

BORIS PASTERNAK

DOCTOR  
ZHIVAGO

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FROM THE RUSSIAN  
BY MAX HAYWARD AND  
MANYA HARARI  
"THE POEMS OF YURII ZHIVAGO"  
BY BERNARD GUILBERT GUERNEY

## The Principal Characters in this Book

*Yurii Andreievich Zhivago* (as a child, called *Yura*; affectionately, *Yurochka*) is the son of Andrei Zhivago, a profligate, and Maria Nikolaievna Zhivago.

*Evgraf Andreievich Zhivago*, his half brother, is the son of his father and Princess Stolbunova-Enrici.

*Nikolai Nikolaievich Vedniapin* (*Uncle Kolia*) is his maternal uncle.

*Antonina Alexandrovna Gromeko* (*Tonia*) is the daughter of *Alexander Alexandrovich Gromeko*, a professor of chemistry, and his wife *Anna Ivanovna*, whose father was the landowner and ironmaster *Ivan Ernestovich Krueger*.

As young people, *Yurii Andreievich Zhivago* and *Misha Gordon*, son of a lawyer, live with the Gromekos.

*Larisa Feodorovna Guishar* (*Lara*) is the daughter of a Russianized, widowed Frenchwoman, *Amalia Karlovna Guishar*. *Rodion* (*Rodia*) is her younger brother.

*Victor Ippolitovich Komarovsky* was Andrei Zhivago's lawyer and is Madame Guishar's lover and adviser.

*Lavrentii Mikhailovich Kologrivov* is a rich industrialist; his wife, *Serafima Filippovna*; their daughters, *Nadia* and *Lipa*.

*Pavel Pavlovich Antipov* (*Pasha*, *Pashenka*) is the son of a railway worker, *Pavel Fetapontovich Antipov*. After his father's exile to Siberia, he lives with the Tiverzins

(Kuprian Savelievich and his mother, Marfa Gavrilovna), another revolutionary family of railway workers.

*Osip Gimazetdinovich Galiullin (Yusupka)*, son of Gimazetdin, the janitor at the Tiverzins' tenement; he is a Moslem.

*Innokentii Dudorov (Nika)*, son of Dementii Dudorov, a revolutionary terrorist, and a Georgian princess.

*Markel Shchapov*, porter at the Gromekos' house, and his daughter *Marina (Marinka)*.

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# **PART ONE**





## CHAPTER ONE

### THE FIVE-O'CLOCK EXPRESS

#### 1

On they went, singing "Rest Eternal," and whenever they stopped, their feet, the horses, and the gusts of wind seemed to carry on their singing.

Passers-by made way for the procession, counted the wreaths, and crossed themselves. Some joined in out of curiosity and asked: "Who is being buried?"—"Zhivago," they were told.—"Oh, I see. That's what it is."—"It isn't him. It's his wife."—"Well, it comes to the same thing. May her soul rest in peace. It's a fine funeral."

The last moments slipped by, one by one, irretrievable. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the earth and everything that dwells therein." The priest, with the gesture of a cross, scattered earth over the body of Maria Nikolaievna. They sang "The souls of the righteous." Then a fearful bustle began. The coffin was closed, nailed, and lowered into the ground. Clods of earth rained on the lid as the grave was hurriedly filled by four spades. A little mound formed. A ten-year-old boy climbed on it. Only the state of stupor and insensibility which is gradually induced by all big funerals could have created the impression that he intended to speak over his mother's grave.

He raised his head and from his vantage point absently glanced about the bare autumn landscape and the domes of the monastery. His snub-nosed face became contorted and he stretched out his neck. If a wolf cub had done this, everyone would have thought that it was about to howl. The boy covered his face with his hands and burst into sobs. The wind bearing down on him lashed his hands and

face with cold gusts of rain. A man in black with tightly fitting sleeves went up to the grave. This was Nikolai Nikolaievich Vedeniapin, the dead woman's brother and the uncle of the weeping boy; a former priest, he had been unfrocked at his own request.

He went up to the boy and led him out of the graveyard.

