

# Brodsky breakfast @ raketa room

*Do you speak art?  
Do you read nature?  
Do you see poems?*

Studying Brodsky might be called as an archeology of the now.  
The poet himself became an artifact from the now.  
A beloved artifact which one was reinvented as a starting point of dialogue between opposite (?) worlds.  
Brodsky became one of the main icons of the now. I'm saying icon because it seems to be the most definite description of his figure. A icon is always staying aside from the real figure, presenting a basic and (what is really important) our image of the figure, but not the figure itself.  
These icons are letting us to be connected, to find commonness between selves. The point is to go deeper, to re-discover the icon and to open the figure, to hear Brodsky's voice.

Viktor! Hallo! Raketa is calling Viktor!  
Sky is clear! the day has just started! We are on the tour!

**Nice Text, Vitya! Good idea, Timo. Hello Sweden, hello Russia! I'm (we're) here and look forward to what is going to show up - Cornelius (&Yulia)**

Welcome! Recording is running, time flies, waiting for Åsa and Cecilia!

WE ARE HERE. YOU ARE THERE.

Timo hi! how's the publication going along?

- Yeah, let's talk about that on another occasion. In short: Lots of material is gathered, however major editing work still remains to be done.

Actually, Åsa wrote and sms that I should be around @ 8pm... but email states 7pm, thought i might drop in earlier

One more thing - will we collect material about Brodsky or also material on our dinner in Konosha?

- Don't really know much about that...

Ok!

We are in the studio now and starting to set up things  
*WE ARE STARTING UP THINGS.*

Everyone is free to write whatever they want with Brodsky as the starting point. About Brodsky, poetry, Sweden, New York, walking on a street in St Petersburg, Venice biennale. etc

Let's start at 8!!

Did I speak to you the same night that you had your dinner with Brodsky and his friends in the library? Did I call you from Moscow? Or from Berlin?

Cornelius: Susanne, we talked from Ustyany, that was the end of my part of the tour, much later than Brodsky. I can't recall we discussed from where you called. It was all about rocket science.

Oh yes I remember now. You also told me about a delicate expensive red glass bird and about dancing in the forest.

There is proof/footage of how Åsa and I dance. I regret that of course. But we felt young that day dancing..  
The red bottle cognac, yes. I must think a lot about it.

Let's start from the top of the document.  
Now its on the top also. Our conversation.

I and would like to repeat my question: The Librarian in the middle of the night, was he or she once a friend of Brodsky?

→ Answer further up.

screamin a litte bit?  
jag ser inte var vi är.

the gaze.

**November 15 @ 7 pm @ raketa institute**

**This Google Doc will be screenrecorded at 7 PM for documentation.**

**Timo**

we arrived at 5 o'clock in the morning at the trainstation  
do you remember?

We arrived after a few hours of sleep. I can't remember the train ride now. Arrival was ok, lady met us. Got us in a russian mini-van and we got off into the night. We passed a wonderful gas station, unusual architecture, all in Russian red-blue-white. Like a temple. About a kilometer from the station. I remember small talk with the driver (sitting in the front). The road in a good shape, old but without holes. A quality soviet-made street. Later we were told that Brodsky had to go every day, when working as photographer. But there was no road. Not even a dirt road. Only mud. Only military trucks and offroad motorcycles could cross. They said impossible to go with a normal car. Everyone was hitchhiking as no bus service (or was there a bus, I forgot). Brodsky used a bike a part of his being in exile there. Or hitched. Of course, a lot of tractors around as it was all kolkhos and/or sovkhos farms.

the lady !  
in the morning !  
the bus !  
& us !

THE BUS.

Did I speak to you the same night that you had your dinner with Brodsky and his friends in the library? Did I call you from Moscow? Or from Berlin?

Cornelius: Susanne, we talked from Ustyany, that was the end of my part of the tour, much later than Brodsky. I can't recall we discussed from where you called. It was all about rocket science.

Oh yes I remember now. You also told me about a delicate expensive red glass bird and about dancing in the forest.

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The red bottle cognac, yes. I must think a lot about it.

Let's start from the top of the document

Yes. I moved it. Lets start again here at the beginning. Could one of you tell me about the librarian? The one who met you at the station? Did she meet Brodsky?

