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Section:

WORD AND TIME

THE SECRET CODE OF THE GALICIAN LAND BETWEEN THE TWO RIVERS: SPACETIME ORGANIZATION OF YURI ANDRUKHOVYCH'S ESSAYS

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Abstract. The paper deals with the spacetime aspect of the essays by Yu. Andrukhovych ('Disorientation in Locality' in particular); it is both a feature and an effective strategy used by the author in order to structure his text and organize its imagery.

Other distinctive features of Andrukhovych's essays are inner dynamics of artistic images, a complex associative network, paradox as a way of playing with a reader, constant switching from sociohistorical time to private chronotope of personal world view. Looking at European culture from different spacetime perspectives and, at the same time, feeling its contemporary pulsation, marking his private narrative cardiogram with philosophical and historical 'splash-ups', the author manages to communicate his idea of Central Europe as a tradition, in which Ukraine has its share.

The text of 'Disorientation in Locality' is modelled in the dimensions of different spacetime continuums; due to this, the discussed locuses reveal themselves as palimpsests of cities and places – geological cuttings of different temporal layers, whose deep textual meanings shine through the surface of the author's narrative. Into the fabric of sociohistorical time, Andrukhovych weaves idyllic chronotope of early times ('an Austrian-Hungarian myth' tinged with the author's humour, the mystic locus of the Carpathians) complementing it with his private spacetime chronotope, generic memory. According to the author, the chronotope of apocalypse is destroying the Tradition; though the message of his essays is revealing the possibility of the two-way movement along the sociohistorical temporal vector, which ensures continuity of tradition and historicism.

Keywords: genre, essay, essay writing, private chronotope, temporal and spatial coordinates, narrative, idyllic chronotope of early times, chronotope of apocalypse, locus.

To discover a new continent, 'a world created by the narrator's magic' (M. Kundera), firstly, one has to place it on the map of being (actually, alternative being), to enter it in the network of coordinates, to correlate the whole system of a book's imagery and composition with the concepts of time and space. Which is why 'each work of art, each text (a talented one, in the first place) has its own time and a peculiar temporal system' [4, p.127].

Sometimes, however, it is spacetime that becomes the main character of a book, as it is the case with Yu. Andrukhovych's collection of literary essays 'Disorientation in Locality'. Interestingly enough, the author himself emphasizes his playing with time and space as the basic artistic strategy of his essay writing: in the abstract added to 'Central-Eastern Revision', his previous book of essays, he says, "My memory allows me to do whatever I want. My hope knows no bounds. I mix up times, turn over

decades, shift spaces and bring to life intersecting planes" [2, p. 3]. In the abstract added to the collection under discussion, this strategy is still more evident. It manifests itself in modeling Text as 'an attempt to look into coexistence of cultural spaces' (meaning coexistence of different spacetime coordinates, chronological time turned into emblematic time by cultural tradition; it condenses all the axiological, aesthetic criteria of assessing its epoch with their aspiration for eternity; from the social and historical perspectives, chronological time may also develop individual and existential, psychological properties). The space of Andrukhovych's book – quite measurable, technically speaking, from cover to cover – develops in its three chapters, in three autonomous (though inextricably intertwined) spaces: 'Introduction to Geography', 'Park of Culture', 'About Time and Method', 'giving a 3D idea of the themes of the book – historical and cultural, mythopoetic, and individual and existential' [1, p.1]. Another space, that of the Text itself, comes out as a field of the author's speculation, his intellectual play directed at realization of the concept of Europe as a multicultural identity, in which Ukraine has its share. It should be mentioned that the essays collected in the book were written in different times. 'Introduction to Geography, in particular, dates back to 1992, which means it belongs to the period following the proclamation of independence of Ukraine 'marked by great hopes pinned on advent of freedom whose symbol was Europe' [3, p. 302]. Today, in the time of a gaping 'black hole' in Donbas, this Text once again is growing in importance: it communicates, offers a dialogue, shows a way to one's identity.

