stories you

had sent me. I got it only the other day but it had time to

read them as I am ill and doing nothing now. Quite

isolated from my friends, keeping the bed but allowed to read,

I liked the stories very much, the one about the rather

nervy little Jewish child with keen and promising feelings,

His mother is much like other Jewish mothers all over the world

making fuss about nothing and his kind father. And about

the meeting of a Jew in an out-of-the-way Italian village. I see

that you feel stronger your origin and ancestors this. I do, I think

it is because all my misfortunes came from my husband's being a

Russian poet. Once Marina Tsvetaeva said that in our thoroughly

Christian world all the poets are Jews (which means praised as Jews)

so being a poet means to be a few raised to the second power.

That is why I am at a loss what to feel stronger. As to the ances-
tors I really have got none, only those who are persecuted and perished
all over the world... One must have a very keen insight in himself to

feel it as you do... I liked also the story of the actor visiting his

old father, the tragedy of old age which I am much thinking about and greatly afraid of as I am approaching it. I hope

I should die before having attained this age and spared this
Dear Mr. Miller!

I think it is the right way to address you though I call Lowell in my letters simply Robert.6 Having never met, we nevertheless have struck kind of friendship with him and that because he is a poet, which means one of those whom I am used to dealing with. You are a playwright, which makes all the difference as it means one from another set not so clear for me as poets...

I thank you very much for the book of stories you had sent me.7 I got it only the other day but I had time to read them as I am ill and doing nothing now... Quite isolated from my friends, keeping the bed but allowed to read.

I liked the stories very much—the one about the rather nervy little Jewish child with keen and promising feelings. His mother is much like other Jewish mothers all over the world making fuss about nothing and his kind father...8 And about the meeting of a Jew in an out-of-the-way Italian village.9 I see that you feel stronger your origin and ancestors than I do. I think it is because all my misfortunes came from my husband’s being a Russian poet... Once Marina Tsvetaeva said that in our thoroughly Christian world all the poets are Jews (which means pursued as Jews).10 So being a Poet means to be a Jew raised to the second power... That is why I am at a loss what to feel stronger... As to the ancestors I really have got none, only those who are persecuted and pursued all over the world... One must have a very keen insight in himself to feel it as you do... I liked also the story of the actor visiting his old father, this tragedy of old age which I am much thinking about and greatly afraid of as I am approaching it.11 I hope I should die before having attained this age and spared this last tragedy. In general I always regret that I was once saved from tb [tuberculosis] and was not let to die young. It would have spared me a lot of trouble... An easy death in youth is what one can only dream of...

But most of all in your book I liked the preface.12 Don’t you understand that it is a new kind of prose, a very modern one and one which people are in need of? It is not the first time that I read your prefaces... The one where you wrote about the large face haunting you before you began to write your play (“The Death of a Salesman” as far as I remember) made a deep impression on me. (By the way, I didn’t yet find this place at Dostoevsky, about being haunted as you were... It’s because I am ill and have not all the books handy).13 I have not found the preface that Nadezhda Iakovlevna mentions, and Arthur Miller himself is unable to recall this Dostoevsky reference.

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6On Nadezhda Mandel’shtam’s correspondence with Robert Lowell see the next publication.
9The story “Monte Sant’ Angelo,” 53–70.
10From “Poem of the End” (“Poema kontsa”), the final two lines of pt. 12.
12Nadezhda Iakovlevna has in mind “Foreword: About Distances,” ix–xiii, a playwright’s “justification” of the short story.
13See letter 2. I have not found the preface that Nadezhda Iakovlevna mentions, and Arthur Miller himself is unable to recall this Dostoevsky reference.
are literature as such with some innovation. The kind of prose of your prefaces is the new form of art and thought. (Also about the difference of spoken language in plays and stories.)