**The woman who met us is not really old, she never could have met him. And she is not a librarian per se - she just has her office in the library. She runs the tourist department of the village.**

**Brodsky in Konosha and Norinskaya. A examination 50 years after Brodsky. In a state of insomnia.**

**Brodsky and the place of his exile. It opened a universe, a cosmos. It is not about Brodsky anymore. It is about today. About post-soviet, even post-post-soviet - new-Russian times. Meeting up with the „eye witnesses“ of Brodsky. Not really his friends. People that talked less then a few sentences to him. Their views, their thoughts. Their perspective. Then and now.**

**Now, the eager people trying to change and develop this village existing only due to the intersection of rail tracks. Talks led deep into the heart of a society that overcame harsh totalitarianism and faces it again. How the human being can divide his consciousness. How everyday life and abstract (terror) leaders do not necessarily interfere if one does not want to see what is going on.**

**It was a very human, very warm meeting. Dealing with the dark side of humanity.**



Our breakfast in the house where Brodsky first arrived in Norinskaya. What was the name of the pancakes? Cornelius you know the name. I don't know what we had. It was with very good, home made "varenie", jam. Raspberry? I guess it were Sirniki? Like, hamburger patties but made of cottage cheese? Or more like pancakes, in which case it would have been Bliny. No, no blinys.

We arrived really early in the morning in Konosha with the train and the woman from the library met us. I still remember her hair and the arrangement as a long weaving.

Yes, now I remember the hair-do as well. Extraordinary.

A long what?

weaving. the hair.

I wonder what Brodsky did when he first arrived in New York? Does anyone know?

He was living at 44 Morton Street

Winter is what I see. It was winter and in a deep forest in southern Sweden. It was the same year, at christmas, the B got the Nobel prize.

I gave one of Bs books to my very dear step father. He never read it. It was strange, he always read a lot, but this one he never touched. Now he is dead, but still Brodsky, the very name, always gives me a feeling of darkness, snow, deep forests.

Cornelius, where are you? Hey, was wondering where I might have been the day Brodsky got the Nobel prize. Got lost over that..

Would be cool to have a calendar on my computer that told me what I was doing 28/01/1996 or 27/10/1987..

But I was a four or later almost 14 year old kid. I guess 28/01/1996 could have been the time being scared to death by the upcoming half-year progress report at school...

cool.

calender!

the time. time. you. he. where did he go?

I asked the doctor but he did not know.

I asked: where is Joseph?

Was he ever in Tokyo? Brodsky?

Did he see the cherry blossom?

For sure he walked on Nevsky Prospekt

And on 14th Street and maybe Drottninggatan

Did he feel the ground shaking? In japan?

The heat from the typhoons at sea?

The white nights of St Peterburg?

I did not hear the signal. this morning. every morning.

I'm calling Joseph but he is not there.

Brodsky send home postcards, from all over the world, to his parents in St Petersburg.

What did he write about?

I don't know because I can't write or understand russian

Maybe he wrote about the sky?

I had to send messages back home when I was in St Petersburg. I have never been in any city that has such a wide heaven.

I have never been in Venice but I thought St Petersburg looked a lot like Venice. The water, the islands and the canals.

Åsa!

I am here!

I still wonder about the heaven in Venice. And about Brodsky and the snow.

And the heaven? Is there any heaven in Venice?

Can someone tell me something about the heaven i Venice?

I have questions about the ice. Icecubs? Or icebears? In  
No the canals!

Did Joseph ever went skiing on the

Did someone ever see Brodsky covered with snow?

Did he like it? Or hate it?

Or was it something that just was a part of that everything, one in a while?  
The camera that is constantly clicking in this Raketa Breakfast Studio, it  
feels like a stroboscope for ears.

The ice cubes in Venice? In that famous bar maybe where Hemingway used to hang  
around? She wander where we are. We are here. Right here.

The ice cubes in Venice, dont eat them!

She was waiting for us. No we were waiting for her? No we are still here at the  
same spot. Can she find us. Now we are all here. .

How is life in Arkhangelsk?

See you soon!

Is Brodsky still there?

we do miss

You.

You.