It is the secret code of the Galician Land Between the Two Rivers – the city between the two Bystrytsias ('Stanislaviv by Tysmenytsia. The third city of Galicia after Lviv and Krakiv, set in the land between the Golden and the Black Bystrytsias, that is, just like Babylon, – in Mesopotamia'), the city that 'lies midway' between Lviv and Chernivsti ('which means in the gray area of their overlapping shadows, those of the king and the princes'), the city whose most important places registered in an old travel guidebook of the early 20th century form a web of the profane ('casinos, hotels, shops') and the sacred ('the churches – Catedra*, Phara** Armenian church, Lutheran church, Synagogue; the effigies of saints, the library'). Here the archetype of Babylonian turmoil has exclusively positive connotation of multiculturalism, it sharpens one's sense of identity in the presence of a Different. It is a city deprived of its name, 'Having profaned in this way not only our belonging to European culture, but the very memory of our European roots, and the idea of a free individual and, most importantly, the idea of succession" [1. p. 71].

In literary criticism, text is traditionally treated as a phenomenon in its own right, a particular continent. One of the objective criteria for its differentiation is the ways of verbal coding. They are 'diagnostically important indicators, which make up a complete and condensed picture referring a reader to this "hypertext"' [8, p. 313]. Andrukhovych continuously highlights this verbal coding in his text, Intercultural transition ... is the landscape of language' [1, p. 62].

The author creates the text of the Galician Land Between the Two Rivers using a two-way syntagmatic axis: from the centre to periphery which is actually the centre. Central Europe is 'a kind of adverbial modifier of time and place, a territory "between" and "in the middle of", no-man's intercivilizational and, at the same time, above-civilization space, the central hole in Europe, a tectonic movement, a lost comment on Galicia, after all, it is Galicia itself, a ravine between millennia [...] it is a very vulnerable territory, it is reality itself, but it is yours' [1, p. 204-205]. Often, it is a spacetime passage, secret 'mole holes' leading from one galaxy to another. A frontier and the lost paradise of one's illusions, which, nonetheless, can be easily returned – you just need to find the lost key. It is European cultural tradition coded in our genes ('My city belonged the united state formation together with Venice and Vienna, not with Tambov or Tashkent'). It is the text about our European roots and a lost (though easily revived) tradition, about our true Central-European identity, about culture perceived as one's native land, whose citizens were Rilke, Shevchenko, Antonych, Borges, Stus, about tradition as culture and about freedom as European tradition. Andrukhovych's text may serve as

*Greek Catholic Cathedral

**Cathedral Church of the Mother of God and Saint Stanislav

a convincing argument for philological tradition to treat the genre of essay “as a phenomenon of culture, as a form of self-consciousness, of understanding tradition” [6].

Adorno once used an apt metaphor of a traveler for essay writing. Andrukhovych’s ‘disorientation’ is, actually, travelling – to different times and spaces, ‘an attempt to understand oneself and others in the context of culture and through the context of culture’ (K. Zatsepin). This travel starts with saying an almost cabalistic incantation code, words from an old Galician joke, ‘erts – perts – herts’, from an impression that comes back to life in old family photographs. It starts with almost archetypal inner tremor of demiurgical involvement in the mystery of creation: ‘evening breeze’ breathes the spirit of time into the still atmosphere of photoplastic with its china-doll sham. At July twilight, the Stanislaviv of the ‘Mummy Austria’ good old times is filled with sounds and smells ... (vivid details, each one becoming an emblem of the period, ‘the Golden Age’ of one of ‘the most frivolous empires’) and a light, inconspicuous but clearly perceptible ironical smile of the author, ‘The main thing in my project – light breeze at dusk, everything is flying and fluttering in it – dragoons’ plumages, gendarmes’ feathers, standards, horsetails and manes, forelocks on the bare heads of Christians and Jewish side-locks, embroidered towels and even a single blue-yellow ribbon, and a sea of other ribbons, and , as it has already been mentioned, small flags and handkerchiefs’. A subtle ironical marking of the ‘Mummy Austria’ idyll is mingled with a social and political touch – ‘perennial and mutually exhausting Ukrainian-Polish “eye-for-eye”’; emphasizing the spirit of democracy as one of the greatest European values, ‘It [Austria] had to choose for itself freedom and pluralism, giving shelter, actually, to each and everyone – from hasids to Old Believers, from mysterious Karaites to quite familiar Maramorosian gypsies, – obviously, it was the first to refuse from racial, national and religious persecutions’. This idyllic time is marked verbally: in the Galician dialect its imprint is still evident in a marvelous set of ‘rich and vivid German words, from “фана” [“flag”] to an almost sacred “шляк би його трафив” [“damn him”]. And what would I, a Ukrainian writer, do without those German words today?’).

