

## PELEVIN'S ARTISTIC REALITY

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### Abstract

Pelevin is in fashion even now. But his books can be liked for different reasons. Some people like the dialogues, new words, sarcasm. Some like the plot or the characters. Some like the philosophy. But behind the beautiful wrapper, Pelevin always hides something more than just high-quality text. Few people dig deep and continue to love Pelevin not for the wrapper. To really understand Pelevin, you need to know the keys that he scattered, including in short stories, where the theme is almost completely revealed, and then these keys are mounted in other texts. If you still intend to get to everything yourself, then it is better not to read everything below. Also, due to the fact that Pelevin used a lot of foul language in order to better understand the meaning, all these words are forced to be used here.

**Keywords:** Pelevin, postmodernism, intertext, allusion, reminiscence, cinema, reality, artistic field.

### Introduction

Death, corpse and manure. Pelevin has many theories, but the most central of them is about death. Almost everywhere it is found, it is about metaphorical death. The theory is described in most detail in "The Tambourine of the Lower World", "Mardong", and is also found in bold line in almost all books. It consists in the fact that since childhood we grow a corpse in ourselves. This corpse is a personality, a dung ball ("The Life of Insects") and at one fine moment this corpse begins to realize the threat to its safety and tries to kill the one who was originally. And initially there was no one, there was emptiness (from Buddhism), i.e. the corpse-personality slowly replaces the real you. If you, the real you, notice this, then it will look like a struggle, a fight with the death of one of you, or a postponement of the fight for later. Often the metaphor of death, struggle and subsequent sacrifice looks like an animal running across your path, it turns out to be a crossroads, a cross on which a struggle and death occur. I.e. you sacrifice yourself, but it is up to you to decide who will die at this cross-crossroads, you-personality, or you-entity (or not you). That is, whoever you stop considering yourself to be will die, or rather, in order to stop considering yourself to be someone, you need to not consider yourself to be anyone at all. "The mind itself is like a beast that guards me, and it is mine only in the sense that it has been assigned to me as a guard" (from the book "Snuff"). That is, our mind guards us constantly, protects the mind from changes, but you notice this only when perception changes, stops. [1. p. 145].

It is interesting that for a corpse you are the same beast and you cross its path. For example, in "The Helmet of Horror" Pelevin has already made a riddle out of the theme in "The Life of Insects". Only the other way around: people in the chat are a person's personality, and the Minotaur, whom they are afraid of and want to kill, thinking that he wants to kill them, is an essence. Approximately like the fight of one of the moths with a dead man. Perhaps the dwarfs



are the past and the future, and he is the present, here and now (just a moment between the past and the future ...). People from the chat were that mask, the helmet of horror on the Minotaur's head. Theseus is like wandering attention, that line of the chat that is being written now (Gurdjieff's theme of human inconstancy is also described in the novel "t" and "The Caretaker"). Why is becoming a corpse dangerous for a person? The fact is that getting pleasure from life, i.e. happiness, directly depends on how "alive" you are. A "living" person has a different perception and does not need much to get pleasure, he gets high from simple and accessible things, unlike expensive pleasure on show-offs. Pelevin often mentions Brodsky, his poems, because their philosophy is similar. Brodsky has many works associated with death, the death of the soul. In particular, the poem "Butterfly", which Pelevin hid from us, because it would be too obvious, accurately describes the idea of the book "The Life of Insects", and to be precise, the central line, the story of two moths Dima and Mitya, all the other characters - fly not even to the moon, to lanterns, false luminaries. And the main goal in almost all of Pelevin's works is to save the moth, to save the soul. That is, not to "die", not to let the personality rule, therefore not to let the mind think at all, even for a minute, is already a great victory. As in the story about the shadow, when the local policeman asked the hero at the end: "Well, shall we think, or else?". And all the ordeals of most of the heroes, why everything happens this way, have one source: a person "died" and cannot understand the reason for the change. That's how in the movie "Birdman" the main character wants to play so that the audience likes him and is tormented by the desire to play for this as in the previous episodes, or differently, but he himself does not know how to do it differently. So, one of the heroes in a conversation with a young girl said that he wanted to tear out her eyes and insert them into himself, i.e. he wanted to return his childish perception. All people really believe that they are real when they play someone, while when they are themselves - they become impotent. And having become impotent, they do not know how to play to please the audience. That is why love passes, because you love one person, and he wants to please you and plays another, and this other is no longer the one she fell in love with. Maybe that is why the viewer does not like you, because you always play the one who wants to please. The actor eventually gave up not only on the part of him that wants to be liked, on Birdman, but on everyone. Metaphorical death in the form of a shot-off beak was no longer a game for the actor. And it doesn't matter that outwardly the viewer liked it the most, what matters is that for himself he became who he was before Birdman. And the new Birdman, with a cut like Javier Bardem, after all, is no longer needed by him even more so. And here it makes no difference whether he flew or fell, from the side of the watching viewer, the difference is in what you begin to feel when you kill the Birdman in yourself. [2. p. 151].

