

THE THEME OF LONELINESS IN THE STORIES OF L. PETRUSHEVSKAYA

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ABSTRACT

This paper analyses the works of famous prose writer Lyudmila Petrushevskaya, such as the topics of loneliness, death and mortality, rock and fate in the stories of the writer.

Keywords: Literary critics, the original style, the artistic language, Russian classical literature, loneliness, death and mortality.

INTRODUCTION, LITERATURE REVIEW AND DISCUSSION

The work of the prose writer and playwright Lyudmila Petrushevskaya provoked lively debate among readers and literary critics as soon as her works appeared on the pages of thick magazines. More than thirty years have passed since then, and during that time numerous interpretations of her work have been published: book reviews, scientific and journalistic articles. In critical assessments, the writer was destined to go from almost “the ancestor of the domestic Chernukha” to the recognized classic of literature of the last decades. At this stage, the writer's place in the modern literary process is determined by a number of constant features: the original style, the artistic language, the problems of the works, themes and genres chosen by the author - in general, the artistic and scientific context can be considered established. In the process of studying scientific and journalistic materials, the main aspects developed in them are identified: the theme of the “little man”, the theme of loneliness, death and mortality, rock and fate, the family and its decay, the person's relationship with the world, and some others. In addition, research is continuing in the field of the chronotope of Petrushevskaya's texts, and the construction of a picture of the writer's world.

Despite a sufficient number of existing studies, the concept of the art world of Petrushevskaya, in fact, remains unclear: not a single work contains an attempt to holistic, integrated understanding of her work. The selected problem (the problem of Petrushevskaya's author's ideal) has hardly been studied. The existing articles and chapters of the teaching aids about the ideals that the writer makes are not specific. Therefore, it seems necessary to consider this issue. Moreover, it is precisely in the absence of ideals that Petrushevskaya is most often reproached. Moreover, this is still happening when the author has already moved from the category of prohibited to recognized masters of modern literature. Even today, “they are trying to put her on a shelf somewhere between Sorokin's blackness and virtual games of Pelevin's “lower worlds” [183, 219]. All subsequent work will confirm that the author we have chosen is a prose writer of a fine spiritual organization, and its ideals are comparable to those that attracted the attention of writers of Ancient Russia, that is, those that deserved to be called eternal.

The name of Petrushevskaya went into constant circulation both in the scientific context and among literary critics and readers. The work of this writer is devoted to several voluminous studies, including dissertations for the degree of candidate of philological sciences³. Today, Petrushevskaya's books are among the regularly published, their circulation is more than 100,000 copies. The writer herself, when this became possible, began to actively publish her

short stories, fairy tales, plays, essays. The first of a pleiad of prose writers of modern times, she released a collection of works in five volumes (Petrushevskaya JI. Collected works in five volumes. - Kharkov: Folio; M.: TKO "AST", 1996).

According to the genre, the stories of L.S. Petrushevskaya resemble miniatures, sketches, sketches, but the writer herself insists that these are stories that cannot be called short if you think about the depth of their problems and the volume of life material. The author raises in his works the problems of loneliness, homelessness, unsettled human destinies, the indifference of others. The story "Country" is no exception in this regard. The plot is based on a seemingly simple everyday story about an abandoned woman abandoned by her husband, but a real tragedy unfolds before the reader, frightening with its everyday life. The main character is a lonely drinking woman "with traces of past beauty on her face." The very first lines of the story show her loneliness: "a quiet, drinking woman ... not visible to anyone." Every day she "drinks quietly," and this becomes the meaning of her existence, a way to hide from problems, from loneliness, from life. But before us is a Mother with a daughter! Can she be alone and unhappy? "The daughter is a languid, white, large girl, even not like her father," while her mother drinks quietly, "she usually plays." The girl doesn't care if she's drinking tea or medicine, she's quietly playing her old toys on the floor. That's all that is said about the daughter in the story. No childish joy, no childish pranks, no affection for the mother. Telling another little tragedy, the writer shows how this usually happens: after betrayal by her husband, a woman tries to find oblivion in guilt and does not notice how this becomes both a way of life and its meaning. "It used to be that until the daughter fell asleep, there was no talk of any bottle, and then everything was simplified, everything went by itself ..." And now "the mother calculates everything, calculates and decides that there is no harm, if the very amount of money that would go to dinner would go to wine - the girl is full in kindergarten, and she herself does not need anything."

