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The Diary of a Writer

THE DIARY OF A WRITER

F. M. DOSTOIEVSKY

TRANSLATED AND ANNOTATED
BY
BORIS BRASOL

VOLUME
TWO

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1877

January

CHAPTER I

1

Three Ideas

I WILL begin my new year where I left off last year. The last sentence in the December issue of my *Diary* was to the effect that "virtually all our Russian isolations and segregations have been based on nothing but coarsest misconceptions in which there is nothing essential and unsurmountable." I repeat once more: all quarrels and segregations were caused only by the errors and deviations of the mind, and not of the heart, and it is this definition that comprises the whole essence of our segregations.

This essence is rather comforting. The mistakes and perplexities of the mind vanish more quickly and imperceptibly than the errors of the heart; they are cured not so much by disputes and logical explanations as by the irresistible logic of the events of the live, real life which very often bear in themselves the necessary and correct inference and indicate the straight road, even if not all at once, at the very moment of their occurrence, then, at any rate, at very early dates, sometimes even without awaiting the appearance of new generations.

Different is the situation relating to the errors of the heart. These constitute a very momentous thing: there is a contaminated spirit, at times, the spirit of the whole nation, which is frequently accompanied by such a degree of blindness that no facts can cure, no matter how persistently these point to the straight road. On the contrary, this kind of blindness remodels facts to its own taste and assimilates them with its own contaminated spirit; and it even happens that a whole nation would rather deliberately die, that is, holding onto its blindness, than be cured, refusing the cure. Let people not laugh at me in advance for my contention

that the errors of the mind are all too lightly and quickly effaceable. And it would be most ridiculous for any one—not to speak of myself—to assume in this respect the role of an effacer firmly and calmly convinced that words are capable of bringing one to reason or of reversing the convictions prevailing in society at a given moment. I realize all this. Nevertheless, one shouldn't be ashamed of his convictions; at present there is no necessity for this, and he who has some word to utter, let him say it without fearing that people will not listen to him or even that he will be ridiculed and that he will produce upon the minds of his contemporaries no impression whatsoever.

In this respect the *Writer's Diary* will never deviate from its path, will never yield to the tendencies of the age, to the power of the reigning and prevailing influences should it consider them unjust; it will not seek to adapt itself to them, to flatter and to use cunning. After a whole year of publication we believe it permissible to make this statement. Indeed, also last year we understood well and were fully aware of the fact that many things about which we wrote with ardor and conviction, only harmed us substantially, and that it would have been far more profitable had we with equal ardor sung in a different unison.

We repeat: it would seem to us that at present *all people* should be expressing themselves as candidly and directly as possible, without being ashamed of the naïve nakedness of some thought. In fact, perhaps, extraordinary and enormous events are awaiting us, that is, all Russia. "Suddenly great events may occur and may take our intelligentsia unawares. Will it then not be too late?"—as I said when winding up my December issue of the *Diary*. By this statement I did not mean merely political events in this "nearest future," although even these events cannot help but arrest the attention of the scantiest and most "Judaized" minds which are concerned about nothing except themselves.

In point of fact, what awaits the world not only in the last quarter of the century but even (who knows?) perhaps, this year? Europe is restless; of this there can be no doubt. But is it temporary, momentary restlessness?—Not at all: apparently the time has come for something sempiternal, millenarian, for that which has been moulding itself in the world ever since the beginning of its civilization.

Three ideas are arising before the world, and it seems that they are in a state of final formulation. On one side at the extremity of Europe—the condemned Catholic idea, awaiting in great suffering and perplexity—is it to be or not to be? Is it still going to live or has its end come? I am referring not merely to the

Catholic religion but to the whole *Catholic idea,* to the destiny of the nations which for a millennium have been shaping themselves under the influence of this idea and which are saturated with it through and through. In this sense France, for example, through the ages has been, as it were, the fullest incarnation of the Catholic idea,—the head of this idea which of course was inherited from the Romans and in their spirit. That France, which *in toto* has now lost *virtually all* of her religion (the Jesuits and the atheists there are one and the same); which several times has closed her churches and which on one occasion subjected God himself to ballot in the Assembly; France which has evolved from the ideas of 1789 her own peculiar French socialism, *i.e.,* the pacification and organization of human society without and beyond Christ, as Catholicism has sought but failed to organize society in the name of Christ; that same France with her revolutionists of the Convention, with her atheists, with her socialists and with her present-day communards,—is, continues to be, in the highest degree, fully and altogether, a Catholic nation, completely contaminated with the spirit and letter of Catholicism, which by the mouths of her most arrant atheists is proclaiming: *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité—ou la mort, i.e.,* exactly as this would be proclaimed by the Pope himself were he compelled to formulate the Catholic *liberté, egalité, fraternité* in his style, in his spirit, in the genuine style and spirit of a medieval Pope. The present-day French socialism itself—seemingly an ardent and fatal protest against the Catholic idea on the part of all men and nations tortured by and strangulated with it, who desire by all means to live, and to continue to live, but now without Catholicism and without its gods—this protest itself which actually began at the end of the last century (in fact, much earlier) is nothing but the truest and most direct continuation of the Catholic idea, its fullest, most final realization, its fatal consequence which has been evolved through centuries. French socialism is nothing else but a *compulsory* communion of mankind,—an idea which dates back to ancient Rome and which was fully conserved in Catholicism. Thus, the idea of the liberation of the human spirit from Catholicism became vested there precisely in the narrowest Catholic forms borrowed from the very heart of its spirit, from its letter, from its materialism, from its despotism, from its morality.

On the other side there arises the old Protestantism, which over a period of nineteen centuries has been protesting against Rome and her idea—the ancient pagan idea and the renovated Catholic idea—against her idea of possession of man on earth, both morally and materially; against her civilization; Protestantism which has been protesting ever since the time of Arminius and the Teutoburger

Wald. This is the German who blindly believes that in him alone, *and not in the Catholic civilization*, resides the rejuvenation of *mankind*. Throughout his whole history he has been dreaming *of, and thirsting for, his unification*, for the proclamation of his proud idea which had been powerfully formulated as early as the time of Luther's heresy, whereas now, five years after the debacle of France, the leading, principal and most Christian Catholic nation, the German is already fully convinced of his triumph and that no one can assume his place at the head of the world and of its renaissance. He believes in this haughtily and undeviatingly; he believes that there is nothing on earth higher than his spirit and his word, and that only Germany can utter it. To him it is even ridiculous to suppose that there be in the world, though merely in embryo, anything which Germany, predestined to lead the world, would fail to contain. And yet it is not out of place to remark, though only in parentheses, that through the nineteen centuries of her existence Germany herself which has been doing nothing but protesting, has never uttered her own *new word* but has been living all along by negation and protest against her enemy. Thus, the strange event may very well occur that when Germany scores the final victory and destroys that against which she has been protesting nineteen centuries, suddenly, she herself will have to die spiritually, right after her foe, because there would be nothing to live for, *there would be nothing to protest against*. For the time being, let it be my chimera, nevertheless Luther's Protestantism is already a fact: his is a protesting and merely *denying* faith, and just as soon as Catholicism disappears from the earth, Protestantism will unfailingly disappear, too, because there is going to be nothing to protest against, and it will turn into straight atheism, and that will be the end. But let us say that as yet this is merely my chimera.

The German despises the Slavic idea just as much as the Catholic idea with that difference only that the latter he always evaluated as a strong and powerful enemy, whereas the Slavic idea not only did he deem worth nothing but, up to the very last moment, he even did not admit it at all. However, of late, he begins to look askance upon the Slavs with great suspicion. Even though up to now it seems ridiculous to him to suppose that they may possess any aims and ideas whatsoever, any hope "of uttering anything to the world," nevertheless ever since France's debacle his uneasy suspicions have been increasing, while last year's events and current events, of course, could not have alleviated his mistrust.

At present Germany's situation is somewhat embarrassing: at any rate, before any Eastern ideas, she has to finish her task

in the West. Who will deny that France, only half-slaughtered France, does not and did not cause anxiety to the German—all these five years following her pogrom—specifically because he has failed to slaughter her to death? In 1875, this anxiety had assumed in Berlin extraordinary proportions, and Germany unfailingly would have rushed, as long as there still was time, to strike a death-blow at her immemorial enemy, but certain extraordinarily strong circumstances prevented her from so doing. And now, this year, there is no doubt that France, which has been growing stronger every year, frightens Germany even more than two years ago. Germany knows that the enemy will not die without a struggle; moreover, that when he feels that he has completely recovered, he will start the battle himself so that three years, five years, hence, it will be already too late for Germany.

And now, in view of the fact that the European East is so completely absorbed by the idea which suddenly arose there, and that it is too busy with its own affairs,—it may very well happen that Germany, temporarily, finding her hands free, will make her final onslaught against her Western enemy, against the dreadful nightmare which tortures her,—and all this may come to pass in the nearest future. It may be generally said that if the situation in the East is strained and difficult, Germany is, perhaps, even in a worse position; she is faced with almost more anxieties and different scares notwithstanding her immeasurably haughty tone. This, at least, should be particularly noted by us.

Meanwhile in the East there really begins to kindle and shine with unprecedented and never-heard-of light the third world idea —the Slavic idea—an idea which is coming into being,—perhaps the third future possibility of the solution of European and human destinies. At present it is clear to everybody that with the settlement of the Eastern question, a new factor, a new element, will penetrate mankind, an element which, thus far, has been passive and in a state of inertia, and which, to say the least, cannot fail to exercise a potent and decisive influence upon world destinies.

What is this idea? What does the Slavs' communion bring with it? All this is still too indeterminate, but that something new must be introduced and uttered,—this virtually no one doubts.

And these three enormous world ideas almost at one and the same time have come together to their denouement. All this is, of course, no caprice, nor a war for some heritage or some dispute of two prominent dames, as in the last century. Here we have something universal and final, which, though by no means solving *all* human destinies, brings with it the beginning of the end of the whole former history of European mankind,—the beginning of the

solution of its further destinies, which are in the hands of God and about which man can guess almost nothing although he may forebode them.

Now, there arises this question: Can such events be arrested in their course? Can ideas of this magnitude be subjected to petty, Judaized, third-rate considerations? Can their solution be postponed, and, finally, is it or is it not useful to do so?—No doubt, wisdom must guard and protect the nations and must serve humaneness and humankind; still certain ideas possess their own inert, mighty and all-engulfing power. It is impossible to arrest with the hand the summit of a rock which has torn away and is falling. Of course, we Russians possess two dreadful powers, worth all others in the world—the unity, the spiritual indivisibility of the millions of our people, and their closest communion with the Monarch. The latter, no doubt, is incontestable; yet not only do our "Peters thinking for a day" not comprehend the popular idea, but they do not want to understand it.

2

Mirages: Stundism and Redstockists

But is it only the "Europeanizing" and the "Peters thinking for a day" who do not wish to understand?—There are others who are much more malignant. The "Peters," at least, acknowledge our popular movement of this year in support of the Slavs, whereas the others do not. The "Peters" commend this movement—of course in their own way—although much in it is not to their liking; but the others deny the movement itself, contrary to Russia's testimony: "There was nothing"—they say—"and that's the end of it." Not only was there nothing; nothing could have been. "The people" —they claim—"were nowhere clamoring and declaring a desire for war." Well, our people are never vociferating and coming out with declarations; our people are reasonable and calm; besides, they do not want war at all, not in the least; but with all their burning heart and soul they do sympathize with their brethren oppressed for Christ's faith. However, if it should prove necessary; should the Czar's great word sound, they all will rise—the whole hundred million mass of them—and will do everything within the power of such a hundred million mass inspired by one impulse, in accord, as one man. So that in view of the mysterious future of the proximate destinies of all Europe, it is impossible not to value this power of cohesion, not to contemplate it in moments of our involuntary considerations and conjectures. And God forbid war! Who wants

it?—Although in parentheses it may be remarked that blood shed "for a great cause" means much; it may cleanse and wash many a thing; it may vivify many things, and it may lift anew much that has been thus far downtrodden and polluted in our souls.

However, these are but "words and thoughts." I merely mean to say that there are all-engulfing historical events which cannot be shaken off by either will or cunning, just as it is impossible to arrest a sea tide and order it to return. Still this present triumphant cynicism after the summer ecstasies is insulting—this joy of cynicism, a joy over something nasty which allegedly has triumphed over men's enthusiasm; insulting are these triumphant speeches of men not merely despising but even altogether denying our people *in toto,* and, it would seem, conceiving them, as heretofore, merely to be an inert mass and working hands, just as they have been regarded for two consecutive centuries until the great day of February nineteenth. "Should I imitate such people? What kind of idea do they have? Where did you find it?"—those are questions which nowadays are heard incessantly. This disbelief in the spiritual force of the people, naturally, is a disbelief in the whole of Russia. No doubt, here there are admixed many different factors guiding the deniers but would you believe it, there is much sincerity in them! And what is most important of all—there is utter ignorance of Russia.

Now, is it conceivable that some of them rejoice over our Stundism, that they are glad for, in behalf of, the people, for their benefit and their good? "Nevertheless [they argue] this is something higher than the former popular beliefs; nevertheless this can, at least, in some degree, ennoble the people." And don't think that these are but rare and isolated arguments.

By the way, what is this ill-starred Stundism?—Several Russian workers employed by German colonists grasped the fact that the Germans are better off than the Russians, and that is so because theirs is a different order. Pastors who happened to be there explained that theirs is a better order because of the difference in religion. Thus groups of ignorant Russian people got together; they began to listen to the interpretation of the Gospel; they themselves started reading and discussing,—and there ensued something which usually occurs in such cases. A vessel is carried with some precious vivifying liquid. But presently people get up on their feet and begin to shout: "Blind men! Why do you kiss the vessel?—It is only the content, and not the container, that is precious; you are kissing glass, mere glass; you are adoring a vessel; you are attributing all the holiness to glass, so that you are forgetting its precious content! Idolaters! Throw away the vessel!

Break it! Worship only the liquid, and not the glass!" And they break the vessel and the vivifying liquid, the precious content, is spilled on the earth and, of course, vanishes there. The vessel is broken and the liquid is lost. However, while the liquid has not yet entirely vanished in the soil, there ensues a hubbub: to save something that still remains in the broken potsherds, people begin to shout that a new vessel should be promptly brought; there arises a dispute as to how and in which form it should be made. The dispute arises *from the very start,* and promptly, beginning with the first two words, the altercation becomes confined to the letter of the matter. People are inclined to worship this letter even more than the former one so as only to acquire a new vessel as quickly as possible. But the dispute grows sharper; men break up in antagonistic groups, and each group carries away for itself a few drops of the precious liquid, in special multiformed cups picked up at random, and the groups no longer communicate one with the other. Idolatry grows stronger in proportion to the number of the fragments of the broken vessel.

This is an eternal story, a very old one which began much before the time of Martin Ivanovich Luther; but pursuant to historical laws almost an identical story repeated itself in our Stundism: it is known that they are already breaking up, disputing about letters, interpreting the Gospel, each one in accordance with his understanding, and the main point is that this is taking place *from the very start.* Poor, unfortunate, ignorant people! And yet how much sincerity! How many good beginnings! How much determination to endure, even suffering! How much helpless stupidity and petty pedantic hypocrisy, egoistic ambition, sweet gratifying haughtiness in this new rank of "saints," even roguery and chicaneries; but the main thing—"from the very start," *i.e.,* ever since the creation of the world, since the questions have arisen: What is man and what is woman? What is good and what is evil? Is there or is there not a God?

And would you believe that the very fact that they are so helpless, that they have to begin from the beginning, precisely this fact appeals to many of them, and especially—to some of them: "They will start living in accordance with their own ideas which means that without fail they will come to some kind of understanding." What an argument! So that the precious heritage, acquired through ages, which should be explained to these ignorant people in its great true meaning, and not thrown away upon the earth as useless old rags of the past centuries, essentially has been irretrievably lost for them. Development, light, progress are again pushed far back from them, since from now on isolation will ensue

for them,—segregation and seclusion of sectarianism, and instead of the anticipated new "sensible" ideas, there will be erected old, most antiquated, generally familiar and very nasty idols,—and now try to smash them!

However, there is no reason whatsoever to fear Stundism even though it certainly should be pitied. This Stundism has absolutely no future; it will not expand widely; it will come to a halt and, unfailingly, it will merge with some obscure sect of the Russian people, with the Khlystis, presumably this most ancient of all sects of the world which undeniably has its meaning and which conserves it in two ancient attributes: whirling and prophecy. Even the Templars were prosecuted for whirling and prophesying; and the Quakers are whirling and prophesying; and Pythia in ancient times whirled and prophesied; and people used to whirl and prophesy at the home of Tatarinova; and it is very possible that our Redstockists will wind up with whirling, while it seems that even now they are already prophesying. Let the Redstockists take no offense because of this comparison.

By the way: many people laugh at the synchronous coincidence of the origination in Russia of the two sects—Stundism among the common people, and the Redstockist in our most fashionable society. And yet here there is much which isn't funny. As regards the coincidence of the origination of our two sects, undoubtedly they arose out of one and the same ignorance, *i.e.*, the utter ignorance of their religion.

3

Foma Danilov—the Russian Hero Tortured to Death

In the spring of last year all newspapers reprinted the news which appeared in *The Russian Invalid* about the martyr's death of a non-commissioned officer of the 2nd Turkestan Rifle Battalion, Foma Danilov; he was taken a prisoner by the Kipchaks and barbarously murdered by them on November 21, 1875, at Margelan, after having been subjected to many refined tortures because he had refused to enter their service and to embrace Mohammedanism. The Khan himself promised him pardon, reward and honors on condition that he renounce Christ. Danilov answered that he could not betray the Cross, and that as a subject of the Czar, though in captivity, he had to abide by his duty toward the Czar and Christianity. The torturers, having tortured him to death, were astonished by the force of his spirit and gave him the name of "bogatyr," which means "valiant knight."

At the time this news item, though printed in all newspapers, caused but little comment in society, while the papers having published it in the form of a usual newspaper *entre-filet*, did not deem it necessary to dwell upon it *particularly*. In a word, in the case of Foma Danilov "it was quiet" in stock-exchange parlance. Subsequently, as is known, the Slavic movement came into being; then came Cherniaiev, the Serbians, Kireev, donations, volunteers, and the tortured-to-death Foma was completely forgotten (*i.e.*, by the newspapers), and recently additional details amplifying the earlier account have been received. It is reported that the Samara governor has made inquiries about the family of Danilov, who was a peasant of the village Kirsanovka of the Buguruslan county of the Samara province, and it was found that he was survived by his wife Evfrosinia of the age of twenty-seven and a six-year-old daughter Oulita who were in a destitute condition. Relief was given to them on the noble initiative of the governor, who applied to several persons requesting them to help the widow and the daughter of the martyred Russian hero, and to the Samara provincial zemstvo assembly—with the proposal to place Danilov's daughter as a stipendiary in one of the educational institutions. Thereupon 1320 rubles were collected; 600 rubles were set aside till the daughter's majority, the remainder of the sum was turned over to the widow, and the daughter was placed in a school. In addition the Chief of the General Staff notified the governor that the Emperor gracefully ordered that an annual life pension of 120 rubles be paid by the State Treasury to the widow. Thereupon . . . thereupon the matter probably will be again forgotten in view of the current anxieties, political fears, enormous problems awaiting their solution, bankruptcies, and so on, and so forth.

Oh, I do not mean to say that our society took an indifferent attitude toward this striking act as one not worthy of attention. It is merely a fact that little was said, or, more correctly, almost no one spoke about it *particularly*. However, perhaps, people somewhere did speak among themselves, among merchants, among the clergy, for instance, but not in society, not among our intelligentsia. Of course, the people will not forget this great death: this hero has suffered tortures for Christ and he is a great Russian. The people treasure this and will not forget, have never forgotten, such deeds.

And now I already hear, as it were, those voices so familiar to me: "No doubt, this is force; this we admit; nevertheless it is an obscure force which manifested itself in so-to-speak antediluvian, bureaucratized forms, and, therefore, why should we be *particularly* talking about the matter? It does not belong to our world; it would have been different had this force revealed itself intelligently, con-

sciously. There are, you see, also other sufferers and other forces; there are infinitely loftier ideas, for instance, the idea of cosmopolitanism. . . ."

Notwithstanding these sensible and intelligent voices, it seems to me permissible and altogether justifiable to say something *particular* about Danilov. Moreover, I even venture to maintain that our intelligentsia would have by no means humiliated itself had it dealt with this fact more attentively. For instance, first of all I am surprised that no astonishment was revealed—precisely, astonishment. I am not speaking of the people: among them no astonishment is needed and there will be none: Foma's deed cannot seem to them extraordinary for the mere reason of their great faith in themselves and in their soul. They will react to this heroic exploit only by a strong sentiment and a great emotion. However, were a similar fact to occur in Europe, that is, the manifestation of such a great spiritual force among the English or the French, they would have certainly heralded it all over the world. Nay, listen, gentlemen, do you know how I represent to myself this obscure soldier of the Turkestan battalion?—Indeed, this is, so to speak, the emblem of Russia, of all Russia, of all our popular Russia, the true image of that very Russia in which our cynics and profound sages are now denying the great spirit, every possibility of enthusiasm and of the revelation of a great thought and great feeling. Listen, none the less you are not those cynics, you are merely intelligently Europeanizing, that is, essentially, the kindest folk: in fact, you do not deny that in summer our people, here and there, did manifest extraordinary spiritual potency: men left their homes and children, and went to die for religion, for the oppressed, God knows whither and God knows with what means, exactly as the first crusaders nine centuries ago in Europe,—those very crusaders whose reappearance Granovsky, for example, would have considered almost ridiculous and offensive "in our age of positive problems, progress," etc. Let this summer movement of ours be, in your opinion, a blind and even insensible movement, a so-to-speak "crusaders'" movement. Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that it was firm and magnanimous—if it be viewed from only a slightly broader standpoint. A great idea was awakening, an idea which, at once, has lifted, maybe, hundreds of thousands and millions of souls from inertia, cynicism, debauch and ugliness in which, prior to that, these souls had been submerged. You know, of course, that our people are considered kindhearted and even intellectually most gifted, but still an ignorant elemental mass devoid of consciousness, almost solidly addicted to vices and prejudices, almost solidly indecent. But you see, I will venture to express, so to speak, an axiom:

in order to judge the moral force of a people and what they are capable of in the future, one has to take into account not that level of indecency to which, temporarily, even though in their majority, they have sunk, but that elevation of the spirit which they are capable of attaining when the time comes. Indecency is a temporary misfortune, always dependent upon past and transitory circumstances, upon slavery, secular oppression, inveterateness, whereas the gift of magnanimity is a perpetual, elemental gift which is born with a people, one which is all the more to be valued if, despite centuries of slavery, oppression and misery, it is still preserved intact in the hearts of the people.

Seemingly, Foma Danilov was one of the most ordinary and inconspicuous specimens of the Russian people, inconspicuous as the Russian people themselves. (Indeed, to still quite a few they are altogether inconspicuous.) Perhaps, in days past, he had been leading a loose life; he may have been fond of drinking; maybe, he even did not pray much, although, of course, he always remembered God. And all of a sudden he is being ordered to change his religion under the threat of a martyr's death. In this connection one has to recall what these tortures, these Asiatic tortures are! He faces the Khan himself, who promises him his favors, and Danilov understands perfectly that his refusal unfailingly will anger the Khan, will vex the ambition of the Kipchaks because "this Christan dog dares to despise Islam to such a degree." Yet, notwithstanding everything that awaits him, this inconspicuous Russian man endures the cruelest tortures and dies astonishing his torturers. You know, gentlemen, that none of us would have done this. To assume martyrdom in public, at times, is even sightly; but here the thing transpired in utter obscurity, in a remote locality; no one was looking at him; besides Foma himself could not have thought, and certainly did not suppose, that his heroic deed would be heralded all over Russia. I believe some of the martyrs, even during the first centuries of the Christian era, when enduring their tortures, were partly consoled and alleviated by the conviction that their death would serve as an example for the timid and oscillating ones, and would increase the number of the followers of Christ. For Foma even this great consolation could not have existed: who would find it out?—He was alone among his torturers. He was still young. Over there, somewhere, were his young wife and daughter. Never is he going to see them again. But be it so: "Wherever I may be, I will not act against my conscience, and I will endure the tortures."—Indeed, this is truth for truth's sake, and not for the sake of ostentation! And no iniquity, no sophism with conscience: "I shall embrace Islam ostensibly; I shall

not yield to temptation; no one is going to see. Later I shall pray for forgiveness; life is long. I shall perpetrate good deeds." There was nothing of the kind: astounding, primitive, elemental honesty. Nay, gentlemen, we should hardly have acted in this manner!

But this is—we, whereas to our people Danilov's exploit, I repeat, is, perhaps, even not surprising. Therein is the point that precisely here we have, as it were, the portrait, the full picture of the Russian people. This is precisely what makes the thing dear to me and, of course, to you. Likewise our people love truth for its own sake and not for ostentation. And let them be coarse and ugly and sinful and inconspicuous, but when their time comes, and a cause of general popular truth arises, then you will be astounded by that measure of spiritual freedom which they will reveal despite the pressure of materialism, passions, pecuniary and material greed, and even in the face of dread of the cruelest martyr's death. And they will do and manifest all this simply, firmly, without claiming any reward or commendation, without making a display of themselves: "That in which I believe, I confess." In this respect even the most obdurate wranglers about "reaction" in the people's ideals have nothing to say, since it is unimportant whether or not an ideal is reactionary; the important point is the ability to reveal the strongest will for the sake of a magnanimous exploit. (This ridiculous little idea about "reaction" I introduced here for the sake of complete impartiality.)

You know, gentlemen, the question must be put squarely: I maintain that we have nothing to teach such a people. This is a sophism but sometimes it does come to my mind. Why, of course, we are more educated than the people, but the trouble is—what are we going to teach them! Of course, I am not speaking of trades, technique, mathematics; these may be taught even by hired travelling Germans, if we should fail to teach them. But what are we going to impart? For we are Russians, brethren of this people, and this means that we must *enlighten* them. And yet what do we have to impart to them from among the things that are moral and lofty? What shall we explain to them? With what shall we illume their "obscure" souls? The enlightenment of the people—this, gentlemen, is our right and our duty,—this is a right in the highest Christian sense: he who knows the good, the true word of life, must, is duty-bound, to convey it to him who knows not, to his brother groping in darkness—thus it is according to the Gospel. Now, what shall we convey to the groping that he does not know better than we?

Of course, first of all,—teaching is useful, and one has to learn. Isn't this so? But the people, even before us, said: "Knowledge is light, ignorance is darkness." Eradication of prejudices,

for instance, or the casting down of idols? But within ourselves there is such a mass of prejudices, and we have placed before ourselves so many idols, that the people will unhesitatingly tell us: "Physician, heal thyself." (And they know our idols; they are quite able to discern things!)—Well, is it self-respect? Personal dignity?—But our people as a whole respect themselves far more than we; they respect and understand their dignity much more deeply than we. In fact, we are awfully ambitious, yet we do not respect ourselves at all, nor is there in us the feeling of personal dignity,—in no respect whatsoever. Well—to give an example—is it for us to teach the people respect for other men's convictions? Our people, even prior to Peter, have proved their respect for other men's convictions, whereas we, even among ourselves, do not forgive one another the slightest deviation from our convictions, and those even slightly disagreeing with us we consider scoundrels, forgetting that he who is apt to lose respect for others, to begin with, does not respect himself. Is it for us to teach the people faith in ourselves, in our strength? The people have their Foma Danilovs—thousands of them, whereas we do not believe in the least in Russian strength, and, besides, we regard this disbelief as sublime enlightenment and virtually as prowess.

What is it, finally, that we can teach? We loathe to the point of wrath everything that our people love and respect, for which their heart longs. So what sort of demophiles are we? It may be argued that we love the people all the more if we loathe their ignorance wishing them good. Nay, gentlemen, not at all: In fact, if we truly loved the people—and not merely in articles and books—we should come closer to them; we should take pains to study that which at present, altogether without thinking, abiding by European patterns, we seek to exterminate in them. If we should do this, perhaps, we ourselves might learn so many things that at present we cannot even imagine.

However, we have one consolation, one great superiority to our people, and this is why we so despise them: it is that they are nationally-minded and adhere to this with all their strength, whereas ours are cosmopolitan convictions, and, for this reason, we have lifted ourselves far above them. Now, herein is our whole dissension, our detachment from the people. And I directly proclaim: should we settle this point, should we find the point of reconciliation, at once our whole discord with the people would come to an end. Such a point exists; and it is very easy to find it. I repeat decisively that even our most radical disagreements, essentially, are nothing but a mirage.

CHAPTER II

1

A Conciliatory Dream Without Science

FIRST OF ALL, I shall set forth the most controversial, the most ticklish proposition, and I begin with it:

"Every great people believes, and must believe if it intends to live long, that in it alone resides the salvation of the world; that it lives in order to stand at the head of the nations, to affiliate and unite all of them, and to lead them in a concordant choir toward the final goal preordained for them."

I assert that it has been thus in the case of all great nations of the world; the most ancient and the youngest ones; that only this faith has raised them to the possibility, each one of them at its own time, of exercising an enormous influence upon the destinies of mankind. Such undeniably was the case of ancient Rome; so it was likewise in the case of Rome during the period of her Catholic existence. When the Catholic idea had been inherited by France the same happened there, and during almost two centuries France, till her most recent debacle and despondency, all the time and undeniably considered herself the mistress of the world at least in the moral domain, and at times also in the political field; the leader of its progress and the guide of its future. However, Germany has been dreaming about the same, and as against the universal Catholic idea and its authority, she set forth as her banner Protestantism and the unlimited freedom of conscience and exploration. This—I repeat—is more or less the case of all great nations in the zenith of their development.

I may be told that all this is an error, and the *confession* of those very nations may be cited, the admissions of their scientists and thinkers, who have been specifically writing about the joint significance of the European nations which, jointly, participated in the creation and consummation of European civilization, and, of course, I am not going to deny these admissions. However, leaving aside the fact that such final inferences of the admissions, generally, constitute the end of the active life of the peoples, I shall merely note that these very thinkers and confessors, no matter what they may have been writing about the universal harmony of nations, at the same time and in most cases, with their immediate, live and sincere sentiment, *continued to believe,* exactly as the masses of their peoples, that in that choir of nations which constitute world

harmony, and the jointly evolved civilization, they (the French, for instance) are heading the union; that they are the most progressive ones who are destined to lead, while the rest merely follow their leadership; that suppose they even borrow something from the other nations, nevertheless it is only a tiny bit, whereas the other peoples will borrow from them everything, the most essential; that these other nations can live only by their, the leaders', spirit and idea, and that they cannot act otherwise than embrace, in the long run, their spirit, and, sooner or later, merge with it.

Even in present-day France, despondent and spiritually dismembered, there is one such idea which, to our way of thinking, constitutes a new, perfectly normal phase of development of her former universal Catholic idea; virtually fifty per cent of the French believe even in our day that therein is concealed not only their salvation but that of the world, too,—that is, their French socialism. Of course this idea—their French socialism—is an erroneous and desperate one. However, at this juncture, it is not its quality that is important but the fact that it exists, that it actively lives, and that those who profess it entertain no doubts and are not despondent as the overwhelming portion of France.

On the other hand, look at virtually any Englishman, whether of the highest or lowest status, whether a lord or a worker, whether learned or uneducated, and you will be convinced that every one of them, above all, seeks to be an Englishman, to preserve himself as such in all phases of his life—private and public, political and cosmopolitan, and that he even endeavors to love mankind not otherwise than in the guise of an Englishman.

It may be said that even if this were true, if everything were as I maintain, nevertheless self-intoxication and self-conceit would be humiliating to those great nations; that their significance would be reduced by their egoism, by stupid chauvinism, and that not only would these fail to add to them vital energy, but, on the contrary, they would corrupt the life from the very beginning. It may be also argued that such insane and haughty ideas deserve not imitation but, on the contrary, extermination by the light of reason which destroys prejudices.

Now, let us say that, on the one hand, this is very true. Nevertheless the matter necessarily has to be examined in its other aspect, and then it will appear not only not humiliating, but quite the reverse. What is there in the fact that a youth with no life experience is dreaming of some day becoming a hero? Believe me that such haughty and arrogant ideas are, perhaps, more vivifying and useful to that lad than the certain prudence of a boy who already at the age of sixteen believes in the wise rule: "happiness is

better than knighthood." Believe me that the life of that former youth, even after the misfortunes and failures through which he might live, on the whole will still be more satisfying than the pacified existence of the prudent companion of his childhood even though he be destined to sit all his life on velvet. Such a faith in one's self is not immoral and not at all trivial boasting.

The same is true of the nations: let there be prudent, honest, moderate pacific peoples devoid of any impulses—merchants and shipbuilders—living opulently and in extreme tidiness. Well, God bless them, but all the same they will not go far; unfailingly, it will be mediocrity which in no way will serve the human race: such nations lack that energy, that great self-confidence, those three moving whales[1] upon which all great peoples stand. The belief that one wishes and can utter the last word to the world; that it can be revived through the abundance of one's vital force; faith in the sacredness of one's ideals, in the strength of one's love, of one's thirst for serving mankind—nay, such a faith is a guaranty of the loftiest life of the nations, and it is only through this faith that they are in a position to render to humanity the full measure of that service which at the time of their inception, they have been destined to render by nature herself, and to bequeath to future mankind. Only a nation fortified with such a faith is entitled to sublime life.

The ancient legendary knight believed that all obstacles would fall before him—all phantoms and monsters; that he would conquer everything and everybody; that he would achieve everything if only he abided by his vow of "justice, chastity and poverty." You may say that all these are legends and songs in which only Don Quixote can believe, and that the laws of actual life are quite different. If so, I will deliberately trap you, gentlemen, and I will prove that you are Don Quixotes yourselves; that you yourselves possess an identical idea in which you believe and through which you seek to revive mankind.

In fact, in what do you believe?—You believe (and I share your belief) in cosmopolitanism, *i.e.*, that the natural barriers and prejudices which until now have impeded the free intercourse of nations by the egoism of their national aspiration, some day will fall before the light of reason and consciousness, and that the peoples will then start living in one congenial accord, like brethren, sensibly and lovingly striving for universal harmony. Gentlemen, what can be loftier, more sacred, than this faith of yours? And the main thing is that nowhere in the world will you any longer find

[1]This refers to the Norse legend in which the universe is pictured as resting on the backs of three huge, moving whales.

this faith, for instance, in no people in Europe, where the individualities of the nations are circumscribed very sharply; where, if such a faith is to be found, it exists not otherwise than in the form of a metaphysical conception; true, an ardent and burning conception but nevertheless an abstract one. And in you, gentlemen, *i.e.,* not only in you but in all us Russians, this is a universal, live, fundamental faith. In Russia everybody believes in this consciously and simply, both the educated strata and, through live instinct, the common people to whom also religion prescribes belief in these same things. Yes, gentlemen, you think that you alone of all the Russian intelligentsia are cosmopolitans, while the rest are merely Slavophiles and nationalists. But this isn't so: Slavophiles and nationalists believe in identically the same things as you, and even more firmly than you!

I shall refer only to the Slavophiles: indeed, what have they been proclaiming through the mouths of their men of action, founders and representatives of their doctrine?—In direct, clear and precise statements they have been asserting that Russia, in conjunction with Slavdom, and at its head, will utter to the whole world the greatest word ever heard, and that that word will precisely be a covenant of universal human fellowship, and no longer in the spirit of personal egoism by means of which at present men and nations unnaturally, because of the struggle for existence, unite with each other in their civilization, setting moral boundaries to the free spirit by positive science, at the same time digging ditches for each other and spreading about each other lies, blasphemy and calumnies. The Slavophiles' ideal was communion in the spirit of true and broad love, devoid of deceit and materialism, and on the basis of the individual magnanimous example which the Russian people, at the head of the free all-Slavic communion in Europe, is destined to set.

You will tell me that you do not believe in this at all; that all these are abstract speculations. Yet here the important matter is not the question how one believes, but the fact that in Russia, despite all the discordance, people still agree and concur in this ultimate general idea of the universal fellowship of men. This fact is undeniable and, in itself, is surprising because this feeling, in the form of so vivid and fundamental an urge, exists in no other people. And if this be so, this means that in us, in all of us, there is a solid and specific national idea—precisely, *national.* Consequently, if the Russian national idea, in the last analysis, is but the universal fellowship of men, this signifies that our whole benefit should reside in the endeavor to finish, for the time being, our dissensions, and become Russians and national as quickly as pos-

sible. Our whole salvation is not to quarrel in advance about the question how, in what form, this idea will be realized, in yours or in ours, but for all of us to pass from the drawing-room directly over to business.

But precisely here lies the difficulty.

2

In Europe We Are Mere Canaille

Now, how did you get down to business? You started long ago, quite some time ago; however, what did you accomplish for cosmopolitanism, for the triumph of your idea? You began with aimless vagabondage throughout Europe led by the avid desire to be reborn into Europeans, at least outwardly. Throughout the entire eighteenth century we were doing nothing but imitating a guise. We were absorbing European tastes; we were even eating all sorts of filth, trying not to knit our brows: "See what an Englishman I am; I can eat nothing without cayenne pepper!" You think I am jeering?—Not in the least. I understand only too well that it was impossible to begin differently. Even prior to Peter, still under the Moscow czars and patriarchs, one young Moscow dandy of those days, one of the progressives, donned a French costume with a sword hooked at his side.

Precisely, we had to start with contempt for our own and for ours. If during two whole centuries we have remained at this point, without moving either backward or forward, such must have been the term fixed for us by nature. True, we did also move: contempt for everything that was our own as well as for ours has been increasing more and more, especially when we began to understand Europe more fully. However, the sharp segregation of nationalities and the sharply fixed patterns of national characters, in Europe, caused no confusion among us. We began precisely with a direct "elimination of all contrasts," and we thus evolved the cosmopolitan type of a "European," *i.e.*, from the very beginning we discerned the *general* which unites them all,—this is quite characteristic.

Thereupon, as time went on, having grown cleverer, straightway we laid hold of civilization, and at once we adopted a blind and faithful belief that, precisely, in civilization resides that "universality" which is destined to unite mankind. Even Europeans, looking upon us, aliens and newcomers, used to express surprise at the enthusiastic faith of ours, all the more so as they themselves—alas—began to lose, little by little, this faith in themselves. We

greeted with rapture the advent of Rousseau and Voltaire; together with the travelling Karamzin we touchingly rejoiced in 1789 over the convocation of the "Etats Généraux," and if later, at the end of the first quarter of the current century, we, in accord with the progressive Europeans, despaired over their vanished dreams and shattered ideals, nevertheless we did not lose our faith, and we even used to console the Europeans themselves. Even the "whitest" Russians at home, in their fatherland, forthwith grew red in Europe, which is also a most characteristic trait.

Then, in the middle of our century, some of us gained the honor of joining French socialism, accepting it without the slightest hesitation as the ultimate solution of cosmopolitan communion, *i.e.,* as the realization of that dream of ours which till then had rarely tempted us. Thus we mistook for the realization of our aim that which was the climax of egoism and barbarity; the pinnacle of economic muddle and confusion; the culmination of the calumny of human nature, and utter eradication of men's freedom. But this did not trouble us in the least. On the contrary, perceiving the sad perplexity of certain profound European thinkers, we, with utmost flippancy, forthwith called them scoundrels and blockheads. We completely believed—and still believe—that positive science is fully capable of determining the *moral* boundaries between the individual entities and the nations (as if science, were it capable of this, could reveal these mysteries prior to *the completion of the experiment, i.e.,* prior to the realization of all destinies of man on earth).

Our landowners sold their peasant serfs and proceeded to Paris in order to publish socialistic magazines, and our Rudins died on barricades. Meanwhile we became so detached from the Russian soil that we lost every conception of how much this doctrine differed from the soul of the Russian people. In truth, not only did we consider the Russian people's character as worthless but we even denied the existence of any character in them. We forgot to think of it, and with full despotic calmness we were convinced (even without raising any questions) that our people would immediately accept everything which we told them, in fact, ordered them. In this connection there circulated among the people several very amusing anecdotes. Our cosmopolitans in every respect have remained landowners in their relation to the people—even after the peasant reform.

And what did we achieve?—Strange results: mainly that in Europe everybody looked upon us mockingly, while the best and unquestionably clever Russians were viewed with haughty condescension. Not even emigration from Russia, that is political emigra-

tion, and the fullest renunciation of Russia, saved them from that haughty condescension. Europeans did not want to recognize us as their own despite anything, despite any sacrifices,—under any circumstances. This meant: *Grattez le Russe et vous verrez le Tartare.* And thus it stands up to the present. Among them we became proverbial. And the more, to please them, we despised our nationality, the more they despised us. We wriggled before them; subserviently we professed our "European" opinions and convictions, and they haughtily did not listen to us, and usually added with a polite smile—as if seeking to get rid of us as quickly as possible—that we "did not properly understand them." Specifically they were surprised at the fact that we, being such Tartars (*les Tartares*) utterly failed to become Russians, whereas we never were able to explain to them that we sought to be not Russians but cosmopolitans. True, of late, they managed to understand something. They came to realize that we want something which they fear and which is dangerous to them; they grasped the fact that there are many of us, eighty millions; that we know and comprehend all European ideas, while they do not know our Russian ideas, and that should they even come to know them, they would not understand them; that we speak all languages, while they—only their own.—Well, they began to surmise and suspect also many other things. It came to the point where they directly called us enemies and the future destroyers of European civilization. This is how they understood our passionate aim to become cosmopolitans!

And yet, under no circumstance can we renounce Europe. Europe is our second fatherland, and I am the first ardently to profess this; I have always professed this. To us *all* Europe is *almost* as dear as Russia; in Europe resides the entire tribe of Japheth, and our idea is the unification of all nations descending from that tribe; even much farther—down to Shem and Ham. Now, what's to be done?

First of all and above all to become Russians. If cosmopolitanism is a Russian national idea, then every one of us must become a Russian, *i.e.,* himself. Then everything will change—from the very first step. To become a Russian means to cease to despise one's own people. And just as soon as the European perceives that we have begun to respect our people and our nationality, he will at once begin to respect us. Indeed, the stronger, the more independent we grow in our national spirit, the more strongly and closely shall we reflect ourselves in the European soul, and having become related to it, we shall at once become more intelligible to it. Then they would no longer haughtily turn away from us but would listen to us. Then we should even change our outward

appearance. Having become ourselves, we should at last acquire a human, and not apish, countenance. We should acquire the appearance of free men, and not that of slaves, lackeys, of Potugin. Then we should be taken for human beings, and not for international outcasts, not for "the canaille" of Europeanism, liberalism and socialism. We should even talk to them more intelligently than at present because we should find in our people, in their spirit, new words which unfailingly would become more intelligible to Europeans. Besides, we ourselves should then understand that much of what we used to despise in our people is not darkness but precisely light; not stupidity but reason. And having grasped this, unfailingly, we should utter in Europe such a word as has never been heard before. We should then become convinced that the genuine social truth resides in no one else but our people; that their idea, their spirit contains the living urge of universal communion of men, a fellowship with full respect for national individualities, for their preservation, for the maintenance of complete liberty of men, with the indication of what liberty comprises, *i.e.,* loving communion, guaranteed by deeds, by the living example, by the factual need of brotherhood, and not under the threat of the guillotine, not by means of chopping off millions of heads. . . .

However, did I really intend to convince anyone?—This was merely a joke. But man is weak: maybe, some lad belonging to the young generation will read this.

Russian Satire. *Virgin Soil. Last Songs.* Old Reminiscences

This month I was also occupied with literature, *i.e.,* with belles-lettres, "elegant literature," and I read certain things with fascination. By the way, recently I have read a foreign opinion on Russian satire, *i.e.,* on our present-day, contemporaneous satire. It was expressed in France. There is one remarkable deduction—I forget the exact words but this is the meaning: "Russian satire is afraid, as it were, of a good deed in Russian society. When it encounters such a deed, it begins to feel disturbed and does not calm down until it discovers somewhere, in the underlying motive of that deed,—a scoundrel. At this juncture the satire at once starts rejoicing and shouts: 'This is in no sense a good deed; there is absolutely nothing to be glad of. You can see for yourselves that here, too, there sits a scoundrel!' "

Is this opinion just? I do not believe it is. I know only that

our satire has brilliant representatives who are very much in vogue. The public is very fond of satire; nevertheless, it is at least my conviction that this very public is much more fond of positive beauty, that it craves and thirsts for it. Count Leo Tolstoy, unquestionably, is the most beloved writer among the Russian public of all shades.

Our satire, no matter how brilliant, does in truth suffer from a certain indeterminateness—this, perhaps, may be said about it. At times, it is impossible to conceive, *in toto* and generally, what exactly our satire seeks to express. It does seem that it has no underlying motive; yet can this be so? The things in which it believes, in the name of which it condemns—these seem to be submerged in the darkness of uncertainty. It is impossible to determine what the satire itself considers to be good.

And, strangely, one begins to ponder over this question.

I have read Turgenev's *Virgin Soil,* and I am awaiting the second part.

By the way, I have been writing for thirty years, and throughout this whole period I have been struck by this amusing observation: all our critics—and I have been following literature almost forty years—those who are no longer and those still living, in a word, all those whom I remember; the moment they would start writing, with a touch of solemnness, some review of the current Russian literature—this is equally true of the present and of days past—(formerly our magazines used to give in January annual reviews), they would more or less invariably, and with great delight, resort to one and the same phrase: "In our day, when literature is in a state of such decadence," or "in our day when Russian literature is in a state of such stagnation," or "in our literary ill times," or "wandering through the deserts of Russian literature," etc.—The same thought twisted a thousand different ways.

Yet in the course of these forty years there appeared the last works of Pushkin; Gogol came and went; we had Lermontov; Ostrovsky, Turgenev, Goncharov and at least ten or more other most talented belles-lettrists who made their appearances. And this—in belles-lettres only! It may be positively asserted that in so short a period, never, in any literature, did there appear so many gifted writers as in Russia,—all along, without intervals. Even so, now, it must have been only last month, I was reading about stagnation in Russian literature and the "deserts of Russian belles-lettres."

However, this is merely an amusing observation—an altogether innocent thing which has no significance whatsoever. But it deserves a smile.

Naturally, I am going to say nothing about *Virgin Soil;*

everybody is awaiting the second part. Besides, it is not for me to speak. The artistic merit of Turgenev's creations is unquestioned. I shall only remark that on the top of page 92 of the novel (see *Messenger of Europe*) there are fifteen or twenty lines in which, in my opinion, is condensed, as it were, the whole idea of the work, the author's view of his subject. It is to be regretted that this view is quite erroneous, and I profoundly disagree with it. Those are the few words which the author says about Solomin, one of the characters in the novel.

In the January issue of *The Domestic Records* I have read Nekrasov's *Last Songs*. Passionate songs and words not fully told, as always in Nekrasov, but what painful moans of a sick man! Our poet is very sick and—this he told me himself—he sees clearly his situation. But somehow I don't believe it. . . . His is a strong and susceptible constitution. He is suffering terribly (he has some kind of an intestinal ulcer—a sickness which is even difficult to diagnose), but I refuse to believe that he will not survive till spring, and then he can go to some spa abroad, with a different climate, and his health will be restored—of this I am convinced.

Strange things happen to people. We rarely saw each other; we also had misunderstandings, but there was in our lives one incident which I could never forget, namely, our first meeting. And imagine, recently I called on Nekrasov, and he, the ailing and the jaded, from the very first words began to tell me that he remembered those days. Then—this was thirty years ago!—there happened something so youthful, so fresh and good which is forever preserved in the hearts of those who have lived through this experience. We were both slightly over twenty years old. I was then residing in Petersburg; one year before I resigned from the engineers' corps, not knowing why, full of vague and uncertain aspirations. This was in May, 1845. Early in the winter, suddenly, I began to write *Poor Folks*, my first novel; before that I had never written anything. Having finished the novel, I did not know what to do with it, and to whom it should be submitted. I had no literary acquaintances whatever, save D. V. Grigorovich; but in those days he, too, had written nothing except a short article *Petersburg Hurdy-Gurdy Men* for one of the almanacs. If I am not mistaken, he was about to leave for his estate for the summer, meanwhile living in Nekrasov's apartment. Having called on me, he said: "Bring your manuscript: [as yet he had not read it] Nekrasov intends to publish an almanac for the coming year; I will show it to him." I brought my manuscript. Nekrasov I saw but for a moment; we shook hands. I was perplexed by the thought that I had come with

my composition, and I quickly left having scarcely said a word to Nekrasov. I gave little thought to success, and I was afraid of *"the party of The Domestic Records,"* as people used to call it in those days. I had been reading Bielinsky with enthusiasm for several years, but he seemed threatening and dreadful, and, at times, I would say to myself: "He will ridicule my *Poor Folks!*"—but only at times. I wrote the novel passionately, almost with tears. "Is it possible that all this, all these minutes through which I have lived with pen in hand working on this novel,—can it be that all this is a lie, a mirage, a wrong sentiment?"—But, of course, thus I thought only now and then, and doubt forthwith returned to me.

In the evening of the same day that I submitted the manuscript, I went far off to visit a former friend of mine. All night we spoke about *Dead Souls* and read the novel for how long a time —I don't remember. In those days it used to be this way among young men; two or three of them would get together: "Gentlemen, shall we read Gogol?"—They would sit down and read, sometimes, all night. Then among the youth there were many who, as it were, were penetrated with something and were awaiting something.

I returned home at four o'clock, in a white Petersburg night, bright as a day. The weather was beautiful and warm, and upon entering my apartment I did not go to bed, but opened the window and seated myself in front of it. Suddenly I heard the bell ring. This surprised me very much. Presently Grigorovich and Nekrasov rushed upon me and in a perfect transport started embracing me, and both were almost crying.

In the evening they came home early, took my manuscript and began to read it, just for a test. "We shall be able to judge from the first ten pages." But having read ten pages, they decided to read ten more pages, and thereupon, without interruption, they sat all night till morning reading aloud and taking turns when one grew tired. "He is reading about the student's death,"—Grigorovich later told me, when we were alone—"and suddenly I notice, in that place where the father runs behind the coffin, Nekrasov's voice begins to falter, once, then a second time, and then, losing control over himself, he raps upon the manuscript with his palm, exclaiming: 'The rascal!'—meaning you. And thus all night."

After they had finished reading (112 pages in all), they unanimously decided to call on me immediately: "What does it matter that he is sleeping! We'll wake him up. *This* is more important than sleep!" Subsequently, having studied Nekrasov's disposition, I often wondered about this incident: his is a reserved, almost suspicious character, cautious and uncommunicative. At

least, this is how I always sized him up, so that the minute of our first meeting was in truth the manifestation of a most profound feeling.

They stayed with me half an hour, or so, and during that time we managed to discuss God knows how many topics, understanding each other from the first syllable, hastening, with exclamations. We spoke about poetry and truth and "the existing situation," and, it goes without saying, about Gogol, quoting from *The Revizor* and *Dead Souls,* but principally—about Bielinsky. "I will give him your novel today, and you will see—what a man! What a man! You will get acquainted; you will see what a soul he has!"—Nekrasov was telling me enthusiastically, with both hands shaking me by my shoulders. "Well, now sleep, sleep! We are leaving you, and tomorrow—come to us!" How could I sleep after their visit! What ecstasy! What a success! And principally —the sentiment was dear. I remember distinctly: "A fellow meets with success, he is praised, people meet him, congratulate him; but they came running with tears, at four o'clock, to wake me up because this is more important than sleep . . . Ah, how nice!" This is what I was thinking. How could I sleep!

That same day Nekrasov brought the manuscript to Bielinsky. He worshipped Bielinsky, and it seems that he loved him more than any one else in his life. At that time Nekrasov had not yet written anything as important as the things which he wrote shortly thereafter—one year thence. As far as I know, Nekrasov happened to come to Petersburg, all alone, at the age of sixteen. He also started writing almost at that age. I know little about his acquaintance with Bielinsky, but Bielinsky discovered him from the very beginning, and, perhaps, has exercised a strong influence upon the mood of his poetry. Notwithstanding Nekrasov's youthfulness in those days, and the difference in age between them, there must have transpired such moments, and such words must have been uttered as have a lasting effect and bind people with indissoluble ties.

"A new Gogol has appeared!"—exclaimed Nekrasov entering Bielinsky's apartment with my *Poor Folks.*—"Gogols grow like mushrooms in your midst"—severely remarked Bielinsky; but he took the manuscript. When, in the evening, Nekrasov again called on him, he found him in a state of real agitation: "Bring him, bring him along as soon as possible."

And now (this, then, was already the third day) I was brought to Bielinsky. I recall that, at first glance, I was struck by his appearance, his nose, his forehead. For some reason I imagined him—"this awful, this dreadful critic"—quite differently. He met me very gravely and with reserve. "Well,"—I said to myself—"thus

it should be." However, it seems that not one minute had passed when the picture radically changed: it was gravity of an individual, of a great critic meeting a twenty-two-year-old author—beginner, but, so to speak, gravity coming from his respect for those feelings which he sought to convey to me as quickly as possible. He began to speak ardently with burning eyes. "But do you, yourself, understand"—he repeated to me several times, screaming, as was his habit, —"what you have written!" He always screamed when he spoke in a state of great agitation. "You may have written, guided by immediate instinct, as an artist, but did you yourself rationalize all this dreadful truth which you have pointed out to us? It is impossible that at your age of twenty you could have understood it. Now, this unfortunate functionary of yours—why, he has so long and desperately sweated in service, he has reduced himself to such a state that he does not even dare to consider himself unlucky—from humility, and he is almost inclined to treat the slightest complaint as an act of free-thinking; he does not even dare claim his right to misfortune, and when a kind man, his general, gives him that hundred rubles,—he is crushed, annihilated by amazement that one like himself could be pitied by 'their excellency'—not 'his excellency' but 'their excellency' as he expresses himself in your novel! And that torn-off button! That minute when he kisses the general's hand,—why, this is no longer compassion for this unfortunate—this is horror, horror! In this very gratitude is his horror! This is tragedy! You have touched upon the very essence of the matter; by one stroke you have indicated the main thing. We, publicists and critics, we merely deliberate; we try to explain this with words, but you, an artist, with one trait, with one stroke, in an image, you set forth the very gist, so that one can feel it with one's own hand, so as to enable the least reasoning reader to grasp everything at once! This is the mystery of art! This is the truth of art! This is the artist's service to truth! To you, as an artist, truth is revealed and declared; it came to you as a gift. Treasure, then, your gift, be faithful to it, and you will become a great writer!" . . .

All this he was telling me then. All this he later told about me also to many others who are still living and who can corroborate my account. In a state of ecstasy I left him. I stopped at the corner of his house, looked at the sky, at the bright day, at passers-by, and with my whole being I felt that a solemn moment had occurred in my life, a break forever; that something altogether new had begun, something I had not anticipated even in my most impassioned dreams. (And in those days I was an awful dreamer.) "And am I in truth so great?"—I was bashfully asking myself in

a state of some timid ecstasy. Oh, don't you laugh! Later, never did I think that I was great, but then—was it possible to resist? —"Oh, I shall prove worthy of this praise.—And what men! What men! It is here that one finds men! I shall earn this praise! I shall endeavor to become as beautiful as they! I shall remain 'faithful'! How lightminded I am! And if only Bielinsky knew what nasty, shameful thoughts dwell within me! And yet people keep saying that these littérateurs are haughty and ambitious. True, such men are to be found only in Russia; they are lone, but only they possess the truth, and truth, the good, veracity always conquer and triumph over vice and evil. We shall triumph!—Oh, I long for them! I long to be with them!"

I was thinking all this; I recall that moment with fullest lucidity. Thereafter I never could forget it. This was the most delightful minute in my whole life. When I was serving my term of hard labor it fortified me spiritually every time I recalled it. Even now invariably I recall it with ecstasy.

And now, after thirty years, as I recently sat at the bed of the sick Nekrasov, I recalled the whole minute, once more living through it. I did not remind him of it in detail; I reminded him only of the fact that these minutes of ours did exist, and I could see that he remembered them. I knew that he did remember them. When I returned from Siberia he showed me a poem in his book. "At that time, this I wrote about you"—said he. Yet we have lived our whole lives apart. On his sick-bed he is now recalling his friends who are no longer:

> Their prophetic songs have been silenced:
> They fell victims of treason and spite
> In the blossom of youth, and their portraits
> Look on me with reproach and with blight.

"With reproach"—indeed, these are painful words. Did we remain "faithful"? Did we? Let everyone answer the question according to his own judgment, his own conscience. But do read these suffering sons yourselves, and let our beloved and passionate poet be revived in your hearts! A poet with passion for suffering! . . .

4

The Boy Celebrating His Saint's Day

Do you remember Count Tolstoy's *Childhood and Youth?* There, there is a little boy, the hero of the story. But he is not an ordinary boy, not like other children, and not like his brother

Volodia. He is only about twelve years old, yet such thoughts and feelings come to his mind as are not akin to those of children of his age. He gives himself passionately to his meditations and feelings, but he knows already that it is better to keep them to himself. Bashful chastity and lofty pride prevent him from revealing these dreams and sentiments. He envies his brother and considers him incomparably superior to himself, especially as far as alertness and the features of the face are concerned, and yet he has a secret presentiment that his brother in all respects is inferior to him; he tries to banish this thought which he regards as meanness. All too frequently he looks at himself in the mirror, and he comes to the conclusion that he is very ugly. The thought glimmers in his mind that nobody loves him, that he is despised. In a word, this is a rather unusual boy, and yet one belonging to that type of family of the middle-upper nobility strata of which Count Leo Tolstoy, in accordance with Pushkin's bequest,[1] was the full-fledged poet and historian.

Now, guests gather at their house, a large Moscow family house; the boy's sister celebrates her saint's day. Adults are accompanied by their children, boys and girls. Games are started; then dancing begins. Our hero is sluggish; he dances worse than the rest. He seeks to distinguish himself by wit, but in this he does not succeed,—and, as chance would have it, there are so many pretty girls here—and coupled with this is his perpetual thought, the persistent suspicion that he is the worst among all the others. In despair, he resolves to do something so as to astound everyone. In the presence of all the girls and all those uppish elder boys, who look down on him with utter neglect, suddenly, beside himself with disheartenment, with that feeling with which one leaps into an abyss forming itself under one's feet, he shows his tongue to the tutor and with all his strength he strikes him with his fist! "Now everybody knows what he is! He has made a display of himself!" Disgracefully he is dragged into a closet, and there he is locked up. Deeming himself lost forever, the boy begins to meditate: he will run away from home, he will enlist in the army; in a battle he will kill many Turks, and then fall wounded. Victory! "Where is our savior?"—cries everybody; he is kissed and embraced. Now he is back in Moscow. He strolls along the Tverskoy Boulevard with his bandaged arm. He meet the Emperor. . . . And suddenly the thought that the door will be opened and the tutor will enter with rods dispels those dreams like dust. Other dreams begin. All of a sudden he invents the reason why "everybody dislikes him

[1]Dostoievsky made a mistake: Leo Tolstoy was born in 1828; Pushkin died in 1837.

so": probably he is a foundling, and this is being concealed from him. . . . The whirlwind increases in strength: now he is dying; people enter the closet and find his body; "Poor boy!" Everybody pities him. "He was a good boy! It is you who ruined his life"—the father says to the tutor. . . . Tears choke the dreamer. . . . This whole story winds up with the child's illness, fever, delirium. This is a most serious psychological essay dealing with a child's soul. It is wonderfully written.

I have recalled this essay in detail intentionally. I received a letter from K—v in which the death of a child—also a twelve-year-old boy—is depicted. And . . . possibly there is something similar here. However, I shall quote parts of the letter without changing a single word in the quotations. The *topic* is curious.

"On November 8, after dinner, the news spread in town that a *suicide* had taken place: *a twelve- or thirteen-year-old boy,* a high-school pupil, had hanged himself. Here are the circumstances of the case. A school-master teaching a subject, the lesson of which, that morning, the deceased boy failed to learn, punished the boy by retaining him at school till five o'clock in the evening. The pupil walked around for a while; then he untied a rope from a pulley which he happened to notice; he tied the rope to a nail on which usually the so-called golden or red plate hangs which, for some reason, had been removed that day, and hanged himself. The watchman who had been washing the floor in the adjacent rooms, upon discovering the unfortunate boy, hastened to the inspector. The inspector came running; the suicide was extricated from the noose, but they failed to revive him. . . . What was the cause of the suicide? The boy was not inclined toward violence and bestiality; generally speaking, he studied well, and only of late he had received several unsatisfactory marks from his school-master, and for this he was punished. . . . It is rumored that both the boy's father, a very severe man, and the boy himself, that day celebrated their saint's day. Perhaps the youngster, with childish delight, was meditating how he would be greeted at home—by his mother, father, little brothers and sisters. . . . And now he has to sit all alone, hungry, in an empty building and ponder over the father's dreadful wrath which he will have to face, over the humiliation, shame and, perhaps, punishment which he will have to endure. He knew about the possibility of committing suicide (and who among children of our epoch do not know this?). One feels terribly sorry for the deceased boy, for the inspector, an excellent man and pedagogue, whom the pupils adore; one also feels afraid for the school within

whose walls such phenomena take place. What did the classmates of the deceased and other children studying there, among whom in the preparatory classes there are perfect little darlings, feel when they learned about the incident? Isn't this too harsh a training? Isn't too much significance attached to marks—to twos and ones, to golden and red plates, on the nails of which pupils hang themselves? Isn't there too much formalism and dry heartlessness in the matter of our education?"

Of course, one feels awfully sorry for the little boy celebrating his saint's day, but I will not enlarge upon the probable causes of this sad *incident,* and particularly upon "marks, twos, and excessive severity," etc. All these also existed before, and there were no suicides, so that the cause is not to be sought here. I took the episode from Count Tolstoy's *Youth* because of the similarity of the two cases; yet there is also an enormous difference. No doubt Misha, who celebrated his saint's day, killed himself not from anger and not merely from fear. Both these feelings—anger and pathological fear—are too simple, and these would more probably find *an outcome in themselves.* However, fear of punishment could have exercised some influence, especially in the presence of pathological suspiciousness. Nevertheless, even in this case the feeling could have been much more complex, and again it is very possible that there transpired something similar to what was depicted by Count Tolstoy, *i.e.,* suppressed, not yet conscious, childish queries, a strong feeling of some oppressive injustice, an early suspicious and painful perception of personal nullity, a pathologically developed query: "Why does *everybody* so dislike me?" a passionate desire to compel people to pity one, *i.e.,* a passionate thirst for love *on the part of them all,* and a multitude, a multitude of other complications and nuances.

The point is that these or other such nuances, unfailingly, were there, but there were also traits of some new reality, altogether different from that which prevailed in the pacified and firmly, long ago structuralized landowner's family of the middle-upper stratum of which Count Tolstoy was our *historian,* and apparently at that very epoch when the former order of nobility established upon the earlier landowners' foundations, was affected by some new, still unknown but radical change,—at least by some enormous regeneration into novel, still latent, almost utterly unknown forms. There is here in this incident of the boy celebrating his saint's day one particular trait distinctly belonging to our epoch. Count Tolstoy's boy could meditate with valetudinary tears of effete emotionalism in his soul that *they* would enter the closet and would

find him dead, and that they would begin to love and pity him, and blame themselves. *He could even have meditated about suicide,* but only meditated: the rigorous order of the historically formed noble family would have had its effect, even upon a twelve-year-old child, and would have prevented the *dream* from being converted into reality, whereas here—the boy *meditated* and *acted* accordingly.

However, in pointing this out, I am speaking not only about the present-day epidemic of suicides. One feels that here something is not so; that an enormous part of the Russian order of life was left entirely without observation and without a *historian.* At least, it is clear that the life of our middle-upper stratum of nobility, so graphically depicted by our belles-lettrists, already constitutes an insignificant and segregated little corner of Russian life. Who will be the *historian* of the other little corners, apparently, quite numerous? And if, in this chaos which has long prevailed—but which is particularly noticeable at present—in our social life, as yet, the normal law and guiding thread cannot be discovered, perhaps, even by an artist of Shakespearean magnitude,—who is going to elucidate at least a fraction of this chaos, even without the hope of finding the leading thread?

The principal thing is that, as yet, no one seems to be concerned about this matter,—that it is still premature even to our greatest artists. Unquestionably there is in Russia a life which is in a state of decomposition, and consequently this brings about a disintegrating family. However, we have the essential and a life forming itself anew, on novel foundations. Who will discern and indicate them? Who is in a position to determine and express—even though slightly—the laws of both this decomposition and the new construction? Or is this still too early? However, has even the old been fully noted?

From the Editor's Office

Despite my categorical statement in the preceding December issue of the *Diary,* people still keep sending me letters with the question: "Am I or am I not going to publish the new magazine *Light?*" and they enclose postage for replies. Once more, and for the last time, I am advising all inquirers that not I, but Nikolai Petrovich Wagner, is publishing the periodical *Light,* and that I am taking no part in its editorship.

Madam O. A. A—va, who wrote to Editor's Office concerning her work in connection with examinations, is requested to send her correct address. The former one, given by her, on Mokhovaia Street, proved erroneous.

FEBRUARY

CHAPTER I

1

Self-Appointed Prophets and Lame Coopers who Continue to Construct the Moon on Gorokhovaia Street. One of the Most Unknown Great Russian Men

THE EASTERN question, as heretofore, is before everybody's eyes. Much as we have tried to forget about it and divert ourselves with everything that happened to be around—with butter-week, *Virgin Soil,* bankruptcies, avowed scoundrels,—much as we endeavored to embrace cynicism, assuring everybody—and in the first place ourselves—"That nothing at all has happened; that everything was fabricated and counterfeited"; much as we sought to bury our heads under the pillow—like little children—to avoid seeing the grim phantom,—the phantom is still before our eyes; it did not depart anywhere; it stands and threatens as hitherto. Everyone—the wrathful cynic and the sincere citizen and the debaucher serenely diverting himself and the mere idler—everyone feels and remembers that there is this something,—something that has by no means been settled or finished, and yet pressing and necessary which, sooner or later, will unfailingly call and summon us for the dénouement and that without fail

Something surely must be done,
Somehow this must be concluded.

And the least we can do is to undertake something, or to conclude the thing somehow, and it would be best to conclude the thing in the best way.

Meanwhile time rolls and rolls; spring is on the way, and what is spring going to bring us? Some people cry that it is too late. This only God knows: there is always time for a good deed. Perhaps something may work itself out at least by spring. Maybe something will be finally settled, that is, at least for one year. For at present no one makes plans in Europe in connection with the Eastern question for more than one year, all the more so as Turkey herself can hardly last one year. And the point is not in Turkey, but what will remain after her. These final European decisions for one year are, perhaps, advantageous; well, to others—not very. And what is going to happen to the others, especially those others

who are beyond the Danube? However, only the Russian people think about them.

Yes, they do think. And say what you may, much as we have been exerting all our efforts, denying all winter our summer movement, yet, in my opinion, it did continue all winter throughout Russia, exactly as in the summer—undeviatingly and faithfully, but calmly and with the hope for the Czar's decision. And, of course, it will continue to the very end, despite our prophets who managed to discern—and precisely last summer—in the image of Russia only a sleeping, hideous, drunken creature which extended itself from the "icy Finnish rocks to the flaming land of Colchis," with a colossal bottle in its hands. To my way of thinking, even if these prophets of ours fail to see what gives life to Russia, so much the better: they will not meddle and hinder; and even should they start meddling, they would miss the target.

You see, here the point is that our Europeanism and our "enlightened" European view on Russia—is the same old moon which the same journeyman lame cooper is constructing on Gorokhovaia Street, and he is making it as badly as before,—this he is proving every minute. Only the other day he has also proved it. Henceforth he will be making it still more incompetently. Well, let him: a German, besides, a lame German. One has to have compassion.

And what does Russia care about such prophets? Nowadays we wouldn't even scratch our noses—past times have passed.

Some time ago there was mention in the newspapers that this winter more than one party of poor little children, total orphans belonging to families disrupted by the war, was brought to Moscow from the Slavic lands. They are being placed in private homes and institutions. It would be nice if, at length, all this should continue and be organized all over Russia on the largest possible scale: well, this is only a favor, while these little ones must be looked after for they are all *future* Slavs.

Apropos. I asked myself several times: how did those several hundred thousand mouths feed themselves—those Bulgarians, Bosnians, Herzegovinans and others who have fled from their torturers, after massacres and ruin, to Serbia, Montenegro, Austria and elsewhere at random? Taking into account the amount of money required for their subsistence and knowing that neither the Serbians nor the Montenegrins have at their disposal such sums and that at present they themselves have hardly anything to eat,—one fails to understand how these hundreds of thousands could feed themselves with their little children, how they managed to clothe themselves and their children in winter.

It is said that recently another "party of little ones," between the ages of three and thirteen years, was brought to Moscow; they were adopted by the Pokrov Community of the Sisters of Charity. It is also reported that the Sisters have placed these little Serbian girls together with Bulgarian girls who arrived earlier, and that they are supervised by a Sister who speaks the Serbian language, which makes the children glad and happy. Of course, the children are kept warm and comfortable, but a friend of mine who recently returned from Moscow related to me a most characteristic anecdote about these same children: the Serbian girls are sitting in one corner, and the Bulgarian girls in another, and they refuse either to play together or to speak to each other. When the Serbian girls are asked why they do not want to play with the Bulgarian girls, they answer: "We gave them arms to fight the Turks with us, but they hid the arms and did not go to fight the Turks." In my opinion, this is very curious. If eight- and nine-year-old babies speak this language, they must have picked it up from their fathers, and if such words of the fathers pass on to the children, this means that there is an unquestionable and awful discord between the Balkan Slavs. Yes, that eternal discord among Slavs! They perpetuate it in their traditions and preserve it in their songs, and without their enormous unifying center—Russia, there can be no Slavic accord, the Slavs will vanish altogether from the face of the earth—no matter what Serbian intelligentsia and European-civilized Czechs might be dreaming. . . . There are still many dreamers among them. Well, almost all of them are dreamers. . . .

Do you remember in Pushkin's *Songs of the Western Slavs —The Song about the Battle at Great Zenitza?* There, the insurgents, headed by Radivoy, started a campaign against the Turks.

> And Dalmatians, beholding our army,
> Turned up their long mustaches,
> Put their hats on awry
> And said: "Take us along with you!" . . .
>
> Beglerbey with his Bosnians
> Against us marched from Banialuki
> But as soon as their horses started neighing,
> And their crooked swords flashed in the sun
> On that sunny morn at the Great Zenitza,
> The Dalmatian traitors dispersed shamelessly!

By the way, I asked: "Do you remember *The Songs of the Western Slavs,*" etc. I can answer in advance for everybody that

nobody remembers either *The Song about the Battle at Great Zenitza* or Pushkin's *Songs of the Western Slavs* themselves. Well, save some specialists, philologists, or some very old men. Perhaps I am badly mistaken, but of this I am firmly convinced. And yet, do you know, gentlemen, that *The Songs of the Western Slavs* is Pushkin's masterpiece among his masterpieces, not to speak of the prophetic and political significance of these verses which appeared fifty years ago. The fact of the appearance in those days of these *Songs* in Russia is important: this is a presentiment of the Slavs on the part of the Russians; this is the Russians' prophecy to the Slavs about future brotherhood and communion. Even so I have never read in any criticism concerning these "Pushkin's compositions" that they were his *chef d'œuvre.* They were considered—so-so, whereas they are precisely a masterpiece, all that is sublime by reason of its significance.

In my judgment as yet, we have not begun to understand Pushkin: he is a genius who was many years ahead of Russian consciousness. He was already a Russian, a real Russian, who, by the power of his genius reshaped himself into a Russian, whereas we are still taking our lessons from the lame cooper. Pushkin was one of the first Russians who fully conceived in himself the Russian; who drew the Russian out of himself, and showed by his example how the Russian should look upon his people, and the Russian family and Europe, and the lame cooper, and the brethren Slavs. No Russian has ever held a more humane, a loftier, a saner view than Pushkin.

However, for the time being, I shall not enlarge upon this, but about *The Songs* I may merely remark that, as is known, they were borrowed by Pushkin from the French, from Merimée's book, *La Gouzla,* which, according to his own admission, he wrote haphazardly, without leaving Paris. This most talented French writer, subsequently a sénateur, almost a relative of Napoleon III, who is now dead, depicted in that *Gouzla* under the guise of Slavs, of course, only Frenchmen—even the French Parisians: they don't know how to write differently. To a real Frenchman there exists in the world nothing but Paris. Having read the book, and having addressed an inquiry to its author in Paris, Pushkin composed from it his *Songs, i.e.,* from the French depicted by Merimée he restored the Slavs, and of course, now these *Songs of the Western Slavs* are songs of genuine Slavs who even became related to the Russians.

It stands to reason that no such songs exist in Serbia; the Serbians have other songs, but this makes no difference: Pushkin's are all-Slavic, popular songs, which poured out of the Slavic heart,

expressing the spirit of the Slavs, their image, their meaning, their customs, their history. I would show to those highly educated Serbians, who last summer have been looking upon the Russians so distrustfully, for instance, Pushkin's song about *Georgi the Black* or that *Song about the Battle at Great Zenitza*. These two masterpieces among *The Songs* are diamonds of the first magnitude in Pushkin's poetry, and precisely because of this they are utterly unknown in our schools not only by the pupils but most probably also by the teachers who will be astonished to hear, for the first time, that these songs, and not *The Caucasian Captive,* not *The Gypsies,* are such masterpieces. And yet it would have been a good idea, at least during last year, to popularize *The Songs* in our schools.

However, judging by the course of events, it is doubtful that the Serbians will soon learn about this most unknown of all great Russian men. Thus, I believe, one can define our great Pushkin about whom thousands and tens of thousands among our intelligentsia do not know, that he was a poet, a Russian of great magnitude, for whose monument, up to the present, we were unable to collect the necessary sum,—this trait will be noted in our history. And the Serbians, upon reading these *Songs,* of course, would perceive what we think about their liberty, whether or not we respect it, whether or not we are rejoicing over it, and whether or not we seek to subject them to our rule and to deprive them of that liberty.

However, enough has been said about poetry. And let people not smile haughtily at me: "See, what trifles he is talking about!" This is no trifle: in Russia it is still necessary to speak much about Pushkin, and this for a long time in the future.