Hallo Friend. Friends. Where did you go after Konosha? Konoha?

Life in Arkhangelsk is ok. Very busy with the upcoming forum. Brodsky hasn't  
been around recently. After Konosha, it was Kotlas. But money, train tickets  
and Ekaterina Sharova stayed in Konosha. The day after she went to a gulag  
place

Kotlas by the way a proud member in the GULAG club itself...

Tell me about the GULAG club.

People here do not like to talk about it. Preferably ignored, has to be  
forgotten. Living here made me understand how much effort it was to get Germans  
think about there past so analytical. In Russia, this only does a minority. A  
fraction of a minority. The goverment only wants people to look at a bright  
future, never look back. Don't put any dirt on the nice costume your leaders  
sewed for you.

Found a great interactive map recently with all details about the several  
(often short-term) GULAGS.

Oh really interesting so many places

It includes photographs.

Pretty sure they have the same map in English. Even Svensk?

Cecilia is checking it now.

Now Jens, one of our musicians, joined us. In the studio

I've been in Perm36 Gulag myself two years ago. Very strong. Now, it is closed  
(Memorial has no access to the museum anymore). It will be reshaped to include  
the wardens view(!).

Skål in the studio

Skål from Arkhangelsk. Not drinking myself, feeling miserable after coming home  
at 7 am this morning...

Oh oh party to the morning

ja vi säger hej till jens & till er alla.

we have not met in a long time so so so many questions

This is new for me i have just arrived in this projekt Brodsky here i come!





Hej hej  
this is not Brodsky this is Bronsky  
Brons

ky-beat.

Viktor? Are you still here?  
→ Was Viktor ever here after 6pm?

We say hallo to Sam!!!

Cornelius say Hallo to Sam  
Hello Sam!

Sam lives here in the corner in the studio

I hope I made my bed up ok! not too messy...

Yes! It look fine  
(y)

Back to Brodsky. Why did you do the dinner? What did his friends tell you about him?

It was a replica or a copy of the Nobel Prize dinner in Stockholm 1987. We wanted to share the meal with the people Brodsky met in Norinskaya 1964-65

What did you tell these friends of Brodsky? About your intentions?

Have not study yet. I need to go to the tree. I say: Hallo Tree!

And Yulia? Are you out there somewhere? Yulia has to watch her favorite TV show. She is tired...

What? What is her favorite TV-show?

It is called "I want to go to Milaze". It is some idiotic music casting show and Milaze a Georgian music producer or sth.

Khochu k Milaze!

VENIZE!

NEXT SUMMER!

THIS SUMMER!

WE HAVE A DATE!

WITH JOSEPH!

: hallo Joseph!

Georgian music producer sounds fun and interesting  
-> it is a nightmare.

& gamelang ?

I LOVE!

in the middle of the jungle we have to go there. We met the doctor!

Viktor!!!!

Hallo

Just letting you know, screenrecording is running again after severe breakdown of my Mac ;-) funny to see the multiple cursors chasing one another! ™

**YES!**

Hi Timo! Yay!

Hallo Timo!

Sam are you here!!!

Hej hej!!!! - Sam

**Would Brodsky have liked today's Tokyo?**

**Would Brodsky have liked today's Norinskaya?**

**Would Brodsky have liked today's Konosha?**

**Would Brodsky have liked today's Russia?**

**Would Norinskaya change Brodsky in any way close today as he had according to everyone we were talking to? From the big city boy to a real man?**

**This Brodsky of tonight, is that someone that we are creating together during this late breakfast?**

Susanne, I had the same thought. I think, and that's why I/we keep calling him Brodsky, it is a very abstract thing we talk about. Brodsky in Norinskaya. The Russian village, where every building is made from wood and where everything disappears. Like the people they knew him personally. From facts and first hand memories to hearsay and myths. Our Brodsky is as much as we want him to be. That's also what they do in Norinskaya/Konosha. They create their Brodsky to their needs.

Do you prefer a Brodsky-guy or more a Iossif-guy. In colloquial Russian, we might call him Alexandrovich. I don't think he would appreciate that though. But that's what I did with Oleg last night, calling him Vladimirovich all the time.

Oleg? Vladimirovich? Eh?