Through the secret code embedded in the pediments of old houses, it sends messages to those belonging to the great Tradition. It invisibly oozes through the creaked walls which stubbornly demonstrate ‘a suspicious aptitude for endurance and tenacity’; ‘That is why these cracks in walls, caved-in roofs, trees growing through flights of stairs, debris of stained glass windows and marble flagstones are still here’. It is a never conquered bastion in the battle against the black hole, the product apocalypse time – the rude and violent cutting of the umbilical cord which connected us with the Tradition; against Stalin’s gaping jaws of the wild land, the locus of ‘terra incognita’ which encroached upon our cultural identity, ‘Our local apocalypse started not so long ago – in September 1939’. It began with the arrival of dog-headed aliens from ‘far away planes inhabited by one-eyed, eight-fingered giants, where vodka is drunk like water, actually instead of water, where meat is eaten raw, and dancing bears are shown in churches ...’; it began with ‘giants in tarp boots’, who brought along the chronotope of decline and fall ‘having dammed the local wells with bodies shot in the back of their heads’. This alien, enemy spacetime plunged into darkness the sacred locus of our motherland, marked the appropriated territory desecrating churches and cemeteries. Its apocalyptic nature revealed itself in antihuman hunger for unification, destruction of multicultural world incomprehensible and therefore hostile for a lumpen lout, ‘Echelons upon echelons, the city was deported south’.

From Andrukhovych’s Text, Stanislaviv of the Austrian-Hungarian epoch stands out as some spiritual Atlantis, a gone mysterious continent; still, evidence of its existence is incontrovertible, for there has been preserved ‘a map of emperor-king rail communication’. For every piece of stained glass window and marble flagstone debris contain a secret code which make it all possible.

O. Zholkovskiy [5] believes that one of the specifics of the essay is its closeness to poetry; both ‘are programmed to give priority to inner world over the outer world’ as it ‘feeds on its own sap, weaves a silk string out of itself’. Another feature shared by poetry and essay writing is intimate chronotope of one’s private spacetime rooted in generic memory; in Andrukhovych’s Text it emerges as a life-giving breeze, it plays strings of heart, for among those ‘gone with the wind’, whose laugh was heard in the streets of the main city of the Galician Land Between the Two Rivers in the golden ‘Mummy Austria’

time, there was a twelve-year-old girl titled by the author as 'my granny Irena'. This private spacetime of generic memory is related to the cyclic time of 'Austrian-Hungarian myth'.

In 'Disorientation ...', the author's writing strategy presupposes pluralization of textual space, the text appears to lose its centre and unique perspective, the end and the beginning; you cannot read it moving your eyes from left to right as we usually do; while reading you feel different rhythms and find different reading directions. For the essay presents an artistically articulated formula of intellectual and linguistic autonomy of the writer (K. Zatsëpin). Could you have ever found a more appropriate form to reflect on the nature of freedom, culture, tradition? A form for a journey provocatively named 'disorientation'. A journey with the Carpathians as a destination – a suburb and relict debris of another, the Roman, empire.