Theory of mouth-asshole, wow-impulses, glamour and discourse. The mechanism of loss of soul, its killing by personality is described very much by Pelevin and specifically in "Generation P". A person "sits down" on mouth-asshole through glamour, advertising. Looking at the beautiful life, he begins to suffer, experiences an oral wow-impulse, as if metaphorically sucking off the one he envies. To stop suffering, he buys a show-off product. Then he imagines a viewer (in Pelevin's books he passes as a faggot), who experiences an oral wow-impulse towards him, he begins to feel pleasure from this and the person turns on an anal wow-impulse - show-off. Here's an example: you buy a bike and when you meet a friend on a cool car like a BMW X5 on the road, you start to envy him, you're afraid of your bike, you suffer, and your friend on the X5 gets



pleasure from your suffering. As a result, a displacing wow impulse is formed, which deprives a person of the opportunity to receive pleasure in principle, and he begins to enjoy only the show-off. That is, we sit down on our ass with glamor and stop being happy, spend more money on unnecessary things for the sake of show-off. And then we stop getting pleasure from the things we bought at all. From the outside, this looks like a person who gets pleasure from his thoughts about himself, metaphorically planting himself in the faggot and getting pleasure from it, like a hermaphrodite. In "Empire-V" there is another theme about how the impaled mouth-assholes on the threads of the goddess Ishtar move upward, and the vampire, like Pac-Man, moving along these threads, sort of collects their energy, feeding on it. [3. p. 51].

That's why everyone is showing off, even those who are not showing off - they are showing off by not showing off. The main fucking happens, of course, through conversations, when they prove that their source of information is better, and yours sucks and smacks. It's like with music in a minibus, the person turning it on doesn't even really listen to it himself, but wants others to appreciate his music (a cooler source of information, art, news). And a child on a bike gets high just from riding it, from the speed, etc. Of course, if you don't buy him a smartphone earlier, where they will show something else with glamor, in order to "kill" him earlier. Without understanding all these metaphors, for example, "The Sorcerer Ignat and the People" will immediately seem like the ravings of a madman from the first reading... But in fact: the priest and the men were corpses, they wanted to "kill" Ignat. He was considered a sorcerer by the corpses-people, because his perception poses a threat to their perception, i.e. the existence of the individual. They wanted to kill with discourse (they read to him about death), and at the end, after an unsuccessful attempt, they added "- That's not how you kill, - said one of the men, blowing his nose into his sleeve. - You need an icon." That is, the discourse of glamour bases does not work. And Ignat himself believes that the men killed the world, hid it from everyone, i.e. for him they are real sorcerers (the world has long been killed by its own sorcerers). It turns out that each person has his own "sorcerer", manure that does not allow him to see the world as it is. Naturally, everything happens within the framework of one consciousness. [4. p. 11].

Rider. The mind is like a mad horse that, biting the reins, rushes along, thinking that it is the mind, that it is you. That is, you think that you are the mind. But in fact, the horse is a personality, a corpse. This is well written about in the book "Chapaev and Emptiness", in the part when the real meaning of the song "Oh, it's not evening" is explained to Peter. And Peter's main question was precisely this: where are you? - Nowhere, Who are you? - Nobody. Only this way, because otherwise - you will immediately begin to consider yourself someone, put on a mask, acquire a form. If you replace one word in the quote by Genghis Khan from the same book "... where am I in this flow?" with "... where is YA in this flow?" it becomes clear that we take ourselves for YA, but in fact YA is not us, but a personality, a corpse. That is, a horse is memory, mind, corpse, form. And the rider is the one who gets high from the eternal buzz, wax, emptiness. And it is up to you to decide who to be – the form or the content. In Pelevin, this pair – the horse (personality) and the rider (emptiness) are found everywhere, but in different metaphors: mind “a” and mind “b”; the Minotaur and the collective Theseus; a man and a corpse; an insect and a dung ball; the fox A-Khuli and the wolf Sasha; Damilola and Kaya; Emptiness and Peter; Marukha Cho and Zhanna, etc. Or maybe this pair is also wrong, and the rider is not emptiness, but a certain third person who gets high from everything, who reads all this, approximately as God can read at this



time, creating your world. Exactly the same drama was in the film "Swiss Army Man". There, both the corpse and its owner simultaneously believed that it was he who was the personality, the mind. The owner used the corpse as best he could, he considered himself a rider, and the corpse a horse. The corpse considered the owner's memories to be its own and thought that it, too, was not a horse. The owner himself was to blame, he was the one who started it, he convinced the corpse that it was a rider. In the end, it turned out that the horse was actually the rider, he was constantly dragging the corpse, which was some kind of observer and not a horse. The owner even eventually admitted that the phone was not really his, the memories were not his, that he took the name of the corpse and vice versa. The rider is not the mind, and the horse (mind) can only realize that it is not the rider. The corpse "came to life", i.e. realized that it was a rider, and the horse, having bitten off the reins, did not interfere with it. [5. p. 171].