## 2

They spent the night at the monastery, where Uncle Nikolai was given a room for old times' sake. It was on the eve of the Feast of the Intercession of the Holy Virgin. The next day they were supposed to travel south to a provincial town on the Volga where Uncle Nikolai worked for the publisher of the local progressive newspaper. They had bought their tickets and their things stood packed in the cell. The station was near by, and they could hear the plaintive hooting of engines shunting in the distance.

It grew very cold that evening. The two windows of the cell were at ground level and looked out on a corner of the neglected kitchen garden, a stretch of the main road with frozen puddles on it, and the part of the churchyard where Maria Nikolaievna had been buried earlier in the day. There was nothing in the kitchen garden except acacia bushes around the walls and a few beds of cabbages, wrinkled and blue with cold. With each blast of wind the leafless acacias danced as if possessed and then lay flat on the path.

During the night the boy, Yura, was wakened by a knocking at the window. The dark cell was mysteriously lit up by a flickering whiteness. With nothing on but his shirt, he ran to the window and pressed his face against the cold glass.

Outside there was no trace of the road, the graveyard, or the kitchen garden, nothing but the blizzard, the air smoking with snow. It was almost as if the snowstorm had caught sight of Yura and, conscious of its power to terrify, roared and howled, doing everything possible to impress him. Turning over and over in the sky, length after length of whiteness unwound over the earth and shrouded it. The blizzard was alone in the world; it had no rival.

When he climbed down from the window sill Yura's first impulse was to dress, run outside, and start doing something. He was afraid that the cabbage patch would be buried so that no one could dig it out and that his mother would helplessly sink deeper and deeper away from him into the ground.

Once more it ended in tears. His uncle woke up, spoke to him of Christ, and tried to comfort him, then yawned and stood thoughtfully by the window. Day was breaking. They began to dress.

## 3

While his mother was alive Yura did not know that his father had abandoned them long ago, leading a dissolute life in Siberia and abroad and squandering the family millions. He was always told that his father was away on business in Petersburg or at one of the big fairs, usually at Irbít.

His mother had always been sickly. When she was found to have consumption she began to go to southern France and northern Italy for treatment. On two occasions Yura went with her. He was often left with strangers, different ones each time. He became accustomed to such changes, and against this untidy background, surrounded with continual mysteries, he took his father's absence for granted.

He could remember a time in his early childhood when a large number of things were still known by his family name. There was a Zhivago factory, a Zhivago bank, Zhivago buildings, a Zhivago necktie pin, even a Zhivago cake which was a kind of *baba au rhum*, and at one time if you said "Zhivago" to your sleigh driver in Moscow, it was as if you had said: "Take me to Timbuctoo!" and he carried you off to a fairy-tale kingdom. You would find yourself transported to a vast, quiet park. Crows settled on the heavy branches of firs, scattering the hoarfrost; their cawing echoed and re-echoed like crackling wood. Purebred dogs came running across the road out of the clearing from the recently constructed house. Farther on, lights appeared in the gathering dusk.

And then suddenly all that was gone. They were poor.

## 4

One day in the summer of 1903, Yura was driving across fields in a two-horse open carriage with his Uncle Nikolai. They were on their way to see Ivan Ivanovich Voskoboinikov, a teacher and author of popular textbooks, who lived at Duplyanka, the estate of Kologrivov, a silk manufacturer, and a great patron of the arts.

It was the Feast of the Virgin of Kazan. The harvest was in full swing but, whether because of the feast or because of the midday break, there was not a soul in sight. The half-reaped fields under the glaring sun looked like the half-shorn heads of convicts. Birds were circling overhead. In the hot stillness the heavy-eared wheat stood straight. Neat sheaves rose above the stubble in the distance; if you stared at them long enough they seemed to move, walking along on the horizon like land surveyors taking notes.

"Whose fields are these?" Nikolai Nikolaievich asked Pavel, the publisher's odd-job man who sat sideways on the box, shoulders hunched and legs crossed to show that driving was not his regular job. "The landlord's or the peasants'?"