This is really 'history as a landscape emerging from fog' (M. Kundera), whose chronotope is a mystic locus and time of 'the enchanted mountain'. This time, the marking-off point is 'a wet paradise of southern Pokuttia and northern Bukovyna'. Again, we come across linguistic marking, because 'a line of tempting snow-capped pinnacles whose names together with the names of nearby grasslands bring forth endless chains of linguistic and acoustic associations'. A different, 'almost another-planet', world. With an open porthole into other spacetime continuums and galaxies – the ruins of an old observatory in Dzembronia, in its night halls 'slight whisper of wind' warns you, 'you cannot come in here'. This is "a fragment of mythical Lviv-Warsaw-Vienna-Paris vector. This is the complex of Europe'. Then, the Chornohora mountain range as a cultural divide between two traditions, two worlds, Latin and Byzantine. Time has its own pace here. It can make 'powerful mental energy whirls', 'spacetime knot, unfathomable astral collaps' of Maricheika Lake and craters as living time with the highest concentration of life-giving power. This is a 'between' and 'in the middle of' territory, which means the territory of great opportunities, the chronotope of direction to the future – 'Nobody's intercivilizational and above-civilization space', for 'the Carpathians are a great brace that holds in place parts of being which are apt to disperse chaotically. The Carpathians are a great seismic effort, a zone of special energetic opportunities and tension. From human perspective, the Carpathians divide, but from cosmic perspective, they unite. And if this is true, it is the beginning of a dialogue'.

Researching into the phenomenon of Saint Petersburg text, V. Toporov singles out a distinctive feature that makes it possible to identify Text as space and space as Text, 'both mirageous Petersburg and its text (rather the text about it), some kind of "dream about a dream", belong to the over-saturated cultural and linguistic phenomena which cannot be separated from the pulsing whole behind them, from the myth and the whole sphere of the symbolic' [8, p. 259]. Myth and the whole sphere of the symbolic are also part of the organic unity of Andrukhovych's narrative, for instance, the mystical locus of magical India, a cosmogonic image in the popular stories about the Rakhman island and 'Rakhman Easter' in Carpathian mythology.

The epistolary narrative of a real Ukrainian author, 'a Bukovyna nightingale', Yu. Fedkovych – an astrologer and starwatcher born by the mystic Carpathian locus, by its tangle of polycultural traditions and craters of life-giving time ('this mixture, this mix of plants, languages, beverages and feelings called the Carpathians, isn't it that very thing that brought about everything; everything just opens up and emerges on the surface, as lines on a palm – for you to read') – looks pretty much like hoax and play strategy by Andrukhovych himself, 'As everything in the macroworld is ruled by strong, unchangeable laws of mathematical precision, so are the elements of microworld... Glory to Your eyes, oh the Eternal, the Soul of the Universe, the Lord of infinite time, the Caretaker of the Phoenix who sheds light of holy life ...'

The mythical India that, according to Hutsul beliefs, lies in the middle of the ocean, its wondrous dwellers Rakhmans, who do not know when Easter comes and sit on the beach not to miss Easter egg peels – all these images, having lost their referents, turn into textual constructions of a powerful meaning potential; they let us 'emerge' from the magic time, shed the enchantment and bring contemporaneity into focus ('the Central Europe of Kosiv and Rakhiv is hollowed out into Eurasia'); here, the author's irony has a bitterish taste: after we have lost for good the sacred locus of our identity, 'what's left for us to do? Maybe, to wait for the great arrival of egg peels from over the ocean?'

Unlike in the other literary genres, the gravity centre in the essay is located not between text and reality but between the author and their text. In 'Disorientation...' it is felt especially clearly – here the demiurgical 'Text –Creator' vertical line is formed as penetrating into and reading into Being, as co-creation. This vertical line, this author's time flowing and streaming into other cultures' spacetime with sporadic spitting of sociohistorical time is extremely important for making up the spacetime continuum of the whole Text, the whole 'disorientation' (which is actually hoaxing, an efficient author's strategy) because it makes it possible to unite all the planes of the narrative, a method devised for familiarizing oneself with culture, with its seemingly different temporal and spatial (in the sense of 'mental') manifestations.

