

## 1: How Russia's writers saw the Caucasus | Financial Times

*Prisoner of the Caucasus* (also translated *Captive in the Caucasus*) may refer to: *The Prisoner of the Caucasus* (poem) (Дѣло Кавказскаго плѣнника; translit. *Kavkazskiy plennik*), a poem by Alexander Pushkin first published in

A gentleman of the name of Zhilin was serving in the Caucasus as an officer. One day he received a letter from home. His aged mother wrote to him: And I have found for you a nice bride besides; she is sensible, good, and has property. You may fall in love with her perhaps, and you may marry her and be able to retire. There was war in the Caucasus then. The roads were impassable night and day. Scarce any of the Russians could go in or out of the fortress but the Tatars would kill them or carry them off into the mountains. So it was commanded that twice a week a military escort should proceed from fortress to fortress with the people in the midst of it. The affair happened in the summer. At dawn of day the baggage-wagons assembled in the fortress, the military escort marched out, and the whole company took the road. Zhilin went on horseback, and his wagon with his things was among the baggage. The distance to be traversed was twenty miles, but the caravan moved but slowly. The sun had already passed the meridian, and the caravan had only gone half the distance. There was nothing but heat and dust, the sun regularly burned, and there was no shelter to be had. All around nothing but the naked steppe — not a village, not a wayside bush. Zhilin had galloped on in front, he had now stopped, and was waiting for the cavalcade to come up. Then he heard a horn blown in the rear, and knew that they had stopped again. Or shall I not go? Zhilin thought for a moment, and then said: They went through the steppe, and as they chatted together they kept glancing on every side of them. They could see for a great distance around them. The steppe at last had come to an end, and the way lay towards a ravine between two mountains. Let us go straight on! But Zhilin did not listen to him. The horse beneath Zhilin was a good hunter he had bought it from the horse-fold while still a foal for a hundred roubles, and had broken it in himself, it carried him up the steep ascent as if on wings. He needed but a single glance around — there right in front of them, not a furlong ahead, was a whole heap of Tatars, thirty men at least. He no sooner saw them than he set about turning, but the Tatars had seen him too, and posted after him, drawing their muskets while in full career. He lashed his horse first on one side and then on the other. Only the strong sweep of her tail was visible in the dust Zhilin perceived that he was in a bit of a hole. His musket was gone, and with a simple shashka [1] nothing could be done. He drove his horse on in the direction of the Russian soldiers — there was just a chance of getting away. He saw that six of them were galloping away to cut him off. He had a good horse under him, but they had still better, and they were racing their hardest to bar his way. He saw approaching him on a grey horse a Tatar with a red beard. The Tatar uttered a shrill cry, gnashed his teeth, and his musket was all ready. Drawing his shashka, he urged his horse straight upon the red-bearded Tatar, thinking to himself: They fired upon him from behind with their muskets and attacked his horse. His horse fell to the ground with a crash, and Zhilin was thrown off her back. He tried to rise, but two strong-smelling Tatars were already sitting upon him and twisting his arms behind his back. He writhed and twisted and threw off the Tatars, but then three more leaped off their horses and sprang upon him, and began beating him about the head with the butt-ends of their muskets. It grew dark before his eyes, and he began to feel faint. Then the Tatars seized him, rifled his saddle-bags, fastened his arms behind his back, tying them with a Tatar knot, and dragged him to the saddle. They snatched off his hat, they pulled off his boots, examined everything, extorted his money and his watch, and ripped up all his clothes. Zhilin glanced at his horse. She, his dearly-beloved comrade, lay just as she had fallen, on her back, with kicking feet which vainly tried to reach the ground. There was a hole in her head, and out of this hole the black blood gushed with a hiss — for several yards around the dust was wet. One of the Tatars went to the horse and proceeded to take the saddle from her back. She went on kicking all the time, and he drew forth a knife and cut her windpipe. There was a hissing sound from her throat, she shivered all. The Tatars took away the saddle and bridle. The Tatar with the red beard mounted his horse and the others put Zhilin up behind him. And it was impossible for him to right himself on his horse or wipe away the blood. His arms were twisted so tightly that his very collar-bone was in danger of