I think that of great interest is what you say about the distances, the connection with the reader (who is a stranger) and the way a playwright is dealing with this beast of his audience... (It’s about cajoling, threatening and taming it)...14 Next: about the masks... The poet (not a poet but “the” one), has no mask to wear. Some of our young investigators of literature invented “a poetical hero,” a kind of mask of the lyrical poet.15 But such a thing can be applied only to a poet.16 The poet has not got any mask. Neither you have any in the kind of prose which you call “preface.” There is only one thing I can’t agree with: it’s about Shakespeare... He doesn’t wear any mask in his tragedies; and I can’t make out what you reveal in him in his sonnets (but for one: about “tired of all this for easy death I cry”)17... As to Chekhov—we shall never understand each other as I appreciate neither his stories nor plays...18

Forgive me for my bad English and all my mistakes. Give my love to Inge,

Truly yours, Nadejda Mandelstam

Can’t Inge send me my portrait? I wish I had one.

LETTER 2

April 11 [1968]

Dear Inge!

Thank you ever so much for your kind letter... I am not used to being told all these kind things I have read in your letter... And what about Arthur, I couldn’t help smiling when I came to your words that it was so difficult for you to make him write this foreword because he found all these things too obvious...19 Is it not characteristic of that kind of man (I should say of our husbands) that they find things obvious because they have lived to know them?

And about the face that haunted Dostoevsky... There is a hint at it in “The Idiot” and next he spoke about it to one of the writers who wrote afterwards about it...20 At the time

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14“All these forms we have inherited—story, novel, play—are degrees of distance writers need to take between themselves and the dangerous audience which they must cajole, threaten, and, in one way or another, tame. The playwright is all but physically on stage, face to face with the monster... Sometimes a Dickens, a Mark Twain, striving to rip clear all masks, will come forward in person on the lecture platform, and a Sinclair Lewis as a member of Actors Equity, a Hemingway as a personality in his own right, his work to one side. But there is no end to masks; the one we put down only leaves the one we have on. The problem is, therefore, not one of sincerity—who can know that of himself? It is rather the rendering of a particular vision at its proper distance, the discovery of the tone appropriate to one’s feeling for a thing, a person, an event. No single form can do everything well; these stories are simply what I have seen, at another distance” (I Don’t Need You Any More, xii–xiii).

15This presumably refers to the term “liricheskii geroi,” associated with Iurii Tynianov and Lidiia Ginzburg, though these are surely not the “young investigators of literature” that Nadezhda Iakovlevna has in mind.

16Presumably this means: “But such a thing can only be applied to a poet.”

17An inexact reference to Shakespeare’s sonnet 66, “Tired with all these for restful death I cry.”

18“I feel I know Chekhov better from his stories than from his plays, and Shakespeare through his sonnets, which analogously at least are his stories” (I Don’t Need You Any More, xi).

19In the above-mentioned letter to Nadezhda Mandel’shtam, Morath writes: “I only want to say how much I agree with what you say about the prose of his prefaces. I begged and begged him to write the one for the short stories, he sometimes thinks that all this is so obvious that it is not worth writing about.”

20Nadezhda Iakovlevna presumably refers to Prince Myshkin’s reaction to the picture of Nastasia Filippovna at the beginning of the novel (pt. 1, chaps. 3 and 7).
being I read much of Dostoevsky... It happens often to me: it is he who is haunting me and I can’t get rid of him.

Arthur’s play didn’t yet come to me. I wish it came... I am eager to read it; but it is so slow... I am never sure it will reach me. Isn’t it a pity I can’t go and see it staged?

Give my love to your husband and don’t forget me.

Надежда Мандельштам

Thank you for the photographs.

LETTER 3

[1969]21

Dear Inge!

