

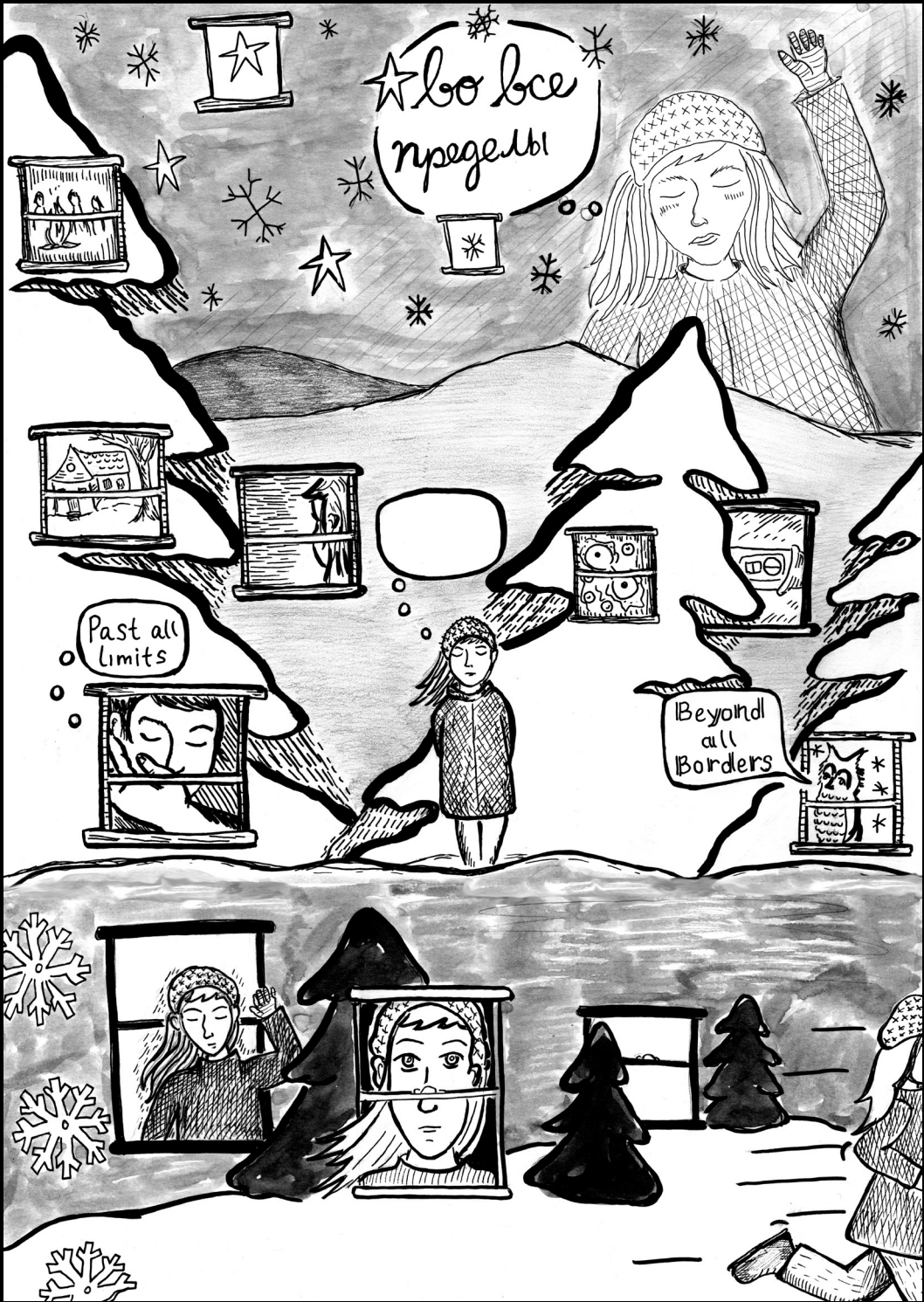
for you
tede

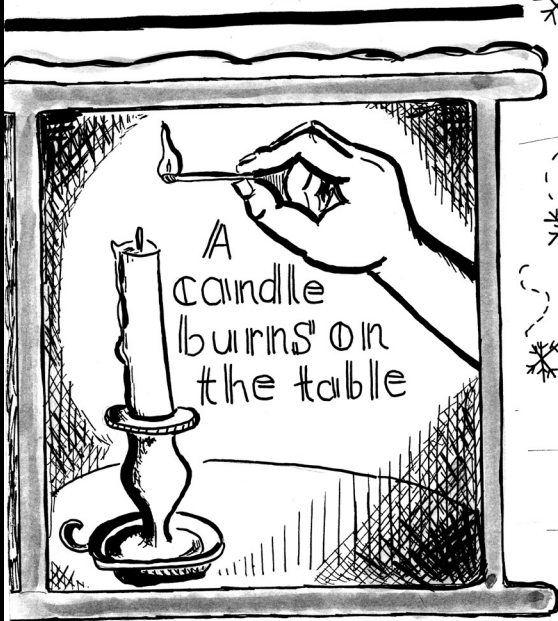
Мело, Мело
но воей земле

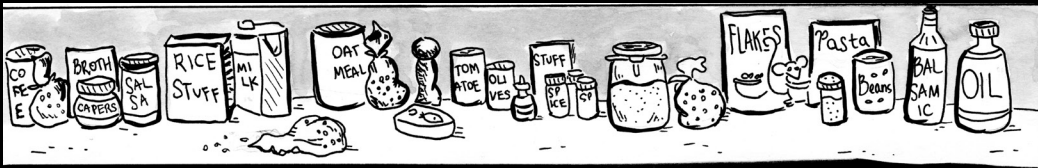
It snows,
it blows

Across all
the land





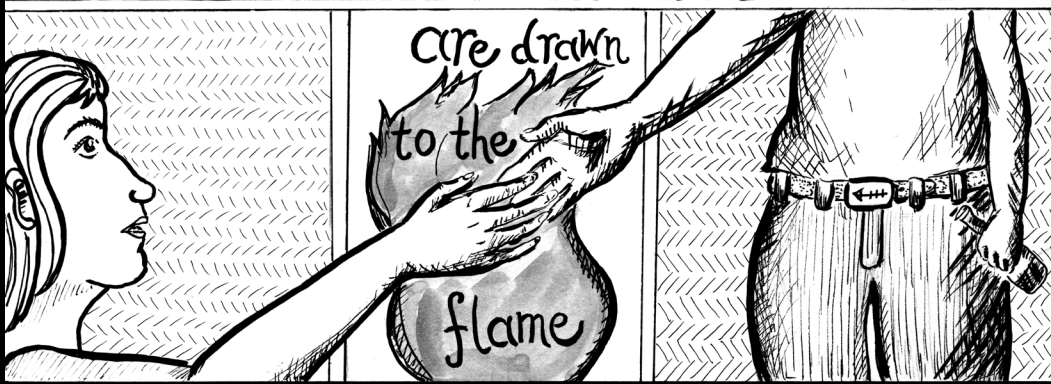






КАК ЛЕТОМ РОЕМ МОШКАРА





ЛЕТИТ НА ПЛАМЯ