breaking. They travelled for a long time from mountain to mountain, crossed a ford, diverged from the road, and entered a ravine. It began to grow dark. They crossed yet another river and began to ascend a rocky mountain, and then came a smell of smoke and the barking of dogs! At last they came to the aul or Tatar village. The Tatars dismounted from their horses and a crowd of Tatar children assembled, who surrounded Zhilin, fell a yelling and making merry, and took up stones to cast at him. The Tatar drove away the children, took Zhilin from his horse, and called a workman. Up came a hatchet-faced Nogaets [2] clad only in a shirt, and as the shirt was torn the whole of his breast was bare. The Tatar gave some orders to him. The workman brought a kolodka, that is to say, two oaken blocks fastened together by iron rings, and in one of the rings a cramping iron and a lock. Zhilin fell upon a dung-heap. For a time he lay where he fell, then he fumbled his way in the dark to the softest place he could find, and lay down there. Zhilin scarcely slept at all during the night. It was the season of short nights. He could see it growing light through a rift in the wall. Zhilin arose, made the rift a little bigger, and looked out. Through the rift the high road was visible going down the mountain-side, to the right was a Tatar saklyaft, [3] with two villages beside it. A black dog lay upon the threshold, a goat with her kids passed along whisking their tails. He saw a Tatar milkmaid coming down from the mountains in a flowered-belted blouse, trousers and boots, with her head covered by a kaftan, and on her head a large tin kuvshinchik. She walked with curved back and head bent forward, and led by the hand a little closely cropped Tatar boy in a little shirt. The Tatar girl took the water to the saklya, and out came the Tatar of yesterday evening, with the red beard, in a silken beshmet [5] with slippers on his naked feet and a silver knife in his leather girdle. On his head he wore a lofty, black sheepskin hat, flattened down behind. He came out, stretched himself, and stroked his bountiful red beard. He stayed there for a while, gave some orders to his labourer, and went off somewhither. Next there passed by two children on horses which they had just watered. Then some more closely cropped youngsters ran by in nothing but shirts, without hose, and they collected into a group, went to the outhouse, took up a long twig and thrust it through the rift in the wall. Zhilin gave such a shout at them that the children screamed in chorus and took to their heels, a gleam of naked little knees was the last that was seen of them. But Zhilin wanted drink, his throat was parched and dry. He listened â€” they were opening the outhouse. The red-bearded Tatar appeared, and with him came another, smaller in stature, a blackish sort of little man. His eyes were bright and black, he was ruddy and had a small cropped beard, his face was merry, he was all smiles. The swarthy man was dressed even better than the other; his silken beshmet was blue and trimmed with galoon, the large dagger in his belt was of silver, his red morocco slippers were also trimmed with silver. Moreover, thick outer slippers covered the finer inner ones. The red-bearded Tatar came in and there was some conversation, and apparently a dispute began. He lent his elbows on the gate, fingered his hanger, and glanced furtively at Zhilin like a hungry wolf. But the swarthy man â€” he was a quick, lively fellow, who seemed to move upon springs â€” came straight up to Zhilin, sat down on his heels, grinned, showing all his teeth, patted him on the shoulder, and began to jabber something in a peculiar way of his own, blinking his eyes, clicking with his tongue, and saying repeatedly: Zhilin tried to make them understand by a pantomime with his hands and lips that he wanted something to drink. The swarthy man understood at last, went out and called: She also had black sparkling eyes and a ruddy complexion. She was dressed in a long blue blouse with white sleeves and without a girdle. The folds, sleeves, and breast of her garment were beautifully trimmed. She also wore trousers and slippers, and the inner slippers were protected by outer slippers with high heels. Round her neck she wore a necklace of Russian poltiniks [7] Her head was uncovered, her hair was black, and in her hair was a ribbon, from which dangled a metallic plaque and a silver rouble. Her father gave her some orders. She ran out, and returned again immediately with a tin kuvshinchik. There she sat, staring at Zhilin with wide-open eyes as he drank, just as if he were some wild animal. Zhilin gave the kuvshinchik back to her, and back she bounded like a wild goat. Then he sent her somewhere or other.

