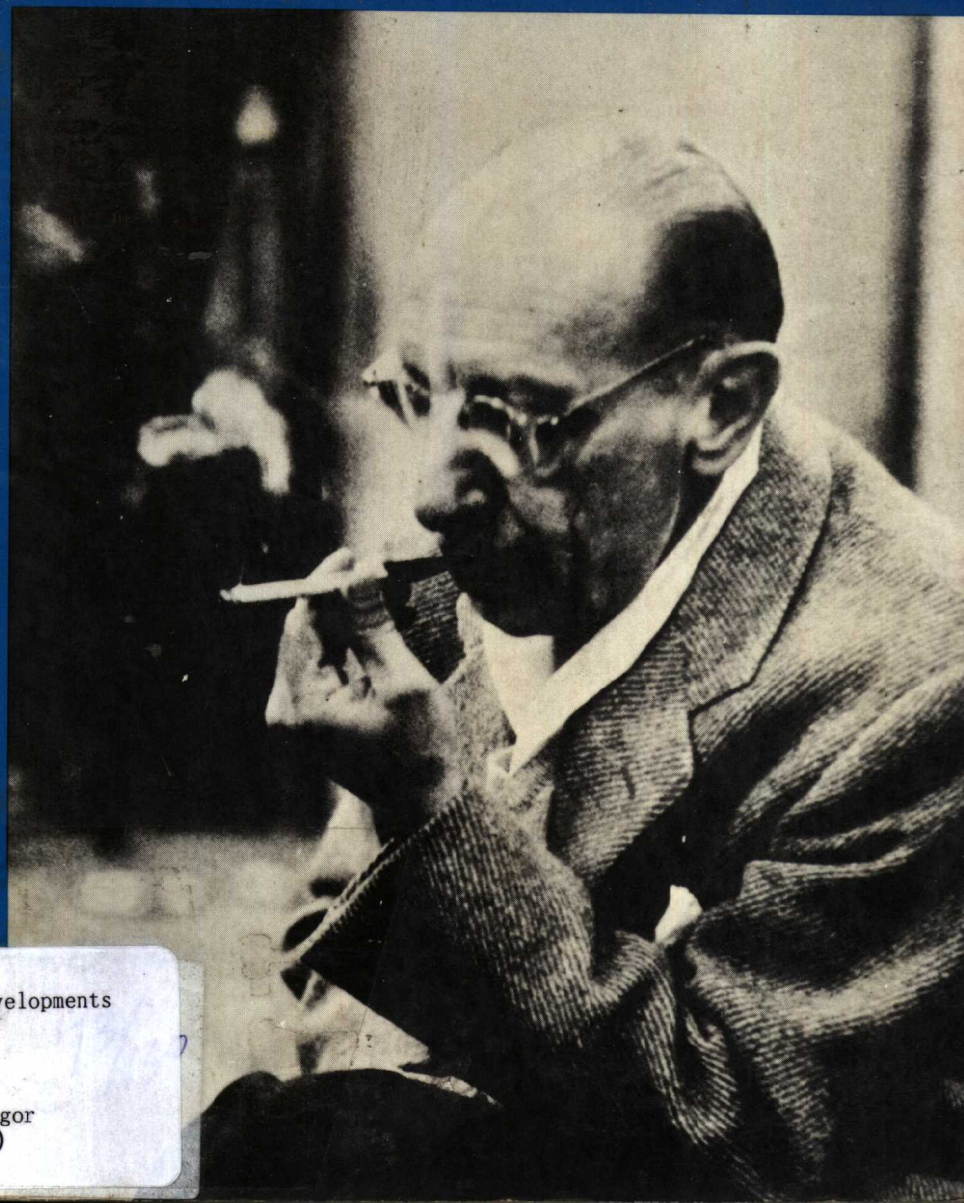


# Expositions and Developments

*by Igor Stravinsky & Robert Craft*



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EXPOSITIONS  
AND  
DEVELOPMENTS

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IGOR STRAVINSKY  
and  
ROBERT CRAFT

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA PRESS  
Berkeley and Los Angeles