The main character's life is running in a vicious circle: "every night, no matter how drunk, she collects her daughter's little things for kindergarten so that everything is at hand in the morning"; "Both go to bed, turn off the light, and in the morning they get up as if nothing had happened and run through the frost, in the dark into a kindergarten"; "Hangs up and runs to the grocery store for the next bottle, and then to the kindergarten for her daughter"; "To run along a dark, frosty street somewhere and for some reason." The space in the story emphasizes the loneliness of the heroine, and the indifference of others to her fate, and the futility of her existence: either this is a closed one-room apartment, then a short stay at a party, in someone else's enclosed space, then an attempt to escape from it, but where? In the cold, in the dark ... And only in a dream do they and their daughter fall into a country that is not like their lives, into a country from which one does not want to return to reality.

Depicting the joyless existence of his heroine, Petrushevskaya paints morning and evening. The day in the heroine's life seems to be absent. And only night gives the long-awaited oblivion: "divine dreams are those of the daughter and mother," dreams that are better than their lives, and they "should never have woken up." The time in the story is divided into past and present. In the past, the heroine was the wife of a bright blond, a beautiful sociable woman, there were friends, acquaintances, there was a different life; "... then everything subsided, all past life and all past acquaintances." And in the present, in addition to the memories, there were attempts to return to the circle of the past life: "Several times a year, the mother and daughter get out, sit at the table, and then the mother comes to life, starts talking loudly and props her chin with one hand and turns around, that is, does pretending to be her own." But before going to her former acquaintances, she "chooses those houses and those days in which the bright blond does not go to visit with her new wife." And after the heroine cautiously asks for a visit, she "runs to the

grocery store for the next bottle, and then to the kindergarten for her daughter." How unlikely the real life of a single drinking woman is to her past! But there are two more heroes in the story - this is the heroine's ex-husband and his new wife. Petrushevskaya master of detail, the exact word.

The main feature of the ex-husband's appearance is bright: "a bright blond with bright red lips". The portrait makes a repulsive impression, which is enhanced through the narrative of the life of his ex-wife and daughter and through the characterization of his new wife, a woman of "a tough warehouse that keeps nobody and nothing." Just a few touches, and the portrait of the "henpecked", limp, effeminate man is ready! He is not interested in either the fate of his ex-wife or the fate of his daughter. In order to emphasize the contrast between the past and present lives of the heroine, the author uses the antitheses: evening - morning, who is nobody, quietly - loudly, the heroine's past life and present, the heroine is a new wife, life is a dream. The hopelessness of the life of the mother and daughter, their loneliness, the writer conveys through frequent use in a small volume of negative pronouns and adverbs: nobody uses it three times, twice uses nobody and nothing, it never occurs. It is no accident that the writer does not give names to her heroines, because they have lost themselves, they have lost hope for the best. The story has a ring composition, which emphasizes the isolation of the life of the heroine, her hopelessness. The meaning of the title of the story is that mother and daughter are looking for happiness in the world of dreams, in the country of divine dreams: "they immediately fall asleep in order to return to the country that they will leave in the morning ...". And this country is so unlike everything that surrounds them! The narration is conducted from a third party, there is no definitely expressed author's attitude to the events described, it's a kind of observation from the side, but not of an impartial observer, but of a person who is not indifferent to what is happening to us. In such a small volume, Petrushevskaya raises the most important moral and philosophical problems: the problem of loneliness, the collapse of the family as a spiritual whole, the problems of drunkenness, indifference, betrayal. On the one hand, the writer exaggerates in the depiction of the everyday life of heroes and their destinies, but, on the other hand, there is a pathos of denial of such reality, a protest against human indifference, against the loss of her "I" and the meaning of life. And I agree with E. Nevzglyazova, who writes about the stories of L. S. Petrushevskaya: "The image of decay does not yet carry decay, the negative sides of reality, described reliably and talentedly, contain an active charge of humanity and compassion, make me reconsider more than open calls and the author's condemnation. This has always been the case in Russian classical literature."

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