### 2: A Captive of the Caucasus by Andrei Bitov (, Hardcover) | eBay

*Andrei Bitov is the author of Pushkin House, Captive of the Caucasus, and The Monkey Link, among other works. He is a cofounder of the Russian PEN club and has received numerous awards and honors, including being named a Chevalier of the Order of Arts and Letters by the French government.*

Sochi, where the Winter Olympic Games opened this week, has been twinned since with the genteel English town of Cheltenham. The mind boggles at first, but then begins to see the similarities: Similarities exhausted, the differences come flooding back. Sochi is not only subtropical, coastal and three times the size of Cheltenham, it is also in the Caucasus – a region for which Britain has no real equivalent. Comparisons could be made with the Lake District – inspiration and epitome of Romanticism, archetype of Nature-with-a-capital-N. Classical scholars know the region as the one where Prometheus had his liver eaten daily by an eagle; where Jason sought the Golden Fleece and found Medea in the Georgian city of Colchis. And both the Highlands and the Caucasus are associated, in the imperial mind, with wild clans and martial traditions. In the literature of the time, these mountain warriors gained not only the admiration but some of the sympathy of those sent to conquer them. In an earlier Tolstoyan story, the eponymous Cossacks are presented as right to admire their brave Chechen enemies more than the Russian soldiers – often snobbish, lazy, and militarily inept – who are billeted on them in the Caucasus. But, like the Grand Tourists who were busy discovering Switzerland at this time, the Russian officers find their conceptions of God and man altered by the sublimity they encountered in the mountains. Initially disappointed at seeing the mountains under mist, he awakes the following morning to find them in full sunlight: Olenin appreciates that life in the Caucasus is better for the body, as well as the soul, than anywhere else in Russia. The climate is good, the food and wine better, and life expectancy violent death aside correspondingly high. But not all the Russians who brave the Caucasus are also cads. Olenin wants to shed his Petersburg pseudo-civilisation to marry and become a Cossack. His marriage plans fall through, and he leaves the village where he has lived for a year broken-hearted after a tearful parting from his father-figure Eroshka. Then – in a twist resembling the ending of Shirley Valentine – he turns his head, and sees Eroshka discussing village matters with his beloved, as if Olenin had never existed. The life of the Caucasus goes on without him. In all of these, the prisoner spends his captivity observing and wondering at Caucasian life, alienated from the sophisticated metropolitan culture to which he belongs but unable to assimilate – a condition that fetters him as much as his chains. He is eventually helped to escape by a nobly savage maid whose adoring femininity is the counterpoint to Caucasian hyper-masculinity. Tolstoy is also distinctive by virtue of his criticism of the imperial project. So the furious shouts of war were silenced: Both succeeded Muslim powers as imperialists, and drew regional boundaries partly with the aim of undermining ethnic loyalties – to divide and rule. They also held the native peoples in different degrees of respect: They represented a warrior culture that the imperialists were conscious of having lost, if they had ever possessed one. During the recent conflict in Chechnya, Russian consciousness of belonging to a less military culture can be seen as similarly inflected by fear. But one of the most interesting is age. Russians were shocked, after the break-up of the USSR, to see how abruptly places such as Georgia became hostile and foreign and wars broke out in Chechnya and South Ossetia. Writers sought to reflect the new mood. Yet it is the Russians, as before, who are captive to the Caucasians they are trying to conquer. A local dealer who barter with a Russian officer comments: Soviet friendship is history. Tsarist conflict is revived – but without the Romantic idealism. Here there is no idealism on either side. They have no fond memories of holidays in Dagestani resorts; they grew up watching news footage of Russian teenagers wounded, tortured or dead in Chechnya. And yet, amid the vestiges of Soviet education, they will also have inherited the Russian exhilaration at the Caucasus from Pushkin, Lermontov and Tolstoy. As Olenin approaches Chechnya, he sees: Beyond the Terek rises the smoke from a Tartar village – and the mountains! The sun has risen and glitters on the Terek, now visible beyond the reeds – and the mountains! From the village comes a Tartar wagon, and women, beautiful young women, pass by – and the mountains! Abreks canter about the plain, and here am I driving along and do not fear them! I have