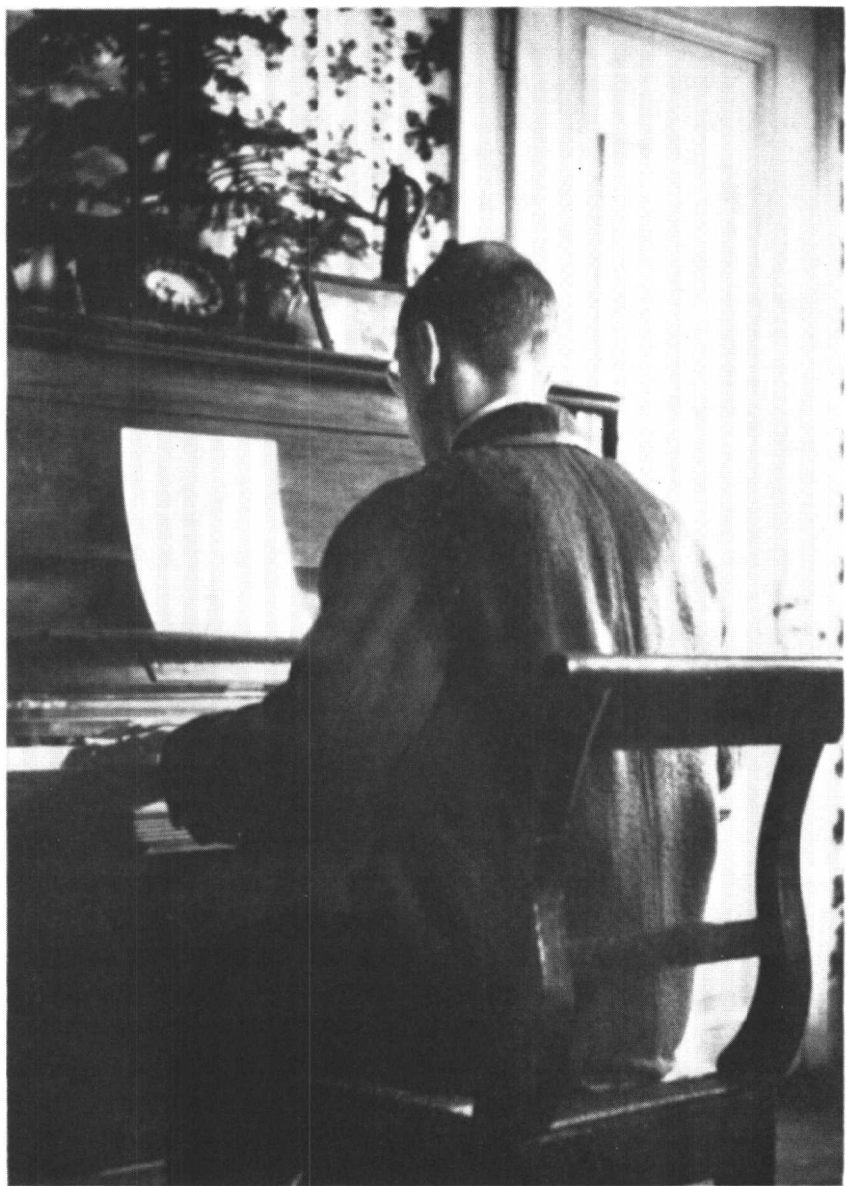


University of California Press  
Berkeley and Los Angeles  
© 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962 by Igor Stravinsky  
First California Paperback Printing 1981  
ISBN 0-520-04403-7  
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Printed in the United States of America

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9



## EXPOSITIONS AND DEVELOPMENTS



*Les Tilleuls* (The Lindens), 1911. This is the piano at which I composed  
*Le Sacre du printemps*, and I wallpapered the room myself

To  
VERA





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## *Illustrations*

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# 1

## EXPOSITIONS

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R.C. What do you recall of your infancy—your family household, your earliest friends, impressions of relatives, first experiences in school, first music to be heard and remembered? I have noticed that you always sleep with a light on; do you remember the origin of this need?