"These are the master's." Pavel, who was smoking, after a long silence jabbed with the end of his whip in another direction: "And those are the peasants"!—Get along," he shouted at the horses, keeping an eye on their tails and haunches like an engineer watching his pressure gauge. The horses were like horses the world over: the shaft horse pulled with the innate honesty of a simple soul while the off horse arched its neck like a swan and seemed to the uninitiated to be an inveterate idler who thought only of prancing in time to the jangling bells.

Nikolai Nikolaievich had with him the proofs of Voskoboinikov's book on the land question; the publisher had asked the author to revise it in view of the increasingly strict censorship.

"The people are getting out of hand here," he told Pavel. "A merchant in a near-by village has had his throat slit and the county stud farm has been burned down. What do you make of it? Any talk of it in your village?"

But evidently Pavel took an even gloomier view than the censor who urged Voskoboinikov to moderate his passionate views on the agrarian problem.

"Talk of it? The peasants have been spoiled—treated too well. That's no good for the likes of us. Give the peasants rope and God knows we'll all be at each other's throats in no time.—Get along, there!"

This was Yura's second trip with his uncle to Duplyanka. He thought he remembered the way, and every time the fields spread out, forming a narrow border around the woods, it seemed to him he recognized the place where the road would turn right and disclose briefly a view of the six-mile-long Kologrivov estate, with the river gleaming in the distance and the railway beyond it. But each time he was mistaken. Fields followed fields and were in turn lost in woods. These vast expanses gave him a feeling of freedom and elation. They made him think and dream of the future.

Not one of the books that later made Nikolai Nikolaievich famous was yet written. Although his ideas had taken shape, he did not know how close was their expression. Soon he was to take his place among contemporary writers, university professors, and philosophers of the revolution, a man who shared their ideological concern but had nothing in common with them except their terminology. All of them, without exception, clung to some dogma or other, satisfied with words and superficialities, but Father Nikolai had gone through Tolstoyism and revolutionary idealism and was still moving forward. He passionately sought an idea, inspired, graspable, which in its movement would clearly point the way toward change, an idea like a flash of lightning or a roll of thunder capable of speaking even to a child or an illiterate. He thirsted for something new.

Yura enjoyed being with his uncle. He reminded him of his mother. Like hers, his mind moved with freedom and welcomed the unfamiliar. He had the same aristocratic sense of equality with all living creatures and the same gift of taking in everything at a glance and of expressing his thoughts as they first came to him and before they had lost their meaning and vitality.

Yura was glad that his uncle was taking him to Duplyanka. It was a beautiful place, and this too reminded

him of his mother, who had been fond of nature and had often taken him for country walks.

He also looked forward to seeing Nika Dudorov again, though Nika, being two years older, probably despised him. Nika was a schoolboy who lived at the Voskoboinikovs'; when he shook hands with Yura, he jerked his arm downwards with all his might and bowed his head so low that his hair flopped over his forehead and hid half his face.

## 5

"The vital nerve of the problem of pauperism," Nikolai Nikolaievich read from the revised manuscript.

"Essence would be better, I think," said Ivan Ivanovich, making the correction on the galleys.

They were working in the half-darkness of the glassed-in veranda. Watering cans and gardening tools lay about, a raincoat was flung over the back of a broken chair, mud-caked hip boots stood in a corner, their uppers collapsed on the floor.

"On the other hand, the statistics of births and deaths show," dictated Nikolai Nikolaievich.

"Insert 'for the year under review,'" said Ivan Ivanovich and made a note. There was a slight draft. Pieces of granite lay on the sheets as paperweights.

When they finished Nikolai Nikolaievich wanted to leave at once.

"There's a storm coming. We must be off."

"Nothing of the sort. I won't let you. We're going to have tea now."

"But I must be back in town by night."

"It's no use arguing. I won't hear of it."

From the garden, a whiff of charcoal smoke from the samovar drifted in, smothering the smell of tobacco plant and heliotrope. A maid carried out a tray with clotted cream, berries, and cheese cakes. Then they were told that Pavel had gone off to bathe in the river and had taken the horses with him. Nikolai Nikolaievich had to resign himself to staying.