СЛЕТИЛИСЬ ХЛОПЯ



СО ДВОРА



К ОКОННОЙ РАМЕ

МЕТЕЛЬ ЛЕПИЛА

Circles and arrows

on the window

НА СТЕКЛЕ

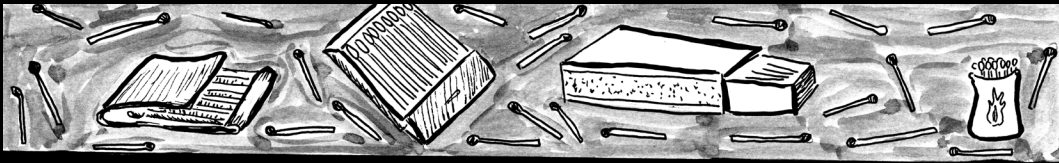
carved

in

ICE

КРУЖКИ И СТРЕЛЫ

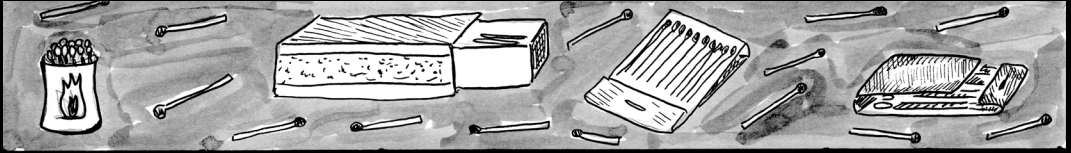




СВЕЧА ГОРЕЛА НА СТОЛЕ



A candle burns on the table

