

Искусство А.А. Борисова глазами современников и следующих поколений

Софья Аксенова

Государственная Третьяковская галерея

aksenovasv@tretyakov.ru



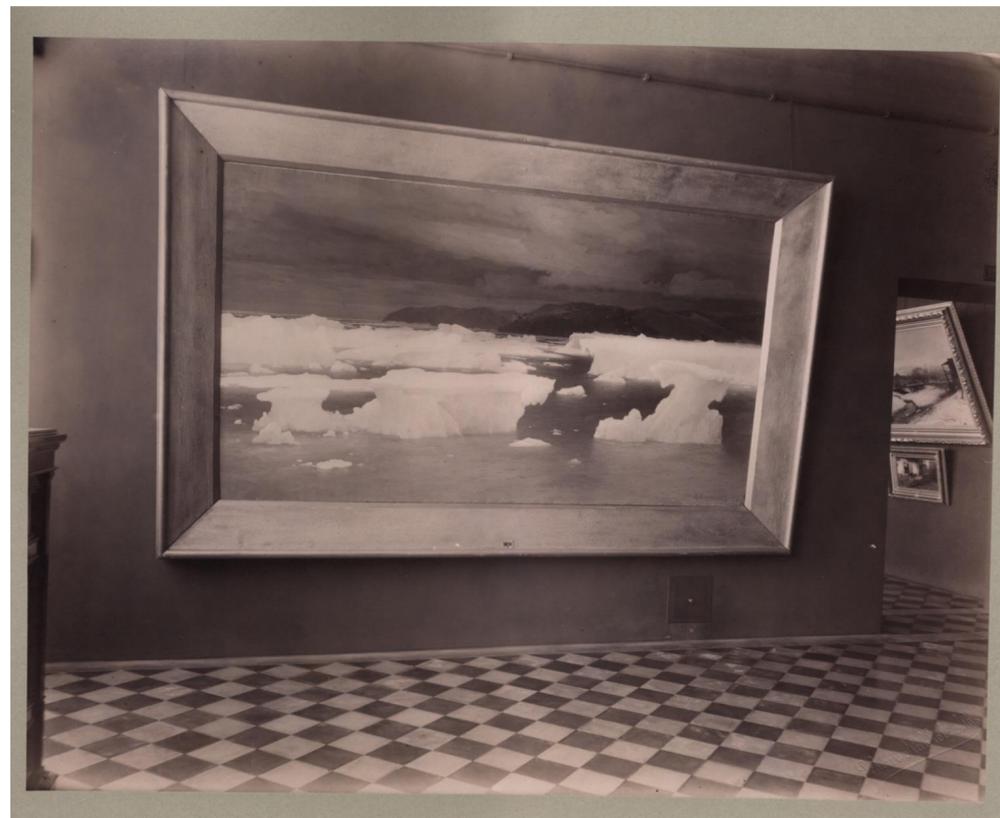
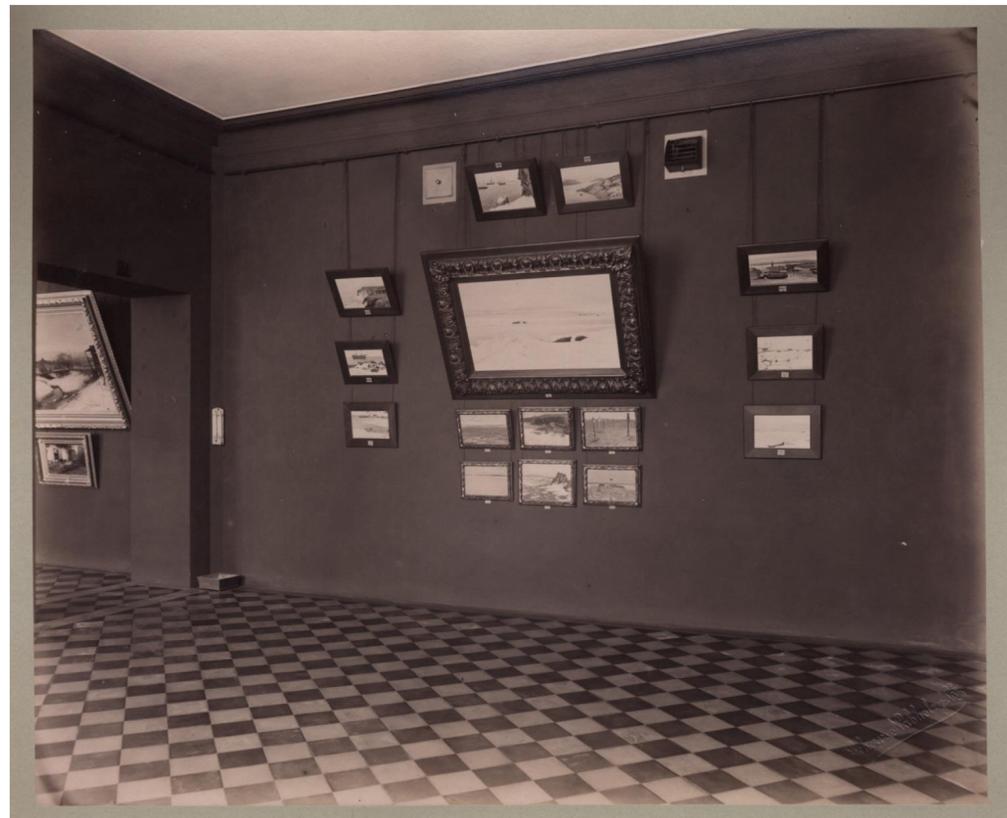
Главные проблемы в истории восприятия творчества художника:

- 1) баланс двух «ролей»: художника и исследователя (географа, этнографа, организатора экспедиций, автора экономических проектов)
- 2) «певец» или «заложник» северных льдов



1896—1897: Первое появление на художественной сцене

- похвала от «мэтров» старшего поколения
- признание П.М. Третьякова
- звание художника



1900—1904: популярность и первый конфликт

популярный путешественник—исследователь:

- уточняет карту берега Новой Земли, дает названия местности
- «онлайн» освещение его поездки

реакция художественного сообщества:

- «Гигантские ледники» в 1900-м получила почетную грамоту на Всемирной выставке в Париже
- Император покупает для ГРМ «Страна смерти. Августовская ночь в Ледовитом океане» (1903, РГМАА), 2 персональные выставки в Петербурге
- конфликт с ИАХ по поводу мастерской

1905—1908: турне

Инициатива и заинтересованность «принимающей» стороны

Реакция в прессе разных стран:

- знакомство публики с биографией: романтизация образа, интерес к теме севера
- художественная критика

Ордена, награды, встречи:

- Париж — орден Почетного легиона; картина «Ледники. Карское море» попадает в музей Орсе
- Лондон — Фритьоф Нансен, от имени норвежского и шведского правительств вручил орден Святого Олафа. Приглашен на заседание Королевского географического общества

CLASSIC REPRINT SERIES

COME AND FIND ME



by Elizabeth Robins

Forgotten Books

STRANGE STORY OF WHITE MAN AT THE POLE

THE Strange Tale Alexander Borissoff Was Told One New Year Eve by Samoyede Pagans.

Foreign Correspondence of The Star.

PARIS, December 16, 1909.

LONG: the edge of the Arctic ocean, seventy-five degrees north, two reindeer sledges were driven furiously. Over the waste of the Tundra the lone driver strained their eyes for a lost woman.

"I seek to the left!" cried the indolent, human-seeming Samoyede savage. "I, to the right!" answered the cultured European artist and pilgrim of color, and he was now alone in the frozen desert, unable to trace his tracks. In the Tundra tracks can never be depended on; the fairest weather may turn, in five minutes, to a blizzard, and the snow was falling.

A reindeer dropped. The European unbarnessed it and landed a kick in the ribs, in vain; the stubborn animal lay still with its eyes shut. He drove on with three reindeer. In gusts blinded his eyes, cut his face, but from the top of a hillock he perceived a black spot star off. It must be the woman! Lashing the tired beasts, he approached. It was Danillo, with his deer unbarnessed that they might scratch up some lichen from beneath the snow.

"What's all this? Why did our Ireena go off?" thundered the European. "Where's her man?" "Oh, Pavell!" He is back there in his sleds, howling. Perhaps he's asleep

hypnotized, half frozen, as they beheld the black point in the snow they knew to be a welcome Tchoum. As they drove into the hospitable inclosure of sledges and Impedimenta protecting comat souls, anxiety was set at rest. Niksetta was there. His desperate efforts to find Ireena had been successful. He had sniffed her out; snugly hidden like some treasure, under a cliff. After a cruel whipping inflicted on her in the spot that she had chosen for her grave, he had tied her on his Nasri and brought her to the Tchoum.

Outside the reindeer scratched a scanty subsistence of lichen from beneath the snow, but no hide of their daily noon; the ground beneath was covered with ice, due to recent thaw. Tomorrow Ireena must "see" them a Varejas or natural shelter on the lee-side of a high mound or the herd is doomed. But tonight all is ease and careless relaxation as they glut on frozen meat and lukewarm tea.

A deer had broken its leg. Pavell stabbed him in the dorsal artery near the head, then swiftly throwing the animal on its back, struck again to the heart. It rushed to partake of the deer's hot blood. As honorary guest the European got the dainty hot-raw kidneys. It was gloriously refreshing. There is subtle flavor in hot blood.