In this spacetime full of sound and rhythm that is sometimes emanated from the very centre of magical sphere, the crossing of two axes, of two cultural vectors becomes the centre of gravity. It is the text that determines the degree of reality, authenticity as a paradigm of sacred values behind it. One of these is a city ship, a ghost ship, whose 'cobbled hills' are 'a watershed between the two sea basins – the Baltic and the Black'. A city that encourages you to raise your eyes because it is still full of 'the atmosphere of Mediterranean culture' with its 'Roman accents which substantially complete, or rather balance Byzantine-Greek ones'. This is Lviv, a city whose architectonics is 'rather Latin, rather Roman, rather Baroque', whose image 'to a great degree is conjured by all sorts of Italian exiles, wanderers and adventurers, "courtly mannerists"', whose side streets still bear some dominating imprints, for instance, fragments of adapted German words used as names for Lviv suburbs. Like Noa's Ark, this city comes to the surface from the depths of history; it becomes a sign, a universal modus of polyculturality. Notably, the over-exploited Biblical archetype does not make the text sound false or effusive because the author's ironical play strategy unfolds a row of other referents – the ship of fools, the death ship, the drunk ship... Such openness, open-endedness, such multitude of nominations contain grains of other possibilities, other spacetime solutions. An ark, which the author inhabits with Babeldom of absurd and happy masks, 'the Dalmatians, Serbians, Scottish immigrants in the Commonwealth of Poland, the Scythians' and the like – 'the Argonauts, Little Russians and Western Ukrainian Russophiles, Cyclopes, the Laestrygones, Franciscans, Capuchins, Carmelites wearing bare feet and – accordingly, I beg your pardon, – wearing shoes, Rosicrucians, Stoudites, Templars, Old Believers, Orthodox Christians and UnOrthodox Christians'. This atmosphere of the carnival, buffoonery, of freedom to choose your own identity emphasizes the multicultural panorama of the pre-Soviet Lviv with delicate shades of a Different, thus emphasizing the uniqueness of the whole. Still because of the author's distancing himself from these shades and shapes of the past, socio-historical time penetrates through this 'Bu-Ba-Bu' carnival chronotope; it is with sadness that he speaks of 'accretion of cultures not only as the open-border holiday, but also as blood, filth, ethnic purges, deportations.' There is always this phantom ache of lost (destroyed, crumbled) shrines, and only memory of them is still alive in 'one of the most favourite books' of the author, 'Historical Routes of Lviv' by Ivan Krypiakevych.

It is the demiurgical vertical line that gives you aerial view of things and transforms the spacetime of a Western European city (unlike in Lviv, we expect the author to feel himself a stranger here) into something private, intimate, something that 'wrings your heart' and gives you a feeling of belonging, 'You notice every tiny little detail, all this matter – every angel above the gate, every flowerpot in the window, every vein on a leaf'. And the story about a miraculous flight of Ludwig II of Bavaria from the profane 19th century into the mystic Medieval spacetime, about carnival as 'non-stop juggling with essence', due to which a temporal and spatial playground for 'fooling fools' is created (pay attention to the author's remark that with us, the Parliament has turned into such a playground). And a magic birth of spacetime from pulsing sounds, like creation of the world from the sacred mantra Ohm, 'Invisible trumpeter Bertran de Born trumpets above me.' True, 'not only text is rooted in "the spatial", but so is the creator of "the artistic", of the text, the poet, for they are the voice of this place; their thought, consciousness and self-consciousness, after all, are the brightest image of the space personification' [8, p. 5].