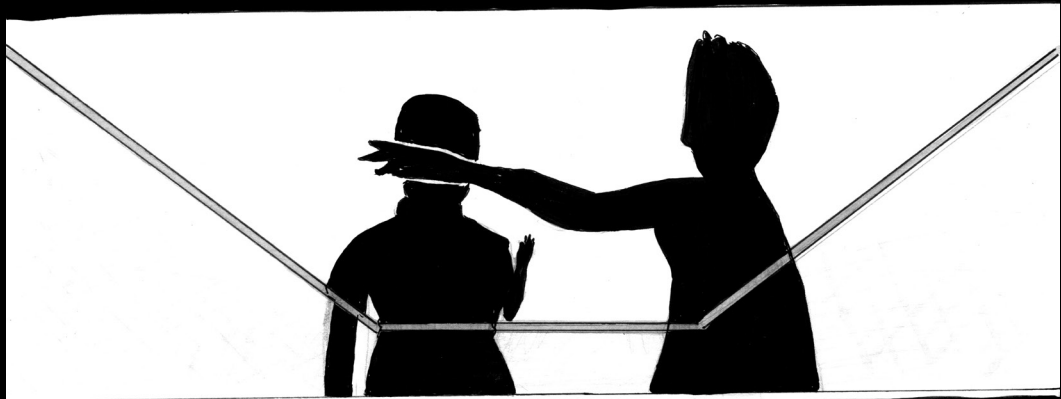


СВЕЧА • ГОРЕЛА



A candle stood burning

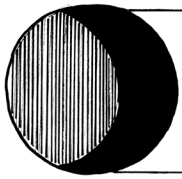
OUR SHADOWS STRETCH



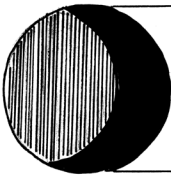
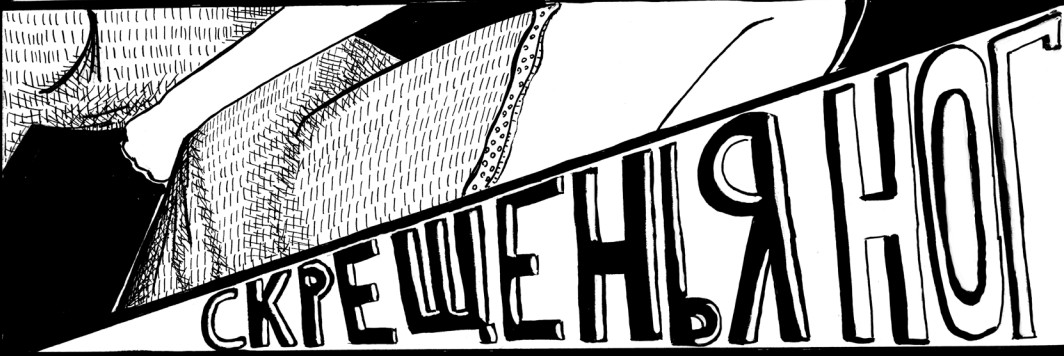
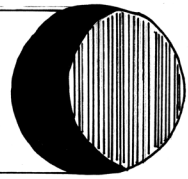
НА ОЗАРЕННЫЙ ПОТОЛОК ЛОЖИЛИСЬ ТЕНИ