I was charmed to see the photo of your Rebecca. What a happy and beautiful child! Has she got her first admirers? I think she must be eleven or twelve. It is high time to have admirers. She deserves them. I hope she is healthy and knows she is charming. A girl ought to know it. She must know that she is of great value, or she would be grateful to her admirers which doesn’t pay. Tell her every day that she is beautiful. It will help her in life. Her father must adore her, does he? They are helpless with daughters. They are among their first admirers. (Mine was that). And you must be happy to have borne such a child. With love

Н. Мандельштам

Give my love to Arthur and Rebecca and tell her that I found her wonderful.

What do you call her? Becky? I hope you would come here once more and have tea in my kitchen. In this case bring Rebecca with you. I shan’t last long (I am ill—it is a bad illness which is called old age. It is incurable. I never thought I would last so long.) So hurry up...

Н. М.

LETTER 4

June 1 [1969]22

Dear Inge!

It was awfully pleasant to get a letter from you and it was so nice and friendly! Thank you very much for the photograph... I always laugh seeing it—isn’t it unbelievable that it was me? Something like 46 years has passed since it was me...23

I like the photo of Rebecca. She seems to be a girl who will do something in her life. Is she a determined sort? She looks like it. And clever too... To think only that she is only seven...24 I wish you would come here with her and I’d see you both...

21The comment about Rebecca Miller’s age suggests that this letter was written not long before letter 4, hence the date.
22The dating of this letter is complicated by references that appear to point in different directions (for example, the age of Rebecca Miller, the age of Evgenii Khazin). However, the most reliable factual information concerns the Leningrad performances of Arthur Miller’s play “The Price,” and I date the letter accordingly.
23Morath presumably sent a copy of the oft-reproduced photograph of Nadezhda Mandel'shtam taken by the photographer Moisei Nappelbaum in the mid-1920s.
24Rebecca, the daughter of Arthur Miller and Inge Morath, was born in August 1963.
This year was rather difficult for me. The cause is simple enough—it is old age. My brother who is 75 was ill, my sister-in-law got nearly crazy and I had them both on my hands. And the most pleasant thing is that they are a bit better and we soon go to the country... To Переделкино where you had been. I don’t like the place but there is nothing doing. We must go near Moscow and there are some friends of mine there... The situation is rather hard and I am afraid to find myself alone. Pasternak’s son is also living there. He is a very nice man with very nice children. I feel more sure when there is somebody nearby.

“The Price” had to be staged. Some people even saw it staged but they are still undecided about it. It was staged in Leningrad. It isn’t forbidden and was a great success but I don’t think there were many performances.

It is still cold here. And rainy too. I prefer such weather to hot days. It’s also old age... Recently I heard from Olga. I hope she would come. Already I have got her “corners.”

Do come here.
Give my love to little Rebecca and my best wishes to Arthur...

Надежда Мандельштам

LETTER 5
12 January, 1970

Dear Inge and Arthur!

Thank you ever so much for your kind letter. The year is now 1970, and I am 70—we are coevals. This birthday I got the feeling as if I were “free of town” which seems very pleasant. Do come here to see me or you’ll be late.

26 Miller and Morath had travelled (illegally) to Peredelkino with the (then) wife of Evgenii Evtushenko. See their book, In Russia (New York, 1969), 32–37.
27 Evgenii Borisovich Pasternak (b. 1923).
28 Evgenii Pasternak’s children are Petr, an artist (b. 1957), Boris, an architect (b. 1961), and Elizaveta, a literary scholar and historian (b. 1967).
29 In 1968, Arthur Miller’s drama “The Price” was first performed in New York and, a year later, in Russia. See the letter of July 1969 from Andrei Voznesenskii to Inge Morath, cited in Russian Journal 1965–1990, 105 (where it is erroneously dated 1968—the correct date can be established by a publication in Novyi mir which Voznesenskii mentions in that same letter). “Arthur’s Price has been an enormous success here.” Until the publication of In Russia, Miller’s plays appeared with some frequency on Russian stages. A View from the Bridge had been performed in Moscow while Miller was there, somewhat to his consternation, given the liberties that were taken (In Russia, 21).
31 Olga Carlisle, Poets on Street Corners: Portraits of Fifteen Russian Poets (New York, 1968). The book is a bilingual anthology of twentieth-century Russian verse, with one chapter (pp. 115–63) devoted to Osip Mandel’shtam.
32 Presumably the expression “freedom of the city” is meant. See letter 3 to Robert Lowell (next publication).
I don’t get any letters from Olga. If you see her, give her my love. I hope you are all right and I wish you got every pleasure of life before you get old. Give my love to your charming daughter.