Home-Baked Giants and the Humiliated Son of the "Nest." An Anecdote about the Skin Stripped from the Back. The Superior Interests of Civilization and "Let Them Be Damned if They Are to Be Bought at Such a Price"

The Serbian Skupshtina which convened last month for one moment (for one hour and one-half—the papers reported) at Belgrade to decide upon one question only: "To conclude or not to conclude peace?"—that Skupshtina, as it is rumored, did not reveal a mood as exaggeratedly hasty and pacific as has been anticipated —taking into account all circumstances. It is said that it agreed to peace only because of some trick, some ministerial intrigue. At

any rate, if it is in the least true that the Skupshtina was not afraid of the continuation of the war, and taking into account their desperate situation, one, willy-nilly, asks himself: "Why did we shout so loudly about the cowardice of the Serbians?" I have been receiving letters from Serbia and I have talked with those arriving from there, and I particularly remember a letter from a youthful Russian, who remained there, who wrote about the Serbians with enthusiasm, expressing indignation over the fact that in Russia there are men who believe that Serbians are cowards and egoists. The enthusiastic Russian emigrant exculpates the self-mutilation of the Serbian soldier under Cherniaiev and Novoselov: you see, they are so tenderhearted a people, they love so dearly their "nest," where each one has left behind a wife, children, or a mother, sisters, brothers, a horse and a dog, that they forsake everything, mutilate themselves, shoot off their fingers, in order to become unfit for service and to return to their beloved nest as quickly as possible! Imagine, I can understand this tenderheartedness, and I also understand this whole process, and of course, in this case they are too tenderhearted a people, although, at the same time, they are rather dull children of their fatherland so that they do not themselves understand what their hearts are longing for.

In his tenderheartedness the Serbian inhabitant of the "nest," in my opinion, reminds me very much of those children whom most probably you remember since your childhood: suddenly, from a family, or even from a disrupted family, they find themselves in a school. Up to then the boy has lived only at home and has known nothing but his home; and suddenly—a hundred schoolmates, strange faces, noise, hubbub, everything quite different from things at home. God, what a torture! At home, perhaps, it was cold and he was hungry; still, he was loved, and even if he wasn't loved, nevertheless there it was *home,* he was alone at his home and by himself, whereas here—not a word of endearment on the part of the superiors; severity on the part of the tutors; such difficult subjects; such long corridors, and such inhuman mad-caps, affronters and mockers; how merciless are his schoolmates: "As if they were devoid of heart! As if they had neither father nor mother!" Thus far, he has been told that it was awful and disgraceful to lie and to offend, but here they all lie, cheat, offend and on top of that they laugh at his horror. For some reason here they took a dislike to him, because he weeps about his nest, he "pollutes the class." Presently the whole class begins to beat him mercilessly, all the time, with no reason, without anger—just for diversion.

I may note that in my childhood I met many such unfortunate children in various schools. And at times, what crimes of this kind are perpetrated in our educational institutions of every name and grade,—precisely crimes! And let a boy stupidly venture to lodge a complaint, and he will be beaten almost to death (yes, even to death). School children beaten mercilessly and heedlessly. For years they will tease him by calling him an "informer"; they will refuse to talk to him and will make him a pariah. And at the same time —what heartlessness and merciless indifference on the part of the superiors! In my childhood I do not recall a single pedagogue; nor do I suppose there are many of them at present—only functionaries receiving salaries.

And yet these very children who when entering school yearn for their families and their native nests,—precisely they in many cases subsequently develop into unusual, talented and gifted men. On the other hand, those children who, taken away from their families, quickly adapt themselves to any given order, who instantly get used to everything, who never yearn for anything, and even at once begin to lead others,—they, as a rule, turn out inept or simply bad people, cunning fellows and intriguers ever since the age of eight. Of course, I am judging too generally; nevertheless, in my opinion, he is a bad child who, when entering school, does not secretly yearn for his family, save in a case where he had no family at all, or the family was a thoroughly bad one.

Willy-nilly, I compared such a boy, suffering during his first days at school, with the Serbian recruit—self-mutilator. I was unable to explain his unfortunate, unreasoning, almost animal-like desire to throw down the rifle too hastily and flee home otherwise than by the same feeling. The only difference is that in this desire, incredible, phenomenal dullness is revealed. He brushes aside, as it were, the thought that if everybody, even as he, is going to disperse, there would be no one left to protect the country, and thus some day the Turks would come to his "nest" too, and would destroy that beloved "nest" of his, and would slaughter his mother and fiancée and sister, and their horse and dog. In fact, in much too many Serbian hearts the suffering for the native nest did not attain the level of suffering for the native land, which is a strange phenomenon. True, now that their war is finished and peace is concluded, it may be remarked that the hearts of the upper Serbian intelligentsia far from always attained the level of suffering for their fatherland; however, this was due to a different cause than in the case of the lower hearts. In the upper stratum this is caused, perhaps, by an excessively strong political ambition. Thus, because

of the "superior" interests of their native land these superior hearts had almost no time to occupy themselves with the lower, popular, so commonplace interests.

However, concerning the lower Serbian, I believe, it is nevertheless possible to make one curious remark. Indeed, one cannot attribute his self-mutilations, his flights from the battlefield, to anything but tenderheartedness and dullness of the mind. It seems to me that, when deserting his colors and fleeing home, he was quite able to understand that he was doing a bad thing, and very possibly he was the first to blame himself. At the same time, he never believed that, if he deserted, his native country would be left defenseless and without protection: "Oh, heroes will remain,—the Kireevs, Cherniaievs, the Russians, will remain, and even his stern Serbian superiors, while what is he?—An imperceptible particle, trash—nothing else. He will quit, and no one will even miss him . . ."

To my way of thinking this was the feeling that dwelt in him. This is very curious; it is characteristic of the people: at the top, braggarts, civilized Europeans dreaming about the subjugation of all Slavs into one Serbia, intriguing even against Russia, in a word, genuine Europeans, the Khorvatovichs and the Marinovichs just like the Moltkes and the Bismarcks. At the other end, side by side with these giants,—the humiliated son of the "nest," precisely humiliated by four centuries of slavery: it is due to this humiliation that he considers himself a nullity, an imperceptible particle: "The giants will stay where they are and no one will notice me. I am so tiny, while they are such eternal masters. . . ."

I was reading somewhere that some of these stern masters, beholding a lower Serbian ready to desert his colors, straightway shot his head off with a pistol: "See, what iron dukes we too could manage to become!" It would seem that they are treating their common people over there somewhat haughtily.

Generally, the upper Slavs "with a glorious future"—in any event are extraordinary curious folk in political, civic, historical and all sorts of respects.

At present, when Cherniaiev has already departed from there, and volunteers have been sent away, they, *i.e.*, their military men, express a strategic thought about which we have heard nothing heretofore. They maintain that their Serbian is altogether unfit for service in a regular army in open battle, whereas the popular Serbian war is "the small war," *i.e.*, guerrilla warfare, warfare conducted by bands in forests, passes, from behind stones and rocks. Well, this may be so. However, because they have already concluded peace,

it is now hardly possible to verify this. At least, they will remain with this strategic conviction. Well, this too is a consolation in misfortune.

Will this peace last long?—But to say a farewell word about this Serbian war in which we Russians, almost to the last man, so sincerely participated with our hearts, it seems to me that the Serbians are parting with us and with our assistance with even greater suspiciousness than they have been greeting us at the beginning of the war. One may also conclude that this suspiciousness toward us will be increasing as long as they themselves develop and grow mentally,—this means a very long time. This also means that above all we should be paying no attention to their suspiciousness and that we should be acting as we see fit.

Concerning the Eastern question, we must relentlessly bear in mind one truth: that the main Slavic problem is not merely the liberation of the Slavs from their torturers but that this liberation be accomplished, though with the assistance of the Russians (for it cannot be otherwise—if only they could do without the Russians!) yet at least, so as to remain indebted to the Russians as little as possible.

It is said—this was told to me by that same friend who returned from Moscow—that among the Slavic children brought to Moscow there is a child, a little girl of the age of eight or nine years, who often faints, and she is being specially cared for. She is fainting from a reminiscence: she saw with her own eyes how last summer Circassians stripped the skin from her father—they tore it off completely. This reminiscence clings to her tenaciously, and quite probably will last forever, with years, perhaps, growing milder, although I wonder if in such a case it can be softened. Oh, civilization! Oh, Europe, whose interests would so suffer should she earnestly forbid the Turks to strip the fathers' skins in the presence of their children! Of course, these superior interests of European civilization are: commerce, maritime navigation, markets, factories —what in the eyes of Europe can be more important? These are interests which not only fingers but even thought is not allowed to touch, but "let them be damned—the interests of European civilization!" This is not my exclamation. This is what *The Moscow Gazette* exclaimed, and I deem it an honor to second this exclamation: Yes, yes, let them be damned—these interests of civilization, and even civilization itself if for its preservation it be necessary to strip the skin from men. However, this is a fact: for the preservation of civilization it is necessary to strip the skin from human beings.

3

About Stripping Skins in General and Various Aberrations in Particular—Hatred of Authority Coupled with Lackeyism in Thought

"From men? From what men?—Only from a tiny portion of human beings—somewhere there, in a little corner, from a Turkish subject about whom no one would even have heard had the Russians not heralded it. As against this, an enormous part of the organism is alive, healthy and thrives—trades and manufactures!"

This story about the little fainting Bulgarian girl was related to me in the morning, and that same day I happened to be on the Nevsky Prospect. There, shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, mothers and nurses take out children, and suddenly an involuntary thought weightily fell upon my mind: "Civilization!"—I was saying to myself—"Who dares to speak against civilization?" Nay, civilization does mean something: at least, these children of ours peacefully walking here, on the Nevsky Prospect, will not see how the skin is being stripped from their fathers; nor will mothers behold how these children will be thrown up into the air and caught on bayonets, as happened in Bulgaria. At least this advantage of ours must be credited to civilization! And let it exist only in Europe, *i.e.,* only in one little corner of the globe, a corner which is rather small compared with the surface of our planet (a dreadful thought!). Nevertheless it does exist, even though in a little corner—it exists, true, at the high price of skinning our own brethren somewhere there, at the border; nevertheless, here, at least, it exists. To think that only formerly, even recently, solidly, civilization existed nowhere, not even in Europe, and if now we have it in Europe, it is for the first time since this planet has come into existence! Nay, after all, this has already been achieved and can never be retracted. This is an extremely important consideration which involuntarily penetrates one's soul; it is not at all so small that it wouldn't be deserving of one's attention, all the more so as the world is still, as hitherto,—a mystery, despite civilization and its acquisitions. God knows with what things the world is pregnant, and what may happen in the future, even in the immediate future.

And as I was about to exclaim to myself with rapture: "Long live civilization," suddenly I began to doubt everything: "Well, has this been really achieved for these children on the Nevsky Prospect? Say, isn't this a mirage even here, and are we not merely being deceived?"

Do you know, gentlemen, I came to the conclusion that it

was a mirage, or—to put it more mildly—almost a mirage. And if skins are not stripped from the fathers in the presence of their children on the Nevsky,—well, this is only by accident, so to speak "owing to circumstances beyond the public's control" and, of course, also because policemen are standing on the corners.

Oh, I hasten to explain: By no means am I alluding to some allegory; nor am I hinting at the suffering of some present-day proletarian, or at a parent who says to his seven-year-old son: "Here's my covenant: if thou stealest five rubles, I shall damn thee; if thou stealest one hundred thousand I shall bless thee." Nay, I am using my words literally. I mean literally skinning, that very stripping of skins which took place last summer in Bulgaria, and in which, it appears, the victorious Turks are so eager to indulge. And it is about this skinning that I am asserting that if it does not occur on the Nevsky, it is "only by accident, owing to circumstances beyond our control," and, principally, because for the time being it is prohibited, whereas if we had our own way, perhaps this would be transpiring notwithstanding all our civilization.

To my way of thinking, if one were to tell the whole truth, they are simply afraid of some custom, some rule accepted without proof,—almost of a prejudice. However, if some "competent" men would "prove" that, at times, it is useful to the common cause to strip the skin from a certain back, and that even though this is repugnant, nevertheless "the aim justifies the means,"—were one to start saying these things in a competent style and in the presence of opportune circumstances, believe me, forthwith performers would appear, and besides,—from among the jolliest.

Let this be a very droll paradox of mine! I am the first to subscribe to this definition with my two hands, nevertheless, I assure you that precisely this would take place. Civilization exists; its laws exist; there is even faith in them. Yet were a new vogue to appear, a multitude of men would promptly change. Of course, not all of them; still there would remain such a tiny handful of them that you, my reader, and I should be surprised, and who knows where we ourselves should land—among the skinners or the skinned.

Naturally, people will start shouting straight to my face that all this is trash, that never can such a vogue come into existence, and that this much, at least, civilization did attain. Gentlemen, what naïveté on your part! You are laughing? Well, and what about France in 1793 (not to peep into more recent events)? Hasn't there been firmly established there this very vogue of stripping skins—and this under the guise of the most sacred principles of civilization;—this after Rousseau and Voltaire! You may say

that all this is not at all so; that this was very long ago. Still, please observe that, perhaps, I am resorting to history solely for the purpose of avoiding discussion of current things. Believe me, the most complete aberration both in the minds and hearts of men is always possible, and in Russia, specifically in our time, not only is it possible but, judging by the course of events, it is inevitable. Look: are there many among us who agree as to what is good and what is bad? And this refers not only to so-called "truths" but even to any question taken at random. And how swiftly changes and metamorphoses are taking place among us! What are the Moscow "jacks of hearts"? It seems to me that they merely represent that fraction of Russian nobility which was unable to endure the peasants' reform. Even if they are not landowners themselves, they are the children of landowners. After the peasants' reform, they fillipped their cravats and started whistling. Nor was the peasants' reform the sole cause here: simply, they could not manage to endure the "new ideas." "If all the things we were taught were prejudices, what then shall we follow? If there is *nothing*, this means that one may do *everything*—that's the idea!" Please note that this is an incredibly common idea: nine-tenths of the adherents of the new ideas are professing it; in other words, nine-tenths of the progressives are even unable to understand them differently. In our midst Darwin, for example, is promptly converted into a pickpocket—that is what a "jack of hearts" is.

It stands to reason that mankind has stored a great number of humane rules which have formed themselves in the course of centuries, and some of these rules are taken as inviolable. But what I wish to say is that despite all these rules, tenets, religions, civilization, only the most imperceptible minority of mankind is saved by them. True, they are those who prove to be victors, but this—only in the long run, whereas in contemporaneous things, in the current course of history, men, as it were, remain always identical, *i.e.*, in their overwhelming majority, they are devoid of the slightest firm conception of the sense of duty, of the sense of honor; so that were a new vogue to come into existence, they would all start running about naked,—and with what pleasure!

Rules are there, but men are in no manner ready for them. I might be told that it is not necessary to get ready, and that it is only necessary to discover what these rules are. But is this so? Are these rules, no matter what they be, likely to survive for a long time if one is so eager to run about naked?

I think this way: it is possible to rationalize and to perceive a thing correctly and at once, but to become a man at once is impossible: one has to mould oneself into a man. Here discipline

is required. But it is precisely this relentless self-discipline that our present-day thinkers reject; they say: "There was too much despotism; liberty is needed." However, this liberty leads the overwhelming majority to nothing but lackeyism before another man's thought, since people are awfully fond of things which are offered them ready-made. Moreover, thinkers are proclaiming general laws, *i.e.*, such rules as will suddenly make everybody happy, without any refinement: let only these rules come into existence. Why, even if this ideal were feasible, no rules, even the most obvious ones, could be put into practice with *unfinished* men. Now, it is in this relentless self-discipline and uninterrupted work on one's self that our citizen could reveal himself. And it is with this magnanimous work on one's self that one has to begin in order to lift our *Virgin Soil,* otherwise there is no need of lifting it.

Is this so?—But the main thing is that we do not know what's good and what's bad. We have lost every instinct in this respect. We have smashed to pieces all former authorities and we have inaugurated new ones. Yet he among us who is slightly cleverer than the rest, does not believe in them, while he who is bolder spiritually becomes "a jack of hearts." Moreover, honest to God, he will begin to strip the skin, and on top of it, he will proclaim that this is useful to the general cause, and therefore sacred. How then, in what sense, can one start working for self-improvement if it is not known what's good and what's bad?

The Metternichs and the Don Quixotes

But in order not to speak abstractly, let us turn to this theme. Now, we actually do not strip the skins. Moreover, we do not like it. (Only, God knows: the amateur oftentimes hides; he is little known; he is bashful—for the time being, he is "afraid of prejudice.") However, if we don't like it at home and *never do it,* we should hate it in others. And it is not enough to hate: we must not permit anyone to strip the skins; yes, we simply must not permit it. And yet is this so in reality?—The most indignant among us are not as indignant as they should be. I am speaking not only about the Slavs: if we are so compassionate, we should be acting in the measure of our compassion, and not within the limits of a ten-ruble contribution. I might be told that it is impossible to give away everything. With this I agree, although I don't know why. Indeed, why not everything? Precisely, that's the point: one does understand absolutely nothing even in one's own nature. And suddenly the question of "the interests of civilization" is set forth with enormous authority.

The question is put directly, clearly, scientifically and with candid cynicism. "The interests of civilization are production, wealth, tranquillity required by capital. Enormous, uninterrupted and progressive production at lower prices is needed in view of the great increase in the number of proletarians. By giving employment to the proletarian, we are thereby placing at his disposal articles of consumption at reduced prices. The calmer it is in Europe, the lower are prices. Consequently, tranquillity must prevail in Europe. The bustle of war will chase away production. Capital is cowardly; it will be scared by the war and will go into hiding. If one were to restrain the Turks' right to strip the skin from the back of the Gentile, it would be necessary to start a war; and if war were to break out, at once Russia would come forward; this would mean such a complication in the prosecution of the war as would drag the whole world into it. Then—good-by production, and the proletarian would be thrown out into the street. But the proletarian in the street is dangerous. In parliamentary speeches it is already being stated directly and candidly, aloud so that the whole world hears it, that the proletarian is dangerous, that among proletarians there is unrest, and that they listen to socialism. No, better let them there, somewhere in the wilderness, strip the skin. The inviolability of the Turkish rights must be upheld. It is necessary to quench the Eastern question and permit the skinning. Besides, what are these skins? And are two or three some such skins worth the tranquillity of Europe—well, let's say—twenty, all right—thirty thousand skins—what's the difference? If we want, we will hear nothing; we'll stop our ears . . ."

Such is the opinion of Europe (perhaps, her decision). Such are the *interests of civilization,* and, again—let them be damned! And all the more damned as the aberration of the minds (Russian minds in particular) is inevitable. The question is put squarely. What is better—that many tens of millions of workers be thrown out into the street, or that only units of the millions of Gentiles should suffer at the hands of the Turks?—Numbers are set forth; people are being scared with figures. In addition, politicians and wise teachers come forward: there is such a rule—they claim—such a doctrine, such an axiom which reads that the morality of one man, of one citizen, of a single unit—is one thing, and the morality of the state—another thing. Thus, that which in a single unit, in a single individual, is regarded as villainy, in the case of an entire state may acquire the guise of greatest wisdom!

This doctrine is very popular and antiquated, but be it also damned. Principally, let them refrain from scaring us with figures. Let Europe have it as she pleases, but let it be different with us.

It is better to believe that happiness cannot be purchased with villainy than to feel happy, knowing that villainy has been tolerated. Russia has never been able to produce her real Metternichs and Beaconsfields. On the contrary, during her whole European life she has lived not for herself, but for alien, precisely "cosmopolitan interests."

Indeed, in the course of these two hundred years, perhaps, there may have been instances when, at times, she has endeavored to imitate Europe and has set up at home her Metternichs, but somehow it always turned out in the long run that a Russian Metternich suddenly—much to the surprise of Europe—proved to be a Don Quixote. Naturally, the Don Quixote was ridiculed. But it seems that now the time has come, and the Don Quixote begins not to amuse but to frighten. The point of the matter is that he has undeniably rationalized his status in Europe, and he is no longer going to fight against windmills. As against this he has remained a faithful knight, and this, to them, is the most dreadful thing.

As a matter of fact, people shout in Europe about "Russian usurpations and Russian cunning"; but this is done for one purpose only—to frighten her mob whenever necessary, whereas the bawlers themselves do not believe this at all—they never did. On the contrary, in the image of Russia, they are perplexed and frightened by something truthful, something too disinterested, honest, loathing both graft and grab. They have a presentiment that Russia cannot be bribed with, and induced by, any political advantage to a covetous or violent act—save, perhaps, by deceit. However, even though Don Quixote is a great knight, nevertheless, at times, he can be awfully sly so that he will not let himself be deceived. England, France, Austria—in fact, is there over there even a single nation with which an alliance could not be formed, at an opportune moment, for a political gain with a forcible covetous aim?—It is only necessary not to miss the moment at which the bribed nation can sell herself at the highest price. Alone Russia cannot be lured into any unjust alliance,—at any price. And inasmuch as, at the same time, Russia is terribly strong, and her organism is obviously growing and maturing not by days but by hours, which is perfectly understood in Europe (despite the fact that, at times, they are shouting that the colossus has been undermined),—how can they not be fearing?

Apropos: this view on the incorruptibleness of Russia's foreign policy and her perpetual service to the interests of mankind as a whole, even to her detriment, is vindicated by history, and to this special attention should be paid. Herein is our distinction from

Europe. Moreover, this view of the character of Russia is so little known, that even in our midst there are but few who would believe it. Of course, *errors* of Russian policy should not be charged to Russia's account, since we are dealing here only with the spirit and ethical character of our policy, and not with its successes in the past and long past. In the latter respect, in ancient times, we actually did have windmills, but I repeat, it seems that their time has passed forever.

Nay, speaking seriously: what is there in prosperity which is bought at the price of untruth and skinning? Let that which is truth to man as an individual be also truth to the nation as a whole. Yes, of course, one may be temporarily put to a loss, one may be impoverished for the time being, deprived of markets; one's production may be curtailed and the cost of living may increase. But let the nation's organism remain morally healthy, and the nation will undoubtedly gain more, even materially.

Let it be noted that Europe has unquestionably reached the point where she treasures most the current gain, the gain of the actual moment—even at any price,—since over there, they are living merely from day to day, by the present minute only, and they even do not know themselves what is going to happen to them tomorrow. However, we—Russia—we still believe in something lasting, which moulds itself in Russia, and therefore we seek permanent and essential gains. It is also for this reason that we, as a political organism, have always believed in eternal morality, and not in a relative one, good but for a few days.

Believe me, Don Quixote, too, knows his gains and knows how to calculate: he knows that he will gain in his dignity and in the cognizance of it if only, as heretofore, he remains a knight. Besides, he is convinced that, by following this road, he will not deprive himself of the sincerity in the quest of the good and truth, and that this knowledge will fortify him in his further career. Finally, he is convinced that such a policy is also the best school for the nation. It is imperative that the "jack of hearts" should not dare to tell me straight to my face: "Why, with you, too, everything is relative and based upon gain." It is necessary that also the enthusiastic lad should come to love his nation instead of going to seek truth and the ideal on the outside and without society. And when the time of our hard—terribly hard—school is over, he will end by loving his nation. Truth, even as the sun, cannot be hidden. Russia's mission, in the long run, will become clear even to the most distorted minds both in our midst and in Europe. Why are, at present, in Russia, such aberrations of the minds possible as nowhere else?—Because, owing to an order of

things that has lasted a century and a half, our intelligentsia *in toto* did nothing but disaccustom itself from Russia, and it finished by a complete disacquaintance with her, maintaining relations with her only through the bureaucratic chancery. With the reforms of the present reign a new era came into existence. The work has started and it cannot stop.

And Europe has read the autumnal manifesto of the Russian Emperor and has memorized it; she has memorized it not only for the current moment but for a long time to come, for future current moments. If necessary, we shall draw the sword on behalf of the oppressed and unfortunate, even though to the detriment of our immediate advantage. But let at the same time our faith grow still firmer that precisely herein lies Russia's genuine mission, her strength and truth, and that the self-sacrifice for the oppressed and forsaken by everybody in Europe, in the interests of civilization, is a real service to its actual and true interests.

Nay, it is necessary that in political organisms the same Christ's truth be recognized as by any believer. Somewhere at least this truth must be preserved; some nation at least must radiate. Otherwise what would happen? Everything would be dimmed, distorted and would be drowned in cynicism. Otherwise you would be unable to restrain the morality of individual citizens, too, and in this event how is the entire organism of the people going to live? Authority is needed. It is necessary that the sun shine. The sun appeared in the East, and it is from the East that the new day begins for mankind. When the sun is shining in its full glory, then it will be understood what the real "interests of civilization" are. Otherwise the banner bearing the inscription "*Après nous le déluge*" will be hoisted. Is it possible that this supposedly so glorious "civilization" will lead the European man to such a motto and will be done with him? It comes to this.

2830

CHAPTER II

1

One of the Principal Contemporaneous Questions

PERHAPS MY readers have already observed that in publishing my *Writer's Diary*, now over one year, I endeavored to speak as little as possible about the current events in Russian literature, and even when I did venture to say a few words on this subject, they were in an enthusiastically eulogistic tone. And yet, in this

voluntary abstinence of mine—what an untruth! I am a writer, and I am writing *A Writer's Diary*. Why, perhaps I, more than anyone, have been interested all this year in the things that have been appearing in literature: is it necessary to conceal?—Maybe these were the strongest impressions. "You are a writer, a belles-lettrist yourself,"—I would say to myself—"and therefore your every opinion on belletristic literature, with the exception of unconditional eulogy, would be regarded as partial; unless you speak about phenomena of the remote past." This was the consideration which has been restraining me.

Even so, this time, I shall venture to disregard this consideration. I shall discuss nothing in a purely belletristic and critical sense unless I am forced to do so,—"apropos." And now there arises a pretext. The point is that a month ago I came across so serious and characteristic a work in current literature that I have read even with surprise because I have long ceased to expect in fiction anything of this kind, and on such a scale. In a writer—artist *par excellence,* pre-eminently a belles-lettrist, I read three or four pages of genuine "topics of the day"—everything that is of the greatest moment in our Russian political and social problems being as it were brought into one focus. And what is most important—with the utterly characteristic nuance of the current moment, precisely as this question is being put at this very moment,—as it is being put and is being left unsolved. I am referring to several pages in *Anna Karenina* by Count Leo Tolstoy, in the January issue of *The Russian Messenger.*

Concerning the novel itself I shall say only a word, and this only in the way of a most necessary preface. I started reading it, as we all did, very long ago. At first, I liked it. Later, though the details continued to please me—so that I was unable to tear myself away from them—on the whole I began to like the novel less: I kept thinking that I had already read it somewhere—precisely in *Childhood and Youth,* by the same Count Tolstoy, and in his *War and Peace,* and that there it was even fresher. The same story of a Russian noble family, although the plot was different: characters, such as Vronsky (one of the heroes of the romance), who can speak of nothing but horses, and who is even unable to find a subject for conversation other than about horses, are, of course, curious from the standpoint of ascertaining their type, but very monotonous and confined to a certain caste only. For instance, it seemed to me that the love of this "stallion in uniform," as a friend of mine called him, could have been depicted only in an ironical tone. However, when the author began to introduce me seriously into the inner world of his hero, I seemed to be bored. And then, sud-

denly, all my prejudices were shattered: the scene of the heroine's death (later she recovers) explained to me the essential part of the author's design. In the very center of that petty and insolent life there appeared a great and eternal living truth, at once illuminating everything. These petty, insignificant and deceitful beings suddenly became genuine and truthful people, worthy of being called men, solely because of a natural law, the law of human death. Their shell vanished, and truth alone appeared. The last ones developed into the first, while the first ones (Vronsky) all of a sudden became the last, losing their halo in humiliation; but having been humbled, they became infinitely better, worthier, more truthful than when they were the first and the eminent. Hatred and deceit began to speak in terms of forgiveness and love. Instead of worldly, beau-monde conceptions there appeared humaneness. They all forgave and acquitted one another. Caste and exclusiveness suddenly vanished and were rendered impossible, and these paper people began to resemble genuine human beings! There proved to be no guilty ones: they all accused themselves unconditionally, and thereby they at once acquitted themselves. The reader felt that there is a living truth, a most real and inescapable truth, which has to be believed, and that our whole life, all our troubles, both the petty and disgraceful ones and those which we often consider as our gravest ones,—they all are mostly but petty and fantastic vanity which falls and disappears even without defending itself before the moment of the living truth.

The most important thing was the indication that such a moment actually exists, although it rarely appears in its glaring fullness, and in some lives it does not appear at all. This moment was found and revealed to us by the novelist in all its terrible truth. He proved that this truth actually exists not merely as a matter of belief, not only as an ideal, but inevitably, inescapably, obviously. It seems that this is precisely what the novelist sought to prove to us when he was conceiving his novel. The Russian reader has to be often reminded about this eternal truth: in Russia many people begin to forget it. This reminder was a good act on the part of the author—to say nothing about the fact that he executed it as a sublime artist.

After that the romance continues to follow its course. But somewhat to my surprise, in the sixth part of the novel I came across a scene reflecting the real "topic of the day," and what is most important—it appeared not intentionally, not tendentiously but it arose precisely from the artistic essence of the novel. Nevertheless, I repeat, this, to me, was unexpected and I was somewhat astonished. Somehow, I didn't think that the author would venture

to lead his heroes, in their development to such "pillars." True, the whole purport of reality is in these "pillars," in this extremeness of the deduction. Without it the novel would even have assumed an indeterminate appearance, in no way conforming to either the current or the essential Russian interests: there would be designed some little corner of life, with a deliberate neglect of the main and most disturbing element in that life.

However, it seems that I am most decidedly embarking upon criticism, and this is no business of mine. I merely mean to point to one scene. It is nothing but two characters revealing themselves precisely in that aspect in which at present they may be most typical for us, and thereby that type of men, to which these two persons belong, is shown by the author in the most curious light from the standpoint of their contemporaneous social designation.

They are both noblemen, hereditary noblemen and original landowners. Both are depicted after the peasant reform. Both used to be "serf landowners," and the question arises: What remains of these noblemen—in the sense of their noble status—after the peasant reform? Inasmuch as the type of these two landowners is very common, the question is partly settled by the author. One of them is Stiva Oblonsky, an egotist, a refined Epicurean, a Moscow resident and a member of the English Club. As a rule these men are regarded as innocent and amiable fast livers, pleasing egoists, standing in no one's way, witty, and living for their own pleasure. Not seldom these men have large families: they treat their wives and children kindly but they give little thought to them. They are very fond of easy women,—of course, of the respectable pattern. They are little educated, but they love elegant things, arts, and they like to converse about everything. When the peasant reform came, this nobleman at once grasped its meaning: he calculated and understood that even so something had been left to him, and consequently, that there was no need to change his habits, and—*après moi le déluge*. He does not bother to think about the fate of his wife and children. By the remnants of his fortune and by his connections he is saved from the fate of a "jack of hearts." However, were his fortune ruined and were it impossible to receive a salary for nothing, perhaps, he would have become a "jack," naturally, exerting every effort of his mind—at times, a very sharp mind—to become a most respectable high life "jack." Of course, in olden days, when he had to pay a card debt or his mistress, now and then, he would send his men away as recruits. But such reminiscences never perplex him and, besides, he forgot them altogether. Even though he is an aristocrat, he never did attach any significance to his noble birth, and when serf-

dom was abolished, he began to regard this fact as a vanished thing. Among all people there remained to him only the *lucky man*, the bureaucrat beginning with a certain rank and the rich man. The railroad man and the banker, having become powers, he promptly established relations and friendship with them.

And the conversation itself begins with Levin, his relative and a landowner (but of a wholly opposite type who lives on his estate), reproaching him for the fact that he frequents railroad men, attends their dinners and festivals, men, who in Levin's opinion, are equivocal and harmful. Oblonsky caustically refutes him. And, generally, after they had become related, there developed between them rather caustic relations. Besides, in our day, a scamp refuting an honest man is always stronger because he bears the appearance of dignity derived from common sense, whereas the honest man, resembling an idealist, looks like a fool.

The conversation takes place at a hunting party, on a summer night. The hunters are spending the night in a peasant's barn and they are lying on hay. Oblonsky is arguing that contempt for railroad men, for their intrigues, profiteering, their entreaties for concessions, speculations—is meaningless; that they are men like any other; that they work and use their brains, as the rest, and as a result—they build a road.

"But any acquisition in disproportion to work spent is dishonest"—says Levin.

"But who is going to determine the proportion?"—Oblonsky continues. . . . "You did not draw a line between honest and dishonest work. The fact that I am receiving a higher salary than my head-clerk, even though he knows the business better than I—is this dishonest?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I'll tell you: the fact that you are receiving for your work on the estate an extra of, say, five thousand, whereas this peasant, no matter how much he may labor, will get not more than fifty rubles, is as dishonest as the fact that I am getting more than the head-clerk. . . ."

"No, wait"—Levin continues—"You say that it is not fair that I am getting five thousand, and the peasant, fifty rubles: this is true. It is unfair, I feel it, but . . ."

"Yes, you feel it, but you do not give away your estate to him," said Stepan Arkadievich as though on purpose to provoke Levin. . . .

"I do not give it away, because no one is demanding this from me, and even if I wanted to, I couldn't give it away . . . and there is no one to whom I could give it away."

"Give it to this peasant; he would not refuse to take it."

"Well, how am I going to give it away to him? Shall I go with him and execute a deed?"

"I don't know; but if you are convinced that you have no right . . ."

"I am not at all convinced. On the contrary, I feel that I have no right to give it away, that I have obligations toward both the land and the family."

"No, wait; but if you consider that this inequality is unjust, why don't you act accordingly? . . ."

"I do act, only negatively, in the sense that I am not going to seek to increase that difference in the status which exists between me and him."

"No, if you forgive me, this is a paradox . . ."

"That's it, my friend. It should be one way or the other: either to consider that the present organization of society is just, and then to defend one's rights, or to confess that one is enjoying unjust privileges, *as I do, and to enjoy them with pleasure.*"

"No, if it were unjust, you couldn't enjoy these benefits with pleasure,—*at least, I couldn't; to me, the most important thing is to feel that I am not guilty.*"

"Topic of the Day"

Such is the conversation. And you must admit that this is "the topic of the day," even the most pressing thing in our topic of the day. And how many most typical, purely Russian traits! To begin with, some forty years ago these ideas were hardly coming into existence even in Europe; even there, were there many who knew Saint-Simon and Fourier—the original "idealistic" interpreters of these ideas?—And in our midst—in our midst there were hardly fifty men in all Russia who knew about this new movement which had begun in Western Europe.

And now, suddenly, these "questions" are being discussed by landowners at hunting parties spending the night in a peasant's barn, and they are being debated in a most characteristic and most competent manner so that at least the negative side of the question is settled and signed by them irrevocably. True, these are landowners of the beau monde; they speak at the English Club, they read newspapers, they follow the trials through newspapers and other sources. Even so, the fact itself that such idealistic trash is recognized as a most vital topic for conversation among men

who are by no means professors or specialists, but simply society people, Oblonskys and Levins,—this trait, I say, is one of the most characteristic peculiarities of the present-day state of the Russian minds.

The second most characteristic trait in this conversation noted by the artist-author is the fact that the justice of these new ideas is being judged by a man who wouldn't give a penny for them, *i.e.*, for the happiness of a proletarian, a poor fellow, and who, on the contrary, if occasion should arise, would bark him as a lime-tree. Yet, with a light heart and the jocundity of a punster, with one stroke, he attests to the bankruptcy of the whole history of mankind, declaring its present order the climax of absurdity. "I am"—he says, as it were—"in full agreement with this." Please note that these Stivas are always the first to agree with all this. With one stroke he has condemned the whole Christian order, the individual, the family—oh, this costs him nothing. Also, please bear in mind that in Russia science is non-existent; yet these gentlemen, with utter shamelessness realizing the fact that they have no science, and that they began to speak about this only yesterday, and echoing somebody else's voice, are nevertheless deciding upon problems of such a magnitude without the slightest hesitation.

But we have here a third most characteristic trait. This gentleman openly declares: "It should be one way or the other: either to consider that the present organization of society is just, and then to defend one's rights, *or to confess that one is enjoying unjust privileges, as I do, and to enjoy them with pleasure.*" In other words, having in substance signed a sentence on the whole of Russia and having condemned as well his family, the future of his children, he openly declares that this does not concern him; he says, as it were: "I admit that I am a villain, but I shall remain a villain for my pleasure. *Après moi le déluge.*" He is calm because he still has a fortune, but should it happen that he lost it,—why wouldn't he become a "jack"?—this is the straightest road.

This, then, is the citizen, the family man, the Russian—what a characteristic, purely Russian trait! You might say that even so he is an exception. What exception? And can this be so?—Please recall how much cynicism we have perceived during these last twenty years; what ease in conversations and metamorphoses; what an absence of fundamental convictions, and what promptness in adopting the first passer-by only to sell him out tomorrow for a kopeck. No moral fund, except—*Après moi le déluge.*

But it is most curious that side by side with this very numerous and prevailing type, there stands another type of Russian

nobleman and landowner, a directly opposite one,—there can be nothing more opposite.—This is Levin. But of Levins, there is a vast multitude, almost as many as Oblonskys. I am not speaking about his face, his figure, which the artist created in his novel. I am referring merely to one trait of his essence, but the most basic one, and I assert that this trait is unbelievably widely diffused among us, *i.e.*, among our cynicism and Kalmuck attitude toward work. For some time this trait has been manifesting itself every minute. Men of this pattern convulsively, almost pathologically, seek to receive answers to their queries; they are firmly hoping, passionately believing, despite the fact that they are unable to settle almost anything. This trait is perfectly revealed in Levin's reply to Stiva: "No, if it were unjust, I couldn't enjoy these benefits with pleasure,—*at least, I couldn't; to me the most important thing is to feel that I am not guilty.*"

And, in fact, he will not calm down until he settles the question whether or not he is guilty. Do you know to what extent he will fail to compose himself? He will go to every extreme, if only it be necessary; if he proves to himself that this is the thing to do, Levin, in opposition to Stiva, who says: "Even though as a villain, I continue to live for my own pleasure,"—will become a Nekrasov's "Vlas" who, in a fit of great emotion and fear, gave away his fortune, and

> . . . went forth, in footfall measured,
> To collect God's churches' share.

And if he is not going "to collect God's churches' share," he will do something on a similar scale and with an equal zeal. Please note—I hasten to repeat what I said concerning this trait: there is a great multitude of new men, Russians, of this new root who *thirst for truth,* truth alone without the conventional deceit, and who, in order to attain that truth, will give away everything. These men came into being during the last twenty years, and their number is steadily increasing, even though they could have always been anticipated—even before Peter's epoch.

This is the forthcoming, future Russia of honest people who need nothing but the truth. Oh, there is also in them great intolerance: because of inexperience they reject all conventions, even all explanations. But I strongly emphasize the fact that they are swayed by a genuine sentiment. Another characteristic thing about them is that there is a great deal of dissension among them, and, temporarily, they belong to most divergent strata and they hold all sorts of convictions; we see among them aristocrats and proletarians, clergymen and disbelievers, rich men and poor,

learned men and ignoramuses, old men and little girls, Slavophiles and Westerners. The discord in convictions is great, but the aspiration for honesty and truth is unshakable and inviolable: for the word of truth any one of them will forsake his life and all his privileges, and will—I reiterate—become a Vlas.

Perhaps people might start shouting that this is a wild fantasy; that in our midst there isn't so much honesty and *search for honesty*. However, I specifically assert that side by side with terrible debauch, I foresee these future men to whom the future of Russia belongs; that no longer can one fail to perceive them, and that the artist who juxtaposed that outlived cynic, Stiva, with his new man Levin, compared, as it were, this doomed, depraved, very numerous Russian society which, however, committed suicide by its own verdict,—with the society of the new truth which refuses to bear in its heart the conviction of its culpability, and which will give anything to clear its heart of its guilt.

It is remarkable in this connection that our society actually is divided virtually only into these two categories,—to that extent they are numerous and do completely embrace Russian life—of course, if the altogether lazy, inept, and indifferent ones be disregarded. But the most typical, most Russian trait in the "topic of the day," pointed out by the author, consists of the fact that his new man, his Levin, does not know how to settle the question perplexing him. That is, he has *almost* settled it in his heart—and not in his favor—*suspecting* that he is *guilty*, but something firm, straight and concrete rises in protest from his whole nature, and restrains him, for the time being, from pronouncing the final judgment. Stiva, on the contrary, to whom it makes no difference whether or not he is guilty, settles the question without the slightest hesitation; he even feels that it is to his advantage: "If everything is absurd and there is nothing sacred, this means that everything is permitted, while I still have much time ahead of me, since doomsday is not coming tomorrow." It is curious that exactly this weak side of the question has perplexed Levin, bringing him to an impasse: this is strictly in line with the Russian fashion, which has been quite correctly noted by the author. The whole point of the matter is that all these ideas and questions in Russia are mere theory imported to us from an alien order of things; from Europe, where they have long acquired their historical and practical aspects. What is to be done?—Both our noblemen are noblemen, and it is not easy for them to rid themselves of European authority; here, too, they have to pay tribute to Europe. Now Levin, with his Russian heart, confuses the purely Russian, and the only possible, solution of the question with its European

construction. He confuses the Christian solution with the historical "right." To make the thing clear, let us imagine this little picture:

Levin stands, buried deep in his thoughts, after his night conversation with Stiva at the hunting party, and painfully—because his soul is honest—seeks to solve the question which has perplexed him, and which, consequently, must have been perplexing him heretofore.

"Yes,"—he argues, half solving his query—"yes, speaking honestly, by what right do we, as Veselovsky said the other day, eat, drink, hunt, do nothing, and the poor man is eternally, eternally working? Yes, Stiva is right, I *must* share my fortune with the poor and go to work for them."

Beside Levin stands a "poor man," and he says:

"Quite so, you really should and must give away your fortune to the poor, and you must go and work for us."

Of course, by deciding the matter, so to speak, in a superior sense, Levin will be perfectly right, and the "poor man" altogether wrong. But herein is the whole difference in the approach to the question, since its moral solution should not be confused with the historical one; otherwise there is going to be an everlasting confusion, which actually persists, especially in the theoretical Russian heads—in the heads of the scamp Stivas and in the heads of the pure-in-heart Levins. In Europe, life and practice have put the question—although absurdly, in the form of its ideal solution, nevertheless realistically as far as its current course is concerned, no longer confusing the two conflicting views—the moral and the historical—at least, as far as possible.

Let me explain my thought, though in a few words.

3

The Topic of the Day in Europe

In Europe there was feudalism and there were knights. However, in the course of one thousand years, or more, the bourgeoisie gained strength, and finally, everywhere, it delivered a battle, defeating and driving away the knights, and planted itself in their place. Thus the saying, "*Ôte-toi de là, que je m'y mette*" ("Get out of there so that I may place myself there") was fulfilled. But having placed itself in the stead of its former masters and having seized their property, the bourgeoisie completely disregarded the people, the proletarian, and having refused to recognize him as its brother, it converted him, in exchange for his daily bread, into a working force for its own welfare.

Our Russian Stiva decides for himself that he is wrong; yet deliberately he wishes to remain a scamp, because he is living fatly and comfortably. The foreign Stiva does not agree with ours, considering himself altogether right, and on this point, in his own way, he is more logical, since in his opinion there is here no *right* whatsoever—there is only *history,* a historical course of events. He took the place of the knight because he conquered the knight by force, and he understands perfectly that the proletarian, who at the time of his, Stiva's, struggle against the knight was still insignificant and weak, may well gain in strength and is even growing stronger every day. He has a clear presentiment that when the proletarian gains full strength, he will displace him just as he, the bourgeois, had displaced the knight, will tell him exactly the same thing. "Get out of there so that I may place myself there." Where, then, is there right? There is here nothing but history. Oh, he would be ready to compromise, somehow to make up with the enemy. He has even endeavored to do so. Inasmuch, however, as he has guessed, and, moreover, knows from experience, that the enemy is under no circumstance prepared to make peace; that he is unwilling to share, but wants *everything;* furthermore, that if he, Stiva, were to cede something, he would thereby merely be weakening himself,—he resolved to cede nothing, and he is getting ready for the battle. Perhaps his situation is hopeless; still because it is in accord with human nature to fortify one's spirit in anticipation of a battle,—he does not despair; on the contrary, he is fortifying himself for the battle with ever increasing energy, resorting to all means and exerting all his efforts, so long as he has the strength to do so; he is weakening his adversary, and, for the time being he is doing nothing but that.

Here is how the matter stands in Europe. True, recently, quite recently, over there, too, there was a *moral* approach to the problem: there were Fourierists and Cabetists; there were inquests, disputes, and debates on various very delicate subjects. At present, however, the leaders of the proletariat, for the time being, have discarded all this. They simply seek to prepare for the battle; they are organizing an army; they are mustering it into regiments, they are raising funds, convinced of their victory: "And then, after the victory, everything will shape itself in a practical way, even though, possibly, after rivers of blood have been shed." The bourgeois understand that the leaders of the proletarians are tempting them with sheer plunder, and this being so, it isn't even worth while setting forth the moral aspect. However, even among the present-day chiefs there are ringleaders who are preaching also the moral right of the poor. Strictly speaking, too, the commanders

tolerate these ringleaders as a matter of flourish, in order to embellish the affair and to convey to it a guise of supreme justice. Among these "moral" ringleaders there are many intriguers, but there are also many who are great and fervent believers. They openly declare that they are seeking nothing for themselves and that they are laboring for humanity; that they seek to establish a new order of things for its happiness. At this juncture they are met by the bourgeois on a rather firm ground, and it is openly pointed out to them that they wish to compel him, the bourgeois, to become a brother of the proletarian and to make him share his property with the latter—by club and blood. Although this rather resembles the truth, the ringleaders answer him that they do not consider the bourgeoisie capable of becoming brethren of the people, and it is for this reason that they are employing force against them, altogether excluding them from brotherhood; "Brotherhood"—they say—"will ensue later, from among proletarians, whereas you—you are the one hundred million heads doomed to extermination, and nothing more. We are finished with you—for the happiness of the human race."

Other ringleaders openly declare that they do not need any brotherhood at all; that Christianity is nonsense, and that future mankind will be organized on scientific foundations. Naturally, all this cannot shake and convince the bourgeois. He understands and answers that this society on scientific foundations is pure fantasy; that they are representing man to themselves not at all as he has been created by nature; that it is difficult for man to renounce unconditionally the right of property, the family and liberty; that they are demanding too great a sacrifice from their future man, as an individual; that man can be reduced to this state only by means of terrible violence and on condition that dreadful espionage and unceasing control by a despotic government are established over him. In conclusion he challenges them to point to that force which would be capable of uniting the future man into an accordant, and not forcible, society.

In answer to the above the ringleaders set forth utility and necessity which are conceived by man himself, and that he, of his own accord, will voluntarily agree to make all the required concessions in order to save himself from destruction and death. They are being told that utility and self-preservation alone never can generate a complete and harmonious fellowship; that no utility will ever replace willfulness and the rights of the individual; that these factors and motives are too weak, and that, therefore, all this, even as before, remains uncertain; that were they to resort merely to the moral aspect of the matter, the proletarian wouldn't

even listen to them, and if he is following them and is organizing for the battle, this is solely because he is tempted by the promised plunder and is excited by the anticipation of the battle and the destruction. Therefore, in the long run, the moral aspect of the question should be altogether discarded since it does not stand the test of mildest criticism,—and one should simply be getting ready for the combat.

Such is the European approach to the matter. Both sides are terribly wrong, and both will perish in their sins. I repeat, to us Russians, the most painful thing is that in Russia even the Levins ponder over these questions, whereas their only possible solution, a specifically Russian one, and not for Russians only, but for mankind as a whole, is the moral, *i.e.*, Christian approach to them. In Europe such an approach is inconceivable, although even there, sooner or later—after floods of blood and one hundred million heads—they will have to recognize it because in it alone lies the solution.

4

THE RUSSIAN SOLUTION TO THE PROBLEM

If you have felt that it is painful to you "to eat, drink, do nothing and engage in hunting," and if you have really felt it and you are genuinely sorry for "the poor," of whom there are so many, give them your property; if you wish, make your contribution to the common cause, go and work for all men, and "you will be rewarded in heaven where they neither hoard nor covet." Go, even as Vlas, whose

> . . . whole soul's enormous power
> On a godly task was spent.

And if you do not wish, like Vlas, to make a collection for God's church, take care of the enlightenment of the soul of that poor man, enlighten him, teach him. Even were everybody, like you, to give away their property to "the poor," all the distributed riches of the rich of this world would be merely a drop in the sea. Therefore, it is necessary to pay more attention to enlightenment, science and enhancement of love. Then wealth would be really increasing, real wealth, since it is not to be sought in golden garments, but in the joy of general communion and in the firm hope that everybody will extend a helping hand to him whom misfortune has befallen and to his children. And do not say that you are but a weak unit, and that should you alone give away your property and go to serve, you would thereby accomplish and rectify nothing.

On the contrary, even if there should be only a few like you,—even then things would start moving.

Besides, as a matter of fact, it is not necessary to conceive the giving away of property as a *binding* condition, since in the matter of love *constraint* resembles a uniform, fidelity to the letter. The conviction that one has complied with the letter leads to haughtiness, formalism and indolence. One has to do only that which one's heart dictates: if it orders a man to give away his fortune —let him give it away; if it orders him to go and work for all men —let him go and work. But even here, don't follow the example of certain dreamers, who straightway get hold of a wheelbarrow and say: "I am not a nobleman—I want to work as a peasant." The wheelbarrow, too, is a uniform.

On the contrary, if you feel that you will be useful to everybody in the capacity of a scientist, matriculate in a university and obtain some means therefor. Neither the giving away of property, nor the wearing of a peasant coat are obligatory: all this is mere letter and formality: *only your resolution to do everything for the sake of active love,* everything within the limits of your possibility, everything which you sincerely consider possible for yourself—is obligatory and important. However, to think that all these endeavors will render you one of the people is nothing but an assumption of a false guise which is discourteous to them and which humiliates you. You are too complex to become one of them; besides, your education will prevent you from becoming a peasant. Better raise the peasant to your "complexity." Only be sincere and artless: this is better than any kind of assumed "commonness." But above all—don't scare yourself; don't say: "one man in the field is no soldier," etc. Anyone who sincerely seeks truth is awfully strong. Nor should you imitate certain idle talkers who keep repeating all the time so that people will hear them: "We are not permitted to do anything; our hands are tied; we are driven to despair and disillusionment!" and so on, and so forth. They all are pompous talkers, heroes of *mauvais ton* poems, show-off idlers. He who wishes to be useful, can accomplish a world of good even if literally his hands are tied. The genuine worker, having embarked upon a certain course of action, at once perceives so much work before himself that he is not going to complain that he is not permitted to act, and unfailingly he will find and succeed in accomplishing something. All real workers know it. In our midst the mere study of Russia will take so much time, since only the rarest man among us knows our Russia.

Complaints about disillusionment are perfectly stupid: joy resulting from the contemplation of the edifice which is being

erected must quench every soul's thirst, everybody's, even if, for the time being only minute grains of sand be brought for the construction of the edifice. You have but one reward—love, should you deserve it. Let us say that you are seeking no reward; however, you are engaged in a work of love,—how, then, can you refrain from soliciting love?

But let no one tell you that you should have done all this even without love, so to speak, because of a personal interest, and that otherwise you would have been compelled by force. Nay, in Russia different convictions should be propagated, especially relative to the conceptions of liberty, equality and brotherhood. In the present aspect of the world, liberty is conceived as license, whereas genuine liberty is only in the mastering of one's self, of one's own will in order that one may eventually attain a moral condition where, at any given moment, one is a real master of himself. License of desires leads only to your enslavement.

This is why almost the whole present-day world is conceiving liberty in financial security and in laws guaranteeing it: "I have money, therefore, I can do what I please; I have money, therefore, I am not going to perish and I will not solicit anyone's help, and not to be soliciting anyone's help is the supreme liberty." And yet, substantially, this is not freedom but, again, slavery, slavery based on money. On the contrary, supreme freedom is not to hoard money and not to base one's security upon it, but "to distribute one's property among all people and to go and serve everybody." If a man is capable of this, if he is capable of overcoming himself to such an extent—isn't he free after that? This is the supreme manifestation of will-power!

Next, what is equality in the contemporaneous civilized world? Jealous watchfulness of one over the other, self-conceit and envy: "He is clever, he is a Shakespeare, he prides himself on his talent. Let's humiliate and exterminate him." However, genuine equality says: "What is it to me that thou art more talented than I, cleverer, handsomer?—On the contrary, I am glad of it because I love thee. But even though I am less important than thou, yet, as a man, I respect myself, and thou knowest this, and thou thyself respectest me, and I am happy over thy respect. If by reason of thy capabilities, thou renderest me a hundred times more service than I can render thee, I bless thee for that, I admire thee and thank thee, and in no way do I regard my admiration as something to be ashamed of. On the contrary, I am happy because I am grateful to thee, and I am working for thee and for everybody in the measure of my weak capabilities—it is not at all with a view to getting square with thee, but because I love all of you."

Were all men to speak thus, most certainly they would become brethren, and not for the mere sake of economic gain but because of the fullness of joyous life, because of the fullness of love.

It may be said that this is a fantasy, that this "Russian answer to the problem" is "the Kingdom of Heaven," and is only possible in the Kingdom of Heaven. Yes, the Stivas would grow very angry were the Kingdom of Heaven to come. However, the fact itself should be taken into account that this fantasy of "the Russian solution to the problem" is incomparably less fantastic and infinitely more plausible than the European solution. Such men, *i.e.*, "Vlases," we have already seen, we rather often perceive them now among all classes; but, thus far, we have seen nowhere their "future man," and he himself promised to come only after crossing rivers of blood. Besides, even if there existed an order and principles which would permit organization of society in a faultless manner; and were it even possible to achieve it before testing it,—just so and *a priori,* deriving it from mere meditations of the heart and "scientific" figures borrowed at that from the former social order,—with unready, unfinished people, no rules would survive or could be put into effect, and, contrariwise, they would be felt only as a burden.

However, I boundlessly believe in our future men, in those who already begin to appear, about whom I spoke above; as yet, they have not reached any accord; with respect to their convictions they are broken up into little groups and camps. As against this they all are seeking truth above everything else, and if they could only learn where truth is, they would be prepared to sacrifice for its attainment everything including life itself. Believe me: once they finally find the path of truth, they will inspire the rest to follow them—and not by violence but freely.

This is what individuals can accomplish to begin with. This is the plow which can break our "virgin soil." Before preaching to the people "what they should be,"—show it to them through your own example; fulfill it yourselves, and everybody will follow you. What is there Utopian or impossible in this proposition?—I don't understand! True, we are very depraved, very pusillanimous, and therefore we do not believe and are inclined to scoff. However, at present we are almost of no import; it is the future ones who really count. The people are pure in heart; what they need is education—this is the most momentous thing! In this we should believe above all, and this we should learn to discern. And to those pure in heart there is one advice: self-control and self-mastery before any first step. Before compelling others, fulfill it yourselves—herein is the whole mystery of the first step.

An Answer to a Letter

The editorial office of the *Writer's Diary* has received the following letter:

"Dear Fedor Mikhailovich:

On January 12 I mailed you 2 rubles 50 kopecks, requesting you to send me your publication *A Writer's Diary*. I learned through the newspapers that the first issue came out on February 1; today is the 25th but, as yet, I have not received it! I am most curious to learn the reason for this. I don't know how you feel about the matter, but to me such an attitude toward the subscribers seems more than strange!

Should you make up your mind to send me your publication some time, please address it to Dr. V. V. K—n of the Zemstvo Municipal Hospital, City Novokhopersk. February 25, 1877."

The following is the answer of the editorial office:

"Dear Sir:

Much to our regret, complaints about the non-receipt of the issues are being received by us rather frequently, especially in the beginning of the year. Upon checking in our books, we always find that the respective copies have been duly mailed long ago. Therefore, they are being lost en route. Of course, the percentage of these losses in relation to the number of subscribers is very small; nevertheless, they do invariably happen, and not only in the case of our publication but also in that of other periodicals. As a rule, without entering into explanations, and in order to satisfy the subscribers as promptly as possible, we send duplicate copies, since how is one to trace a missing copy! In the middle of the year things begin to straighten out, and by the end of the year there are practically no losses.

However, you, sir, among all the conjectures as to why the copy has not reached you, unhesitatingly chose one, namely fraud, on the part of the editorial office. This is clear from the tone of your letter, and especially from the words: *'Should you make up your mind to send your publication some time, please,' etc.* Thus, you directly suppose that the editor deliberately held back your copy, and you do not refrain from expressing the doubt that you will ever receive it. In view of the above the editorial office hastens to return to you your 2 rubles and 50 kopecks and requests you not to bother it in the future. It is compelled to do so because of an intelligible and natural motive which, sir, probably will not astonish you."

MARCH

CHAPTER I

1

Once More on the Subject that Constantinople, Sooner or Later, Must Be Ours

LAST YEAR, in the June issue of the *Diary*, I stated that Constantinople, "sooner or later, must be ours." That was a fervent and glorious time: all Russia, her spirit and heart, was rising, and the people voluntarily went to serve Christ and Orthodoxy against the pagans for the cause of our brethren by faith and blood, the Slavs. Even though I have denoted that article of mine as "a Utopian conception of history," nevertheless I myself firmly believed in my words and did not regard them as a Utopia, and, besides, I am now ready to reiterate them literally.

"Yes, the Golden Horn and Constantinople—they will be ours. To begin with, this will come to pass of its own accord, precisely because the hour has come, and even if it has not yet arrived, indeed it will come in the near future; all symptoms point to this. This is a natural solution—so to speak, the word of nature herself. If this has not occurred before, it has been precisely because the time has not been ripe."

Thereupon I explained my contention why the time was not, and could not have been, ripe. "Had even the thought then occurred to Peter," I wrote in that issue, "to seize Constantinople instead of founding Petersburg, I believe that, after some deliberation, he would have abandoned this idea—granted that he was powerful enough to crush the Sultan—since in those days the time was inopportune and the project could even have brought ruin to Russia.

"If in Finnish Petersburg we did not elude the influence of the neighboring Germans who, though useful, have paralyzed Russian progress before its genuine path had been ascertained, how then in Constantinople—so enormous and original, with her remnants of a most powerful and ancient civilization—could we have managed to elude the influence of the Greeks, men far more subtle than the coarse Germans, men who have infinitely more points in common with us than the Germans, who do not resemble us at all—numerous courtiers who would promptly have surrounded the Throne and who, ahead of the Russians, would have become educated and learned, who would have captivated Peter himself, not to speak of his immediate successors, taking advantage of his weak spot by their skill in seamanship.

"Briefly, they would have captured Russia politically; they would forthwith have dragged her along some new Asiatic path—again into a seclusion of some sort—and the Russia of those days, of course, could not have endured this. Her Russian strength and nationality would have been arrested in their development. The mighty Great Russian would have remained in estrangement in his grim, snowy North, serving merely as material for the regenerated Constantinople, and, perhaps, in the long run, he would have made up his mind not to follow her at all. At the same time the Russian South would have been captured by the Greeks. Moreover, there might have occurred a schism in Orthodoxy itself which would have been divided into two worlds—the regenerated world of Constantinople and the old Russian. . . . In a word, this would have been a most untimely event. At present things are quite different.

"At present," I wrote, "Russia could take possession of Constantinople even without transferring thither her capital, which in Peter's times and long thereafter could not have been avoided. Now Constantinople could be ours, not as Russia's capital, but," I added, "also not as a capital of Slavdom as some people are dreaming. Slavdom without Russia would exhaust itself there in its struggle with the Greeks, even in the event that it might succeed in forming from its parts some political whole. But for the Greeks alone to inherit Constantinople is at present altogether impossible: it is impossible to surrender to them so important a spot on the globe; this would be something altogether out of proportion.

"However, in the name of what, in the name of what *moral* right could Russia be aspiring for Constantinople? Basing herself upon what superior aims could Russia claim Constantinople from Europe?

"Precisely," I wrote, "as a leader of Orthodoxy, as its protectress and guardian—a role designated to her ever since Ivan III, who placed her symbol and the Byzantine double-headed eagle above the ancient coat of arms of Russia, a role which unquestionably revealed itself only after Peter the Great when Russia perceived in herself the strength to fulfill her mission and factually became the real and sole protectress of Orthodoxy and of the peoples adhering to it. Such is the ground, such is the right to ancient Constantinople, which would be intelligible and not offensive even to Slavs most sensitive to their independence, even to the Greeks themselves. Besides, thereby would be revealed the true essence of those political relations which inevitably must develop between Russia and all other Orthodox peoples—whether Slavs or Greeks makes no difference. Russia is their guardian, or even their leader, perhaps, but not their sovereign; their mother, but not their mis-

tress. Even if she were to become their sovereign some time in the future, it would be only by their own election and subject to the preservation of everything by which they themselves would define their independence and individuality."

Naturally, all these considerations were conceived by me in the article of last June by no means as something which was subject to immediate fulfillment, but merely as something which unquestionably has got to come when the historical moment and the predestined time arrive, the proximity or remoteness of which cannot be predicted but may nevertheless be foreseen.

Since then nine months have elapsed. I believe, it is not necessary to recall these nine months: we all remember those enthusiastic days, in the beginning full of hopes, and thereafter—so strange and disturbing, a period which up to the present has come to no solution, so that God only knows (I believe it is only in this way one may express oneself) what it will come to; shall we draw the sword, or will the matter once more be postponed by some compromise? But no matter what happens, for some reason, precisely now I wish to state a few additional and explanatory words in connection with my June meditations concerning the fate of Constantinople. No matter what happens—whether there is going to be peace, or new concessions on the part of Russia are made —sooner or later, Constantinople will be ours. This is what I wish to reiterate precisely at this time, but now from a certain new viewpoint.

Yes, she must be ours not only because she is a famous port, not only because of the straits, "the center of the universe," "the navel of the earth"; not from the standpoint of the long-conceived necessity for a tremendous giant, such as Russia, finally, to get out of his locked room—in which he has already grown up to the ceiling—into free spaces where he may inhale the free air of the seas and oceans. I wish to set forth but one consideration, also of major importance, why Constantinople cannot evade Russia. I am setting forth this particular consideration in preference to others because it seems to me that no one takes this viewpoint into account, or, at least, people have forgotten to consider it, whereas, perhaps, it is the most important one.

The Russian People, from Their Standpoint, Have Fully Grown Up to a Sane Conception of the Eastern Problem

Although this may sound absurd, nevertheless it is true that the four centuries of Turkish oppression in the East, in a certain

sense, were even useful to Christianity and Orthodoxy there,—negatively, of course, and yet fostering their consolidation, and what is most important—their communion and unity, much in the same way as the two centuries of the Tartar yoke had helped in the past the consolidation of the Church in Russia. The oppressed and jaded Christian population of the East has perceived in Christ, in faith in Him, its sole consolation, and in the Church the only and last remnant of its national individuality and distinction. This was its last and sole hope, the last splinter of a wrecked ship, since the Church, in spite of everything, was preserving these tribes as a nationality, while the faith in Christ prevented them—at least a portion of them—from merging with the conquerors and forgetting their origin and their past history. The persecuted peoples themselves felt and fully understood all this and rallied closer around the Cross.

On the other hand, ever since the conquest of Constantinople, the entire enormous Christian East, willy-nilly and suddenly threw its glance at remote Russia which had just then shaken off the Tartar yoke, and, as it were, foreboded her future might and the future all-uniting center of its salvation. And Russia forthwith unhesitatingly accepted the banner of the East, having placed the Byzantine double-eagle over and above its ancient coat-of-arms, thereby assuming, as it were, the obligation to Orthodoxy as a whole: to guard all the peoples professing it against final destruction.

At the same time, the whole Russian people fully confirmed the new mission of Russia and their Czar in the future destinies of the entire Eastern world. Ever since that time the people have been—and still are—perceiving, firmly and undeviatingly, the beloved title of their Czar in the word "Orthodox," "Orthodox Czar." Having thus named their Czar, the people, as it were, acknowledged in this appellation his designation—the designation of a guardian and unifier, and when God's command thunders—also the designation of the liberator of Orthodoxy, and Christianity *in toto* professing it, from Mohammedan barbarism and Western heresy.

Two centuries ago, especially beginning with Peter the Great, the beliefs and hopes of the Eastern peoples commenced to come true: Russia's sword has several times been shining in the East for its protection. It goes without saying that the peoples of the East, too, could not help but perceive in the Czar of Russia not only their liberator but also their future Czar. However, in the course of these two centuries there came to them European education and European influence. The upper, educated, portion of the people, their intelligentsia, both in Russia and in the East, little by little, grew more indifferent to the Orthodox idea; it even began to deny the fact that in this idea resides the regeneration and resurrection

to a new grand life of both the East and Russia. In Russia, for instance, the overwhelming part of her educated class ceased and even, as it were, disaccustomed itself, to perceive in this idea the main mission of Russia, the covenant of her future and her vital force. Contrariwise, all these began to be perceived in novel ideas. Many people, in a purely Western fashion, began to see in the Church nothing but dead formalism, segregation, ritualism, and starting with the end of the past century—even prejudice and hypocrisy: the spirit, the idea, the living force was forgotten. There appeared economic conceptions of the Western pattern, new political doctrines, new morality which sought to correct and supersede the former one. Finally, science made its appearance, and it could not help but introduce disbelief in the former ideas. . . . Besides, in the peoples of the East there began to awaken pre-eminently national ideas: suddenly there arose a fear that, after having shaken off the Turkish yoke, they would fall under the yoke of Russia.

However, among the many millions of our common people and in their czars the idea of the liberation of the East and of the Church of Christ was never dead. The movement which seized the Russian people last summer proved that they forgot nothing of their ancient hopes and beliefs; it even surprised the overwhelming mass of our intelligentsia to such an extent that they adopted a skeptical and scoffing attitude toward it, assuring everybody—and above all themselves—that the movement was invented and counterfeited by disreputable men who were seeking to come to the forefront to occupy a showy place.

Indeed, who, in our day, among our intelligentsia—save a small portion of it which detached itself from the general chorus—could admit that our people are capable of *consciously* comprehending their political, social and ethical mission? How could it be conceived that this coarse common mass, which only recently was kept in bondage and which now half-killed itself with vodka, knew and was convinced that its destiny was to serve Christ, and that of its Czar—to guard the Christian faith and to liberate Orthodoxy? "Even though this mass always called itself Christian, nevertheless it has no conception of either religion or even Christ; it knows not even the most ordinary prayers." This is what is usually being said about our people. Who is saying this? You think—a German pastor who has organized our Stundism; or a travelling European; a correspondent of a political newspaper; or some educated top Jew, from among those who do not believe in God and of whom suddenly nowadays so many have been propagated in our midst; or, finally, one of those Russians residing abroad who pictures to himself Russia and her people not otherwise than in

the guise of a drunken peasant woman with a square bottle in her hand?—Oh, no! Thus thinks an enormous part of our Russian, very best society. Yet they do not suspect that even though our people do not know prayers, nevertheless the essence of Christianity, its spirit and truth, are conserved and fortified in them—despite their vices—as strongly as, perhaps, in no other people in the world.

True, an atheist or a Russian European indifferent to religion even does not understand it otherwise than in the shape of formalism and hypocrisy. However, in the people they behold nothing akin to hypocrisy, and, therefore, they infer that the people understand nothing in religion; that they pray, whenever they deem it necessary, to a board, but that, essentially, they are indifferent and their spirit is killed by formalism. They do not at all discern in the people the Christian spirit, perhaps, because they have long ago lost it and do not know where it resides and where it blows. However, this "depraved" and ignorant people of ours loves the humble man and God's holy fool: in all their traditions and legends the people have preserved the belief that the weak and the humbled, unjustly suffering for Christ, will be raised above the eminent and the strong when God's judgment and ordainment are pronounced. Our people are also fond of telling the story of the renowned and grand life of their great, chaste and humble Christian Knight, Ilya-Murometz, the champion of truth, the liberator of the poor and weak, the meek and modest, the faithful and pure in heart.

And possessing, revering and loving such a valiant knight, how can our people fail to believe in the triumph of oppressed peoples and our brethren in the East? Our people revere the memory of their great and humble hermits and saints; they are fond of reciting to their children the stories about the great Christian martyrs. They have learned and know these stories, and it was from them that I first heard them; they were told with deep understanding and reverence and they became engraved in my heart.

Besides, every year, there arise from the people's midst great repenting "Vlases" who give away all their property and who, with touching emotion, engage in the humble and great exploit of truth, work and poverty. . . .

However, I will postpone my comments on the people: some day they will succeed in making themselves understood, or at least, in being taken into consideration. It will be comprehended that the people, too, are of some import. Finally the momentous fact will be realized that not even once, in the great or only slightly important moments of Russian history, could Russia do without her

people; that Russia is popular; that Russia is not Austria; that in every significant moment of our historical life the issue has invariably been determined by the people's spirit and view, by the czars of the people in sublime communion with the latter. This extremely important historical fact is usually almost disregarded by our intelligentsia, and it is always being recalled suddenly somehow, when the historical date rumbles.

But I digressed. I was speaking about Constantinople.

3

The Most Opportune Thoughts at the Present Time

The Eastern Church, its representatives—the ecumenic patriarchs—during all the four centuries of their enslavement lived in peace among themselves and with Russia—I mean, in matters concerning religion: there have been no disturbances, heresies, schisms —for these there was no time.

However, during the current century, especially during the last twenty years, after the great Eastern war, one, as it were, could smell there the putrescent odor of a decomposing corpse: the presentiment of death and decomposition of "the sick man" and of the ruin of his czardom have become the main feeling. Oh, of course, the final liberation can be brought about only by Russia, that Russia which also now, at the present moment of general colloquies about the East, alone raises her voice in Europe on their behalf, whereas all other nations and kingdoms of the enlightened European world, naturally, would be glad if all these oppressed peoples of the East would not exist at all. But—alas—virtually all the Eastern intelligentsia, while appealing for Russia's help, are nevertheless afraid of her, perhaps, as much as of the Turks: "Although Russia will liberate us from the Turks, still she will absorb us, even as 'the sick man,' and will prevent the development of our nationalities"—such is their *idée fixe* poisoning all their hopes! Besides, the moment the first ray of education fell upon them, ever increasing national antagonisms began to harass them. The recent Greek-Bulgarian church strife, under the guise of an ecclesiastical conflict, was, of course, but a national one, constituting, as it were, a prophecy for the future. The ecumenic Patriarch, censuring the Bulgarians for disobedience and excommunicating their arbitrarily elected Exarch, pointed out that in religious matters the canons of the Church and church discipline must not be sacrificed to "the new and perilous principle of nationality." However, the Patriarch himself, being a Greek, by promulgating the excom-

munication of the Bulgarians, was serving the same principle of nationality—only in favor of the Greeks against the Slavs.

In a word, it may be predicted with probability that were "the sick man" to die, forthwith antagonisms and consternation would ensue among them—to begin with, specifically of an ecclesiastical character, which would cause unquestionable harm even to Russia; harm would be caused even in case Russia, by force of circumstances, should be compelled to withdraw from participation in the settlement of the Eastern question. It may even be said that these dissensions, perhaps, would be felt by Russia all the more painfully should she withdraw from active and predominant participation in the destinies of the East.

And yet suddenly people begin to shout (and not only in Europe, but even many of our superior political minds) that should the Turks happen to expire as a state, Constantinople must be regenerated not otherwise than as an "international city," *i.e.*, as some kind of a half-way, free settlement, so as to avoid disputes concerning her. No more erroneous thought can be conceived.

First of all, because such an excellent spot of the terrestrial globe will simply not be permitted to become international, that is, nobody's; unfailingly and promptly, let's say, the British will intervene with their fleet, in the capacity of friends, specifically, in order to protect and guard this "internationality," but, in fact, for the purpose of taking possession of Constantinople for their benefit. And wherever they settle it is difficult to evict them thence —they are an adhesive people.

Moreover, the Greeks, Slavs and Mohammedans of Constantinople would call the English in, would clutch at them with both hands, and would not let them thence, the reason for it again being Russia: "They will protect us"—they would say—"against Russia, our liberatrix." And this would have been all right had they not perceived and understood what Englishmen, and Europe in general, are to them. Oh, even *now* they know better than anybody that no one in Europe, except Russia, cares anything about their happiness, *i.e.*, the happiness of the entire Christian community under the Mohammedans. That entire community knows perfectly well that were it possible to repeat the Bulgarian horrors of last summer (and this it would seem is quite possible) somehow silently and stealthily, the English would be the first in Europe to wish the repetition—be it even ten times—of these massacres, and not because of bloodthirstiness, not in the least: there the people are humane and enlightened, but because these slaughters, were they repeated ten times, would completely exterminate the Christian community, so thoroughly that there would be no one left

on the Balkan Peninsula to engage in uprisings against the Turks. And herein is the essence of the matter: only the dear Turks would remain, and Turkish securities would at once go up on all European stock-exchanges, while Russia "with her ambition and aggressive plans" would have to withdraw deeper into her own domains, because of the absence of any one to protect.

The Christian community is perfectly cognizant that at present it may be expecting from Europe precisely this sort of sentiment. However, the situation would be quite different were "the sick man" finally to die, whether of his own accord or by Russia's sword. In this event Europe would promptly contract the fondest love for the regenerated peoples and would immediately rush "to save them from Russia."

It may be presumed that Europe would be the first to introduce the idea of "internationality" into their new organization. Europe will grasp the fact that over the corpse of "the sick man" confusion, dissension and antagonism would arise among the liberated peoples,—and this is precisely what she wants: a pretext for intervention, and most important of all—a pretext for inciting them against Russia which, no doubt, will not permit them to quarrel over the heritage of the sick man. And there would be no calumny which Europe would not launch against us. "It is because of the Russians that we haven't helped you against the Turks"—the English would then say to them. Alas, the peoples of the East are fully aware of this even now; and they know that "England will never participate in their liberation, and will never give her consent thereto, if such consent be deemed necessary, because she hates those Christians by reason of their spiritual tie with Russia. It is England's intention that Eastern Christians should start hating us as strongly as she herself hates us. . . ." (*Moscow Gazette, No. 63.*)

This is what these peoples know and what meanwhile they are silently memorizing, and this is what they have, of course, already charged to the future account of Russia. And yet we think that they adore us.