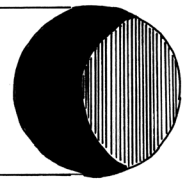
ACROSS THE BRIGHT CEILING



CROSSED
HANDS' AND CROSSED
LEGS



OUR FATES' WERE CROSSED



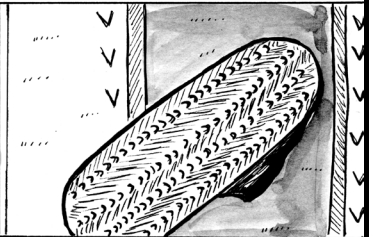
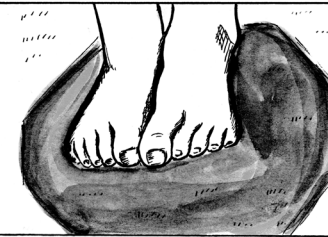
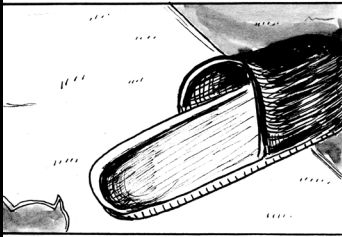


И ПОДАЛИ

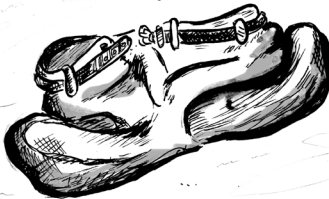
ДВА
ВАШИМ АЧКА

СО