A characteristic feature of Andrukhovych's essays is inner dynamics of the image instead of a clear formulation of concept, a complex network of associations, a paradox as a form of playing with a reader. And constant change of historical, social time to intimate and private chronotope of personal perception ('I agreed to govern such a country') only to get a new philosophical and historical upsurge on the cardiogram of his narrative, 'European cities were built by personalities, masters of form'; 'The absence of form is dehumanizing. It is a never-ending colourless existence; to escape from it, one gets their heads in the noose'. Form is space presented in temporal dimensions, 'The sense of form, rather its lack, to be more precise, is the name for all our misfortunes' because one of the important forms of national being is historicism". As it is shrewdly observed by the author, 'a nomad instinctively avoids historicism': he does not want to admit that someone has been here before him. One of the themes of 'Disorientation...' is extensively discussed in Villa Waldbert essay; it is the theme of form as manifestation of succession of being, cultural tradition, 'Succession made the Europeans'. So the author offers a reader his own map of national landscapes – from a clear German '*ordnung*' form to 'the carnival versions of the European landscape', elaborate aesthetics of Italian ruins cluttered up in greenery, a bright feature of the national Italian landscape (maximal organization of form 'imperceptibly bordering on formlessness'). A couple of pages further, a reader is invited to the sacrum of the Park of Culture, they are encouraged to participate in creating a wonderful culture landscape based on the Tradition. The starting point is B.-I. Antonych's birthplace; the world of Andrukhovych is highly resonant with Antonych's imagery. This locus clearly defined on the culture map, the village of Novytsia in Beskydy, surprisingly well correlates with the chronotope of eternity, "a home behind the star". This essay is about a torn tradition; that is why the chronotope of the author's time invokes the spirits of the past, the time of the first nomad's arrival, when 'there came the smell of blood and ether'. And two ash-trees, all that has been left of the earthly home of the poet. A line; beyond it, the tragedy of lost memory, the loss of tradition. This text is about a great danger (published in the late 90s, it actually predicted the nowadays yawning gap, this dark hole, this crack that has developed in Donbas), the danger of losing our European and national identity; its imprints, thank God, were not completely wiped out by the nomads; they are preserved in the names of populated localities, 'I read the names on the road signs – Mostyska, Sudova Vyshnia, Horodok; each one absorbed so much that it has become more than history, more than myth, even more than poetry. But beside it, beside me, a real Ukraine is going – beyond history, beyond myth, beyond anything in the world, some primitive *Eh?*'

The author's 'angle of vision' is constantly shifting from one temporal dimension to another (for instance, a flight into 'the Baroque dream' of paying the last tribute the late Count Potocki); such a palimpsest is meant as a warning: this yawning gap, this artificial chasm threatens to turn into an abyss, the ruin of form. Text acquires a higher right, that of restoring the lost with the help of language, the most ephemeral of all substances, 'to rebuild at least some parts of walls, towers, loves and dreams'. Such a workshop of 'the master of time' is presented in the essay 'Flying Signs'. In the chronotope of Vilnius filled with signs and emblems of different temporal planes, there suddenly opens up the porthole of antiques shop leading into a passage between three seas, between the East and the West. Space and time become manuscripts. Old postal maps, yellow with time photographs 'speak' in red ink – 'coagulated like blood'. This is writing that with a silk thread (the time having no power over it) weaves itself into living signs – the images of the turn-of-the-century time. It is the revival of light breeze, someone's sighs, declarations of love, plans for the future. It is the overlap of chronotopes – past, future (or rather written to the future) and present; these manuscripts, these flying signs become palimpsests full of lost opportunities, filled with frozen grains of love...

The spacetime of Andrukhovych's text has a voice of its own. Here vibrate the signs of the past finding their wondrous echo in the present. Sometimes it is the sound of the harp and the singing of a faun, and the author's imagination conjures up other 'flying signs' – 'Hieronymus Bosch's hell, naked men crucified upon the strings of gigantic harps' – a symbol of the demonism of music as unquenchable thirst, as torture of finding essence in this kaleidoscope of transformations, transitions. And in an old graveyard in Salzburg, the past flows into the present creating a wonderful feeling of cyclic mythological time. It is a wondrous spacetime, it is woven from Georg Trakl quotes about 'a

gentle flickering of sorrow' carved on gravestones and a gentle flickering of candles on those gravestones.

The palimpsests of cities, towns and places in Andrukhovych's essays are the geological cuttings of different temporal planes whose deep underlying ideas glow through the surface of the author's narrative.

The essay genre as a phenomenon of culture, a form of 'comprehending tradition' makes it possible to discuss freedom as a European tradition. And poetry (the one that elevates you giving you the right to a home 'behind the star' and the right to responsibility – 'by your destiny and life') as a form of freedom in particular. To discuss Shevchenko, Lorca, Stus, and Gogol, and Kotliarevsky. Silhouettes and profiles that create the landscape of culture, European and national. This spiritual aura of 'the lonely of a rather rare loneliness-of-the-chosen type', this inner freedom, opposite to 'the Great Zone', devouring dark hole; the spacetime that creates the continent of culture, keeps 'threadbare and deformed national flow of time' from sliding down into the abyss, organizes it, gives it a great tradition of the 'past-future' temporal vector.