a gun, and strength and youth and the mountains!

### 3: The Prisoner of the Caucasus | Revolv

*Rubakhin himself is in a way also a captive of war and the Caucasus, unable to give up soldiering, return to Russia proper, and take up a civilian life. Sadly, to my knowledge this book and this story have not been translated into English.*

Moscow - 6 June Died: Alexander Pushkin recites his poem before Gavril Derzhavin during the Tsarskoye Selo Lyceum exam on January 8th, by Ilya Repin His affinity to Shakespeare is firstly in his position as the great profane humanist of Russian letters, his copious literary output ranging over almost every aspect of the human condition and always imbued by a broad philosophy that weighed ideas and ethics against individual experience and humour. Secondly, and more significantly still, it is in his unparalleled contribution to the codification of the Russian language. Not only has Pushkin provided educated Russians to this day with apt quotations for almost any situation, he also near single-handedly established Russian as a modern literary language, developing a vast number of previously unexplored literary forms and adding an unprecedented number of new words to the language. Pushkin was born into an ancient but relatively obscure noble family in Moscow. In 1797, Pushkin joined the first intake of the Imperial Lyceum in Tsarskoye Selo, founded that year by Emperor Alexander I as a training ground for future statesmen. Here Pushkin enjoyed a superb liberal education and rapidly developed his poetic skills, publishing his first verses at the age of fifteen. By the time of his graduation in 1811, his poetry had already won the attention of St. Alexander Pushkin by Vasily Tropinin Pushkin entered government service in the Collegium of Foreign Affairs but, given the pace of his creative output and his whirlwind social life, he had little time to devote to his government career. The ideas he encountered in these circles soon found expression in his verse, drawing the ire of the authorities, and Pushkin was transferred from the capital in 1812, just before the publication of his first epic poem, *Ruslan and Lyudmilla*. Strongly influenced by Byron in this period, Pushkin was an ardent supporter of Greek Independence, and his Romantic idealism saw expression in two celebrated narrative poems, *The Captive of the Caucasus* and *The Fountain of Bakhchisaray*, which he wrote alongside reams of love poetry that include some of the most famous lyrics in the Russian language. He also began, in 1819, to write what is probably his preeminent work, the novel-in-verse *Evgeniy Onegin*. Here he continued to work on *Evgeniy Onegin* and produced his first major dramatic work, the tragedy *Boris Godunov*. By the time of the Decembrist Revolt in 1825, Pushkin had little direct contact with the participants, but copies of his poems found among their personal effects would later further damage his reputation in the eyes of the authorities. Then at the age of sixteen, Goncharova was already a celebrated beauty in Moscow society, and Pushkin later admitted that he fell in love at their first meeting. Pushkin and Goncharova eventually married in Moscow on 18 February 1819. However, neither his new marriage nor his return to the capital were to bring the poet much joy. Petersburg in both briefly convinced Pushkin of the need for strong leadership to protect the Russian state, and this was reflected in his poetry of the time, causing a rift with some of his liberal readers. Library and working table of the Alexander Pushkin in St. Petersburg. However, his popularity with the reading public, enamoured of the Romantic lyricism of his twenties and as yet uninterested in his experiments in prose, had suffered. It was archetypal for Russian literature both in its theme of an ordinary man buffeted and tormented by the immutable forces of heavenly and earthly powers, and in its depiction of St. Petersburg as a city of inhuman, even malevolent, grandeur and beauty. Collections of his poetry and prose works published later in the year were met with little enthusiasm. In a further effort to find a solution to his financial woes, Pushkin attempted to extricate himself from government service and move with his family to the country, but this was forbidden by the Tsar. The tendency has been to paint Natalya Pushkina as a feckless beauty and Pushkin as a tormented genius riven by monstrous jealousy. Rumour made persistent claims that Natalya Pushkina was unfaithful, even suggesting that she was the mistress of the Tsar himself. Petersburg near Chernaya Rechka. He died in his apartments at 12, Naberezhnaya Reki Moyki now the Alexander Pushkin Memorial Museum and Apartment two days later on 29 January 1837, having received assurance from Nicholas I that his family would be looked after. Alongside the unquestionable mastery of his mature poetry, there is so much more that makes him a uniquely adorable literary figure: In all this and more, Pushkin was instrumental in making Russia a culture that loves its poets