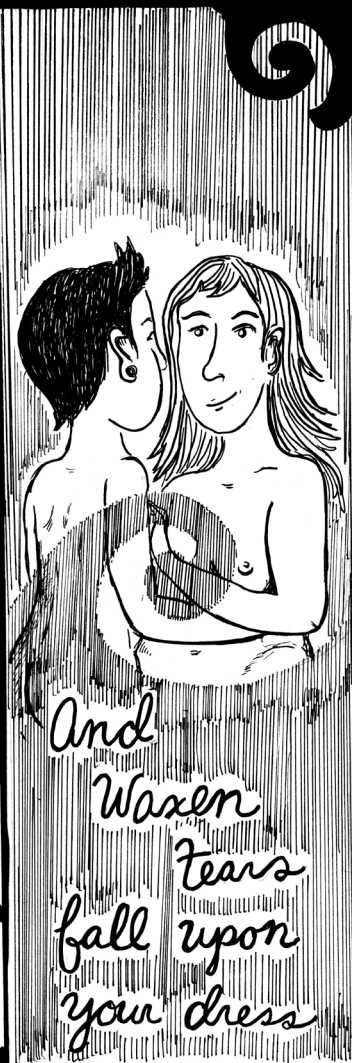
СТУКОМ
НА ПОЛ



Your slippers fall softly to the floor

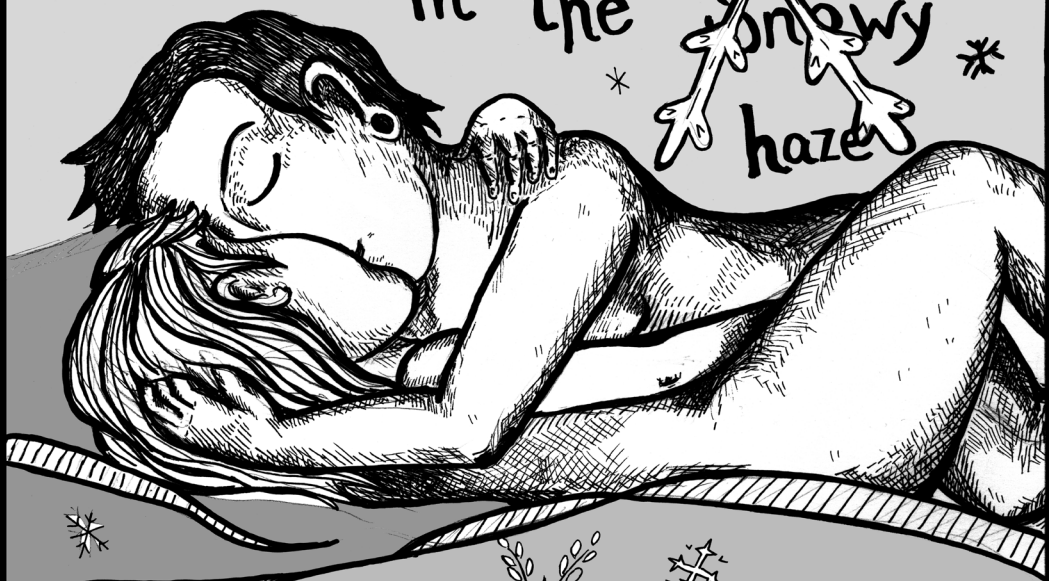


И ВОСК
СЛЕЗАМИ
С НОЧНИКА
НА
ПЛАТЬЕ
КАПАК

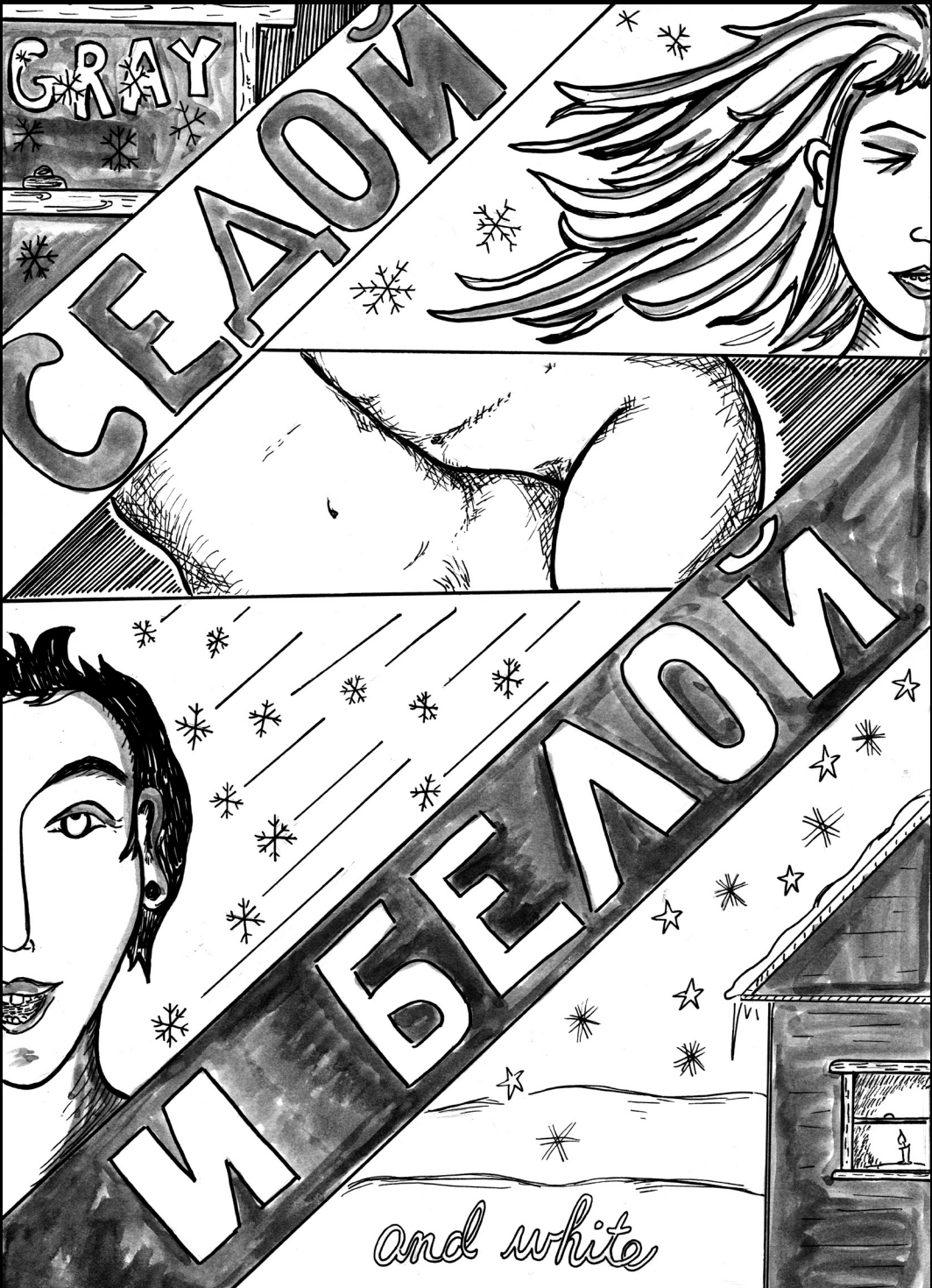


And
Waxen
Tears
fall upon
your dress

And everything is lost
in the snowy
hazes

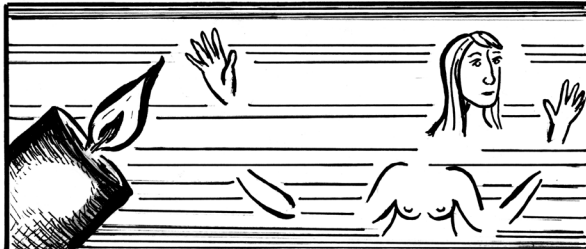


