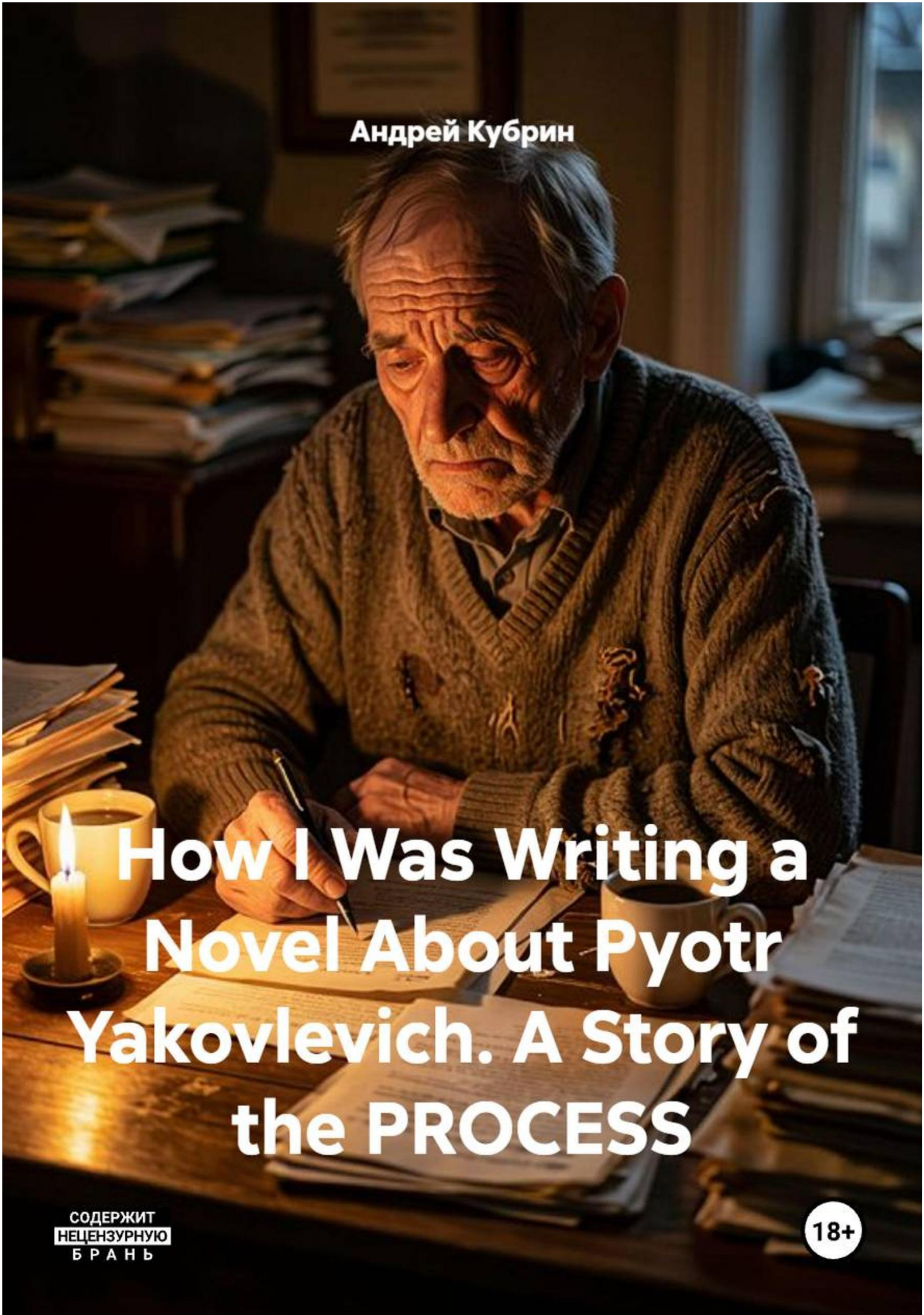

Андрей Кубрин
How I Was Writing a Novel About Pyotr Yakovlevich. A Story of the PROCESS
СОДЕРЖИТ НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ БРАНЬ
18+

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Кубрин А.