Grief and sorrow vanished. The cultured European felt so light and easy hearted that he deemed himself the most fortunate of men to enjoy such delicious moments. It was New Year eve. In the warmth and gut of the savage tent this is the astonishing story they told him of the first white man at the north pole.

The cultured European was Alexander Borissoff, a shy, dog-headed Hercules of forty-two years. To see him about Paris or London in immaculate frock coat and silk hat no one would imagine he had spent desperate seasons with the Samoyedes, reinforcing with them farther north than any other outside of the Arctic circle, to bring back, fixed on canvas for the first time, the undream-of color effects of the extreme north. London and Paris and American cities have seen his paintings. Newspapers have published extracts from his great, now-illustrated

of these migrations north that M. Borissoff himself first saw the realm of death, as a member of the tribal household of the wealthy herd owner, Niksetta. "A Samoyede coming from 2,000 to 3,000 lead of reindeer leads three or four herdsmen in his service, apart from the



SENTINELS OF A REINDEER HERD. From a painting by Borissoff.

press them toward the opening of the komack. "Wildish deer that keep at large are from home. Then we would all go back worried back to the herd by faithful dogs, 'sh-ed' on by crew of 'pishah-yoh' When the dogs need help, the lasso is brought into use. When

would meet a new drove of reindeer driven up by our young men and women together—and divide the stores. Borissoff has no doubt that the unknown expedition got to the pole, aided by the mysterious "seeing" of Ireena.

reached when their shadows remained stationary. They were naturally on the watch for it, and as they are too ignorant to have imagined such a thing, they must have seen it.

The first white man at the north pole stayed their during "the sleep." "He had heavy instruments which we carried for him," said Ireena. "He worked with them much, rejecting food; but he also made great feasts to us. We all got drunk. The white man said to me that my name should be famous. He said this voyage was the greatest ever made. There is a secret spot up here, he said, where nothing moves. All was well; we broke camp and went joyously south. Who could have foreseen the bad things coming?"

They reached the Tchoum, where they had wintered. Twenty young men driving a great herd of reindeer had already arrived from the south to feed them and escort them back. The south pole party welcomed them as saviors; but the young men were poorer and troubled, & nothing was wrong.

"When we reached home, after long travel," said Ireena, "we learned what was wrong. We others, the strongest and bravest of our people, had worked a year to earn the great stores of our European master. Now, when they should be divided, there were no stores left. The strange foods and sweets had been eaten. The beautiful red and blue garments had been worn and soiled."

"A rage seized on us; there was battle and our friend, the European, was killed with many others."

To end the tragic mystery of the first white man at the north pole, Ireena placed on an iron box full of instruments and observations, removed in the last pagan shrine of Ireena—the dwelling place of Hye, the god, which Borissoff never reached. Ireena and Danillo gazed with him for it. On the edge of the Arctic they reached the cliffs containing what, he was informed, was the chief holy place, reached only after a terrible journey over icy rocks and fearful ravines and river beds studded with snow.

Three yards distance from the Shrine Ireena explained. No domestic deer may be slain here. This is not the dwelling place of Hye, the god, but of Iye, the god," said Ireena. "Hye wants for sacrifice the head of a human being, or of a white bear, or at least of a wild deer. Now that white bears are harder to kill, and wild deer are scarcer, it's no good for people to go there." And suddenly she turned her back, stubborn.

No good for people to go there! Remember to still deplore at his failure to reach the shrine. Before the altar of Hye stands an iron box with a European's head upon it; in that box is the secret of the first white man at the north pole. STERLING JENKINS.

A Mushroom Lover.

SENATOR DISEN, at a dinner in New York, praised a turkey's mushroom stuffing.

"I'm a mushroomer," he concluded, "reminded me of an incident that occurred while I was abroad in the autumn. You know how, on an English train, the passengers are locked in small compartments, and there is an emergency signal for them to pull in case the train must be stopped."

"Well, the signal was pulled one autumn day, and the train, with a great grinding of brakes, came to a sudden stop, and guards and conductor, pale with horror, ran up and down the carriages to see what terrible thing could have happened."

"They found, in a rear-most carriage, an old woman leaning far out of the window, waving her arms and her umbrella excitedly."

"What's the matter, madam? Why do you stop the train? they asked her."

"You fools," she answered, "why didn't you stop before? We've just passed two of the finest mushrooms I've seen this many a year."

This Appeals to Men Only.

O. H. F. BELMONT, at a dinner in New York, discussed the upbringing of children, a subject on which, as things show, she is an authority. "The modern fashion of letting no one be baby in," said Mrs. Belmont, "is, for, aside from the health of the baby doesn't like to be said neither does the adult, unless relation, like to kiss it. He watched a great artist as, at a safe young mother's request, he scolded her six-months-old babe. It, how did you like it? I asked toward."

artist answered with a grimace, "was exactly like kissing a peacock."