У все мерло в
Снежной Мле

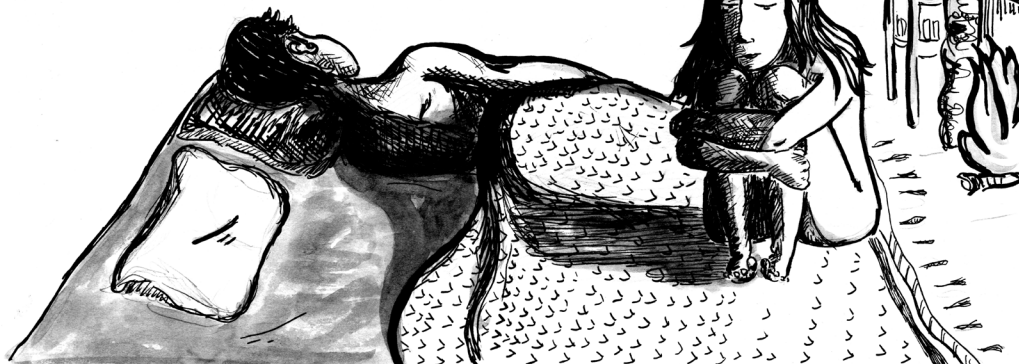


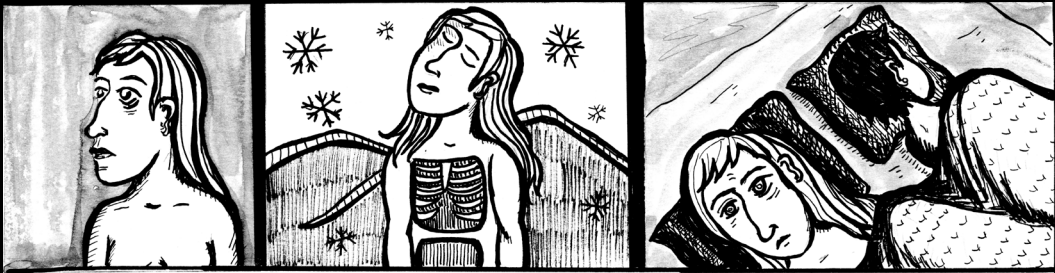
and white

СВЕЧА ГОРЕНА НА СТОЛЕ



A CANDLE BURNS ON THE





СВЕЧА

ГОРЕНА



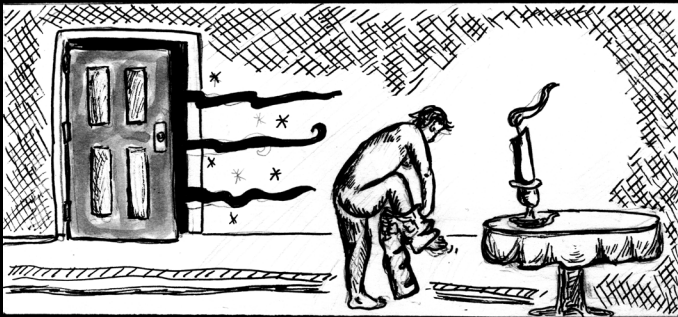
A CANDLE

BURNS

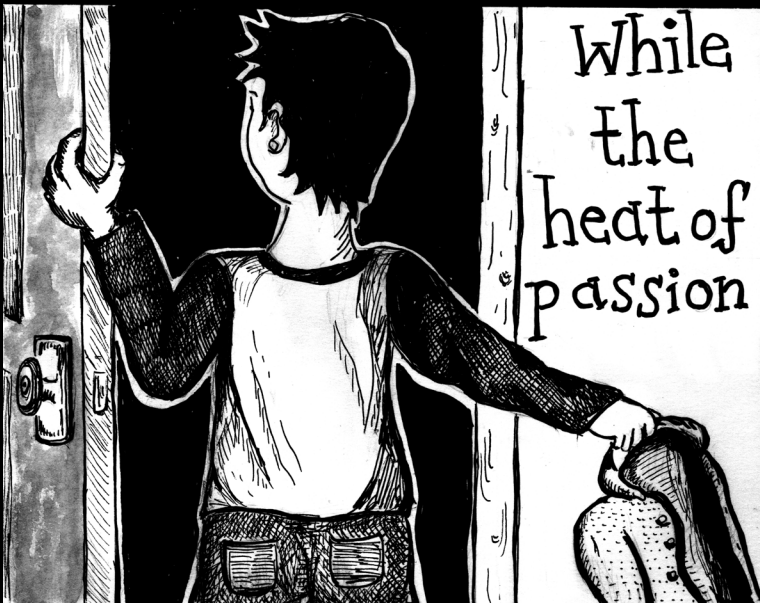




НА СВЕЧКУ
ДУЛО
ИЗ УГЛА



И ЖАР
СОВАА-
ЗНО