In the international city, aside from the English protectors, the Greeks—the original masters of the city—will neverthless be the hosts. It may be presumed that the Greeks look upon the Slavs even with greater contempt than the Germans. However, inasmuch as the Slavs will be dreaded by the Greeks, contempt will be replaced by embitterment. Of course, they will not be in a position to wage war against each other, or to be declaring war on one another, at least, in a serious sense, because the protectors will not permit it. Well, but precisely in view of the impossibility of an

open and honest scuffle, there will arise among them all sorts of other dissensions which, in the first place, will acquire an ecclesiastical character. This will be the start, since this would be the handiest way. And it is this that I meant to point out.

I am maintaining this because the program has already been set forth: the Bulgarians and Constantinople. From this standpoint the Greeks are in a strong position, and they understand it. And yet there can be nothing more dreadful in the future to the entire East, and also to Russia, than another church dissension which, alas, is so possible should Russia, even for one moment, withdraw her protection and rigid supervision.

Even though all this belongs to the future and is even nothing but conjecture, yet it would be unpardonable to overlook it even as a mere conjecture. Indeed, should we too desire the continuation of the Turkish rule and good health to "the sick man"? Is it conceivable that we too will come to this point? Is it not clear that were this sick man to expire, and—what is most important—were Russia even partly to withdraw her final and predominant influence upon the destinies of the East, were she to make this concession to Europe—it is more than probable that church unity of so many centuries would be rocked on the Balkan Peninsula and, maybe, still farther in the East. It can even be put this way: whether or not dissensions would ensue, but should the sick man die, it is very probable that *in any event* a great church *sobor* for the settlement of the newly regenerated Church would be unavoidable. Why has this to be anticipated? During these four centuries of persecution and oppression the representatives of the Eastern Church have always followed Russia's advice. However, should they tomorrow be liberated from the Turkish yoke, and, in addition, should Europe extend protection to them, they would forthwith adopt a different attitude toward Russia.

The moment Russia sided with the Slavs, the representatives of the Eastern Church, *i.e.*, principally, the Greeks, would probably declare to her that they have no further need of her or her advice. They would hasten to make such a declaration precisely because during four centuries they have been looking on Russia with arms folded in prayer. And Russia's situation would be virtually the most difficult one: those very Bulgarians would immediately start vociferating that a new, Eastern, Pope had ascended the throne at Constantinople, and—who knows?—maybe they would be right. In truth, international Constantinople could serve, even though temporarily, as a pedestal for the new Pope. In this event were Russia to back the Greeks, it would mean that she would be losing the Slavs; and should she come out in support of the Slavs, it

would mean, perhaps, that she might be contracting most embarrassing and most serious church troubles.

It is clear that all this can be avoided only "in good time in advance" by Russia's firmness in the Eastern question and her undeviating adherence to the great traditions of our ancient, secular Russian policy. In this matter we must make no concessions to any kind of Europe and for no considerations whatsoever, since this cause is our life or death. Sooner or later, Constantinople must be ours, be it only for the avoidance of painful and embarrassing church dissensions which may so easily arise between the young and inexperienced peoples of the East, and which have been exemplified by the dispute—with so sad an outcome—between the Bulgarians and the ecumenic Patriarch.

Once we take possession of Constantinople nothing of the kind can occur. The peoples of the West who are so jealously watching Russia's every step, at this moment, do not know and suspect these as yet fanciful but all too plausible combinations. Should they even learn about them at this time, they would not understand them and would attach to them no special significance. However, subsequently, when it is too late, they will perfectly grasp these combinations and will attach significance to them.

The Russian people who conceive the Eastern question not otherwise than in the sense of the liberation of Orthodox Christianity, as a whole, and of the future grand unity of the Church, should they contrariwise, observe new dissensions and discord, would be painfully shocked, and perhaps any new solution of the matter would affect them and their whole mode of existence, particularly if at length it were to assume pre-eminently an ecclesiastical character. For this reason alone we cannot, under any circumstances, relinquish or weaken our secular participation in this great problem. Not the excellent port alone, not only the road leading to the seas and oceans, binds Russia so closely with the solution of the destinies of this fatal question, nor even the unification and regeneration of the Slavs. . . . Our task is deeper, immeasurably deeper. We, Russia, we are really necessary and unavoidable to Eastern Christianity *in toto*, to the whole future fate of Orthodoxy on earth, and to its unity. This was always conceived so by our people and their czars. . . .

Briefly, this dreadful Eastern question constitutes almost our whole future fate. Therein lie, as it were, all our tasks, and what is most important—our only exit into the plenitude of history. In this question is also our final conflict with Europe and our ultimate communion with her but only upon new, mighty and fertile foundations. Oh, how can Europe at this time grasp the fatal and vital

importance to ourselves of the solution to this question?—In a word, no matter what may be the outcome of the present, perhaps quite indispensable diplomatic agreements and negotiations, nevertheless, sooner or later, *Constantinople must be ours,* let it be only in the future, in a century!

This, we Russians, all of us, must always and undeviatingly bear in mind. This is what I meant to state, particularly at the present European moment. . . .

CHAPTER II

1

"The Jewish Question"

OH, PLEASE don't think that I mean to raise "the Jewish question"! I wrote the title jestingly. To raise a question of such magnitude as the status of the Jew in Russia, and the status of Russia which among her sons has three million Jews—is beyond my power. The question exceeds my limits. Still, I can have a certain opinion of my own, and it now appears that some Jews begin to take interest in it. For some time I have been receiving letters from them in which they seriously and with bitterness have reproached me for the fact that I am attacking them, that "I hate the Yiddisher," that I hate him not for his vices, "not as an exploiter," but specifically as a race, *i.e.,* somewhat along the line that "Judas sold out Christ." This is being written by "educated" Jews, meaning, by such ones as (this I have noticed, but by no means do I generalize my remark, and this I am emphasizing in advance) always, as it were, endeavor to advise you that, because of their education, they long ago ceased to share "the prejudices" of their nation; that they do not comply with their religious rituals, like other petty Jews; that they deem this below the level of their enlightenment, and that, besides, they do not believe in God.

I shall observe, parenthetically, that to all those gentlemen from among the "top Jews" who are such staunch advocates of their nation, it is much too sinful to forget their forty-century-old Jehovah and to renounce him. And this is sinful not only because of national sentiment but likewise for other momentous reasons. And strangely: a Jew without God is somehow inconceivable; a Jew without God cannot be imagined. However, this is a vast theme, and for the time being we shall leave it aside.

The thing that surprises me most is how, on what grounds,

have I been classed as a hater of Jews as a people, as a nation? To a certain extent I am permitted by these gentlemen themselves to condemn the Jew as an exploiter and for some of his vices,—but only ostensibly: in fact, it is difficult to find anything more irritable and susceptible than the educated Jew, more touchy than he, as a Jew. But, again, when and how did I declare hate against the Jews as a people?—Since there never has been such a hatred in my heart, and those Jews who are acquainted with me and have dealt with me know it, from the very outset and before I say a word, I withdraw from myself this accusation, once and forever, so as not to make special mention of it later.

Am I not accused of hatred because sometimes I called the Jew "Yiddisher"? But, in the first place, I did not think that this is so abusive, and secondly, as far as I can remember, I have always used the word "Yiddisher" in order to denote a certain idea: "Yiddisher, Yiddishism, Yiddish reign," etc. This denotes a certain conception, orientation, characteristic of the age. One may argue about this idea, and disagree with it, but one shouldn't feel offended by a word.

I shall quote certain passages from a long, and in many respects, beautiful letter, addressed to me by a highly educated Jew, which aroused in me great interest. It is one of the most typical accusations of my hatred of the Jew, as a people. It goes without saying that the name of Mr. N. K., the author of this letter, is kept strictly anonymous.

". . . But I intend to touch upon a subject which most decidedly I am unable to explain to myself: this is your hatred of the 'Yiddisher' which is revealed virtually in every issue of your *Diary*.

"I should like to know why are you protesting against the Yiddisher, and not the exploiter in general? I, not less than you, cannot tolerate the prejudices of my nation,—not little have I suffered from these—but I shall never concede that there dwells shameless exploitation in the blood of this nation.

"Is it possible that *you* are unable to lift yourself to the comprehension of the fundamental law of any social life to the effect that *all* citizens of a state, without any exception, if they are paying all taxes required for the existence of the state, must enjoy *all* rights and advantages of its existence, and that for the violators of the law, the harmful members of the society, there must be one and the same measure of punishment, common to all? . . . Why, then, should all the Jews be restricted in their rights, and why should special penal laws exist for them? In what manner is alien exploitation (the Jews are nevertheless Russian subjects) by Ger-

mans, Englishmen, Greeks, of whom there is so great a number in Russia, better than Yiddish exploitation? In what way is the Russian Orthodox kulak, peasant-exploiter, inn-keeper, blood-sucker, who has propagated so profusely *all over* Russia, better than the one from among Yiddishers, who nevertheless is operating within a limited area? Why is this one better than the other? . . ."

[At this juncture my esteemed correspondent compares several notorious Russian kulaks with Jewish ones in the sense that the Russians are just as bad. But what does this prove? Indeed, we take no pride in our kulaks and we do not set them as examples for imitation, and on the contrary we agree wholeheartedly that both are no good.]

"I could propound to you such questions by the thousand.

"Meanwhile, speaking about the 'Yiddisher,' you include in this term the whole terribly destitute mass of the three-million Jewish population in Russia, of which at least 2,900,000 are engaged in a desperate struggle for existence, a mass which is morally purer not only than the other nationalities but also than the Russian people deified by you. Likewise, you have included in this term that considerable number of Jews with higher education who are distinguishing themselves in all fields of state life. Take, for instance . . ."

[Here there are again several names which, with the exception of that of Goldstein, I do not deem myself entitled to print, since some of them perhaps would be displeased to read that they are of Jewish origin.]

"Take, for example, Goldstein [who died heroically in Serbia for the Slavic idea] and those who labor for the good of society and of mankind. Your hate of the 'Yid' extends even to Disraeli . . . who, probably, knows not himself that his ancestors some time in the past were Spanish Jews, and who, of course, does not direct English conservative policy from the standpoint of a 'Yiddisher.'

"No, unfortunately, you know neither the Jewish *people* nor their life—neither their spirit nor, finally, their forty-century history. Unfortunately—because you are, at any rate, a sincere, absolutely sincere, man; yet, unconsciously you are causing harm to an enormous mass of destitute people, whereas influential 'Yids' who receive in their salons the potent ones of this world, naturally, are afraid of neither the press nor even the impotent wrath of the exploited. But enough has been said on this subject. Hardly will I sway you to my view, but I am very anxious that you should convince me."

Such are the excerpts. Before I answer anything (because I don't want to bear so grave an accusation) I shall call attention

to the vehemence of the attack and the degree of touchiness. Positively, during the whole year of the publication of my *Diary* there has been no slur against the "Yiddisher" of such dimensions as would justify so strong an attack. Secondly, it should be also observed that my esteemed correspondent, having also touched in these few lines of his upon the Russian people, could not bear, could not refrain from adopting toward the poor Russian people a somewhat too haughty attitude. True, in Russia even Russians have not left a spot not bespat (Schedrin's expression), so it is all the more excusable for a Jew. However, in any event, this animus clearly shows how the Jews themselves look upon the Russians. Indeed, this was written by an educated and talented man (only I don't think that he is devoid of prejudices). What, then, should one be expecting from uneducated Jews, of whom there are so many, —what sentiments for the Russian? I am not saying this accusingly: all this is natural! I wish only to indicate that for the motives of our disagreement with the Jew, perhaps not only the Russian should be held responsible, and that, of course, these motives have accumulated on either side, and it is a question—on which side more.

Having noted the above, I shall say a few words in my defense, and generally, as to how I view this matter. And even though, as stated, this question is beyond my capacity, nevertheless I too can express at least something.

2

Pro-and-Con

True, it is very difficult to learn the forty-century-long history of a people such as the Jews; but, to start with, this much I know, that in the whole world there is certainly no other people who would be complaining as much about their lot, incessantly, after each step and word of theirs,—about their humiliation, their suffering, their martyrdom. One might think that it is not they who are reigning in Europe, who are directing there at least the stock-exchanges, and therefore politics, domestic affairs, the morality of the states. Let noble Goldstein be dying for the Slavic idea. Even so, if the Jewish idea in the world had not been so strong, maybe, that very "Slavic" question (of last year) would long ago have been settled in favor of the Slavs, and not of the Turks.

I am ready to believe that Lord Beaconsfield has, perhaps, forgotten about his descent—some time in the past—from Spanish Yiddishers (for sure, however, he hasn't forgotten); but that dur-

ing last year he did "direct English conservative policy" *partly* from the standpoint of a Yid is, in my opinion, impossible to doubt. "Partly"—cannot but be admitted.

But let all this be merely verbalism on my part,—light tone and light words. I concede. Nevertheless, I am unable fully to believe in the screams of the Jews that they are so downtrodden, oppressed and humiliated. In my opinion, the Russian peasant, and generally, the Russian commoner, virtually bears heavier burdens than the Jew. In another letter my correspondent writes me:

"In the first place it is *necessary* to grant them [the Jews] all civil rights (think, up to now they are deprived of the most fundamental right—of free selection of the place of residence, which leads to a multitude of awful restrictions for the whole Jewish mass) as to all other alien nationalities in Russia, and only after that may it be demanded from them that they comply with their duties toward the state and the native population."

But Mr. Correspondent, you who write me in the same letter, on the next page, that you "are far more devoted to, and pity more, the toiling mass of the Russian people, than the Jewish mass" (which, to be sure, for a Jew, is too strongly expressed) you, too, should remember that at the time when the Jew "has been restricted in the free selection of the place of residence," twenty-three millions of "the Russian toiling mass" have been enduring serfdom which was, of course, more burdensome than "the selection of the place of residence." Now, did the Jews pity them then?—I don't think so: in the Western border region and in the South you will get a comprehensive answer to this question. Nay, at that time the Jews also vociferated about rights which the Russian people themselves did not have; they shouted and complained that they were downtrodden and martyrs, and that when they should be granted more rights, "then demand from us that we comply with the duties toward the state and the native population."

But then came the Liberator and liberated the native people. And who was the first to fall upon them as on a victim? Who preeminently took advantage of their vices? Who tied them with that sempiternal gold pursuit of theirs? By whom—whenever possible—were the abolished landowners promptly replaced, with the difference that the latter, even though they did strongly exploit men, nevertheless endeavored—perhaps in their own interest—not to ruin the peasants in order to prevent the exhaustion of labor, whereas the Jew is not concerned about the exhaustion of Russian labor: he grabs what's his, and off he goes.

I know that upon reading this, the Jews will forthwith start screaming that this is a lie; that this is a calumny; that I am

lying; that I believe all this nonsense because I "do not know the forty-century-old history of these chaste angels who are incomparably purer morally not only than the other nationalities but also than the Russian people deified by me" (according to the words of my correspondent. See above).

But let, let them be morally purer than all the peoples of the world, nevertheless I have just read in the March issue of *The Messenger of Europe* a news item to the effect that in America, in the Southern States, they have already leaped *en masse* upon the millions of liberated Negroes, and have already taken a grip upon them in their, the Jews', own way, by means of their sempiternal "gold pursuit" and by taking advantage of the inexperience and vices of the exploited tribe. Imagine, when I read this, I immediately recalled that the same thing came to my mind five years ago, specifically, that the Negroes have now been liberated from the slave-owners, but that they will not last because the Jews, of whom there are so many in the world, will jump at this new little victim. This came to my mind, and I assure you that several times during this interim I was asking myself: "Well, why doesn't one hear anything about the Jews there; why do not newspapers write about them, because the Negroes are a treasure for the Jews; is it possible that they would miss it?" And at last my expectation came true, the newspapers have written it up,—I read it.

Now, some ten days ago I read in *The New Times* (No. 371) a most characteristic communication from Kovno to the effect that: "the Jews there have so assaulted the local Lithuanian population, that they almost ruined all of them with vodka, and only the Roman Catholic priests began to save the poor drunkards threatening them with the tortures of hell and organizing temperance societies." True, the enlightened correspondent strongly blushes on behalf of his population which still believes in its priests and in the tortures of hell, but he adds in this connection that following the example of the priests, enlightened local economists began to establish rural banks specifically with the object of saving the people from the Jew—the money lender, and also rural markets where "the destitute toiling mass" could buy articles of first necessity at real prices, and not at those set by the Jew.

Well, I have read all this, and I know that instantly people will start shouting that this proves nothing; that all this is caused by the fact that the Jews themselves are oppressed; that they are poor themselves; that all this is but a "struggle for existence"; that only a fool would fail to understand it, and that were the Jews not so destitute themselves, were they, contrariwise, to grow rich,— they would instantly reveal themselves in a most humane light so that the

whole world would be astounded. However, it goes without saying that all those Negroes and Lithuanians are even poorer than the Jews who are squeezing the sap out of them, and yet, the former (only read the correspondence) loathe the kind of trade for which the Jew is so eager.

Secondly, it is not difficult to be humane and moral when one rolls in butter, but the moment "the struggle for existence" comes into play,—don't you dare reproach me. To my way of thinking, this is not a very angelic trait.

Third, of course, I am not setting forth these two news items from *The Messenger of Europe* and *The New Times* as capital and all-decisive facts. If one should start writing the history of this universal tribe, it would at once be possible to discover a hundred thousand of analogous and even more important facts, so that one or two additional facts would mean nothing in particular. However, it is curious in this connection that the moment you should require —say, in the course of an argument or in a minute of silent irresolution—information about the Jew and his doings,—don't go to public libraries; don't ransack old books or your own old notes; don't labor, don't search, don't exert your efforts, instead, without leaving your chair, stretch out your hand to any newspaper at random which happens to be near you, and look at the second or third page: unfailingly, you will find something about Jews, and unfailingly—that which interests you; unfailingly—that which is most characteristic, and unfailingly—one and the same thing, *i.e.*,—the same exploits!

Now, concede that this does mean something; it does indicate and reveal to you something, even though you be an absolute ignoramus in the forty-century-long history of this tribe. No question, I will be told that everybody is hatred-stricken, and therefore everybody is lying. Of course, it may happen that everyone to the last man is lying; but if this be so, there arises at once a new question: if everybody without exception is lying and hatred-stricken, whence did this hatred arise? Since this universal hatred does mean something; as Bielinsky exclaimed once: "indeed, the word *everybody* does mean something!"

"Free selection of the place of residence!" But is the "native" Russian absolutely free in the choice of the place of residence? Is it not true that also in the case of the Russian commoner, up to the present, the former restrictions in the complete freedom of the selection of the place of residence continue to persist,—those undesirable restrictions which are survivals of the times of serfdom and which have long been attracting the attention of the government? And as far as Jews are concerned, it is apparent to everybody that in the last twenty years their rights in the selection of the place of

residence have been very considerably expanded. At least, they have appeared throughout Russia in places where they have not been seen before. However, the Jews keep complaining of hatred and restrictions.

Let it be conceded that I am not firm in my knowledge of the Jewish modes of living, but one thing I do know for sure, and I am ready to argue about it with anyone, namely, that among our common people there is no preconceived, *a priori,* blunt religious hatred of the Jew, something along the lines: "Judas sold out Christ." Even if one hears it from little children or drunken persons, nevertheless our people as a whole look upon the Jew, I repeat, without a preconceived hatred. I have been observing this for fifty years. I even happened to live among the people, in their very midst, in one and the same barracks, sleeping with them on the same cots. There there were several Jews, and no one *despised* them, no one shunned them or persecuted them. When they said their prayers (and Jews pray with screams, donning a special garment) nobody found this strange, no one hindered them or scoffed at them,—a fact which precisely was to be expected from such a coarse people—in your estimation—as the Russians. On the contrary, when beholding them, they used to say: "such is their religion, and thus they pray"; and would pass by calmly, almost approvingly.

And yet these same Jews in many respects shunned the Russians, they refused to take meals with them, looked upon them with haughtiness (and where?—in a prison!) and generally expressed squeamishness and aversion towards the Russian, towards the "native" people. The same is true in the case of soldiers' armories, and everywhere—all over Russia: make inquiries, ask if a Jew, as a Jew, as a Yiddisher, is being abused in armories because of his faith, his customs. Nowhere is he being abused, and that is also true of the people at large. On the contrary, I assure you that in armories, as elsewhere, the Russian commoner perceives and understands only too well (besides, the Jews themselves do not conceal it) that the Jew does not want to take meals with him, that he has an aversion toward him, seeking as much as possible to avoid him and segregate himself from him. And yet, instead of feeling hurt, the Russian commoner calmly and clearly says: "such is his religion; it is because of his faith that he does not take meals with me and shuns me" (*i.e.,* not because he is spiteful). And having comprehended this supreme cause, he wholeheartedly forgives the Jew.

However, at times, I was fancying: now, how would it be if in Russia there were not three million Jews, but three million Russians, and there were eighty million Jews,—well into what would they convert the Russians and how would they treat them? Would

they permit them to acquire equal rights? Would they permit them to worship freely in their midst? Wouldn't they convert them into slaves? Worse than that: wouldn't they skin them altogether? Wouldn't they slaughter them to the last man, to the point of complete extermination, as they used to do with alien peoples in ancient times, during their ancient history?

Nay, I assure you that in the Russian people there is no preconceived hatred of the Jew, but perhaps there is a dislike of him, and especially in certain localities, maybe—a strong dislike. Oh, this cannot be avoided; this exists; but it arises not at all from the fact that he is a Jew, not because of some racial or religious hate, but it comes from other causes of which not the native people but the Jew himself is guilty.

3

Status in Statu. Forty Centuries of Existence

Hatred, and besides one caused by prejudice—this is what the Jews are accusing the native population of. However, if the point concerning prejudices has been raised, what do you think: does the Jew have fewer prejudices against the Russian than the latter against the Jew? Hasn't he more of them?—I have given you examples of the attitude of the Russian common people toward the Jew. And here I have before me letters from Jews, and not from common ones, but from educated Jews. And so much hatred in these letters against "the native population"! And the main thing is: they write without realizing it themselves.

You see, in order to exist forty centuries on earth, *i.e.*, virtually the entire historical period of mankind, and besides, in such a close and unbroken unity; in order to lose so many times one's territory, one's political independence, laws, almost one's religion,—to lose, and again to unite each time, to regenerate ***in the former idea,*** though in a different guise, to create anew laws and almost religion—nay, such a viable people, such an extraordinarily strong and energetic people, such an unprecedented people in the world, could not have existed without *status in statu* which they have always and everywhere preserved at the time of their most dreadful, thousand, long dispersions and persecutions. Speaking of *status in statu,* I am by no means seeking to frame an accusation. Still, what is the meaning of this *status in statu?* What is its eternal, immutable idea? Wherein is the essence of this idea?

It would be too long and impossible to expound this in a brief article; besides, it would be impossible for the same reason that,

despite the forty centuries, not all *times and seasons* have arrived, and mankind's last word on this great tribe is still to come. However, without fathoming the essence and depth of the subject, it is possible to outline, at least, certain symptoms of that *status in statu*,—be it only externally. These symptoms are: alienation and estrangement in the matter of religious dogma; the impossibility of fusion; belief that in the world there exists but one national entity—the Jew, while, even though other entities exist, nevertheless it should be presumed that they are, as it were, nonexistent. "Step out of the family of nations, and form your own entity, and thou shalt know that henceforth thou art the only one before God; exterminate the rest, or make slaves of them, or exploit them. Have faith in the conquest of the whole world; adhere to the belief that everything will submit to thee. Loathe strictly everything, and do not have intercourse with anyone in thy mode of living. And even when thou shalt lose the land, thy political individuality, even when thou shalt be dispersed all over the face of the earth, amidst all nations,—never mind, have faith in everything that has been promised thee, once and forever; believe that all this will come to pass, and meanwhile live, loathe, unite and exploit, and—wait, wait. . . ."

Such is the essence of that *status in statu*, and, in addition, there are, of course, inner and, perhaps, mysterious laws guarding this idea.

You say, gentlemen—educated Jews and opponents—that all this is certainly nonsense, and that even if there be a *status in statu* (*i.e.*, there has been, but at present, according to them, only the dimmest traces of it remain), it is solely because persecution has brought it about; religious persecution since the Middle Ages, and even earlier, has generated it, and that this *status in statu* came into existence merely from the instinct of self-preservation. However, if it continues, especially in Russia, it is because the Jew has not yet been given equal rights with the native population.

But this is how I feel: should the Jew be given equal rights, under no circumstance would he renounce his *status in statu*. Moreover, to attribute it to nothing but persecution and the instinct of self-preservation—is insufficient. Besides, there would not have been enough tenacity in store for self-preservation during forty centuries; the people would have grown weary of preserving themselves for so long a time. Even the strongest civilizations in the world have failed to survive half of the forty centuries, losing their political strength and racial countenance. Here it is not only self-preservation that constitutes the main cause, but a certain compelling and luring idea, something so universal and profound

that on it, as stated above, mankind is perhaps still unable to utter its last word. That we are here dealing with something of a pre-eminently religious character—there can be no doubt. That their Providence, under the former, initial name of Jehovah, with his ideal and his covenant, continues to lead his people toward a firm goal—this much is clear. Besides, I repeat, it is impossible to conceive a Jew without God. Moreover, I do not believe in the existence of atheists even among the educated Jews: they all are of the same substance, and God only knows what the world has to expect from the educated Jews! Even in my childhood I have read and heard a legend about Jews to the effect that they are supposed to be undeviatingly awaiting the Messiah, all of them, both the lowest Yiddisher and the highest and most learned one —the philosopher and the cabalist—rabbi; that they all believe that the Messiah will again unite them in Jerusalem and will bring by his sword all nations to their feet; that this is the reason why the overwhelming majority of the Jews have a predilection but for one profession—the trade in gold, and at the utmost—for goldsmithery; and all this, so it is alleged, in order, that, when Messiah comes, they should not need to have a new fatherland and to be tied to the land of aliens in their, the Jews' possession, but to have everything converted into gold and jewels, so that it will be easier to carry them away when

> The ray of dawn begins to shine:
> Our flute, our tabor and the cymbal,
> Our riches and our holy symbol
> We will bring back to our old shrine,
> To our old home—to Palestine.

All this—I repeat—I heard as a legend, but I believe that the substance of the matter unfailingly is there, in the form of an instinctively irresistible tendency. But in order that such a substance of the matter might be preserved, it is, of course, necessary that the strictest *status in statu* be preserved. And it is being preserved. Thus, not only persecution was and is its cause, but another *idea*. . . .

If, however, among the Jews there exists in reality such an inner rigid organization as unites them into something solid and segregated, one almost may well give thought to the question whether equal rights with the native population should be granted to them.

It goes without saying that everything required by humaneness and justice, everything called for by compassion and the Christian law must be done for the Jews. But should they, in full armor of their organization and their segregation, their racial and religious

detachment; in complete armor of their regulations and principles utterly opposed to that idea abiding by which the whole European world, at least up to the present time, has been developing;—should they demand complete equalization in *all possible* rights with the native population, wouldn't they then be granted something greater, something excessive, something sovereign compared with the native population?

At this juncture, the Jews will, of course point to other aliens: "now, these have been granted equal, or almost equal, rights, whereas the Jews have fewer rights than all other aliens; and this —because people are afraid of us, Jews: because we are supposedly more harmful than all other aliens. And yet in what sense is the Jew harmful? Even if there be bad qualities in the Jewish people, this is solely because these are being fostered by the Russian people themselves—by Russian ignorance, by the Russians' unfitness for independence, by their low economic development. The Russian people themselves demand a mediator, a leader, an economic warden in business, a creditor; they themselves are inviting him and surrendering themselves to him. On the contrary, look at things in Europe: there the nations are strong and independent in spirit; they are peoples with strong national sentiment, with a long-standing habit and skill for work, and there they are not afraid to grant all rights to the Jew! Does one hear in France anything about the harm resulting from *status in statu* of the local Jews?"

Apparently, this is a strong line of reasoning; however, in this connection there arises in one's mind a notion—in parentheses, namely: Thus, Jewry is thriving precisely there where the people are still ignorant, or not free, or economically backward. It is there that Jewry has a *champ libre!* And instead of raising, by its influence, the level of education, instead of increasing knowledge, generating economic fitness in the native population,—instead of this, the Jew, wherever he has settled, has still more humiliated and debauched the people; there humaneness was still more debased and the educational level fell still lower; there inescapable, inhuman misery, and with it despair, spread still more disgustingly. Ask the native population in our border regions: What is propelling the Jew—has been propelling him for centuries? You will receive a unanimous answer: *mercilessness.* "He has been prompted so many centuries only by pitilessness for us, only by the thirst for our sweat and blood."

And, in truth, the whole activity of the Jews in these border regions of ours consisted of rendering the native population as much as possible inescapably dependent on them, taking *advantage of the local laws.* They always managed to be on friendly terms

with those upon whom the people were dependent, and, certainly, it is not for them to complain, at least in this respect, *about their restricted rights compared with the native population.* They have received from us enough of such rights over the native population. What, in the course of decades and centuries, has become of the Russian people where the Jews settled is attested by the history of our border regions. What, then?—Point to any other tribe from among Russian aliens which could rival the Jew by his dreadful influence in this connection! You will find no such tribe. In this respect the Jew preserves all his originality as compared with other Russian aliens, and, of course, the reason therefor is that *status in statu* of his, the spirit of which specifically breathes with pitilessness for everything that is not Jew, with disrespect for any people and tribe, for every human creature who is not a Jew. And what kind of justification is it that in Western Europe the nations did not permit themselves to be overwhelmed, and that thus the Russian people themselves are at fault? Because the Russian people in the border regions of Russia proved weaker than the European nations (and exclusively as a result of their secular cruel political circumstances), for this sole reason should they be completely crushed by exploitation, instead of being helped?

And if reference is made to Europe, to France, for example, —there too, hardly has their *status in statu* been harmless. Of course, there, Christianity and its idea have been lowered and are sinking not because of the Jew's fault, but through their own fault; nevertheless, it is impossible not to note also in Europe the great triumph of Jewry which has replaced many former ideas with its own.

Oh, it goes without saying that man always, at all times, has been worshipping materialism and has been inclined to perceive and understand liberty only in the sense of making his life secure through money hoarded by the exertion of every effort and accumulated by all possible means. However, at no time in the past have these tendencies been raised so cynically and so obviously to the level of a sublime principle as in our Nineteenth Century. "Everybody for himself, and only for himself, and every intercourse with man solely for one's self"—such is the ethical tenet of the majority of present-day people,[1] even not bad people, but, on the contrary, laboring people who neither murder nor steal. And mercilessness for the lower masses, the decline of brotherhood, exploitation of the poor by the rich,—oh, of course, all this existed

[1]The fundamental idea of the bourgeoisie which, at the end of the last century, took the place of the former concept of a world order,—an idea which has become the focal idea of the present century throughout the whole European world.

also before and always; however, it had not been raised to the level of supreme truth and of science—it had been condemned by Christianity, whereas at present, on the contrary, it is being regarded as virtue.

Thus, it is not for nothing that over there the Jews are reigning everywhere over stock-exchanges: it is not for nothing that they control capital, that they are the masters of credit, and it is not for nothing—I repeat—that they are also the masters of international politics, and what is going to happen in the future is known to the Jews themselves: their reign, their complete reign is approaching! We are approaching the complete triumph of ideas before which sentiments of humanity, thirst for truth, Christian and national feelings, and even those of national dignity, must bow. On the contrary, we are approaching materialism, a blind, carnivorous craving for personal material welfare, a craving for personal accumulation of money by any means—this is all that has been proclaimed as the supreme aim, as the reasonable thing, as liberty, in lieu of the Christian idea of salvation only through the closest moral and brotherly fellowship of men.

People will laugh and say that this is not all brought about by the Jews. Of course, not only by them, but if the Jews have completely triumphed and thriven in Europe precisely at the time when these new principles have triumphed there to the point of having been raised to the level of a moral principle, it is impossible not to infer that the Jews, too, have contributed their influence to this condition. Our opponents point out that, on the contrary, the Jews are poor, poor even everywhere, especially in Russia; that only the very summit of the Jews is rich—bankers and kings of stock-exchanges—while the rest, virtually nine-tenths of the Jews, are literally beggars, running about for a piece of bread, offering commissions and anxiously looking for an opportunity to snatch somewhere a penny for bread. Yes, this seems to be so, but what does this signify? Does it not specifically mean that in the very toil of the Jews (*i.e.*, at least, their overwhelming majority), in their very exploitation there is something wrong, abnormal, something unnatural carrying in itself retribution. The Jew is offering his interposition, he is trading in another man's labor. Capital is accumulated labor; the Jew loves to trade in somebody else's labor! But, temporarily, this changes nothing. As against this, the summit of the Jews is assuming stronger and firmer power over mankind seeking to convey to it its image and substance. Jews keep vociferating that among them, too, there are good people. Oh, God! Is this the point?—Besides, we are speaking not about *good* or bad people. And aren't there good people among those? Wasn't the late James Rothschild of Paris a good man?—We are speaking

about the whole and its idea; we are speaking about *Judaism* and the *Jewish idea* which is clasping the whole world instead of Christianity which "did not succeed." . . .

4

BUT LONG LIVE BROTHERHOOD

But what am I talking about and what for? Or am I an enemy of the Jews? Indeed, is it true, as a noble and educated Jewish girl writes me (of this I have no doubt—this can be perceived from the letter, from the ardent sentiments expressed in this letter), is it true that I am—to use her words—an enemy of this "unfortunate" tribe which I am "so cruelly attacking on every opportune occasion." "Your contempt for the Jewish tribe which 'thinks about nothing except itself,' etc., is obvious." Nay, I protest against this obviousness, and besides, I deny the fact itself. On the contrary, I am saying and writing that "everything required by humaneness and justice, everything called for by compassion and the Christian law,—all this must be done for the Jews." These words were written by me above, but now I will add to them that despite all considerations already set forth by me, I am decidedly favoring full extension of Jewish rights in formal legislation, and, if possible, fullest equality with the native population (N. B., although, perhaps, in certain cases, even now they have more rights, or—to put it better—*more possibilities of exercising them* than the native population itself).

Of course, the following fantasy, for instance, comes to my mind: "Now, what if somehow, for some reason, our rural commune should disintegrate, that commune which is protecting our poor native peasant against so many ills; what if, straightway, the Jew, and his whole kehillah should fall upon that liberated peasant,—so inexperienced, so incapable of resisting temptation, and who up to this time has been guarded precisely by the commune?—Why, of course: instantly, this would be his end; his entire property, his whole strength, the very next day, would come under the power of the Jew, and there would ensue such an era as could be compared not only with the era of serfdom but even with that of the Tartar yoke."

Despite all the "fantasies" and everything I have written above, however, I favor full and complete equalization of rights because such is Christ's law, such is the Christian principle. But if so, what was the point of writing so many pages, and what did I intend to express if I am so *contradicting* myself?—Specifically, the fact that I am not contradicting myself, and that from the

Russian native side I see no difficulties in extending Jewish rights; I do, however, assert that these obstacles are incomparably greater on the part of the Jews than on the part of the Russians, and that if up to the present the thing which one wishes wholeheartedly has not come to pass, the blame therefor is infinitely less on the Russian than on the Jew himself. Similarly what I was telling about the common Jew who refuses to maintain intercourse and share his meals with the Russians who were not angry with him, who did not retaliate but, on the contrary, at once grasped the situation and forgave him, saying: "this is because such is his religion,"—similarly this we often perceive in the intelligent Jew—a boundless and haughty prejudice against the Russian.

Oh, they do shout that they are fond of the Russian people; one of them even wrote me that he was sorry that the Russian people were devoid of religion and understood nothing in their Christianity. This is too strongly put for a Jew, and there merely arises this question: Does this highly educated Jew himself understand anything about Christianity?—But self-conceit and haughtiness are qualities of the Jewish character, which to us Russians, is very painful. Who, as between the two of us—the Russian or the Jew—is more incapable of understanding the other?—I swear, I would rather exonerate the Russian: at least, he has no (positively no) religious hatred of the Jew. And who has more prejudices of other kinds? Now, the Jews keep vociferating that they have been oppressed and persecuted for so many centuries, that they are being oppressed and persecuted at present, and that this much, at least, should be taken into account by the Russian when analyzing the Jewish character. All right, we do take this into account, and this we can prove: among the educated strata of the Russian people on more than one occasion voices have been raised in favor of the Jews. Well, what about the Jews?—Did they, and do they, take into account, when blaming, and complaining against, the Russians, all the oppression and persecution which the Russian people themselves have endured? Is it possible to maintain that the Russian people, "in the course of their history" have endured fewer misfortunes and ills than the Jews wheresoever it may have been? And is it possible to assert that the Jew very frequently has not allied himself with the persecutors of the Russian people, taking a lease on them from their oppressors, and becoming himself their persecutor?—Indeed, all this did happen, it did exist; indeed, this is history, an historical fact. But we have never heard that the Jewish people repented for this, and yet they keep accusing the Russian people of the fact that they do not love the Jews enough.

Still, "let it come to pass, let it come to pass!" Let there

be full moral unity of the tribes and no discrimination in their rights! And for this purpose, in the first place, I implore my opponents and my Jewish correspondents to be more indulgent and just toward us Russians. If their haughtiness, their perpetual "sad squeamishness" toward the Russian race is merely a prejudice, ân "historical excrescence," *and is not concealed in some much deeper mysteries of their law and organization,*—let all this be dispelled as soon as possible, and let us come together in one spirit, in complete brotherhood, for mutual assistance and for the great cause of serving our land, our state and our fatherland! Let the mutual accusations be mollified; let the customary exaggeration of these accusations, hindering the clear understanding of things, disappear! One can pledge for the Russian people: oh, they will accept the Jew in the fullest brotherhood, despite the difference in religion—and with perfect respect for the historical fact of such a difference. Nevertheless, for complete brotherhood—*brotherhood on the part of both sides is needed.* Let the Jew also show at least some brotherly feeling for the Russian people so as to encourage them. I know that even at present there are plenty of men among the Jewish people who are seeking and craving for the elimination of the misunderstandings, men who, besides, are humane, and I shall not keep silent on this fact so as to conceal the truth. It is precisely in order that these useful and humane persons should not grow despondent and low-spirited, and with a view to weakening, at least somewhat, their prejudices, thereby facilitating their first steps, that I should favor a full extension of rights to the Jewish race, at least, as far as possible, specifically, in so far as the Jewish people themselves prove their ability to accept and make use of these rights without detriment to the native population. It would even be possible to make an advance concession, to make more steps forward on the part of the Russian side. The only question is: to what extent would these new, good Jews succeed and how far are they themselves adapted to the new and beautiful cause of genuine brotherly communion with men who are alien to them by religion and blood?

CHAPTER III

1

"The Funeral of the 'Universal Man'"

IN THIS March issue of my *Diary* I meant to discuss many things. And now again, somehow, it so happened that the things about which I had intended to say but a few words absorbed the

entire space. And how many themes there are which all the year I have been planning to dwell upon, and still I am unable to come to them. Indeed, about certain matters it would be necessary to say much, and inasmuch as it develops that much cannot be told, one does not embark upon the discussion of the subject in question.

This time, leaving aside these "important" topics, I meant to say, in passing, at least a few words on art. I have seen Rossi in *Hamlet,* and I came to the conclusion that, instead of Hamlet, I saw Mr. Rossi. But it is better not to start talking if I do not intend to say everything. I wanted also to discuss (a little) Semiradsky's picture, but most of all I intended to interject a few words on idealism and realism in art, on Repin and Mr. Raphael but I see that all these will have to be postponed until a more opportune time.

Furthermore it was my intention to write—but this somewhat more elaborately—about some letters, particularly anonymous, which I have been receiving during the whole period of the publication of the *Diary.* Generally speaking, I am not in a position to answer all letters which I am receiving, especially the anonymous ones, and yet, during these eighteen months I have derived from this correspondence (on our common themes) several observations which, at least in my opinion, are noteworthy: in any event, it becomes possible to make several special notes, based on experience, concerning our present-day Russian intellectual mood—the things in which our not idle minds are interested and toward which they are bent, and who exactly are these not idle minds. In this connection curious traits may be recorded representative of age, sex, social status and even of this or that locality of Russia.

I believe that some space should be devoted in one of the future issues of the *Diary,* for instance, to anonymous letters and their characteristics; in my opinion this wouldn't be too boring since these writings reflect variety of every kind. Of course, not everything—perhaps, not even the most curious—can be told and recorded. For this reason,—and not knowing whether I can manage to cope with this theme—I hesitate to embark upon it.

However, at this time I want to refer to a letter, not an anonymous one, from Miss L., a very young Jewish girl whom I know well and with whom I made my acquaintance in Petersburg. She writes me from the city of M. Almost never did I converse with esteemed Miss L. on the subject of "the Jewish question," in spite of the fact that she seems to be one of those strict and serious-minded Jewesses. I see that her letter strangely fits into the whole chapter on the Jews which I have just finished writing. It might

be too much to dwell again on the same subject, but this is a different theme, or even if it is the same theme, nevertheless it reveals the opposite aspect of the question, and even, as it were, a hint at its solution.

Let Miss L. magnanimously forgive me for taking the liberty of quoting here in her own words that part of her letter in which she describes the funeral of Dr. Hindenburg in the city of M., and which contains these most sincere and touchingly truthful lines written under the first impression of what she has seen. I did not wish to conceal the fact that this was written by a Jewess, and that these sentiments are those of a Jewess. . . .

"I am writing this under the fresh impression of a funeral. It was the funeral of *Dr. Hindenburg*, aged eighty-four. Because he was a Protestant, his body was first taken to a Protestant church, and only after that—to the cemetery. Never did I see at a funeral such sympathy, such warm tears; never did I hear words which sprang so spontaneously from the soul. . . . He died in such poverty that there was no money to take care of his burial expenses.

"He has been practicing in M. for fifty-eight years and how much good he did during that time. If you only knew, Fedor Mikhailovich, what a man this was! He was a doctor and an obstetrician; his name will live here in posterity; legends about him are already being told. All the common people called him 'father,' they loved and adored him, and only when he died did they comprehend what they have lost in this man. While his body lay in the coffin (in the church), I think there wasn't a single person who did not come up to weep over him and to kiss his feet, particularly poor Jewesses whom he has helped so much; they wept and prayed that he be taken straight to Paradise. Today our former cook, an awfully poor woman, called on us, and she said that when her last child was born he, seeing that there was no food in her room, gave her thirty kopecks—to cook soup, and thereafter every day he came to see her leaving twenty kopecks for her; and when she began to recover, he sent her two partridges. Also, once having been called to a dreadfully poor woman in childbed (and such were the women who used to call him), he, seeing that there was no cloth in which the baby could be wrapped, took off his upper shirt and handkerchief (he always wore a handkerchief on his head), tore them up and gave them to the woman.

"He also cured a poor Jew, a wood-cutter; after that his wife and then her children fell sick. Every God's day, twice a day he called on them, and when he had put them all on their feet, he asked the Jew: 'How are you going to pay me?' The Jew said that

he had absolutely nothing, except a she-goat which he would sell that day. This he did; he sold the goat for four rubles, and brought the money to the doctor who, through his man-servant, gave twelve rubles, in addition to the four, ordered him to buy a cow, and meanwhile he told the wood-cutter to go home. An hour later the cow was brought to the latter, and he was informed that the doctor found that goat-milk was not good for them.

"Thus he lived all his life. On some occasions, he would leave with the poor as much as thirty or forty rubles; he also gave money to the poor peasant women in villages.

"But he was buried like a saint. All the poor people closed their stores and ran after the coffin. It is a custom among Jews that at funerals little boys sing psalms, but it is forbidden to sing them when a person of non-Jewish faith is being buried. In this case, however, at the funeral procession boys marched before the coffin and sang these psalms. In all synagogues prayers were said for his soul, and bells in *all* churches pealed during the procession. There was a band of military music, and Jewish musicians called on the son of the deceased and begged—as for an honor—to be permitted to play during the procession. All the poor people gave five or ten kopecks, while the rich Jews contributed much, and a gorgeous, enormous wreath of fresh flowers was ordered, with white and black ribbons at its sides on which in gold lettering his principal services were recorded, for instance, the foundation of a hospital, etc. I was unable to decipher what was written there, and besides, is it possible to enumerate all his merits?

"At his grave orations were delivered by a pastor and a rabbi. Both wept, and he lay there in his old, worn-out uniform; his head was tied with an old handkerchief—that dear head of his, and it seemed that he was merely sleeping so fresh was the color of his face. . . ."

An Isolated Case

"An isolated case"—people might say. Well, gentlemen, once more I plead guilty: again I perceive in an isolated case almost the beginning of the solution of the whole question . . . that same "Jewish question" with which I have entitled the second chapter of the *Diary*. By the way, why did I call the little old doctor a "universal man"? He was rather a common man, and not a "universal man." This city of M. is a big provincial town in the Western region; it has a large Jewish population; there are also Germans,

Russians, of course, Poles, Lithuanians; and all these nationalities have recognized the righteous old man as their own. He himself was a Protestant and specifically a German, fully a German: the way he bought the cow and sent her to the poor Jew—this is a typically German "*Witz*." First, he baffled him: "How are you going to pay me?" And it stands to reason that when the poor fellow was selling his last goat in order to pay his "benefactor," he did not repine in the least; on the contrary, in his soul he was bitterly sorry that the goat was worth only four rubles, while "the poor old man laboring for all the poor folks has also got to live, and what is four rubles for all the favors he has bestowed upon the family?" Well, the little old man was no fool; he smiled, and his heart said: "Now, I'll show him, the poor fellow, our German *Witz!*" And how heartily he must have laughed to himself when the cow was taken to the Jew, and he might have spent that night in a miserable shanty of some poor Jewess in childbed. And it would have been nice for the eighty-year-old man to get a good night's sleep, to give his old bones a little rest.

Were I a painter, I would have painted this "genre," that night at the Jewess' childbed. I am awfully fond of realism in art, but in the pictures of some of our modern realists *there is no moral center*, as a mighty poet and a refined artist expressed himself the other day, conversing with me about Semiradsky's canvas. I believe that here, in the subject suggested by me for the "genre" there would be such a center. And for the artist it would be a gorgeous subject. First, the ideal, impossible, fetid misery of a poor Jewish shanty. Here much humor could be expressed and in a most opportune sense: humor is wit of a profound feeling, and I like this definition very much. With a refined feeling and intellect the artist may achieve much by the mere reshuffling of the roles of all these miserable household articles in a poor hut, and by this *amusing* reshuffle he can at once touch your heart. Besides, light could be made interesting: on a warped table a greasy guttered candle is burning out, while through the hoary tiny window, covered with ice, glimmers the dawn of another difficult day for poor folks. Women subject to painful accouchement often bring forth the child at dawn: all night long they suffer great pains, and in the early morning they deliver the child. Presently, the tired little old man, turning for a moment from the mother, takes hold of the child; there is nothing to swathe him with; there is even no duster (gentlemen, I swear that such misery exists; it does exist, it's pure realism, realism reaching the level of the fantastic). And the righteous old man takes off his worn-out uniform, then he also removes from

his shoulders his shirt and tears it up for swaddles. The expression of his face is stern and concentrated. The poor newborn tiny Jewish baby squirms before him on the bed; a Christian takes the little Jew into his hands and wraps him with a shirt from his shoulders.

Gentlemen, this is the solution to the Jewish question: the eighty-year-old naked torso of the doctor, shivering from morning dampness, may assume a prominent place in the picture, not to speak of the face of the old man and that of the exhausted young woman in childbed looking at her new-born, and the doctor knows it: "This poor little Yiddisher will grow up, and, perhaps, he himself will take his shirt off his shoulders and, remembering the story of his birth, will give it to a Christian"—with naive and noble faith ponders the old man. Will this come to pass?—Most probably not. However, this may come to pass, and there is nothing better on earth than to believe that *this* may and will come to pass. And as for the doctor, he has the right so to believe since in his case it has already materialized. "I did it, and someone else will do it. In what sense am I better than another?"—he encourages himself.

The tired old Jewess, the mother of the woman in childbed, in rags, busies herself at the stove. The Jew, who has been out to fetch a bundle of chips, opens the door of the hut, and chilly vapors, like a cloud, for an instant, break into the room. On the floor, on a felt bedding, two little Jewish boys are sound asleep. In a word, the *mise-en-scène* could be worked out very well. Even the thirty kopecks in copper on the table which the doctor has left for the soup of the woman in childbed might constitute a detail —a small copper pile of three-kopecks coins, methodically put together, and by no means tossed hither and thither. Even mother-of-pearl could be delineated, just as in Semiradsky's picture in which a piece of mother-of-pearl is wonderfully painted: indeed, sometimes doctors are given pretty little presents (so as not to pay much in cash),—and the doctor's cigar case made of mother-of-pearl lies there, next to the copper heap. Yes, it's all right, the picture would come out with a "moral center." I suggest that it be painted.

Isolated case! Some two years ago it has been reported that somewhere (I have forgotten where) in the south of Russia, a certain doctor who on a hot morning had just come out of a bathing house refreshed and invigorated, and who was anxious to go home as quickly as possible for a cup of coffee, refused to give assistance to a drowned man who had been taken out of the water nearby, despite the fact that a crowd of people urged him to do so. I believe he was prosecuted for this. And yet, perhaps, he was an educated

man with new ideas, a progressive, but one who "reasonably" demanded new general laws and rights for everybody, neglecting isolated cases. He might even have believed that isolated cases are rather harmful because they postpone the general solution to the problem, and that as far as these single cases are concerned, the principle "the worse—the better" should be in force. However, general rights cannot very well be put into effect in the absence of isolated cases.

The common man, though he may have constituted an isolated case, succeeded in uniting at his grave a whole town. The Russian peasant women and the poor Jewesses kissed his feet, crowding around him and weeping all together. Fifty-eight years of service to humanity in this town; fifty-eight years of unceasing love, united everybody, at least once, at his coffin in common ecstasy and tears. The population of the whole town turned out at his funeral; the bells of *all* the churches were pealing; prayers were sung in all languages. The pastor in tears delivered his oration over the open grave. The rabbi, standing by, waited for the pastor to finish his eulogy, and then he made his speech shedding tears, in turn. Indeed, at this moment this very "Jewish question" has been almost solved! Since the pastor and the rabbi became united in common love; they almost embraced each other at this grave in the presence of Christians and Jews. What of it, if, after parting, each one embarked upon his old prejudices: the drop grinds the stone, and it is these "common people" who are conquering the world by uniting it. Prejudices will grow dimmer after every isolated case and, finally, will disappear.

Legends will survive the little old man, writes Miss L., also a Jewess, one who also has wept over that "dear head" of the humanitarian. And legends—why, they are the first step toward work, this live reminiscence and continual reminder about these "conquerors of the world" to whom the future of the world belongs. And once you believe that they are the conquerors and that "they shall inherit the earth," you are almost united in everything.

All this is very simple. It seems, however, that one thing is difficult: to become convinced that without these units the sum total can never be arrived at; everything will fall apart, but these will unite everything. These suggest the thought; they inspire us with faith; they constitute a living example and, therefore, a proof. And it is not at all necessary to wait until everybody becomes as good as they, or a great many: only very few of such men are needed to save the world—thus strong they are. And if so, how can one fail to hope?

To Our Correspondents

Novocherkassk. U. G. Please send the article on Stundism.

* * *

Mrs. N. N. is requested to proceed with the fulfillment of her promise to send information on events in the life of the peasants and on the Zemstvo work in her region.

* * *

This time we apologize to all those who have sent advertisements about their periodicals for publication in the *Diary:* owing to the lack of space we were unable to fill their orders.

APRIL

CHAPTER I

1

War. We Are Stronger than the Rest

"WAR! WAR has been declared!"—people were exclaiming in Russia two weeks ago. "Will there be war?"—others were asking. "It has been declared, declared!"—people replied to them. "Yes; declared, but will there be war?"—they kept asking. . . .

Indeed, such questions did arise; perhaps they are still being asked. And it was not only because of long diplomatic procrastination that people have utterly lost their faith; here there was something different—the instinct. Everybody feels that something final has begun; that some kind of an end of something that has been in the past is nearing,—of some long, protracted past, and that a step is made in the direction of something altogether new which splits the past into two, which regenerates and resurrects it for a new life . . . and that this step is being made by Russia! Precisely herein is the incredulity of the "wise" fellows. There is instinctive presentiment but disbelief persists: "Russia! But how can she? How does she dare? Is she ready? Is she ready inwardly, morally—not only materially? . . . Over there is Europe; easy to say—Europe! While Russia . . . What is Russia? And such a step!"

However, the people believe that they are ready for this regenerating and great step. It is the people themselves led by the Czar who have risen for war. When the Czar's word had sounded, the

people poured into churches, and thus it was all over Russia. When the Czar's manifesto was being read, the people were crossing themselves and they all *congratulated* one another upon the declaration of war. We saw this with our own eyes, we heard it, even here, in Petersburg. And again the same things, the same facts arose as last year. Peasants in volostis are making, to the limit of their means, money contributions; they give carts with horses. And suddenly, these thousands of men, as one man, began to exclaim: "What do those donations and those carts mean! Everyone of us will go to war!"

Here, in Petersburg, we have donors for wounded and sick soldiers; they give as much as several thousand rubles each, and they insist that their gifts be listed as *anonymous*. Such instances are very numerous; there will be tens of thousands of similar cases, and they will surprise no one. They merely signify that the people have risen for the truth, for a sacred cause, that they, as a whole, have risen for the sake of war and that they mean war.

Oh, the wiseacres will deny even these facts as they did those of last year; the wiseacres, even as of late, continue to ridicule the people although their voices have noticeably abated. Whence do they derive so much self-reliance? Why do they laugh? Precisely because they still consider themselves a power without which nothing can be done. And yet their power is coming to an end. They are nearing a terrible debacle, and when it breaks out they too will start speaking a different language, but then everybody will perceive that they are not muttering their own words but merely echoing somebody else's voice; then people will turn away from them and will hopefully turn toward the Czar and his people.

We ourselves need this war; not merely because our "Slavic brethren" have been oppressed by the Turks. We are also rising for our own salvation. The war will clear the air which we breathe and in which we have been suffocating, closeted in spiritual narrowness and stricken with impotence of decay. The wiseacres are shouting that we are perishing from our own domestic disorganization, and that, for this reason, not war but lasting peace should be sought so that we may be transformed from beasts and blockheads into human beings, so that we may learn order, honesty and honor:— "then go ahead and help your Slavic brethren"—thus they wind up their song in accordant chorus.

In this connection it would be curious to know how they conceive that process by means of which they expect to improve. And how can they acquire honor by means of flagrant dishonor? Finally, it would be curious to find out how and by what means they would vindicate their severance from the universal and ubiquitous popular

sentiment?—Yes, the contention seems justified that truth can be acquired only through martyrdom. Millions of men are moving and suffering and are passing away without leaving a trace, as it were, predestined never to learn the truth. They are living by somebody else's ideas, seeking ready-made words and examples, and clinging to causes suggested from without. They are shouting that they are being backed up by authorities, by Europe. They are hissing at those who are not in accord with them, who despise lackeyism of thought and who believe in their own and in their people's independence. In fact these masses of vociferating men are predestined to constitute an inert means for enabling but scattered individuals in their midst to approach the truth, though slightly, or, at least, to get a presentiment of it. It is these individuals who lead the masses, who dominate the movement, conceiving the idea and bequeathing it to these tossing multitudes of human beings. We also have had such individuals. Some of us—even many—already understand them. Yet, the wiseacres continue to laugh and still believe that they are a great power. "They'll take a walk and come back" —they say, referring to our troops which have crossed the border; they speak so even aloud. "There will be no war. War! How can we conduct a war!—This is merely a promenade and manœuvres at the cost of hundreds of millions for the purpose of upholding honor." Such is their intimate view of the affair. At that—is it only an intimate view?

But even if it could so happen that we should be beaten, or though after beating the enemy, under pressure of circumstances, we should, nevertheless, have to make a trifling peace,—oh, then, of course, the wiseacres would triumph. And what hissing, rows and cynicism would again ensue for several years, what a bacchanalia of self-contempt, blows on the face and self-provocation—and this not for inspiring resurrection and vigor, but precisely for the sake of the triumph of their own dishonor, faithlessness and impotence! And the new nihilism, just as the former one, would begin with the negation of the Russian people and their independence. And the main thing is that it would acquire so much strength, it would become so fortified that it would unquestionably insult, even aloud, Russia's sacred things. And youths would again be spitting upon their families and homes; again they would start running away from their old people repeating over and over the mechanically learned old boring words about European greatness, and about our duty to be as impersonal as possible. And what is most important—the old song, old words, and nothing new for a long time!

Nay, we need war and victory. With war and victory the new word will be uttered, and a new life will begin—not merely, as

heretofore, deadening chit-chat,—why, gentlemen,—not only as heretofore, as we have it now!

But we must be ready for everything, and even if the worst, the impossibly worst, outcome of the war, which has begun now, be supposed, much bad experience as we may have to endure; much as we may have to suffer from that old grief with which we are bored to death,—nevertheless the colossus is not going to be undermined, and sooner or later he will take his own. This is not merely a hope, but a full certitude, and in the impossibility of undermining the colossus is our whole strength in the face of Europe, where virtually everybody is afraid that their old edifice will be undermined and the ceilings will crash upon them.

This colossus is our people. And the beginning of this present *popular* war as well as all recent facts preceding it have graphically demonstrated, to those who know how to behold things, the integrity and freshness of our people and the extent to which they remained immune to that decay which has putrefied our sages.

And what service they have rendered to us in Europe! Only recently they have been vociferating to the whole world that we were poor and negligible; scoffingly they have been assuring everybody that we had no such thing as popular spirit since there was no *people,* and that the people and their spirit have been invented by the fantasies of the home-baked Moscow dreamers; that eighty million Russian peasants were merely inert, drunken taxation units; that there was no unity between the Czar and the people; that this was only text-book stuff; that, on the contrary, everything was undermined and gnawed through by nihilism; that our soldiers would throw down their rifles and would start running as so many sheep; that we had neither cartridges nor provisions, and finally, that we ourselves perceived that we have been bluffing, that we have gone too far, and that we exerted all our efforts to find a pretext for a retreat without getting most ignominious blows on our face—which "even we were unable to endure," and that we were praying that Europe might invent such a pretext for us.

This is what our wiseacres have been swearing to, and one is almost unable to be angry with them, since such are their genuine views and conceptions. And in truth, in many a thing we are poor and pitiful. Yes, it is true: there is so much that is bad in Russia that a wiseacre, particularly if he is *our* "wiseacre," could not "betray" himself and could not help but exclaim: "That's the end of Russia, and there is nothing to regret!" Well, these familiar ideas of our wiseacres have spread throughout Europe, especially through European correspondents who have invaded Russia on the eve of the war in order to investigate us on the spot, to inspect

us with their European eyes, and to estimate our strength with their European gauges. And it goes without saying that they have been listening only to our "wise and sensible" ones. They have all overlooked the people's strength, the people's spirit, and all over Europe the news has spread that Russia was perishing, that Russia was nothing at all, that she has been nothing, that she is nothing and will be reduced to nothing.

But the hearts of our traditional enemies and haters whom for two centuries we have been vexing in Europe began to quiver —the hearts of many thousands of European Jews and of the millions of "Christians" Judaizing in accord with them, the heart of Beaconsfield—when he was told that Russia would endure everything, including a most shameful blow in the face, but would not resort to war—such was, so to speak, her "peaceableness." But having made them all blind, God saved us: too firmly were they convinced of Russia's ruin and nothingness. But they did overlook the cardinal thing. They have overlooked the Russian people as a whole, as a living force, and the colossal fact—the union of the Czar with his people! *Only this is* what they have overlooked!

Besides, they were utterly unable to understand and believe the fact that our Czar was really peaceable and that he, in truth, had such compassion: they thought that this was mere "politics." They see nothing even at present: they are clamoring that it is only manifest that "patriotism has suddenly arisen in our midst." "Is this patriotism?"—they ask. "Is this Czar's communion with the people for the sake of a great cause—is it *only* patriotism?" Our principal strength is precisely in the fact that they do not understand Russia at all—they understand nothing about Russia! They do not know that nothing in the world can conquer us; that we may, perhaps, be losing battles, but that nevertheless we shall remain invincible precisely because of the unity of our popular spirit, and by reason of the people's consciousness; that we are not France, which is all in Paris; that we are not Europe, which is altogether dependent upon the stock-exchanges of her bourgeoisie and the "tranquillity" of her proletarians which is being purchased —and this only for one hour—with the last resorts of their local governments. They do not comprehend and know that, if it be our will, neither the Jews of all Europe nor the millions of their gold —not even the millions of their armies, can conquer us; that if it be our will, it is impossible to compel us to do something we do not wish, and that there is no such power on earth which could compel us.

The only trouble is that these words will be laughed at not only in Europe, but at home, too, and not only by our wise and

sensible ones, but even by genuine Russians of our educated strata —to such an extent we do not understand ourselves and our native strength which, thank God, has not yet been broken.

These good men fail to understand that in our immense and most peculiar land, which does not resemble Europe, even war tactics (a thing so common!) may be quite different from those of Europe; that the basis of European tactics—money and scientific organizations of six hundred thousand men—strong military invasions—may stumble over our land and knock against a new force unknown to them, whose foundation lies in the nature of our boundless Russian land and of our all-united Russian spirit.

However, let our many good men, *for the time being,* fail to understand this (they do not know and are timid). Yet our Czars are aware of this and the people feel this. Alexander I was cognizant of this peculiar force of ours when he said that he would grow a beard and retire with his people to the depths of the forests rather than lay down his sword and submit to Napoleon's will. And, of course, in a collision with such a force all Europe would be smashed because for such a war she would not have sufficient money, unity and organization.

When all our Russian men learn that we are so powerful, then we shall achieve a condition where we shall not have to conduct wars; then Europe will begin to believe in us and she will then, for the first time, *discover* us, as in the past she has discovered America. But for this it is necessary that we, ahead of them, discover ourselves, and that our intelligentsia understand that it can no longer segregate and detach itself from its people. . . .

Not Always Is War a Scourge. Sometimes It Is Salvation

But our wiseacres have also seized upon another aspect of the matter: they are preaching philanthropy and humaneness; they are lamenting over blood that has been shed, over the fact that in the course of the war we shall grow still more bestial and defiled and that thereby we shall be still farther removed from domestic progress, from the right road, from science.

Yes, of course, war is a calamity; still, there is much fallacy in these arguments, and, what is most important—we are surfeited with these bourgeois morals! The exploit of bloody self-sacrifice for the sake of everything that we regard as sacred, is, of course, more moral than the whole bourgeois catechism. The enthusiasm

of a nation inspired by a magnanimous idea is a progressive impulse and not bestialization. It stands to reason that we may be mistaken in what we consider a magnanimous idea, but if that which we deem to be our sanctity is disgraceful and vicious, we cannot evade punishment which will be conferred upon us by nature herself: ignominy and vice carry in themselves death, and, sooner or later, they punish themselves. For example, a war undertaken for the sake of acquisition of wealth, prompted by the insatiable greed of the bourse, may actually be derived from the same law of the development of one's national individuality, common to all peoples,—nevertheless there is a limit to this development which should not be exceeded; beyond this limit any acquisition, any progress, signifies excess carrying in itself disease followed by death. Thus, were England, in this present Eastern struggle, to back Turkey, completely neglecting, for the sake of her commercial profits, the groans of oppressed mankind,—no doubt, she would be drawing the sword against herself, and, sooner or later, that sword would fall on her own head.

On the contrary, what is purer and more sacred than the exploit of a war such as Russia is undertaking at present? It may be said: "But Russia, too, although she really undertakes the war only for the purpose of liberating the tortured tribes and restoring their independence, nevertheless, thereby acquires in these tribes future allies and, therefore, she is gaining strength, so that all this, naturally, expresses the same law of development of national individuality which England seeks to enforce. And inasmuch as the concept of 'Panslavism,' by its very immensity unquestionably may be intimidating Europe, she has the right, by virtue of the law of self-preservation, to stop us just as much as we have the right to go ahead, disregarding her fears and being guided in our movement by nothing but political foresight and prudence. Thus, in all this there is nothing either sacred or vicious,—merely the eternal animal instinct of the peoples by which all insufficiently and inadequately developed earthly tribes, without any exception, are abiding. Nevertheless, accumulated consciousness, science and humaneness, sooner or later, unfailingly are apt to weaken the eternal bestial instinct of the imprudent nations, inspiring all the peoples with the desire of peace, international fellowship and humane progress. Therefore, peace, and not blood, should nevertheless be preached."

Holy words! But in this case, somehow, they are inapplicable to Russia, or—to put it better—Russia at this historical moment constitutes, so to speak, an exception. This is really so.

In fact, should Russia, which rose so distinterestedly and truthfully for the salvation and regeneration of the oppressed tribes, strengthen herself in the future with them, nevertheless, even in this case, she would constitute a most exceptional example which Europe in no way expects since she is measuring things with her own yardstick. Russia, by even greatly strengthening herself as a result of her alliance with the tribes liberated by her, would not fall upon Europe with the sword; she would neither seize nor take away anything, as Europe, unfailingly, would do, if it were possible for her to unite all nations against Russia. In fact, all nations in Europe have been doing so throughout their whole histories whenever the possibility arose of strengthening themselves at the expense of their neighbors.

This has been the case from the most savage primordial times down to the recent contemporaneous Franco-Prussian war. And what became then of their whole civilization?—The most learned and enlightened of all nations fell upon another equally learned and enlightened nation, and seizing upon the opportunity, devoured it as a wild beast, drank its blood, squeezed out of it all its sap, in the form of billions in indemnity, and chopped off its whole side, in the form of its two best provinces.

In truth, after all this, can Europe be blamed for being unable to understand Russia's mission? Can they—these uppish, learned and strong ones—comprehend and presume, be it only in fantasy, that perhaps Russia has been predestined and created for their own salvation, and that it is she which, perhaps, will finally utter this word of salvation?

Oh, yes, of course, not only shall we not seize and take away anything from them, but the fact itself that we shall greatly strengthen ourselves (through the alliance of love and brotherhood, and not usurpation and violence) will, finally, enable us not to draw the sword, but, on the contrary, in the tranquillity of our might—to reveal an example of sincere peace, international fellowship and disinterestedness.

We shall be the first to announce to the world that we seek to achieve our own welfare not through the suppression of national individualities alien to us, but, on the contrary, that we perceive our welfare in the freest and most independent development of all other nations and in brotherly communion with them. One nation will be amplifying the other; we shall be grafting upon ourselves their organic peculiarities, and, on our part, we shall give them our own twigs for grafting. We shall maintain spiritual intercourse with them, teaching them and learning from them, up to the time

when mankind, as a grand and beautiful tree, having attained full maturity and universal brotherhood through the fellowship of all peoples, shades with itself the happy earth!

Let our present-day "universal men" and self-renouncers laugh at these "fantastic" words, but we cannot be blamed for the fact that we believe in these things, *i.e.*, that in this respect we are in full accord with our people who also believe in them. Ask the people; ask the soldier: Why are they rising? Why do they go to war and what are they expecting from it?—Everyone of them, as one man, will tell you that they are going in order to serve Christ and to liberate the oppressed brethren, and not one of them is thinking about usurpation.

Quite so: precisely during this war we shall prove our idea concerning Russia's future mission in Europe; specifically we shall prove it by the fact that after liberating the Slavic countries we shall acquire for ourselves not even a scrap of land (as Austria is dreaming on her behalf), and that, on the contrary, we shall watch over their own mutual accord and protect their liberty and independence, be it even against all Europe. This being so, ours is a sacred idea, and our war is not "the eternal bestial instinct of imprudent nations," but specifically the first step toward the realization of that perpetual peace in which we are happy to believe,—toward the attainment *in reality* of international fellowship and of *truly* humane welfare!

Thus, it is not always that peace and only peace must be preached, and salvation is not always only in peace *quand-même* but sometimes also in war.

3

Does Spilled Blood Save?

"But blood, but nevertheless blood!"—the wiseacres keep saying. And truly all these bureaucratic phrases about blood are nothing but an array of most insignificant bombastic words for specific purposes. Stock-exchange brokers, for instance, nowadays are very fond of talking about humaneness. And many among those who are talking about humaneness are merely trading in it. Meanwhile, without war, perhaps, even more blood would be shed.

Believe me that in certain, if not in all, cases (save in the case of civil wars) war is a process by means of which *specifically* international peace is achieved with a minimum loss of blood, with minimum sorrow and effort, and at least more or less normal relations between the nations are evolved. Of course, this is a pity, but

what can be done if this is so? And it is better to draw the sword once than to suffer interminably.

And in what manner is present peace, prevailing among the civilized nations, better than war? The contrary is true: peace, lasting peace, rather than war tends to harden and bestialize man. Lasting peace always generates cruelty, cowardice and coarse, fat egoism, and chiefly—intellectual stagnation. It is only the exploiters of the peoples who grow fat in times of long peace. It is being repeated over and over again that peace generates wealth, but only for one-tenth of the people, and this one-tenth, having contracted the diseases of wealth, transmits the contagion to the other nine-tenths who have no wealth. And that one-tenth is contaminated by debauch and cynicism.

As a result of an excessive accumulation of riches in the hands of a few, coarseness of feeling is being generated in the owners of wealth. The sense of the elegant is converted into thirst for whimsical excesses and abnormalities. Voluptuousness spreads awfully. It generates cruelty and cowardice. The ponderous and coarse soul of the sensualist is more cruel than any other, even vicious, soul. A sensualist who faints at the sight of blood from a cut finger, will not forgive a poor devil and will send him to jail for the smallest debt. On the other hand, cruelty generates intense and cowardly anxiety concerning one's own security which at times of lasting peace, invariably very soon converts itself into panicky fear for one's self and transmits itself to all social strata; this generates an awful thirst for the acquisition and accumulation of money. The faith in the solidarity of men, in their brotherhood, in the help of society disappears, and the motto "each one for himself" is being loudly proclaimed. The poor fellow sees clearly what the rich man is and what kind of brother to him he is, and so all men begin to isolate and segregate themselves.

Egoism kills magnanimity. Art alone fosters in society the higher aspirations of life and seeks to wake the soul which during the periods of protracted peace falls asleep. This is the reason why it has been suggested that art can flourish only in times of lasting peace. But this is a gross error: art, meaning *genuine* art, develops during the periods of protracted peace precisely because it is opposed to the ponderous and vicious slumber of the souls. In such times artistic creations always invoke an ideal; they generate protest and indignation; they disturb society and not seldom they compel those to suffer who are anxious to awake and to get out of the stinking ditch.

Thus it appears that, in the long run, the lasting bourgeois peace itself, almost invariably generates a war urge; peace creates

this urge as a miserable consequence of itself, however, not in the name of some great and just cause worthy of a great nation, but for the sake of some trivial stock-exchange interests, some new markets sought by exploiters; for the sake of the acquisition of new slaves needed by the owners of gold bags,—in a word—for reasons which are not justified even by motives of self-preservation but which, on the contrary, bear witness to the whimsical and pathological condition of the national organism. These interests, and the wars which are undertaken for their sake, debauch and even completely ruin the nations, whereas a war for a magnanimous cause, for the liberation of the oppressed, for a disinterested and sacred idea,—such a war merely clears the air contaminated with miasmas, cures the soul, chases away cowardice and indolence, sets forth and proclaims a firm aim, launches and clarifies the idea which this or that nation must put into effect.

Such a war fortifies every nation with the realization of self-sacrifice, and the spirit of the entire nation—with the realization of mutual solidarity and unity of all members of which it is formed; principally, however, with the realization of an accomplished duty and a noble deed: "We are not quite degraded and debauched if something humane is left in us!"

And look: With what did our recent preachers of peaceableness and humaneness begin their sermon?—They began it with an outright inhuman cruelty. Not only did they themselves refuse to come to the assistance of the martyrs who were appealing to them, but they kept others back and prevented them from doing so. Ostensibly so humane and sensitive, they cold-bloodedly and scoffingly denied the necessity of self-sacrifice and of enterprise on our part. They sought to push Russia on a most trivial road, unworthy of a great nation,—not to speak of their contempt for the people who have recognized in the Slavic martyrs their brethren—and consequently of their haughty severance from the will of the people above whom they have placed their false "European" enlightenment. Their pet motto was: "Physician, heal thyself." "You are endeavoring to heal and save others, whereas you haven't even built schools at home," they argued. Well, we are going to heal ourselves. Of course, schools are important, but they require spirit and orientation; so we are going now to provide ourselves with the spirit and to acquire a sane orientation. And we shall acquire it if God sends us victory. We shall come back with the conviction of a task disinterestedly performed by us, with the conviction that we have gloriously served humanity with our blood and that we have restored our energy and strength, and all this—in the place of the recent disgraceful vacillation of our thought, in the place of our

deadening stagnation insensibly borrowed from Europeanism. And what is most important—we shall more closely affiliate ourselves with the people, because in them, and in them alone, we shall find the cure for our two-century-old illness and unproductive weakness.

And, generally, it may be said that if society is infected and sick, even so good a thing as protracted peace, instead of benefiting it, becomes injurious to it. This is also applicable to Europe as a whole. It is not without reason that in European history, as far back as it can be remembered, no single generation has lived without a war.

Thus it appears that war, too, is needed for some purpose, that it is salutary and that it alleviates mankind. This is abominable, if conceived abstractly, but in practice this seems to be so, and precisely because to an infected organism even so beneficial a thing as peace becomes harmful.

Nevertheless, only that war proves useful which is undertaken for an idea, in the name of a sublime and magnanimous principle, and not for the sake of material interests, greedy usurpation and haughty violence. Such wars merely led nations along false roads and invariably ruined them. If not we, our children, will see how England is going to end. At present for everybody in the world "the time is close at hand." Well, it is time, too.

The Opinion of the "Gentlest" Czar on the Eastern Question

I received an excerpt from a book which was published last year in Kiev, *The Moscow State under Czar Alexei Mikhailovich and Patriarch Nikon according to the records of Archdeacon Pavel of Aleppo*, by Ivan Obolensky. Kiev, 1876 (pages 90–91).

This is a page from somebody else's work, but it is so characteristic for this current minute of ours, while the book itself, probably, is so unknown to the bulk of the public, that I have made up my mind to print these few lines in the *Diary*. This is the opinion of Czar Alexei Mikhailovich on the Eastern question,—also a "Gentlest" Czar, but one who lived two centuries ago,—his lamentation over the fact that he could not be a Czar-Liberator.