quite as much as their poetry. Finally, despite his at times ambiguous attitude to the city, his imprint on St. Petersburg is immense, his name given to streets, metro stations, theatres and, of course, the charming town of Pushkin. The key locations of his life and death are marked with plaques and monuments, with an obelisk marking the spot on Komendantskiy Prospekt where he was shot, and in the very centre of the city on Ploshchad Iskusstv in front of the State Russian Museum, a huge statue of the poet erected to mark the th anniversary of the founding of the city. Fresh flowers laid almost daily at the foot of the monument by members of the public further attest to the reverence in which Pushkin is held to this day.

### 4: The life of Alexander Pushkin in St. Petersburg

*Compellingly conceived and spectacularly crafted, A Captive of the Caucasus is an intellectually spirited inquiry into the persistent idea of homeland and the individual's identity, cultural and creative.*

In lieu of an abstract, here is a brief excerpt of the content: Romaniello *The Captive and the Gift: Cultural Histories of Sovereignty in Russia and the Caucasus*. Cornell University Press, Anthropologist Bruce Grant has produced a thought-provoking study of historical memory and its impact on contemporary political and cultural movements. The book examines the period from the modern day, as the Caucasus region was claimed by the tsarist empire, transitioned through the Soviet era, and attempted to forge independent identities in the wake of the Soviet collapse. It is not a historical assessment of these events but rather a discourse analysis focused upon the meaning of "empire" throughout these distinct eras as seen through a wide variety of sources, primarily literature, film, and recent interviews with scholars and politicians. These images allow Grant to address the nature of imperial sovereignty and its effect upon colonial communities. The early separation [End Page ] of political rights held by a community and those held by an individual created an ambiguous discourse, allowing "sovereign" rights to be redefined in different colonial eras. The Russian and Soviet Empire, therefore, "never signaled objective structures so much as it did patterned fields of contested relations" p. The captive narrative framed most of the cultural interactions between colonizer and colonized. This narrative traditionally offers an innocent Russian usually a soldier held prisoner by a group of violent Caucasians. Therefore, violence became necessary to provide the gift of empire. Grant contrasts the Russian justification for its violent actions in the Caucasus with the much older tradition in Caucasian society of hostage taking. According to Grant, bride kidnapping was primarily a ritualized practice of necessary social interaction and only rarely a violent form of exchange. The Caucasian practice of amanat or amanatsvo in Russian similarly served a longstanding tradition of exchanging men to guarantee good behavior among competitive communities. Though cautious to unpack the "true" meanings of social exchanges among the Caucasian peoples, Grant leaves the Russians rather one-dimensional. Their motives never are examined much beyond their belief that they provided the Caucasus the benefit of their civilizing mission and suffered captivity from the experience. His exclusion of other narratives leaves several questions about the nature of the Russian colonial experience. You are not currently authenticated. View freely available titles:

## 5: The Prisoner of the Caucasus - Wikipedia

*The Captive in the Caucasus* Leo Tolstoy, russian writer, master of realistic fiction and is widely considered one of the world's greatest novelist () This ebook presents «The Captive in the Caucasus», from Leo Tolstoy.