**ВЗЫМАЛ,
КАК АНГЕЛ,
ДВА КРЫЛА
КРЕСТОБРАЗНО**

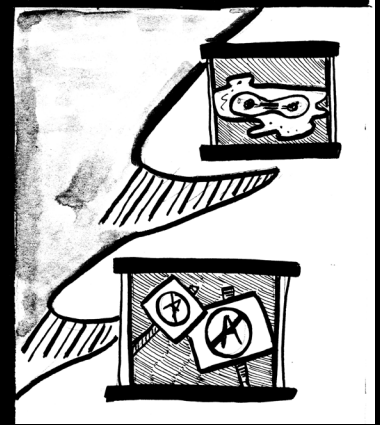


**RISES UP
WINGS SPREAD
LIKE AN ANGEL**





МЕЛО ВСЕ МЕСЯЦ В ФЕВРАЛЕ





СВЕЧА ГОРЕЛА



A
CANDLE
BURNS
ON
THE
TABLE

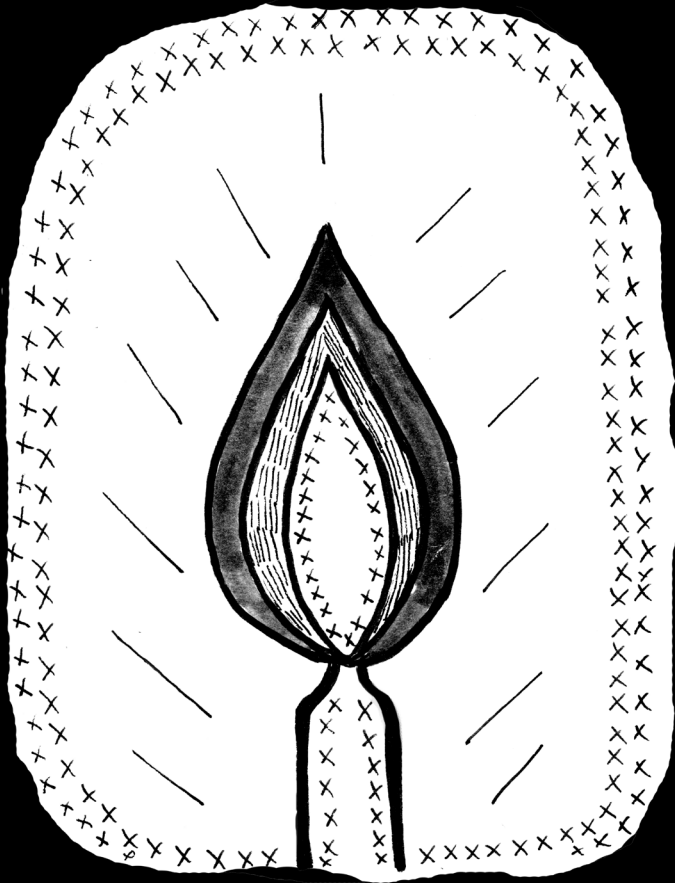


НА
СТОЛЕ

A CANDLE STILL BURNS



СВЕЧА ГОРЕЛА



KoHeU,

the
end

Some back story...