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I wrote a good novel (take my word for it) about Russians and for Russians. Yet not a single Russian speaker has read it. So, out of desperation, I wrote a novella about the making of that novel. With the exact same result. I have no time left to wait around for a reader. I am an old man dying of cancer. Thank goodness for Artificial Intelligence it helped translate it, and the poor thing had no choice but to read it. Lets save the discussion for later. There, beyond the bounds of earthly existence, well have plenty of time.

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Андрей Кубрин
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Chapter 1: Who Is Pyotr Yakovlevich.

Acknowledgments for contributing to the book.

I express my sincere gratitude to the Almighty, whoever He may be, for granting me the opportunity to savor His wondrous creations, the "fateful moments," and all the vicissitudes of earthly life.

I thank you as well, young Artificial Intelligence humanitys useless and dangerous toy. In your "person," in the twilight of my years, amidst the desert of my loneliness, I have finally found an attentive conversationalist and confidant.

Who is Pyotr Yakovlevich, did he exist in reality, and why did the author have to write a novel about him for twenty-plus years and still not finish it to this day? An inescapable truth: every author, to one degree or another, writes about themselves. So Pyotr Yakovlevich is an amalgam of the authors alter ego (Hello, Sigmund!), a real historical figure, and the wild imagination of the novelist in my own person.

I want to note that this literary work has as its theme "How I Was Writing a Novel..."—that is, it is about the process of writing, not the product. However, the novel about Pyotr Yakovlevich exists and will, in due time or a bit later, be presented for the reader's judgment. It is called SEEKER 2 (ИСКАТЕЛЬ 2) and originally formed a single whole with this work. But the author had to separate the Siamese twins; reading them together was physically impossible even for the author himself. It came out as complete gibberish. As a result, the adventure component stayed in Seeker, while reflections "on life," moral quests, and old-man memories-cum-grumblings went to this opus.

And one more note: the odious word "stylist" gives me a flare-up of carpal «tunnel syndrome» and cramps in my hands. I write in an uncombed "old-Soviet" vernacular, and it becomes clear to everyone that I am a human being, not a computer piece of junk.

SEEKER 2

Clearly, the public will not be spared an encounter with my latest (or should I say, most recent?) novel, for I shall forcibly inject this creation of my unbridled genius (no parentheses needed) into the Noosphere by releasing it onto the Internet. And don't start, just don't—I wasn't the one who invented all of this (meaning the Internet and social media); take your complaints up with the Bills, the Zuckerbergs, and their ilk. Back in my adolescence, a TV screen could be covered up with a size-fifty flat cap—unless you had a distilled-water magnifying lens, of course. And you talk to me about the Internet. I write whatever I please; the ISP has been paid. Moreover, the novel isn't even one-tenth finished, and since the "Master" in my person enjoys letting his thoughts ramble at his leisure, what will hit the Web is not a finished product, but rather the very process of creating a novel.

"For what is a novel but a 'noise'—a noise on one subject or another, and the longer the novel, the greater, of course, the noise." — Henry James

An unbiased reader, should such a creature turn up, has the opportunity to follow the dynamics of this train of thought. "Reader," I mean, rather than "unbiased"—no such rare bird exists beneath the ozone hole.

"...he [the novelist] has not the least right—and he is forced to confess it to himself—to expect from the reader anything that would be the result of mental effort or discerning judgment." — Henry James

I love the people, love the outdoors, Yet going for walks I cannot stand, And I know for a fact that the masses Will never my works understand. — Vladislav Khodasevich

You know, while we're having a smoke, why don't you tell me the story of your life. — "Unfinished Tales," Vladimir Sollogub

"...send me some new novel, only please not one of the modern ones." — "What do you mean, grand'maman?" — "I mean a novel in which the hero strangles neither his father nor his mother, and where there are no drowned corpses. I have a terrible dread of drowned people!" — Alexander Pushkin, "The Queen of Spades"

A little about myself. Ah… scared? Fine, nothing about myself then. Instead, plenty about the writing process. The novel is innovative in form and, one hopes, in content. "You'll figure out the innovative format as you go. I wanted to patent it, but—believe it or not—you can't patent ideas!!! The three-thousand-and-first way to perform a circumcision? Sure, go ahead. A groundbreaking interactive web novel? Fat chance."

Perhaps a history such as mine had better die with me, but a feeling that I cannot define leads me on and I am too weak both in body and mind to resist the slihgtest impuls.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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