Background[ edit ] As a result of the popularity of the earlier film, Operation Y , Yakov Kostyukovsky and Moris Slobodsky requested Mosfilm to support a new film about the character of Shurik. The screenplay for the new film was initially titled "Shurik in the mountains" and was divided into two parts. The first part, "Prisoner of the Caucasus", was about the student Nina who comes to visit her relatives in the Caucasus and is kidnapped by a local director named Okhokhov. The second part, "Snow Man and Others", was about a scientific expedition seeking the Yeti in a mountainous region, with the Coward, the Fool, and the Pro pretending to be the Yeti by way of hiding from the local militia. In the end, Shurik and Nina were supposed to expose the trio. As the process went forward, it was decided to focus on just the first part of the screenplay. Yuri Nikulin and Evgeny Morgunov initially refused to be part of the film as they felt the screenplay was too unrealistic. In the end, Gaidai convinced both actors to reprise their roles by agreeing to make some adjustments to the screenplay. It also took a long time to cast the role of Nina, with more than screen tests completed before Natalya Varley was selected for the role. Because she worked as a circus tight rope walker prior to acting, she had an easier time with the stunt work and physicality required in the role. On the other hand, her relative lack of acting experience made the dialogue scenes more challenging for her. In the case of the character of Saakhov, there were disagreements between Gaidai and the actor playing Saakhov, Vladimir Etush. While Etush thought Saakhov should be played as an accomplished, intelligent man who takes himself seriously, Gaidai wanted more of an over-the-top performance. During production, the screenplay was also altered by Soviet censors. For instance, a phrase yelled by the Coward was originally written as: Besides, a scene was removed in which the Coward scratches a Russian letter "X" into a fence, the Pro scratches a "" the first two letters of a Russian three-letter swear word , once a popular proto-graffiti and, after a militia officer appears at the scene, the Fool quickly adds "[ After release, it became the biggest Soviet hit of and became known as one of the greatest Russian comedies of all time. At the start of the film, Shurik is making his way along a mountain road in the Caucasus on a donkey. He comes upon a truck driver named Edik whose truck refuses to start. The donkey gets stubborn and neither man is able to get his respective mode of transportation going. External video If I were a Sultan "E â€" Trying to encourage Nina to have some breakfast, the trio, led by Fool Nikulin entertain her with a song about the pros and contras of having three wives at once. They get carried away a bit with their own performance, and Nina escapes. Suddenly, a young woman named Nina Natalya Varley comes walking down the road. The donkey immediately begins to move after her and the truck starts working again. Nina is "a higher education student, an athlete, a member of the Komsomol , and last but not least â€" a beauty". Her uncle, Comrade Dzhabrail Frunzik Mkrtychyan , works as a chauffeur for tovarisch Saakhov Vladimir Etush , who is the director of the regional agricultural cooperative and the wealthiest and most powerful man in town. Saakhov likes Nina and invites her to take part in a ribbon-cutting ceremony for a new Civil registry. Shurik shows up to the ribbon-cutting completely drunk because the locals refused to tell him local toasts unless he drank to each of them. He ends up becoming disorderly and carted off by the militsiya. Meanwhile, Saakhov decides to marry Nina and strikes a deal with Dzhabrail to purchase the bride in return for 20 heads of sheep and an imported Finnish Rosenlew refrigerator. The trio of the Coward, the Fool, and the Pro are hired to do the job, but find it difficult to get Nina alone because she has started to spend a lot of time with Shurik. At this point, Saakhov has the idea to unwittingly get Shurik in on it by telling him that the kidnapping of the bride is a local custom. Dzhabrail meets with Shurik in a restaurant and tells him this story, lying him that Nina has already agreed to marry Saakhov and that she wants to be kidnapped in order to comply with tradition. Shurik is devastated because he is in love with Nina, but thinking that this is what she wants, he agrees to help. Nina has gone camping and spends a night in a sleeping bag. Shurik tells her an emotional good-bye and, misunderstanding him, she shrugs and also says good-bye. Soon after, Shurik learns that the kidnapping was real and the story about it being a custom was a lie. Shurik immediately runs to