This comic is an adaptation of the poem "Winter's Night" by Boris Pasternak. The poem was originally published in his novel "Doctor Zhivago," a book that won him the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1957, which was banned in his home country of Russia. The poem, at first glance, is a story of two lovers in a snow storm, making love by candle-light. The next layer of the poem reveals the themes of isolation and political/social oppression. Pasternak's own experience is felt heavy here--the imagery of the snow covering the land, stretching out in all directions represents his feeling of being surrounded and trapped by the socialist regime. The candle burning on the table is often interpreted as enduring human spirit, the hope of a brighter future and of the parts of ourselves that oppression cannot reach. In his poem, the tale of the lovers is also a sign of hope, a connection between two people which evolves organically and intrinsically.

My story, like Pasternak's, depicts two lovers during a winters night. Similarly, the theme of snow here depicts the sense of isolation, but my characters interact more directly with the snow. The femme character loses her self in the snowy landscape and it becomes a place where she is able to better access her emotional self. She drives herself to that isolation, the place where she can be alone with the memories and feelings that seem to have no place in her day to day life, let alone in a romantic evening. The snow here has a quality of paradox--it represents isolation and silence, but it is also a place where truth is revealed.

The oppression of silence is one that we see in many cultures across the globe, not just in America or Russia. And it is one that women and queer people in particular feel most strongly. The stories of women's bodies are often silenced and shunned. The stories of queer people are also often silenced and stigmatized. I chose to use this poem in particular as a vehicle to tell the story of silence, in part because of the poem's own history of censorship, but also because this is a time in history when queer people in Russia are being further silenced and oppressed. To honor that, I tell my own story. I break the cycle of silence in my own life.

(and a note about the translation)

I have chosen to do an interpretation of this poem, rather than a literal translation. Most agree that in translating poetry into English you lose much of the intent and depth of the poem. With that in mind, I created an English version of this poem that draws upon my own understanding and relationship to the poem. I encourage you to look up a more literal translation to learn more about the poem for yourself.

Big thanks to the generous contributors to my comic school fund:

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Maura Campbell and Richard Leff
Joan Lindblom
Nihal Kaur
Rich Wilson
Rebecca Andersson
Keely Malone and family
Jennie Blendulf
Jen Holland
Brandy Baker
Xana Wolf
Amy NK
Yohan and Karen
Elena Razvozzhaeva
Karen Butler
Gary Schoenberg and Laurie Rutenberg
Dorine Nafziger
Carolyn Campbell
Brice Norton
Molly and Aaron
and everyone else!

Giant thanks and love to my comics comrades in the IPRC comics certificate program: I couldn't have done this without you, chums!

Sean Christensen, Lisa Magnum, Kinoko Nicole Georges, Ross Jackson
Andrew Pannell, Ben Anderson,
Maddie E, Adam Randall
Sam Hodgdon, Rory Hamaca

about the creator

Amanda Blix is a cartoonist and illustrator living in Portland, Oregon with her family. She made this comic as part of the Independent Publishing Resource Center's Comic Certificate Program, 2013-14. She is interested in making comics from poems and songs, and incorporating music, acting and performance-art in sharing that work. She composed music to accompany this poem in Russian and you can hear what that sounds like via her tumblr page.

Check it out at:
amandablix.tumblr.com

HUGE THANKS TO THE
INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING
RESOURCE CENTER!

All my love to:
Jared and Lev, my
parents, my in-laws,
Mirabel, Sam and
Spencer, Tanna TD,
Meara and Tomas.

if i forgot you, damn.