There exists 'not only the space of a city, country, land, macrocosm, but that of the body, sound, mind' [8, p. 235]. This space appeals to Andrukhovych, a private space of oppositions and breaks out of which emerge the most essential, deep human features, 'I am interested in human manifestations of humanity' (parenthetically, it is a tradition too – a humanistic tradition in European culture). Which is why he pays attention to another form of freedom – laugh. Laugh as 'a provincial's challenge', the provincial who has chosen aristocratic destiny in the marginal Little Russia and created their own spacetime – Poltava-Hadiach-Lubny continent with an extra archipelago in Saint Petersburg. Andrukhovych likes laugh because it is a tradition too; 'Bu-Ba-Bu' group followed Kotliarevsky's tradition. For 'it is so good that in this culture, filled to the brim with sufferers and "great martyrs", weeping and still twisted with lack of freedom, there always remains such a shining exception, a burlesque challenge, such a beginning'. Laugh is a world and European carnival tradition and a feature of Ukrainian mentality (as we are essentially Europeans) which helped us to survive evil times. There was a Ukrainian born with laugh in his heart, a Ukrainian 'greater than anything ever written or said about him'. Gogol's laugh was 'a challenge to abyss, ... freedom and independence', he laughed 'at demons and pyramids'.

The third chapter of 'Disorientation ...', 'About Time and Method', presents the author's ideas about aspiration for freedom (including personal freedom). It is the insertion of the author's past spacetime ('twenty years ago I pinned more hopes on the future'): the reminiscences of launching 'Bu-Ba-Bu', of his own 'chalk circle', his ideas about Text as a chance to break free from the tight nets of marginality and primitivism, about the powerful energy of freedom implicated in the modus of non-verbalization, 'the best poetry is hidden in the empty space between words'.

The network of associations in the inner dynamics of the author's reflection highlights another way of playing with a reader – the paradox, an ironical effect of 'Bu-Ba-Bu' narrative strategy: Andrukhovych is a master of pseudoscientific terminology, a feature of postmodernism as a literary trend and a cultural strategy; still he uses it, first and foremost, to emphasize the importance of his personal spacetime ('Time and Space, or My Last Territory'). As a result, the arguments and mini-descriptions presenting his view of postmodernism are perfectly lined up in alphabetical order. And this playful ironical ritual of preferences and definitions, this provocative play is involuntarily associated with a sunny dance of a young god who created terra firma flying over the abyss of ocean. This play is also self irony, 'a private fig sign in the pocket'; it saves one from being hypnotized by imposing orientation rituals. This play is an epatage provocation, a mock at scowling narcissism of a plebeian who imagines themselves an aristocrat and therefore a model of virtues (especially of patriotic ones). Here I have to remind a reader of this paper about a considerable amount of hate mail received by Andrukhovych after the publication of his essay 'Time and Place, or My Last Territory'; people accused him of slander on Galicia, they missed both sarcasm, humour, irony of the author and his true feelings for his land.

After all, it is an echo of one's own pain (as in the works by Malaniuk and Stus) caused by 'threadbare and deformed national spacetime' and, in the context of social and historical time, a sarcastic challenge to the literary critics who oppose 'the Zhytomyr school' and 'the Galician school', 'From Polesia perspective, there is no such a land as Galicia. Galicia is not truly Ukrainian, it is some kind of geographical make-weight, a Polish hallucination. Galicia is artificial and pompous to the core'; 'It is a land that lacks its own roots, it attracts all sorts of uprooted vagabonds'; 'Galicia is throughout ironical and immoral, hence this eternal apostasy and time-serving'; 'this is superficial and put-on gentility, like detachable cuffs'; 'everything else is coffee, home-made liqueurs, cakes and pasties. Embroidering small tablecloths, jellies and jams, towels, carpets, poor taste and kitsch, in short, Galician petty bourgeoisie, full-length and in full bloom'. Though we ought to remember about the author's narration strategy of provocation multiplied by the genre specifics (not a clearly presented concept, but inner dynamics of images, paradox as a way of playing with a reader are defining features of essay writing). It explains the Polesian idea of Galicia and the reproaches of the Zhytomyr school representatives. According to O. Hnatiuk, 'in the cited text, direct references to Danylenko are quite obvious. Andrukhovych did not waste his chance to mimic the style of speech, especially the language of propaganda. Andrukhovych has mimicked the explicit and implicit reproaches to the Galician school' [3, p. 250].