Надежда Мандельштам

Did you ever see such stamps? I for one didn’t.

LETTER 6

February 22 [1970]

Dear Inge!

Thank you for your kind present. I hope that the little pots I sent to Rebecca won’t get broken. They represent the earthenware dug out in Armenia. I like them—they are genuine. The little hen isn’t. It is hand-made but the workers are instructed by specialists who love everything to be horribly nice and trivial.

I feel old and shaky. It’s good time for it: being seventy means being shaky. But you won’t see it if you come to have tea with me in my kitchen, won’t you? Let us hope that it would take place this summer.

Give my love to Arthur and to little Rebecca...

Н. Мандельштам

LETTER 7

May 23, 1970

Dearest Inge!

I answer your letter at once—I was so glad to have got it. It is so nice. Will you really come here? It will be awfully nice to see you. This summer I’ll be in Peredelkino which means that I may every day come to Moscow. It’s quite near.

You really think I am not shaky? I am so. My age is seventy and people at seventy are always shaky. I do not feel like travelling for instance and I hope to live my last days here in my flat where you came to see me. I hope that I don’t hope against hope.

Will you bring Rebecca with you?

I wish I could see her though I become stone deaf and it will be difficult to speak with a child. Will I be able to catch her words?

Though I don’t feel like travelling I envy you that you had such a trip and saw so much of the world. In our youth it was quite impossible. I wish that you have any opportunity to travel and to live a happy life.

33 Olga Carlisle’s Poets on Street Corners had been denounced by the Soviet press in 1969. At approximately this time, she and her husband Henry Carlisle (with the help of the Andreev family) were deeply involved in translating and publishing world-wide Alexander Solzhenitsyn’s The First Circle and, slightly later, The Gulag Archipelago. They did not wish to endanger anyone in the Soviet Union by sending them letters. See Olga Carlisle, Far from Russia: A Memoir (New York, 2000), 155–57.

34 The airmail envelope bears a picture of a tank with the caption “Slava sovetskim voozehennym silam!” (“Glory to the Soviet armed forces!”), and the six-kopek stamp appears to portray two planes on a bombing mission.

Give my love to Arthur and my best wishes as well...
Give a kiss to little Rebecca and ask her whether she wants to come here. If you see Olga and Henry remember me to them.36

Н. Мандельштам

LETTER 8

[August, 1970]37

Dearest Inge!

I was ever so glad to get your letter. I wish you come here with Rebecca. Did you see the article in Literaturnaya Gasetta about Arthur’s book?38 Do find it. There is about Olga as well.39 Will it prevent you from coming?

Do try and come. Even—be sure and come. I’ll treat you to the best tea you ever tasted. And I’ll find nice Russian toys for Rebecca. Be so nice and come. I badly want to see you. If you postpone it, I may not be alive. It is my last years or days. God knows but I also know that one shouldn’t postpone a meeting with an old woman. Don’t forget that I’ll be 71 this fall. So come until I have left forever.