"It was said that on Holy Easter (of the year 1656) the Czar, when kissing the Greek merchants in commemoration of Christ's resurrection, among other things asked them: 'Do you wish and do you expect me to liberate and ransom you from captivity?' And when they answered: 'How can it be otherwise? How can we help

but wish so?'—he added: 'Quite so. Therefore when you return to your land, ask all the monks and bishops to pray to God and celebrate liturgies for me, so that through their prayers I be given the strength to cut off the head of their enemy.' And having shed abundant tears, he then said, turning to the magnates: 'My heart grieves because of the enslavement of these poor people who are groaning in the clutches of the enemies of our faith. God, on the day of Judgment, will call me to account *if, being in a position to liberate them, I were to neglect my duty.* I do not know how long these bad conditions in state affairs are going to last, but ever since the times of my father and his predecessors, patriarchs, bishops, monks and simple beggars have been coming to us with complaints about the oppression of the enslavers, and not even one of them has come for any reason other than because he felt oppressed with severe sorrow and had to flee from the cruelty of his masters. *I am afraid of the questions which the Creator, on that day, will propound to me. And I have decided in my mind that, if such be the will of God, I shall use all my troops, I shall drain my treasury, and I shall shed blood to the last drop in an endeavor to liberate them.*' To all this the dignitaries answered the Czar: 'Oh, Lord, grant thy heart's desire.' "

CHAPTER II

The Dream of a Strange Man

A Fantastic Story

1

I AM A STRANGE man. Now they call me insane. It would have been a promotion in rank should I still have remained to them just queer, as before. But at present I am no longer angry; at present they all are dear to me, even when they laugh at me—then, for some reason, they are even particularly dear. I should myself laugh with them—not exactly at myself, but loving them—if I did not feel so sad looking at them. I am sad because they don't know the truth, and I know it. Oh, how painful it is to know the truth in solitude! But this they won't understand. No, they won't.

But in days gone by I used to agonize because I seemed strange. Not seemed—but was strange. I was always funny, and I have been aware of this, perhaps ever since my birth. Perhaps already at the age of seven I knew that I was strange. After that I attended school, then a university, and what?—The more I studied the more I be-

came convinced that I was funny. So that, to me, my whole university training, in the long run, existed, as it were, only for the purpose of proving and explaining to me that I was strange.

The thing which happened in the case of my studies repeated itself also in life.

With every new year there grew and strengthened in me the conviction of my odd appearance in all respects. I was always laughed at by everybody. But no one knew or even suspected that if there was a man on earth who, more than anybody, knew that I was strange, this was I, myself, and precisely this was the most offensive thing to me,—the fact that they didn't know it. However, this was my own fault. I was always so proud that never, for anything in the world, would I have consented to admit this. With the years this pride has been growing in me, and if it were ever to come to the point that I should permit myself to confess to anyone that I was strange,—it seems that right then and there, that same evening, I should have blown my brains out with a revolver.

Oh, how I suffered in my youthful years fearing that I might give way and suddenly confess to my schoolmates. But from the time I became a young man, even though year after year I became more and more conscious of my dreadful quality,—for some reason I felt slightly calmer. Precisely—"for some reason," because even up to the present day I am at a loss to understand why. Perhaps it was because there was growing in my soul a horrible anguish as a result of one fact which was infinitely greater than anything I was able to conceive, namely, the conviction which has formed itself in me that everywhere in the world *nothing matters*. This I foreboded long before, but the full conviction arose somehow suddenly during the last year. All of a sudden, I felt that to me it would make *no difference* whether the world existed or whether there was nothing anywhere. I began to hear and feel with all my being that *around me there was nothing*. At first, it seemed to me that in the past there had been much, but later I guessed that in the past, too, there had been nothing, and only that, for some reason, there had seemed to be. Little by little I also became convinced that never will there be anything. Then suddenly I stopped being angry with people and almost didn't notice them. Truly, this manifested itself even in most insignificant trifles: for instance, at times I would happen to be walking in the street and knocking against people—not on account of pensiveness: what had I to think about? In those days I ceased to think altogether: it made no difference to me. And this would have been all right had it solved the questions. Oh, I haven't solved a single one, and yet how many there were! But I began to feel that *nothing mattered*, and all the questions withdrew from me.

And now it was after that that I learned the truth. I learned it last November, to be exact—on the third of November, and from that time on I can recall my every moment.

It was a gloomy evening—the gloomiest that can ever be. Shortly after ten I was going home, and I specifically remember that the thought occurred to me that there could be no gloomier time. Even in a physical sense. Rain was pouring all day long, and this was the coldest and gloomiest rain—even some kind of a threatening rain—that I could recall,—full of obvious animosity toward men. Suddenly, shortly after ten o'clock, it stopped raining, and an awful humidity ensued—colder and more humid than when it was raining. Everything emitted some sort of vapor—every stone in the street and in every by-lane if one looked into its farthest end, away from the street.

Presently I began to imagine that were gas to be extinguished everywhere it would be more pleasant, whereas with gas one's heart feels sadder because it illumines all this.

That day I hadn't had my dinner, and all evening, from the early hours, I spent at the apartment of an engineer and there were two friends of his besides. I kept silent all the time, and I believe they were bored with me. They were speaking about something provocative, and, suddenly, they even grew excited. But it made no difference to them—this I saw—and they kept up their excitement —only so. And suddenly I told them: "Gentlemen, this makes no difference to you." They took no offense, but they all laughed at me. This was because I made my remark without any reproach, and simply for the reason that it made no difference to me. And they did see that it made no difference to me, and this made them feel jolly.

When, in the street, the thought about gas occurred to me, I looked up at the sky. It was awfully dark, and yet I could clearly discern torn clouds, and between them—bottomless black spots. Suddenly I noticed in one of them a tiny star and I started gazing at it. This because that little star suggested to me a thought: I decided to commit suicide that night. This I had firmly resolved two months ago and, poor as I was, I bought an excellent revolver which I loaded that same day. But two months had elapsed, yet it was still lying in the drawer; however, to such an extent it made no difference to me that—for what reason I don't know—I sought to catch at last a moment when I should feel less indifferent. And, thus, throughout these two months, every night, as I was going home, I thought that I should shoot myself. All the time I was waiting for the moment.

And now that tiny star suggested to me the thought, and I made up my mind that *unfailingly* this is going to take place that

very night. And why that star had suggested the thought—I don't know.

While I was thus looking at the sky, that little girl seized me by the elbow. The street was deserted, and there was almost no one around. In the distance a cabman was sleeping in his droshki. The girl was about eight years old; she wore a handkerchief on her head and nothing but a shabby little dress; she was all wet; but I noticed particularly her wet torn shoes; I remember them even now; somehow they struck my eye. Suddenly she began to pull me by the elbow and to call to me. She did not cry, but she kept uttering in a broken voice some kind of words which she was unable to pronounce correctly because she was shivering and shaking with cold. For some reason she was panic-stricken and she shouted desperately: "Dear mama! Dear mama!" I was about to turn my face to her but I didn't say a single word and kept on walking; however, she continued to run behind me pulling me by my arm. In her voice I heard a sound which in very frightened children signifies despair. I know that sound. Even though she did not pronounce her words distinctly, nevertheless I understood that her mother was dying somewhere or that something had happened to them there, and now she had run out into the street in order to summon someone or to find something to help mama. But I didn't follow her; on the contrary, the thought suddenly occurred to me to drive her off. First I told her to find a policeman. But sobbing, out of breath, she kept running by my side, and then suddenly she folded her tiny hands as if in supplication. She wouldn't leave me. It was then that I stamped and shouted at her. She merely cried out: "Sir! Sir!" left me and precipitately ran across the street; there, there appeared some passer-by, and she must have rushed to him.

I went up to my fifth floor. I am living in a rooming house. Mine is a poorly furnished small room with one semicircular garret window. In my room there is an oil-cloth couch, also a table on which I keep my books, two chairs and an old, old—and yet Voltairian—armchair.

I sat down, lighted the candle and started thinking. In the room next to mine, behind a partition, the havoc continued. It had already lasted two days. That room is occupied by a retired captain; he had visitors—maybe six civilians; they were drinking vodka and playing "faro" with old cards. Last night an affray broke out there, and I know that two of them, for quite a while, pulled each other by the hair. The landlady meant to lodge a complaint but she is terribly afraid of the captain. In our establishment there is but one other tenant—a skinny little lady, an army officer's wife, from out of town, with three little children who fell sick after they had

moved into their lodging. But the lady and the children are afraid of the captain to the point of fainting; at night they keep trembling and crossing themselves, and the youngest child was so frightened that he was seized with some sort of fit.

I know for sure that this captain sometimes stops passers-by on the Nevsky and asks alms. People refuse to give him any employment, but strange to say (this is the point I am driving at), during all this month that he has been living here, he has never aroused in me any feeling of vexation. Of course, from the very beginning, I have declined acquaintanceship with him, and, besides, from the start he felt bored with me. Yet no matter how much they might have been shouting behind their partition, no matter how many of them might have been there,—it always made no difference to me. I sit all night long, and, truly, I don't hear them—to such an extent that I forget about them. Every night I don't sleep till dawn,—this has lasted for about a year. I sit all night in the armchair by the table doing nothing. I read books only in the daytime. I sit and I don't even think—just so: some kind of thoughts wander through my mind, and I let them loose. In the course of the night the whole candle burns up.

Calmly I sat down by the table. I took out the revolver and put it before me. When I did so, I remember, I asked myself: "Right?" and quite positively I answered: "Right." Meaning that I would shoot myself. I knew that that night I would unfailingly shoot myself, but how long I should sit by the table—that I didn't know. And, of course, I would have shot myself had it not been for that little girl.

You see: even though it made no difference to me, nevertheless I did feel pain. Should anyone have struck me, I should have felt a pain. The same—in the moral sense: should anything pitiful have occurred, I should have felt pity exactly as in the days when I had not yet felt that "it made no difference." Just now I also felt pity: most certainly I would have helped a child. Why, then, did I not help that little girl?—Because of a thought which occurred to me: as she was pulling and calling me, suddenly a question arose before me, and I couldn't solve it. It was an idle question but I grew angry. I grew angry because of the belief that, once I had decided that I would commit suicide that night, everything in the world, more than ever, should have made no difference to me. Why, then, all of a sudden, did I feel that not everything was a matter of indifference to me and that I was pitying the little girl?

I recall that I felt great pity for her—to the point of some

strange pain, which was quite incredible in my situation. Truly, I am unable to describe better that fleeting feeling but it also persisted at home, while I was already sitting by the table, and I was much irritated,—as I haven't been for so long. Deliberations followed one another. It seemed clear that if I were a man, and not yet a zero, and while I was not yet reduced to a zero, I was living, and, therefore, I could suffer, be angry and feel ashamed of my actions. All right. But if I should kill myself, say, in two hours, what would the little girl be to me, what would shame and everything in the world matter to me?—I am being reduced to a zero—an absolute zero. And is it possible that the realization of the fact that in an instant I shall be completely nonexistent, and that, therefore, nothing will exist, could have exercised no influence upon the feeling of pity for the little girl and the feeling of shame for the villainy which I have committed?—For I stamped at the unfortunate child and shouted at her in a brutal voice because I said to myself: "Not only do I feel no pity, but even should I commit an inhuman villainy,—now I can commit it because in two hours everything will be extinct." Would you believe that this was the reason why I began to shout? At present I am almost sure of that.

It seemed clear that now life and the world were, so to speak, dependent on me. It may even have been said that the world has been created for me alone: I will shoot myself, and the world will not exist, at least for me. Not to speak of the fact that, perhaps, after me in reality nothing will exist for anyone, and that the moment my consciousness is extinguished the whole world, too, will vanish as a phantom, as an adjunct of my consciousness, and will become nonexistent, since, perhaps, this whole world and all these men are nothing but I myself.

I recall that while I was thus sitting and deliberating, I turned all these new questions, which crowded in my mind, one after another, in an altogether different direction and conceived something radically new. For example, suddenly, a strange thought occurred to me: What if formerly I had lived on the moon or on Mars, and if there I should have perpetrated the most shameful and dishonest act that could possibly be conceived; and, further, that if over there I should have been abused and dishonored in a manner that may be conceived and felt only in a dream, in a nightmare; and if subsequently, finding myself on the earth, I should continue to be conscious of the act I had committed on the other planet, and, besides, that I should know that never, under any circumstance, should I return thither,—then, looking from the earth at the moon, would it, or would it not, *make a difference?* Should I, or should I not, feel ashamed of my act?

These were idle and superfluous questions since the revolver lay already before me, and with all my being I knew that *this* would unfailingly occur, yet they excited me and made me mad. Now—it seemed—I should be unable to die without having first solved something.

In a word, that little girl saved me since, because of the questions, I had postponed the shot. Meanwhile, in the captain's room things began to quiet down: they finished their card game and now they were settling down for the night, and in the meantime they kept grumbling and were idly continuing to abuse one another. At this juncture, suddenly, I fell asleep in the armchair by the table, which has never happened to me before. I fell asleep quite imperceptibly to myself. Dreams, as is known, are very strange phenomena: one thing appears with awful lucidity, with jewelled finish of detail; but other things are skipped, as it were, quite unnoticed—for instance, space and time.

It would seem that dreams are generated not by the intellect but by desires, not by the brain but by the heart. And yet, at times, what extremely complicated things did my mind perform in sleep! For instance, my brother died five years ago. Sometimes I see him in my dreams: he participates in my affairs; we take a great interest in them; even so, through the whole dream, I distinctly know and remember that he died and was buried. Why am I not surprised that, though dead, he is still right here, at my side and busies himself together with me? Why does my reason admit all this?

But enough. I am turning to my dream. Yes, I saw this dream, my dream, on the third of November! They are teasing me by insisting that this was only a dream. But is it not all the same whether or not this was a dream, if it has enunciated to me the Truth? For once you have learned the Truth, you have beheld it, you know that it is the Truth, that there is and can be no other Truth whether you be sleeping or waking. All right: let it be a dream; let it; but that life which you are so extolling, I sought to extinguish with suicide, and my dream, my dream—oh, it has enunciated to me a new, great, regenerated, vigorous life!

Listen!

I have stated that I fell asleep unconsciously and even, as it were, continuing to deliberate upon the same subjects. Suddenly I dreamed that I was taking the revolver, and, seated, I was pressing it straight against my heart,—my heart, and not my head. Before that I decided to shoot myself through my head, specifically—

through the right temple. Having aimed at my chest, I waited a second or two, and suddenly my candle, the table and the wall opposite me, started moving and rocking. I quickly fired the shot.

In sleep, at times, you are falling down from an elevation, or you are being cut or beaten, but you never experience any pain unless, somehow, you actually hurt yourself in your bed: in this case you will feel the pain, and almost always you will wake up from the pain.

Thus it was also in my dream: I felt no pain, but it seemed to me that after my shot everything within me shook, and suddenly everything became extinguished and grew terribly dark around me. I became blind and numb, as it were. Now I am lying stretched out upon my back on something hard. I see nothing and I am unable to make the slightest motion. People around are walking back and forth and shouting; the captain is speaking in his bass; the landlady is screaming,—and then suddenly, again an interval, and now I am being carried in a closed coffin. And I feel how the coffin is rocking, and I am deliberating upon this. But all of a sudden, for the first time, I am struck by the thought that I died, completely died; I know it. I do not doubt it. I neither see nor move, and yet I feel and reason. However, soon I become reconciled to this, and, as it usually happens in sleep, I accepted reality without arguing.

Presently I am being interred. Everybody goes away. I am alone; all alone. I do not move. Whenever in the past, in a waking state, I used to think how I should be buried in a grave, strictly speaking, I had associated with the grave only the sensation of dampness and cold. Now, too, I felt very cold, especially in the tips of my toes; otherwise I felt nothing.

I lay, and, strange, I waited for nothing, accepting without challenge the fact that a dead man has nothing to wait for. But it was damp. I don't know how much time had elapsed—one hour, or several days, or many days. Suddenly, however, a drop of water, which oozed through the cover of the coffin, fell on my closed left eye; then after a minute—another one; again,—after a minute,—a third one, and so on, and so forth—with intervals of one minute. Profound indignation flared up in my heart, and all of a sudden I felt a physical pain in it: "This is my wound—I said to myself —it's the shot, it's the bullet there." . . . And drops continued to fall—every minute—on my closed eye. Then, all at once, I appealed —not with my voice since I was motionless—but with all my being, to the Sovereign of everything that was happening to me:

"Whosoever Thou may be, but if Thou art; if there exists something more sensible than that which is transpiring at present, grant that it be here. However, if Thou avengest my foolish suicide

with the ugliness and absurdity of continued being,—know that no torture to which I may be subjected will ever compare with that contempt which I shall silently experience be it during millions of years of martyrdom!" . . .

I made the appeal and grew silent. Profound silence lasted almost one minute, and even one more drop fell, but I knew, boundlessly, inviolably I knew and believed that everything would forthwith change. And suddenly my grave was thrown open. That is, I don't know whether it had been opened or excavated, but I was grasped by some dark creature, unknown to me, and we found ourselves in open spaces. Suddenly I recovered my sight: it was a dark night; never, never was there such darkness! We swept through space—already far away from the earth. I asked nothing of the one who was carrying me; I was proud. I assured myself that I was not afraid, and I almost fainted from delight with the thought that I was not afraid. I do not remember how long we soared, and I cannot conceive it: everything transpired, as always in a dream, when one skips over space and time and the laws of being and reason, and stops merely on those points about which the heart is meditating.

I remember that unexpectedly I noticed in the darkness a tiny star: "Is this Sirius?"—I asked suddenly, failing to restrain myself, because I didn't want to ask any question. "No, this is that same star which you have observed amidst the clouds when you were on your way home"—answered the creature which carried me away. I knew that it possessed, as it were, a human image. Strange thing: I did not like the creature; I even felt profound disgust. I had expected complete nonexistence, and it was for this purpose that I shot myself through the heart. And now I was in the hands of a creature—of course, not a human one—which *was*, which existed. "So, there is life also beyond the grave!"—I thought with the strange lightmindedness of a dream, but the essence of my heart remained with me in all its depth: "If it is necessary to *be* again"—I said to myself—"and to live again by somebody's inflexible will, I don't want to be vanquished and humiliated!"—"Thou knowest that I am afraid of thee, and because of this thou hast contempt for me"—I said suddenly to my fellow-traveller, again failing to refrain from the humiliating question which contained an admission, and sensing, as a pin's prick, humiliation in my heart. The creature made no reply but I felt that I was not being despised or scoffed at, and that I was even not being pitied, but that our journey had a purpose—unknown and mysterious—which concerned me alone.

Fear was growing in my heart. Numbly but painfully, as if

piercing me, it was being conveyed to me by my silent companion. We were sweeping through dark and unknown spaces. I had long ceased to perceive the constellations familiar to my eyes. I knew that there were stars in the heavenly expanse whose rays reached the earth in thousands and millions of years. Perhaps we had already flown beyond these spaces. I was awaiting something with dreadful anguish which oppressed my heart. And suddenly some familiar and highly appealing sensation shook me: suddenly I saw our sun! I knew that this could not have been *our* sun which had generated *our* earth, and that we were removed from our sun at an infinite distance; yet, with all my being, for some reason, I gathered that this was a sun identical with ours, its duplication, its alter ego. A sweet, appealing sensation filled my soul with ecstasy: the germane force of light, that which begot me, was reflected in my heart and resurrected it, and for the first time after my grave I felt life, former life.

"But if this be the sun, if it is a sun absolutely identical with ours"—I exclaimed—"where then is the earth?" And my fellow-traveller pointed at a tiny star which with emerald luster, shone in the darkness. We were directly sweeping toward it.

"And are such duplications really possible in the universe? Is such, indeed, the natural law? . . . And if the earth is yonder, is it possible that it is an earth identical with ours . . . absolutely identical—unfortunate, poor and eternally beloved, generating even in its most ungrateful children a painful love of itself?"—I kept exclaiming shaken with irresistible, ecstatic love of that germane, former earth which I had abandoned. The image of the poor little girl, whom I have offended, flickered before me.

"Thou shalt see everything"—said my companion, and some kind of a sorrow sounded in his words.

But we were swiftly approaching the planet. It grew in its dimensions in my sight; I was already discerning the ocean, the outline of Europe, and suddenly a strange feeling of some great, holy jealousy flared up in my heart. How can there be such a duplication? What for? I love, I can be loving, only that earth which I have left, upon which there remains the spray of my blood when I, the ungrateful, with a shot through my heart, extinguished my life. Yet, never, never did I cease to love that earth, and on that night when I was parting with it, perhaps, I loved it even more painfully than ever.

Is there suffering on this new earth?—On our earth we can truly love only with suffering, only through suffering! We do not know how to love otherwise and we know no other love. I am longing for suffering in order to love. I long, I thirst, this very

minute, for an opportunity to kiss with tears in my eyes, only that earth which I have left, and I do not want, I do not accept life on any other earth! . . .

However, my fellow-traveller had already left me. Suddenly, quite unnoticeably, I stood on this other earth in bright sunlight of a day as beautiful as paradise. I believe, I was standing on one of those isles which on our earth form part of the Greek Archipelago, or somewhere on the coast of the mainland adjacent to that Archipelago. Oh, everything was exactly as on our earth, but it seemed that everything around radiated with some holiday, and with great, holy and finally achieved triumph. The calm emerald sea gently splashed against the shore embracing it with manifest, apparent, almost conscious love. Tall, beautiful trees stood there in full luxury of their bloom, and their countless leaflets—I am sure of it—welcomed me with their gentle, kind murmur, uttering, as it were, words of love. The grass sparkled with bright fragrant flowers. Little birds, in flocks, flew through the air, and, unafraid of me, alighted on my shoulders and hands, joyfully beating at me with dear little trepidating wings.

And, finally, I saw and got to know the people of that happy land. They came to me themselves, they surrounded and embraced me. Children of the sun, of their sun,—oh, how beautiful they were! Never did I see on our earth such beauty in man. Perhaps only in our children of tenderest age it is possible to find a remote reflection of that beauty. The eyes of these happy people were full of bright glitter. Their faces radiated with intelligence and some kind of consciousness which had reached the level of tranquillity; yet these faces were cheerful. Innocent gladness sounded in the words and voices of these men.

Oh, at once, at the first glance at their faces, I grasped everything, everything! This was an earth not defiled by sin; upon it lived men who had not sinned; they lived in a paradise similar to that in which, according to the tradition of all mankind, lived our fallen forefathers, with the only exception that here the whole earth, everywhere, was one and the same paradise. These men, laughing joyously, crowded around me and caressed me. They took me to their homes, and each one of them sought to assuage me. Oh, they asked me no questions, but it seemed to me that they knew everything, and they sought as quickly as possible to drive away suffering from my face.

Again, look here: All right, let this have been nothing but a dream! But the feeling of love of these innocent and beautiful

people stayed within me forever, and I feel that their love pours thence upon me even now. I have seen them myself, I got to know them; I became convinced; I loved them and subsequently I suffered for them.

Oh, I understood at once, even then, that in many respects I should not comprehend them at all. To me, a contemporaneous progressive and hideous Petersburg resident, it seemed incredible, for instance, that they, who knew so much, did not possess our science. But soon I came to understand that their knowledge was amplified by, and derived from, revelations which differed from those on our earth, and that their aspirations were also altogether different. They had no desires and they were placid; they did not aspire to the knowledge of life, as we seek to comprehend it, because their life was complete. Yet their knowledge was deeper and higher than that of our science, since the latter seeks to explain what life is; science itself endeavors to conceive it in order to teach others how to live; they, however, knew how to live even without science, and this I understood; but I was unable to comprehend their knowledge. They showed me their trees, and I failed to understand the measure of love with which they beheld them, as if they were speaking of creatures akin to them. And do you know that, perhaps, I am not mistaken when I say that they conversed with them! Yes, they did discover their language, and I am convinced that the trees understood them.

Thus they also looked upon the whole of nature,—on animals which lived peacefully with them and never attacked them; they loved those men conquered with their own love. They pointed at stars and spoke to me something about them which I was unable to grasp, but I am sure that through some means they communicated, as it were, with these celestial bodies,—only not through thought but through some live medium.

Oh, these men did not even endeavor to make me understand them; they loved me without this; on the other hand, I knew that they would also never understand me, and for this reason almost never did I speak to them about our earth. I merely embraced in their presence that earth on which they lived, and adored them without words; they saw this and permitted themselves to be adored, without being ashamed of being adored by me because they themselves loved much. They did not suffer on my behalf when, at times, with tears I kissed their feet, gladly knowing in their hearts with what force of love they would respond to me.

Sometimes I asked myself with surprise: How did they manage, all that time, not to insult one like me, and not even once to arouse in one like me a feeling of jealousy and envy? Many a time

I asked myself how was I, a braggart and a liar, able to refrain from speaking to them about my learning, about which, of course, they had no conception? How was I able to refrain from speaking in a manner which would surprise them with that learning of mine, at least, by reason of my love of them.

They were vivacious and joyous like children. They roamed through their beautiful groves and forests; they sang lovely songs; they subsisted on light food, on fruits from their trees, on honey from their woods, on the milk of the animals which loved them. They labored but little and slightly for their food and clothing. They were endowed with love and children were born to them, but never did I observe in them those impulses of *cruel* voluptuousness which affect virtually everybody on our earth,—everybody, and which are the sole source of almost all sin in our human race. They rejoiced over their newborn as new participants in their felicity. They never quarrelled and there was no jealousy among them; they did not even understand what these things meant. Their children were common children because they all formed one family. There were virtually no diseases among them, although there was death. However, their old men passed away gently, as though falling asleep, surrounded by men bidding them farewell, blessing them, smiling to them; and they departed accompanied by serene smiles. On these occasions I perceived no sorrow, no tears; there was merely love grown to the level of ecstasy, but calm, composed, meditative ecstasy. One could imagine that they continued to communicate with their dead even after their death, and that the earthly communion between them was not interrupted by death.

They were almost unable to understand me when I asked them about eternal life; yet they were so unaccountably convinced of it that it did not constitute a question to them. They had no temples, but in them there was some kind of a daily, live, unceasing communion with the whole of the universe. They had no religion, yet they possessed a firm belief that when they reach in their earthly gladness the full measure of earthly nature, there will ensue for them, both for the living and the dead, a still greater expansion of their communion with the whole of the universe. They awaited this moment with joy, but without haste, without suffering about it, keeping it, as it were, in the anticipations of their hearts which they communicated to each other. In the evenings, before going to sleep, they were fond of singing in concordant choirs. In these songs they expressed all sentiments derived from the passing day; they glorified it and bade it farewell. They glorified nature, the earth and seas and forests. They were fond of composing songs about one another; they praised each other like children. Those

were the simplest songs but they were evoked from the heart and penetrated it. And not only in songs but it seemed that they were spending all their lives in admiring each other. It was a sort of mutual complete and universal enamoredness. Some of their solemn and ecstatic songs I almost could not understand at all. Comprehending their words I never was able to penetrate their full meaning. It remained inaccessible to my mind; but my heart, as it were, was moved, more and more permeated with it. Often I told them that all this I had sensed long before; that all this joy and this glory were vaguely expressed in me on our earth in the form of an appealing anguish which, at times, reached the level of unbearable sorrow; that in the dreams of my heart and in the visions of my mind I anticipated them all and their glory, and that often, on our earth, I was unable to behold without tears the setting sun . . .; that in my hatred of men on our earth there has always been anguish: "Why was I unable to hate them without loving them? Why was I unable not to forgive them? And why was there anguish in my love of them? Why was I unable to love them without hating them?"—They listened to me, and I could see that they could not comprehend the things I was telling them; yet I did not regret my telling these things to them: I knew that they understood the full measure of my anguish for those whom I had abandoned. Yes, when they looked at me that dear expression of their eyes was permeated with love; when I felt that in their presence my heart, too, became as innocent and truthful as theirs, I did not regret that I was unable to understand them. Breath failed me because of the sensation of the fullness of life, and silently I worshipped them.

Oh, everybody is openly laughing at me, assuring me that even in a dream it is impossible to have seen such details as I am recounting now; that in my dream I saw or foresaw nothing but a sentiment generated by my own heart in a state of delirium, and that, on my awakening, I invented the details myself. And when I opened my mouth to tell them that perhaps all this was so in reality,—God, how they burst into laughter right to my face, and what merriment I caused among them.

Oh, yes, of course, I was vanquished by the mere sensation of that dream, and it alone was spared in my wounded and bleeding heart. As against this, the actual images and forms of my dream, that is, those which I have actually seen at the time of my dream, reached such a state of harmony; they were so fascinating and beautiful, and they were so truthful that when I awoke I was, of course, unable to express them in our weak words. Thus they must have been, as it were, dimmed in my mind, and, for this reason,

perhaps, I was in truth unconsciously compelled to invent those details, of course, distorting them especially because of my passionate desire to express them in one way or another as quickly as possible.

However, how can I help but believe that all this did take place? It might have been a thousand times better, brighter and more joyful than what I am telling here.

Let this be a dream, but all this must have taken place. Do you know, I will tell you a secret: all this, perhaps, was not at all a dream! Since here there occurred something so awfully real that it could not have been dreamed in a dream. Let us admit that my heart has generated the dream. However, could my heart alone have generated such a dreadful truth as has subsequently occurred to me? How could I have invented or fancied it with my heart? Is it conceivable that my trivial heart and my whimsical, petty mind could have raised themselves to such a revelation of truth! Oh, judge for yourselves: up to the present I have been concealing the full truth, but now I am going to complete my story. The point is that I have . . . debauched them all!

Yes, yes, it ended in the fact that I debauched them all! How this could have happened,—I don't know. The dream has soared through millennia, and only in me it has left a feeling of wholeness. I merely know that I was the cause of the first apostasy. Much like a filthy trichina, or a pestilential germ infecting whole countries, so I contaminated with myself that happy earth which was innocent prior to my coming into being. They have learned to lie, they became fond of the lie and they perceived its beauty. Oh, perhaps this started innocently, with a jest, with coquetry or an amorous intrigue,—perhaps just with an atom, but this atom of deceit penetrated their hearts and pleased them. Shortly after that voluptuousness was born; voluptuousness generated jealousy, jealousy—cruelty. . . . Oh, I don't know, I don't remember,—very soon the first blood spurted: they were astonished and terrified, and they began to part one from the other and segregate themselves. Unions appeared, but unions against one another. Then abuses and reproaches ensued. They became cognizant of shame, which they extolled as a virtue. The conception of honor was born, and each union hoisted its own banner. They began to torture the animals which fled from them to the forests and became their enemies. A struggle for segregation began—for disjunction, for individuality, for "mine and thine." They began to speak different languages. They became cognizant of sorrow and they became accustomed to loving it; they craved for

suffering and claimed that Truth can be attained through suffering only. Then science came into existence. When they became wicked they started speaking about brotherhood and humaneness and grasped the meaning of these ideas. When they grew criminal they invented justice and enacted for themselves codes for its maintenance, and for the enforcement of their codes they used the guillotine. They could hardly recall that which they had lost. They even refused to believe that sometime in the past they were innocent and happy. They went so far as to ridicule the very possibility of their former happiness which they denoted as a fancy. They were even unable to imagine happiness in forms and images, but strangely and remarkably—having lost all faith in their former happiness, having called it a fairy-tale, so ardently did they begin to wish to become again innocent and happy that they fell prostrate before the desires of their heart, they erected temples in which they worshipped their own idea, their own "desire," with tears of adoration, fully believing at the same time in the impossibility of its fulfillment.

However, should it so happen that they could return to that state of innocence and happiness which they had lost, or if someone should show it to them and ask them whether they would like to return to it, they would certainly refuse to do so. They used to tell me: "Let us admit that we are deceitful, wicked and unjust; we *know* it and we deplore this and torment ourselves for this; we castigate and rack ourselves harder, perhaps, than that merciful Judge who will be judging us and whose name we know not. But we have science at our command, and through it we shall again find the Truth which we shall then embrace consciously. Knowledge is superior to feeling; cognition of life is superior to life. Science will give us wisdom; wisdom will reveal the laws, and the knowledge of the laws of happiness is superior to happiness."

This is what they used to tell me, and after such words each one began to love himself more than the rest. Nor could they have acted differently. Each one became so jealous of his individuality that he exerted all his efforts merely to humiliate and belittle it in the others, conceiving this to be the aim of his life.

Then came slavery—even voluntary slavery: the weak readily submitted to the strong on condition that the latter help them to oppress those who were still weaker than they themselves. There appeared godly men who went in tears to these people, and spoke to them about their haughtiness, about the loss of harmony and measure, about the loss of shame by them. These righteous men were subjected to ridicule and stoned. Their holy blood was spilled at the thresholds of the temples. As against this, there appeared

men who began to conjecture how to unite again all men so that each one, without ceasing to love himself above all others, at the same time should not hinder anyone and that all men might be thus living in a concordant society. Wars were waged for the sake of this idea. At the same time all the belligerents firmly believed that science, wisdom and the instinct of self-preservation, in the long run, would compel men to unite in a harmonious and rational society. In the meantime, in order to expedite matters, "the wise" sought to exterminate "the imprudent," those who could not understand their idea, so as not to impede its triumph.

However, soon the sense of self-preservation began to grow weaker: there came haughty men and sensualists who straightway demanded either everything or nothing. For the acquisition of everything they resorted to villainy, and if they failed in it—to suicide.

Religions sprang up which preached the cult of nonexistence and self-destruction for the attainment of eternal peace in nothingness. Finally, these men grew tired of senseless labor, and suffering appeared on their faces; then they proclaimed that suffering was beauty, because only in suffering there was thought. They exalted suffering in their songs. I moved among them wringing my hands and shedding tears over them, but I loved them, perhaps, even more than before when there was no suffering on their faces and when they were innocent and so beautiful. I grew fonder of their earth desecrated by them than when it was a paradise, for the sole reason that sorrow appeared on it.

Alas, I always loved grief and sorrow, but only for myself, for myself, while I wept pitying them. I stretched my arms toward them in despair, accusing, damning and despising myself. I told them that I, I alone did all this; that it was I who brought to them debauch, contagion and deceit! I implored them to crucify me; I taught them how to make the cross. I could not, I had no strength to kill myself, but I wanted to suffer tortures inflicted by them; I craved for torture; I was anxious that my blood, to its last drop, be shed in these tortures. But they merely laughed at me and, finally, they began to consider me crazy. They defended me and said that they had received that which they had wished themselves, and that everything which existed now could not have not existed.

Finally, they announced to me that I was beginning to be dangerous to them and that they would place me in an insane asylum if I shouldn't keep silent. Then sorrow penetrated my soul with such force that my heart contracted, and I felt that I should die. And then . . . well, then I awoke.

It was already morning, that is, it wasn't daylight, but it was

after five o'clock. I woke up in the same armchair. The candle had burned down to the end. In the captain's room people were sleeping, and all around there was silence such as is rare in our lodging.

First of all, I jumped to my feet extremely surprised: nothing of the kind had ever happened to me—even as far as trifles and details were concerned: for instance, never did I thus fall asleep in my armchair. Presently, as I was standing trying to collect my thoughts, my eye caught sight of the revolver, ready and loaded. Instantly I pushed it away from me! Oh, now I craved for life, life! I raised my arms and appealed to eternal Truth. I did not appeal but I wept. Ecstasy, immeasurable ecstasy lifted my whole being. Yes, life, and—preaching! I decided upon preaching that same moment—and for all my life! I am going to preach; I want to preach—what?—Truth, since I beheld it; I beheld it with my own eyes; I beheld its whole glory!

Well, from that time on I have been preaching! Besides, I love all those who are laughing at me more than the rest. Why this is so—I don't know, I cannot explain, but let it be thus. They say that even now I am confused, meaning that if even now I am so confused, what's going to happen in the future? Very true: I am confused and, maybe, in the future it will be worse. And, of course, I shall become disconcerted several times before I find out how to preach, that is, with what words and deeds, since this is very difficult to achieve. Even now I see all this as clearly as daylight, but listen: who doesn't get confused! And yet all men are headed toward one and the same thing, or, at least, they all strive for the same thing—from the sage to the last robber, only they follow different roads. This is an old Truth, but here is what's new in it: even I cannot be greatly confused. The reason is that I saw Truth and I know that men can be beautiful and happy without losing their faculty of living on earth. I refuse and am unable to believe that evil is a normal condition in men. Yet they all laugh at this belief of mine. But how can I help but have faith: I saw Truth—my mind did not invent it, and I saw, saw it, and its *live image* filled my soul forever.

Thus, why should I be led astray? Of course, I may deviate—even several times; I may even be echoing in my words somebody else's thoughts, but not for a long while: the live image of what I saw will always stay with me, and it will always correct and guide me.

Oh, I am brave and brisk. I am on my way even were my journey to last a thousand years. Do you know that at first I meant to conceal the fact that I have debauched everybody, but this was a mistake—here was the first mistake! But Truth whispered to me

that I was *lying,* guarded and led me. But how to establish paradise —I don't know because I can't express it in words. After my dream I lost the words—at least, all most important and relevant words.

But be it so: I will proceed, and I will be speaking incessantly because all the same I beheld the thing with my own eyes, even though I am unable to recount what I have seen. However, this is precisely what the scoffers don't understand: "You saw"—they say—"something delirious, an hallucination." Now, now! Is this clever?—Yet, they take such great pride! Dream? What's a dream? And isn't our life a dream?—I'll go further: let, let this never come true and let paradise never come to pass (this much I understand), —well, nevertheless I will be preaching.

Meanwhile, this is so simple: in one day, *in one hour,* everything would be at once established! The main thing is—love thy neighbors as thyself. This is the cardinal point; that's all, and nothing further is needed; it would be at once discovered how things should be arranged. And yet this is but an old truth which has been reiterated and read a billion times! Even so, it did not manage to stay with us! "Cognition of life is superior to life; knowledge of the laws of happiness is superior to happiness"—this is what has to be combated! And I will combat it. If only everybody would desire it, everything could at once be arranged.

And I have found that little girl. And I will go! I will!

Discharge of Defendant Kornilova

On the twenty-second day of April of the current year the case of defendant Kornilova was tried for the second time at the local Circuit Court by new judges and a new panel of jurors. The former court verdict, rendered last year, has been rescinded by the Senate on the ground of the insufficiency of the medical tests.

Perhaps most of my readers have a clear recollection of this case. A young step-mother (at that time still not of age), being in a state of pregnancy, prompted by anger against her husband, who kept reproaching her with his former wife, and after a violent quarrel with him, pushed her six-year-old step-daughter out of the window from the fourth floor (5½ sagenes), her husband's daughter, and almost a miracle occurred: the child was not killed; she sustained neither fractures nor injuries, and soon regained consciousness. At present the little girl is alive and in good health.

Having waked up in the morning when the husband had already gone to work, she let the child sleep; then she dressed the girl and gave her coffee. After that she opened the window and threw her out. Without even looking through the window to ascer-

tain what had happened to the child, she closed the window, got dressed and went to the police station. There she reported the incident, answering questions in a rude and strange manner. When, several hours later, she was told that the child was alive, she, expressing neither joy nor vexation, quite indifferently and cold-bloodedly, as if in a state of pensiveness, remarked: "How strong she is!"

Thereupon, for almost six weeks, while confined in two prisons, she continued to be morose, rude and uncommunicative. And, suddenly, all at once, all this disappeared: throughout the remaining four months till she was delivered of a child, as well as the rest of the time, during and after the trial, the mistress of the women's division of the prison was never tired of praising her: her disposition became even, calm, kind and serene. However, all this I have described before. Briefly,—the former verdict has been rescinded, and subsequently, on the twenty-second of April, a new verdict was announced by virtue of which Kornilova was acquitted.

I was present in the court room, and I gathered many impressions. It is only a pity that I am unable to record them, and that literally I am compelled to confine my account to but a few words. Besides, I am giving an account of this case solely because in the past I have written about it *in extenso*, and, therefore, I deem it not superfluous to inform the readers about the outcome of the case.

The trial lasted twice as long as the former one. The composition of the jurors was particularly remarkable. A new witness—the mistress of the women's division of the prison—was asked to take the stand. Her testimony concerning Kornilova's character was very weighty and favorable to her. Likewise the testimony of the defendant's husband was quite remarkable: with extreme honesty he concealed nothing—neither the quarrels nor the offenses on his part. He defended his wife and he spoke cordially, straightforwardly and candidly. He is only a peasant; true, he is wearing European clothes; he reads books and he receives a monthly salary of thirty rubles.

Furthermore, the selection of expert witnesses was also remarkable. Altogether, six experts were summoned—all men of repute and celebrities in medical science. Five of them took the stand. Three experts unhesitatingly testified that a pathological condition peculiar to a pregnant woman *could have* caused the commission of the crime in this case. Only one—Dr. Florinsky—dissented from this opinion, but, fortunately, he is not a psychiatrist, and his opinion proved of no consequence. The last man to testify was our noted psychiatrist Dukov. He spoke for almost one hour answering

the questions propounded to him by the prosecutor and the presiding justice. It is difficult to conceive a more refined understanding of the human soul and its pathological states. I was also amazed by the wealth and variety of extremely curious observations gathered by him over a long period of years. As for myself, decidedly, I listened to certain statements of this expert with admiration. His opinion was altogether in favor of the defendant: he stated *positively* and *conclusively* that in his opinion the defendant, at the time of the perpetration by her of the dreadful crime, was in a pathological psychic state.

In conclusion, the prosecutor himself withdrew the charge of premeditation, *i.e.*, the main malice in the indictment. Attorney-at-law Lustig, the attorney for the defendant, very adroitly warded off several accusations, and one of the most important ones—the alleged hatred of the step-mother toward her step-daughter—he managed to reduce to naught, revealing in it nothing but back-yard gossip.

After a long charge by the presiding judge, the jurors retired to the jurors' room, and in less than fifteen minutes they rendered a verdict of acquittal which was greeted almost with enthusiasm by the numerous public. Many people crossed themselves, others congratulated and shook hands with each other. The husband of the acquitted that same evening, after ten o'clock, took her home, and she, in a happy mood, returned to her home after an absence of almost one year, with the impression of a lesson learned for all her life and of manifest divine fate in this whole case—beginning with (to mention but one fact) the miraculous salvation of the child.

To My Readers

I am asking my readers for great indulgence. Last year, owing to my summer journey to Ems for the cure of my disease, I was forced to bring out the July and August issues of the *Diary* on August thirty-first, under one cover, of course with a double number of pages. This year, because of the aggravation of my illness, I am compelled to publish the May and June issues jointly, under one cover, at the end of June or in the very early part of July. Thereafter the July and August numbers, as last year, will also be published in August. Beginning with the month of September the *Diary* will be issued regularly on the last day of each month.

Leaving Petersburg, following the doctor's advice, I wish to state that although the premises of the editorial office will be closed in Petersburg until September, nevertheless all out-of-town (*as well as Petersburg*) subscribers and readers, in case of need, may apply *by mail* to the editorial office much in the same way as hitherto.

These letters will be forwarded forthwith by the office manager, and every complaint, misunderstanding, etc., as in the past, will be taken care of as soon as possible. Likewise all letters addressed to me will be immediately forwarded. Concerning this matter the editorial office has been given most explicit instructions. Subscriptions will continue as hitherto: subscriptions will be immediately taken care of.

I don't know if my readers and subscribers to *A Writer's Diary* will excuse me. In the face of such an unforeseen circumstance as a complication of one's illness, it is difficult to plan everything in advance. The overwhelming majority of my readers up to the present have maintained a benevolent attitude toward me, of which I am convinced by solid facts. I venture to rely upon their kindness also at this time.

MAY–JUNE

CHAPTER I

1

From the Book of Predictions by Johann Lichtenberger, in the year 1528

I HAVE received a very strange document. This is an ancient, true, a hazy and allegorical, prediction concerning current events and the present war.

One of our young scientists has discovered in London, in the Royal Library, an ancient folio-volume, *The Book of Predictions–"Prognostationes"* by Johann Lichtenberger, edition 1528, in Latin. This is a rare, perhaps even the only existing, copy. In this book the future of Europe and of mankind is set forth in hazy pictures. This is a mystical book. I am reproducing here only those lines which were conveyed to me, *and merely as a fact* not devoid of certain interest.

Following the prognostications about the French Revolution (1789) and Napoleon I who is called in the book–"the great eagle" (*aquila grandis*), the following is stated concerning the future European events:

"Post haec veniet altera aquila quae ignem fovebit in gremio sponsae Christi et erunt tres adulteri unusque legitimus qui alios vorabit.

"Exsurget aquila grandis in Oriente, aquicolae occidentales moerebunt. Tria regna comportabit. Ipsa est aquila grandis, quae

dormiet annis multis, refutata resurget et contremiscere faciet aquicolas occidentales in terra Virginis et alios montes superbissimos; et volabit ad meridiem recuperando amissa. Et amore charitatis inflammabit Deus aquilam orientalem volando ad ardua alis duabus fulgens in montibus christianitatis."

("After that a new eagle shall come who shall kindle fire in the bosom of Christ's bride, and there shall be three natural issues and one legitimate issue, and he shall devour the others. A great eagle shall arise in the East, and the Western islanders shall start wailing. He shall capture three kingdoms. This is the great eagle who sleepeth many a year; though wounded he shall arise, and shall compel the Western sea-bound inhabitants of the land of the Virgin and the other proud summits to tremble, and he shall fly southward to retrieve that which had been lost. And God shall kindle the Eastern eagle with love of mercy so that he may fly on his two wings to accomplish that which is difficult, flashing upon the peaks of Christianity.")

Of course, this is a bit foggy; you must concede, however, that the great Eastern eagle who sleepeth many a year; *wounded* (N. B.—Isn't this our war with Europe 22 years ago?) he shall arise and shall compel to tremble the Western sea-bound inhabitants, —you must concede that somehow this is suggestive of the present, on condition, of course, that we disregard our Europeanizing wiseacres who, contrary to the prophecy, still continue to tremble, as it were, before "the sea-bound inhabitants" at a time when the eagle has already flown away "flashing with his two wings." But it is only the wiseacres who are trembling—not the eagle.

Furthermore, "the Western sea-bound inhabitants of the land of the Virgin" obviously signify England, if Johann Lichtenberger's prophecy be applied to the contemporary events. However, what in this case is the meaning of "the land of the Virgin"?—In 1528 Queen Elizabeth had not yet been reigning. Doesn't Lichtenberger's allegory signify a land (British Isles) which has never been subjected to invasion in the sense in which in days gone by Napoleon expressed himself about European capitals which had suffered from his invasion: "A capital subjected to an invasion resembles a maiden who has lost her virginity."—However, according to the prophecy, the eagle will also compel other "proud summits" to tremble; he will fly southward to retrieve that which had been lost, and—this is most remarkable—that "God shall kindle the Eastern eagle with love of mercy so that he may fly on his two wings to accomplish that which is difficult, flashing upon the peaks of Christianity." Concede that this is something very suggestive. Didn't our eagle take to his wings kindled with mercy for the oppressed and hurt?

Was it not Christ's mercy that has prompted our whole people "to a difficult task"—both in the past and this year? Who is going to deny this? This people, these soldiers recruited from the people, who do not thoroughly know their prayers, used to pick up in the Crimea, near Sebastopol, wounded Frenchmen, and carried them to have their wounds dressed *before* their own Russians. "Let these lie and wait; anyone will pick up a Russian, but the French chap is a stranger—he should be pitied first." Isn't this Christ, doesn't Christ's spirit sound in these naive and magnanimous jestingly uttered words?

Thus, isn't Christ's spirit in our people, backward but kind, ignorant but not barbarian? Yes, Christ is their strength—our Russian strength—now that the eagle has flown to achieve "the difficult task." And what does some single anecdote about Sebastopol soldiers mean compared with thousands of manifestations of Christ's spirit and "the fire of mercy" in our people, in reality, in full view and in everybody's sight, despite the wiseacres' endeavor to suppress the thought and bury the fact of our people's participation, through their spirit and heart, in the present-day destinies of Russia and the East?

And don't start pointing at "the bestiality and dullness" of the people, at their ignorance and backwardness by reason of which they are supposedly unable to understand the things which are transpiring at present. They do perfectly understand the essence of the matter; rest assured that they have been comprehending it for four centuries. Were they to learn about contemporaneous diplomats, these they wouldn't understand at all. But who will understand them? Indeed our great people were brought up like beasts; they have suffered tortures ever since they came into being, throughout the millennium of their existence,—tortures such as no other people in the world could have endured, because they would have disintegrated and perished, whereas our people merely grew stronger and became more compact amidst their misfortunes. Do not, then, reproach them for "bestiality and ignorance," Messrs. Wiseacres, since you—precisely you—have done nothing for them. On the contrary, you abandoned the people two centuries ago, you have forsaken them and alienated them from you; you have converted them into a taxation unit, into a quit-rent item for your own benefit. The people have been growing—gentlemen, enlightened Europeans, —forgotten and downtrodden by you, driven by you as a beast into a haunt. But their Christ was with them, and it was with Him alone that they lived to that great day when, twenty years ago, the Northern eagle, kindled with the flame of mercy, flapped and spread his wings and blessed the people with these wings. . . .

Yes, there is much bestiality in people, but do not point at it. This bestiality is the mire of centuries; it will be cleansed. And the trouble is not in the fact that there still is bestiality but in a condition where bestiality would be extolled as virtue.

I have seen robbers who had committed many bestialities and who, by reason of their depraved and weakened will-power, had fallen lower than the lowest depths. Yet these debauched and degraded beasts knew—at least within themselves—that they were beasts, and they felt how low they had fallen, and in pure and serene moments, which God sends even to beasts, they knew how to condemn themselves, even though often they were no longer able to rise.

It is different when bestiality is placed above everybody, as an idol, and people worship it considering themselves virtuous precisely because of this. Lord Beaconsfield—and after him all Beaconsfields—both our domestic and European ones—stopped their ears and closed their eyes to the bestialities and tortures to which entire human tribes are being subjected; they have betrayed Christ for the sake of "the interests of civilization," and because of the fact that the oppressed tribes are called Slavs, *i.e.,* because they carry within themselves something new. All the more reason, then, that they should be crushed to death—also for the sake of the antiquated rotting civilization.

Now, this is bestiality—educated and extolled as virtue—which is being worshipped as an idol both in the West and still at home, in Russia. And didn't "the most beatific Pope, the infallible vicar of God," when passing away, during his last days on earth, didn't he pray for victory for the Turks, the torturers of Christianity, over the Russians who arose in Christ's name in defense of Christianity, for the sole reason that, according to his *infallible* judgment, the Turks are nevertheless better than the Russian heretics who do not recognize the Pope? Isn't this bestiality? Isn't this barbarism?

Indeed, Johann Lichtenberger's prophecy is strongly suggestive of the present moment. And should we not conceive the Pope among other "proud summits" whom the eagle, flapping his wings, will compel to tremble? By the way, to wind up with the prophecy: What did Johann Lichtenberger mean when speaking of the eagle "who shall kindle fire in the bosom of Christ's bride, and there shall be three natural issues and one legitimate issue, and he shall devour the others"?—In religious and mystical parlance the expression "Christ's bride" has always meant the Church in general. What, then, are the three natural and one legitimate issues?—It seems that if he should be considered a prognosticator,—three re-

ligions: Catholicism, Protestantism and . . . which is the third illegitimate? And which is the legitimate religion?

However, let us leave Johann Lichtenberger. It is difficult to speak seriously about all this. All this is but a mystical allegory though somewhat resembling the truth.

And aren't there quite a few coincidences? True, all this has been written and printed in 1528, and this is curious. In those days there must have often appeared works of this kind, and although that time preceded the wars of the great Protestant reformation, there had been already many Protestants, reformers and prophets. It is also known that later, especially in Protestant armies, there have always been many "ecstatic" prophets among the warriors–prognosticators and convulsionaries.

If I have recorded this Latin excerpt from an ancient book (which, I repeat, unquestionably exists), it is solely as a significant fact,–not as a miracle. Besides, are only miracles miraculous? Not seldom, most miraculous are things which occur in reality. Nearly always we perceive reality as we *wish* to perceive it, as we wish to interpret it to ourselves. If, at times, we start analyzing, and if in the visible we perceive not that which we sought to perceive but that which it is *in reality*, unhesitatingly we take that which we have perceived for a miracle. This happens quite often, and, at times, I swear, we would rather believe in a miracle and in an impossibility than in the truth *which we do not wish to see*. This always happens on earth–therein is the whole history of mankind.

About Anonymous Abusive Letters

I did not go abroad and I am now in the province of Kursk. My physician, having learned that I had an opportunity of spending the summer in the country, and, besides, in such a province as that of Kursk, prescribed that I should drink in the country Essentuki water, adding that this would be far more beneficial to me than Ems, to whose water, supposedly, I became accustomed. I deem it my duty to state that I have received from my readers a great many letters with the expression of sincere sympathy in connection with the announcement of my illness. And generally, I wish to mention, by the way, that during all the time of the publication of my *Diary* I have been, and still am, receiving many signed and anonymous letters so gratifying to me, so approbative of, and so encouraging to, my work, that I must unhesitatingly state that I have never either expected so general a sympathy or

considered myself worthy of it. These letters I shall keep as a treasure, and what is there hypocritical in the fact that I am stating so in print? Indeed, is it bad that I appreciate and treasure this general attention accorded to me? But it might be said that now I am praising myself and boasting. Let them say so, but, inwardly, I know that the fact that I am merely expressing my gratitude, my sincere feeling, does not mean bragging; besides, I am no longer young enough to fail to understand how this statement will irritate certain gentlemen. It seems, however, that of these there aren't too many.

Among several hundreds of letters received during the eighteen months of the publication of the *Diary,* there were at least one hundred (but surely more than that) anonymous ones, but out of this number only two letters were absolutely hostile. There were people disagreeing with my convictions, but then they directly set forth their objections, always seriously, sincerely, without the slightest personal insinuations—this is true of both the signed and unsigned letters,—and I only regret that because of the large numbers of letters which are being received, I am utterly unable to answer each one of them.

However, these two letters are exceptions. They were written not for the purpose of raising objections but for abuse. Now, these gentlemen, composers of these letters—will be irritated with my statement of thanks. The last of these letters deals precisely with the announcement of my illness. My anonymous correspondent was seriously angry: how, he maintains, did I dare to announce in print so private and personal a matter as my illness, and in his letter to me he wrote a most discourteous and rude parody on my announcement. But leaving aside the main object of the letter—abuse, willy-nilly I became interested in the following question: if, for instance, by reason of ill health, I was compelled to go away for a cure, and on this account I was deprived of the possibility of publishing the May issue of the *Diary* on time, but jointly with the June issue; and inasmuch as every time, in each issue of the *Diary,* I have been announcing the date of the publication of the next number,—well, it seemed to me that a mere unmotivated announcement, devoid of any explanations, to the effect that the next issue of the *Diary* is going to appear jointly with the June one, would have been somewhat unceremonious. And, after all, why shouldn't I have explained the reason why this was to take place? And have I, indeed, dwelt so much on my announcement of my illness?—Of course, all this is but a trifle, and were the matter to emanate from a person seriously shocked in his feeling of literary and public decorum, there would have arisen a curious, yet, per-

haps, in a way, respectable specimen of a gentleman, although standing outside of the literary profession, nevertheless one who, so to speak, burns with the commendable craving for compliance with literary decorum, and who although carrying his aspirations to the point of scrupulousness, nevertheless derives them from a worthy and curious source. But invectives spoiled the whole thing: it became clear that the whole object lay in them.

No doubt, it wouldn't have been worthwhile to dwell here upon all this; but I have been thinking for quite a long time of saying a few words about anonymous letters in general, *i.e.*, abusive anonymous letters, and I am glad that the opportunity presented itself.

The point is that I have long been under the impression that in our epoch, so vacillating and so transitional, so full of changes and so unsatisfactory (as, indeed, it must be),—certainly there must have appeared a great multitude of, so to speak, neglected, forgotten, slighted and vexed people: "Why are *they* everywhere, and not I? Why don't people pay attention to me, too?" In this state of personal irritation and, as it were, of dissatisfied ideal, a certain fellow is likely, at times, to take a match and commit arson,—to such an extent is this feeling painful. This I quite understand, and before condemning him one should arm himself with humaneness rather than with indignation. However, to be using matches for arson is the utmost limit and, so to speak, the lot of mighty Byronic characters. Fortunately, there are less horrible outlets for characters not as mighty. Such an outlet is simply to do a certain dirty action, —well, to calumniate, to belie, to spread gossip or to write an anonymous letter.

In a word, I have been long suspecting, and I still suspect, that our epoch, though unquestionably one of great reforms and events, must at the same time be an era of intense anonymous letters of an abusive character. As regards literature, this is true beyond a shadow of doubt: anonymous abusive letters constitute, as it were, an inviolable part of contemporaneous Russian literature and accompany it in all directions. And who, among editors and writers, is not receiving them? I even made inquiries in some periodicals, and in one of them—precisely in one of those which suddenly met with good fortune, created an impression and pleased the public so greatly that they themselves did not expect such a success—an active contributor told me that they were receiving such a mass of abusive anonymous letters that they weren't read at all,—they were merely opened. He was about to relate to me in detail the contents of some of such epistles, but he burst into laughter.

Thus it must be: our inexperienced anonymous scribes still do not suspect that the more their letters are abusive, the more innocent and harmless they are. This is a good trait: it signifies that although our anonymous writers are ardent, they lack composure, and they do not understand that the more courteous and dignified the tone of a sarcastic anonymous letter is, the more biting it is and the stronger its impression. This means that Jesuitism as yet has made no progress among us, and that the matter has not yet reached its second, *superior* phase. Therefore, it is still in its inception, and, consequently, it is merely the fruit of unbridled ardor, and not of a deliberated and strictly trained spiteful sentiment. This is not, so to speak, Spanish vengeance, which, for the attainment of its goal, is even ready to make great sacrifices, and which has learned composure.

Our anonymous abuser is still far from being that mysterious stranger in Lermontov's drama *The Masquerade,* a colossal figure, who having once upon a time received a blow on his face from a certain officer, retired into the wilderness where he spent thirty years deliberating upon his vengeance. No, it is still that same Slavic nature of ours which is anxious to resort to abusive language as quickly as possible, and finish with it (and at that—even to make peace right then and there). Concede that all this is in a certain sense gratifying because here, too, everything is green, young and fresh,—something on the order of life's spring, even though—it must be confessed—a most disgusting spring.

I deem it my duty to add one more observation: it seems that our young generation, *i.e.,* very young, raw youths, do not write anonymous invective letters. I am receiving a lot of letters from young people, and they are all signed. Only those of them are unsigned in which too cordial feelings are expressed. But those youths who disagree with me in this or that always sign their names. (However, it is all too easy—on the strength of many indications and devices resorted to—to find out that an anonymous abusive letter has been written not by one belonging to the young generation, not by a raw youth.)

Thus, our youth, apparently, understands that, to begin with, it is possible to write even a very sharp letter but that the signature under it conveys to the wording a great value; and that the whole character of the letter is improved by the fact of the signature since it adds to it a spirit of straightforwardness, courage and readiness to defend and bear the consequences of one's convictions. Besides, the very sharpness of the expressions is merely indicative of the ardor of the conviction and not of the desire to insult.

Thus, it is clear that a scolder who does not sign his name seeks above all to use unprintable invectives; he wishes to give himself this pleasure, and he has no other aim. And he knows himself that he is doing a dirty thing, that he is harming himself, *i.e.*, the importance of his letter; yet such is the urge for calling names. This trait, meaning—this urge, is worth noting since it still predominates among our educated society. And let people ridicule me for my belief that this trait is *predominant* in our midst. I am convinced that I am not exaggerating, and that we, so to speak, *en masse* are standing at present on this level of development.

Besides, take also into account the fact that it is possible not to write a single anonymous letter, and yet to carry all life long the soul of an anonymous scolder. This is an important consideration. And what is there in the fact that during eighteen months I have received only two abusive letters?—This merely goes to prove my innocence and negligibleness as well as the limited sphere of my activities, besides,—that I am dealing with decent people. However, other workers who are more in the public eye than myself (and on this ground alone—more guilty than I) and who, in addition, by the very nature and character of their periodicals, are compelled to operate in a much wider sphere, are, perhaps, receiving every eighteen months two hundred, and not two, abusive letters.

Briefly, I am convinced that European civilization has inoculated into us very little humaneness, and that there are, perhaps, so many people in our midst who are willing to use invectives quickly and immediately at every opportunity that one is really afraid. And there are still more of those who are inclined to use abusive language with impunity, anonymously and safely, from behind the door. And it is precisely the anonymous letter which provides them with such a possibility: a letter cannot be thrashed and it blushes not.

In olden days we had no European honor. Our boyards used to scold each other and even fought each other openly, and a box on the ear was not regarded as a great and irreparable injury to one's dignity. As against this they had their own honor though not in a European form—yet not less sacred and solemn than that in Europe. For the sake of this honor the boyard, at times, renounced his whole fortune, his standing at the court, and even the Czar's graces. However, with the change in our clothing and the introduction of the European sword, there ensued in Russia a new European honor, and during two centuries it has failed to take firm root. Thus the old has been forgotten and spat at while the new has been adopted suspiciously and sceptically. It was adopted

mechanically, so to speak, whereas spiritually we forgot what honor meant, and the heart-felt need for it was lost, and this—dreadful though this admission be—with only very few exceptions.

During these two centuries of our European and, so to speak, "sword period," honor and conscience, strange to say, were mostly, and even entirely, preserved in our people who have hardly been affected by the sword period of our history. Let it be admitted that the people are dirty, ignorant and barbarous. Let people mercilessly ridicule my presumption, but it is my life-long conviction that our people are incomparably purer in heart than our upper classes, and that the people's mind is not bifurcated to such an extent as to cherish, side by side with a noble idea, its dirty little antithesis. This we frequently see in our intelligentsia. Besides, they entertain both ideas at one and the same time, not knowing which to believe and give preference to in practice, denoting this state of their mind and soul as "wealth of development" and "blessings of European civilization." And they would rather die with this "wealth" of tedium and disgust than stop strongly ridiculing our people, not yet contaminated with an alien civilization, for their naïveté and the uprightness of their beliefs. . . .

But this is a broad subject. I shall simply say: I am sure that the coarsest among the people would be ashamed of some of the thoughts and impulses of some of our "superior workers," and would turn away with disgust from most of the actions of our educated men. I am convinced that he does not understand—and will not understand for a long time to come—that it is permissible, in solitude, behind closed doors, when nobody sees it, to be committing filthy things and considering them morally quite regular for the sole reason that there are no witnesses and nobody spies on him. And yet, among our educated strata this sort of thing is being practiced on an alarmingly large scale, quite shamelessly and frequently even with the supreme satisfaction of the mind and the higher faculties of an enlightened spirit. According to the people's conception that which is filthy in public is equally nasty behind closed doors. However, we specifically regard the people as ribald, vile men and reactionary scolders who delight in cursing and invectives.

In this connection it is not out of place to recall the following —all the more so as this has changed and passed long ago. In the days of my youth, the majority of our military men were convinced that the Russian soldier, as coming from the people, is extremely fond of using obscene language and ribaldries. On this ground some regimental commanders, in order to gain popularity, permitted themselves during drills, for instance, to curse, resorting to such phrases

and indecencies that the soldiers literally blushed and sought to forget in their barracks the things which they had heard from their superiors, shouting down the fellow who ventured to repeat them. *I personally witnessed this.* And how glad at heart were these regimental commanders, imagining that they succeeded in mimicking the Russian soldier's spirit!

Why, even Gogol in his *Correspondence with Friends* counselled a friend of his, when publicly scolding a peasant serf, to use by all means strong language; he went so far as to specify the words which should be used on such occasions, namely those which were strongest and contained, so to speak, more than outward ribaldry,—more "refinement."

Yet even though, unfortunately, the Russian people do use obscene language, yet not all of them do so, far from all,—in fact, the negligible minority (will it be believed?). The main thing, however, is that they revile automatically rather than with moral "refinement"; by force of habit rather than with deliberation. Revilement with deliberation is observed only in very rare specimens of vagabonds, drunkards and all sorts of good-for-nothing idlers despised by the people. Although the latter do resort to vituperation by force of habit, they know themselves that this is a bad habit, and they condemn it. Thus, to break this habit of the people is simply a matter of mechanical disuse and not of a moral effort.

Generally, this idea that our people are fond of using obscene language, in my opinion, has been implanted in our educated stratum at the time when its final moral break with the people became an accomplished fact, which, as we know, resulted in the present-day misconception of the latter on the part of the former. It was at that time that there also appeared many other erroneous ideas about the Russian people.

Even though my assertion, that the people are by no means such convinced scolders, may be disbelieved, nevertheless it is justified. And those hopes which I place in the people I place also in our young generation. The people and the young generation of our intelligentsia will suddenly come together and agree on many things, and they will understand each other much more successfully than our generation in its own times. There is seriousness in our youth, and I pray God only that it be directed more intelligently.

By the way, speaking of youth: recently, a very young man in a letter addressed to me wrote me a very sharp rebuttal in connection with a topic which I am not going to mention, and not only did he sign this sharp (but by no means discourteous) epistle *en toutes lettres,* but he also gave his address. I asked him to come and see me in order to clear up the matter. He came, and I was

impressed with the ardor and seriousness of his attitude toward the problem in question. He agreed with me on certain points, and he left in a state of hesitation.

I may add that our young men evince a greater ability in arguing than our old men, *i.e.*, in the manner in which they argue: they listen and let people speak. This is due to the fact that, to them, the elucidation of a matter is more important than their personal ambitions. When that young man was leaving me, he expressed his regrets for the sharpness of his letter, and he did this with natural dignity.

Our youth is devoid of leadership—that's the point! And yet, how badly they need it! How often did they run with enthusiasm after men who were not worthy of it but only slightly sincere! And who will the future leader or leaders be—whoever will it be? And will our Russian fate send us such men?—Such are the questions!

The Plan of a Satirical Novel Dealing with Contemporaneous Life

But I am not yet through with the anonymous scolder. The point is that such a man may become a most serious literary character—in a romance or in a novel. The principal thing is that one may and must approach the matter from a different point of view—from a broad and humane standpoint coordinating it with Russian character in general, and the contemporaneous, current causes of the appearance in our midst of this type in particular.

In fact, the moment you begin to analyze this type, you are compelled to admit that at present we cannot help but have such men, or, to be more precise, that, in our day, it is this kind of men that we mostly must expect, and that if of them there are still comparatively few, this is due to a special grace of God.

Indeed, they all are men who have been brought up in our recent vacillating families, by discontented, sceptical fathers who have bequeathed to their children nothing but indifference for the present, and hardly anything more than some vague anxiety concerning some fantastic future on which, however, even so-called *ready* realists and frigid haters of our present are inclined to pin their faith. In addition, these fathers, of course, bequeathed to their children sceptical, impotent laughter, though scarcely conscious yet always all-complacent. In the last twenty or twenty-five years was it only a few children who grew up in the families of these wicked

envious men who, having spent the last pennies of their redemption money, bequeathed to their children misery and the covenant of villainy—have there been few such families?

Now, suppose such a young man takes up some employment. He cuts no figure; he is devoid of wit; he has no connections. He has an innate mind which, however, any man possesses. But because his mind was brought up on idle sneering—which for twenty-five years has been conceived as liberalism—our hero, naturally, takes his mind for genius.

Oh, God! How is it possible not to expect boundless selfishness in a man who grew up without the slightest moral support? At first, he swaggers dreadfully; however, because he nevertheless has a mind (for the type, I prefer to take a man intellectually somewhat above the average rather than below the average, since it is only in these two cases that the appearance of this type is conceivable),—he soon discovers that sneering is a negative thing which leads to nothing positive; and that if it satisfied his father, this was due to the fact that he was a blockhead, even though a liberal fellow, whereas he, the son, is neverthless a genius who merely for the time being finds it difficult to reveal himself. Oh, of couse, in his soul he is ready for most any emphatic villainy, "since why shouldn't villainy be resorted to for business? And who, in our age, is able to prove that villainy is villainy?"—etc.

In a word, he has been brought up on these ready-made questions. But he also soon guesses that even in order to resort to villainy he must wait long for an opening, and, besides, that, perhaps, even to him it is a long distance between the moral readiness to commit a villainy and its actual commission, so that, first, he must, so to speak, "get into line" in a practical sense. Of course, if he were more stupid, he would settle down in a jiffy: "Down with those higher aspirations! The thing to do is to ingratiate oneself with this man or that, to follow him, and to toil hard, obediently, with conviction,—and in the long run the career will be made." However, personal ambition and the conviction that he is a genius for a long while stand in his way: even in his thoughts he cannot put his supposedly so brilliant fate on the same level with the lot of some Mr. So-and-So, or Mr. So-and-So: "No, sir: as yet we are in opposition, and if they want me, let them come to me and beg me!"

Thus, he is waiting for someone to come and beg him; he is angry; he is full of keen resentment, and he waits. Meanwhile, right next to him Mr. So and So has managed to outpace him; another fellow has already settled down; a third oaf has now become his boss,—that very chap whom he himself had nicknamed

in that "superior school" of theirs and on whom he had composed an epigram in verse at the time when he was editing the hand-written school magazine and was reputed to be a genius.

"Nay, that's an affront! Why he and not I? And everywhere everything is occupied! No"—says he to himself—"my career is elsewhere. And what's the use of being employed? It's only blockheads who stick to employment! My career is—literature." Presently he begins to mail his compositions to editorial offices—first incognito, and then—giving his full name. Naturally, people don't answer him. Seized with impatience, he begins to besiege in person one editorial office after another. Occasionally, when a manuscript is returned to him, he indulges in witticisms and bilious sneering, so to speak, to alleviate his heart. But all this doesn't help. "No, apparently, here, too, every place is occupied!"—he says to himself with a sad smile.

Chiefly, he is kept tortured with the fatal trouble of finding always and everywhere as many men as possible who are worse off than he. Oh, he would never be able to understand how one may rejoice over the fact that there are people better off than he! Well, it is at this juncture that the thought occurs to him for the first time to mail to some editorial office, the one where he had been most strongly affronted, a spiteful unsigned letter. He writes and mails it; he does it a second time—the thing pleases him. Even so, nothing happens: much as hitherto everything around remains deaf, dumb and blind. "Nay, what kind of career is this!"—he decides at length, and, finally, he makes up his mind "to ingratiate himself."

He picks a *person,* namely, his boss—the director. In this, perhaps, chance and connections come to his aid. Even Gogol's Poprischin made his debut by distinguishing himself in the business of sharpening pens: for this purpose he had been summoned to his excellency's apartment, where he saw the director's daughter for whom he sharpened two pens. However, the epoch of the Poprischins has passed; besides, in our day, pens are no longer being sharpened. Nor can our hero betray his own character: not pens but most daring thoughts dwell in his mind. In brief, in the shortest time, he becomes convinced that he has captivated the director's daughter, and that she languishes for him. "Well, here's the career,"—he muses —"and what would be the use of women if a clever man couldn't make a career through them? Realistically considered, this is the gist of the feminine problem. And the main thing is that this isn't anything to be ashamed of: are there few men who found their road through women?" But then at this juncture, just as in Poprischin's case, an adjutant turns up! Poprischin reacted to this in

accordance with his character: he grew insane over the fancy that he was the King of Spain. How natural! What was there left to humilated Poprischin without any connections, without a career, without boldness or any kind of initiative, especially during the Petersburg period, other than to embark upon most desperate fancying and to believe in his visions? Our Poprischin, however, our contemporaneous Poprischin, would not believe for anything in the world that he is the same kind of Poprischin as the original one, merely one who has been duplicated thirty years hence. His soul is full of thunder and lightning, contempt and sarcasms,—and so he, too, embarks upon fancying but of a different kind. He recalls the fact that in this world there are anonymous letters, and that once upon a time he had resorted to them. And thus he risks his pretty little letter; but now no longer is it addressed to an editorial office; now it is a more daring venture: he feels that he is embarking upon a new—practical phase. Oh, how carefully he locks himself up from his landlady in his tiny room! How he trembles lest he be spied upon! Yet he scribbles and scribbles, changing his handwriting! He composes four pages of calumnies and invectives! He reads them over and over again, and having spent the whole night in this occupation, at dawn he seals the letter and addresses it to the fiancé-adjutant. He has altered his handwriting, and he is not afraid.

Now he counts the hours: by this time the letter must have been received—the letter to the suitor about his fiancée. Why, of course, he will repudiate her! He will be scared!—For this is not a letter but a "chef-d'œuvre"! And our young friend is fully aware of the fact that he is a wicked little villain; but he is only glad of it: "Now is the time for the bifurcation of thought, and breadth. Nowadays one cannot thrive by rectilinear thought!"

It goes without saying that the letter produces no result: the wedding takes place; yet the beginning has been made, and our hero, as it were, has hit upon his career. A mirage *sui generis* takes possession of him—much as in the case of Poprischin. With ardor he hastens to devote himself to the new activity—the writing of anonymous letters. He finds out things about his general; he muses; he pours out everything that has accumulated during the many years of disappointing service, vexed personal ambitions, bile and envy. He criticizes each and every action of the general; he ridicules him in a most merciless manner, and this in several letters, in a whole series of them. And how pleased he is in the beginning! The actions of the general, his wife, his mistress, and the stupidity of their whole Ministry—all these, everything is depicted in his letters. By and by he turns to state considerations. He composes

a letter to the Minister in which, unceremoniously, he suggests that Russia be remodelled. No, the Minister cannot help but be struck: genius will impress him, and his letter might be brought to the attention of . . . of such a person that . . . In a word: *courage, mon enfant!* and they'll start looking for the author; then, at once, I shall reveal my name, so to speak, without bashfulness.

Briefly, he is intoxicated with his compositions, and every minute he visualizes how his letters are being opened, and what is reflected upon the faces of those persons. . . . In such a mood, at times, he even indulges in a joke: jestingly he writes letters to some of the oddest fellows; he does not neglect some Egor Egorovich, his old head-clerk whom he really drives almost insane by anonymously assuring him that his wife is having a love-affair with the local police lieutenant (the main thing is that this may be half true).

Thus some time elapses, but . . . but suddenly a strange thought occurs to him, namely, that he is Poprischin, nothing but Poprischin, that same Poprischin, only a million times viler, and that all these pasquinades from around the corner, his whole anonymous potency, in substance is a mirage and nothing more, besides,—a foul petty mirage, a filthy and disgraceful mirage, even much nastier than the fancy about the Spanish throne.