In his heart, Andrukhovych has quite a different image of Galicia, 'But I have a different perspective. It is not a perspective, strictly speaking, because I stay here, inside, because it is my land, suspected and despised world; the fortress walls around it were ruined long ago, the moats are filled with historical lumber and cultural rubbish, broken china, Havarechchyn pottery, Hutsul tiles; I am my own line of defence; there is no other way but to defend this piece, this scrap, these fragments that won't hold together'. Because they are the manuscripts of Galician Land Between the Two Rivers; the most important things are to be read between the lines, in the break of Text. It is Galicia itself, with the imprints of polyculturality, with 'ruins as signs of "stratification of cultures"', with 'forced landscape collages'. This is Galician Mesopotamia, a sacred triangle with profane and sacred space of homeland in its centre; it is private, measured off by 'the One Who Hands out Geography', it is part of the sacrum of the great European culture. That is why the chronotope of the margins is transformed into the energy of the centre, 'It is a province where everyone knows that they are placed in the very centre, for the centre is nowhere and everywhere at the same time, and that is why from the heights and depths of their own workshops they can calmly look at everything else, including New York and a Moscow'.

'Disorientation in Locality' is the only way to avoid following (I would also add – mimicking, persecuting, examining...) others blindly. After all, it is a way of orientation that becomes a magical ritual of removing spatial and temporal restrictions (cages, chains, rules, determinants). Disorientation is actually a soaring flight of human thought in the stratosphere of various cultures. It is an alternative orientation, a perfect sense of time and direction in the time and space of European tradition, it is coming out into the outer space wearing no space-suit because you do not need one. It is controlling time and distance because, according to Eckhart, there is nothing like time and distance to hamper our soul on its way to God. The secret code of the Galician Land Between the Two Rivers is about Being, about the human being, time and space, about eternity. And most importantly, about Love without which time, and space, and eternity itself become senseless.

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Мафтин Наталія. Тайнопис галицького Межиріччя: часопросторова організація есеїстики Юрія Андруховича. *Журнал Прикарпатського університету імені Василя Стефаника*, 1 (4) (2014), 83–92.

У статті проаналізовано есеїстику Юрія Андруховича (зокрема твори, що увійшли до книги “Дезорієнтація на місцевості. Спроби”) крізь призму часопросторової організації як одного з важливих композиційних та образотворчих прийомів авторської стратегії письменника.

Для есеїстики Андруховича характерна внутрішня динаміка образу, складна сітка асоціацій, парадокс як спосіб гри з читачем, що досягається постійним перетіканням часу історичного, соціального в інтимно-приватний хронотоп власного світосприйняття. Така спроба погляду на європейську культуру в різних часопросторових координатах й водночас відчуття її пульсації в сьогоденні дозволяє авторові вповні реалізувати ідею Центральної Європи як мультикультурної та питоми української традиції, дає можливість вдало вивести кардіограму приватного наративу на сплеск філософсько-історичних роздумів.

Текст Андруховичевої “Дезорієнтації...” моделюється у вимірах різних часопросторових площин, завдяки чому локуси, про які йдеться, постають як палімпсести міст і місць – геологічні зрізи різних часових пластів, що просвічують своїми глибинними підтекстами в авторському наративі. Автор вдало включає в соціально-історичний час ідилічний хронотоп першочасу (доречно маркований авторським гумором “міф Австро-Угорщини”, містичний локус Карпат), поєднуючи його з інтимним хронотопом приватного часопростору – родової пам’яті, акцентує хронотоп

апокаліпсису як руйнування Традиції, однак ідейне скерування його есеїстики – в акцентуванні двовекторної спрямованості соціально-історичного часу, що забезпечує тяглість традиції й історизм.

Ключові слова: жанр, есеїстка, інтимно-приватний хронотоп, часопросторові координати, наратив, ідилічний хронотоп першочасу, хронотоп апокаліпсису, локус.