My best wishes to Arthur and many kisses to you and little Rebecca.
Give my love to Olga. Her father, Вадим,40 told me not to write to her. Why?41

Yours
Надежда Мандельштам

36 Olga Carlisle and her husband Henry (b. 1926), a publisher, translator, and novelist. Henry Carlisle had met Nadezhda Iakovlevna on his visit to Moscow in November 1968. See Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle, 125–26.
37 This letter is dated by the postmark on the envelope.
39 At the end of his review, Zlobin devoted three nasty paragraphs to Carlisle, who, as he notes, accompanied the Millers on their trip, yet is not mentioned in the text of In Russia. Carlisle recalls (telephone conversation of 15 April 2002) that the absence of her name reflected, among other things, her own desire to keep as low a profile as possible. One of her motives for traveling with the Millers was to continue her contact with Alexander Solzhenitsyn, who had entrusted to her the translation and publication of his works. “The trip also provided the needed opportunity to meet with Solzhenitsyn, without—I hoped—any interested authorities wondering why I was so soon again in Russia” (Solzhenitsyn and the Secret Circle, 61–62).
40 Vадим Andreev (1903–76), poet, the father of Olga Carlisle and the son of the writer Leonid Andreev.
41 Given the tone of the article in Literaturnaya gazeta, it is hard to imagine that Nadezhda Mandel’shtam failed to understand that further correspondence with Carlisle (or, for that matter, with Miller and Morath) might have serious repercussions. See Carlisle’s letter to Clarence Brown of 4 December 1970: “I am uneasy about our marvelous friend, especially now that ‘they’ have condemned the Millers, whom I [adezhda] Y[akovlevna] befriended with great enthusiasm.” (This letter is in a private collection in New Jersey and is cited with permission of the collector, Carlisle, and Brown.) Nonetheless, Nadezhda Iakovlevna continued her correspondence. The Hoover Archive of Stanford University holds five letters from her to Carlisle, the first from 9 December 1970, the last from 22 September 1973 (Carlisle Collection, Box 87). I thank Lazar Fleishman and Myriam LeFloh for supplying me with copies of these letters.
LETTER 9

Dear Inge!

It is a pity that you postponed your visit to Moscow. I looked forward to meeting you and little Rebecca. Will you take her here? I hope you would.

I am getting old and weak. If you don’t come, maybe we shall never meet again.

Thank you very much for your nice letters. They are very kind and it is very pleasant to feel that I have friends who don’t forget me. To tell the truth I am not used to it.

Give my best wishes to Arthur. I hope his new play will be a success as were the others.42

Kiss Olga and little Rebecca.

Н. Мандельштам

LETTER 10

[1972]

Dear Inge and Arthur!

Thanks for your kind letter. Shall I ever see you? I become very old. I am already 72, which is very much, and every day I am becoming older.

How is Rebecca? Is she already a young lady? Is she fine? I wish you would come with her.

Yours

Надежда Мандельштам

Give my love to Olga.
Send me your play.43

LETTER 11

September 5, 1973

Dear Inge!

It was very pleasant to get your letter and get assured that you hadn’t forgotten me. I got it when I returned from the country where I was on a visit by some dear friends of mine.

I think that your Rebecca is so beautiful that she doesn’t need any encouragements. But do spoil her, do pet and pamper her. I think that I could live out my life and didn’t fall down at the first difficulty only because I was so spoiled in childhood. It really helps in life.

Give my love to Arthur and ask him to send me his new books as well as the preface to other authors’ novels.44 Kiss little Rebecca. Nikita fell in love with her when he saw her

42In November 1970, two one-act plays (Fame and The Reason Why) of Arthur Miller premiered in New York.
43Probably The Creation of the World and Other Business, which premiered in New York on 30 November 1972.
photo (it was like in Russian fairy tales) and stole it from me.\textsuperscript{45} He carries it in his pockets and shows it to his friends, telling them that she is his bride. No, he is honest. He says that she will be his bride. He is a wonderful boy. It won't be so bad for her. But he doesn't know any language (neither French, nor English) and she is far away and doesn't know Russian. Ask Olga about Nikita. He will be a doctor. But I hope that your fine child would find her love nearer than Moscow. Kiss her. With love. H.M.

\textsuperscript{45}Dr. Nikita Efimovich Shklovskii-Kordi (b. 1952), grandson of the literary scholar Viktor Shklovskii.