the militsiya, but Saakhov who Shurik does not realize is involved is waiting for him outside. Saakhov explains to Shurik that if he says anything, the militsiya will arrest him as a co-conspirator and suggests they go straight to the local prosecutor instead. Shurik agrees, but Saakhov tricks him by leading him to a house where there is a party going on and getting him to drink, then calling doctors from the local psychiatric clinic and having Shurik committed. Nina pretends to be interested, but then when the kidnapers are distracted, she tries to run away. She is stopped by her uncle and forced to return to her room, where she is locked up. Saakhov arrives with a bottle of wine and goes in to speak with Nina, but runs out moments later covered from head to toe in the wine. Deciding to give Nina some time to "think about it", Dzhabrail and Saakhov drive away from the dacha, leaving the trio of kidnapers in charge of Nina. At the hospital, Shurik finally realizes that Saakhov is the one behind the kidnapping. Shurik is able to escape from the psychiatric ward and happens to run into Edik, the truck driver he had met at the beginning of the film. Under this guise, they inject the trio with sedatives. Still thinking that he was in on the kidnapping, she hits him over the head with a fruit plate, runs out of the room, jumps out of a first floor window, and steals one of the trucks. The trio arrive in a red Adler Trumpf Junior similar to the one pictured. The kidnapers catch up with Nina, commandeer her vehicle, and tie her up, but at that moment the sedative begins to take effect and they all fall asleep. Shurik catches up with the truck right before it veers off the road and stops it. He begins to untie Nina, but she attacks him, still thinking that he is in on it with the kidnapers. To reveal his feelings for her, Shurik kisses Nina before he finishes untying her. Suddenly, Nina, Shurik, and Edik appear holding weapons and dressed in masks, calling themselves the enforcers of the "law of the mountains". Saakhov does not recognize them and, scared to death, jumps out of the window. Edik shoots him with his rifle, which turns out to be loaded with nothing more than salt. He hits him in the rump and, when Saakhov is brought up on charges in court the next day, he is unable to sit. The film ends with Shurik walking Nina to a bus and then following after her on his donkey.

### 6: A Captive of the Caucasus by Andrei Bitov

*A gentleman of the name of Zhilin was serving in the Caucasus as an officer. One day he received a letter from home. His aged mother wrote to him: "I am growing old and should like to see my dear little son before I die.*

### 7: Pushkin in exile - the prisoner of the Caucasus

*Other articles where The Prisoner of the Caucasus is discussed: Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin: Exile in the south: narrative poems: Kavkazsky plennik (; The Prisoner of the Caucasus), Bratya razboyniki (; The Robber Brothers), and Bakhchisaraysky fontan (; The Fountain of Bakhchisaray).*

### 8: The Captive in the Caucasus

*The Caucasus, Bitov the traveler is a captive, however alienated, of his homeland, too. Bitov's works characteristically proceed from and comment on one another, and the realization of captivity leads to a different journey; the second account, Choosing a Location, an entertaining impressionistic record of his travels in Soviet Georgia, is.*

### 9: Kidnapping, Caucasian Style - Wikipedia

*The Captive and the Gift is a remarkable work of cultural history and a model of interdisciplinary scholarship."â€”Adeeb Khalid, Carleton College Title The Captive and the Gift Subtitle Cultural Histories of Sovereignty in Russia and the Caucasus.*

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