"Let's go down to the river while they're getting tea ready," suggested Ivan Ivanovich.

On the strength of his friendship with Kologrivov, he had the use of two rooms in the manager's house. The cottage with its own small garden stood in a neglected corner of the park, near the old drive, now thickly overgrown with grass and no longer used except for carting rubbish to the gully, which served as a dump. Kologrivov, a man of advanced views and a millionaire who sympathized with the revolution, was abroad with his wife. Only his two daughters, Nadia and Lipa, with their governess and a small staff of servants, were on the estate.

A thick hedge of blackthorn separated the manager's house and garden from the park with its lawns and artificial lakes which surrounded the main house. As Ivan Ivanovich and Nikolai Nikolaievich skirted the hedge, small flocks of sparrows flew out at regular intervals. The blackthorn swarmed with them, and their even chatter accompanied them like water flowing in a pipe.

They passed the hothouses, the gardener's cottage, and the ruins of some stone structure. They were talking about new talent in science and literature.

"Yes, there are gifted men," said Nikolai Nikolaievich; "but the fashion nowadays is all for groups and societies of every sort. Gregariousness is always the refuge of mediocrities, whether they swear by Soloviëv or Kant or Marx. Only individuals seek the truth, and they shun those whose sole concern is not the truth. How many things in the world deserve our loyalty? Very few indeed. I think one should be loyal to immortality, which is another word for life, a stronger word for it. One must be true to immortality—true to Christ! Ah, you're turning up your nose, my poor man. As usual, you haven't understood a thing."

"Hmm," said Ivan Ivanovich. Thin, fair-haired, restless as an eel, he had a mocking little beard that made him look like an American of Lincoln's time: he was always bunching it up in his hand and nibbling the tip. "I say nothing, of course. As you know, I look at these things rather differently. But while we're at it, tell me, what was it like when they unfrocked you? I bet you were scared. They didn't anathematize you, did they?"

"You're trying to change the subject. However, why not. . . . Anathematize me? No, they don't do that any more. It was unpleasant, and there are certain conse-



quences. For instance, one is banned from the civil service for quite a long time, and I was forbidden to go to Moscow or Petersburg. But these are trifles. As I was saying, one stand is that it is possible to be an atheist, it is possible not to know whether God exists, or why, and yet believe that man does not live in a state of nature but in history, and that history as we know it now began with Christ, and that Christ's Gospel is its foundation. Now what is history? It is the centuries of systematic explorations of the riddle of death, with a view to overcoming death. That's why people discover mathematical infinity and electromagnetic waves, that's why they write symphonies. Now, you can't advance in this direction without a certain faith. You can't make such discoveries without spiritual equipment. And the basic elements of this equipment are in the Gospels. What are they? To begin with, love of one's neighbor, which is the supreme form of vital energy. Once it fills the heart of man it has to overflow and spend itself. And then the two basic ideals of modern man—without them he is unthinkable—the idea of free personality and the idea of life as sacrifice. Mind you, all this is still extraordinarily new. There was no history in this sense among the ancients. They had blood and beastliness and cruelty and pockmarked Caligulas who do not suspect how untalented every enslaver is. They had the boastful dead eternity of bronze monuments and marble columns. It was not until after the coming of Christ that time and man could breathe freely. It was not until after Him that men began to live toward the future. Man does not die in a ditch like a dog—but at home in history, while the work toward the conquest of death is in full swing; he dies sharing in this work. Ouf! I got quite worked up, didn't I? But I might as well be talking to a blank wall."

"That's metaphysics, my dear fellow. It's forbidden by my doctors, my stomach won't take it."

"Oh well, you're hopeless. Let's leave it. Goodness, what a view, you lucky devil. Though I suppose as you live with it every day you don't see it."

It was hard to keep one's eyes on the shimmering river, which, like a sheet of polished metal, reflected the glare of the sun. Suddenly its surface parted in waves. A big ferry