At this point there occurs a serious thing—not something disgraceful: "What's disgrace?—Disgrace is nothing! Only apothecaries are afraid of disgrace!"—but a really dreadful thing, quite dreadful! The point is that, although our hero has a mind, nevertheless he cannot restrain himself, and at the time of his intoxication with his new career—specifically, after his little epistle to the Minister —he lets a word slip about his letters, and to whom?—To that German landlady of his—well, not everything—she would not have understood everything; of course, just a trifle, so, from the fullness of his heart. Yet how great is his surprise when, a month later, a gentle functionary in another Ministry, who occupies a remote roomlet in the apartment of the same landlady, a spiteful and taciturn little chap, having suddenly grown angry with something, intimates to him, as he is passing through the corridor, that he —the timid fellow—is "a moral man, and that he does not write anonymous letters, as certain gentlemen do." Just think! At first our hero is not greatly scared. Moreover, having interrogated the functionary—for this express purpose having humiliatingly made up with him—he convinces himself that the latter knows virtually nothing. Well . . . but what if he does know?—Besides, for some time rumors have been rampant in his department to the effect that somebody has been busy writing and sending through the local

mails abusive letters to the superiors, and that for sure this must have been someone of the employees.

The poor fellow begins to ponder; he even doesn't sleep at night. In a word, one may graphically imagine the torments of his soul, his suspiciousness, his slips. Finally, he is almost fully convinced that everybody knows everything; that he is not being told so only for the time being; that his discharge from service has been decided upon, and that, naturally, this will not be the end of it. In a word, he is almost driven insane.

One day, as he is sitting in the department, boundless indignation against everybody and everything arises in his heart: "Oh, wicked, damned men!"—he exclaims to himself—"Is it possible to pretend to such an extent! They know that *this is I;* everyone of them knows it! Whisperingly, they tell this, one to the other, when I happen to be passing by! They are also aware of the document concerning me which lies ready there, at the office. . . . And they are all pretending! They all conceal it from me! They seek to enjoy it; they want to see how I am going to be dragged off. . . . No, this shall not come to pass! No!"

An hour later, accidentally, he brings some paper to the office of his excellency. He walks in; respectfully, he places the paper on the desk. The general is busy; he pays no attention. Our hero turns around; he is about to leave the room noiselessly; he touches the handle of the door, and suddenly, as if he were falling into an abyss, he throws himself at the feet of his excellency, a second before that not even having suspected that he would do this: "All the same, I have to perish! Better to confess of my own accord!" "Only be calm, your excellency! Please be still, your excellency, so that no one may hear us outside! I will tell you everything, everything!"—he implores like a madman the dumbfounded excellency, foolishly clasping his hands before the general.

And presently, by fits and starts, incoherently, he confesses everything, to the greatest amazement of his excellency who entertained no suspicions whatsoever. But here, too, our hero remains fully faithful to his character, because why does he throw himself at the feet of the general? Of course, from illness, from suspiciousness, but *mainly because* he—he who got scared, he, the humiliated and the self-denouncing one—nevertheless much as heretofore, hopes like a little fool intoxicated with self-conceit, that, perhaps, his excellency, having listened to him, and, so to speak, impressed with his genius, will open his arms and stretching out those hands with which he has signed so many papers for the benefit of the fatherland, will embrace him: "Is it possible that you have been driven to this point, unfortunate but gifted young man! Oh, it is

I who am to be blamed for everything! I overlooked you! I assume the full guilt! Oh, God! Here is what our talented youth is compelled to resort to as a result of our antiquated order of things and prejudices! But come, come to my heart, and share my office with me. And we . . . we shall turn the department topsy-turvy!"

But it did not happen thus. Later, a long time thereafter, in disgrace and humiliation, recalling the kick which he received from the toe of the general's boot, which directly fitted into his face, he accused fate and men almost sincerely: "Once in my life I fully opened my arms to embrace people, and what did I receive?"

Some most natural and contemporaneous finale may be conceived: for instance, our hero, already dismissed from service, is hired, for one hundred rubles, for a fictitious wedding, after which he departs in one direction, and she in another—to her grocer: "lovely and noble," as Schedrin's police lieutenant expresses himself in a similar situation.

In a word, it seems to me that the character of an anonymous scolder is not a bad theme for a novel. And a serious one. Of course, here, Gogol would be needed, but . . . I am glad at least that accidentally I have come across this idea. Perhaps I shall really try to introduce it into a novel.

CHAPTER II

1

Former Agriculturists—Future Diplomats

BUT WHITHER did I deviate from my subject? I started telling that I was in the country and was glad of it. It is quite a long time since I have lived in the country in Russia. However, I shall postpone the discussion about country life, and here I shall only mention that, among other reasons, I am glad that I am in the country and not abroad because I could not see Russians sauntering there.

As a matter of fact, in our times—so popular, so concordant and patriotic—when one is expressly looking at home for Russians, waiting and longing for them, needing them,—in such times it is too painful to behold abroad—whither for twenty years, year after year, our intelligentsia have been expatriating themselves and colonizing—the transformation of the purely Russian, raw and perhaps excellent material into a pitiful international canaille—faceless, devoid of character and nationality, without a fatherland. I am not

speaking of the fathers,—they are incorrigible and God be with them—but of their unfortunate children whom they are ruining abroad. As to the fathers, in the long run they begin to look ridiculous even to our notorious Russian Europeans.

Mr. Burenin, who is now a war correspondent, tells in one of his letters about an amusing meeting with one of our Europeans of the Forties, "with gray respectable curls," permanently residing abroad, but who came expressly to observe the war (of course, from a very safe distance), "the spectacle of the struggle." In the railroad car he started to make witticisms concerning all the things at which these genlemen have been poking fun now for forty years, *i.e.*, the Russian spirit, the Slavophiles, and so forth.

According to him, the reason why he is residing abroad is that in Russia "there is still nothing a serious-minded and respectable man can do." (N. B. I am citing from memory.) One of his most successful witticisms was that "orders already have been issued to the railroads to ship in a special car—in view of the entry of our troops into Bulgaria and the regeneration of the Slavs—the shadow of Khomiakov." But it may be remarked to this gray-curled gentleman that he is himself very much akin to the shadow of some, perhaps, quite respectable Western liberal babbler of the Forties who—if after so many years he had lived to see his gray curls and had started repeating the same things at which he had stopped in his Forties, were he Granovsky himself—would certainly look exactly like this buffoon, this fellow who spoke about the order to ship to the theatre of war in a railroad car the shadow of Khomiakov, and about the alleged fact that a decent man had still nothing to do in Russia.

Twenty years ago it was mostly landowners who emigrated (I retain this word) from Russia. Since then emigration has persisted year after year. It goes without saying that among the emigrants there were many who were not landowners; there were all sorts of people. Still, the overwhelming majority, if not all of them, more or less hated Russia: some of them hated her on moral grounds, because of the conviction that "there was nothing such respectable and clever men as they could be doing in Russia"; others simply hated her without any convictions, so to speak, naturally, physically—because of her climate, her fields, her forests, her status, her liberated peasants; because of Russian history,—in a word, hated her for everything.

I wish to note that such a hatred may also be quite passive, very calm and indifferent to the point of apathy. And at this juncture redemption moneys began to pass through their hands. In addition, a great many of them suddenly became convinced that

with the liberation of the peasants everything was lost—the village, landownership, the nobility, and Russia. True, with the liberation of the peasants, rural labor was left without sufficient organization and protection, and individual landownership, naturally, grew scared and perplexed as in no historical revolution in the past. And so landowners began to sell their lands, and part of them (quite a large part) rushed abroad. But no matter what they may be setting forth in their defense, nevertheless they cannot conceal from their countrymen and their children the fact that the principal cause of their emigration was also the lure of egoistic *far niente*.

Now, ever since those days Russian individual landownership has been in a state of utter chaos: land is sold and resold; owners change every minute; even the appearance of the land is changing; it is being deforested,—and what is it going to be reduced to? who will ultimately own it? of whom is the renovated Russian landowning class going to be composed? what form will it finally assume?—all these things are difficult to predict. And yet, if you please, this is the principal question of the Russian future.

It is a natural law of some kind—not only in Russia but all over the world: those who own the land in a country are its masters—in every respect. Thus it has been always and everywhere. It may be said, however, that in Russia, in addition, we have the commune,—so they are the masters. But is the question of the commune one of those which we have finally settled? Hasn't this question, too, passed fifteen years ago into a different phase like everything else?

However, I shall reserve the discussion of all these things for the future. Meanwhile I shall wind up my thought without supporting evidence: if landownership in a country is *seriously* organized, in that country everything is going to be serious—in all respects both in a general sense and in all particulars. For instance, we are busying ourselves with education, with public schools. And yet I am of the opinion that only then will our schools be seriously and solidly organized when landownership and agriculture are established on a serious and solid foundation, and that productive agriculture will be the result not of the school, but, on the contrary, a good school will come in consequence of productive agriculture, *i.e.*, nationally organized landownership, and under no circumstance prior to that.

Parallel to this example is everything else: domestic affairs, laws, morality, the very genius of the nations. Finally, every correct function of the national organism can be organized only when solid landownership is firmly established. The same may also be said of the character of landownership: let it be aristocratic or demo-

cratic, but the character of landownership determines the character of the nation.

But at present our former landowners keep roaming abroad, in all the cities and spas of Europe, screwing up prices in restaurants and dragging after them, as rich men, governesses and nurses for their children, dressed in laces and English costumes; with bare legs, exhibiting them to Europe. And Europe looks at this and wonders: "See, how many rich people there are there! And—what's most important: how many educated people, craving for European enlightenment! It was due to despotism that up to the present time they have been denied foreign passports! And, suddenly, look: how many landowners, capitalists and retired *rentiers* they have! —Yes, more than in France where there are so many *rentiers!*"

And try to explain to Europe that this is a strictly Russian phenomenon; that there is nothing of the "*rentier*" business here; that, on the contrary, this is the devouring of fundamental capital; the burning of the candle at both ends,—of course, Europe would not believe a phenomenon which is impossible there; she would simply not understand it.

And the important point is that these Sybarites sauntering in German spas and on the shores of the Swiss lakes; these Luculluses spending their fortunes in the restaurants of Paris,—they know themselves and even forebode with pain that they will finally eat up their funds, and that their children—these little cherubs in English dresses—perhaps, will have to beg in Europe (and they will beg!) or that they will become French and German workers (they will become French and German workers!). "But"—they say to themselves—"*après nous le déluge*. And who's to blame?—Again it's our Russian order of things, our ponderous Russia where there still is nothing a decent man can be doing." This is how they reason, while the most liberal of them, those who may be called the sublimest and purest Westerners of the Forties, say, perhaps, to themselves: "Well, what of it if the children be left destitute! As against this, they will inherit the idea, the noble leaven of the true and sacred mode of reasoning. Brought up away from Russia, they will not know the 'popes' and the stupid word 'fatherland.' They will understand that the fatherland is a prejudice—one of the most pernicious in the world. They will acquire noble cosmopolitan minds. We, and only we Russians, will initiate these new minds. By the fact itself that we are squandering abroad our redemption moneys we are laying the foundation of the new forthcoming international citizenship which, sooner or later, will reform Europe, and all the honor therefor is ours because we have started ahead of all others."

True, thus speak only the "gray-curled," *i.e.*, only very few,

since are there many progressives, indeed?—The more practical, even from among the "gray-curled," *those who are not so noble,* in the long run, are still pinning their hopes on "connections." "It is true that we are here squandering our fortunes, nevertheless we are gaining something—well, acquaintances, connections which later on will prove useful in the 'fatherland.' Besides, even though we are bringing up our children in a liberal spirit, nevertheless we are bringing them up as gentlemen, and this, after all, is the main thing. They will hover in exclusive and high spheres, while liberalism in these spheres has always signified and accompanied gentility, because a gentlemen's liberalism is useful to the highest conservatism, so to speak: in Russia this has always been recognized. And what's there in the fact that we are bringing up our children abroad? —This precisely means that we are training them for the diplomatic service. How delightful are all these positions in conjunction with the embassies and consulates! How innumerable are these handsome positions and how delightfully they are situated! These will suffice for our children: easy, nice, moneyed and solid; besides, the service always commands the public eye: clean, dandyish, gentlemanly service! As to the work—well, it's a soft job; what one has to do is to strike up acquaintances with Russians abroad—from among those who are more respectable; but those who are up to mischief and who seek consular protection, we shall treat haughtily, as authoritatively as possible: we shan't even listen to them: 'We don't believe you! You're causing trouble! You imagine that you're still in our dear fatherland, whereas this is a clean place. Because of fellows like you we're likely to run into disagreeablenesses, and is it worthwhile to trouble the foreign authorities! Look at yourselves in a mirror—and you will see to what state you're reduced!' Therein is the whole service! Briefly, our little children will know how to make their way. Yes, sir. Connections —that's what the parent's heart has to be concerned about; the rest will come of its own accord when need arises."

Thus, all the less noble—from among those squandering their fortunes abroad—are counting on connections. Yet what are these? —Well, even if they mean something, nevertheless this *cloth* wears out very quickly. And it wouldn't be a bad thing at all, in addition to connections, to have in store, say, a little knowledge of Russia and a mind of one's own—for any eventuality. At present, however, in the epoch of reforms and new principles, in Russia, as if on purpose, everyone wishes to be guided by his own mind; this is what everybody wants. To be sure, this is an enlightened idea, but the trouble is that at no time has there been in Russia less independent thought than in our day and this—in the face of a

universal desire to have it. Why this is so—I will not venture to decide; besides, this would be difficult. Still, I do positively know one of the reasons why our little cherubs will unquestionably turn out to be fools: and even though this is an old factor, I shall specify it.

However, this is the same thing which I have pointed out last year. The reason lies in the Russian language, *i.e.*, the insufficiency of the Russian native tongue because of upbringing abroad, with foreign governesses and nurses. This has always been prevalent in our midst, meaning, this deficiency; but never to such an extent as now when so many little cherubs are being brought up abroad. Let us say that they are being trained for the diplomatic service, and, as we know, French is the diplomatic language, while it is sufficient to know the Russian language merely grammatically. But is this so? Much as this question is obsolete to the point of triviality, nevertheless it is still so unsettled that recently it has been discussed in the press, though indirectly, apropos of Mr. Turgenev's work in French.

The opinion has been expressed that "what difference would it make to Mr. Turgenev to write in either Russian or French," and that "in that there would be nothing prohibitory." Of course, there is nothing prohibitory, especially to so great a writer and connoisseur of the Russian language as Turgenev. And if it be his fancy, why shouldn't he write in French, particularly because he knows it almost as well as the Russian tongue? On this ground—not a word about Turgenev.

But . . . but I see that I am decidedly repeating myself; last year I said exactly the same, referring to the same subject, and also in the same months spent abroad, when I was conversing with an outlandish Russian mama concerning the harm of the French language to her little cherubs. However, mama is now bringing up her darling ones for a diplomatic vocation, and, strictly, speaking, it is only diplomacy that I intend to touch upon, and although I feel it unpleasant to repeat myself, nevertheless I shall risk dedicating to it a few words.

"But French is the diplomatic language," mama interrupts me—this time even without giving me a chance to begin. Alas, since last year she has been preparing for this, and she treats me haughtily.

"Quite so, madam"—I answer her—"yours is a strong argument, and I am in perfect accord with you. But, to begin with, that which I have said about the knowledge of the Russian tongue is equally applicable to French—isn't this so? For in order to be able to express the wealth of one's being in French one has got to master it, too, in a perfect manner. Well, you should know that

there is such a mystery of nature, her law, by virtue of which man can have a perfect knowledge of that language only with which he is born, *i.e.*, that which is spoken by the people to whom he belongs." You knit your brows; I have offended you. You look scoffingly at me. You wave your little hand, and you assure me that you have already heard this last year, and that I am repeating myself.

"Very well, I concede this; besides, it is not a *ladies'* theme. I will simply concede and will agree with you that a Russian, too, may acquire a perfect knowledge of the French language, subject, however, to an all-important condition: that he be born in France, that he grow up there, and that, from the very first hour of his life, he be transformed into a Frenchman.

"Oh, you are put into good humor! You are smiling. However, please observe, madam, that even for you this will not be quite possible to effect as concerns your little cherub, notwithstanding all conveniences, *i.e.*, emigration, redemption monies, the Parisian nurse, and the like. Besides, you should also take into account the faculties inborn, so to speak: indeed, in the matter of these faculties, your little cherub, for example, cannot be compared with Mr. Turgenev. Tell me, are many Turgenevs born? . . .

"Ah, no, now, what do I say!—Again, I made a mistake, my tongue slipped: without fail, your little cherub will become a Turgenev, or three Turgenevs at once. Let's leave this, but . . ."

"But"—you suddenly interrupt me—"all diplomats are clever anyway, so why should one be so concerned about intellect? Believe me: connections—that's the only thing needed. Mon mari . . ."

"You are quite right, madam,"—I hasten to interrupt her—"connections—that's the thing, but leaving your husband as much aside as possible, I shall nevertheless observe that, in addition to connections, it wouldn't be bad to have a bit of brains. And, to begin with, diplomats are clever not because they are diplomats, but because they were clever men even before they became diplomats. Believe me also that there are a great many diplomats who are remarkably stupid men."

"Ah, not at all, no!"—You interrupt me impatiently—"All diplomats are always clever; they all occupy such excellent positions! And this is the noblest kind of service!"

"Madam, madam!"—I exclaim—"You say: connections, knowledge of languages. But connections can merely provide one with a position, and after that? . . . Now, please visualize: your little cherub is growing up in the midst of European restaurants. He is leading a fast life in the company of young cocottes, foreign viscounts and our Russian counts, but after that—what? . . . Well,

he knows all languages, and for this reason alone—not a single one. Deprived of his native tongue, he, naturally, catches but the fragments of thoughts and sentiments of all nations; his mind, ever since his youthful years, has been shaken up into some sort of a muddy concoction; he becomes an international neither-here-nor-there creature with short, abortive meagre ideas, with a dull narrowness of judgment. He is a diplomat, but, to him, the history of nations somehow shapes itself in a burlesque manner. He does not see, nor does he even suspect, how nations and people live, what laws govern their organisms, and whether there is wholeness in these laws, whether some general international law can be perceived in them. He is ready to deduce all world events from the mere fact that this or that queen has angered the favorite mistress of this or that king, and thus a war has broken out between two kingdoms. . . .

"Let me please reason from your point of view. All right, let's say 'connections.' . . . But to acquire connections character is needed—amiability of the character, mildness, kindness, and at the same time—firmness, perseverance. . . . For a diplomat has to be captivating; he must, so to speak, charm, conquer,—isn't this so? Well, will you believe me or not if I tell you directly and most positively that without the knowledge of one's native tongue, without having mastered it, it is entirely impossible to build up a character, even if the little cherub is naturally well and richly gifted. In due course of time, thoughts, ideas and feelings will arise in him: these ideas and sentiments will, so to speak, press upon him from within, seeking and demanding expression for themselves. Yet without the rich, ready forms of expression contracted since childhood, *i.e.*, without the language, without its cultivation, without its fineness, without the mastery of its nuances,—your son will always be dissatisfied with himself. Fragments of thoughts will no longer satisfy him; the material accumulating in the mind and in the heart will demand elaborate expression. . . . The young man will become preoccupied and absentminded, aimlessly pensive, and later—he will grow surly, intolerable; he will lose his health; perhaps he will even be affected with indigestion.—Would you believe it? . . .

"But I see you bursting into laughter. Well, once more I was carried away—I admit. (And yet, good Lord,—how true the things I am saying!) However, permit me to finish. Permit me to remind you that just now I gave in and agreed with you, for form's sake, that diplomats are nevertheless clever; but you have driven me, madam, to the point where I am compelled not to conceal from you the most secret underlying reason for my view on the subject.

Several times in my life, madam, as if on purpose, the thought has occurred to me that in diplomacy at large, among all nations, there have been but very few clever men. It is even surprising. On the contrary, the dullness of this caste in the European history of the present century . . . That is, you see, they are all clever—more or less—this is undeniable; they are all witty, but what are their minds? Has a single one of them penetrated the substance of things and foreseen those mysterious laws which lead Europe toward something unknown, strange, dreadful, which, however, is already obvious at present, which is taking place quite evidently in the sight of those who are at least a little capable of foresight? No, madam, it may be positively asserted that in this respectable and most privileged caste there wasn't a single diplomat, not a single mind of this caliber! (Of course, in making this statement, I am excluding Russia and everything domestic since, by our very essence, in this respect we are 'a different story.') Quite the reverse is true: throughout this whole century there appeared the craftiest diplomatic minds—this I admit; intriguers with a pretense at the most realistic understanding of things. And yet none of them perceived anything beyond their noses and beyond current interests (at that—the most superficial and erroneous ones!). To tie a torn little thread, to put a little patch on a hole, 'to screw up the price, to gild a thing so it be taken for something new'—that's our job, that's where our work lies!

"There are good reasons for all this: in my opinion the major reason is the disunity of the principles, the alienation from the people and the segregation of the diplomatic minds in too fashionable a sphere detached from mankind.

"Take the instance of Count Cavour,—wasn't his a great mind? Wasn't he a diplomat?—I am citing him because his genius is generally recognized and also because he is dead. Yet what did he do, look: Oh, he did achieve his aim, he did unite Italy, but what was the result?—For 2,000 years Italy bore in herself a universal unifying idea—not some abstract idea, not a speculation of some theoretical mind, but a realistic, organic idea; the fruit of the national and universal life. This was the unification of the whole world—first, the ancient Roman and later—the papal unification. The peoples who have been growing and disappearing in Italy in the course of these two and one-half millennia, understood that they were the bearers of a universal idea, while those who did not understand it felt and divined it. Science, art—everything was invested and permeated with this universal significance. Oh, let us admit that, at length, this universal idea became worn out and wasted there (although hardly so!). But what—in the long run—

has come in its stead? Upon what can Italy be congratulated? What advantage has she achieved after Count Cavour's diplomacy? —There rose a united second-rate little kingdom which had lost every kind of a universal aspiration; which exchanged it for the most worn-out, bourgeois principle—the thirtieth repetition of this principle since the French revolution—a kingdom fully content with its unity which means nothing, a mechanical, and not a spiritual unity (*i.e.*, not the former universal unity), and on top of that—a kingdom burdened with insolvent indebtedness, and, in addition, —one specifically content with its own second-rateness. This is what came of it; such was Count Cavour's creation!

"In a word, the contemporaneous diplomat is precisely 'a great beast for petty affairs.' Count Metternich was considered one of the subtlest and most profound diplomats in the world; and, undeniably, he did exercise an influence over the whole of Europe. And yet what was his idea? How did he understand his epoch, which in his days was just marking its beginning? How did he foresee the future?—Alas, he decided to use police measures in dealing with all the fundamental ideas of the century which were coming into being, and he was quite sure of success!

"Let's turn to Prince Bismarck,—this one is undeniably a genius, but . . ." *"Finissons, monsieur"*—sternly Mama interrupts me, haughtily, with an air of profoundly insulted dignity. It goes without saying that I am at once awfully scared. Of course, I am not understood: one shouldn't touch upon such themes with the mamas, and I have made a terrible lapse. But with whom, in our day, may one speak about diplomacy?—That's the question.—And yet what an interesting theme, and specifically—in our day! However . . .

Diplomacy in the Face of World Problems

And what a grave theme! For what is the characteristic trait of our present time? All those endowed with wisdom maintain that ours is pre-eminently a diplomatic epoch, a time when all world destinies have to be settled by diplomacy alone. It is asserted that supposedly somewhere there is a war in progress. I have even heard that there actually was a war in progress, but I am told—this I read everywhere—that if somewhere there is something on the order of a war,—all this is understood in a wrong sense. . . .

At all events, it has been decided that the war will impede nothing, that is, no healthy functions of the nation which—accord-

ing to the latest views of everything that is called "supreme wisdom"—are pre-eminently and solely centered in diplomacy; and that all these military promenades, manœuvres, and so forth—admittedly necessary—in truth, constitute but one of the phases of superior diplomacy,—nothing else.

Thus we have to believe. For my own part, I am very much inclined to believe so, since all this is quite reassuring. However, this is what is curious and awfully conspicuous: The Eastern question arose in Russia; simultaneously, and even earlier it has also arisen throughout Europe, and this is quite understandable: everybody and even non-diplomats (especially they) know that the Eastern question is, so to speak, one of the world questions, one of the fundamental *divisions* of the international and immediate settlement of human destinies, their new and forthcoming phase. It is known that the matter concerns not only the East of Europe, not only the Slavs, the Russians and the Turks, or specifically some sort of Bulgarians, but also Western Europe as a whole; and that it is confined not only to seas and straits, entrances and exits, but that it is much deeper, more fundamental, more elemental, more vital, more essential, more primordial. Therefore, it is understandable why Europe is alarmed and why diplomacy is kept so busy.

But what is diplomacy's business?—This is my question! With what is diplomacy (pre-eminently at present) occupied in the Eastern question?—The business of diplomacy (otherwise it wouldn't be diplomacy) at present is to suppress the Eastern question in all respects, and promptly to assure everybody concerned and not concerned, that no question at all has arisen, and that all these things are merely little manœuvres and promenades; and also to assure, if possible, that not only has the Eastern question not arisen, but that it has never existed; that it only comes to the fact that a century ago fog has been spread—also on diplomatic grounds—and that this unexplained fog continues to persist.

Frankly speaking, this could even be believed were it not for a certain riddle, but no longer a diplomatic one (that's the trouble!) since diplomacy never, under any circumstance, tackles such riddles; moreover, it turns away from them with contempt, considering them mere fantasies unworthy of superior minds. This riddle could be formulated thus: Why was it always so, especially of late, *i.e.*, beginning with the middle of the nineteenth century —and the more lately the more graphically and concretely—why is it that the moment there arises in the world a matter concerning something universal, at once, side by side with such a universal question, parallel to it, *all the other* universal questions arise?

Thus, it doesn't suffice that at present there arises in Europe one universal question,—nay, suddenly, and unexpectedly, side by side with it, Europe raises in France another world question—the Catholic question. And this one not on the alleged ground that the Pope is soon going to die, and that France, as the representative of Catholicism, should see to it that nothing should change in its centuries-old organization, but also because, apparently, Catholicism has been chosen as a common banner for rallying the whole old order of things,—the product of nineteen centuries. This is an alliance against something new and forthcoming, vital and fatal,—against the impending renovation of the universe through a new order of things; against the social, moral and fundamental revolution in the whole Western European life. Or, at least, if there is going to be no revival, the alliance is to be directed against the dreadful concussion and the colossal revolution which undeniably threatens to shake all the bourgeois states throughout the world, wherever the bourgeoisie has organized and flourished after the French pattern of 1789, and to overthrow it and to take its place.

By the way: I shall deviate for a moment from my theme in order to make a *nota bene* because I have a presentiment that to some wiseacres, particularly the liberal ones, it will seem funny that in the very midst of the nineteenth century I call France a Catholic state and a representative of Catholicism! For this reason, in the way of explanation of my thought, I will state—as yet without supporting evidence—that France is a country which, even if there shouldn't remain in it a single person believing in the Pope or even in God, will nevertheless continue to be a pre-eminently Catholic country, the representative, so to speak, of the entire Catholic organism, its banner; it will continue to be that for a long time, perhaps, incredibly long, when France ceases to be France and is transformed into something different.

Moreover, socialism itself will begin in France in accordance with the Catholic pattern, with Catholic organization and leaven; not otherwise—to such an extent that country is Catholic! At present I am not going to prove these things in detail. For the time being I shall merely point, for instance, to the following: Why was it that MacMahon was suddenly, for no apparent reason, prompted to raise, precisely, the Catholic issue? This brave general (however, almost everywhere beaten, and who in diplomacy distinguished himself with the brief phrase: "J'y suis et j'y reste"), it would seem, is by no means one of those men who are able to raise *consciously* an issue of this kind. And yet, he did raise the most basic of the old European questions, and precisely in the form it had to be raised. But what is more important: Why was it raised exactly at the

time when in another corner of the world another world issue had been raised—the Eastern question? Why does one issue press itself upon the other? Why does one question generate another notwithstanding the fact that between them there is no apparent connection?

And not only these two issues were raised simultaneously: together with the Eastern question other questions were raised, and still others will be brought forward if the former issue develops correctly. Briefly, the fundamental problems of Europe and of mankind in our age are always set up simultaneously. And it is precisely this synchronism that is impressive. The condition that all questions necessarily arise simultaneously constitutes the riddle!

But why am I saying all this?—Because diplomacy looks upon these specific problems with contempt. Not only does it not recognize any such coincidences but it refuses even to think about them. According to diplomacy these are all mirages, nonsense and trifles: "There are no such things, and simply Marshal MacMahon, or rather his wife, had some sort of a whim, and that's how it happened." And on this ground, even though at the beginning of this chapter I did proclaim that ours was pre-eminently a diplomatic epoch, while everything else was a mirage, nevertheless I am the first who must disbelieve this. Nay, here we are faced with a riddle! Nay, here it is not only diplomacy that settles the issue but also something else. I confess that I am very much perplexed with this inference: I was so inclined to believe in diplomacy! And all these new questions are but new bothers, and nothing else. . . .

Never was Russia More Powerful than at Present —Not a Diplomatic Decision

Forsooth, I have merely put the question, but thus far I have dwelt upon it without supporting evidence. But I have always thought, and long before the present question was raised (*i.e.*, the one dealing with the synchronism of the origin of all world issues the moment one of them is raised), about another, incomparably more simple and most natural question to which—precisely because it is so simple and natural—men in their wisdom are paying virtually no attention.

This is the other question: All right, if diplomacy is,—has been, and will be in the future, always and everywhere—the arbitratrix of all the fundamental and most important issues of mankind, nevertheless does the final settlement of European problems always depend upon diplomacy? Isn't it, on the contrary, true

that in every question there comes a phase, a point, when it can no longer be settled by appeasing diplomatic means, that is—by little patches? Undeniably, from the diplomatic standpoint, and consequently from the standpoint of common sense, all world questions are always explained by the mere fact that such and such states sought to expand their borders; or this or that brave general had this or that desire; or that some prominent lady was displeased with this or that, etc. (Let this be undeniable; I will concede it because this is superlative wisdom.) Nevertheless, even were we to accept these realistic causes and explanations, isn't there a certain moment, a certain point in the progress of human affairs, a certain phase, when suddenly there appear some strange forces—true, incomprehensible and mysterious forces—which take possession of everything, seizing everything at once, and which drag everything irresistibly, blindly, as it were, downhill or, perhaps, into an abyss?

Essentially, I should like to know if diplomacy is always so reliant upon itself and its resources that it is not in the least afraid of these forces, and points and phases, maybe not suspecting their existence at all?—Alas, it would seem—always. And therefore: how am I going to believe in it and trust it? And am I able to accept diplomacy as the final arbitratrix of the destinies of still so whimsical and licentious a mankind?

Alas, in Kaidanov's detailed history there is one of the greatest phrases, specifically where, in modern history, he begins the description of the French Revolution and the appearance of Napoleon I. This phrase marks the beginning of a chapter, and my mind has retained it all my life. Here it is: "Profound silence reigned throughout Europe when Frederick the Great shut his eyes forever; but never did such a silence precede so great a storm!"

Tell me, do you know a greater phrase?—In fact, who in Europe in those days, *i.e.*, when Frederick the Great shut his eyes forever, could have foreseen—even in a remote manner—the things which would happen to men and to Europe in the course of the subsequent thirty years?—I am not speaking about some ordinary educated people, or even writers, journalists, professors. They all, as we know, were baffled at the time: for example, Schiller wrote a dithyramb on the opening of the National Assembly; young Karamzin, who was then journeying in Europe, beheld the same event with a touching quiver in his heart, while in Petersburg long before that a marble bust of Voltaire adorned his home.

No, I shall directly turn to superlative wisdom—I shall ask the arbitrators of human destinies, that is, the diplomats themselves this question: Did they in those days foresee anything of what was to happen in the next thirty years?

But here is the dreadful thing: Had I asked this question of the diplomats (and please note that almost all European diplomats were using "Kaidashka's" textbook), and if they had deigned to listen to me, they surely would have answered with haughty laughter that "*accidents* cannot be foreseen, and that complete wisdom consists of preparedness for any accidents."

How do you like that! No, I shall tell you: this is a typical answer even though I conceived it myself, since I haven't bothered a single diplomat with questions (and I don't care to). But what I find horrible is that I am convinced that such precisely would have been their answer, and this is why I called it typical. For what —pray tell me—were, if not *accidents,* the events of the end of the last century in the opinion of the diplomats? They were and are. And Napoleon, for instance, was an arch-accident. Had he died over there, in Corsica, at the age of three of scarlet fever, the *tiers état* of mankind, the bourgeoisie, would not have proceeded, with its new banner in hand, to change the whole face of Europe (a procedure which continues up to the present time); would have stayed home in Paris, and, perhaps, would have died away in the very beginning!

The point is that, to my way of thinking, the present period, too, will end in Old Europe with something colossal, *i.e.,* perhaps, not literally identical with the events which brought to an end the eighteenth century, nevertheless equally gigantic, elemental and dreadful,—and also entailing a change of the face of the whole world, or, at least, in the West of Old Europe.

Now, should our wiseacres assert that it is impossible to foresee *accidents,* etc., moreover, if nothing concerning such a finale has occurred to them, then . . .

In a word: little patches, little patches and little patches!

Well, let's be prudent. Let's wait. For patches, if you please, are also necessary, useful, prudent and practical things. All the more so, as patches may, for instance, deceive the enemy.

At present we are at war, and should it so happen that Austria should make a hostile move against us, she could be deceived by a "little patch," and she would readily fall in love with the deception, since what is Austria?—She is at the point of death, she is ready to collapse; she is as much "a sick man" as Turkey is, even worse, perhaps. She is a specimen of all sorts of dualisms, of every kind of internal hostile combinations, nationalities, ideas, different discords and conflicting tendencies: there, there are Hungarians and Slavs and Germans, and there, too, is the kingdom of the Jews.

Now, owing to the fact that diplomacy is courting her, she may, in truth, conceive the idea that she is a power which really means much, and which is capable of achieving much in the general settlement of destinies. Such a deceit of imagination, generated precisely by courtship and little patches, is useful from the standpoint of the settlement of the Slavic destinies; it is useful, since, for awhile it may divert the enemy, whereas by the time of the decision, when he suddenly sees that nobody is afraid of him, and that he is no power at all,—the deceit may bring him to a state of dejection, or simply perplex him.

England is a different proposition: she is something more weighty, and besides, at present she is terribly preoccupied with her own basic ventures. This one will not be lulled to sleep by wooing and little patches. Whatever she may be told, she will never, under any circumstance, believe that an enormous nation, at present the most powerful nation in the world, which has drawn its mighty sword, which has unfolded the banner of a great idea and which has already crossed the Danube, might in reality consent to solve the problems which it intends to tackle to its obvious detriment, solely for England's benefit. For every improvement in the destinies of the Slavic nations constitutes *at all events* a conspicuous damage to England: no one, under any circumstance, is going to be cajoled by patches—they will not believe them! The point is that in England nobody will believe anything. Besides, what arguments can convince her?—Is it, for instance, the allegation "I will *begin* just a bit, and I will not finish"? But in politics the beginning is everything, since, naturally, sooner or later, the beginning must lead to the end. What is there in the fact that the end is not going to be achieved today?—All the same, it will come tomorrow.

In a word: they will not believe, and for this reason we, too, should not believe the English, or, at least, we should believe them as little as possible—of course, secretly. It would also be a good thing if we should guess that at present England is in a more critical situation than ever. It can be formulated in a precise manner in one word: *Isolation*. For never before, perhaps, has England been in so dreadful an isolation as she is at present. Oh, how glad she would be now to find in Europe an alliance, some *entente cordiale*. But the trouble is that in Europe there has never been a time at which it was more difficult to form an alliance, since precisely now everything in Europe has arisen simultaneously—all world issues at once, and at the same time—all world controversies, so that every nation or state *has its hands full with its own domestic affairs*. And inasmuch as England's interest is not a world interest

but one which has long ago been segregated from everybody and which exclusively concerns England alone,—for the time being, at least, she will remain in absolute isolation.

Of course, for the sake of mutual benefits England would be in a position to reach an accord even with those pursuing a conflicting aim: "I will give thee this, and thou give me that." However, by reason of the nature of the present European troubles it would be difficult to form an *entente cordiale* of this kind—at least, at this moment,—and England will have to wait long for the time when, in the subsequent course of events, somehow, she will get a chance to fit into the picture with her alliance.

Besides, England above all, needs a profitable alliance, *i.e.*, one in which she will take everything, in return giving, if possible, *nothing*. Well, such a profitable alliance at present is least to be expected, and so England is in a state of isolation. Oh, if only we could successfully take advantage of this isolation! But at this juncture we may utter another exclamation: "Oh, if we were less sceptical, and if only we could believe in the fact that there are world questions, and that they are not a mirage!"

The main point is that in Russia a very considerable part of our intelligentsia is, somehow, always inclined to perceive and accept Europe not realistically as it is constituted at present but as an antedated conception, from a retarded viewpoint; it does not look into the future but is rather inclined to judge Europe by her past, even by her remote past.

And yet world problems do really exist, and how can one—especially we—fail to believe in them: Two of these issues have already arisen, being driven no longer by human wisdom but by their own elemental force, by their organic necessity. These can no longer be left without solution despite all the speculations of diplomacy.

But there is likewise a third question, also a world question; it is also arising and has already almost arisen. In particular, it may be designated the Germanic question; essentially, however, it is conspicuously an all-European one, and it is insolubly and organically merged with the fate of Europe as a whole and with all other world issues. But to all appearances nothing can be more pacific and serene than present-day Germany: in the calmness of her terrible force she looks, observes and waits. Everybody more or less needs her; everybody is more or less dependent on her.

And yet all this is a mirage! Therein is the whole point: at present everybody in Europe is preoccupied with his own business; everybody is faced with his own problem of such paramount importance as almost entails his very existence—to be or not to

be. A similar problem has also arisen in Germany precisely at the moment when all other world issues have arisen, and—anticipating things—I may add that this condition of Europe is most beneficial to Russia at the present minute! For never has she been so needed by Europe, never has she been so powerful in Europe's opinion; and yet never so completely segregated from the questions arising in Old Europe—most capital and dreadful questions, but *her own,* peculiar only to her, that Old Europe,—and not to Russia.

And at no time would an alliance with Russia have been more treasured by Europe than at present; at no time could Russia have congratulated herself with more joy upon the fact that she is not the Old, but the New Europe; that she is *in se* a separate and mighty world for which the time has now come to enter a new and superior phase of her potency, and to become more than ever independent of other, *their,* fatal questions with which decrepit Europe has bound herself!

CHAPTER III

1

The Germanic World Problem. Germany Is a Protesting Country

BUT WE started speaking about Germany, her present aim, and her present fatal problem, at the same time a world problem. What is this aim? And why is it only now turning into such a troublesome problem for Germany, and why was it not so before, recently, a year ago or even two months ago?

Germany's aim is one; it existed before, always. It is her *Protestantism*—not that single formula of Protestantism which was conceived in Luther's time, but her continual Protestantism, her continual protest against the Roman world, ever since Arminius,—against everything that was Rome and Roman in aim, and subsequently—against everything that was bequeathed by ancient Rome to the new Rome and to all those peoples who inherited from Rome her idea, her formula and element; against the heir of Rome and everything that constitutes this legacy.

I am convinced that some readers, upon reading these lines, will shrug their shoulders and will start laughing: "Why, is it possible in the nineteenth century, in the age of new ideas and science, to talk about Catholicism and Protestantism—as if we were still living in the Middle Ages! And, perhaps, if there be religious people,

even fanatics, they survive as an archæologic rarity; they are confined to specific localities and corners, condemned and ridiculed by everybody, and—what is most important—there are so few of them, just a miserable handful of backward folk. Thus, is it possible to regard them as a something in so high a matter as world politics?"

However, I speak not of the religious *protest*. I am not dwelling upon the temporary formulæ of the ancient Roman idea nor upon the eternal German protest against it. I am referring merely to the basic idea which originated two thousand years ago, and which has survived ever since, gradually transforming itself into different guises and formulæ. Precisely in our day this extreme Western European world, which has inherited the Roman legacy, is in labor with a new metamorphosis of that inherited ancient idea. To those who can see, this is so obvious that it needs no explanations.

Ancient Rome was the first to generate the idea of the universal unity of men, and was the first to start thinking of (and firmly believing in) putting it practically into effect in the form of universal empire. However, this formula fell before Christianity —the formula but not the idea. For this idea is that of European mankind; through this idea its civilization came into being; for it alone mankind lives.

Only the idea of the universal *Roman* empire succumbed, and it was replaced by a new ideal, also universal, of a communion in Christ. This new ideal bifurcated into the Eastern ideal of a purely spiritual communion of men, and the Western European, Roman Catholic, papal ideal diametrically opposite to the Eastern one.

This Western Roman Catholic incarnation of the idea was achieved in its own way, having lost, however, its Christian, spiritual foundation and having replaced it with the ancient Roman legacy. Roman papacy proclaimed that Christianity and its idea, without the universal possession of lands and peoples, are not spiritual but political. In other words, that they cannot be achieved without the realization on earth of a new universal Roman empire now headed not by the Roman emperor but by the Pope. And thus it was sought to establish a new universal empire in full accord with the spirit of the ancient Roman world, only in a different form.

Thus, we have in the Eastern ideal—first, the spiritual communion of mankind in Christ, and thereafter, in consequence of the spiritual unity of all men in Christ and as an unchallenged deduction therefrom—a just state and social communion. In the Roman interpretation we have a reverse situation: first it is necessary to

achieve firm state unity in the form of a universal empire, and only after that, perhaps, spiritual fellowship under the rule of the Pope as the potentate of this world.

Since that time, in the Roman world this scheme has been progressing and changing uninterruptedly, and with its progress the most essential part of the Christian element has been virtually lost. Finally, having rejected Christianity spiritually, the heirs of the ancient Roman world likewise renounced papacy. The dreadful French revolution has thundered. In substance, it was but the last modification and metamorphosis of the same ancient Roman formula of universal unity. The new formula, however, proved insufficient. The new idea failed to come true. There even was a moment when all the nations which had inherited the ancient Roman tradition were almost in despair. Oh, of course, that portion of society which in 1789 won political leadership, *i.e.*, the bourgeoisie, triumphed and declared that there was no necessity of going any further. But all those minds which by virtue of the eternal laws of nature are destined to dwell in a state of everlasting universal fermentation seeking new formulæ of some ideal and a new word indispensable to the progress of the human organism,—they all rushed to the humiliated and the defrauded, to all those who had not received their share in the new formula of universal unity proclaimed by the French revolution of 1789. These proclaimed a new word of their own, namely, the necessity of universal fellowship not for the equal distribution of rights allotted to a quarter, or so, of the human race, leaving the rest to serve as raw material and a means of exploitation for the happiness of that quarter of mankind, but, on the contrary—for universal equality, with each and every one sharing the blessings of this world, whatever these may prove. It was decided to put this scheme into effect by resorting to *all* means, *i.e.*, not by the means of Christian civilization—without stopping at anything.

Now, what has been Germany's part in this, throughout these two thousand years? The most characteristic and essential trait of this great, proud and peculiar people—ever since their appearance on the historical horizon—consisted of the fact that they never consented to assimilate their destiny and their principles to those of the outermost Western world, *i.e.*, the heirs of the ancient Roman tradition. The Germans have been *protesting* against the latter throughout these two thousand years. And even though they did not (never did so far) utter "their word," or set forth their strictly formulated ideal in lieu of the ancient Roman idea, nevertheless, it seems that, within themselves, they always were convinced that they were capable of uttering this "new word" and of leading mankind.

They struggled against the Roman world as early as the times of Arminius, and during the epoch of Roman Christianity they, more than any other nation, struggled for the sovereign power against the new Rome.

Finally, the Germans protested most vehemently, deriving their formula of protest from the innermost spiritual, elemental foundation of the Germanic world: they proclaimed the freedom of inquiry, and they raised Luther's banner. This was a terrible, universal break: the formula of protest had been found and filled with a content; even so it still was a negative formula, and the new, *positive* word was not yet uttered.

And now, the Germanic spirit, having uttered this "new word" of protest, as it were, fainted for a while, quite parallel to an identical weakening of the former strictly formulated unity of the forces of his adversary. The outermost Western world, under the influence of the discovery of America, of new sciences and new principles, sought to reincarnate itself in a new truth, in a new phase.

When, at the time of the French Revolution, the first attempt at such a reincarnation took place, the Germanic spirit became quite perplexed, and for a time lost its identity and faith in itself. It proved impotent to say anything against the new ideas of the outermost Western world. Luther's Protestantism had long outlived its time, while the idea of free inquiry had long been accepted by universal science. Germany's enormous organism more than ever began to feel that it had no flesh, so to speak, and no form for self-expression. It was then that the pressing urge to consolidate itself, at least outwardly, into a harmonious organism was born in Germany in anticipation of the new future aspects of her eternal struggle against the outermost Western world.

At this point a rather curious coincidence should be noted: both traditionally adverse camps, both contestants of old Europe for sovereignty over her, simultaneously (or nearly so) seized upon and carried out virtually one and the same task. The new, still meditated, future formula of the outermost Western world, *i.e.*, the regeneration of society on new social foundations, a formula which almost throughout this century has been propagated only by dreamers, by its scientific representatives, all sorts of idealists and castle-builders, suddenly in recent years has changed its guise, its course, and resolved: To abandon, for the time being, the theoretical definition and elaboration of its task, and to embark at once, prior to any fancying, upon its practical phase, *i.e.*, to begin the struggle. For this purpose—to start combining all future champions of the new idea into one organization, meaning the whole *fourth* estate defrauded in 1789, all the needy, all workers, all

beggars, and, having achieved this organization—to hoist the banner of a new, unheard-of world revolution.

Thus the International came into existence; there ensued international intercourse among the beggars of this world, meetings, conventions, new regulations, laws,—in a word, *throughout the whole of old Western Europe* there was laid the foundation of a new *status in statu* designed to engulf the old order of this world prevailing throughout Western Europe.

And now, while this was transpiring in the enemy camp, Germany's genius grasped the fact that it was the German task, too,—prior to any other business or undertaking, prior to any attempt at a "new word" against the adversary who had reincarnated himself from the ancient Catholic idea—to complete her own political consolidation and the restoration of her political organism, and, only after having completed that—to face her eternal enemy.

Thus it came to pass: having completed her unification, Germany attacked her enemy, embarking upon a new phase of her struggle against her, which she began with blood and iron. The iron business is finished, and now it has got to be completed spiritually, essentially.

But, suddenly, Germany finds herself faced with a new concern, with a new, unexpected turn of events terribly complicating the task. Now, what is this task and what is this new turn?

2

A Certain Ingeniously Suspicious Man

This task, this new *unexpected* concern of Germany, if you please, has long been seeking to come out into the open. At present, however, the whole trouble is caused by the fact that this concern suddenly sprang up into the limelight in consequence of the unexpected clerical revolution in France. This concern, in a way, may be formulated in the form of the following doubt: "Has, in truth, the German organism, been consolidated into one whole? On the contrary, is it not, as heretofore, dismembered in spite of the ingenious efforts of the German leaders during the last twenty-five years? More than that: Has it become consolidated, at least politically? Is it not a mirage, despite the Franco-Prussian war and the promulgation thereafter of the new, hitherto unheard-of, German Empire?" Such is the difficult question.

The whole difficulty of this question lies, principally, in that until quite recently it was even not supposed to be existent, at least, by the overwhelming majority of the Germans. Self-intoxica-

tion, pride and absolute faith in their immense might, after the Franco-Prussian war, made almost all Germans drunk, without exception. A people who have rarely been vanquishers but who have been so strangely often vanquished,—that people unexpectedly conquered an enemy who nearly always conquered everybody! And inasmuch as it was clear that they could not help but conquer because of the exemplary organization of their innumerable army, on altogether novel principles, and, besides, because it was headed by such ingenious leaders,—the German could not help but grow proud to the point of intoxication. In this connection it is not even necessary to take into account the habitual self-complacent boastfulness of every German—that inveterate trait of the German character.

On the other hand, from a so recently dismembered political organism there suddenly arose such a harmonious whole that the German could not doubt the fact—and fully believed in it—that the consolidation had been achieved, and that a new brilliant and great phase of development had begun for the Germanic organism.

Thus not only pride and chauvinism but almost levity came into being. What kind of questions could there arise—not merely to some pugnacious shopkeeper or shoemaker, but even to a professor or minister? Even so, there was a handful of Germans who very soon—almost immediately after the Franco-Prussian war—began to doubt and ponder. It was unquestionably Prince Bismarck who stood at the head of the most remarkable members of that small group.

No sooner had the German troops evacuated France than he clearly perceived the fact that too little had been accomplished with "blood and iron" and that—bearing in mind the magnitude of the goal—at least twice as much should have been accomplished—taking advantage of the situation. True, the German side has received immeasurably more military benefits, and these for a long time to come. After the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, territorially France has become so small a country for a great power that, in the case of a new war, after two or three battles successful to the German side, the German troops will at once be in the center of France, and from a strategic standpoint she will be lost.

However, are victories so certain? Is it possible to count certainly upon these two victorious battles?—In the Franco-Prussian war, strictly speaking, the Germans conquered not the French but only Napoleon and his administration. Not always will France have troops so poorly organized and so incompetently commanded. Not always will there be usurpers who, in dynastic interests, needing partisan generals and civil servants, will be compelled to tolerate

such lamentable defects as render the existence of a regular army impossible. Not always will Sedan be repeated, since, in truth, Sedan was an accident which happened only because of the fact that Napoleon could no longer have returned to Paris otherwise than by the grace of the Prussian King. Not always will there be such inept generals as MacMahon, and such traitors as Bazaine!

Intoxicated with triumph so unheard of in their case, the Germans—each one of them—of course, could conceive the belief that all this had been achieved exclusively by their talents. However, the doubting group could have thought differently, especially when the conquered foe, who only recently had been so disorganized and shaken, had suddenly, in one lump, paid three billion in indemnity, without even knitting his brows. Naturally, this has greatly saddened Prince Bismarck.

On the other hand, the doubting group faced another, perhaps more important question: Has the political and civil unification within the organism been fully achieved?—Everybody in Europe, and particularly we in Russia, have as yet never doubted this. Generally speaking, we Russians have accepted the things which transpired in Germany during the last ten or fifteen years as something final, not in the least accidental, but natural; as something which must not change. The accomplished facts inspired us with extraordinary respect. However, in the opinion of such ingenious men as Prince Bismarck, hardly everything that had to be accomplished had acquired final solidity. That which today may seem durable is, maybe, nothing but a fantasy. It is difficult to suppose that so inveterate a habit of political disunity will disappear among the Germans as suddenly and as easily as one drinks a glass of water. The German by his nature is headstrong. Besides, the present generation of the Germans has been bribed with successes; it is intoxicated with pride, and is restrained by the iron hand of its leaders. Still, perhaps, in the not distant future, when these leaders pass into another world, ceding their place to other men, the questions and instincts which have temporarily been suppressed will be brought to the foreground. It is also quite probable that the energy of the initial impulse of the consolidation will be exhausted, and, instead, the oppositional energy will again be restored, and that it will undermine that which has been accomplished.

There will arise a tendency for disintegration and segregation at the very moment when, in the West, the dreadful enemy fully recovers from the blow, the enemy who even now is neither sleeping nor drowsing and who will begin with something that may be anticipated.

And, in addition, there appears a law of nature, so to speak:

all the same, in Europe Germany is a *middle* country: no matter how strong she is, on one side is France, and the other—Russia. True, as yet the Russians are courteous. But what if suddenly they should grasp the fact that they are in no need of an alliance with Germany, whereas Germany needs an alliance with Russia; and, moreover, that *the dependency upon an alliance* with Russia especially after the Franco-Prussian war, seems to be Germany's fatal destiny. Therein is the point: that even a man as firmly convinced of his strength as Prince Bismarck cannot believe in too ardent a deference to Russia.

True, until the last unexpected adventure in France which has suddenly changed the whole aspect of the matter, Prince Bismarck has still been hoping that the extraordinary esteem of Russia for a long time would remain unshaken. And suddenly—that adventure! In a word, something extraordinary happened.

Extraordinary—to everybody, but not to Prince Bismarck! Now it appears that his genius had anticipated this whole "adventure." Tell me, was it not his genius, his ingenious eye, that so long ago has discerned the principal adversary? Precisely why did he develop such an intense hatred of Catholicism? Why has he for so many years been pursuing and persecuting everything emanating from Rome (*i.e.*, from the Pope)? Why did he so foresightedly strive for the Italian *alliance* (it may be thus expressed)—if not for the purpose of crushing, with the assistance of the Italian government, the papal principle on earth when the time of the election of a new Pope comes? He persecuted not the Catholic faith but its Roman foundation.

Why, of course, he has been acting as a German, as a Protestant; he has been acting against the principal element of the external Western world which has always been hostile to Germany. Nevertheless, a good many most ingenious and liberal European thinkers regarded this campaign of the great Bismarck against the insignificant Pope as a struggle of an elephant against a fly. Some people were even inclined to explain all this by the queerness of genius, by the caprices of an ingenious man. The point, however, is that the ingenious politician *was able*—perhaps he alone among the politicians of the whole world—to evaluate the strength of the Roman tradition within itself and among Germany's enemies, and to perceive that it may serve in the future as a dreadful cement for the consolidation of all these adversaries into one force. He was able to divine that, perhaps, the Roman idea alone may find such a banner and at the fatal (and—in Bismarck's view—inevitable) moment will unite all the enemies of Germany, already crushed by him, into one dreadful whole.

And now the ingenious conjecture suddenly proved true: all parties in vanquished France, from among those which could have initiated a movement against Germany, were dismembered; not one of them was able to triumph and to seize the power in France. Nor were they able to combine, each one of them pursuing its own aims,—and, suddenly, the banner of the Pope and the Jesuits has united everything. The enemy arose, and the enemy is no longer France but the Pope himself. It is the Pope leading everybody and everything to whom the Roman idea had been bequeathed, who is ready to assault Germany. However, in order to give a clearer account of what has happened, let us examine more attentively the camps of Germany's adversaries.

3

Both Angry and Strong

The Pope is dying. He will very soon pass away. The whole of Catholicism which accepts Christ in the guise of the Roman idea has long been in a state of awful agitation. The fatal moment is approaching. No error should be committed since it would spell the death of the Roman idea.

It may so happen that the new Pope, under the pressure of all European governments will be elected "not freely," and he who is going to be proclaimed as Pope will consent to renounce forever, and as a matter of principle, mundane possessions and the title of the earthly Sovereign which Pius refused to renounce. (On the contrary, at the fatal moment when he had been deprived of both Rome and the last parcel of land, and when only the Vatican had been left in his possession,—at that same moment, as if on purpose, he proclaimed his infallibility, and at the same time the thesis: Without mundane possessions Christianity cannot survive on earth; *i.e.*, strictly speaking, he proclaimed himself Sovereign of the world, having set Catholicism—now dogmatically—the direct aim of a universal monarchy for which he ordained it to strive for the glory of God and of Christ on earth.)

Oh, of course, at the time he made all wits laugh: "Angry but not strong—Khlestakov's brother." And now should the newly elected Pope unexpectedly be bribed, and should even the conclave itself, under the pressure of Europe, be compelled to enter into an agreement with the adversaries of the Roman idea,—well, then that would be its death. If once the regularly elected, infallible Pope should renounce in principle the title of the earthly Sovereign, this would signify that thus it would remain forever.

On the other hand, should the Pope newly elected by the conclave firmly, and *urbi et orbi,* proclaim that he intends to renounce nothing, and that he fully adheres to the former idea; should he start with an anthema against all enemies of Rome and Roman Catholicism,—the governments of Europe might fail to extend recognition to him, and in this case, too, there may occur in the Roman Church a fatal and violent commotion whose consequences would be innumerable and unpredictable.

Oh, isn't it true that this would sound funny and insignificant to politicians and diplomats of Europe! The downtrodden Pope, imprisoned in the Vatican, appeared to them during the last years as such a nullity that it would have been a shame to pay any attention to him. Thus many progressives of Europe have been reasoning, especially the witty and liberal ones. The Pope delivering allocutions and issuing syllabuses, receiving devotionalists, damning and dying—in their view resembled a buffoon performing for their entertainment. The thought that an enormous universal idea which had been conceived in the brain of the devil when he was tempting Christ in the wilderness; an idea which has been organically living in the world one thousand years; that this idea, nevertheless, would die in an instant—was taken for granted.

Of course, here the mistake lay in the religious meaning of that idea, in that two meanings were intermixed: "It is so rare that men believe in God, especially in the Roman interpretation of God, while in France even the people do not believe in Him,—maybe only the upper class,—and even they do not believe but merely make wry faces,—what significance, then, can the Pope and Roman Catholicism have in our enlightened age?" This is what wits are convinced of even in our day.

However, the religious idea and the papal idea are essentially different. Now it was this papal idea which in our day, only two months ago, suddenly manifested such a viability, such a force that it has caused in France a most radical political revolution, has put a bridle upon her and slavishly dragged her along in its wake.

In recent years in France the parliamentary majority has been republican. Republicans conducted their affairs decently, honestly, quietly, with no commotions. They improved the army, allocating huge sums without raising any objections. However, they did not even think about war, and everybody understood both in France and in Europe that if there was a peaceable party it certainly was the republican party. Its leaders evinced restraint and extraordinary prudence. Essentially, however, they all were abstract men and idealists. They were incorrigible and quite impotent

people. These were liberal, gray-haired old men making themselves look younger and imagining themselves still young. They congealed in the ideas of the first French revolution, *i.e.*, in the triumph of the *tiers état*, and they are an incarnation of the bourgeoisie in the strictest meaning of the term. This was exactly the same as the July monarchy with the difference only that it was called a republic and that there was no king (*i.e.*, of course, a "tyrant"). The only new thing they introduced was the promulgation, in 1848, of universal suffrage, which the July royal government was so afraid of and which had produced nothing dangerous; on the contrary, it had contributed to the bourgeoisie much that was distinctly useful. Subsequently this idea proved very useful to the government of Napoleon III.

In their parlance the word "republic" was something comically idealistic. It would seem that this innocent party could have fully satisfied France, *i.e.*, the urban bourgeoisie and the landowners. However, the contrary proved true. In fact, why has the republic always seemed in France an unreliable government? And if the republicans were not always hated, they were always despised by the overwhelming majority of the bourgeoisie for their impotence. Likewise the people almost never believed in them. The point is that every time a republic had been established in France, everything lost there its solidity and self-assurance. Up to the present time the republic has always been some kind of a provisional interim—between social endeavors of the most dreadful dimensions, on the one hand, and some, at times most impudent, usurper. And inasmuch as this happened almost invariably, society became used to viewing the republic accordingly. And just as soon as a republic came into existence, everybody always felt, as it were, in a state of interregnum; and no matter how prudently republicans governed, the bourgeoisie, under their administration, was always convinced that, sooner or later, the red rebellion would thunder, or some kind of a monarchy would be proclaimed.

It came to the point where the bourgeoisie took a greater liking to the monarchical form of government than to the republic, notwithstanding the fact that the monarchy, for example under Napoleon III, made attempts, as it were, to enter into an agreement with the Socialists, whereas no one on earth is more hostile toward socialists than the strict republicans. These are content with the mere word "republic," whereas socialists are concerned not about words but only about deeds. According to the principles of the socialists, it makes no difference whether it be a republic or a monarchy, whether they be French or Germans, and, in truth, if somehow it came to the point where the Pope should be of some

service to them, they would also acclaim the Pope. Above all, they are concerned about *their own business, i.e.,* about the triumph of the fourth estate and the equal distribution of rights to the blessings of the world, and as to the particular banner—that's unessential, let it be despotism itself.

It is noteworthy that Prince Bismarck hates socialism no less than popery, and that particularly of late the German government began to fear socialistic propaganda all too greatly. Unquestionably this is due to the fact that socialism deprives the national principle of its individuality, undermining the very foundations of nationality; however, the principle of nationality is the fundamental, all-important idea of German unity, of everything that has occurred in recent years. But it is quite possible that Prince Bismarck takes even a deeper view, *i.e.,* that socialism is the forthcoming power for all of Western Europe, and should papacy ever be forsaken and rejected by the governments of the world, it is more than likely to throw itself into the arms of socialism and merge with it.

On foot and barefooted, the Pope will go to all the beggars, and he will tell them that everything the socialists teach and strive for is contained in the Gospel; that so far the time had not been ripe for them to learn about this; but that now the time has come, and that he, the Pope, surrenders Christ to them and believes in the ant-hill.

Roman Catholicism does not need Christ. (This is all too clear.) What it strives for is universal sovereignty. It will say: "What you need is a united front against the enemy. Unite, then, under my power, since I alone—among all powers and potentates of the world —am *universal;* and let us go together!" Probably Prince Bismarck foreshadows this picture, because he alone among all diplomats was so quick-sighted as to prefigure the viability of the Roman idea and that energy with which it is determined to defend itself regardless, by any means. It is inspired with a devilish desire to live, and it is difficult to kill it—it is a snake! This is what Prince Bismarck alone—the principal enemy of papacy and of the Roman idea—realizes to the fullest extent.

But the little old fellows who try to appear younger than they are—the republicans—are unable to comprehend this. From mere liberalism, they hated clericalism, but they considered the Pope to be impotent and despicable, and the Roman idea—altogether obsolete. It did not even occur to them to live on good terms with the dreadful clerical party—at least, politically—in order to fortify themselves. For the time being, at least, they shouldn't have irritated the clericals, they shouldn't have provoked them with so intentional a strife; they might even have promised them some

assistance in connection with the election of the new Pope. Yet they did precisely the reverse either because of ideal honesty or simply from light-mindedness. Of late, they have been persecuting the clericals with particular vigor,—and this at the very moment when France alone was left as a support of papacy which otherwise had to face the dreadful chance of dying together with Pius IX. Since who else, in Europe, in case of need, could draw the sword in defense of the "freedom" of the election of the Pope and the freedom of the elected Pope?—Besides, this must be a strong, a mighty sword. Save for France with her million-strong army, there was no other choice. And now, France is at the head of the enemies!

True, Marshal MacMahon is obedient, but he is in their clutches, and he does not know how to extricate himself: the majority in the Chamber is republican and liberal, and no other party is in a position to replace it. In a word, it is impossible to overthrow the republican majority, and, all of a sudden, those despised and impotent clericals come to Marshal MacMahon's aid, revealing to the whole world such a potency as no one had any longer expected from them. They announce to the parties that they can unite only under the clerical banner, and these, impressed with the obviousness, at once agree with them.

In fact, both to the legitimists and the Bonapartists the principal and nearest foe is the republican majority. If each of these parties works apart for itself, it can achieve nothing; yet, jointly, they can become a power conquering everything and disperse the republicans. And after they have crushed the republic, each party can take care of itself, and, of course, each of them will have all the more chance of success, the more it gratifies the clericals. The latter have reckoned all this mathematically; the junction did take place, and the clerical majority of the Senate gave MacMahon permission to disperse the republicans.

The Black Army. The Legions' Opinion as a New Element of Civilization

Having manifested such unexpected strength and adroitness, the clericals, no doubt, will go further. At a moment which will be decisive for them, they will declare war on Germany—and this is what Prince Bismarck realized at once! They have already achieved the main thing. MacMahon has agreed to throw France into a policy of adventure. Will the clericals stop at this juncture?—Certainly, they don't have to pity France!—They need France, as everything else in the world, only as long as she is useful to them.

Oh, they might have pitied her: that country is their only hope and it has served them so many centuries! At present, however, they stand before the most critical moment in the whole millennium, and if it is France that happens to be around, why shouldn't they suck her sap out, even if it kills her? Why not risk her very existence? It is imperative to take from her everything she can give. And what is more important still: it is impossible to tarry even for a minute—a little later and for them unquestionably it will be too late. So that precisely now the attempt should be made to check Bismarck, since, if anyone will be harmful at the time of the election of the Pope certainly it is he. And on top of that, Bismarck, as if on purpose, is alone precisely at this minute, alone, without allies. Russia (his whole hope) is now busy in the East.

Finally, if they succeeded in taming Bismarck, though temporarily, it would be necessary, as quickly as possible and in advance, to lay the foundation for the *future*. It would be necessary to take advantage of the successful moment, and once and forever to create out of France a faithful ally, obedient and ready to do anything. And for this purpose it would be indispensable to effect in France a revolution, but a *serious* one—radical and secular. No doubt, in all this there is much risk, but let others waver—not the Jesuit fathers.

The main thing is that at this moment they have no choice other than to risk and risk. . . .

They positively cannot confine themselves to the clerical *coup d'état* accomplished in France without a war with Germany and a *serious* revolution in France. They have precisely reached this state of affairs. They have to have everything or nothing: should they merely take a wee bit, confining themselves to the exercise of some sort of an influence in government circles, this would bring them no advantage whatsoever since at present their needs are great! For this reason they must venture a most conspicuous and arrogant risk, because they must take the whole *va-banque*. Should the risk fail, for instance, should the Germans again conquer and crush France, all the same the clericals' situation wouldn't be worse than at present (*i.e.*, had they kept quiet and had they not started their *coup d'état*): they would keep what they have, what they had prior to the beginning of the "adventure"; in other words, they would be in a most miserable situation which couldn't grow worse.

The case of France is different: should she again be conquered she would perish. But are Jesuits such fellows as to retreat before a contingency of this sort?—They know that were France victorious they would get *everything* and they would grow so strong in France

that it would become impossible to exterminate them there. And for this they possess their special means, as yet unheard of in France.

All other revolutionists, even the most rabid and reddest ones, having accomplished a *coup d'état,* would nevertheless take into account—in a way, at least—certain general things which existed before, even lawful things. However, the Jesuit revolutionists cannot act lawfully, they can act only *uncommonly.* This black army standing without the boundaries of mankind and its civic status, without civilization, emanates exclusively from within itself. This is a *status in statu;* this is the Pope's army. It seeks but the triumph of *its own* idea,—and after that let everything standing in its way perish; let all the other factors wither and perish; let everything standing in discord with them die—civilization, society, science! Unquestionably it will be their task to cultivate France in a new and final manner if chance be on their side, and to sweep out of her all *litter* with such a mop as was unheard of, so as to eliminate every suggestion of resistance, conveying to the country a new organic constitution under the strictest Jesuit tutelage—for ever and ever.

All this, at first glance, may seem quite nonsensical. In the French papers (as well as in ours) all well-intentioned people are firmly convinced that the clericals will unfailingly break their legs at the next election of the French Chamber. The French republicans, in the innocence of their soul, are also fully convinced that all the *activité dévorante* of the newly appointed prefects and mayors will achieve nothing; that all former republicans will be re-elected, and that they will form the previous majority, vetoing all of MacMahon's schemes; after that the clericals will be thrown out, and, perhaps, MacMahon himself with them.

However, this confidence is altogether unfounded, and certainly in this respect the clericals are not very much worried. The point is that the naive and pure-in-heart little old fellows, in spite of their long experience, still seem not fully to comprehend the sort of people they are dealing with. For should the election prove even slightly unfavorable to the clericals, they would oust the new Chamber, too, notwithstanding all its constitutional and legal rights. It may be objected that this would be unlawful and, therefore, impossible.—This is so, but what do laws matter to them, to that black army? They will certainly suggest—and there are already facts tending to support this contention—to the obedient Marshal MacMahon the desperate resolution of resorting to such a device as has never yet been employed even in France, namely—*military despotism.* People will exclaim that this is an old device; that it

has been resorted to several times—by the Napoleons, for instance! —Even so, I venture to remark that all this was different: this device *in all its candor* has never been employed in France. Marshal MacMahon, having enlisted for himself the devotion of the army, would be in a position simply with bayonets to disperse the new forthcoming Assembly of the French representatives, *should it oppose him,* after which he would announce to the whole country that *such was the will of the army.* Much like a Roman emperor of the epoch of the decadence of the Empire, he could declare that henceforth "he would take into consideration only the opinion of the legions." Then a general state of siege and military despotism would be inaugurated,—and you will see, you will, that these will please many people in France! And believe me that, if this should prove necessary, there would be plebiscites which *by a majority vote of all France* would authorize war and would appropriate the funds needed therefor.

In his recent address to the troops Marshal MacMahon spoke precisely in this spirit, and it was very favorably received by the army. There can be no doubt that the army is rather in favor of him. Besides, now he has gone so far that he cannot stop lest he lose his post, whereas his whole policy is expressed in one phrase: *"J'y suis et j'y reste,"* that is, "Here I am, and here I'm going to stay." As is known, he did not go further than this phrase, and, of course, for the triumph of this motto he may even, perhaps, risk the very existence of France.

Once, at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, he already proved his readiness for such a risk, when, under the influence of the Bonapartists, he deliberately ventured to deprive France of her army, from devotion to Napoleon's dynasty. The clericals, no doubt, have guaranteed him his *"J'y suis et j'y reste."*

Having united the parties, *i.e.,* the legitimists and the Bonapartists, under their banner, certainly they must have been able adroitly to *point out* to MacMahon that, if necessary, it would be possible to do without both Chambord and Bonaparte; that it would not be necessary at all to call them,—under no circumstance —but that simply he, Marshal MacMahon, should remain dictator and permanent ruler—that is, not for the term of seven years, but forever.

This is how the motto *"J'y suis et j'y reste"* will come to pass—on condition of the army's consent; however, France's subsequent acquiescence is inevitable because a firm dictatorial hand at the head of the government will appeal to the taste of quite a few.

Such flattering *suggestions,* no doubt, have been made. Perhaps doubt will be expressed that a man such as MacMahon would

be able to undertake and achieve all these things. But, to begin with, he did undertake and achieve the first half of the task, that half which was in no way easier, from the standpoint of resoluteness, than the second future one. Secondly, it is precisely such men, not at all enterprising *in se,* if, suddenly, they fall under somebody's supreme and decisive influence, who are capable of revealing enormous and fatal resoluteness,—not because of great genius but precisely on account of the opposite reason.

In this connection the main thing is—not reasoning, but simply —the push; and once they are well pushed, they push on in one direction till they either break the wall with their head or break their horns.

A Rather Unpleasant Secret

All this is well understood in Germany. At least, all semi-official organs of the press, influenced by Prince Bismarck, are firmly convinced of the inevitability of war. Who is going to assault first and precisely when is not known, but there is much chance that war may break out. Of course, the storm may still blow over. The whole hope rests in the possibility that Marshal MacMahon, like Ajax in the past, might unexpectedly grow afraid of everything he has assumed, and, perplexed, he might stop in the middle of the road. In this event he would risk perishing, and it is inconceivable that he should not understand this. And as for the chance of perplexity in the middle of the road—even though it is a possibility, one can hardly firmly rely upon it.

For the time being Prince Bismarck is watching with feverish attention everything transpiring in France: he is watching and waiting. To him the crux lies precisely in the fact that the affair has not begun at the moment he had expected. At present his hands are tied. But most troublesome is the fact that the ulcers, which had been carefully concealed, have come to light. I have already spoken about the major ulcer of all the Germans—about their fear that Russia might suddenly realize how mighty she is, and what weight her decisive word may acquire precisely at this moment, and principally that *"the dependency upon an alliance with Russia, especially after the Franco-Prussian war, seems to be Germany's fatal destiny."* This German secret may now be suddenly revealed, and this from the standpoint of the Germans would be rather awkward.

Much as Germany's policy *during recent years* toward us was frankly hostile, nevertheless all Germans did adhere to the secret.

In this respect the press in particular was active. Until now the Germans assumed the quiet and haughty appearance peculiar to a power that needs no one's help. At present, however, this weak spot has to come to light. For should clerical France embark upon the fatal struggle, it would not suffice to conquer her, or merely to repulse her assault—should she be the first to attack—but it would be imperative to render her impotent forever, actually to crush her, taking advantage of the occasion—such would be the task! And inasmuch as France has an army of one million men, the task would have to be achieved without a hitch, it would have to be *secured,* since otherwise it shouldn't be undertaken at all. But there is no guaranty other than the guaranty of Russia's decisive word.

Briefly, the most unpleasant thing is that all this comes so suddenly. All former calculatons are mixed up, and now events govern the calculations, and not vice versa. France might start today, tomorrow, just when she is restoring domestic order though only a little. She has embarked on a policy of adventure; this is obvious to everybody, and this being so, who knows where the adventures will come to a stop? Where is the wall, the boundary line?—This is very disagreeable: so recently did the Germans display such an independent air, especially last year! Let us recall that during that year Russia, too, has been trying to ascertain who in Europe were her friends, and the Germans knew about Russia's troubles, and they assumed a triumphant air appropriate to the occasion.

Of course, every Slavic movement has always been somewhat disturbing to Germany; even so, it may be distinctly stated that in Russia's declaration of war two months ago there was, perhaps, something pleasant to Germany: "Nay, now, under no circumstance, will they guess"—thus people reasoned in Germany two months ago—"that it is we who need them. On the contrary, at present, when they stand facing the Danube—a German river, they are fully convinced that they need us awfully, and that at the end of the war our weighty word cannot be avoided. And it is good that the Russians think so. This will be useful to us in the future."

No doubt, many shrewd Germans have been thus thinking about us: their whole press has been so thinking and writing,—and now, all of a sudden, that clerical mood has turned everything upside down: "Oh, now they will guess; they will guess everything! And, besides, it is necessary that Russia finish and free herself in the East as soon as possible. However, it would be disadvantageous to bring pressure upon her. Maybe, she will take fright of England and Austria, but this is hardly to be expected. One should not even be thinking of combining with England and Austria to bring pres-

sure upon Russia: later these won't help, while Russia will be angry. Strange situation! Wouldn't it be an idea to help Russia so that she may finish quickly. This could be done without drawing the sword—by mere political pressure upon Austria, for example. . . ." This is how the same politicians are reasoning at present, and it is very likely that all this is so in reality.

In a word, I merely seek to express my conviction, my faith, that not only is Russia strong and powerful, as she always has been, but at present especially so; she is the mightiest of all European countries, and never has Europe attached more weight to her decisive word than at this moment. Let Russia be occupied in the East, nevertheless her one decisive word may now, by her desire and will, turn the scales of European policy.

Of course even England herself understands that in view of the *possibility* of most troublesome events in extreme Western Europe, she, too, may lose two-thirds of her prestige in the opinion of the Russians; that at length even the most suspicious Russians will grasp the fact that under no circumstance will she risk a war in the face of Russia's firm resolution to pursue her task, and that she, England, would rather count on the division of the heritage after "the sick man" than risk an open war in his defense at so troublesome a moment in Europe.