Brodsky also has a poem called "You will gallop in the darkness, across the endless cold hills" (Elena Frolova's version sounds a little lighter than the author's). The same question is constantly asked: Who is galloping in the hills? Why does the moon illuminate it and this galloping person notices only it? Why are there so many of them and they gallop from houses to the forest? What do they see in the reflection of the water? Why is the existence of God on icons questioned and the certainty of the existence of a rider is counterbalanced? Why do these riders not see the coming of spring, but instead – some kind of pain? There can only be such an answer to all these questions: the rider is you. The forest, as an allegory of the subconscious, is where all the most interesting things are, and if the house-consciousness can be beautiful, with piano playing, then you can find out what you really are by looking at yourself in the subconscious. And this will be even more powerful than the icons. Water behind the platinum, lanterns - all these are thoughts and false luminaries that "plant" on the moon, and then there is no childish high, no spring, but only pain. As the woman with the log said in Twin Peaks: "So that Bob is nowhere, you need to be everywhere." That is, you also need to monitor the subconscious, clean it, so that there are no beautiful landscapes of a sawmill with a beautiful hotel and a waterfall, and downstream - all sorts of crap ... [5. p. 151].

The Sun, the Moon and Tarkovsky's Mirror. The sun and the moon are metaphors to make it easier to understand how the mind and perception work. It's like the right and left hemispheres. As everyone knows, the right is responsible for perception, the left is for describing what you see (although it doesn't really matter if you swap them, the main thing is that they are different). The perception of a child, i.e. one not burdened with personality, manure, differs from that of an adult in that he has no memory yet, he learns everything with his right hemisphere, he doesn't get nostalgic or dream, but is here and now. He gets a thrill from everything, even from a crack in the asphalt (like Marlon Vimes' character in the film "Requiem for a Dream" opened and closed a locker while high). His perception is like contemplating the sun, he sees things without reflection, associations, immersion in thoughts, as if he were looking at the sun directly, seeing its rays and their source. The perception of an adult is different in that he has a memory, looking at things, he sees not objects, but their description, immerses himself in memories, dreams, thoughts. It is similar to contemplating the moon, i.e. you see not the light of the moon, but the rays of the sun reflected from the moon, a false luminary. That is, to fly to the moon is to fly to a false luminary. To fly to a street lamp is to strive for something even more false. To perceive more with the left hemisphere than with the right. As in "The Life of Insects" Dima left the house and saw under the



street lamps either a married couple playing "blind", or alcoholics, and he did not want to fly to these street lamps at all. In the end, the sun turned out to be the same false luminary, because if the moon reflects the light of the sun, then what light does the sun reflect? The moth becomes a firefly, realizing that the sun reflects its own light. That is why drunk Chapaev shot three times into the air, then thought for a bit and shot into the ground, that is why the power of night and the power of day are the same bullshit. A mirror is like a reflection on your cocoon, if it is dirty, clogged with useless thoughts, then you do not see things as they are, and you do not see, first of all, yourself, as you really are. Also, fire is a symbol of the sun, experiences, and the moon is a symbol of water, thoughts (the general theory of the Moon from Omon Ra). These elements and their metaphors are always present in Pelevin, they always mean something and point to something in some special way, and do not just decorate the text. In "column t" in the finale before the magical act on the table on the left there was a candle, on the right - a glass of water, and between them - a paper with text ... [6. p. 71].

In his films, Tarkovsky showed a lot of water and fire, for example, in "Mirror" it is shown how a woman without a man begins to choke on her thoughts, she needs to dump them on someone. Men often stop their thoughts with vodka, and Lisa's friend very skillfully "cured" the hero's mother, calling her crazy when everyone was coddling her, and met water with fire. Maybe that's why the water in the shower ran out before the fire appeared, and Lisa, with a sense of accomplishment, danced as she left. Too many thoughts-water do not allow one to perceive reality correctly, just as too much fire can burn a person. Maybe that's why the military leader's heart beat 60 beats per minute (look at the vein), when a normal person in the same situation would have been beating all 200. For the mother, the fire was her husband's departure, but for the boy with a clean mirror, the fire is not thoughts about God in the fire, but simply fire, perhaps exactly what it really is. A boy, living in a single-parent family with only his mother, will not receive an image of a man whom he will imitate, he will fantasize and immerse himself in illusions.[7. p. 59].

Also, this duality, like yin and yang, the work of the mind, using metaphors, was very cleverly shown by Tom Stoppard in "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead". There, Hamlet's rejection of the fact of his mother's marriage served as his mental disorder and the invention of this whole story with a ghost and poisoning. His mother and the others try to appeal to his reason, but the further, the more Hamlet gets confused in his head, even going so far as to kill one of his mask personalities (the actor), which turned out to be ineffective. In the end, Hamlet seems to really escape from the ship (goes mad?), but not pretending, as before, or maybe he really grew up... One way or another, all this happened in his head, and the late Rose and Gild were his mind, the right and left hemispheres, to be more precise. Look at the beginning of the film, how Stoppard did not hesitate with hints, the head fell out - head, head, head, head... (an eagle in our language). How Gild constantly talked, and the dull Rose did all sorts of trinkets. Ophelia's role in changing Hamlet's personality (or essence?) is not revealed.

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