Warning to Poets.

It late Richard Watson Olden," said a New York poet, "always the reading of light literature, he said, could not read such literature without corrupting his literary

me told me that the poet, in this was the Brown's parrot. He bought a parrot for \$20 from a silk dealer, and a week or two returned to the shop and instead a bird he taken back. It, how did you like it? I asked toward."

THE Strange Tale Alexander Borissoff Was Told One New Year Eve by Samoyede Pagans.

Foreign Correspondence of The Star. PARIS, December 16, 1909.

1905—1913: популярность и конфликт

Широкая публика и научное сообщество:

- Орден Святого Владимира 4-й степени
- популяризация: лекции с диапозитивами, книги, экономические проекты

Художественное сообщество:

- не входит в художественные сообщества
- нежелание ГРМ покупать работы, поддержка Васнецова и Репина

«Нет, денег мне дают за них и больше, но, увы, не в нашем дорогом отечестве! Деньги у меня будут, когда я решу продать в Америку все до одного. Но зачем деньги? Чтобы поехать на север Сибири? Господи, да если это все лишнее и никому не нужно?! Вот что страшно!»



1913—1915: выставка-кульминация

Масштабная выставка: пресса, посетители, много работ, эффектно экспонируются, каталог с комментариями

Конфликт с ГРМ



1920-е—1990-е: растворение интереса

- Выставки: 1919, 1920, 1922, 1929; 1934, 1966 (2), 1990, 1991
- Выдачи произведений
- Издание монографий

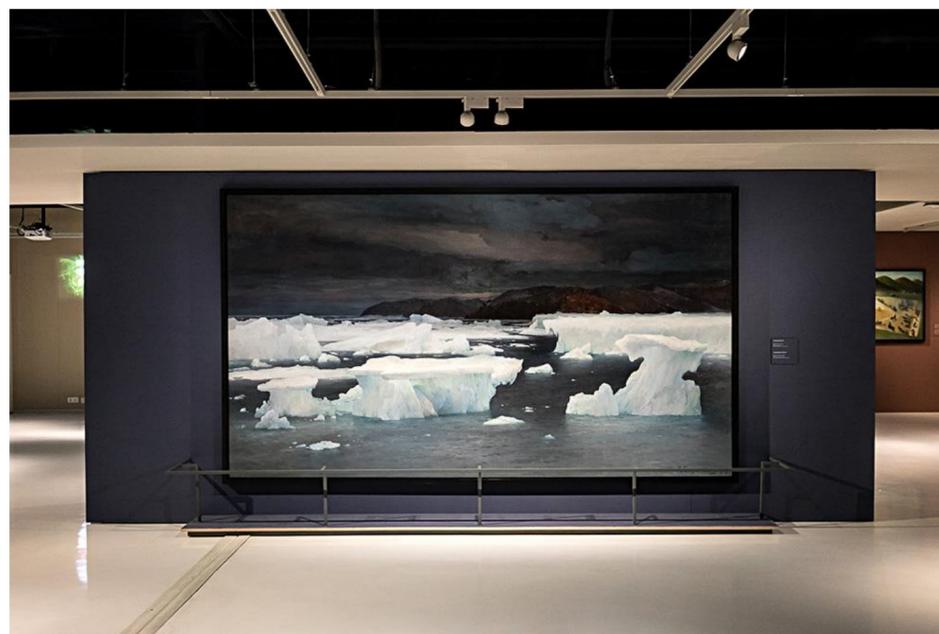


2000-е—сегодня: возрождение интереса?

Музеефикация:

- музей «Дом-усадыба художника А.А. Борисова»
- музей художественного освоения Арктики им. А.А. Борисова

Новые издания, конференция 2016



Главные проблемы в истории восприятия творчества художника:

- 1) баланс двух «ролей»: художника и исследователя (географа, этнографа, организатора экспедиций, автора экономических проектов)?
- 2) «певец» или «заложник» северных льдов?

«...Он [Борисов] **не талант художественный, но он „сила“**, и сила эта уйдет вся без остатка не на искусство, как мы с тобой [М.В. Нестеров и А.А. Турыгин] его понимаем, а на пропаганду каких-то „полярных“ идей, кому-то нужных, для чего-то необходимых и полезных, а художник Борисов только лишь проводник этих идей»

М.В. Нестеров

Особенности художественного метода Борисова:

а) пленэрная живопись

б) фактологическая точность + эмоциональное состояние наблюдателя

б) уважение к Северу как главная интонация, неравнодушие

«В них [картинах] ярко выражена **любовь** этого русского Нансена к черной воде океана, с белыми льдинами, свежесть и глубина северных тонов, то мрачных, то озаренных резким светом низкого солнца».