Indeed, should it so happen that something unexpected and fatal should break out in Western Europe, England would never venture to interfere wholeheartedly with such a troublesome affair so different from the usual character of her interests. No doubt, in such an event she would adopt an attitude of keen watchfulness, awaiting, as is her custom, a convenient moment when she might snuff somewhere a division of spoils in order to become at once a party to it. And to undertake at present (*i.e.*, prior to the final clarification of these Western events) something really serious with regard to Russia would be too imprudent on the part of England.

On the other hand, left *alone*, what can Austria do?—Besides, it seems incredible that the clerical complications in the extreme West of Europe should not have perplexed her, at least, to some extent. And, of course, much like all others, she awaits the further development of events, so that her hands, like those of the rest, are partly tied. Everybody's hands are bound, and only Russia's hands are free. This means that something ***unexpectedly*** favorable to us has ensued. After all, how can one fail to rely upon the *unexpected* in the determination of human destinies?

The world is ruled by God and His laws, and should anything new and complex break over Europe, this signifies that, sooner or later, this inevitably had to come to pass. But I pray the Lord

that I am mistaken; that the gathering cloud may be dispersed, and that all my presentiments merely prove my own "ardent" fantasies—fantasies of a man understanding nothing in politics.

The question comes to this: are all semi-official organs of the press in Germany right when they await and prognosticate war? On the other hand, all the ministers of MacMahon, even before any accusations have been framed, exert their efforts to assure the French and the whole world that France will not start the war. You must concede that all this is, at least, suspicious and that the clarification of the doubts, by the mere course of events, may come in the very near future.

But now what if so much depends upon "the legions' opinion"? It would be bad if it came to this: this would be the end of France. However, this could happen only in France—nowhere else in the whole world. And I pray the Lord that this shall not happen there, either: the beginning is bad; the next step would be still worse.

CHAPTER IV

1

Lovers of the Turks

WELL, IN RUSSIA there have appeared quite a few lovers of the Turks—of course, apropos of the war with them. In days past never in my life did I hear anyone begin a conversation in order to eulogize the Turks. At present, however, I hear quite often about their defenders. I have even met some of them: they get quite excited. Of course, we are dealing here with an urge to appear original. Even so, those lovers are scientists, teachers, professors.

"The Mohammedan world has contributed to Christian science. The Christian world was sunk in the darkness of ignorance when science had already been shining among the Arabs."

You see, here, Christianity is supposed to have been the cause of ignorance. That's Buckle, even Draper. Thus, it appears that Islam is light and Christianity—the beginning of darkness. What a unique logic! This is probably why at present Mohammedanism is so enlightened compared with Christianity. Why did they extinguish their torch so soon?

"Yes, they, however, have monotheism, whereas Christians . . ."

This eulogy of the Mohammedans for monotheism, *i.e.*, the purity of the doctrine of the unity of God, supposedly higher than

the Christian, is a hobby-horse of many lovers of the Turks. But here the main point is that these lovers have detached themselves from the people and do not understand them. And having dissociated themselves from the people, they have managed to form some strange conceptions about what transpires in the head of the Russian plebeian. Meanwhile the Russian plebeian, "understanding nothing in matters of religion and not knowing his prayers"—as people are wont to speak about him—quite frequently, if not always, forms in his mind and in his soul a most peculiar but *correct* and precise conviction, fully satisfying him, about the things in which he believes, notwithstanding the fact that only a rare plebeian is able clearly and consistently to express his beliefs in words.

This "intelligent" Russian who has dissociated himself from the people would be surprised to hear that the illiterate peasant fully and unwaveringly believes in the unity of God, that there is but one God, and no God other than He. At the same time the Russian peasant knows and reverently believes (every Russian peasant knows it) that Christ is his true God; that He was begotten of God the Father and was born of the Virgin Mary.

To begin with, the educated Russian who has detached himself from the people will refuse to admit the very possibility that the Russian peasant, who has learned nothing, should possess such a knowledge: "He is so uneducated, so ignorant; he is being taught nothing. Where is his teacher?" That educated fellow will never understand that the teacher of the peasant "in the matter of his faith" is the soil itself, the whole Russian land; that these beliefs, as it were, are born with him and are fortified in his heart together with life.

But to some of those Russian thinkers most incredible is the fact that the Russian common people cannot be led astray as regards their convictions! He himself, having long lost every conception of what the great, immediate and ardent faith of the people is, is unable to admit that reverently believing in the great Christian mystery of the incarnation of the Son of God, the plebeian at the same time adheres to the strictest monotheism. He is rather inclined to attribute this firmness of the *immediate* convictions of the Russian plebeian to the lack of the habit of reasoning, to the habit of confounding conceptions because of indolence and dullness of thought and the absence of the critical faculty in his mind. And he will attribute the "lamentable" state of the plebeians' intellect to his downtroddenness, poverty, debauchery, serfdom, etc. To this the Russian scientist, studying the Russian people, firmly clings.

By the same process of reasoning, Orthodox Russians may be condemned, for example, for their worship of ikons. A Lutheran

pastor is at a loss to understand how it is possible to believe in the true God and, at the same time, to worship a "board," an image of a saint, and to avoid idolatry. The Russian educated man more often than not is inclined to agree with this argument of the pastor. And yet, there is not a single Russian peasant—whether man or woman—who, worshipping an ikon, would confuse, though slightly, the "board" with God Himself, notwithstanding the fact that the people, at the same time, believe in the miraculousness of some ikons. But there isn't *a single Russian* who would attribute the miraculous force of an ikon to the ikon itself, and not to the will of God. And this is altogether different. Now, this view of the Russian common people neither the pastor nor the Russian who has detached himself from the people will ever admit. Well, they will even not believe that this is so.

However, they had better recall Mohammed's paradise in order to amplify their conviction about the purity of Turkish conceptions dealing with the unity of God. Of course, I am saying all this not for the purpose of starting a theological dispute with the admirers of Turkish monotheism. Nor, in fact, did I start it. These admirers are rather concerned about the *sane* conceptions of the people, while they themselves, perhaps, don't give a rap who is going to believe or how. This is why I have discussed the question merely from the popular point of view.

2

Golden Dress-Coats. The Pig-headed Ones

In addition to the lovers of the Turks, there has appeared a great number of men with an urge for a *separate opinion:* "It's all nonsense; there is no movement. Addresses are nothing but humbug. This is not in accord with the Russian manner. Sanitary units are fiddle-faddle. This is not Russian style. Sentimentalism. Slavs were fabricated. Bulgarians were fabricated. The Turks are better than the Bulgarians. It's all rubbish. I love the Turks. . . ."

This sort of thing has not the malignantly shrewd design of the *"haute politique."* We do have a *"haute politique"*—this is undeniable; but this is simply personal ambition. Ambition of two kinds: (1) either extremely suppressed, and as a result—the pressing urge of appearing original, just so as to distinguish, or somehow to manifest oneself, and (2) ambition caused by extraordinary grandeur.

The Russian "great man" more often than not is unable to bear his grandeur. Truly, were it possible to put on a golden dress-

coat made, say, of brocade, so as not to resemble all the rest, he would candidly don it and he wouldn't be ashamed. I am convinced that if, as yet, I haven't seen any of our "great men" in golden dress-suits, it is, probably, because the tailors refuse to make them. "I am cleverer than the rest. I am great. They all think about themselves *this way;* well, I don't want it their way. I'll prove that I am great. . . ."

I am eager to speak especially about the golden dress-coat, the characteristically Russian social and psychological sources of its origin, the typical examples, and so on, and so forth.—This is a pet theme of mine. However, leaving the golden dress-coat in peace for the present, I shall say a few words about the pig-headed ones. There are all sorts of pig-headed ones—good and bad, clever and stupid, honest and dishonest, etc. Of these we have many. These aim at one point from which it is impossible to divert them: *J'y suis et j'y reste.* They are Russian MacMahons.

News is reaching us from the army about the heroism and self-sacrifice of the Russians, both soldiers and officers. This is our youth. So recently there prevailed disbelief in the youth—our hope. Many people perceived in them nothing but cynicism; they were accused of blunt negation, coldness, indifference, dull suicides, and now, suddenly, the air apparently has been cleared: these same young folks are manifesting magnanimity, thirst for heroic impulse, duty, honor and sacrifice. They march at the head of the soldiers; they are the first to brave danger . . .

"Yes, but it is only a drunken person or a lunatic who can deliberately throw himself into the arms of death. There is no other explanation."

"What? Don't you suppose there is in him the magnanimous realization of the fact that he is sacrificing himself for Russia, that he is serving her? . . ."

"With his fist?"

"What do you mean? In a war one has to fight. How else could he be useful?"

"Hm. Schools, for example."

"Schools—at a proper time. Subsequently he will bring with him into the school the realization of a fulfilled duty; a magnanimous reminiscence; rapprochement with the people.

"In general, solidarity for a common cause. Soldier and officer live *over there* in one spirit, in a common feeling. The intelligentsia allies itself with the people; it returns to the people in deed, and not in theory; it learns to respect the people from whose midst this soldier has been recruited, and it teaches the people to respect it—no longer as chiefs or masters, but as men, spiritually. The recent

story of a plebeian who, in tears, embraced General Cherniaiev in the Assumption Cathedral, is significant. You wish to educate the people; but you will educate them more quickly by making them respect your ideas, your deeds, and by attracting their hearts to you. The more the people *personally* respect educated man, the more surely will public education be achieved. Thus, by earning the respect of the people, you are already serving the cause of public education, those very schools about which you are so concerned."

"To earn respect through the fist? To make the people respect the fist?"

"Here it is not only the fist. Above all, here is magnanimity, sacrifice of one's own life in everybody's sight. In public even death has its attraction. Now, you are asking me, what can compel a man in the prime of his life to sacrifice it almost with certainty? You are baffled,—otherwise it is impossible to explain your words about the drunk and the lunatic: this is but an allegory, a mode of expression. What can compel a man?—Thirst for fame, for an honest deed; thirst for earning a good reputation, the praise of all fellow-countrymen who are now watching his deeds; for revealing his personality, for glorifying his name."

"Aha, to make a career!"

"But all these sentiments and impulses are magnanimous. There are thousands of them, and they are all combined. Man is not composed of some one impulse; man is a whole world: let only the basic impulse in him be noble. His own blood spilled, readiness to spill it, ennobles a man, conferring upon him for all his subsequent life the duty of honor. In our press fear has already been expressed that these men may subsequently take an upper hand; that self-satisfaction and haughtiness may appear; that they may despise education, humble civilians; that they may behave violently, and that these ideas may penetrate society. But these are futile fears. When is all this going to happen?"

"How is it possible that the Kopeikins, who 'so to speak, have been spilling their blood,' should fail to appear?"

"Quite so, but these fellows will only make people laugh and will harm themselves. However, the moral benefit will be boundless. The distress of cynicism will vanish, there will arise respect for honest achievement. . . ."

"And for the fist."

"We are dealing here not with mere pugilists. Here we find virtually children, children pure in heart. He has just been commissioned, and he throws himself forward for an exploit, with the thought: Far away, what will his mother, his sister say, they with whom he had just parted? . . . Is this merely funny and senti-

mental?—Finally, why not admit in these heroes superior consciousness? They understand that Russia has taken upon herself a difficult task, and that it may become even more complex. They see that Russia is waging a war not only against Turkey; that the Turkish armies are commanded by English generals; that English officers, with English money, are building numerous fortifications; that the English fleet is encouraging Turkey to continue the war; finally, that English troops have already appeared (in Asiatic Turkey) . . . They are aware of all these things, and they rush to their death, realizing that the time has come to render Russia a faithful service. I am not even mentioning the Bulgarians, the oppressed 'Slavic brethren,' tortured and insulted. To our shame this theme has already grown obsolete . . . but not in their hearts. Don't you really perceive in many of them superior consciousness, the thought that they are serving mankind, the oppressed and the insulted?. . ."

"Serving mankind with the fist!"

"Permit me, apropos, to tell you an anecdote. I have already once reported that in Moscow, in one of the homes in which little Bulgarian children, orphans, are kept, who have been brought to Russia after the debacle over there, there is a girl, about ten years old, who has seen (and this she is unable to forget) the Turks skinning her live father. Well, in that same home there is also another invalid Bulgarian girl—she, too, is about ten years old—and people were recently telling me about her. Hers is a strange illness: a gradual but ever increasing weakness and a continual desire to sleep. She sleeps all the time; but sleep does not make her stronger, rather the opposite. It is very serious. This little girl may have already died. She has one unbearable recollection. The Turks seized her little brother, an infant of two or three years; first they poked his eyes out with a needle, and then they impaled him. The child screamed long and terribly, until he died. This is an absolutely true story. Well, the little girl is unable to forget this: all this took place in her presence, in her sight. Maybe, nature sends sleep to such an afflicted heart, because in a waking state she would be unable to live with such an uninterrupted memory. Now, imagine that you had been present there, at the moment the child's eyes had been poked out. Tell me, wouldn't you have rushed to stop them, even with your fist?"

"Yes, but nevertheless, the fist."

"All right, don't beat them, if you wish. But take their yataghans away from them. Can this be done without resorting to force?"

Apropos. Is it possible that among us there are such lovers

of the Turks as would not wish to take their yataghans away from them? I think and I believe that there are none such.

JULY—AUGUST

CHAPTER I

1

A Conversation with a Moscow Acquaintance of Mine. —A Note Apropos of a New Book

HAVING ISSUED in Petersburg my belated May-June number of the *Diary,* on my way back to the province of Kursk, passing through Moscow, I had a chat about this and that with an old Moscow acquaintance of mine whom I see rarely but whose opinion I treasure greatly. I am not recording our conversation *in toto* even though in the course of it I learned certain curious things relating to the current situation which I had not suspected.

However, as I was parting with my interlocutor, I mentioned, among other things, that I intended to make en route a small detour, some hundred and fifty versts from Moscow, in order to visit the place of my early childhood and boyhood,—a village which, in days gone by, belonged to my parents, but which has long ago become the property of one of our women relatives. I have not been there for forty years; although many times I sought to go there, yet I was always unable to do so, despite the fact that that small and inconspicuous spot had left a deep and strong impression upon me for my whole life, and that there everything to me was full of dearest memories.

Well, we have such memories and such spots; we all did have them. It would be curious to know: What will be precious in their recollections to our present-day youth, our present-day children and raw youths? Will there be anything precious? Chiefly —precisely what? Of what character?

That our contemporary children will also have such sacred memories there can be no doubt, since otherwise "live life" would cease. Man cannot even live without something sacred and precious carried away into life from the memories of childhood. Some people, apparently, do not think about this; nevertheless, unconsciously, they do preserve such recollections. They may even be painful and bitter; however, even suffering endured in one's life may subsequently transform itself into a sanctuary of

the soul. Generally speaking, man has been so created that he loves his past suffering. Besides, man, of necessity, is inclined to mark points, as it were, in his past in order to be subsequently guided by them and to deduce from them something whole—as a matter of routine and for his own edification.

The strongest and most influential recollections are those produced in childhood. Therefore, unquestionably, those memories and impressions—possibly the strongest and most sacred ones—will be carried into life also by present-day children. However, what will there be in those memories, precisely what will they carry into their lives, what form will this precious stock assume? All these, of course, are curious and grave questions. Were it possible to foreshadow, to a certain extent at least, an answer to them, many of the disturbing contemporary doubts could be quenched, and perhaps many people would gladly place trust in the Russian youth. What would be most important, however,—if it were possible—would be to feel, even though faintly, our future, our Russian future, which is so enigmatic. But the trouble is that at no time has there been an epoch in our Russian life which yielded less data for presentiment and foreknowledge of our always enigmatic future than the present one.

Besides, never has the Russian family been shaken so loose, more distintegrated, more unsorted and more uninformed than at present. Where will you now find such "childhoods and boyhoods" as have been depicted so harmoniously and graphically, for instance, by Count Leo Tolstoy when he portrayed *his* epoch and his family, or those portrayed in his *War and Peace?* At present all these creations are *nothing more than historical pictures of times long past.* Oh, I do not mean to say that these were such beautiful pictures. In our day I should not like to see them repeated, and I am not speaking about this at all. I merely speak about their *character,* about the completeness, precision and explicitness of their character, those qualities which made it possible to give such a clear and graphic representation of the epoch as we have in both creations by Count Tolstoy.

Nowadays this does not exist; there is no explicitness, no clearness. The contemporary Russian family is becoming more and more *casual.* Precisely *casual*—such is the definition of the present-day Russian family. It has lost its old features, somehow suddenly, even unexpectedly, while its new face . . . will it be able to create for itself a new, desirable face satisfying the Russian heart?—Some, even serious-minded, people positively maintain that at present the Russian family "does not exist at all." Of course, all this is being said about the educated Russian family, *i.e.,* of the upper strata

and not of the common people. Of the latter's family, however, is it not also a question?

"This is what is indisputable,"—my interlocutor told me. "It is undeniable that in the very near future new questions will arise among the people; in fact, they have already arisen,—a heap, a whole mass of new, formerly nonexistent questions, never heard of by the people, and all this is natural. But who is going to answer these questions? Who in Russia is ready to answer them? And who is going to be first to do so? Who is waiting and getting ready for this? Such are the questions—our questions—which, besides, are of paramount importance."

No doubt, they are of prime importance. Such a decisive break in our life as the reform of February nineteenth, as all subsequent reforms, and especially—literacy (even the faintest contact with it),—all these unquestionably will raise—have already raised—questions, and later they may convey a form to them, group them together, communicate stability to them. And who, in fact, will answer these questions? Who stands nearest to the people? The clergy? But they have long ceased to answer the questions of the people. Except for some priests who still burn with zeal for Christ —often imperceptible and utterly unknown precisely because they seek nothing for themselves, living only for their flock. Except for these, and alas it would seem very few others, the rest, when pressed for answers, may, perhaps, respond to them with denouncements. Still others to such an extent alienate their flock from themselves by altogether incommensurate levies that no one would even think to come to them with questions. This theme could be greatly elaborated, but I shall speak more about it later.

Next, rural teachers are about the nearest to the people. But what are our rural teachers good for and what are they ready for? So far, what has this new profession exhibited? True, it is still merely in a state of formation; nevertheless, by reason of its significance, it is all-important for the future. What can these men answer?—It is better not to answer this question.

Thus there remain casual answers—in towns, at stations, on roads and in streets, in marketplaces, by passers-by, by vagabonds, and finally by former landowners. (It stands to reason that I am not mentioning the authorities.) Oh, of course, there will be many answers, perhaps, even more than questions, good answers and bad, foolish and wise. Still, it seems that their principal effect will be that each answer will raise three new questions, and this will go crescendo. The result will be chaos. Well, chaos wouldn't be so bad: precocious solutions are worse than chaos.

"And what is most important—there is nothing to talk about. The people will stand it."

Of course, they will stand it; they will stand it even without us—with or without the respondents. Russia is mighty. She has managed to endure things even worse than these. Besides, not such is her mission and aim that she should deviate without reflection from her secular path. Moreover,—not such are her dimensions. He who believes in Russia knows that she will endure absolutely *everything*—even the questions—and, essentially, she will remain the same, our holy Russia, as heretofore. And no matter how much her face may change, this should not be feared. Nor is it at all necessary to delay or remove the questions. He who believes in Russia should even be ashamed of entertaining such thoughts. Her mission is so lofty and her inner presentiment of that mission is so clear (particularly in our epoch, especially at this moment) that he who believes in this mission, must be above all doubts and apprehensions. "Here is patience and faith of the Saints," as it is said in the Holy Scripture.

That morning I saw for the first time an advertisement in the papers about the separate publication of the eighth and last part of *Anna Karenina* which had been rejected by the editor of *The Russian Messenger* in which the novel has been appearing beginning with its first part. Everybody also knows that this last, eighth, part was rejected because its orientation was in discord with that of the magazine and the convictions of the editors; specifically apropos of the author's opinion on the Eastern question and the war of last year. I immediately decided to buy the book, and as I was bidding good-by to my interlocutor, I asked him about it, knowing that he has been long familiar with its content. He began to laugh.

"The most innocent thing there can be!"—he answered—"I can't understand at all why *The Russian Messenger* did not publish it. Besides, the author had granted the right to any exceptions and annotations if the editors disagreed with him. Therefore, they should have simply made a footnote to the effect that the author . . ."

However, I will not record here the contents of the footnote which my interlocutor had suggested, all the more so as he expressed it while he was still laughing. But at the end he added seriously:

"Notwithstanding his enormous artistic talent, the author of *Anna Karenina* possesses one of those Russian intellects which see clearly those things only which stand directly before their eyes, and therefore, they push on toward that one point. Apparently, they are deprived of the faculty of turning the neck to the right or to the left in order to discern also that which is on the side:

they have to turn the whole body. Then, maybe, they start saying something entirely different, since, at all events, they are always strictly sincere. This twist may not occur at all, but it may also occur a month later, and then the respected author will begin to cry with equal passion that volunteers should be dispatched and lint should be plucked, and he will be saying everything we are saying. . . ."

I bought that book, read it and found it in no way as "innocent" as that. Despite my whole aversion to embarking upon a criticism of contemporary writers and their works, I have made up my mind without fail to discuss the book in my *Diary* (perhaps even in this issue). I deemed it not out of place to record also my conversation with my interlocutor to whom I apologize for my indiscretion. . . .

2

Thirst for Rumors and the Things "Concealed."—The Word "Concealed" May Have a Future, and Therefore Measures Should Be Taken in Advance. Again on a Casual Family

These "places of my childhood," whch I intended to visit, are only one hundred and fifty versts from Moscow, of which one hundred and forty versts are by railway. However, I was obliged to spend almost ten hours covering this distance: there are many stops; one has to change trains several times, and at one station one has to wait three hours before boarding the next train. And all this on top of the disagreeablenesses of a Russian railroad and the virtually haughty attitude toward one and one's needs on the part of conductors and "the authorities."

Everybody knows well the motto of the Russian railway: "The road does not exist for the public, but the public exists for the road." There isn't a single railroad man, from the conductor to the director, who would doubt this axiom, and who wouldn't look at you with derisive surprise should you begin to tell him that the railroad exists for the public. But the main thing is that they won't listen.

By the way, this summer I have travelled at least four thousand versts, and this time everywhere en route I was particularly impressed with the people: everywhere they speak about the war. Nothing can be compared with the interest and eager curiosity with which the common people inquired about, and listened to, the accounts concerning the war. In railroad cars I even noticed several peasants reading the papers, mostly aloud.

Several times I chanced to be sitting next to them: some commoner would cautiously look you over; and, especially if he saw a newspaper in your hands or lying beside you, he would promptly and extremely politely inquire whence you came. And if you answered that you came from Moscow or from Petersburg (and, still more interesting to him—if you came from the South, from Odessa, for example), he would unfailingly ask: "What's the news about the war?"

Thereupon if you inspired him—even a little—with confidence in your reply and your readiness to answer his questions, he would at once, although still cautiously, change his curious air to a mysterious one, and drawing closer to you and lowering his voice, he would ask: "And isn't there, so to speak, anything special?" meaning, extra special, not reported in the papers, something concealed. I may add that among the people there are none discontented with the government for the declaration of war,—even among the most malevolent types. And there are those who are malevolent. For instance, you walk down the station platform during a stop, and suddenly you hear: "Seventeen thousand of our men were killed—a telegram was just received!" You see a young fellow making a speech; on his face there is an expression of ominous ecstasy, and not because he is glad that seventeen thousand of our men were killed; nay, this is something different, as if a man's property were destroyed by fire—everything was destroyed—hut, money, cattle: "Look, Orthodox Christians!—Everything perished! I'm in rags, all alone in the world!" At such moments on the face of the poor devil there also is an expression of some malevolent self-intoxication.

However, speaking of the "seventeen thousand" there is also something additional: "there is such a telegram; only it is being delayed, concealed, not yet released . . . we saw it, we read it ourselves . . ."—such is the meaning.

All of a sudden, I couldn't restrain myself, approached the group and said that it was all rubbish, foolish rumors, that seventeen thousand of our men could not have been slain, that everything was all right. The lad (he seems to have been a commoner, perhaps even a peasant) was somewhat abashed—very little though: "We are ignorant people. We are not uttering our own words—this is what we have heard."—The crowd promptly dispersed, and then the station bell rang.

Now I find this incident curious because it occurred on July 19, around five o'clock in the afternoon. On the eve, that is July 18, the Plevna battle took place. What kind of a telegram could have been received by whomsoever, not to speak of anyone among those

railroad passengers? Of course, this was a mere coincidence. I do not think, however, that the lad himself was the spreader and inventor of false rumors: it is most probable that he had actually heard the story from somebody. I presume that this summer in Russia there must have appeared a lot of fabricators of false, and of course malicious, rumors about reverses and misfortunes; such rumors have a design and they are being spread not from mere fondness of lying.

In view of the ardent patriotic mood of the people during this war; further, taking into account that discernment concerning the meaning and the aims of this war which since last year has been revealed by our people; finally, because of the fervent and reverent faith of the people in their Czar,—all these delays and secrets in the war communiqués not only are not useful, but they are positively harmful. Naturally, no one can either demand or desire that strategic plans, the numbers of troops, military secrets, etc., be revealed, before an action had been carried out. It is at least desirable that our papers be given information before it appears in the Viennese press.[1]

Sitting in the station where I had to wait three hours to change trains, I was in a most miserable mood, and was vexed with everything. Because there was nothing to do, suddenly it occurred to me to analyze: why was I vexed, and wasn't there, in addition to general causes, some accidental immediate cause?—I didn't have to look long for it, and having found it I began to laugh. The cause lay in a recent encounter which I had in the railroad car, two stations earlier. A certain gentleman entered the car, a perfect gentleman, very much resembling the type of Russian gentlemen roving abroad. He came in leading his little son, a boy who could not have been more than eight years old—even younger perhaps. He was very neatly dressed in a most fashionable European children's costume, in a charming little jacket, wearing elegant shoes and batiste linen. Apparently, the father took good care of him. No sooner had they been seated than he said to his father: "Papa, give me a cigarette"! Papa promptly reached into his pocket, took out a mother-of-pearl cigarette case, picked two cigarettes, one for himself, the other for the boy, lighted them, and they began smoking with a most habitual air obviously suggesting that this sort of thing, to them, was a common happening. The gentleman began to think about something, while the boy kept looking through the window of the car, smoking and inhaling. He

[1]At present in the main, this has been rectified: hardly a day passes without the public receiving wire communiqués from the Commander-in-Chief.

puffed up his cigarette very quickly. Scarcely fifteen minutes later, he said again: "Papa, give me a cigarette"!—and again both started smoking. During the time they sat in the car with me—and we passed only two stations—the boy had smoked at least four cigarettes.

Nothing of the kind have I ever witnessed before, and I was greatly astonished. The weak, tender and quite undeveloped chest of so little a child was already inured to such a horror. And whence could such an unnaturally precocious habit develop?—Of course, it was the father's example: children are so imitative. But how could the father allow his child the use of such poison?—Consumption, catarrh of respiratory tracts, of the cavity of the lungs—this is what is inevitably threatening the unfortunate boy; thus it is in nine cases out of ten; this is clear, known to everybody. And yet it is the father himself who encourages in his child an unnaturally precocious habit!

What did this gentleman mean to prove thereby?—Disdain of prejudices? Did he intend to emphasize the novel idea that everything hitherto prohibited was nonsense and that, on the contrary, everything was permitted?—I can't understand it. This case remains unexplained to me; it is almost a miraculous case. Never in my life have I encountered such a father and, probably, I never shall meet such a one again. We come across strange fathers in our day!

However, I promptly ceased to laugh. I laughed only because I had discovered so quickly the cause of my bad mood. Presently, however, without any connection with the incident, I recalled yesterday's conversation with my interlocutor relating to the question: What will contemporary children carry into life which was dear and sacred in their childhood? After that I began to think about my idea of the *casualness* of the present-day family . . . and again I sank into most disagreeable musing.

It may be asked: What is that *casualness?* What do I mean by this term? I answer: To my way of thinking, the casualness of the contemporary Russian family consists of the loss by the modern fathers of every general idea about their families, an idea general to all fathers, tying them all together, which they themselves believe in, and which they would teach their children to believe, conveying to them this faith for their lives.

Please note: This idea, this faith may, perhaps, be erroneous so that the best of the children may subsequently renounce it, or, at least, correct it for their own children. Even so, the very existence of such a general idea binding society and the family is already the beginning of order, *i.e.*, moral order, which, naturally,

is subject to change, progress, correction, I admit—but—order just the same. Nowadays, however, there is no such order because there is nothing general and binding, nothing in which all fathers believe. Instead there are: first, wholesale, sweeping renunciation of the past (renunciation and nothing positive); second, attempts to say something positive, yet neither general nor binding, but everyone in his own way,—attempts parcelled into units and individuals, devoid of experience, practice, even without full faith in them on the part of their inventors. At times these attempts have an excellent nucleus but they are unseasoned, abortive, and, occasionally—even ugly, in the form of a sweeping admission of everything heretofore prohibited on the theory that all that is old is stupid—this to the point of the silliest notions, such as the permission given to seven-year-old children to indulge in smoking tobacco.

Finally, an indolent attitude toward work: apathetic and indolent fathers, egoists: "Eh, let things come as they will! Why should we worry!—Children will grow up like the rest. They'll adjust themselves. But they are a great bore! Better had they been nonexistent." Thus, as a result—disorder, parcelling and casualness of the Russian family, while hope is virtually in God alone: "Let's trust that He may send us some little general idea, so that we may again unite!"

Of course, order of this kind produces disconsolateness; the latter, in turn, increases indolence, and in hot-headed individuals cynical, angry indolence. However, even at present there are many by no means indolent but, on the contrary, very diligent fathers. These are mostly fathers with ideas. Some fellow listens, for instance, to some things which in themselves are not stupid at all; he reads two or three clever books, and all of a sudden he decides to reduce the whole upbringing and all his duties toward the family to nothing but beefsteak: "Underdone beef-steak; and, of course, Liebig . . .," etc. Another, most honest man *in se*, who in days gone by used to be considered a wit, has discharged three of his children's nurses: "These rascals are quite impossible: I strictly forbade it. And can you imagine, yesterday I walked into the children's room and I saw her putting Lizochka in the cradle, crossing her, and I heard her teaching the child that prayer *'Mother of God'*; 'Forgive papa and mama . . .' This I strictly forbade! I have decided to engage an English woman. But will she be better?" A third chap is busy trying to find a mistress for his son who is scarcely fifteen years old: "Otherwise, you know, he may develop those dreadful habits, or else someday he might pick up someone in the street . . . contract a venereal disease . . . No, it's better to take care of this matter beforehand." A fourth one initiates his

seventeen-year-old boy into the most progressive "ideas," and the lad in a most natural manner (since what can come of certain knowledge prior to the acquisition of life experience?) reduces these progressive ideas (often very good ones) to the formula: "If there is nothing sacred, this means that one may perpetrate any villainy."

Granted, in these cases the fathers are hot-headed; yet, is it in many of them that this ardor is justified by something serious-minded, by reasoning and suffering? Do we have many such fathers? —Mostly it is nothing but liberal giggling, echoing somebody else's voice. And thus the child carries into life, aside from everything else, a comical memory of his father, his droll image.

But these are the "diligent" ones, and there aren't so many of them. The lazy ones are incomparably more numerous. Every transitional and disintegrative state of society generates indolence and apathy, since in such epochs only very few are capable of seeing clearly what is ahead of them and of not being led astray. The majority, however, is confused, loses the thread, and, finally, gives it all up: "Eh, to hell with everything! What are those duties when we ourselves are unable to say anything intelligently! I wish I myself could manage to pull through life somehow, and why should I bother about duties!" And now, these indolent fellows, if they happen to be rich, are even complying with their duties in a suitable manner: they dress and feed their children well; they hire governesses and after that teachers; finally, their children matriculate in universities, but . . . there is no father, there is no family; the lad enters life alone because his heart has not lived, it is not bound with the youth's past, with family or childhood.

However, this refers only to the rich ones; these are well-off, but are there many who are well-off?—The majority, the overwhelming majority, are poor. Therefore, in the face of the fathers' indolence as regards the family, the children are altogether left to the mercy of chance! Poverty, the troubles of their fathers are reflected in their hearts in gloomy pictures, in memories at times of a most venomous character. Till a very advanced age the children keep recalling their fathers' pusillanimity, quarrels in their families, accusations, bitter reproaches, even curses upon them, for extra mouths; and what is still worse,—sometimes the baseness of their fathers, mean acts perpetrated for the sake of obtaining a position or acquiring money, foul intrigues, hideous servility. And long after, maybe all their lives, the children are inclined blindly to accuse these men, having derived nothing from their childhood that might mitigate that filth of their memories, and to size up truthfully, realistically, and, therefore, *acquittingly*, those now elderly people in whose midst their early years dragged out so sadly.

These, however, are still the best children; whereas the majority of them carry into their lives not only the filth of *memories*, but the filth itself; these deliberately provide themselves with it; they fill their pockets with it in order to make practical use of it—no longer with gnashing of pain, like their parents, but with light hearts. "Everybody"—they say—"lives in dirt. Only dreamers rave about ideals; to be sure, it's more handy to be surrounded with filth. . . ."

"But what do you wish? What are those memories which children should have derived from childhood in order to sterilize the dirt of their families and to acquire an *'acquitting'* attitude, as you say, toward their fathers?" I answer: What can I, singlehanded, say if society *in toto* has no reply to it?—There is nothing common among contemporary fathers, said I; there is nothing binding them together. There is no great idea (it has been lost), no great faith in their hearts in such an idea. And it is only such great faith that is capable of generating *the beautiful* in children's memories —decidedly!—despite the cruelest surroundings of their childhood, poverty and even moral filth itself which surrounded their cradles!

Oh, there are instances when even the most degraded father, but one who has preserved in his soul even a remote former vision of the great faith in the idea, has managed to transplant its seed and the great sentiment into the susceptible and thirsting souls of his pitiful children, and later he has been wholeheartedly forgiven by them because of this benefit, despite everything else.

Man should not step out of childhood into life without the embryos of something positive and beautiful; without these a generation should not be permitted to start on its life journey. Look: do not the contemporary fathers, from among the ardent and diligent, believe in this? Oh, they fully believe that without a cohesive, general moral and civic idea it is impossible to bring up a generation and let it start on its life journey! But they themselves have lost the general idea, and they are dismembered. They are united only in the negative, and even this in a negligent manner. They are disunited in the positive; besides, essentially, they do not even believe in themselves, since they are echoing somebody else's voice, they have joined an alien life, an alien idea, and they have lost all connection with their native Russian life.

However, I repeat, there are a few ardent ones; there are infinitely more of those who are indolent. By the way, do you remember the Djunkovskys' trial? This is quite a recent trial. It took place only on June 10 of the current year at the Kaluga Circuit Court. Amidst the thunder of the current events, perhaps, only very few took notice of it. I have read the account of it in

The New Times, and I don't know if it has been reported in other papers. This was a case of the Przemysl landowners, Major Alexander Afanasievich Djunkovsky, fifty years old, and his wife Ekaterina Petrovna Djunkovsky, forty years old, charged with cruel treatment of their young children,—Nikolai, Alexander and Olga. . . . At this point it may be noted that the children in question were of the following ages: Nikolai, thirteen years old; Olga, twelve years old, and Alexander, eleven years old. And—anticipating things—I may add that the defendants were acquitted by the court.

In my judgment, this trial graphically reveals much that is typical in our present-day life, and yet the banality of it is the most surprising thing. One feels that there is nowadays an extraordinarily large number of precisely such Russian families, of course, not exactly identical; not everywhere does one find such accidentals as *scratching of heels* (this will be discussed further), but the essence of the matter, the fundamental trait of many similar families, is identical. This is precisely the type of an "indolent family," to which I have just referred;—if not a complete and not a wholly correct type (especially judged by certain most exceptional and characteristic details), nevertheless a very remarkable specimen of that type. However, let the readers judge for themselves. The defendants were committed to trial by decree of the Moscow Court of Appeals. Now, let me remind the readers of the indictment. I am reprinting it from *The New Times,* as it was stated there, *i.e.,* in an abridged form.

The Case of the Parents Djunkovsky and Their Own Children

"The defendants Djunkovsky, possessing a certain fortune, and employing a suitable number of servants, have placed their children Nikolai, Alexander and Olga in a position altogether different from that of their other children. Not only did they fail to treat them as parents, and fondle them, but having left them without supervision, they gave them poor subsistence (living quarters, clothing, beds and meals), compelling them to such occupations as scratching their heels, etc., thus inciting and maintaining in the said children a feeling of discontent and irritation, which led them to perpetrate upon their deceased sister an act which will be referred to further. All this combined could not fail to exercise a harmful influence upon the health of the children. It appears, for example, from the case, that Olga is suffering from epilepsy.

"Besides not contributing by either supervision or care to the

moral development of these children, the defendants have been resorting to measures which cannot be termed mild corrective measures for young children. Thus, the defendants used to lock up their children for a considerable time in the toilet room, left them home in a cold room, almost without food, or had them take dinner and sleep in a servant's room, thus placing them in company with persons hardly capable of contributing to their correction; finally, the defendants frequently beat their children with anything that happened to be around—even with fists, rods, switches, with a whip intended for horses—with such cruelty that it was frightful to behold and (according to the testimony of the boy Alexander) so that the child's back ached five days after one of these castigations. Such beatings came as a result not always of some mischef, though trifling, but just incidentally—of mere caprice.

"A soldier's widow, Sergeeva, who was employed by the Djunkovskys as a laundress, among other things, testified that the defendants disliked their children Nikolai, Alexander and Olga, who slept separately from the other children, downstairs, in one room, on the floor, on felt; that they were covered haphazardly (they had one torn blanket); that they were given servants' meals, resulting in their continual hunger. They were shabbily clothed: in summer they wore different kinds of shirts, and in winter—short fur cloaks. To these children Mrs. Djunkovsky was worse than a step-mother; she beat them, especially Alexander, with whatever happened to be around, and at times simply with her fists. When she flogged Nikolai, it was horrible to behold. The children were naughty, but merely as children are. They were treated particularly badly in the evenings, when they had to scratch their mother's heels; this lasted an hour, or longer,—till the mother fell asleep. Formerly this used to be done by the servants, includuing Sergeeva, who at length refused to engage in this occupation because her hands swelled!

"From the testimony of Ousachkova it appears that Alexander and Olga wallowed on the floor, on dirty pillows, generally they were kept in a dirty state—in a pig's haunt it's cleaner than in their room.

"Nobleman Lubimov, who lived as a tutor with the Djunkovskys until August 1875, asserted that Nikolai, Olga and Alexander were kept poorly, and that, at times, they had to go barefooted. From a statement by Miss Shishova—a graduate of the Nicholas Institute, who, until August 1874, was employed as governess of the defendants' children, and whose deposition, because of her non-appearance, was read at the trial—it appeared that Mrs. Djunkovsky was an egoistic woman, who, just like her husband, never fondled her children Alexander and Nikolai. Shishova explained the general

absence of order at the home of the defendants and their indifference to their children by the neglect of the defendants of everything, even of themselves. Their business affairs were always embroiled, and they were continually in trouble; they were incapable of keeping house. Mrs. Djunkovsky, who was anxious not to be bothered with anything, entrusted her husband with the task of punishing the children, which he did. And even though that witness had never been present at the castigations, nevertheless she stated that in punishments there was no cruelty. It happened—further stated pedagogue Shishova—that Mrs. Djunkovsky, or even I, locked up the children for mischief in a room where there was a water closet, but that room was no colder than the other rooms in the apartment, and it was heated. Shishova herself punished the children with a leather lash, but it was a small lash. To the knowledge of the witness, the children have never been denied food for several days.

"The boys Nikolai and Alexander made reserved depositions to the examining magistrate; however, from them it appears that they had been flogged with a leather lash used for horses, as well as with a switch, which was also employed by their tutor Lubimov. On one occasion Alexander's back ached for five days after he had been flogged by his mother because he had brought some potatoes from the kitchen to his sister Olga for her lunch.

"Djunkovsky in his defense referred to the fact that his children were utterly spoiled, and in support of his contention he related the following incident: when his eldest daughter Ekaterina died, and while her body was lying on a table, the boys Nikolai and Alexander cut some twigs in the garden, beat the deceased on her face with them, and kept saying: Now, we'll make fun of you for complaining against us!

"At the trial the defendants pleaded 'not guilty.' Defendant Djunkovsky asserted that he was spending more money for the upbringing of his children than his means permitted; that he felt very sad that he had failed to achieve his aim, and that his children were growing from bad to worse.

"The eldest son, Nikolai, before he had entered high school, used to be a good boy, but after he had attended school for a certain time he learned to steal. Prior to his matriculation he used to know his prayers, but subsequently he forgot them—for the reason that in high school he declared himself a Catholic and received no religious instruction whatsoever, in spite of the fact that Nikolai's certificate of birth had been produced, and therein it was stated that he was of Orthodox faith.

"In her last speech Mrs. Djunkovsky stated that she had employed several governesses for her children, that unfortunately she

had misjudged them all, as well as the tutor, but that now the father himself was taking care of the upbringing of the children, and that she hoped that they would be completely reformed."

Such was the case. As stated above, the defendants were acquitted. Why not? The remarkable thing is not that they were acquitted but that they were brought to trial and tried. What court could have found them guilty, and of what? Oh, certainly there is a court which can find them guilty, clearly specifying their guilt, but not a criminal court with jurors who judge on the strength of statutory law. And in written law nowhere is there a provision making it a punishable offense for fathers to treat their children indolently, incompetently and heartlessly. Otherwise it would be necessary to condemn half of Russia—nay, far more than that! Besides, what is "heartless treatment"? It would have been different had there been cruel tortures—something dreadful and inhuman. But I recall in the trial of Kroneberg, who was accused of inhuman treatment of his child, the lawyer opened the Code of Laws and read some sections dealing with cruel treatment, brutal torture, etc., with a view to proving that the acts of his clients were not subject to any of them, in which it is clearly defined what is to be understood as cruel and inhuman torture. And I also recall that these definitions were so cruel that decidedly they were akin to the tortures of the Bulgarians by the bashi-bazouks, and if there was no impaling or cutting strips out of one's back, there were broken ribs, arms, legs—and what not?—so that some leather lash, a small one at that according to Miss Shishova's statement, most certainly does not conform to that section of the Code of Laws and give ground for indictment. "They flogged with a rod"—they say. Well, who doesn't flog children with rods? Nine-tenths of Russia practices this. By no means can this be subject to the provisions of criminal law. "They flogged for no good reason, for potatoes."—"No, sir, not for potatoes"—Mr. Djunkovsky might have replied—"here, everything came together: for depravity, because they, the brutes, beat the deceased daughter Ekaterina on her face."—"We did lock them up in the toilet room. But the toilet room was heated—what more do you want? A lock-up is always a lock-up."—"Why, then, did you feed them with servants' food, and why have you made them sleep virtually in a pigs' sty, on some sort of spread, with one torn blanket?"—"Well, sir, this was also punishment, and besides, it is immaterial whether or not the blanket was full of holes. I am spending on the education of my children more than my means permit, and the law doesn't have to dig into my pockets to count my money."—"This, then, is the reason why you didn't fondle your children?"—"Now, wait, show me please a section in the Code of Laws which would prescribe to me, under

threat of punishment, to fondle my children—especially such naughty, heartless, miserable pilferers and brutes!"—"Finally, is it for the same reason that you have adopted a wrong system of bringing up your children?"—"Well, what system of upbringing does the criminal law prescribe under threat of punishment? Besides, it isn't the business of the law . . ."

Briefly, I maintain that it was impossible to drag the Djunkovskys' case into a criminal court. And thus it came to pass: they were acquitted, and nothing came of their prosecution. And yet the reader feels that there may—perhaps, already did—ensue a real tragedy. Oh, this is a case for a different court. What court?

What?—Well, for example, Miss Shishova, a pedagogue—she makes her deposition and in it she renders a verdict. Let us note that this Miss Shishova—even though she herself did flog the children with a leather lash ("only it was a small one"), nevertheless seems to be a clever woman: it is impossible to define the Djunkovskys' characters more precisely and in a more clever way than she did it. "Mrs. Djunkovsky"—says she—"is an *egoistic woman*. The Djunkovskys' house is *in disorder . . . because of the defendants' neglect of everything, including even themselves*. Their business affairs are always embroiled; they are always in trouble; they do not know how to keep house, they suffer, and yet, more than anything, they seek tranquillity: Mrs. Djunkovsky, who has been continually avoiding any disturbance, entrusted even the punishment of the children to her husband. . . ." In a word, Miss Shishova, having lived with the Djunkovskys, formed an opinion that they were heartless egoists, and mainly—indolent egoists. Of course indolence was the cause of eternal disorder in their house, disorder also in their affairs, despite the fact that there was nothing they sought more than tranquillity: "Eh, to hell with you! Would that we could only pull ourselves through life!"

From whence do their indolence and apathy come?—God knows! Is it because they suffer from the contemporary chaos of life, in which it is so difficult to understand anything? Or has contemporary life given so little response to their spiritual aspirations, wishes and quests? Or, finally, is it because of the failure to comprehend the things taking place all around, that their own conceptions became disintegrated, so that they no longer could be collected, and disillusionment ensued?—I don't know, I don't know, but apparently they are educated people who in days past—maybe even now—used to love things beautiful and lofty. The scratching of heels would not contradict this; it is precisely something on the order of lazy, apathetic disillusionment, an indolent pastime, a thirst for solitude, repose and warmth. Here we are dealing with nerves,—and precisely not so much idleness as craving for rest and

solitude, *i.e.*, segregation from all duties and obligations. Yes, of course, here there is egoism, and egoists are capricious and cowardly in the face of duty: in them there is a perpetual, cowardly aversion to binding themselves with any duty.

It should be borne in mind that this continual and passionate craving to avoid any duty almost always generates and fosters in the egoist the conviction that, contrariwise, everyone with whom he is in contact is to be charged as regards him with some obligation, tax or liability. No matter how silly this fantasy is, nevertheless, in the long run, it takes root and develops into irritable discontent with the whole world, and into a bitter and often angry feeling toward everything and everybody. Noncompliance with these imaginary obligations is felt by the heart as an affront, so that you will never in your whole life surmise why a certain egoist is perpetually angry with you. This peevish feeling extends also to his own children—oh, to the children par excellence. Children are the predestined victims of this whimsical selfishness; besides, they are the nearest at hand, and what is most important—there is no control: "They are my own children!"

Don't be surprised that this hateful feeling, constantly irritated by the reminder of the neglected duty toward the children, and the constant sticking before your eyes of these new little individuals demanding everything from you, and impudently (alas,—not impudently but in a childish manner!), not understanding that you need your repose, and attaching to it not the least significance,—don't be surprised, I say, that this spiteful feeling even for one's own children may, at length, transform itself into real vengefulness, and, encouraged and provoked by impunity—even into bestiality. Indeed, indolence always generates bestiality and culminates in it; bestiality not from cruelty, but precisely from laziness. These are not cruel, but specifically, indolent hearts.

And now this lady who is so fond of repose, to the point of insisting that her heels be scratched, having finally grown irascible because *she alone* never has peace, everything around her being in a state of disorder and requiring her constant presence and attention,—this lady jumps from her bed, seizes a switch and flogs, flogs her own child unquenchably, insatiably, malignantly so that "it is horrible to look at her"—as the maid-servant testified—and why, for what reason? Because the boy brought from the kitchen to his hungry little sister (suffering from epilepsy) a few potatoes; that is, she beats him for a kind act, for the fact that the child's heart has not yet been depraved, has not yet grown callous. "All the same, I forbade it, but you did it. Now, then, don't do your kind thing, but do my wicked thing!" Nay, this is hysterics!

The children sleep in filth; "in a pigs' sty it is cleaner," with

one torn blanket for the three of them: "Never mind, they deserve it"—reasons their own mother—"they don't let me rest!" And she reasons thus not because her heart is cruel,—no, perhaps by nature her heart is kind and good,—but, see, they don't let her rest; she can't attain tranquillity in her life; the further it goes, the worse it grows, and here, on top of it, are these children ("What for? Why were they born?"); they grow, they are naughty, and every day they require more and more work and attention! Nay, if this be hysterics it has been accumulating over a period of whole years.

Side by side with this sick mother of the family (brought to the state of sickliness), stands before the court the father, Mr. Djunkovsky. Well, maybe he is even a very good man; it seems that he is an educated man, not at all a cynic; on the contrary, he understands his fatherly duty to such a point that his heart is afflicted. Almost with tears he complains in the court room about his young children; he stretches out his arms: "I did everything for them, everything: I hired tutors, governesses. I spent more money on them than my means would permit, and they, the brutes, began to steal, they beat their deceased sister on her face." In a word, he considers himself right.

The children stand right there, nearby. It is noteworthy that they made "reserved, cautious depositions," *i.e.,* they complained little, and defended themselves but slightly, and I don't think that was due to mere fear of the parents, to whom they would have to return just the same. On the contrary, it would seem that the fact itself that their father was being tried for his cruel treatment of them might have made them bolder. Simply, they felt uneasy participating in a trial against their father, to be standing at his side and testifying against him, whereas he, heedless of the future, and without giving thought to the feelings which henceforth would remain in the hearts of these children, not even suspecting what they would carry into their future from the experience of that day,—he accused them and revealed everything that was bad in them, their shameful deeds,—complaining to the court, to the public, to society.

Even so, he considers himself right, while Mrs. Djunkovsky fully, unhesitatingly, believes in the future. She declares to the court that *everything* is the fault of bad tutors and governesses; that she is disillusioned with them, but that now when her husband expects to take charge of their children's upbringing they "will be completely reformed." (Quite! Quite!) However, God help them.

By the way, let me note something concerning the mischief of the young Djunkovskys.

The fact that they beat their deceased sister on her face with rods is, of course, disgusting and repulsive. But let us try to be impartial, and I swear that we shall find that even this is merely

children's mischief—precisely childish "fantasticality." This is something caused by children's imagination and not by depraved hearts. Children's imagination, by its very nature, particularly at a certain age, is extremely susceptible and inclined toward fantastic things. This is especially true of those families in which—though people live in close proximity to one another, each one always before the eyes of the other—but in which, nevertheless, the children are segregated into a group apart—by reason of their fathers' perpetual troubles and lack of time. "Learn your lessons! Stick to your books! No mischief!"—This is what they hear all the time; and they sit over their little books, in their designated corners, not even daring to swing their feet. At night, in their pigs' sty, when falling asleep, or when learning their weary lessons, or while locked up in the toilet room, the little Djunkovskys might have accustomed themselves to strange fantasies—both kind, heart-felt and spiteful ones, or simply in a children's fashion—to fairy, fantastic ones: "Now, were I older"—thus the boy might have been fancying—"I would go to war, and then I would come back here. That despicable fellow, the tutor, would ask: 'Where have you been? How did you dare to leave the class-room?'—And I would pull the order of Saint George out of my pocket, and would insert it into my button-hole! He would be scared and would fall on his knees!"

When the sister died, one of the three, trying to warm himself under the edge of his torn blanket, while falling asleep, could have invented this: "Do you know what, Kolia, God has deliberately punished her because she was wicked, and informed on us. Now she sees from above; she would like to denounce, but she can't. Let's beat her tomorrow with rods. Let her look from above, let her see it and be angry that she can't complain!"

I swear that perhaps, a few days later, the kids repented in their hearts that they had perpetrated such a disgusting stupidity. Children's hearts are tender. In this connection I know this little incident. A certain mother of seven children died. One of the kids, a little seven- or eight-year-old girl, seeing her dead mama, began to wail desperately. She wept so much that she had to be carried to the children's room almost in an hysterical condition. People didn't know how to console her. A foolish woman, a hanger-on who happened to be there, comforting the little girl, suddenly told her: "Don't cry! Why do you cry so bitterly?—She didn't like you. Do you remember how she punished you? How you had to stand in the corner? Don't you remember?"—The fool tried to make things better; she must have thought that the child would stop crying and would quiet down.—She did achieve her aim: suddenly the girl stopped crying. Moreover, both next day, and at the funeral, she

displayed an indifferent, restrained, offended air, as if implying: "She didn't like me!" The thought that she was an offended, persecuted, disliked child appealed to her imagination. Will you believe it, this happened to an eight-year-old child. However, the child's "fantasticality" did not last long: several days later the little girl again began to grieve for her mother so strongly that she fell sick. After that, all her life, the daughter could think of her mother not otherwise than with reverence.

It goes without saying that the little Djunkovskys should have been punished for their offense in connection with their late sister. But this was a childish, silly, fantastic offense which did not signify any depravity of their hearts. As to the prank of the boy Nikolai at high school declaring himself a Catholic in order to avoid religious instruction, it was a childish prank par excellence: he was showing off to impress his schoolmates: "See, you have to receive religious instruction, and I got rid of it; I fooled all of them thanks to the fact that my family name sounds Polish." Decidedly, this was but a *school-trick*—a foolish and bad one, for which he should have been severely punished; still, one shouldn't be despairing of the boy and imagining that he was so debauched that he had turned into a rogue. But Djunkovsky, the father, seems to have believed this; otherwise he would not have complained so lamentingly in court.

It happens in our courts that when defendants are acquitted (especially, when they are obviously guilty, but are freed only through the mercy of the court) the presiding judge, announcing the defendant's discharge, sometimes utters a few words for their edification on the subject of how they should accept that acquittal, what they should derive from it for their lives and how they should behave to avoid trouble in the future. In cases of this kind, the presiding justice speaks, as it were, on behalf of society as a whole, in the name of the state.

Perhaps the verdict of acquittal was announced to the defendants Djunkovskys without any such admonition.—This I do not know, but I am simply imagining what the presiding judge might have told them when announcing to them their discharge. This is what I believe he might have told them.

4

The Imaginary Speech of the President of the Court

"Defendants, you are acquitted. But remember that in addition to this court, there is another court—that of your own con-

science. Act so as to make that other court, too, acquit you, even though at some future time.

"You have declared that now you yourselves intend to take charge of the upbringing and education of your children: had you done so previously, probably there would have been no trial involving your children such as you have stood here today. But I am afraid: Do you possess sufficient strength for putting into effect your good intention? It is not enough to venture upon such a task; one has to ask oneself: Will there be sufficient zeal and patience to accomplish it? I do not wish, I do not dare, to say that you are heartless parents who hate your children. Besides, to hate one's own children is almost an unnatural thing, and therefore impossible. And to hate children who are still so little is a nonsensical and even ridiculous thing. However, indolence, indifference, lazy desuetude of such prime, natural and highly civic duty as the upbringing of one's own children in reality are apt to generate even a dislike of them, almost hatred, virtually a feeling of some personal vengeance upon them, especially as they grow older, as their natural needs increase,—in the measure of your own realization of the fact that much must be done for them, much labor has to be invested, which means that much of one's own self-sufficient segregation and repose has to be sacrificed.

"Moreover, ever increasing mischief of the neglected children,—the inculcation in them of bad habits,—the apparent distortion of their minds and hearts finally may implant a direct aversion to them even in parents' hearts. In your fervent, tearful complaints about the vices of your children we all heard here and perceived your profound, genuine sorrow,—sorrow of all ill-starred father offended by his children. However, think a little and reason: what could have made them better?—For instance, it developed at the trial that for their indolence and pranks you used to lock them up, at times, for several hours, in the toilet room. Of course: a lock-up is a lock-up, and, besides, your toilet room was *heated* so that here there was no cruel torture. However, is this so?—While sitting there, feeling his humiliating and shameful situation, the child could be growing spiteful; most fantastic perverted and cynical visions could have passed through his mind; he could have completely lost his love—love of his own nest and even of you, his parents, since it could have seemed to him that you do not value his feelings for you at all, nor his human dignity, whereas even within a child, the smallest child, there is structuralized human dignity. This you should remember. It appears that you have given no thought whatsoever to the fact that these thoughts—mainly these strong, though childish, impressions of his—he will later carry into

his life and will bear them in his heart, perhaps, till his very grave.

"In the first place, have you yourself done at least something to avoid the humiliating necessity of placing the child in such a place, thereby shaming him and holding him up to ridicule?—For later on in life, he will unfailingly raise this question, putting it squarely before himself. You maintain that you have done *everything* for your children, and it seems that you yourself are convinced of this. But I don't believe that you have done everything; and when you uttered these words with such sorrowful feeling, I am sure that concerning this point you had grave doubts. You have stressed the fact that you have been hiring tutors and spending money in excess of your means.

"No doubt children need a tutor, and in employing a tutor you have acted as a zealous father. However, to hire a tutor to teach the children certain subjects, of course does not mean to *deliver* the children to him, to forget all about them, to get rid of them, so that they may be of no further bother to you. It seems that you have done precisely this, believing that, having paid money, you have done everything, even more, *everything* in excess of your means; whereas I wish to assure you that you have done the minimum of what you could have done for them. You merely ransomed yourself with money from a debt, from a parent's obligation, in the belief that you have already accomplished everything. You forgot that their childish little souls require constant, uninterrupted contact with your parents' souls; that spiritually you always will be for them, so to speak, on a mountain as an object of love, of genuine respect and beautiful imitation. Science is one thing, but a father must always be to his children a good, conspicuous example of that total moral inference which their minds and hearts derive from science. Your heart-felt and invariably apparent care for them, your love, would warm, like a clement ray, everything sown in their souls, and of course this would yield an abundant and good crop. But it seems that having sown nothing yourself, and having delivered them to a sower alien to your family, you demanded a crop, and unaccustomed to this task, you demanded it too soon, and, having failed to get it, you grew irascible and angry with . . . kids, your own children,—and also much too soon!

"All this is because the upbringing of children is a labor, a duty—sweet to some parents even despite troubles, scarcity of means, poverty, and to others, to quite a few well-to-do-parents, a most oppressive and burdensome duty. This is why they seek to free themselves from it with money, if money is available. However, if money doesn't help, or if, as in the case of many, there is none, they usually resort to severity, cruelty, torture—to rods. I shall tell

you what a rod is: In the family it is a product of the parents' indolence,—its inevitable result. Everything that could be achieved by labor and love, incessant training of children; everything that could be accomplished by reasoning, explanation, admonition, patience, upbringing and example,—all these things, weak and impatient fathers, as a rule, hope to achieve by the rod: 'I shall not explain, but shall order; I shall not suggest, but shall compel.' Now, what is the result? A sly, secretive child will unfailingly submit; he will deceive you, and your rod will not reform but merely deprave him. A weak, timid and kind-hearted child will be scared by your rod. Finally, a good-natured, naive child, with straightforward and candid heart, will first be offended and then embittered and you will lose his heart.

"It is difficult, often very painful, for a child's heart to tear itself from one it loves; however, once it does tear itself loose, there arise in it awful, unnaturally precocious cynicism, bitterness; and the feeling of justice becomes distorted. Of course, all this takes place only when cruelty is caused by the parents' egoism,—when the owner of the field, having failed to sow it, expects a rich harvest. In such cases cruelty and injustice on the part of the fathers, unrestrained, keep increasing—this is the usual course. 'Don't do the good that is yours, but do the bad which is mine.'—This is what, at length, becomes the motto, and the child is punished even for a good deed, for those potatoes which he brings to his sister from the kitchen.—How can the heart fail to grow embittered? How can its conceptions fail to become distorted?

"Not being cruel and even loving your children, you punished them by your neglect of them, by humiliating them: they slept in a filthy room, on some sort of a spread; they ate their meals not from your table, but with the servants. And of course you believed that, finally, they would feel their guilt and would be reformed. In the reverse case, one would have to suppose that you did so from hatred of them, from vengeance upon them—in order to wrong them. However, the court refused to find it so, and attributed your actions to the erroneous calculation of an educator. Now you intend to bring them up and tutor them: this is a difficult task, despite your wife's belief that it is an easy one.

"Your children are not in the court room. I ordered them to be shown out, and, therefore, I am at liberty to touch upon the main point in this difficult task. The principal thing is that both sides will have to forgive much. They must forgive you the bitter and painful impressions of their children's hearts, their embitterment and their vices. On your own part, you must ask them to forgive your egoism, your neglect of them, the distortion of your

feelings toward them, your cruelty, and, finally, the fact that you were here standing trial because of them. I am saying so, since, upon leaving the court room, you will put the blame for everything not upon yourselves, but unfailingly upon them—of this I am sure! Thus, embarking upon the difficult task of bringing up your children, ask yourselves: Can you accuse yourselves, and not them, of all the offenses and crimes which were your fault and not theirs? —If you can, you will succeed in your task! This would mean that God has cleansed your sight and enlightened your conscience. If you can't, you had better not undertake your task.

"The second difficult thing with which you will be faced in your work is the necessity of overcoming, exterminating and modifying in their hearts many a former impression and memory. However, so much has to be obliterated, so much created anew, that I am wondering—how are you going to achieve it?—Oh, if you should learn to love them,—of course, you would succeed in everything. Still, even love is a labor, even in love one has to learn,—would you believe it? Finally, do you believe, are you convinced, that in your beautiful undertaking you will not be stopped by some petty, most primitive and trivial every-day trouble, about which at present, perhaps, you are not even thinking but which may constitute a most important obstacle to your good intentions. Every zealous and sensible father knows, for instance, how important it is in every-day family life to restrain himself in the presence of his children from negligence, so to speak, in family relations, from a certain laxity and licentiousness, from bad and ugly habits, and, principally from inattentiveness to, and neglect of, their childish opinion of yourselves, the disagreeable, ugly and comical impression which so easily may form itself in them when they behold haphazardness in family life.

"Would you believe that, at times, a conscientious father must radically re-educate himself for his children? Oh, if parents are kind, if their love for their children is zealous and fervent, children will forgive them much and will later forget many a comical and ugly thing, and they will not unconditionally condemn them even for some of their altogether bad deeds; on the contrary, their hearts will unfailingly find extenuating circumstances. But in discordant and spiteful families it might be quite different. Your wife, as it developed at the trial, has a pathological habit of having her heels scratched before her sleep. The maid-servant has testified that even to her this duty was painful, that 'her hands swelled.' Now, imagine that boy, that son of yours, who is compelled to do the scratching instead of the maid-servant! Oh, if the mother had loved him sincerely and tenderly, and he were convinced of this,

now and in the future he would recall this weakness of a person dear to him with a good-natured smile, even though he might have felt angry at the time when he was forced to scratch. But I imagine how he must have felt, what thoughts came to his mind, when he had been sitting for an hour or longer engaged in this ridiculous occupation before a creature who did not love him, who was ready every minute to jump up and start flogging him for no reason whatever. In this case, the insistence upon this service unfailingly must have seemed to him humiliating, disdainful and despicable. He could not fail to realize—or, to put it more correctly, to feel—that his mother did not need him as a son; that as a son she despised him, forgot him, compelling him to sleep on some sort of a spread; and if she remembered him, it was only in order to beat him, and that, therefore, she needed him not as a son but merely as some sort of a curry-comb!

"And yet you are complaining that the children became corrupted, that they are callous monsters, that 'they learned to steal!' Strain your imagination a little; try to visualize your son in the future, say, at the age of thirty, and think with what disgust, with what spiteful feeling and contempt, he will recall this episode of his childhood . . . That he will remember it till his death hour, there can be no shadow of doubt. He will not forgive, he will begin to hate his memories, his childhood; he will curse his parents' former nest and those who, at the time, were with him in that nest!

"At present, without fail, you will have to exterminate these memories, to transform them, to drown them with other, new, potent and sacred sensations—what a colossal task! Dreadful to think of it! Nay, the task which you are about to undertake is much more difficult, far more difficult, than it seems to your wife!

"Don't be angry, don't take offense at my words. In addressing you, I am performing a pressing duty. I am speaking on behalf of society, in the name of society, the state and the fatherland. You are parents; they are your children; you are contemporary Russia; they are future Russia. What would happen to Russia should the Russian fathers evade their civic duty, seeking solitude or—more correctly—indolent and cynical segregation from society, from their people and from their prime duties toward the latter?

"The most dreadful fact is that this is so common: you are not the only ones, even though others may be committing the same errors as yours under different formulae. Still more significant is the fact that you are not only not the worst, but in many respects the best among contemporary fathers, since in your hearts the realization of your duty is not dead, even though you have failed to comply with it. In you there is no absolute negation of the duty.

You are not cold egoists. On the contrary you are irritated—whether against yourselves or against your children I shall not venture to ascertain. However, you have proved capable of taking to your hearts your failure and of being profoundly grieved by it!

"And so, let God help you in your determination to correct your failure. Seek love, and store love in your hearts. Love is so omnipotent that it even regenerates ourselves. It is only with love, and not with our natural authority over our children that we can buy their hearts. Besides, nature herself, among all our obligations, helps us most in our duties toward children, having so provided that it is impossible not to love them. And how can one fail to love them?—Should we cease to love children, whom then could we love? And what would then become of us?—Recall that it was only for the sake of children, for the sake of their little golden-haired heads, that our Saviour promised us to curtail 'the times and the seasons.' It is for their sake that the suffering in the regeneration of human society into a more perfect one shall be curtailed. Let this perfection come to pass, and let the suffering and perplexities of our civilization come to an end!

"And now you may go,—you are acquitted. . . ."

CHAPTER II

1

Again Segregation. The Eighth Part of Anna Karenina

NOWADAYS, MANY of the educated Russians are wont to say: "What people? I am the people myself!" In the eighth part of *Anna Karenina,* Levin, the beloved hero of the author of the novel, says about himself that ***he himself is the people.*** Some time in the past, speaking of *Anna Karenina,* I have called that Levin "pure in heart Levin." Still adhering to my belief in the purity of his heart, I do not believe that he is "the people." On the contrary, at present I perceive that he, too, is ardently seeking segregation. I became convinced of this after reading this eighth part of *Anna Karenina* about which I began to speak in the opening pages of the current July-August issue of my *Diary.*

It stands to reason that Levin, as a matter of fact, is not an actually existing person but merely a fiction of the novelist. Nevertheless that novelist, a man of immense talent, endowed with a considerable intellect and very much respected by educated Russia, —that novelist portrays in this ideal, *i.e.,* in a fictitious character,

partly also his own view of our contemporary Russian reality,—which is clear to anyone who has read this remarkable work. Thus, when dwelling upon the nonexistent Levin, we shall thereby dwell upon the actual view of current Russian life of one of the most noted contemporary Russian men. This is a momentous subject for discussion even in our thunderous epoch permeated with so many colossal, horrible and quickly shifting events.

This view of so renowned a Russian writer, precisely on a matter of so considerable interest to all Russians as the all-Russian national movement of the past two years in connection with the "Eastern question," is comprehensively and finally revealed in this eighth and last part of his work, which was rejected by the editor of *The Russian Messenger* as a result of his disagreement with the convictions of the author, and which recently was published in separate book form. The substance of this view, as I understood it, mainly comes down to this: First, that the so-called national movement is by no means shared by our people, who do not even understand it. Second, that all this was deliberately fabricated in the beginning by certain individuals; that subsequently it has received the support of journalists prompted by motives of profit—to have their periodicals read. Third, that all volunteers were either lost men, or drunkards, or else—simply stupid fellows. Fourth, that this whole so-called enthusiasm of the Russian national spirit in support of the Slavs not only has been fabricated by certain individuals and supported by mercenary journalists, but that it has been counterfeited contrary to, so to speak, our fundamental principles; and Fifth, that all the barbarities and unheard-of tortures perpetrated against the Slavs are incapable of inciting in us Russians an immediate sentiment of compassion, and that "such an immediate feeling for the oppression of the Slavs *does not and cannot exist*." The latter is expressed finally and categorically.

Thus "the pure in heart Levin" has embarked upon a segregation, deviating from the overwhelming mass of the Russians. However, his view is neither novel nor original. It would have been quite useful and much to the taste of many people in Petersburg who last winter reasoned along the same lines. They were socially rather prominent men, and it is to be regretted that the book has appeared somewhat belatedly.

What has caused such a gloomy segregation in Levin and such a gruff deviation on his part I cannot determine. True, he is an ardent, "restless" man, addicted to all-embracing analysis, and, strictly speaking, a man who does not believe anything within himself. Nevertheless, he is a man "pure in heart." This I maintain—even though it is difficult to conceive by what mysterious, and at

times ridiculous, paths a most unnatural, a most artificial and ugly feeling may penetrate the sincerest and purest heart. However, I may also remark that although many people assert—and as stated above, I clearly perceive it myself—that in the person of Levin the author in many respects expresses his own convictions and views, thrusting them into Levin's mouth almost forcibly, sometimes obviously even sacrificing the artistic element, nevertheless I am by no means confounding the person of Levin, as portrayed by the author, with the person of the author himself. I am saying this in a state of a somewhat bitter perplexity, since although much of what the author expresses in the person of Levin obviously concerns only the latter, as an artistically delineated character, nevertheless this is not what I had expected from such an author.

2

Confessions of a Slavophile

Yes, not this. Here I am compelled to express some of my feelings, notwithstanding the fact that when I began to publish my *Diary* last year I made up my mind that literary criticism would have no place in it. But I shall reveal the feelings of a non-critic even though apropos of a literary production.

In fact, I am writing a *Diary, i.e.,* I am recording my impressions apropos of everything that strikes me most in current events. This is why, for some reason, I prescribe for myself an artificial obligation to conceal, *quand-même,* perhaps the strongest impressions I experience only on the grounds that they pertain to Rusian literature. Of course, at the bottom of this decision there was also a correct thought, nevertheless a literal adherence to it is incorrect. This I see, for the reason itself that this is but the letter of the proposition. Besides, the literary work, on which thus far I have kept silent, to me is no longer simply a literary product, but a whole *fact* bearing a different significance.

Perhaps I shall express myself too naïvely; still I venture to say this: this fact of an impression from a novel, from fiction, from a poem, last spring coincided in my soul with the enormous fact of the declaration of the current war. And both facts, both impressions, have found in my mind a real mutual connection and a point of mutual contact which, to me, is striking. Instead of laughing at me, you had better listen to me.

In many respects I hold Slavophile convictions, even though I am not quite a Slavophile. In Russia, Slavophiles up to the present are conceived differently. To some people, even in our day, much

as in the past,—for instance, to Bielinsky—the Slavophile doctrine signifies nothing but kvas and radish. *Actually* Bielinsky did not go beyond this conception of it. To others (and let me note to a great many, almost to the majority of the Slavophiles themselves) it means the desire to liberate and unite all the Slavs under the sovereign rule of Russia—a rule which may not even be strictly political.

Finally, to others still, the Slavophile doctrine, in addition to that assimilation of the Slavs under the rule of Russia, signifies and comprises a spiritual union of all those who believe that our great Russia, at the head of the united Slavs, will utter to the world, to the whole of European mankind and to civilization, her new, sane and as yet unheard-of word. That word will be uttered for the good and genuine unification of mankind as a whole in a new, brotherly, universal union whose inception is derived from the Slavic genius, pre-eminently from the spirit of the great Russion people who have suffered so long, who during so many centuries have been doomed to silence, but who have always possessed great powers for clarifying and settling many bitter and fatal misunderstandings of Western European civilization. Now, I belong to this group of the convinced and the believing.

Again, in this connection there is nothing to banter and laugh at: these are old words and an old faith, and the fact itself that this faith does not die and that these words continue to sound, that on the contrary they grow increasingly stronger, that they expand, acquiring new partisans, new convinced workers,—this fact alone should finally compel adversaries and mockers of this *doctrine* to envisage it at least a little more seriously and to abandon vain and ossified animosity against it. But for the time being enough has been said.

The point is that last spring our great war for the great exploit began. Sooner or later, despite all temporary reverses postponing the settlement of the matter, this exploit will be brought to an end, even though specifically during the present war it may not prove possible to carry it to its full and desired conclusion. This exploit is so great, and the aim of the war is so incredible to Europe, that of course she must be indignant over our *cunning*, she must disbelieve the declarations which we made when beginning the war, and she must in every way, by all means, harm us, and by allying herself with our enemy—though not through an open, formal political accord—struggle against us, even if only clandestinely, in anticipation of an open war. And all this, it goes without saying, is the result of our declared intentions and aims!

"The great Eastern eagle, shining with his two wings on the

peaks of Christianity, soared over the world." He seeks no conquest or acquisition, no expansion of his borders; but the liberation of the oppressed and the downtrodden, giving them new life for their benefit and that of mankind. For, no matter how one may reason, no matter how sceptically one may view the matter,—essentially, such is our aim, and it is this that Europe refuses to believe. And I assure you that Europe fears not so much the possible growth of Russia's strength as she fears the fact that Russia is capable of undertaking such tasks. This you should particularly bear in mind. To undertake something not for one's direct benefit seems to Europe so unusual, so in discord with international customs, that Russia's act is naturally regarded by Europe not only as the barbarity of "a backward, bestial and unenlightened nation" capable of *vileness and stupidity,* of embarking in our age upon something on the order of the crusades of the dark ages, but even as a most immoral fact fraught with danger to Europe and supposedly threatening her great civilization.

Look, who in Europe likes us, especially at present?—Even our *friends*—our notorious formal friends, so to speak—even they candidly announce that they are *glad of our reverses.* A defeat of the Russians, to them, is more delightful than their victories: it cheers them, flatters them. However, in the event of our success, these friends have already agreed to exert all efforts to derive from it more benefits than Russia herself might derive. . . .

But this, too, is to be discussed later. I began to speak principally about the impression which last spring, after the declaration of war, must have been felt by all those who believe in the great, universal significance of Russia. This unheard-of war for the weak and the oppressed, for the sake of giving them life and liberty—and not for the purpose of usurping them,—this aim of the war, long unheard-of in the world, suddenly became to all of us who believe in Russia a fact significantly and solemnly reaffirming our faith. This was no longer a dream, a conjecture, but a reality *which began to come true.* "Once it begins to come true, it must come to an end, to that great, new word which Russia, heading the Slavic union, will utter to Europe. And even that word is already about to reveal itself, despite the fact that Europe still does not understand and will long refuse to believe it. All this is in full accord with the things which the believers have been maintaining."—Yes, the impression was a solemn and significant one, and of course the faith of the believers must have been still more tempered and strengthened.

However, so grave was the matter that even in the minds of the believers disturbing questions began to arise: "Russia and

Europe! Russia draws her sword against the Turks; yet, who knows, she may come to blows with Europe.—Wouldn't this be too early? A conflict with Europe is something different from a conflict with the Turks, and it must come to pass not through the sword alone." —This is what the believers have always understood. But are we ready for that other conflict?—True, the word already began to reveal itself; even so, leaving Europe aside,—does everybody understand it in Russia? Now, we, the believers, are prophesying, for instance, that only Russia possesses those elements which are capable of solving the fatal all-European problem of the small fry, without battle and blood, with neither hatred nor spite, but that Russia will utter that word when Europe is already stained with blood, since prior to that no one in Europe would hear our word; even should they hear it, they would altogether fail to understand it.