I.S. I am able to sleep at night only when a ray of light enters my room from a closet or adjoining chamber. I do not know the origin of this need, though it must extend from earliest infancy, and I can no longer recall the source of the original light. I fail to remember any night lamp in the corridor beyond the room I shared with my younger brother, in any case, and I am certain the traditional oil-wick was not burned by the only icon in our house, which was in my mother's room. The light I still seek to be reminded of must have come either from the porcelain stove—incandescent at bedtime—in the corner of the room or from the street lamp outside my window on the Krukov Canal. As the air-holes of the stove sometimes formed menacing faces, I think the street light must have been the reassuring one. Whatever it was, however, and whatever bogies it kept at bay, this umbilical cord of illumination still enables me at seventy-eight, to re-enter the world of safety and enclosure I knew at seven or eight.

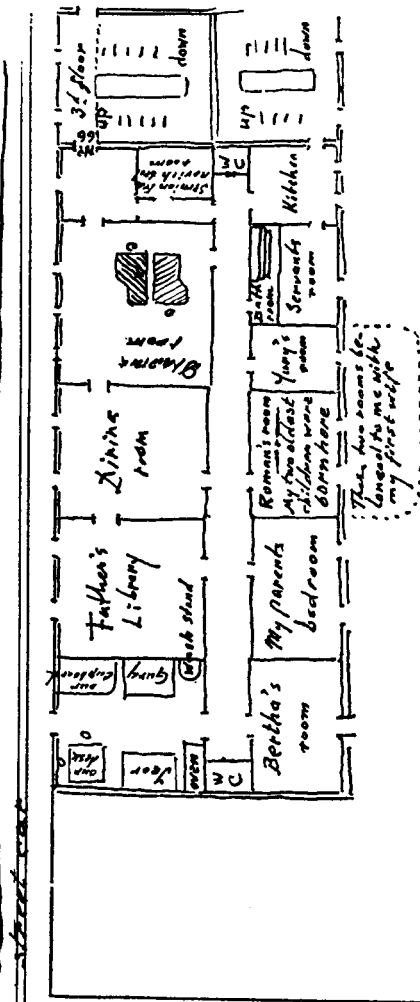
My map of the Stravinsky third-floor apartment in St. Petersburg. The rooms below us were occupied by a wealthy manufacturer of galoshes named Gurian, and the floor above by Karsavina and her husband, Mukhina. The Litovsky Zámok was destroyed in the Russian Revolution, as the Bastille was destroyed in 1789. The Bridge of Kisses derived its name from the circumstance that in the time of Peter the Great it was the end of the city, therefore the final parting point for the adieus of sailors and marines. One of the most curious sights from our apartment was that of opera scenery brought on barges down the Krukov Canal to the Mariinsky Theatre.

Litovskiy Zamok (castle)  
a prison

Крыков Canal

border of  
Kisses

Maninsky Theatre



Officers' Street

Glinka Street



## *Expositions*

But the world of a child of that age, at least in outline, is still 'safe' in the morning. My world began regularly at seven o'clock. Classes in the St. Petersburg Second Gymnasium did not start until two hours later, but the Gymnasium was a long walk from our house. I was always awakened by my nurse, Bertha, the 'safest' person in my world, and her voice was the most loving I ever heard in my childhood. Often, but not every day, Bertha's reveilles mingled with the rattle and torrential tumble of bath water being drawn for me in the ancient zinc-plated bathtub (two steps up from the floor) at the end of the corridor. Culinary odours reached this bathroom, and they, too, indicated the presence of another 'safety', Caroline, our Finnish cook, a family fixture for thirty years.

Breakfast was served by the maids, or by Simon Ivanovich. I do not remember the maids, for the reason that they were often changed; as I grew older, my mother made certain they grew older, too. Simon Ivanovich was a small man with a neat, military-style moustache; he had been subaltern to my Uncle Vanya at one time. He was remarkable chiefly for a bald head that reminded one of a bull. His room was a tiny antechamber under the front stairs; or, rather, he shared this cubbyhole with stacks of my father's books.

I loved Simon Ivanovich and, in return, I think he supported me in most questions of family allegiance. I was probably saved from family disgrace by him on more than one occasion, but I have a clear recollection of only one of his rescues, that of my first alcoholic intoxication. I had gone to a party with my elder brother and some of his engineering-student classmates. We were all in our mid-teens and all determined to exhibit our maturity—all except my brother, who had gone home early. At one point a fellow drinker asked me my sex and it was then that I realized we were all drunk. I kept saying: 'I can't go home. . . . If my parents see