→ That's pretty much the sound of that. Oleg's dad's name is Vladimir, that's why it is Oleg Vladimirovich. Very formal.

I think I prefer the Brodsky-guy, or -girl? Why not, if we are inventing him-her-it?

No. That was no fun. Lets stay with the Brodsky.

Ok the he-she-it-Brodsky

thing/character/figure/dissident/hero/enemy/forced-to-be-cosmopolit

I feel lost. I think I might be lost in some city I not sure in which city I am

We are going to the island. We are looking for the truth.

Hallo truth!

Hallo Island!

omg toooooo much to read

Heisan alle sammen!

Greetings from Severodvinsk!



Is this the submarine who where in Stockholm=?  
PLEASE tell us ! We are confused !

Noo

This one is bigger than two football fields, not enough place in  
stockholm bay  
it's defenetly grounded..  
maybe it's the 80's edition?

Now johanna is here  
she just pop by before going to Kaliningrad  
We don't know what she is doing  
but she is leaving at midnight  
Kaliningrad is wonderful.

Skål for Brodsky again

couldn't say so

# aha

It might have been too obvious even for the Swedish military  
Aha

Everybody has different colours

Viktor!!!!!! Privet from Sthlm  
Just hope in here  
Don't mind the text

Now Åsa is asking for a deadline.

SO NO. WE ARE CONTINUING: Åsa is still calling for a deadline, but  
we don't seem to want to stop, The Brodsky is ACCELERATING!!!!  
OUT OF CONTROL!! I'M LOST!???????? I'm not

Now I'm in control again, H  
oh oh oh.

→ very, very good. No one can stop Iossif from Leningrad! Not even  
Aleksandr, his father.

Don't hate us, Brodsky. We are only trying, so very hard. Suddenly we  
are in such a hurry.

Åsa says strange things. That we will meet Joseph this summer.

I don't know. Well...

3d projection of Brodsky?

No. The real one. Hm.. I think this might be what she says. I think  
the red bird might have called her. The one from Archangelsk.

I think he wouldn't. Has no reason. Should hate the man from  
Severodvinsk who went to regional court because the local Konosha  
administration is giving the dissident Brodsky a memorial  
site(museum). And not for this completely irrelevant author from...  
Interesting. I didn't know

HEY I'M NOT ÅSA.

→ who is ÅSA?!

The woman you were dancing with in the wood

→ OMG. Lovely memories. The smell of the forest. And the smell of the fire.

In early childhood Brodsky survived the Siege of Leningrad.

Malinka. Raspberry

The red bird. Åsa. The one you had no budget for. Remember. Later she told me how to make rockets of Folio.

This was in

Petersburg. In a strange empty castle. The actors house. I remember. I was not allowing to spend money I don't own nor account for. Now I'm sorry for not having the red crane bird.

I remember

Cash.

Bye Bye.

This is Johanna writing. Hallo J! I can see you clearly

I wish I was ÅSA.

I see you very clearly as well!

I'm off for Kaliningrad soon. My flight is at midnight sometime.

**We think the  
talk is soon  
over now  
Bye bye bye**



But be quite honest I still did not quite get what we are working to.  
Like, what result. Tokyo, art+breakfast, Brodsky. All I have here...  
Cornelius, not me as well. I about to be out of the picture

ohohohoooo Brodsky, where are you? Do you hate us by now?  
Dont hate us.

So Im here now. He say we must be close so we are all in the picture

What do we say to that? What Brodsky did we end up with?  
Who?  
The snow?



In Venice? In Tokyo? Someone?

The ice cube or in the snow and the dark dark forests.

The pancakes the nobel prize dinner

After dinner it will soon be breakfast again. I think we are going to  
say hallo soon

Food, is that were we are now? Brodsky, the dinner-eater?

The forced-to-be-cosmopolit Brodsky. Venice new york. stockholm  
Weltbürger Brodsky missing the Russian village and his Leningrad.

Stockholm, Stockholm are calling. Brodsky,

I think Brodsky never was in St Petersburg just Leningrad



who is joseph ?

he is not in the picture. just Oleg, me and Slava. Maybe someone in  
Shenkursk is named Joseph

aha. I don't know anything!!!! JOSEPH?+

:D



< 3