Yes, we, the believers, believe in this. Meanwhile, what do our own Russians in Russia answer?—We are told that these are but ecstatic conjectures, convulsionism, mad dreams, fits. We are asked for proofs, firm indications and accomplished facts. At present to what shall we point in corroboration of our prophecies? To the liberation of the peasants,—to a fact which is still so little understood by us as a measure of the manifestation of Russian spiritual strength?—To the innateness in us and naturalness of our brotherhood, which in our day is clearly brought to light, emerging from everything that for centuries has been keeping it down, despite the litter and filth which it encounters, which smear and distort its features to the point of unrecognizability? But suppose we should point to these facts: we should again be told that they all are convulsionism, mad dreams, and not facts at all; that they are being interpreted differently and confusedly, and that, as yet, they can serve as a proof of nothing.

This is what virtually everybody would tell us. And yet we who understand ourselves so little and who have so little faith in ourselves—we come in conflict with Europe! Europe—but it is a dreadful and sacred thing—Europe! Oh, do you know, gentlemen, how this very Europe, this "land of sacred miracles," is dear to us, Slavophile dreamers,—according to you, haters of Europe! Do you know how these "miracles" are dear to us; how we love and revere with a stronger than brotherly feeling, those great nations inhabiting her, all the great and the beautiful which they have created! Do you know what tears we shed, what pangs of the heart we feel when we suffer and fret over the destinies of that dear and *kindred* land of ours; how the dark clouds, overcasting more and more its horizon, frighten us!—Never did you, gentlemen—our Europeans and Westerners—love Europe as strongly as we love her,

we—Slavophile dreamers and, according to you—her inveterate enemies!

Nay, that land is dear to us; dear is the peaceful victory of the great Christian spirit preserved in the East. . . . And in our fear of colliding with Europe in the course of the present war, we are more than anything else afraid of the possibility that Europe may not understand us, that even as heretofore, as always, she may face us with haughtiness and contempt, with her sword, still as wild barbarians unworthy to speak in her presence.

Yes, we have asked ourselves, what should we tell her, what should we show her so that she might understand us? Apparently, we still have so little of anything which is *intelligible* to her and for which she can respect us.—Our fundamental key idea, our emerging "new word"—she will not understand for a long, long time. She needs intelligible facts *now,* intelligible from her *present* point of view. She will ask us: "Where is your civilization? Does one perceive harmony of your economic forces in that chaos which we all see in Russia? Where is *your* science, *your* art, *your* literature?"

3

Anna Karenina as a Fact of Special Significance

And it was precisely at that time, *i.e.,* last spring, one evening, that I happened to meet in the street one of our writers most beloved by me. We meet very rarely, once in several months, and always accidentally, mostly in the street. He is one of the most eminent members of that group of five or six of our belles-lettrists whom in their conjunction, for some reason, people are used to call "the Pleiad." At least, critics, after the public, have specially segregated them from the rest of the belles-lettrists; this has been in effect for some time—the same group of five, and "the Pleiad" does not increase in number.

I like to meet this kind romancer of whom I am so fond, and it gives me pleasure to prove to him, among other things, that I flatly refuse to believe he has grown antiquated—as he maintains—and that he is not going to write anything else. From my brief conversation with him I always carry away some fine, perspicacious word.

That time there were plenty of topics for conversation: the war had already begun. But at once and directly he turned to *Anna Karenina.* I had just then finished reading the seventh part, with which the novel came to a close in *The Russian Messenger.* In his appearance, my interlocutor is not an enthusiastic man. But on

that occasion he impressed me with his firmness and ardent insistence upon his opinion of *Anna Karenina*.

"This is an unheard-of, outstanding thing. Who among our writers can match him? And in Europe, who can exhibit at least anything equal to his? Has there been in their literature, in recent years, and long before, a work which would be comparable to his?"

In this verdict—which I fully shared—I was chiefly impressed with the fact that this reference to Europe precisely fitted in with the questions and perplexities which, at that time, arose of their own accord in the minds of so many people. The book in my opinion directly assumed the proportions of a fact capable of giving Europe an answer on our behalf, of that long-sought fact which we could point out to Europe. Of course, people will start vociferating scoffingly that this is only literature, a novel of some kind; that it is ridiculous to exaggerate so greatly and appear in Europe with nothing but a novel. I know that people will vociferate and laugh, but this doesn't trouble me: I am not exaggerating and I am looking at things soberly. I know myself that, as yet, this is but a novel; that this is but a drop of what is needed; however, to my way of thinking the principal thing is that this drop already exists, it is given, it is here in reality and in truth. Therefore, if it exists; if Russian genius has proved capable of generating this *fact,* it is not doomed to impotence; it can create; it can give something which is its *own;* it can originate its *own* and finish uttering it when the times and the seasons come to pass.

Besides, this is far from being only a drop. Here, too, I am not exaggerating: I am fully aware of the fact that not only in some individual member of the Pleiad, but in the Pleiad as a whole, strictly speaking, you will not find that which is called ingenious, creative force. In all our literature there have been but three unquestioned men of genius with an unquestioned "new word"—Lomonosov, Pushkin and partly Gogol. And this whole Pleiad (including the author of *Anna Karenina*) emerged directly from Pushkin, one of Russia's greatest men, who, however, is still far from being understood and explained.

In Pushkin there are two principal, or guiding, ideas, and both comprise the symbol of the whole future character, of the whole future mission of Russia, and, therefore,—of our whole future destiny. The first idea is the *universality* of Russia, her responsiveness and actual, unquestioned and most profound kinship with the geniuses of all ages and nations of the world. This thought was expressed by Pushkin not as a mere suggestion, doctrine or theory; not as a dream or prophecy, but it was *actually* fulfilled by him, embodied forever in his ingenious creations and proved by the

latter. He was a man of the ancient world; he was a German; he was an Englishman, profoundly cognizant of his genius, of the anguish of his aspirations (*Feast During the Plague*), and he was also the poet of the East. He said and proclaimed to all these peoples that Russian genius knew them, understood them,—was contiguous with them, that, as a kinsman, it could fully *reincarnate* itself in them; that universality was given only to the Russian spirit —the future mission to comprehend and to unite all the different nationalities, eliminating all their contradictions.

Pushkin's second idea is his turn toward the people, his sole reliance upon their strength; his covenant that in the people, and only in them, we shall fully discover our Russian genius and the cognizance of its destiny. And again, not only did Pushkin point this out, but he was the first actually to achieve it. It was with him that in Russia began the conscious turn toward the people, which was unthinkable before him, ever since the time of Peter's reform. All our present-day Pleiad has been laboring pursuant to his dictates, and after Pushkin it has uttered nothing *new*. All embryos were in him, and were indicated by him. Besides, the Pleiad has elaborated only the tiniest part of the things indicated by Pushkin. As against this, they elaborated that which they did with such opulence of power, with such depth and precision that Pushkin, of course, would have recognized them.

It stands to reason that *Anna Karenina,* in its idea, is not a new or unheard-of thing in Russia. On the contrary we could directly point out to Europe that its source is Pushkin, himself the brightest, firmest and most undeniable proof of the independence of Russian genius and its right to the greatest, most universal, pan-human and all-assimilating significance in the fuutre. (Alas, no matter how much we might point out, our writers would not be read in Europe for a long time to come; and even should the Europeans start reading them, they would not understand and prize them. In fact, they are altogether unable to prize them, not because of the paucity of their intellectual faculties, but because we constitute to them a wholly different world, as if we had descended from the moon, so that it is even difficult for them to admit our very existence. All this I know, and I speak of "pointing out to Europe" only as my own conviction of our right to our independence in the face of Europe.)

Nevertheless *Anna Karenina,* as an artistic production, is perfect. It has appeared at an opportune moment, and in our epoch no work in European belles-lettres can compare with it. Secondly, by its idea, the novel is something inherently ours, our *own,* specifically something constituting our Russian peculiarity as distin-

guished from the European world, our national "new word," or, at least, its beginning—precisely such a word as one doesn't hear in Europe, which, however, she needs so badly, despite all her haughtiness.

I am unable to embark here upon literary criticism, and will merely say a few words.

In *Anna Karenina* is expressed a view of human guilt and criminality. People are portrayed in abnormal circumstances. Evil existed before them. Caught in the whirl of deceit, people commit crime and fatally perish. It will be perceived that this is a thought dealing with the most beloved and antiquated European themes. However, how is this problem solved in Europe? Everywhere in Europe it is solved in a twofold manner.

First solution: The law has been laid down, framed, formulated and conceived during millennia. Evil and good are defined, weighed, measured, and their degrees have been historically ascertained by the sages of mankind by means of uninterrupted training of the human soul and highly scientific elaboration of the extent of the cohesive force of human intercourse. It is ordered to abide blindly by this enacted code. He who fails to abide by it, he who violates it, pays for it with his freedom, his property, his life, pays literally and inhumanly. "I know"—says their own civilization—"that this is blind, cruel, impossible, since a final formula of behavior cannot be elaborated while mankind is still in the middle of the road; however, since there is no other solution, one has to abide by the written code,—abide literally and inhumanly; without this it would be worse. At the same time, despite all the abnormality and absurdity of the organization which we call the great European civilization, let the forces of the human spirit be healthy and intact; let not society be shaken in its belief that it is headed for perfection; let it not dare to think that the ideal of the beautiful and the lofty has been dimmed; that the conceptions of good and evil are being distorted and twisted; that normality is continually replaced by conventionalism; that simplicity and naturalness are perishing, being continually suppressed by accumulating deceit!"

The second solution is the reverse: "Inasmuch as society is abnormally organized, it is impossible to make the human entity responsible for its consequences. Therefore, the criminal is irresponsible, and at present crime does not exist. To overcome crime and human guilt, it is necessary to overcome the abnormality of society and its structure. Since it takes long to cure the existing order of things, and besides, inasmuch as no medicine has been discovered, it is necessary to destroy society *in toto* and to sweep away the old order, as it were with a broom. After that everything has to be

started anew, upon different foundations, which are still unknown, but which nevertheless cannot be worse than the existing order and which, contrariwise, comprise many chances for success. The main hope is in science."

Such, then, is the second solution: people are looking forward to the future ant-hill, and meanwhile the world will be stained with blood. No other solutions of guilt and human delinquency are being offered by the Western European world.

However, in the Russian author's approach to culpability and human delinquency it is clearly revealed that no ant-hill, no triumph of "the fourth estate," no elimination of poverty, no organization of labor will save mankind from abnormality, and therefore,—from guilt and criminality. This is expressed in an immense psychological analysis of the human soul, with tremendous depth and potency, with a realism of artistic portrayal hitherto unknown in Russia. It is clear and intelligible to the point of obviousness that evil in mankind is concealed deeper than the physician-socialists suppose; that in no organization of society can evil be eliminated; that the human soul will remain identical; that abnormality and sin emanate from the soul itself, and finally, that the laws of the human spirit are so unknown to science, so obscure, so indeterminate and mysterious, that, as yet, there can neither be physicians nor *final* judges, but that there is only He who saith: "Vengeance belongeth unto me; I will recompense." He alone knows the *whole* mystery of the world and man's ultimate destiny. And man, as yet, with the pride of infallibility, should not venture to solve anything—the times and the seasons have not yet come. The human judge himself must know that he is not the final judge; that he himself is a sinner; that in his hands—scales and measures will be an absurdity, *if* holding the scales and the measures he fails to submit to the law of the still insoluble mystery and to resort to the only solution—to Mercy and Love. And that man should not perish in despair of the ignorance of his paths and destinies, of the conviction of the mysterious and fatal inevitability of evil, he has been given a solution. It is cleverly traced by the poet in the ingenious scene of the penultimate part of the novel,—in the scene of the mortal illness of the heroine, when criminals and enemies are suddenly transformed into superior beings, into brothers, who have forgiven each other everything; beings who by mutual all-forgiveness, have removed from themselves deceit, guilt and crime, and thereby at once acquitted themselves with full cognizance of the fact that they have become entitled to acquittal.

But later, at the end of the novel, in a dark and dreadful picture of the degradation of the human spirit, traced step by step,

in the delineation of that fatal condition when evil, having taken possession of man binds his every move, paralyzes every desire of resistance, every thought, every wish to combat darkness, invading the soul, which deliberately, with delight, with a passion for vengeance, is conceived by the soul as light,—in that picture there is so much edification for the human judge, for him who holds the scales and the measures that, of course, he will exclaim with fear and perplexity: "Nay, it is not always that vengeance belongeth unto me, and not always I who shall recompense." And he will not cruelly accuse the gloomily fallen criminal of having neglected the light of the solution,—always pointed out to him—and of having *deliberately* rejected it. At least, the human judge will not cling to the letter of the law.

If we possess literary works of such power of thought and execution, why couldn't we *later* have *our own* science, our economic and social solutions? Why does Europe deny us independence, *our own* word?—These questions arise of their own accord. Indeed, one cannot presume the ridiculous thought that nature has bestowed upon us merely literary gifts. All the rest is a matter of history, of circumstances and of conditions of time. Thus, at least, our Europeans should be reasoning in anticipation of the judgment of the European Europeans. . . .

4

A Landowner Procuring Faith in God from a Peasant

Now that I have expressed my feelings, perhaps it will be understood how I was affected by the apostasy of such an author, by his segregation from the all-Russian great cause, and his paradoxical untruth attributed by him to the people in his ill-starred eighth part of the novel, separately published by him. He simply robs the people of everything that is most sacred to them, depriving them of the principal sense of their life. It would have been far more agreeable to him should our people everywhere fail to rise with their hearts in defense of their brethren oppressed for their faith. It is only in this sense that he denies a fact despite its obviousness.

Of course, all this is merely expressed by the fictitious character of the novel; yet, I repeat, the author himself is too clearly visible by his side. True, this is a sincere book, and the author speaks from his heart. Even the most ticklish things (and in the book there are ticklish things) are fitted into it, as if by chance, so that despite all their ticklishness, you accept them at their face value without admitting the possibility of any crookedness in them.

Even so, I do not regard this book as such an innocent one. Naturally, at present it exercises—and can exercise—no influence whatever, save, perhaps, that it might once more sound as a "yea" to a certain secluded group. But the fact that such an author writes thus is very sad. This is sad for the future. But I had better get to business: I mean to object and to state precisely what has struck me.

First, however, I shall deal with Levin—obviously, the principal hero of the novel: in him the positive element is expressed in opposition, as it were, to those abnormalities which caused ruin and suffering to the other characters of the novel. Apparently, Levin was intended by the author to express all this. And yet, Levin is still not perfect; he still lacks something. This should have been dealt with and settled so as to eliminate all doubts and questions as to who Levin is. The reader will later understand why I am dwelling on this and why I am not turning directly to the main subject.

Levin is happy. The novel winds up with his glorification, but still he lacks inner, spiritual peace. He is tormented with the eternal problems confronting mankind: of God, eternal life, good and evil, and the like. He suffers because he is an agnostic and because he is unable to be appeased with the things which appease everybody, *i.e.*, with personal benefit, self-adoration, or worship of one's own ideals, ambition, etc. This is a sign of magnanimity—is it not? But nothing less could have been expected of Levin. By the way, it appears that he is well-read; he is familiar with the works of philosophers, positivists and simple naturalists. But nothing satisfies him. On the contrary, he becomes more confused, so that in his leisure hours, when he is not occupied with husbandry, he seeks refuge in woods and groves; he even prizes his Kitty less than she deserves.

And, unexpectedly, he meets a peasant, who, speaking about two morally different peasants, Mitiukha and Fokanych, expresses himself thus·

"How can Mitiukha fail to get what's due him! He'll bring pressure and collect his due. He has no pity for a peasant. But Uncle Fokanych,—is he going to skin a fellow? Now he'll grant a loan; now he'll let it go. This way, at times, he fails to collect his due in full, 'cause he's human."

"Why should he let it go?"

"No matter. See,—people are different: one fellow lives for no other purpose than his needs; take Mituikha, for one; he stuffs his belly—that's all. But Fokanych is a truthful old man. He lives for his soul, he remembers God."

"What do you mean 'remembers God'? How does he live for his soul?" Levin almost shrieked.

"Why, that's simple:—according to truth, in God-like manner. People are different . . . You for one, you'll not harm a man."

"Yes, yes! So long!"—muttered Levin, losing his breath from emotion, and turning away, he took his cane and speedily went home.

However, again he ran to the forest, lay down under aspens and began to think almost in a state of rapture. The word has been found; all the eternal riddles have been solved,—and this by a simple peasant's word: "To live for one's soul; to remember God." Of course, the peasant has told him nothing new; he has known this for a long time. Nevertheless the peasant led his thought and prompted the decision at the most ticklish moment.

Then there ensues a series of Levin's deliberations which are quite correct and pointedly expressed. This is the thought: Why should one seek with the intellect that which is already given by life itself, that with which every man is born, and by which (even against his will) every man abides and must abide? Every man is born with conscience, with the conception of good and evil; therefore he is born with a direct aim in life—to live for the good and to abhor the evil. With this the peasant and the master, the Frenchman, the Russian, the Turk are born—they all revere the good (N. B. although many in an awfully peculiar manner of their own). And I—says Levin—sought to perceive all this through mathematics, science, reason; or else—I was waiting for a miracle, whereas this was given me gratuitously,—it was born with me. And there is direct proof that it was given gratuitously: everybody in the world understands, or is able to understand that: *"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."* Essentially, this knowledge comprises man's whole *law*, and so it was enunciated to us by Christ Himself. And yet this knowledge is innate; therefore, it is given gratuitously, since reason under no circumstance could have given it.—Why?—Because to "love one's neighbor," from the standpoint of reason, is unreasonable.

"Whence did I get this?"—Levin asks himself—"Was it by reason that I arrived at the conclusion that one has to love his neighbor and not oppress him?—This I was told in my childhood, and I *believed it gladly*, because I was told that which was in my soul. And who revealed it?—Not reason. Reason discovered the struggle for existence and the law requiring that everybody who hinders the satisfaction of my desires should be oppressed. Such is

the inference of reason. But to love one's neighbor could not have been conceived by reason since this is unreasonable."

Furthermore, the recent scene with the children came to Levin's mind. The children began to roast raspberries in cups, over lighted candles, pouring milk, as from a fountain, into their mouths. The mother, having caught them in *flagrante delicto,* began to reprimand them, explaining that if they should spoil the plates and dishes and spill the milk, there would be neither vessels nor milk. Apparently, however, the children did not believe it, because they were unable to conceive "the full extent of that which they enjoyed, and therefore they were unable to understand that that which they were destroying was the very thing by which they lived."

"This comes of its own accord"—so they reasoned—"there is nothing interesting or important in this, since this has always existed and always will exist. And everything is always the same. We don't have to think about it; all this is ready. But we want to invent something which is ours, something new. And so we thought of putting the raspberries into a cup and roasting them over a candle, pouring milk, as from a fountain, straight into our mouths. This is merry and new, and in no sense worse than drinking from a cup."

"Aren't we doing the same thing; wasn't I doing it, when I was endeavoring to discover through reason the meaning of the forces of nature and the sense of man's life?"—continued Levin.

"And aren't all philosophical theories doing the same thing when they seek to lead man, by means of strange reasoning, unnatural to him, to the knowledge of that which he has known long before, with such certainty that he could not have lived without it? Isn't it clear in the exposition of the doctrine of every philosopher that he knows in advance, as indubitably as the peasant Fedor,—and in no way more clearly than he—the principal meaning of life; and that he merely seeks to return by a doubtful rational path to that which is known to everybody?

"Now, what if children be let loose so that they may buy things themselves, manufacture plates and dishes, milk cows, and so forth? Would they engage in mischief?—Why, they would die of hunger. Well, what if we be let loose, with our passions, thoughts, bereft of the conception of the one God and Creator! Or without the conception of what is good, without the explanation of moral evil!

"Well, try to build something without these conceptions! We are merely destroying, because spiritually we are satiated. Precisely —children!"

In a word, doubts are dissipated and Levin begins to believe.

—In what? As yet, he has not strictly ascertained this, but he believes. However, is this faith? Joyously he puts this question to himself: "Is it possible that this is faith?"—Presumably not. Moreover: men such as Levin can hardly possess final faith. Levin likes to call himself "the people," but he is a nobleman's son, a Moscow nobleman's son, of the middle-upper stratum whose historian Count Tolstoy pre-eminently has been.

Even though the peasant has told Levin nothing new, nevertheless he has suggested an idea, and with this idea faith has begun. This alone should have demonstrated to Levin that he was not quite "the people," and that he had no right to speak thus about himself: "I myself am the people." But this I shall leave for further discussion. I merely wish to say that men like Levin, no matter how long they be living amidst, or side by side with, the people, never will fully become the people. Moreover, in many ways they will never understand the people at all. Self-conceit, or an act of will—besides, so whimsical a will—is not enough to become the people of one's volition. Let him be a landowner, an industrious landowner; let him be familiar with peasants' pursuits; let him mow and know how to yoke horses to a cart; let him know that fresh cucumbers are served with honey. All the same, hard as he may try, there will remain in his soul a shade of what I believe may be denoted as *sauntering*, that very sauntering—physical and spiritual—which, much as he may resist it, was bequeathed to him, and which, of course, the people perceive in every nobleman, as, fortunately, they do not see things with our eyes.

However, this too comes later. And he will again destroy his faith; he will destroy it himself; it will not persist long: some new twig will appear, and at once everything will fall apart. Kitty started to walk and stumbled. Now, why did she stumble? If she stumbled, this means that she could not have not stumbled; it is only too clear that she stumbled for such and such a reason. It is clear that in this case everything depended upon laws which may be strictly ascertained. And if this be so, this means that science governs everything. Where, then, is Providence? What is its role? Where is man's responsibility? And if there is no Providence, how can I believe in God? And so on, and so forth. Take a straight line and extend it into infinity. In a word, this honest soul is a most idle, chaotic soul, otherwise he wouldn't have been a contemporary Russian educated nobleman, and besides, of the middle-upper stratum of the nobility.

This he brilliantly proves, hardly later than an hour after the acquisition of faith; he argues that the people do not at all feel that which men in general are capable of feeling; with one stroke

he destroys the soul of the people in a most willful manner. Moreover, he announces that he has no pity for human suffering. He proclaims that "no immediate feeling of compassion for the oppressed Slavs exists or can exist," *i.e.,* not only in him, but in all Russians. "I am, so to speak, the people." Indeed, they value the Russian people much too cheaply. Well, they are old appraisers. Hardly an hour had elapsed after the acquisition of faith, when raspberries again started roasting over the candle.

CHAPTER III

1

Irritability of Amour-Propre

CHILDREN CAME running in and announced to Levin that guests had arrived. "One of them swings his arms this way." It developed that guests had come from Moscow. Levin seated them under the trees; honey and fresh cucumbers were served to them, and the guests at once embarked upon honey and the Eastern question.

All this, you see, dates back to last year. You recall: Cherniaiev, the volunteers, donations. Conversation promptly flares up because everybody is irresistibly attracted toward the main subject. Aside from the ladies, the interlocutors are: first, a Moscow professor, a nice but somewhat stupid fellow. Then comes a man (he is portrayed for this specific purpose) of enormous intellect and learning—Sergei Ivanovich Koznyshev, Levin's half-brother, by the same mother. This character is skillfully delineated in the novel, and, at length, he becomes intelligible (a man of the Forties). Sergei Ivanovich has just thrown himself—altogether and with zeal —into the Slavic work. The Committee has conferred upon him so many tasks that, recalling last summer, it is difficult to imagine how he could leave the work and go to the country for two whole weeks. True, if he had not come, there would have been no conversation at the apiary about the popular movement, and consequently,—there would have been no eighth part of the novel, which was written exclusively for this conversation.

You see, this Sergei Ivanovich, some two or three months prior to that, had published in Moscow some learned book on Russia, a book on which he had worked long and in which he had placed much hope. The book, however, proved to be a failure, and a shameful failure. No one said anything about it and it passed

unnoticed. At this juncture Sergei Ivanovich embarked upon the Slavic work with such zeal as could not have been expected from him. Thus it appears that he embarked upon it unnaturally: his whole enthusiasm for the Slavs was but an *ambition rentrée,* and one feels that Levin cannot fail to be a victor over such a man. In the previous parts of the novel Sergei Ivanovich is very skillfully portrayed in a comical light. But in the eighth part it becomes quite clear that he has been conceived solely for the purpose of serving at the end of the novel as a pedestal for Levin's greatness. Still this character is delineated very successfully.

As against this—the old Prince is one of the least successful characters. He also sits there and talks about the Eastern question. He is unsuccessful throughout the whole novel—not only in the part dealing with the Eastern question. This is one of the positive types designed to express positive beauty,—of course without sinning against realism: he has his weaknesses and almost comic traits, but he is quite respectable. He is the kindhearted character in the novel; he is also the incarnation of common sense; once he starts, he acts like a trained donkey: common sense and nothing but common sense. Nay, there is also humor in him, and, generally, human traits. The funny thing is that this old man is designed to represent wit. Having gone through the school of life, this father of numerous children, although they are well provided for in his old age, views everything around him with the calm smile of a sage,—with a smile, however, which is far from benign and inoffensive. He will give advice, but beware of his *jeu d'esprit*—it is sharp as a razor.

But unexpectedly an unfortunate thing happens: this man designed to act as a wit; this man full of common sense, God knows why, appears not only devoid of wit but is even somewhat trivial. True, he keeps trying—as he does throughout the novel—to say something witty, but absolutely nothing comes of his endeavors. The reader, finally, from delicacy, is ready to accept these attempts at wit, or, so to speak, throes of wit, for wit itself. But much more disappointing is the fact that this very man, in the eighth part of the novel,—true, published separately—expresses ideas which, I concede, though also not witty (in this respect the old Prince is consistent) are cynical and calumnious against a portion of our society and our people. Instead of a kindhearted fellow, there appears some sort of clubman who denies both the Russian people and everything that is good in them; club irritation and senile bile sound in his words. However, the old Prince's political theory is in no sense new. It is a repetition for the hundred thousandth time of what, even without him, we hear every minute: "Here I am"—said the Prince —"I lived abroad, I read the papers, and I confess, prior to the

Bulgarian horrors, I was at a loss to understand why all Russians suddenly grew fond of their Slav brethren, whereas I feel no love for them. I was very grieved to think that I was a monster [this, you see, is a witticism: just fancy, he believes himself to be a monster!], or that Carlsbad affects me this way [double witticism!]. However, having come here, I calmed down [why, certainly!]. I see that, aside from myself, there are people who are interested only in Russia, and not in their Slav brethren."

That's where we perceive real depth! One has to take interest *only* in Russia. So that help given to the Slavs is directly declared to be a non-Russian task. Were he to conceive it to be a Russian task, he would not have said that one has to take interest *only* in Russia, because to take interest in the Slavs would then naturally have signified an interest in Russia and her mission. Thus, the character of the Prince's conception comes down to a narrow understanding of Russian interests. Of course, we have heard these things! A thousand times one may hear them! And in some circles one hears nothing but this!

However, here is something much more malignant. This is a conversation held a few minutes before that. The old Prince asks Sergei Ivanovich:

"'. . . For Christ's sake, explain to me, Sergei Ivanovich, whither are all these volunteers going? With whom do they fight?'

"'With the Turks'—Sergei Ivanovich, smiling, calmly replied.

"'But who has declared war upon the Turks?—Ivan Ivanovich Ragozov and Countess Lydia Ivanovna in company with Madam Staal?'"

[Here we are: he has betrayed himself. You understand that this was the purpose of his questions. Perhaps this is the reason he hastened to come from Carlsbad. But this is a different matter, and the fact that the Prince started talking about this, is, perhaps, even a good thing. Of course, this idea, too, is not new, but why is it reiterated?—Last winter quite a few people—those who needed it—kept asserting that somebody in Russia had declared war on the Turks. This was set forth. But this little idea started circulating and returned to its inventors. Since last year no one at all had declared war on the Turks, and such an assertion, to say the least, was an *exaggeration*. True, in the subsequent conversation Sergei Ivanovich gives joking replies, but naïve and honest Levin, like a real *enfant terrible*, directly expresses that which is on the Prince's mind:]

"'No one has declared war; but people sympathize with the sufferings of their neighbors, and they seek to help them'—said Sergei Ivanovich.

" 'But the Prince speaks not of help'—said Levin, taking the side of his father-in-law—'but of war. The Prince says that private people have no right to take part in a war without the permission of the government.'

[Now you see what Levin's concern is? The question is put squarely; besides, it is clarified by the stupid sally of Katavasov. Here is what Levin says further:]

" 'Yes, my theory is this: on the one hand, war is such a beastly, cruel and awful thing that no man, not to speak of a Christian, can assume personal responsibility for its initiation; this may be done only by a government which is instituted therefor and which is led to war inevitably. On the other hand, according to both science and common sense, in state affairs, especially in the matter of war, citizens renounce their personal will.'

"Sergei Ivanovich and Katavasov, with ready objections, started speaking at the same time.

" 'But that's the point, my dear, that there may be cases when the government does not comply with the will of the citizens, and then society declares its will'—said Katavasov.

"Sergei Ivanovich, however, apparently, did not approve this objection."

In a word it is pointed out, and insisted upon, that last year somebody in Russia, disregarding the government, declared war on the Turks. Levin, with his intellect, could have guessed that Katavasov was a little fool; that Katavasovs may be found everywhere; that last year's movement was precisely opposite to Katavasov's ideas, since it was Russian, national, genuinely our movement, and not a game in some sort of opposition. But Levin insists on his own ideas; he pushes his accusation to the end. Not truth is dear to him but that which he has invented. Here are the arguments with which he winds up his thoughts on the subject:

". . . He [Levin] spoke, much as Mikhailych and the people who expressed their thought in the legend about the summoning of the Varangians: 'Rule over us and take possession of us. We gladly promise full obedience. We assume all labors, humiliations and sacrifices. But we shall not judge and render decisions.' And at present the people, according to Sergei Ivanovich, have *renounced this right which was bought at such a high price.* He also meant to say that if public opinion is an infallible judge, why, then, are revolutions and the Commune not as lawful as the movement in support of the Slavs?"

Do you hear? And no considerations will lead these gentlemen astray—no facts no matter how obvious. I have already said that it would have been better had the Prince and Levin refrained from

such accusations. But who doesn't see that in one of them there is insulted *amour-propre,* while the other is a paradoxicalist. However, perhaps also in Levin there is piqued *amour-propre,* since no one knows what may suddenly pique man's vanity!

And yet it is clear that the accusation is nonsensical; besides, there can be no such accusation because it cannot exist. The facts were altogether different.

TOUT CE QUI N'EST PAS EXPRESSEMENT PERMIS EST DÉFENDU[1]

War on Turkey was declared last year not by or in Russia, but in Slavic countries by the ruling princes, *i.e.,* sovereigns—Prince Milan of Serbia and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro—who took up arms against Turkey because of the unheard-of persecutions, barbarities, plunder and massacres of her Slavic subjects, including Herzegovinans, who were compelled by these bestialities to rise against their oppressors. The incredible tortures and massacres to which Herzegovinans had been subjected became known in Europe. The news about these horrors also spread in Russia—first among the educated public, and later—among the people. Because it was incredible this news spread everywhere. Information was received that hundreds of thousands of human beings—old men, pregnant women, forsaken children, were leaving their homes, fleeing from Turkey to the bordering countries, anywhere, deprived of bread, shelter, clothing, driven by extreme fear and the instinct of self-preservation. The princes, the Church and its dignitaries raised their voices in defense of the unfortunate ones and began to collect alms for them. Our people, too, started sending them donations; contributions to specific centers—editorial offices of magazines, branches of the former Slavic Committees—and in this there was nothing unlawful, anti-governmental or immoral. On the contrary, it may be boldly asserted that in this there was nothing but good.

As to the Slavic princes who had started war against Turkey, neither Russia nor anyone in Russia was guilty of that. True, one of these ruling princes, namely, Prince Milan of Serbia, was not entirely independent; on the contrary, he owed the Sultan a certain vassal subordination so that in one of the Russian newspapers he was bitterly reproached for the fact that he was, so to speak, a rebel. And in order completely to abash him and put him to shame it was stated that he revolted against his "lord." But again, strictly

[1]Everything that is not expressly permitted is prohibited.

speaking, this is Prince Milan's personal affair, for which he alone can be held responsible. Neither Russia, however, nor any one in Russia, declared war last year, and therefore no one sinned against the Sultan.

Meanwhile donations continued to be sent, but this is altogether a different matter. Suddenly, one of the Russian generals, who at the time held no office, not yet an old man, only a major-general, but one with a certain reputation because of his former rather successful military operations in Central Asia, of his own accord, proceeded to Serbia and offered his services to Prince Milan. His offer was accepted and he was enlisted in the service; not, however, as commander-in-chief of the Serbian army, as it was rumored in Russia. This rumor persisted for a long time.

It was at this juncture that Russian volunteers came into being. Unquestionably, however, there were volunteers even before, *i.e.*, before Cherniaiev. Altogether, in the course of the past year, there were not so many volunteers, very few thousands, but they were seen off to Serbia decidedly by all Russia, especially by the people—the real people—and not by *drunkards*, as spiteful Levin particularly insists. He regards the volunteers also as *drunkards*. Yet this wasn't so; the thing did not transpire in some secluded corner: it was known to everybody; everybody could see it and be convinced; *i.e.*, all Russia decided that this was a good cause.

On the part of the people there was revealed so much that was noble, touching and sound, that the whole movement last year by the Russian people in support of the Slavs, unquestionably will remain one of the best pages in their history. However, to defend the people from the Levins; to prove to them that these were not drunkards, not seducers, but, on the contrary, men who knew what they were after,—to prove all this, in my opinion, is quite futile and unnecessary, and moreover, humiliating to the people.

The main point is that all this transpired openly, in everybody's sight. Facts have been reported which were remarkable and characteristic; they were recorded, memorized and will not be forgotten; they can no longer be challenged. But I shall speak about the people later.

As regards volunteers, it should have been expected that in their ranks, side by side with supreme self-sacrifice for one's neighbor (*e.g.*, Kireev), there would be mere boldness, impulse, bravado, and so forth. All this came to pass exactly as it happens always and everywhere. True, no one has as yet counted the number of those tipplers and drunkards, those roving idlers, if such have been among volunteers, who gave their lives there, far away, for a magnanimous cause, so that there is no ground for attacking them so

censoriously, even invectively. However, the assertion that the volunteers of last year were *all* revellers, drunkards and good-for-nothing men is, to say the least, senseless, since—I repeat—the thing transpired not in some remote corner but in full view.

But, at all events, last year positively none of the Russians declared war on a neighboring state, in defiance of the government. Ivan Ivanovich Ragozov and Countess Lydia Ivanovna could not have declared war on the Turks had they even wished to do so. Moreover, they did not rouse the volunteers, they did not lure or hire anyone; everyone went *absolutely* voluntarily,—and this is known to everybody. But they did help the volunteers and, in addition, they did send money to the Slavic countries for the relief of the unfortunate, the exhausted and mutilated; they did help with money the insurgents who rose in defense of the sufferers. This did take place, yes, it did, and was even accompanied with the most ardent wishes that the Turks, the blood-suckers, should break their necks.—Yes, this did take place. But the whole question is whether this is a declaration of war. If it is not,—is it or is it not forbidden by the government, *i.e.,* is it forbidden to help with money those fighting for the Christians and to wish that the Turks should break their necks?—Again, I do not believe at all that this is interdicted, since the matter was an open one, everybody saw, everybody participated, while the volunteers received their foreign passports from the government itself.

However, I do not know; perhaps there is such a law "that private persons have no right to take part in a war without the permission of the government," *i.e.,* that they have no right, without a special permission of the government, to enlist in the service of foreign sovereigns. Perhaps there actually is some such law, a very antiquated one, which has not yet been repealed. But the government itself could have invoked it, so why should Levin worry? What has he got to do with all this? And yet he is worried precisely about this . . .

"Pardon, monsieur, mais il me semble que tout ce qui n'est pas expressement défendu est permis."

"Au contraire, monsieur: tout ce qui n'est pas expressement permis est défendu."

Which means:

"I beg your pardon, sir: it seems to me that everything that is not expressely prohibited is permitted."

"On the contrary, sir, everything that is not expressly permitted is prohibited."

This brief comical conversation of a man of order with a man of disorder took place in France. But this interpreter of order

is appointed to keep order; he is its interpreter and defender; he is the proper person. But what is Levin's concern? What kind of specialist in such a matter is he? He keeps fearing that some kind of a right shouldn't be lost. Meanwhile the whole people, sympathizing with the oppressed Christians, were perfectly aware of the fact that they were right, that they did nothing contrary to the will of their Czar, and that in their hearts they were in accord with him. Yes, the people knew this. Those who were equipping the volunteers thought exactly in the same way. Not one of them consoled himself, even though secretly, with the foolish thought that he was acting against the will of the government. The Czar's word was awaited with patience and great hope; everybody had a presentiment of it, and they were not mistaken in it. In a word, the accusation dealing with the declaration of war is a fantastic one which falls of its own accord, and it cannot be sustained.

But Levin and the Prince themselves exonerate the people from this accusation. They directly deny the participation of the people in the movement of last year. As against this they directly assert that the people understood nothing, could understand nothing; that everything was artificially incited by journalists in order to enlist subscribers; that everything was deliberately fabricated by the Ragozovs, and so on, and so forth.

"'Personal opinions have no significance here'—said Sergei Ivanovich.—'Personal opinions are of no import when all Russia—the people—expressed their will.'

"'I beg your pardon. I don't see it. The people know *absolutely* nothing'—said the Prince.

"'No, papa . . . What do you mean that they know nothing? And Sunday, in church?'—remarked Dolly, who was listening to the conversation.

"'Well, what about Sunday in church? The priest was *ordered* to read. He read it. They *understood nothing;* they sighed as they do *at every sermon*'—the Prince continued. 'Then they were told that a collection was to be taken up in the church for a salutary cause, and they extracted a kopeck and gave it. But for what—*they don't know themselves.*'"

This nonsensical opinion, standing in direct conflict with the facts coming from the Prince, is easily explained: it emanates from one of the former guardians of the people, a former serf-owner who could not—no matter how good he was—help but despise his slaves, and consider himself immeasurably superior to them in understanding. "Well, they sighed a little, and understood nothing." But here is Levin's opinion. He, at least, is not portrayed as a former slave-owner.

" 'I don't have to inquire,'—said Sergei Ivanovich. 'We have seen and see hundreds and hundreds of men who have forsaken everything in order to serve the right cause; they come from every part of Russia, and directly, clearly express their thought and their aim. They bring their pennies, and they tell directly why they do so. What does this mean?'

" 'This means, to my way of thinking'—said Levin, who was growing excited—'that among a people of eighty million there will always be, not hundreds, as at present, but tens of thousands of men *who have lost their social status, reckless people, who are always ready to join a Pugachiov gang,* to head for Khiva, Serbia. . . .'

" 'I am telling you that not hundreds and not the reckless, but the best representatives of the people!'—Sergei Ivanovich said, with irritation as if he were defending the last bit of his property. 'And donations?—Here, the whole people are expressing their will.'

" 'The word "people" is so indeterminate,'—said Levin. 'Volost scribes, teachers of peasant parentage, perhaps one out of a thousand knows what the matter is about. The remaining eighty million, like Mikhailych, not only do not express their will, but they even haven't the slightest conception in what connection they should be expressing it. What right, then, do we have to say that this is the will of the people?' "

And, generally, it should be remarked, once and for all, that the term "the will of the people" in relation to the movement of last year is altogether out of place; it serves nothing because it expresses nothing. Last year it was not the will of the people that manifested itself but, first of all, their great compassion; secondly, their zeal for Christ; thirdly, their own repentance as it were, something on the order of a preparation for the sacrament; truly it could be thus expressed. I shall explain this further, but here I may add that I am very glad to hear Levin utter such expressions about the volunteers of last year as being ready *"to join a Pugachiov gang,"* etc. At least, now I can no longer, under any circumstance, attribute these thoughts to the author. Of this I am very glad since I clearly understand that the author has exercised his rights as an artist: he has felt strongly that the excited hypochondriac Levin, as a character artistically conceived by him, at this moment of the dispute, could not help but fully reveal his disposition, *i.e.*, wind up his comments on the volunteers and the Russian people, who saw them off—with a most insulting invective.

Nevertheless, inasmuch as the people were actually blamed for the movement of last year, and for their stupidity and dullness, and because these accusations were circulated, while the insinuation about the Pugachiov gangs was also ready to spring up,—I shall

venture to explain here, as briefly as possible, how one should understand the riddle of the *consciousness* of our popular movement of last year in support of the Slavs. Since in certain circles this has actually grown into a riddle: "How"—they ask themselves—"how is it possible that the people who only yesterday, for the first time, heard about the Slavs; who know nothing about either geography or history, suddenly begin to rave madly about the Slavs, suddenly take such a liking for them!"

Aside from some specific circles, this theme was seized upon in clubs by gray-headed chaps, like the old Prince; apparently, it also appealed to Levin since it tended to lend support to the explanation he offered concerning the artificial fabrication of the movement by certain persons and for certain aims.

True as against Levin, Sergei Ivanovich is set forth as a defender of the consciousness of the popular movement. But he defends his cause poorly; he also grows excited, and generally, as stated, he is represented in a comical light. And yet the question of the consciousness and lucidity of the popular feeling for the oppressed Christians is so clear; it can be defined so precisely that I could not evade the temptation to explain, how, in my opinion, this matter should be understood in order to avoid confusion and especially *riddles*.

On the Unmistakable Knowledge of the Uneducated and Illiterate Russian People of the Quintessence of the Eastern Question

Since the beginning of the Russian people and their state, ever since the baptism of Russia, pilgrims began to journey to the holy lands—to the Holy Sepulcher, to Athos, etc.

As far back as the time of the Crusades, a Russian superior of a convent went to Jerusalem and was kindly received there by the King of Jerusalem, Baldwin, whom he eloquently depicted in the record of his journey. Thereafter pilgrimages to the East, to the Holy Land, have never ceased up to our days. Even at present among Russian monks in Russia there are quite a few who used to live in Athos. Thus, the backward, wholly illiterate Russian people, *i.e.*, the simplest village peasants, who know nothing about history and geography, are—and for a long time in the past have been—fully aware of the fact that the Holy Land and the local Eastern Christians have been conquered by the impious Mohammedans, the Turks, and that Christians in the whole East have been, and are, enduring a hard and difficult life.

The Russian people with afflicted hearts know this. And such is the Russian popular, historical, trait that the repentant exploits connected with pilgrimages to the Holy Land have always, since ancient times, been held in high esteem by our people. Penniless old men, discharged soldiers, old peasant women, without any knowledge of geography, have left their villages with beggars' sacks on their shoulders, and have reached—true, at times, after many misfortunes—the Holy Land. Upon their return home, the stories of their pilgrimages were reverently listened to.

Generally, stories about "the Divine" are very much liked by the Russian people. Peasants, their children, commoners in cities, even merchants, listen to these stories with fondness and sighs. Here is, for instance, a question: Who has read the *Acta Martyrum?* —Somebody in a monastery; among laymen—some professor as a matter of duty, or some odd old fellow who fasts and attends Vespers. It is even difficult to lay hands on this book: one would have to buy it, but try to borrow it in a parish—you would be refused. And now, would you believe that in the whole of Russia the knowledge of the *Acta Martyrum* is extremely widely diffused,—of course not of the book *in toto* but of its spirit, at least. Why so?—Because there are a great many tellers—men and women—of the lives of saints. They relate the stories from the *Acta Martyrum* with great skill, adding nothing of their own, and they are eagerly listened to. In childhood I heard these narratives myself, before I even learned to read. Later, I used to hear them even in prisons among robbers, and they listened to them sighingly.

These stories are not told from books, but they are memorized orally. To the Russian people there is something, so to speak, repentant and expiatory in these accounts about the Holy Places. Even bad, mean people, forestallers and oppressors, have often acquired a strange and irresistible desire to start on a pilgrimage so as to purify themselves through labor and exploit,—to comply with a vow made long ago. If they did not go to the East, to Jerusalem, they went to Russian Holy Places—to Kiev, to the Solovetzky thaumaturgists.

Nekrasov, when he conceived his great *Vlas*, as a great artist, could not even imagine him otherwise than wearing chains, in repentant roving. This is an historical trait in the life of our people which cannot be neglected if only for the reason that it is encountered in no other European nation. What will come of it is difficult to tell, all the more so as literacy and enlightenment are coming to our people through the schools, and no doubt new questions will arise which may cause many changes.

However, at present, only this trait can solve the whole *riddle*

of the consciousness of last year's movement of our people in support of the "Slavic brethren"—as they were officially denoted last year and as they are almost scoffingly called now. It is true that our people know next to nothing about the Slavs. Not only one out of a thousand, as Levin says, but perhaps even one out of many thousands may have cursorily heard that somewhere there are some Serbians, Montenegrins, Bulgarians, our coreligionists. However, all our people, or their *overwhelming majority*, have heard and know that there are Orthodox Christians under the Mohammedan yoke; that they suffer and are being oppressed, and that even the holiest places—Jerusalem, Athos—belong to dissidents.

Even twenty or more years ago the people could have heard about the tortured Eastern Christians and the enslaved holy places, when the late Emperor was starting his war with Turkey, and later with Europe, which led to Sebastopol. It was also then, in the beginning of the war, that the word came from above about the holy places, a word which the people could have since then remembered. Besides, long before our last year's enthusiasm for the Slavs, the tortures of the latter had begun. This was discussed and publicized in Russia for almost a whole year. I used to hear even in those days questions asked by the people: "Is it true that the Turks are again rising?"

Moreover (but this is a far-fetched consideration) it seems to me that times favored the movement of last year. Relatively speaking, the liberation of the peasants in Russia took place quite a long time ago. Now, these years have elapsed, and what did the people perceive in their midst?—Among other things they perceived increased drunkenness, reinforced kulaks in increased numbers, misery all around them, and often—the bestial image impressed on themselves. Perhaps some kind of sorrow began to afflict many a heart, repentant sorrow, sorrow of self-condemnation, the quest for something better, sacred . . . Suddenly a voice sounded heralding the oppression of Christians; martyrdom for the Church, for faith; Christians giving their lives for Christ and ascending the cross, since, had they consented to renounce the Cross and to embrace Islam, they would all have been spared and rewarded.—This, of course, was known to the people. Appeals for donations were launched. After that the rumor spread about a Russian general who had gone to help the Christians; then came the volunteers. All these things shook the people. Precisely shook them, as I stated above, *as an appeal to penitence, to preparation for the sacrament.* He who was unable to go himself brought his pennies, but everybody, all Russia, saw the volunteers off.

The old Prince, sojourning at Carlsbad, was unable to under-

stand this movement, and he came home at the very height of it—with a humorous smile on his lips. But what could the old clubman have understood about Russia and the Russians? Level-headed Levin could have understood much more than the old Prince, but he was led astray by the thought that the people did not know history and geography, principally, however, by spite because some fellows like the Rogozovs dared to declare war without his permission.

However, there was no declaration of war, while on the part of the people there was general touching repentance, thirst for participation in something holy, in Christ's cause, for the support of those who are zealous for His Cross. So that the movement was at once repentant and historical.

Please note that when I speak about this historical trait of the Russian people, *i.e.*, their zeal for "God's cause," the holy places, oppressed Christianity, and, generally, for everything repentant and Divine, I have no idea of commending them for this: I am neither praising nor blaming them. I am merely stating a fact *which can explain much*. What is to be done about the fact that we do possess such an historical trait? I don't know what will come of it, but it is quite certain that something will.

In the life of the people the most important things shape themselves in accordance with their most momentous and characteristic peculiarities. For example, temporarily, this historical trait of our people produced *every time*, when Russia was at war with the Sultan, a consciously national attitude of the people toward such a war. So that one shouldn't be surprised at the ardent sympathy of the people with such a war on the mere ground that they do not know history and geography. What they need—they know.

Oh, our people are illiterate, they are ignoramuses—this cannot be doubted. Even in a moral respect they could be taught many excellent and most enlightened things concerning this inveterate, ancient historical trait of theirs. It could be explained to these Russian men that all their rovings and pilgrimages merely point to a narrow understanding of their duties and obligations; that there is no need for journeying so far in order to acquire the good; that it would be better if they should forsake drunkenness, pay attention to the betterment of their welfare, to the accumulation of economic assets; if they should not beat their wives; if they should give thought to schools, highways, etc.,—in a word, that they should help in some way at least to make Russia, their fatherland, resemble other "enlightened European states." Finally, it could be explained to the pilgrim that his pilgrimages to the holy places are of no use to God at all; chiefly on the grounds that they are of

no advantage either to himself or his family; that, on the contrary, a pilgrim, departing for a long time, leaving his home and fatherland, does so, strictly speaking, for an egoistic motive, for the salvation of his soul, whereas God would be far more pleased if he should spend his leisure for some benefit to his neighbor, for instance, if he should spend a little time in his kitchen-garden, look after his calves, etc.

Briefly, it would be possible to say many beautiful things. But what is to be done if this historical trait and the quest of the good have assumed in our people *almost exclusively this particular form, i.e.*, a *repentant* form in the guise of pilgrimage and sacrifice? —At least, in anticipation of "enlightenment," clever Levin could have credited the people with this *historical trait of theirs*. At least, he could have understood that many volunteers, and the people who saw them off, were prompted by a good motive, hoping to accomplish something good (this must be conceded!) and, therefore, at all events, they were good representatives of the people. Of course, they were not "flashing with education," and yet they were not lost or reckless men, not drunkards or idlers, but perhaps the best men among the people. They acted for Christ's cause, while in the innermost soul of a great many of them it was conceived as a purifying and repentant cause. And not one of them felt guilty about this before their Czar! On the contrary, they all knew the Czar's, the Liberator's, merciful heart was in full accord with his people. Everybody was awaiting with touching emotion and hope the expression of the Czar's will, his word, while we, sitting in our corners, were silently rejoicing over the fact that the great Russian people had vindicated our great and eternal hope in them.

For this reason how could the comparison with the Pugachiov gang, the Commune, etc., in any sense be applicable to the people and their noble and humble movement!—Precisely only a hypochondriac such as Levin, irritated to the point of commotion, could proclaim a thing of this sort. This is what touchiness means!

LEVIN'S COMMOTION. QUESTION: DOES DISTANCE EXERCISE INFLUENCE UPON HUMANENESS? CAN ONE AGREE WITH THE OPINION OF A CAPTURED TURK CONCERNING THE HUMANENESS OF SOME OF OUR LADIES? WHAT, THEN, ARE OUR TEACHERS TEACHING US?

But the commotion extends even farther: Levin is directly and intrusively proclaiming that that compassion for the suffering

of the Slavs—*"the immediate feeling of sympathy for the oppression of the Slavs does not and cannot exist"*; Sergei Ivanovich says:

"'. . . Here there is no declaration of war but simply a manifestation of humane, Christian sentiment. Consanguineous brethren and fellow-believers are being slaughtered. Let us say—not even brethren, not fellow-believers, but simply—children, women, old men. The sentiment is aroused, and Russians run to help put an end to these horrors. Imagine that you were walking in the street and you saw that drunken people were beating a woman or a child. I take it, you wouldn't inquire whether or not war had been declared on these men, but you would rush upon them and you would protect the assaulted.'

"'But I wouldn't kill'—said Levin.

"'Yes, you would.'

"'I don't know. If I saw this, I should be led by my immediate feeling. *But I cannot say in advance.* And such an immediate sentiment for the oppression of the Slavs does not nor cannot exist.'

"'Perhaps in you it does not exist. But in others it does exist'—said Sergei Ivanovich, discontentedly knitting his brows.—'Legends of Orthodox people suffering under the yoke of "impious Agrarians" are alive in the people. The people heard about the suffering of their brethren, and they raised their voice.'

"'Maybe'—said Levin evasively—'but I don't see it. *I am the people myself.* I don't feel it.'"

Again we come to: "I am the people myself." Once more I repeat: only two hours before Levin received his faith from a peasant; at least he intimated to Levin how one should believe. I am neither praising the peasant nor humbling Levin. Nor do I venture to decide at this time, who of the two believed better, whose psychic condition was superior and more developed, etc. But you should concede—I repeat—that from this fact alone Levin could have guessed that there was a *substantial* difference between him and the people. But here he says: "I am the people myself." Why is he so sure that he himself is the people? Because he knows how to yoke a horse to a cart, and knows that it is good to eat cucumbers with honey. Think of such men! And what self-conceit! What haughtiness and arrogance!

Still, this is not the main point. Levin asserts that immediate sentiment for the oppression of the Slavs *does not and cannot exist.* He is rebuked: "the people heard about the suffering of their brethren, and they raised their voice." But he replies: "Maybe, but I don't see it. I am the people myself, *and I don't feel it.*"

Is that—compassion?—Please note that Levin's dispute with Sergei Ivanovich about compassion and the immediate sentiment

for the oppression of the Slavs is conducted evasively, as it were, with the intent of winding it up with Levin's victory. For instance, Sergei Ivanovich exerts his efforts in arguing that were Levin to behold drunken people beating a woman, he would rush to protect her. "But I wouldn't kill!" retorts Levin. "Yes, you would kill"—Sergei Ivanovich insists. And, of course, he speaks nonsense, since who, when helping a woman beaten by drunken men, is going to kill them?—The woman may be protected without killing. But the main thing is that here we are not dealing with a street fight: the simile is incorrect and not homogeneous. They are conversing about the Slavs, about tortures, racks and murders to which they are being subjected, and Levin knows only too well that he is speaking about the Slavs. Therefore, when he says that he doesn't know whether he would help; that he sees nothing; that he *feels nothing*, etc., he specifically declares that he feels no compassion for the tortures of the Slavs (and not for the suffering of a woman beaten by drunken men) and he insists that no immediate sentiment for the oppression of the Slavs—and not for the oppression of a drunken woman—exists or can exist. Why, he literally expresses himself to this effect.

Here we have a rather curious psychological fact. The book was published two and a half months ago, when it was already positively known that all the countless stories about the innumerable torments and tortures of the Slavs were absolutely true, and that they had been attested to by thousands of witnesses and eye-witnesses of all nations. The things which we have learned in the course of these eighteen months about the tortures of the Slavs exceed any fantasy of the sickliest and most perverted imagination.

To begin with, it is known that these massacres are not accidental but systematic, deliberately instigated and encouraged by all means. People are exterminated by the thousands and tens of thousands. The refinements of the tortures are such that nothing of the kind has ever been printed or heard of. Live men are flayed in the presence of their children; infants are thrown up and caught on bayonets in the sight of their mothers; women are raped, and at the very moment when the woman is being raped, she is stabbed to death with a dagger, and what is most important—babies are tortured and slain.

Levin says that he feels *nothing!* and haphazardly asserts that no immediate sentiment for the oppression of the Slavs exists or can exist. But I venture to assure Mr. Levin that it can exist, and that I myself have repeatedly witnessed it. For example, I have seen a certain gentleman who does not like to speak about his sentiments, but who upon hearing about a two-year-old boy

whose eyes had been pierced with a needle, in the presence of his sister, and thereafter impaled so that the child did not promptly die but continued to scream for a long while,—upon hearing about this incident, that gentleman almost became ill; he could not sleep that night, and for two days he felt painfully depressed so that he was unable to work.

In this connection I venture to assure Mr. Levin that this gentleman is an honest and unquestionably respectable man, by no means a drunkard and not a member of the Pugachiov gang. I merely wish to state that an immediate, and even a very strong, sentiment about the tortures of the Slavs can exist among all classes of society. But Levin insists that it cannot even exist, and that he himself feels *nothing*. To me this is a puzzle. Of course, there are simply insensible, coarse and perverted people. Levin, however, it would seem, is not a man of this kind; he is portrayed as a perfectly susceptible man. Doesn't mere distance in this case exercise a certain influence? In fact, isn't this *psychological* peculiarity present in certain characters?—"I don't see it myself; the thing is transpiring far away; and I feel nothing." Leaving all jokes aside, imagine that on the planet Mars there are men, and that there infants' eyes are being pierced. Perhaps we, inhabiting our earth, might feel no pity, at least, no great pity? The same, maybe, is also true on earth when distances are very great: "Eh, it's in another hemisphere, not here!" That is, even though he does not so directly express himself, that is what he feels, *i.e.*, he feels *nothing*. In this case, if distance really exercises such an influence upon humaneness, a new question arises of its own accord: "At what distance does humaneness cease?" And Levin actually does constitute a great riddle from the standpoint of humaneness: he positively declares that *he does not know* whether he would kill:

"If I saw this, I should be led by my immediate sentiment, but I can't say in advance."

This means that he does not know how he would act! And yet he is a susceptible man, and as such he is afraid to kill . . . the Turk. Let us imagine the following scene: Levin stands still with a rifle and bayonet, and two steps from him a Turk is voluptuously getting ready to pierce the eyes of an infant whom he holds in his arms. The seven-year-old little sister of the boy screams and like an insane person rushes to tear her brother away from the Turk. And here stands Levin in doubt, wavering:

"I don't know what to do. I feel nothing. I am the people myself. No immediate sentiment for the oppression of the Slavs exists or can exist."

No, seriously speaking, what would he have done after all

the things he has told us? How would it be possible not to rescue the child? Is it conceivable that he would let him be tortured to death and not snatch him from the hands of the Turkish villain?

"Yes, he should be snatched, but, maybe, it will become necessary to give the Turk a hard push?"

"Well, push him!"

"Hm, push! And what if he refuses to surrender the child and draws the sword? Perhaps it will become necessary to kill the Turk?"

"Well, kill him!"

"No, how is it possible to kill? No, one shouldn't kill a Turk! No, better let him pierce the child's eyes and torture him to death, and I'll go to Kitty."

This is how Levin would act; this is directly derived from his convictions, from everything he utters. He positively says that he *doesn't know* whether he would help a woman or a child if he had to kill a Turk. And for the Turks he feels an awful pity.

"Twenty years ago we should have kept silent," says Sergei Ivanovich—"but now we hear the voice of the Russian people who are ready to rise as one man, and are ready for self-sacrifice for the oppressed brethren: this is a great step and token of strength."

"But it's not only sacrifice: one has to kill the Turks"—meekly says Levin. "The people send their donations and are ready to sacrifice for their soul, and not for murder."

In other words: "Here, little girl, take this money, a donation for the salvation of our soul. Well, and as for your little brother—let them pierce his eyes. You see, one shouldn't kill a Turk. . . ."

And further this is what the author himself says about Levin:

"He was unable to agree that dozens of men, among them his brother, had the right, on the basis of what hundreds of fine speakers—volunteers arriving from the capital related to them, to maintain that they, together with the newspapers expressed the will and the thought of the people, such thought as *manifests itself in vengeance and murder.*"

This is unjust: there is no vengeance whatever. Now we are at war with these bloodsuckers, and yet we hear about nothing but the most humane acts on the part of the Russians. It may be boldly asserted that few of the European armies would act with such an enemy as our army is acting now. Only recently the idea has been suggested in two or three newspapers that, perhaps, it would be expedient, precisely with a view to curtailing the number of brutalities, to resort to reprisals against Turks arrantly guilty of brutalities and tortures. After subjecting prisoners and the wounded to unspeakable tortures, such as cutting off noses and

limbs, they kill them. Among them there have appeared specialists for exterminating nurslings, real maestros who seize a nursling by its two legs and at once rend it in half for the amusement and fun of their comrades, the bashi-bazouks. This deceitful and vile nation denies the brutalities it has perpetrated. The Sultan's ministers assert that there can be no killing of prisoners since "the Koran forbids it." Only recently the humane German Emperor indignantly rejected the official and deceitful wholesale complaint of the Turks about the alleged Russian atrocities and declared that he did not believe them. It would seem that one cannot act humanely toward this contemptible nation, and yet we do act humanely. I even venture to express my personal opinion that it would be better not to resort to reprisals against Turks proved guilty of killing prisoners and the wounded. This would scarcely diminish their atrocities. It is said that even now, when they are taken prisoners, they look frightened and suspicious, *firmly convinced* that their heads will be promptly chopped off. Better not let the magnanimous and humane conduct of the Russians be darkened by reprisals. However, the piercing of infants' eyes must not be permitted, and in order to stop this villainy forever, it is necessary to liberate effectively the oppressed, disarming the tyrants once and for all. Don't worry, when they have been disarmed, they will be manufacturing and selling morning-gowns and soap—even as our Kazan Tartars, whom I have already discussed, but in order to snatch the weapons from their hands, this has to be done in battle. However, battle is not vengeance. Levin may be tranquil as regards the Turk.

Even last year he might have been tranquil as regards the Turk. Doesn't he know the Russian, the Russian soldier? Here it is being reported that although the soldier in battle does stab the monster-Turk, it has been observed that he has shared his soldier's ration with the Turkish captive, fed and pitied him. And believe me,—the soldier knew everything about the Turk; he knew that were he himself to be taken prisoner by that captive Turk, the latter would behead him, and together with the heads of other executed prisoners he would pile up a crescent and in its center he would fashion from other limbs of the body an obscene star. The soldier knows all this, and yet he feeds the captive Turk exhausted by battle: "He is a man, after all, though not a Christian." A correspondent of one of the English newspapers, having witnessed similar incidents, said: "This is an army of gentlemen."

And better than many others Levin might have known that this is really an army of gentlemen. When the Bulgarian in some towns asked His Highness, the Commander-in-Chief, what they

should do with the property of the Turkish refugees, he told them: "Collect it, and keep it until their return; harvest the fields, keep the crop and take one-third of it as a reward for your labor." These are also a gentleman's words, and I repeat—Levin's mind might have rested in peace as regards the Turks: where is vengeance here? Where are the reprisals? Moreover, Levin whose knowledge of Russian society is so exquisite, might have guessed that the Turks will be also saved by our pseudo-Europeanism, and our foolish, artificial and narrow sentimentalism so common in our educated society. Has Levin heard about our ladies who throw flowers to Turkish war prisoners transported in railroad cars and welcome them with expensive tobacco and bonbons?—It has been reported that as the train pulled off, one of the Turks loudly hawked and energetically spat into the very midst of the humane Russian ladies who were waving their little handkerchiefs to the departing train. Of course, it is difficult to share fully the opinion of that insensible Turk, and Levin can comprehend that, on the part of our ladies, coddling the Turks was mere hysterical sentimentalism and pseudo-liberal Europeanism: "See, how humane we are, how Europeanized, and how well we express it!"

However, doesn't Levin himself preach and advocate the same narrow-mindedness, the same sentimental Europeanism?—Turks are killed in a war, in honest action, *without any vengeance* upon them, and solely *because* there is no other way of wresting from them their dishonorable arms. Thus things happened last year also. If arms are not wrested from them—so as to avoid killing them—if we walk away, they will again forthwith cut off women's breasts and pierce infants' eyes. What's to be done?—Let them pierce the eyes so as perchance not to kill a Turk? But this is a distortion of conceptions, the dullest and coarsest sentimentalism; this is fanatical narrow-mindedness, the fullest perversion of nature.

Besides, the soldier compelled to kill a Turk sacrifices his own life and, on top of that, he endures racks and tortures. Is it for mere vengeance, for mere killing, that the Russian people have risen? And when was it that assistance to the massacred, to those who are being exterminated by entire regions, to assaulted women and children in whose defense there is no one in the whole world to intercede,—was considered a callous, ridiculous and almost immoral act, a craving for vengeance and blood-thirst! And what insensibility side by side with sentimentalism!—In fact, Levin himself has a child, a boy! He loves him! When this child is bathed in a bathtub it is almost a family event! Why doesn't his heart bleed when he hears and reads about wholesale massacres, about children with crushed heads crawling around their assaulted, mur-

dered mothers with their breasts cut off? This happened in a Bulgarian church where two hundred such corpses were found, after the town had been plundered. Levin reads all this, and there he stands and meditates:

"Kitty is cheerful; today she ate with an appetite; the boy was bathed in the tub, and he begins to recognize me: what do I care about things that are transpiring in another hemisphere?—*No immediate sentiment for the oppression of the Slavs exists or can exist*—because I feel *nothing*."

Is this how Levin brings to a close his epopee? Is it he whom the author seeks to set forth as an example of a truthful, honest man? Men, such as the author of *Anna Karenina*, are teachers of society, our teachers, while we are merely their pupils. What, then, do they teach us?

SEPTEMBER

CHAPTER I

1

Unlucky and Odd Fellows

IT IS difficult to conceive unluckier men than the French republicans with their French republic. Soon one hundred years will have elapsed since, for the first time, this institution came into existence. Since then every time (now it is the third time) adroit usurpers have confiscated the republic for their benefit, no one has risen in its serious defense, save some negligible group. Not even once has there been strong popular support. Besides, during those periods when the republic chanced to exist, only a few people regarded it as a final, and not a transitory thing. Nevertheless, no men are more convinced of the country's support than the French republicans.

However, during the first two attempts to create a republic in France—in the past century and in 1848—the republicans of those days may have had certain grounds, especially in the initial phases of these attempts, to expect that the country would support them. However, it would seem that the present-day republicans—those very republicans who in the near future are destined to be liquidated, together with their republic, for somebody's benefit—could have entertained no hopes for a steady future, even had the country some sympathy for them (very unsteady, to be sure,—since they now

exist merely negatively, according to the proverb: in the absence of fish even a crawfish is a fish).

And yet on the eve of their almost certain downfall they are convinced of their complete victory. What unlucky fellows they are, and what an ill-starred republic this last and third has been. And even though the late Thiers recognized it, yet specifically he recognized it as a crawfish in the absence of fish!

Let us only recall how this republic came into existence. These republicans waited almost twenty years for the "glorious" minute of the downfall of the usurper, when "the country shall call them." And what happened?—Having seized power after Sedan, these odd fellows were compelled to load upon their shoulders a horrible war which they did not want but which was handed to them by that very usurper before he had departed for his charming Castle Wilhelmshöhe—to smoke his cigarettes. And if this crafty usurper, while promenading along the walks of the gardens of the German castle, felt angry at them because again they had usurped his power, nevertheless, unfailingly, he must have smiled now and then—with that spiteful smile—at the thought how he had punished them, throwing his guilt upon their weak shoulders. Since, be that as it may, subsequently, France has nevertheless blamed them rather than him—at least, them more than him—for continuing a hopeless war; for their failure to restore peace immediately after assuming power; for the surrender of two provinces; for the three billions, for the devastation of the country; for the incompetent conduct of the war; for their haphazard, disorderly administration lacking all control. Even up to this day Gambetta, the former dictator at the time, is accused of all these things, even though he was innocent of them, and, on the contrary, did everything that could have been done under the then prevailing dreadful circumstances.

Briefly, this accusation of the republicans for their incompetence and the ruin of the country has persisted, and even still persists, seriously and firmly. Much as everybody understands that Emperor Napoleon was the prime cause of the calamity, "but why" —it is argued—"didn't they manage to repair the situation once they assumed the task? Moreover, they made things inconceivably so much worse."—Such is the accusation. Not only that: along with this accusation, something contemptuous and comical was cast on them at the thought of what a mess they got into in the beginning, when they seized power. And yet what else could they then have done?—Not to accept the war and to sign an armistice in the very beginning, immediately after assuming power, and after Sedan, would have been altogether impossible: the Germans even then would have demanded the cession of territory and an indemnity,

and what would have become of these republicans had they accepted an armistice on such terms? They would have been directly accused of pusillanimity, of disgracing the country, of the fact that, "still possessing an army," they offered no resistance and ignominiously capitulated. This would have been a nice stigma upon their new republic!

And inasmuch as to them the republic, its restoration in France, was far dearer than the salvation of the country, it constituted everything;—and so they were compelled to fight, almost obviously foreseeing that they would come to a still greater disgrace by the time of the termination of the war. Thus, disgrace was ahead of them, disgrace was behind them; this was not only an unfortunate, not only a tragic situation, but in some respects even a comical one, since it was not in this manner that they had dreamed to be enthroned after the tyrant!

This comicalness was aggravated by the fact that all the same they enthroned themselves with a light heart, despite everything. Not that they did not grieve about France—oh, among them there are excellent men, judging by their feelings, and even genuine servants of the fatherland, provided it is called a republic. Maybe there are two or three among them who are ready to place the republic itself in the background on condition that France be happy (although it is doubtful that there be such—to be precise, perhaps one or two, and not more).

However, the point is that just as soon as they had patched up some sort of peace with the Germans and begun to rule the country peacefully, at once they conceived the idea that the country had irrevocably fallen in love with them, and this—to say the least, —this is what was comical.

Most positively there dwells in every French republican the fatal conviction, dooming him, that the word "republican" suffices; that to call the country "a republic" suffices to make it happy—at once and forever. They always ascribe all the misfortunes of the republic to nothing but external unfavorable circumstances, to the existence of usurpers,—those wicked men; never did they give thought to the incredible weakness of those roots which bind the republic with the soil of France, and which during a whole century have failed to grow stronger and penetrate deeper. Besides, in the course of all these six years it has never occurred to them that their comical situation, inherited by them from Napoleon III, still persists; that if the old calamity has blown over, a new calamity, similar to the old one, is approaching, and that it will unfailingly place them in a *most* comical situation, so comical that they will no longer be able to retain their hold on France—perhaps, in the near future.

This new comicalness consists of the fact that in this future calamity, even as in the old one, their compliance with lofty duty, their service to the fatherland, *deliberately* leads to its detriment; further, that this calamity, just like the old one, is absolutely inevitable, constituting the same trap in which they were caught in 1871; and that—adding insult to injury—this predicament, much in the same way as the old one, was bequeathed to them by that very Napoleon III whom they so intensely hate and whose memory they so bitterly curse.

In fact, who in the world is now the most zealous supporter of the French republic? Who is the man favoring most its institution?—Unquestionably, Prince Bismarck. So long as the republic exists in France, the war of *revanche* is impossible. Just imagine that the republicans might venture to declare war on the Germans! —Prince Bismarck understands it. And yet it is clear as daylight that the enormous forty-million organism of France cannot perpetually remain under the disgraceful tutelage of Germany. The wounds will heal up; the debacle will be forgotten; new forces will come into being; health will be restored; assets and troops will be created and organized. And can a country, which for so long a time has been the political leader of the nations, fail to aspire anew to its former role, its former position in Europe?—Perhaps this moment is not far off: the surplus of inner energies must inevitably impel them to extricate themselves from Bismarck's tutelage and to restore their former *independence.* (At present France can still by no means be called independent.)

And now, France *in toto,* from her first step, has knocked her head against her republic. I reiterate: just imagine present-day republicans wishing to act in any way impertinently toward Prince Bismarck—to the extent of risking a war with him! To begin with,—who would follow them even if France herself should favor war? Secondly, there comes the inescapable consideration: What if the Germans should again defeat them? This would be the final fiasco of the republicans in France, because France would blame them for the failure and would expel them forever, forgetting that she herself sought a *revanche* and her former leading position. . . .

However, should the republicans adopt a firm attitude; should they neglect to listen to the new voices and screams; should they fail to declare war,—this would mean to oppose the aspirations of the country, and in this event, again, France would dismiss them and would surrender to the first adroit leader who appeared on the scene. In a word: Sedan is in the past, and Sedan is ahead! And yet, no doubt, they have not even started to ponder over this, notwithstanding the fact that the new outburst of the country, per-

haps, is very close at hand. Nor did they ever consider the fact that, strictly speaking, they are nothing but Prince Bismarck's "protégés," and that France, year after year, must more and more comprehend this,—precisely as she restores and accumulates her energies; consequently, that she must more and more despise them —first, to herself and not very clearly, but subsequently much more clearly, and finally aloud, and not merely silently.

But the republicans do not recognize the comical aspect. They are pathetic people. On the contrary, precisely now they feel encouraged—after MacMahon, the president of the "republic," has driven them away and locked the Chamber till the October election. Now they are "the persecuted," and they feel as if they are in the aureole. They expect that all France will suddenly start singing the Marseillaise and shout: *"On assassine nos frères!"* ("Our brethren are being massacred!")—the notorious cry of all former Paris street revolutions, after which the mobs used to erect barricades. Anyway, they look forward to "lawfulness," *i.e.*, that the country, indignant against Marshal MacMahon, the prospective future usurper, will again elect the same republican majority, and besides will add new republican deputies, after which the newly convened Chamber will utter a stern "veto" to the Marshal, who, frightened with "lawfulness," will hide his tail and retire.

They are immovably convinced of the force of that "lawfulness," and not because of the paucity of their mental faculties, but because these good fellows are too much party men; they have been chewing the same cud and sitting in one and the same corner too long. They have been suffering too long for their beloved republic, and, on this ground, they are sure of retaliation.

It is surprising that also in Russia many of our newspapers believe in their forthcoming triumph and the inevitable victory of "lawfulness." But in what way is this "lawfulness" guaranteed if MacMahon should not deign to submit to it—as he has already announced to the country in his strange manifesto?—By the indignation and wrath of the country? But the Marshal would promptly find numerous supporters in that very country, as this has invariably happened in such cases in France. What is to be done then? Erect barricades? But with the modern rifle and modern artillery the former barricades are impossible. Besides, France would refuse to erect them even if she should earnestly desire a republic. Exhausted and worn out as a result of a century-old political disorganization, she would, in a most prosaic manner, calculate on which side strength lies, and she would submit to it. Strength is now in the *legions*, and the country foreshadows this. Thus, the whole question is: For whom are the legions?

A Curious Character

In the May-June issue of my *Diary* I have already given an account of the legion, as a new power, which is destined to occupy a place of its own in European civilization; this was long before the promulgation of the manifesto of the Marshal-President. And now everything has happened as I then anticipated. In this manifesto, which surprised everybody, the Marshal, though promising to abide by lawfulness, though promising peace, etc.,—nevertheless directly stated that should the country disagree with his opinion and elect at the forthcoming elections the former republican majority, he, on his part, would be compelled to disagree with the opinion of the country and would not submit to its elections. Such a strange act of the Marshal must have some underlying motive. He could not have used such language and adopted such a tone in addressing the country (France is not a village of some sort!) had he not been firmly convinced of his strength and success.

Therefore, now it is clear that his whole hope is the army, of which he is quite sure. In fact, at the time of his summer excursions throughout France, in many towns and provinces the Marshal was received rather equivocally, but the army and the fleet everywhere manifested absolute loyalty and greeted him with sympathetic acclamation. Of course, the Marshal's good, so to speak, even innocent, feelings cannot be doubted. Even though he did act in discord with the custom by directly stating in advance that he would not submit to the lawful opinion of the country should the latter disobey him, nevertheless, this, of course, was due to the fact that he sought, in his own way, to promote the welfare of his country and was sure that he would do so.

Thus, the moral qualities of the Marshal should not be doubted, but, perhaps, some other qualities . . . Indeed, the Marshal, it seems, is one of those characters who cannot help being under somebody's tutelage. From this standpoint his character possesses certain remarkable peculiarities. The question is: for whom does he labor at present? For whom does he so exert himself and for whom does he risk so much? No doubt, he is under absolute tutelage, and yet he alone in all Europe is fully convinced even today that he is under no tutelage at all, and that he is acting independently. Smart people who have got hold of him, probably —for the time being—support this conviction of his; they exert their efforts to appear to be mere yes-men, meanwhile leading him irrevocably in any direction they choose. All this becomes possible

because they are perfectly familiar with this sort of character and his personal ambitions. However, such slick people may be found only in one party—true, in the strongest and most enormous Clerical party. The other political parties in France cannot boast of adroitness.

Indeed, here is the question: If the Marshal is under tutelage, —under whose tutelage is he? At present it is well known that Bonapartists are awfully disturbed: they have nominated a large number of candidates; the Marshal himself patronizes them; they are sure of their victory at the polls; they are sure of the army; the Imperial Prince is already on the Continent, and it is even rumored that he will go to Paris. However, is it to be believed that Marshal MacMahon, the President of the "Republic" so sure of himself, is assuming such a load of trouble and risks solely for the purpose of enthroning the Imperial Prince? It seems to me (and, again, this is but my personal opinion) that this is not so. Unless, perhaps, there are some quite special combinations—for instance, that newspaper rumor which was current about one month ago to the effect that the Marshal's daughter is supposed to have been betrothed to the Imperial Prince, etc. But if no such special secret combinations exist; if, as yet, there are no special agreements and contracts, it does seem to me that the Marshal is inclined to make the country happy in *his* favor rather than in anyone else's, and if he gives his support to the Bonapartist candidates, it is because nevertheless they are more trustworthy than the rest, and that later they would be led in whatever direction he desired.

God knows what ideas might be conceived by a mind such as his. It is not in vain that a certain Bishop in an address of welcome to the Marshal has already suggested that on his maternal side he is descended from Charles the Great. In a word, several years of presidency have planted in his soul certain irritating and fantastic impressions. Besides, he is a military man.

However, all these deliberations are but meditative attempts to explain a mysterious character. At present the truth is that the Marshal is in the hands of the Clericals and that they are leading him, even though, no doubt, he thinks that it is he who is leading them, and that they are in his hands, and not he in theirs. But it goes without saying that they are not in his hands, and it positively seems that the fate of France at this moment depends *on them alone*. No doubt, the dreadful underground intrigue still continues. And even though Europe has long been aware of this and has known, from the very start, that in the present-day Western European movement they were playing an important part, nevertheless—so it would seem—they are concealing, and succeeding in

keeping from sight, the *magnitude and strength of their role;* they are maneuvering, and, for the time being, are hiding behind others, for instance, the Marshal, the Bonapartists, and so it will continue until they reach their goal.

Strictly speaking, it makes no difference to them who is going to succeed—the Marshal or the Imperial Prince. They have not, and must not have, any personal sympathies. Theirs is but one aim: that France, as soon as possible, should draw her sword and assault Germany. And it was for this aim that they have crushed the Republicans incapable of rising in support of the Pope. At present, however, they are waiting calmly and adroitly—who's going to have more chances?—Should the Imperial Prince actually give them more chances from the standpoint of the ability to declare war, perhaps they would hang on to him and would usher him to Paris without further thought about MacMahon. It seems, however, that, temporarily, they are still clinging to the Marshal.

By the way, it is said that only recently the Marshal, in the course of a conversation, made the following remark aloud: "Rumors are being spread that I intend to destroy republican institutions, but, of course, people forget that, when accepting the presidency of the republic, I gave my word to preserve them." These words fully corroborate the conjecture about the Marshal's moral innocence, despite all the accusations of the republicans. Thus, as an honest man and a soldier, he prizes his word of honor, and, of course, he is not going to violate it. But if he preserves the republic and at the same time drives away the republicans, this means that he intends to continue the republic without the republicans. It seems that such actually is his political program, and that he has been assured that it is quite feasible. This program, coupled with the motto: "*J'y suis et j'y reste*" ("I am here to stay") obviously constitutes the whole cycle of his political convictions up to the year 1880, when the term of his presidency and, therefore, that of his word of honor, expires.

At that time, however, the dream will begin: "The grateful country, seeing that he is quitting the presidency, will offer him a new office, say, that of Charles the Great, and then everything will again run smoothly."

It stands to reason that the slick fellows steering him—should he really wish to comply with his word of honor and preserve the republican institutions—would forthwith exchange him for a Bonaparte, if the preserved republic, even though without the republicans, should impede their subsequent plans. It seems that it is for this reason that they have swayed him to support the Bonapartist candidacies, assuring him that this is to his advantage.

In any event, he continues to be under such a firm tutelage that he can no longer extricate himself from it. In a word, the world is confronted with some great and altogether new events; one can foresee the appearance of the legions and a formidable Catholic movement. It is reported that the Pope's health "is satisfactory." But it would be a calamity should the death of the Pope coincide with the elections in France or should it occur shortly thereafter. In this event the Eastern question might at once be converted into an all-European one. . . .

This But Not Quite. Reference to What I Wrote Three Months Ago

In the summer May-June issue of my *Diary* I formulated my thought in some detail. However, no one paid attention to the principal part of my article, *i.e.*, to the contention that the key to the present and future events in all Europe *lies in the Catholic conspiracy*, and in the forthcoming, indubitable and formidable Catholic movement coinciding with the death of the Pope—which, apparently, is a matter of the very near future—and the election of the new Pope. And thus my article passed unnoticed (in the press).

And yet now, even more strongly and more firmly than three months ago, I adhere to the same opinion. Since that time so many events, corroborating my conjecture, have taken place that I can no longer doubt its correctness. Since those days, newspapers—our own and foreign—have begun to allude to this theme, without venturing, however, to formulate the final deduction. This is what was stated in *The Moscow Gazette*, in an excellent editorial article (*The Moscow Gazette*, *No. 235*). Among other things it cites the opinion of the English newspaper correspondents:

"English newspaper correspondents are offering very candid explanations. According to their interpretation, the key to European politics is in Germany's hand, and Germany is precisely inclined to side, even more firmly than before, with Russia—because of very intelligible calculations. First, it was perceived in Berlin that the reverses of Russian strategy have enlivened and encouraged Austria, which supposedly still nourishes a certain grudge against Prussia. Furthermore, Germany's major enemies—France and Catholicism, both these powers—are extending their full sympathy to Turkey. True, in the beginning of the Eastern complications France flirted with Russia somewhat. However, even if, at the time, there was some sympathy for us, not only has it grown cold at present, but it has decidedly turned toward the Turkish side. As for militant

Catholicism as everybody knows, not only now but from the very start, it has decidedly and passionately taken under its protection orthodox Turkey as against schismatic Russia. The indecency of the ardent Clericals has reached such a point that one of them started commenting on the Koran with a degree of tenderness, so that even ultramontane *Germania* deemed it necessary to restrain such sallies with the remark that although one has to rejoice over the victories of the Turks over the hateful Russians, nevertheless it is awkward to express openly sympathy for Islam.

"Inasmuch as the *mot d'ordre* of Catholicism remarkably coincides with the swing of public opinion in France in favor of the Turks; and since Austria, also a Catholic country, has interests conflicting with those of Russia, Berlin naturally fears the possibility of a Catholic and anti-Prussian league into which eventually the ultramontane and separatist interests of Southern Germany and 'even England' could be drawn. This is what the English correspondents are talking about, but the leading role in these intrigues unquestionably belongs to England. Thus, as heretofore, we are left alone face to face with Turkey."

All this is splendid. However, all this is still not quite the thing, not the real explanatory and last word which, surprisingly, no one, as it were, wishes to utter; which, as yet, no one seems to foresee in its proper completeness. Still, this article has raised the question of *militant Catholicism* and its significance from Bismarck's standpoint, of its present influence upon France, and finally even of a *league, i.e.*, that Berlin *"naturally fears the possibility of a Catholic and anti-Prussian league into which eventually the ultramontane and separatist interests of Southern Germany and 'even England' could be drawn."*

But I spoke about the league, about the *conspiracy* more than two months ago, before anyone had raised this point, as at present; still, I then uttered my concluding word, *i.e.*, that the whole matter resides in this conspiracy: that everything in Europe hinges on it, and that the Eastern war itself may, in the very near future, be converted into an all-European war solely because of this immense conspiracy of dying Catholicism.

Even so, it seems that these "correspondents' opinions" in the whole admirable article of *The Moscow Gazette* still refuse to admit this thought, and instead they even assert that "the leading role in these intrigues unquestionably belongs to England," and that *"as heretofore, we are left alone face to face with Turkey."* But is this so? Are we left alone? On the contrary, aren't we destined, in the very near future, to be left alone not with Turkey but with all Europe?

In fact, what then is "militant Catholicism" which is generally noticed and acknowledged in the present events? Whence this pugnacity to the point of "passion" with which Catholicism has taken under its "protection" orthodox Turkey as against schismatic Russia? Is it possible that it is merely because "Russia is a schismatic country"? At present Catholicism has so many troubles and pressing concerns that it has no time to think about all these ancient church feuds. And what is most important—whence this "Catholic league" which is so feared by Berlin?—It is precisely these things that I dwelt upon more than two months ago, seeking to explain them. And it was my inference that this league, which now is already recognized by others, is a solid and rigidly organized Catholic *conspiracy* aiming at the renovation of the Roman laic rule,—a conspiracy which at the moment is prevalent in all Europe: that it will exercise an enormous *influence* upon all current events in Europe, and that, consequently, the key to all contemporary *intrigues* is neither here nor there, not only in England, but unquestionably in the universal Catholic conspiracy!

Militant Catholicism vehemently and "passionately" sides with the Turks against us. And even in England, even in Hungary, at this moment, there are no haters of Russia as ardent as these militant Clericals.—Not some prelate, but the Pope himself, loudly and with joy, spoke at the Vatican Conferences about "the victories of the Turks prophesying to Russia a dreadful future." This dying old man, and besides—"the head of Christianity," was not ashamed to announce *urbi et orbi* that every time he hears with joy about Russian reverses. This awful hatred becomes quite intelligible if it is admitted that at present Catholicism is actually "militating," and that, by deed, *i.e., with the sword,* it is waging a war in Europe against its dreaded and fatal enemies.

But who in Europe is now the most dreadful enemy of Roman Catholicism, *i.e.,* the secular monarchy of the Pope?—Unquestionably, Prince Bismarck. Rome herself was taken away from the Pope at the very moment of Germany's and Bismarck's triumph when Germany had crushed France, then the principal defendress of papacy, thereby forthwith untying the hands of the Italian King, who immediately occupied Rome. Ever since, the whole concern of Catholicism has been the discovery of Germany's and Prince Bismarck's enemy and rival. For his own part, Prince Bismarck himself clearly understands the fact, in all its breadth—understood it long ago—that Roman papal Catholicism is, in addition, the eternal enemy of Protestant Germany, which for so many centuries has been protesting against Rome and her idea in all its manifestations, and against all its allies, protectors and followers. More-

over, he understands that Catholicism precisely now, *i.e.*, the most momentous hour for united Germany, is the most noxious of all elements impeding this unification of hers, *i.e.*, the completion of the edifice to the erection of which Prince Bismarck, all his life, has devoted so much labor.

Furthermore, Berlin fears "the possibility" of a Catholic and anti-Prussian league, into which eventually the ultramontane and separatist interests of Southern Germany could be drawn. Berlin also fears, and has long before anticipated, that Catholicism, sooner or later, unfailingly will serve as a pretext for the future rise of France against Germany, which has humbled, conquered and ruined her; that Roman Catholicism will offer this pretext sooner and more quickly than anyone else, and that, consequently, the major danger to unified Germany lies precisely in Roman Catholicism, and in nothing else.

And Berlin's foresight has emanated from the natural and necessary consideration that, first, at present, papacy has no defender in the whole world other than that same France; that it can solely rely upon her sword, *provided it can manage to seize it firmly and hold it in its own hand;* secondly, that Roman Catholicism is far from being a crushed enemy, that it is a thousand-year-old enemy; that it is an enemy passionately craving for life; that its viability is phenomenal; that it still possesses many forces, and that such an immense historical idea as the secular papal power cannot be extinguished in a minute. Briefly, Berlin has become cognizant not only of the enemy but also of his strength. In Berlin, enemies are not despised before battle.

However, if Catholicism's desire to live is so strong, and if it is necessary to go on living; and if the sword which can protect it is in the hands of France alone,—it clearly follows that France cannot be permitted to slip out of its hands, particularly if the moment should prove opportune. This opportune moment arose last spring; this was the Russian war with the Turks,—the Eastern question. Indeed, who is Germany's principal ally?—Of course, Russia. This Rome understands perfectly. This is why the Pope was so cheered by Russian "reverses." This means that the principal ally of the most dreaded enemy of the papal power has been drawn away by the war from his inveterate ally, Germany, and thus Germany is now alone. This further signifies that the moment, which Catholicism has so long been awaiting, has arrived: when, if not now, is the most convenient time for inflaming inveterate hatred and throwing France into a war of *revanche* against Germany?

Moreover, other seasons fatal to Catholicism are approach-

ing, so that it can't lose even a minute: the inevitable death of the Pope and the election of a new one are to be expected very shortly. And in Rome it is well known that Prince Bismarck is going to use all his power, his best endeavors, to deliver the last and most horrible blow against the papal authority, exercising his utmost influence upon the election of the new Pope so as to convert him—if possible with his own consent—from a secular sovereign and potentate into a mere Patriarch, and thus, by dividing Catholicism into two rival camps, to bring about once and forever its disintegration and the destruction of its claims and hopes.

Why, then, not hasten against Bismarck, resorting to all means?—All the more so as the Eastern question comes in handy! Oh, at last France is in a position to find allies whom for so long a time she has failed to find! Now a whole coalition can even be formed! Let all Europe be stained with blood, but as against this the Pope will triumph, and for the Romish confessors of Christ—this is everything.

And thus they have begun to work. First of all, it was imperative to make France support them. How was this to be achieved?—Yet they did achieve this. At present all European politicians and the whole European press agree that the May coup-d'état in France was brought about by the Clericals; but—I repeat—no one seems to perceive in this fact its fundamental significance. Everybody seems to think that four months ago the Clericals precipitated a coup-d'état in France only for the purpose of gaining more freedom of action, certain advantages, privileges, expansion of their rights. And yet it is impossible to believe that the coup-d'état was not engineered for the most radical aims, *i.e.*, in order to bring about (in view of the forthcoming dissensions in the Roman Church, following the death of the Pope) in the near future an inevitable war between France and Germany—precisely war! And you will see—regardless of what the outcome may be—they will achieve their goal, they will precipitate a war as a result of which—should France be victorious—the Pope will, perhaps, regain his secular power.

They accomplished the task in a most adroit manner, and what is most important—they chose a moment when everything seemed to converge toward their success. They had to begin with the ousting of the republicans who, under no circumstance, would have supported the Pope and risked a war with Germany. And they did oust them. In addition, it was necessary to compel Marshal MacMahon to make an irreparable—exactly irreparable—error in order to set him on an irrevocable course. And he did commit this error; he did oust the republicans, and he did announce to France at large that they shall not return. Thus the foundation has been

firmly laid, and, for the time being, the Clericals are quiet: they know that should France again return a republican majority in the Chamber, the Marshal will send it back.

Gambetta has declared that the Marshal would either have to submit to the decision of the country or quit his post. In full accord with Gambetta all the republicans have come to the same conclusion, forgetting, however, the Marshal's motto: "*J'y suis et j'y reste*" ("I am here to stay"), and that he will not quit. It is clear that the Marshal's whole hope resides in the legions. The Clericals, too, intend to take advantage of the legions' devotion to the Marshal or to whomsoever they may. If only the coup-d'état could be brought to an end, they would manage to steer events in the needed direction. It is most probable that all this will come to pass: they will stand at the side of the usurper; they will guide him. And even should they not stand at his side, the thing would develop of its own accord since it has been set right: if only the coup-d'état be brought to an end. They know what a colossal impression *any political change in France* would produce upon Prince Bismarck. As early as the year 1875, he sought to declare war on France, fearing her steady annual reinforcement. However, every coup-d'état in France would, naturally, greatly disturb him. Especially at a moment when Germany is left without her natural ally, Russia; when Austria (also an old adversary of Germany), where there are so many Catholic elements hostile to Germany, has suddenly become cognizant of her importance, and when England, ever since the beginning of the Eastern war, with such irritable impatience, has been looking for an ally in Europe! "What if France" —thus they must be arguing in Berlin—"headed by its new government, around which the Clericals are sneaking, which they are guiding and which they own,—what if France should guess that if there is to be a war of *revanche,* she would never strike a more opportune moment than the present to begin it, and more formidable allies to support her! And what if the Pope should die at that time [which is quite possible]? What if the Clericals should compel the new French government to declare to Prince Bismarck that his views on the election of the new Pope are in discord with those of France [and this will inevitably happen if the Republicans are ousted]? What if, at the same time, the new French government should guess that were it to succeed [bearing in mind the possibility of finding powerful allies in Europe] in reconquering at least one of the provinces taken away from France in 1871, it would consolidate its authority and influence in the country, for at least twenty years!—Nay, in these circumstances, is it possible not to be nervous!"

And the most important point is that here there is one additional little fact: the German is arrogant and haughty, he will not tolerate disobedience. Up to the present France has been under the complete and obedient tutelage of Germany, she has given Germany a reply to all her inquiries, virtually concerning every one of her, France's, moves, she has had to explain and apologize for every additional army division, for every battery, and, suddenly, this France dares to raise her head! So that the Clericals may boldly presume that Prince Bismarck will virtually take the initiative in starting the war. Didn't he, in fact, seek to start it in 1875? Not to start war would be equivalent to letting France slip out of Germany's hands forever.

True, in 1875 the situation was different. But should Austria side with Germany . . . In a word, at the recent meeting of the Chancellors of Germany and Austria, probably not only the Eastern question was discussed. And if there be in the world a state in a most advantageous external political situation, it is precisely Austria!

What Does Austria at Present Think About?

It may be argued that there is agitation in Austria; that one-half of Austria does not want what its government is after. In Hungary manifestations are taking place; Hungary is eager to give support to the Turks against the Russians. Some Anglo-Magyar-Polish conspiracy has even been discovered. On the other hand, although at present the Slavic elements support the government, nevertheless the government of Austria looks on them askance and suspiciously, perhaps even more askance than on the Hungarians. If so, can it be maintained that, at this minute, Austria is in a political situation as advantageous as any European state can possibly be?

Yes, this is so. True, the Catholic work, unquestionably, is also on foot in Austria. The Clericals are farsighted. They are not ones to fail to understand the present-day significance of that country or to miss an opportunity! And it stands to reason that they are not missing the opportunity to incite in that Catholic and "most Christian" land all kinds of disturbances under every conceivable pretext, guise and form. But here is the point: who knows, although in Austria, of course, it is pretended that people are very angry about these disturbances, nevertheless, the contrary may be true: these disturbances are kept in store *for any eventuality* in anticipation of the fact that they may be useful in the very near

future. However, in view of current events, Austria most probably, though considering herself in the happiest political situation, has not yet decided upon her *distant* and quite specific policy but still keeps looking around and waiting: what will *prudence* compel her to do? And even if she has made up her mind about anything, it is merely about the *immediate* policy,—and this only tentatively. Generally, she is in a beatific mood; she takes her time in reaching her decisions, knowing that everybody is waiting for her and that everybody needs her; she is taking aim at the prey which she picks herself and sensually licks her lips in anticipation of the forthcoming, inevitable blessings.

At the recent meetings of the Chancellors of the two German states, perhaps much of a "tentative" nature has been discussed. At least, the Austrian government has publicly announced that nothing in the East shall take place and be settled in violation of Austria's interests,—which is quite an elaborate idea. Thus Austria, without having even touched the sword, already feels certain that she will be given a substantial share in Russian successes, should these develop, and perhaps even a still greater share should no such successes ensue. And this—merely as a result of her immediate policies! And in the future?—Even at present everybody needs Austria, seeks her opinion, her neutrality; everybody makes promises, perhaps bribes her, and this—only because she sits and says: "Hm!" Indeed, that state which is now so fully aware of its value, cannot help relying upon the chances of its future policy, which still remains unknown, notwithstanding the cordial meetings of the Chancellors. —Of this I am fully convinced. Moreover, I am sure that this policy will remain generally unknown till the very last and fatal moment, —which would be quite in line with the customs and traditions of Austria's inveterate policy. Keenly, oh how keenly, she now watches France, awaiting her fate, expecting most interesting new facts.— And the main point is that Austria is in a most self-complacent mood.

Even so, she also cannot help being agitated: probably, very soon she will have to decide upon her future policy,—and irrevocably so. Of course, in her situation this is a pleasant but nevertheless intense agitation. Indeed, she must understand--and, perhaps, very keenly—that with every present-day coup-d'état in France (so close and so possible), even with every new government in France (save, again, the republican), the chances of Germany's conflict with France are *absolutely inevitable*,—even if the new rulers of France should not desire war, and, on the contrary, should exert every effort to maintain peace. Oh, Austria, perhaps, better than anyone, is capable of realizing the fact that there are moments in the lives of

the nations when no longer will or calculation leads to a certain action but fate itself.

Now, I shall venture to set forth a fantastic dream (and, of course, only a dream). I shall venture to conjecture what Austria thinks, at this crucial and uncertain moment, about that *future* policy of hers, upon which, of course, she has not yet decided, since still not all facts are clear. However, somebody is already knocking at the door; this she hears; somebody wants to come in and is already turning the handle of the lock, but the door is not yet open, and who's going to come in?—As yet, no one knows. France is faced with a riddle which will be solved there, and meanwhile Austria sits and *ponders*. And how can she fail to ponder?—If swords are drawn; if Germany and France finally throw themselves upon each other, whom will she support? With whom is she going to side?—This is the *most distant* question, and yet perhaps she will have to answer it very soon!

Thus, how can she now help knowing her price! Because he on whose behalf she draws her sword will triumph. No one knows what has been said at the meetings of the Chancellors of both German Empires, but it is certain that hints have been exchanged between them. How could hints have been avoided?—Perhaps something more explicit than mere hints has been said and *suggested*. In a word, unquestionably, many gifts and presents have been promised her, so that she is quite sure that if she adheres to her alliance with Germany, in return for it she will receive . . . much. And this as a reward for some sort of neutrality, for the mere fact that during some six months she would sit quietly without moving in anticipation of a reward for her good behavior—this is the most pleasant thing!—Since, I believe, no Chancellor would be able to enlist her active participation against France: Austria will make no such mistake. She is not going to beat France to death. On the contrary, at the last fatal moment, she might protect her by means of a diplomatic betrayal, thereby securing for herself an additional reward. For one cannot remain *quite without France* in the embrace of such a giant as Germany will become after her second victory over France. Who knows, the giant might later suddenly embrace her and squeeze her—unawares of course—so strongly that she would be crushed like a fly. Besides, that other Eastern giant to her right might, finally, arise from his secular bed. . . .

"Good behavior is a good thing"—Austria, perhaps, silently cogitates at present—"but" . . . In a word, another—true, most fantastic—dream must appear in her imagination. . . .

"The coup d'état in France may even begin this coming autumn, and, perhaps, it will come to a quick end. Should the

republic perish, or should it be left in some nominal, absurd form, discord with Germany may begin in the winter. The Clericals would certainly see to it, all the more so as by that time the Pope will unfailingly die, and the election of a new Pope would forthwith furnish a pretext for misunderstandings and conflicts. However, even should the Pope fail to die, the possibility of misunderstandings and conflicts would still remain in force. And should Germany firmly make up her mind, the war would begin next spring. At the other end of Europe, the winter campaign against Turkey also seems inevitable, so that Germany's ally would still be busy by the spring of next year. Thus, should the war of *revanche* flare up, France would at once find two allies—England and Turkey."

Thus, Germany would be left alone with . . . Italy, *i.e.*, almost alone. Oh, of course, Germany is arrogant and mighty. But France, too, has managed to recover: she has an army of one million, and England would be of some help, after all: German maritime cities would have to be protected against her fleet, which would mean that some troops, artillery, arms and supplies would have to be set aside. Anyway, this would weaken Germany to some extent. "In a word, France, even without me, has enough chances to wage a successful war"—muses Austria—"at least twice as many as in 1870, since, surely, France will not commit the errors of those days. Furthermore, whether or not France be beaten, nevertheless I shall be compensated in the East, since there nothing is going to be settled in discord with Austria's interests. This has been decided upon and signed. However . . . what if, at the most decisive moment, prudently reserving for myself freedom of decision, I should side with France, and should even draw the sword!"

Indeed, what would happen then?

Austria would at once find herself among three enemies: Italy, Germany and Russia. Russia, however, would be terribly busy with her own war, and she would not be in a position to attack. Italy, at any rate, shouldn't be feared too much. There remains only Germany. But were she even to dispatch troops against Austria, she would thereby weaken herself; still, of course, it wouldn't be a large force because she would need all her troops against France. In fact, were Austria to risk an alliance with France, France would, perhaps, be the first to assault Germany, even if Germany did not wish to fight. France, Austria, England and Turkey—against Germany with Italy—this is a dreadful coalition! Success would be quite probable. And in the event of success Austria could recover everything she had lost at Sadowa, and even much more. Furthermore, in the East she would, under no circumstance, lose her benefits and everything that was promised her. But what is more important

still—she would gain in influence in Catholic Germany. Should Germany be conquered, not even conquered, but should she emerge from the war not quite successful,—Germany's unity would at once be shaken. In Southern Catholic Germany, separatism would arise, which, besides, the Clericals would foster with all their strength, and of which Austria would naturally take advantage . . . to such an extent that then two Germanys, two German Empires, would come into being—a Catholic and a Protestant. Thereupon, by reinforcing herself with the German element, Austria might challenge her own "dualism," placing Hungary in her former, ancient and respectful relations toward herself, after which, of course, she would dispose of her own Slavs,—somehow forever! . . .

Briefly, there might be innumerable benefits! Finally, even in the event that she should not be victorious, it wouldn't be such a calamity, since she wouldn't be able to conquer such a powerful coalition *completely*, as in 1871, so that, unfailingly she would be beaten. Thus peace could be concluded without any too dreadful consequence. "Thus, with whom would it be better to side? What's better? With whom would it be more advantageous?"

In view of the present events in Europe, Austria, unquestionably, puts such radical questions to herself . . .

5

Who's Knocking at the Door? Who Will Enter? Inescapable Fate

When I started this chapter, two facts and communiqués were still absent; now, suddenly, they have filled the whole European press, so that everything which I had written in this chapter as conjecture has now been most punctually corroborated. My *Diary* will be published next month, on October seventh; today is only September twenty-ninth, and my "predictions," so to speak, upon which I had embarked in this chapter, taking chances, as it were, will partly prove obsolete and accomplished facts from which I copied these "prophecies" of mine.

However, I venture to remind the readers of the summer May-June issue of my *Diary*. Virtually everything I wrote there concerning the immediate future of Europe has already come true, or *is beginning to be substantiated* at present. Even so, at the time, I heard opinions expressed (true, by laymen) in which my article was called an "ecstatic rage," a fantastic exaggeration. People were simply ridiculing the strength and significance of the Clerical conspiracy; besides, they would admit no conspiracy at all. Only two weeks ago I heard a "competent" man express the opinion that

the death of the Pope and the election of a new Pope would pass in Europe without leaving any trace. But even today it is already known what importance Bismarck is attaching to it and what he had said about it in Berlin to Crispi.

In the May-June issue of my *Diary* I wrote that ever since the time of the Franco-Prussian war Bismarck's genius had grasped the fact that the most formidable enemy of the newly unified Germany was Roman Catholicism, which, to begin with, would serve as a pretext for a war of *revanche* that would engulf all Europe. This was considered absurd, etc. And all this because I wrote these things at a time when neither in Russia nor in the European press did anyone even think to bother about them, notwithstanding the Eastern war, which was already thundering in the world and causing concern to everybody. At that time it was the general consensus that things would be confined to the East.

Well, perhaps even now no one believes in the *inevitability* of a European war in the very near future. On the contrary, only recently serious attention was paid to the opinion of competent Englishmen (Northscot's speech) that pacification may be brought about by winter. So that, perhaps, I am considering in vain this present chapter of mine to be obsolete in advance. Even though facts have already come to light; although their enormous importance is beginning to reveal itself; although something fatal, dreadful and—what is most important—something near is already soaring over all Europe,—notwithstanding all this, I am sure, many people even now will consider my interpretation of these facts erroneous and ridiculous, fantastic and exaggerated, because everybody is taking the current events for something incomparably less significant than they actually are.

For example, we shall see elections in France, and suddenly she might return the former republican majority, as is quite possible. And I am convinced that people will at once start vociferating that everything has come to a happy end; that the sky has cleared; that no conflicts are in sight; that MacMahon has confessed his guilt; that the *impotent* Clericals have disgracefully withdrawn to the background, and that peace and "lawfulness" have been restored in Europe. All my conjectures, as stated in this chapter, will again seem but products of idle imagination. Again it will be said that I have conveyed to facts—true, accomplished facts—an erroneous meaning, and chiefly a meaning which is *nowhere attributed to them.*

However, let us once more await the events, and we shall then see where the more correct road is. And just as a matter of record, I shall attempt in conclusion to indicate the points and landmarks

of this road which is already becoming visible to everybody, and which, willy-nilly, we shall all have to follow. This I am doing, as stated, just as a matter of record—for future verification. In fact —this is simply a summary of this chapter.

1. The road begins at Rome and leads from Rome, from the Vatican, where the dying old man, the head of a crowd of Jesuits standing by him, has mapped it long ago. When the Eastern problem arose, the Jesuits realized that the most opportune moment had come. Following the road thus traced, they broke into France, made there a coup d'état, and placed her in a position which makes her war with Germany in the near future virtually inevitable, even if she does not desire it. All this Prince Bismarck has long in advance understood and foreseen. In my opinion at least, he alone, several years prior to the current moment, discerned and sized up his principal enemy and the enormous universal importance of that last battle for its existence which in the very near future *dying papal Catholicism* will unquestionably fight against the whole world.

2. At the present moment this fatal struggle is already shaping itself, while the last battle is approaching with terrible speed. France has been chosen and designated for the dreadful battle, and the battle will take place. It is inevitable, this is certain. However, there is a slim chance that it may be postponed—but only for a short time. In all events, the battle is *inevitable and not far distant.*

3. The moment the battle begins it will be converted into an all-European battle. The Eastern problem and the Eastern war, by force of destiny, will merge with the all-European conflict in which Austria's final decision which side she is to lend her sword will be one of the most noteworthy episodes. However, the most essential and momentous aspect of this last and fatal struggle will consist in that, on the one hand, it will be the solution of the thousand-year-old question of Roman Catholicism, and on the other —that, by the will of Providence, it will be replaced with regenerated Eastern Christianity. In this way our Russian Eastern problem will assume the proportions of a universal and ecumenical one fraught with extraordinary predestined significance, even though this predestination should come to pass before blind eyes incapable to the last minute of perceiving the obvious and of comprehending the meaning of the preordained. Finally— - -

4. (And let it be called the most conjectural and fantastic of all my predictions—I concede this in advance.) I am convinced that the war will end in favor of the East, in favor of the Eastern alliance; that Russia has nothing to fear should the Eastern war merge with the all-European one, and that should the matter thus expand—it would be all for the better.

Oh, no doubt, this would be a dreadful affair should so much precious human blood be shed! But at least there is consolation in the thought that the blood thus shed would unquestionably save Europe from a ten times greater effusion of blood should the matter be again postponed and protracted. All the more so as the great struggle will unquestionably end quickly. Moreover, so many problems would be finally solved (the Roman Catholic problem, jointly with France's fate, the German, Eastern, Mohammedan problems); so many matters, altogether insoluble in the former course of events, would be settled; the face of Europe would be so changed; so many new and progressive things would ensue in human relationships that perhaps it is not necessary to suffer spiritually and to dread too much the last convulsive jerk of old Europe on the eve of her indubitable and great regeneration. . . .

Finally, I shall add one more consideration. Were one to make it a rule to judge all universal events of the greatest importance—even from a most superficial standpoint—by the principle: "today as yesterday, tomorrow as today,"—such a rule would be in obvious discord with the history of the nations and of mankind. And yet it is precisely what so-called realistic and sober common sense prescribes, so that virtually everyone who ventures to believe that tomorrow, maybe, the matter will appear to everybody in an altogether different guise than it seemed yesterday—is ridiculed and hissed at. For instance, even today, in the presence of all facts, does it not seem to quite a few that the Clerical movement is a most insignificant trifle; that Gambetta will make a speech, and everything will be restored to yesterday's status; that quite possibly our war with Turkey will be ended by winter, and then again, as hitherto, stock-exchange speculation and railroad business will begin, the ruble rate will rise, we shall be merrily travelling abroad, etc.

The impossibility of the continuation of the old order of things, in Europe, was an obvious truth to all her progressive minds, on the eve of the first European revolution which began in France at the end of the past century. Even so, who in the whole world, even on the eve of the convocation of the States-General, could have foreseen and predicted the form which, virtually on the following day, the event would assume, how it would begin . . . And after it had come to pass, who, for instance, could have predicted the advent of Napoleon I, who, in substance, was, as it were, the predestined executor of the first historical phase of the event which began in 1789?

Moreover, in the times of Napoleon I, perhaps it seemed to everybody in Europe that his appearance was positively a sheer external accident in no way connected with that universal law by

virtue of which the former face of the world was destined, at the end of the past century, to assume a new guise.

And today somebody is knocking at the door: some new man with a new word seeks to open the door and enter. . . . But who is going to enter?—This is the question. Is it going to be an altogether new man, or again, one resembling all us old dwarfs?

CHAPTER II

1

A Lie is Saved by a Lie

ONCE UPON a time Don Quixote, the well-known knight of the doleful image, the most magnanimous of all knights on earth, the simplest in soul and one of the greatest men in heart, while roaming in the company of his faithful armor-bearer Sancho in pursuit of adventures, was suddenly struck by a perplexity which made him ponder for a long while.

The point is that oftentimes ancient knights, beginning with Amadis de Gaula, whose life-histories survived in the most truthful books called romances of chivalry (for the purchase of which Don Quixote did not regret selling a few of the best acres of his small estate),—not seldom these knights, in the course of their famous wanderings, beneficial to the whole world,—would suddenly encounter whole armies—at times even one hundred thousand men strong—dispatched against them by the evil spirit, by wicked fairies who envied them and obstructed them in every possible way in the achievement of their great goal—to be united with their beautiful ladies.

Usually when a knight encountered such a monstrous and evil army, he drew his sword, invoking for his spiritual aid the name of his lady, and thereupon he hewed his way into the very midst of his enemies and annihilated them to the last man.

Apparently this was a simple matter, but suddenly Don Quixote started pondering.—Over what?—It appeared to him impossible that one knight—no matter how strong, and though he should keep swinging his sword untiringly twenty-four hours—should be able to kill at once, in just one battle, one hundred thousand men. Anyhow, even to kill one man time is needed. To kill one hundred thousand men much time is required, and regardless of how he swung his sword, this could not be accomplished in several hours, all at once, by one man. And yet these truthful books told that the incident occurred precisely in the course of one battle. How, then, could this happen?

"I have solved this riddle, my friend Sancho"—Don Quixote finally said. "Inasmuch as all these giants, all these wicked fairies, were but the evil spirit, their army, too, possessed the same magic and evil character. I believe that these armies were not composed of men exactly like us, for example. These men were but an illusion, a creation of magic, and probably their bodies did not resemble ours, but were rather akin to the bodies, for instance, of mollusks, worms and spiders. Thus, the solid and sharp sword of a knight, swung by his mighty hand, striking these bodies, instantly passed through them, almost without resistance, as if through the air. And if so, he could have actually with one blow passed through four or five, even ten, bodies if these stood in a compact group. It is intelligible, then, that the matter was greatly accelerated, and the knight was actually able to annihilate in several hours whole armies of these fairies and other monsters." . . .

Here the great poet and heart-reader discerned one of the deepest and most mysterious traits of the human spirit. Oh, this is a great book, not one of those such as are written nowadays. Such books are bequeathed to mankind once in several hundred years. And you will find such aspects of human nature discerned on every page of this book.

To take but one fact, that this Sancho—the personification of common sense, prudence, cunning, the golden mean—chances to become a friend and fellow-traveller of the insanest man on earth;—precisely he, and no other! He deceives Don Quixote continually; he cheats him like a child, and at the same time he fully believes in his great mind; he is tenderly fascinated by the greatness of his heart; he also gives full credence to the fantastic dreams of the valiant Knight, and not once does he doubt that the latter finally will conquer the island!

How desirable it would be for our youth to become thoroughly familiar with these grand works of world literature. I don't know what is being taught in the courses in literature, but acquaintance with this the grandest and saddest book conceived by the genius of man would unquestionably ennoble the soul of a youth with a great thought and would plant in his heart momentous queries, helping to divert his mind from the worship of the eternal stupid idol of mediocrity, self-complacent conceit and trivial prudence. This saddest of all books man will not forget to take along with him to the Lord's last judgment. He will point to the very deep and fatal mystery of man and of mankind revealed in it. He will show that the most sublime beauty of man, his loftiest purity, chastity, naiveté, gentleness, courage, and finally, the greatest are often—alas, much too often—reduced to naught, with no benefit to mankind,

solely because all these the noblest and richest gifts with which man is frequently endowed have lacked one and the last gift—*genius* in order to administer the wealth of these blessings and all their power,—to administer and lead them along a truthful and not fantastic and insane path of action—for the benefit of the human race!

Genius, however, is so sparingly, so rarely allotted to tribes and peoples, that the spectacle of the cruel irony of fate which so often dooms the labors of the noblest men and most ardent friends of mankind to hisses and ridicule, to stoning, solely because they are unable at the fatal moment to discern the true meaning of things and to discover their *new word*,—this spectacle of the vain perdition of so many great and very noble forces may lead a friend of humanity to despair, no longer rousing him to laughter but stirring him to bitter tears, forever angering his hitherto pure and credulous heart with doubt. . . .

However, I merely meant to point out this most curious trait which along with hundreds of other profound observations, Cervantes discerned and revealed in man's heart. The most fantastic of all men, who embraced to the point of lunacy the belief in the most chimerical dream that can be imagined, suddenly is seized with doubt and perplexity which almost shatter his whole faith. And it is curious to note what proved capable of undermining it: not the absurdity of his initial aberration; not the irrationality of the existence of knights roaming for the benefit of mankind; not the nonsensicalness of those magic miracles which are recorded in "the most truthful books,"—nay, on the contrary—an outward, secondary, altogether isolated circumstance. The fantastic man suddenly begins *to crave for realism!* It is not the fact of the appearance of fairy armies that baffles him—oh, this cannot be doubted! Besides, how could these great and splendid knights have revealed their valor if all these trials had not been cast upon them, if there had been no envious giants and wicked fairies?—The ideal of the wandering knights is so grand, so lofty and useful, it has so fascinated the heart of the noble Don Quixote that to renounce faith in it completely became an impossibility for him; it would have been equivalent to the betrayal of the ideal, of duty, of love of Dulcinea and of mankind. (When he did renounce this ideal; when he recovered from his insanity and grew *reasonable*,—after he had returned from his second expedition, in which he was defeated by the level-headed and sensible barber Carasco, the negator and satirist,—he promptly passed away, calmly, with a sad smile, comforting weeping Sancho, loving the whole world with the full strength of love that dwelt in his holy heart, and yet realizing that there was nothing further for him to do in this world.)

Nay, he was perplexed merely with that surest mathematical consideration that no matter how the knight might swing his sword, and regardless of how mighty he might be, it is impossible to defeat an army of one hundred thousand men in the course of several hours, or even of one day, killing each one of them, to the last man. Even so, this is stated in the truthful books. This means that a lie is stated. And if there is one lie,—everything is a lie. How, then, is *truth* to be saved? Presently he invents for the salvation of truth another fancy, but twice, three times more fantastic, cruder, more absurd than the first one; he conceives hundreds of thousand of imaginary men possessing mollusk-bodies through which the sharp sword of the knight can pass ten times more effectively and quickly than through ordinary human bodies. Thus *realism* is taken care of, *truth is saved*, and now the first, principal fancy may be believed without any further doubts,—and this, again, owing to the second far more nonsensical vision, conceived for the salvation of the realism of the initial one.

Ask yourselves: didn't, perhaps, a thing such as this occur in your lives? Say that you took a liking to a certain fancy of yours, to an idea, to some inference of yours, a conviction, or some external fact which struck your imagination, finally to a woman who bewitched you. You rush after the object of your love with all the strength of your soul. True, no matter how you may be blinded, how your heart may be tempted, yet if in that object of your love there be deceit, illusion, something that you yourselves have exaggerated and distorted in it owing to your passion, your initial impetus—solely for the purpose of making of it your idol and worshipping it,—of course, secretly you will feel it, doubt will oppress you, tease your mind, roam in your soul, preventing you from living peacefully with your beloved fancy.

Now, then, don't you remember, wouldn't you admit, at least to yourselves: what would suddenly comfort you? Haven't you conceived a new vision, a new lie, perhaps, of the crudest kind, in which you hasten lovingly to believe only because it has solved your initial doubt?

Mollusks Taken for Human Beings. What is More Advantageous to Us: When the Truth is Known About Us or When Nonsense is Spoken About Us?

In our day virtually all Europe is in love with the Turks,—more or less. Formerly, say a year ago, even though Europe sought to discover in the Turks some sort of great national strength, never-

theless everybody understood within himself that they did this solely because of their hatred of Russia. Indeed, they could not help realizing the fact that in Turkey there are no forces, that there can be none, inherent in a normal, healthy organism; moreover, that perhaps there is no organism left—to such an extent is is undermined, contaminated and putrefied, that the Turks are but an Asiatic horde, and not a regular state.

At present, however, since Turkey has been at war with Russia little by little, in certain European quarters there has arisen a real and serious conviction that that nation is not only an organism but one possessing great vigor and qualifications for development and future progress. This fancy has captivated many a European mind more and more, and finally this conviction has even drifted over to Russia: in Russia, too, some people have begun to speak of some unexpected national forces which Turkey has suddenly revealed. But in Europe this fancy took root as a result of hatred of Russia, whereas in our midst it is the result of pusillanimity and horrible haste in reaching pessimistic conclusions, which were always a characteristic trait of the educated classes of our society just as soon as somewhere and in some respect we began to have "reverses."

In Europe the same thing happened as transpired in the defective mind of Don Quixote, only in an inverted sense, although the substance of the fact is identical: to save the *truth* Don Quixote invented men with mollusk-bodies; whereas Europe, in order to save her fundamental vision, so comforting to her, concerning the negligibleness and impotence of Russia, converted a real mollusk into a human organism, bestowing upon it flesh and blood, spiritual vigor and health. At present the most educated European states are fervently disseminating perfect absurdities about Russia. Even in days gone by we were little known in Europe, so little that one used always to wonder that such enlightened nations took so flimsy an interest in the study of that people whom they hated so intensely and whom they have always feared. Up to the present, this paucity of European knowledge of us, and even a certain impossibility for Europe to understand us on many points, in a certain sense, were partly advantageous to us. Therefore, now also no harm will ensue.

Let them shout at home about "the disgraceful weakness of Russia as a military power," contrary to the testimony of dozens of their own correspondents from the firing line, who have expressed admiration at the fighting aptitude, chivalrous tenacity and marvelous discipline of the Russian soldier and officer; let them regard the possible mistakes, even grave mistakes, of the Russian staff in the beginning of the war not only as irreparable but as organic

and customary defects of our army and nation (forgetting how often we have defeated them in the field during the last two centuries); finally, let their *most serious* political periodicals herald to Europe as an accurate truth the colossal uprising of the people, led by nihilists in Petersburg—on the Viborgskaia Storona, and that two regiments were dispatched at the instance of the authorities by railway from Dinaburg—to save Petersburg,—let them, in their blind wrath, say all these things. I repeat, this is even to our advantage, since they know not what they are doing. For it goes without saying that they would be eager to incite hatred against us everywhere abroad as against "dangerous enemies of their civilization." They already visualize us in a defeated condition, in disgracefully ridiculous impotence as a military power and a state organism. But he who is so weak and insignificant,—how can he arouse the fear of the coalition? And yet they feel it necessary to incite their society against us. Consequently, what they say is to their detriment, and if so they are not causing us harm but bestowing a benefit upon us. As for us,—we shall wait for the end.

But let us only imagine that they might receive the fullest, most precise and truthful information concerning the force of the spirit, the feeling, the unshakable faith of the Russian people in the justice of the great cause in defense of which their Emperor has drawn his sword, and in the indubitable triumph—sooner or later—of that cause. To imagine that Europe would, finally, comprehend that to Russia this is a national war *par excellence;* that our people are by no means a dead, inanimate mass, as Europe always imagines them to be, but a mighty organism, conscious of its strength, united as one man, by heart and will, inseparable from their army,—oh, what an alarm would this information rouse all over Europe! And, of course, it would tend more to bring about an actual coalition against us than their pet calumnies about our impotence and ruin. Nay, better for them to believe in the uprising on the Viborgskaia Storona. We should only be encouraged by the fact that they believe in it.

However, in Europe all this is intelligible, and one understands why this is transpiring there. But how can people at home vacillate, be troubled and even believe in some sort of newly and suddenly revealed vital force of the Turkish nation? How did it manifest this force? By fanaticism? But fanaticism is carrion and not strength. This has been preached a hundred times in Russia by those very men who now believe in Turkish strength. People speak about Turkish victories. Yet the Turks have merely once or twice beaten off our attacks, and these are, so to speak, negative and not positive victories. We, besieged in Sebastopol, on one occasion re-

pelled an assault of the French and English inflicting terrible losses on them, but in those days Europe did not vociferate about our victory.

The last two months we have been greatly outnumbered by the Turks. . . . Well, have they taken advantage of this? Why didn't they force us across the Balkans? Why didn't they drive us back across the Danube?—On the contrary, everywhere we have retained our main positions, and everywhere we have repelled the Turks. On several occasions seven or eight of our battalions have defeated twenty of theirs, as it recently happened on the Czerkovna. Convinced of the strength of the Turks, it is, however, pointed out that their rifles and even artillery are superior to ours. Yet people refuse to remember that, strictly speaking, we are fighting not only against the Turks but also against the European powers; that many Englishmen are serving as officers in the Turkish army, that the Turks are armed with European money; that European diplomacy, ever since the beginning of the war, has been opposing us in many ways, having deprived us of the help of our natural allies and even of our real roads of communication to Turkey. Besides, by her hatred of us, Europe has encouraged the fanaticism of the Turks.

Finally, in Europe a conspiracy of whole organized, armed and financed gangs has been discovered; their object is to attack unexpectedly the rear of our army. On top of this, recently a Turkish loan has been cooked up in Europe, to her own great financial detriment. This impossible loan was granted solely because Europe is so fond of the fancy that Turkey, far from being a mollusk-state, is an organism with flesh and blood just like the European states. And this at a time when whole provinces of Turkey were stained with floods of blood, when a regular conspiracy of the Turkish rulers revealed the intent to annihilate the Bulgarians—to the last man!

The Turks are fighting us, feeding and supporting their army with such requisitions of supplies, horses and cattle as inevitably must completely ruin that richest Turkish province. And it is to these destroyers and slaughterers of their own country that the enlightened English granted a loan, believing in their economic solvency!

But let all this be so over there—in Europe! There, this is somehow intelligible! But how can we regard the Turks as a force? Is the utter destruction of their own country or the complete annihilation of the Christian population of the state—force? Such force will not last them till the end of the war. The first turn of the war in our favor,- and the fantastic edifice of their military and national strength will instantaneously collapse and vanish like a genuine phantom, together with its fanaticism, which will escape like steam through an open valve.

Some clever fellows in Russia are cursing—both orally and in print—the Slavic problem. "What a fuss you are making about these Slavs and these fantasies of their unification! And who cast those Slavs upon our neck! What for?—To doom us to an everlasting discord with Europe, to her eternal suspiciousness and hatred of us, now and in the future?—Well, let them be damned, those Slavophiles!" and so on, and so forth.

However, it seems that these clamorous wiseacres are altogether misinformed on the Slavs and the Eastern question, and that many of them never took any interest in them—up to the very last moment. Therefore, it is impossible to argue with them. Indeed, they are not aware of the fact that the Eastern question (including the Slavic problem) was invented not at all by the Slavophiles, nor by anybody else; that it arose long ago of its own accord—long before the Slavophiles, before us, even before Peter the Great and the Russian Empire. It arose at the time of the initial consolidation of the Great Russian race into a unified Russian state, *i.e.*, simultaneously with the Moscow Czardom.

The Eastern question is a fundamental idea of the Moscow Czardom, of which Peter the Great took full cognizance, and which, when he left Moscow, he transferred to Petersburg. Peter fully understood its organic connection with the Russian state and the Russian soul. This is why this idea did not only survive in Petersburg but it was, as it were, recognized as a *Russian mission* by all the successors of Peter. This is why it can neither be forsaken nor modified.

To abandon the Slavic idea and to leave without solution the problem entailing the fate of Eastern Christianity (N. B. which is the substance of the Eastern problem)—would be equivalent to smashing Russia into pieces, and to inventing in her place something new, but not Russia at all. This would not even be a revolution, but simply destruction; therefore this would even be impossible, since such an entity cannot be destroyed and transformed into an altogether different organism. At present perhaps only the blindest of our Russian Europeans—and with them, to their shame, stock-exchange speculators—do not perceive and do not recognize this idea. I call tentatively stock-exchange speculators all those present-day Russians who have no other concern in Russia but their pocket-books, and who view Russia exclusively from the standpoint of the interests of their pockets. Now they are shouting in a chorus about commercial depression, the stock-exchange crisis and the decline in rate of exchange of the ruble.

However, were these stock-exchange gamblers so far-sighted as to understand anything outside their sphere, they would grasp

the fact that should Russia have failed to begin the present war, they themselves would be worse off. In order that there be "business," even stock-exchange business, it is necessary that the nation live in reality, *i.e.*, a genuine live life abiding by its natural mission, and not as a galvanized corpse in the hands of Jews and stock-exchange speculators.

Had we not started the present war—after all the cynical and insulting provocations of our enemies,—had we not come to the rescue of the tortured martyrs, we should despise ourselves. But self-contempt, moral degradation, and ensuing cynicism impede even "business." Nations live by a great sentiment, a great all-unifying and all-illuminating thought; by cohesion of the people, and finally, on condition that the people, involuntarily, consider themselves to be in accord with their upper men. This generates national vigor. This is what nations live by, and not merely by stock-exchange speculations and by concern about the rate of the ruble. The wealthier a nation is spiritually, the richer it is materially . . . But, say, what obsolete words I am uttering!

A Slight Hint at the Future Intelligent Russian Man. The Unquestionable Fate of the Future Russian Woman

Nowadays there are strange perplexities and odd concerns. Positively, there are Russians who are even *afraid* of Russian successes and victories. They are afraid not because they wish evil to the Russians; on the contrary, they are sincerely sorry about every Russian reverse; they are good Russians. Yet they are also afraid of Russian successes and victories "because, you see, after a victorious war self-reliance, self-conceit, chauvinism and stagnation will develop."

But the whole mistake of these good men consists in that they have always perceived Russian progress in self-bespitting. Why, at present, self-reliance is the thing which, perhaps, we need most! At length we need self-respect, and not self-bespitting. Don't worry—there will be no stagnation. The war will throw light on so many things and will make us change so many old things! This you would never be able to achieve by self-bespitting and mockery which, of late, have been turned into mere pastime. As against this, there will also be revealed much which used to be regarded by our wise denouncers as a mere trifle, which nevertheless constitutes our very essence in every respect. Nay, it is not our custom to indulge

in chauvinism and self-intoxication! When did this take place in Russian society?—Those who claim this are simply ignorant of Russian history. Much has been said about our self-intoxication after Sebastopol; it was claimed that at that time self-confidence had ruined us. However, at no time was educated society less self-confident—even to the point of decomposition—than at the epoch preceding Sebastopol.

I may remark in passing: among those who wrote about our self-intoxication and taunted us with it after Sebastopol, there were several new young writers who attracted to themselves a good deal of public attention and roused in society much sympathy because of their accusations. However, these sincerely well-wishing denouncers were at once joined by so many impudent and disreputable fellows; there ensued so much unbridled sham; there appeared so many men who understood nothing about the substance of the matter, and yet imagined themselves saviors of Russia,—moreover, among them there appeared so many outspoken enemies of Russia—that, at length, these men who had, *bona fide*, joined the cause originated by the talented men, finished by harming it. At first, however, they did meet with success, solely because the Russians, pure in heart, who at that time really craved for regeneration, for the new word, failed to discern in them scamps, inept, even venal people without any convictions. On the contrary, these naive Russians believed that the latter were for Russia, for her interests, for regeneration, for the people and society. At length, the overwhelming majority of the Russians became disillusioned and turned their backs upon the scamps. And it was after that that stock-exchange gamblers and seekers of railroad concessions made their appearance . . . It seems that at present this mistake will not be repeated because, unquestionably, new men, with a new vision and with new power will appear.

These new men will not be afraid of self-respect, but they will also not be afraid to follow the old course; nor will they be afraid of the wiseacres. They will be modest, but they will know many things, derived from practical experience, of which these wiseacres of ours have never dreamed. By practical experience they will learn to respect the Russian man and the Russian people. This knowledge they will unfailingly bring along with them, and in this will be their main *point d'appui*. They will not attribute all our misfortunes and *ineptitudes* exclusively to the characteristics of the Russian man and the Russian nature. This, however, has become a bureaucratic device of our wiseacres, since this is comfortable and requires no brains.

They will be the first to attest the fact that the Russian spirit and the Russian man are in no way to be blamed for the hundreds

of thousands of accusations heaped upon them; that wherever a Russian is given direct access to a job he will do it not worse than any other.

Oh, these new men, despite all their modesty, will, finally, understand how often our wiseacres, even the purest in heart who wished genuine benefit, have sat on two chairs, seeking to discover the root of the evil. These new men, who unfailingly will appear after the war, will be joined by many live forces from among the people and the Russian youth. Even before the war they made their appearance, but then we were unable to discern them. And when here we all expected to perceive a spectacle of cynicism and corruption—over there, they revealed a spectacle of such conscious self-denial and sincere sentiment, such faith in that cause for which they had gone to give their lives, that we, here, merely kept wondering—whence did all this come?

Some correspondents of foreign newspapers have accused certain Russian officers of being ambitious, careerists, of seeking distinctions, forgetting the principal aim—the love of their fatherland and that cause which they undertook to serve. However, if there be such Russian officers, these correspondents would do well to become acquainted with those young men or with those inconspicuous officers—even as far as their ranks are concerned—with those modest servants of their fatherland and of the just cause for which they valiantly died, side by side with their soldiers, with absolute self-denial, and not at all for distinctions, not for show or career, but only because they had great hearts and were staunch Christians, inconspicuous great Russian men, of whom there are so many—virtually to the last soldier—in our army.

Please note that when speaking of the future new man, I am by no means pointing only to our warriors in anticipation of their return. Innumerable others will appear,—*all those who in the past have been craving for the belief in the Russian man*, but who were unable to reveal themselves in opposition to the generally and manifestly prevailing negation and pessimism. But now, contemplating the *faith* in his strength which the Russian has revealed *over there*, willy-nilly, they will be encouraged and will believe that here, too, there are real Russian forces: whence, if not from here, did they spring up there? And having braced themselves, they will get together, and modestly but firmly they will turn to the real task without fearing anyone's loud and bombastic words—these old, old words! Yet our clever little old men are still convinced that precisely they are the newest and the *young* men, and that they are uttering the newest words!

However, the principal and most salutary regeneration of Russian society unquestionably will be allotted to the Russian

will, naturally, become an element of military science and its significance will be evaluated. However, the *fatality* of this to us consisted in the fact that the Russian army, so to speak, stumbled against this military fact—not yet explained in a practical sense—and that we, Russians, were destined to interpret it to our enormous detriment, at least, as long as its meaning was not quite clear to us. Even so, many people both in Russia and Europe, up to this day, are inclined to regard this formidable detriment, sustained by us, as a result of this obscure fact, solely as our military mistake, whereas here there was something fatal and unavoidable, and not an error. Now, for instance, were the German army in our place, it would also have been hurt by this fact, although it might have evaluated it quickly and adopted corresponding counter-measures faster.

I merely mean to say that not all of our mistakes of this present campaign are in reality mistakes, and that the most important ones among them would have been committed by any European army in our place. I repeat: we stumbled against an obscure military fact, and prior to its elucidation we sustained a loss, which cannot be considered an absolute error. But what is this fact?

When in the days of my youth, I was studying higher military and engineering sciences at the Chief Engineering School and attended a six-year course there at the end of the Thirties and the beginning of the Forties, there was a conviction which was considered irrevocable,—an engineering axiom. (However, I hasten to remark in parentheses: so long ago have I forsaken engineering and military pursuits that I do not pretend to be in the least competent in this field. I matriculated in the Chief Engineering School and attended a six-year course there at the end of Thirties and in the beginning of the Forties. Thereupon, having graduated from the School and left it, I served as engineer only one year. I tendered my resignation and embarked upon literature. Totleben graduated three or four years earlier than I; I remember Kaufman in the officers' classes. I was in the same class with the younger Kaufman —in the Conductors' classes. Radetzky, Petrushevsky and Yolshin were only one year my seniors. Only three of my classmates have deviated from the straight road to choose an unsteady and uncertain path; namely, I, the writer Grigorovich and the artist Trutovsky. In a word, this was very long ago.)

That engineering axiom came down to the conviction that no fortress is, or can be, impregnable. In other words, no matter how skillfully a fortress may be fortified and defended, in the long run it must fall, and thus the military art of the assault of a fortress always exceeds the means and art of its defense. Of course, this

was merely conceived generally and theoretically:—the essential qualities of both engineering arts, that of the attack and of the defense of fortresses, were examined as mere abstract propositions. Naturally, there is no rule without exceptions, and even in those days certain existent fortresses used to be mentioned which were supposedly impregnable—for instance, Gibraltar, about which, however, we had but a hear-say knowledge. Still, from a scientific standpoint no fortress should have been conceived as impregnable, and the axiom that the art of the assault of a fortress always exceeds the means and art of its defense—remained unshaken.

Of course, it is different in practice. A certain fortress, for instance, may acquire the character of an impregnable citadel (without being such) only because, owing to this or that circumstance, the enemy's main forces may be held up before it too long and exhaust themselves, thus it renders a service greater than that which can be expected. Totleben, for example, knew for certain that in the long run Sebastopol would be captured, no matter how skillfully he defended her. However, the Allies most certainly did not know, when they began to besiege Sebastopol, that she would require so great a strain on their part. On the contrary, probably, they supposed that Sebastopol would occupy them for but two months or so, and that her siege would be but a passing episode in a huge plan of countless blows which they were ready to deliver at Russia, apart from the capture of Sebastopol. And thus she served as an impregnable citadel, even though, at length, she was captured. By the protracted, ingenious defense of Totleben—unexpected by them—the Allied resources, both military and financial, had been so exhausted and shattered that, after the capture of Sebastopol, further blows could not even be thought of, and our enemies sought peace, at least, not less ardently than we! Would they have offered us such peace terms as they did, if they had succeeded in capturing Sebastopol in two months!

Thus, absolutely impregnable fortresses are *not needed:* by a skillful defense and by the heroic tenacity of the defenders a fortress by no means impregnable may break the enemies' forces. Nevertheless, ingenious as the defense of Sebastopol may have been, sooner or later—I repeat—she must have fallen because, given a certain equality in the strength of both adversaries, the force of the assault always exceeds the force of the defense, *i.e.*, again, speaking scientifically, and not in a practical sense, because, at times, the attackers have actually abandoned the siege of certain fortresses—even after a long siege—however, not because these were impregnable, but because they sought to deliver a blow elsewhere, with fewer losses,—if only such a solution presented itself.

3

The Same Rule—Only in a New Version

Now, this military fact, this, so to speak, strategic axiom, during our present war with the Turks, has been suddenly shaken, as it were. By what?—Not by a *permanent* fortification, not by the impregnable citadel of a threatening fortress, but by a volatile field fortification, at most of a *temporary* character. In days gone by field defenses were not even taken into consideration; these were considered field fortifications which merely strengthened the scene of the battle. At Borodino we did construct redoubts which served their purpose, *i.e.*, fortified the scene; nevertheless, they were captured, although with losses to the enemy, but they were captured on the day itself of the battle.

Yet at Plevna something altogether new has occurred. A series of ordinary field fortifications, at most of a *temporary* character (in days past certainly not important things) has conveyed to the site the significance of an impregnable citadel, inconquerable with the employment of the traditional weapons, which has required on our part double, treble efforts, compared with those anticipated, and which, up to the present, has not been captured. Had this been a threatening series of fortifications defended only by traditional old defense means—could it have withstood the energetic, brilliant and unprecedented assault of the Russians?—Most certainly not: it would have served its purpose; of course, it would have made the attack more difficult; nevertheless 50,000 Russians, impetuously smashing ahead, as they did on the thirtieth of August, of course would have captured the redoubts and would have defeated the 50,000 army of Osman-Pasha, *i.e.*, in the presence of an equal number of troops the task would have been achieved and reinforcements would not have been required. At present, however, after two unsuccessful assaults, it has proved necessary at least to double our army, and this is but the first step in the realization of the task.

What, then, is the matter?—Of course it is to be accounted for by the present-day rifle. The Turk, covering himself with a hastily thrown-up bank, is able to fire such a mass of bullets that it is not impossible for the assaulting column, before it has even reached the breast-works, to be exterminated to the last man. Oh, of course, it is possible to capture Plevna by resorting to the traditional method, *i.e.*, to the frontal attack without any fortification works, exactly as the redoubts were captured at Borodino. *And our Russians would have done it!* Perhaps no European army would have ventured this, but they would have done it. But here is the

trouble: experience proved that for this it would have been necessary to sacrifice tens of thousands of Russians so that, having captured the redoubts by frontal attack, disposing in the beginning of an equal number of men as Osman, by the end we should have been numerically so weakened that we should have been unable to check Osman, who would have lost behind his trenches ten times fewer men than we.

Thus, after two unsuccessful assaults, finally, it proved necessary: first, to double our forces; secondly, with Totleben's assistance, to start engineering work, *i.e.*, something virtually resembling an atack against the strongest permanent fortresses; third, to begin the siege of Plevna, to occupy the roads, to interrupt communications, to cut off the flow of supplies to the enemy. In a word, a group of most ordinary, temporary field defenses have acquired, from the standpoint of the enemy, the significance of a first-class fortress. And even though Plevna will be captured—for sure—or to put it more correctly, even though Osman will be caught when he tries to force his way through in order to extricate himself from his own trap so as to avoid starving to death in it (and once he attempts to force his way he will *uncover himself*, and abandoning the defense, he will asume the role of an attacker, and to us—herein is the whole trick! Thus, he would lose at once all advantages of the deadly and invincible fire behind closed defenses); even so, the result is that Plevna has already served its purpose to the enemy; it has checked the initial victorious march of the Russians, compelling them to double and treble their efforts and losses (of which even Europe considered Russia incapable). And—who knows—perhaps Osman, even without so dreadful an ultimate result to himself, hopes to snatch at least half of his army from the hands of the Russians, and to flee at its head, so as again to dig in somewhere, throwing up a new Plevna, provided only he is given a chance to achieve all this. However, everybody has the right to hope, and Osman is an energetic and proud man.

It may even be said that if he who defends himself possesses entrenching implements and disposes of some twenty thousand soldiers—given the modern rifle—by means of a series of ordinary former field fortifications, any number of which can be scattered in the course of one night in a selected locality, he will increase the strength of these twenty thousand men to an army fifty or sixty thousand strong so that, if circumstances do not favor manœuvring, one does not know how to handle the situation.

Thus, this series of light defenses, at times, proves to him who defends himself even more beneficial than the most threatening and impregnable fortress because, when he retreats, he transports it

with him to any chosen site, as if it were a mere entrenching implement. At length you will capture it from him by sacrificing thousands of soldiers in the course of the assault, but tomorrow you encounter in your path another such fortress, provided the enemy is given time to escape from you.

At present there is in Turkey not just one Plevna, but each Turkish army, even each detachment, digs in, and on the morrow it installs behind the trenches its deadly rifles, saying to the Russians: "Come up in double numbers, and incur losses ten times as great as you anticipated in the beginning of the war." In order to match his forces with the assaulted, there remains nothing for the attacker but to stop opposite him and dig in too. But this cannot be done, because he is the attacker; he came to attack and to march forward. He cannot be sitting behind fortifications; he came to storm them. . . .

People who know will understand that I am speaking merely theoretically, that I am dwelling upon attack and defense in general, setting aside all other eventualities of war, which change every minute the course of events, swaying it hither or thither. I merely wish to express the formula that *with the modern rifle*, assisted by field fortifications, every army on the defensive, *in any European country*, has unexpectedly gained a terrible advantage over the attacking army. Now the force of defense exceeds the force of attack, and it is unquestionably more advantageous to him who defends himself to conduct a war than to him who is attacking.

Such is the fact which, thus far, has not been fully elucidated in strategy, which is even quite *unexpected*, against which we, the Russians, were destined to stumble, which we were destined to solve to our great detriment. And this is not at all our *mistake*, but merely a new military fact which suddenly revealed itself and became clear. . . .

4

The Most Enormous Military Mistakes Sometimes May Not be Mistakes at All

Well,—people will say—what kind of a new fact did you discover here? Didn't we know before the beginning of the campaign what the new rifle was and its deadly effect? Besides, it is not new; it was old long ago, so that not only were we in Petersburg in a position to calculate but we were in duty bound to calculate and prepare ourselves for its deadly action, particularly from behind a closed fortification. But the point is that practice does not coincide with theory, and that we actually *could not* calculate and

prepare. Only to civilians this seems easy, to those sitting in their drawing-rooms and criticizing our military operations.

Indeed, I am not denying the mistakes; I admit that there have been, and had to be, mistakes. But I merely do not wish to deem this one *fact* to be our absolute mistake, and I declare that up to this war *in all its overwhelming effect,* it was an obscure and even unknown fact. No doubt, it would have been possible to calculate and know in advance that with the modern rifle the defender, covering himself with the lightest fortification, might inflict upon the attacker twice as much harm as before. To learn and calculate is an easy matter requiring no strategic science. But here is what was infinitely more difficult to calculate and foresee, *i.e.,* the fact that with the present rifle the defender, covering himself with a fortification, would inflict not *twice,* but *five times* more harm than in former times, while in the face of such an energetic defense as we have met on the part of the Turks (it was excusable not to have taken it into account)—*ten times* more. Let us admit that that fact was known, yet its effect, its dimensions were unknown. No one knew that, even though the present-day rifle had strengthened the attacker, nevertheless it had reinforced the defender *infinitely more.* This *excess* of the reinforcement was unknown to us, and it was precisely this which constitutes the new, unexpected fact against which we stumbled.

It was not known, nor could it have been known, because nowhere, prior to this war with the Turks, had it been so fully revealed. Believe me that were the German army in our place, it would also have *stumbled* against this fact and would have sustained great losses. I repeat: perhaps the German army would have been quicker than we to evaluate its significance fully and would have adopted necessary counter-measures: in some cases the German is more cautious and circumspect than the Russian; as against this, the Russian possesses such a self-denying discipline, such absolute self-sacrifice, such strength of energy, tenacity and impetuosity that, verily, it is difficult to decide which of the two is superior in military matters. Naturally, our competent men, knowing the Russian soldier, in the beginning, prior to the experience with the modern rifle, even from behind fortifications, could have given the matter but cursory thought, and even if the modern rifle were *not only twice but three times* as deadly as the former rifle, they could have feared it little. Yet it developed that the modern rifle used from behind a fortification was *five,* and even *ten times* more powerful than the former one. This, however, could have been ascertained only by practical experience. . . . And up to the present in this respect there had been no practical experience in European wars.

Indeed, with the appearance of the modern rifle apparently many more simpler facts have not been elucidated. For instance, only now have we come to life when our troops have received Berdan rifles, whereas, in the beginning, the army was equipped with other kinds of rifles—slow and short-range ones. This, unquestionably, was a mistake. However, the fact to which I am pointing was not a mistake: in all its completeness it could not have been anticipated; nor was it possible, prior to practical experience, to make accurate calculations.

The Franco-Prussian war, a war between two so highly educated nations, which are so equal in regard to inventions and military equipment (the French had a better rifle than the Germans, and the latter were compelled to accept it, without delay, while the war was still in progress)—the Franco-Prussian war which has introduced so many novel elements into strategy, almost bringing about a revolution with it, had *in no way* elucidated *our fact*. And yet it could have thrown light upon it. But there occurred special circumstances which prevented this, and the conqueror of France up to the present, up to the Turkish war itself, remained ignorant of the fact that the Frenchman, defeated by him, possessed a colossal weapon with which to check the German onslaught in 1871, but failed to make use of it owing to special circumstances which resulted in the fact that the power of this weapon could not even have occurred to the Frenchman. By no means did the Germans conquer the French: they conquered the then prevailing French state of affairs—first, of the Napoleonic regime, and later of the republican chaos.

In the beginning of the war, the French army—whose national characteristic is frontal attack at half-sword with the enemy—was dreadfully amazed and morally depressed by the fact that instead of crossing the Rhine and invading Germany, it was compelled to defend its own territory at home. Several battles took place which the Germans won. However, the thought that with the use of their magnificent *chassepot* several more dreadful Plevnas could be thrown up at once in order to stem the terrible onslaught of the enemy,—that thought did not occur to the Frenchman at all. He kept endeavoring to smash ahead, and up to Sedan itself he refused to believe that he was conquered. Then came Sedan, and the bulk of the regular army—because of considerations which by no means were military considerations—was withdrawn from the field. There was left the defense of Paris by the madman Trochu. Gambetta flew out of Paris in a balloon, *descendit du Ciel* (descended from heaven) in one of the provinces—as a certain historian wrote about him, proclaimed a dictatorship and began to recruit new armies. These little resembled regular troops and were made up of all sorts

of riff-raff, for which, however, Gambetta could not be blamed. At the time, they themselves wrote that the majority of their soldiers did not know how to load a rifle and to take aim; why, they were not even concerned about such things; they did not want to fight and were anxious to be left in peace.

Then came winter, with its cold and hunger. How could they have guessed that suddenly they could grow three, four times stronger than their enemy—by resorting to their *chassepots* and trenching implements?—Well, did they have these implements? The siege of Paris—which had a political rather than a military significance—was also an obstacle. In a word, the French failed to make use of the dreadful *new* military fact, and did not discover its effect. In the course of our present Turkish war this fact has been *fully* revealed, and it stands to reason that Germany's politicians and military men have taken cognizance of it with anxiety.

Indeed, should this fact be dealt with by science, by tactics, in every army, perhaps the French will also take advantage of it, when Germany again assaults them. And if the French brush aside their military prejudices (which is very difficult); if they fully embrace the conviction, derived from the Turkish war, that defense with the modern rifle and trench implements is now much stronger than attack, which requires a double number of men, the following may be stated: the French have an army of one million men; but there is a general military rule that it is far easier for the assaulted to concentrate his forces if he is fighting on his own territory—even if a country possesses such a disadvantageous military borderline as Russia,—whereas the attacker, should he even dispose of an army of two million men (which is never the case), could never invade the assaulted country with more than six or seven hundred thousand troops.

Now, imagine that this whole million of defenders should resort to trench implements as energetically and broadly as nowadays the Turks do; imagine a talented general and excellent engineers,—in this event Germany would have to dispatch to France—not just a million, but a minimum of a million and a half! Undoubtedly, someone in Germany is now thinking about this.

We Merely Stumbled Against a Fact, but There Was No Mistake. Two Armies—Two Opposites. The Present State of Affairs

Precisely the Turks were destined to discover the new fact in all its completeness. Other nations, other armies, would long

have failed to discover it *practically in such completeness.* The Turks have long refrained from attacking Europe, and they are specifically used to defense. This is the principal national characteristic of the Turkish army. Behind fortifications the Turk is tenacious and energetic, and during this war Europe, as if on purpose, encouraged him, helped him with armaments, engineers, with huge sums of money, and finally, by inciting him against us, she aroused his fanaticism. Had he even been ignorant of the fact, there would have been plenty of people to inform him of it; but it so happened that the fact was in full accord with his national spirit. He promptly grasped the meaning of the trenching implement, coupled with the magazine rifle, and the resulting immense preponderance in strength of defense over attack. And as if on purpose, the Russians were destined to stumble against this, *i.e.,* that army which, in accordance with ancient, secular tradition, has adopted as its method of attack—fiery assault, breast to breast, in close formation, suddenly converting a thousand men into one being.

From these two opposites the new axiom has revealed itself in all its completeness. I repeat: it was possible to anticipate and calculate that the strength of the new rifle behind a covering trench exceeds twice, even three times, the effort of the attacker. Relying upon the tenacity and unheard-of energy of the Russian soldier, we had the right to regard this "*twice and three times*" with contempt (for a long time we did so regard it). However, the thing proved not twice or three times, but ten times stronger. This could not have been anticipated and quickly learned despite even practical experience.

Of course, to civilian strategists all this will sound ridiculous. Nor do they recognize the existence of the fact itself: "We should have foreseen—that's all. Everybody knows that the Peabody rifle emits ten to twelve cartridges per minute. Well, it should have been understood that a Turk sitting behind a trench with such a rifle will mow down an attacking column to the last man." But, I repeat, theoretically, before the experiment, this could not have been fully evaluated.

There are extremely simple things which the most ingenious generals have been unable to guess beforehand. A French historian bitterly criticizes Napoleon I for the fact that disposing in 1815 of an army of 170,000 (only that many) and being fully aware that he could not count on recruiting a single additional soldier in France —because France was exhausted to that extent as a result of twenty years of wars—he nevertheless ventured to attack his enemies, *i.e.,* risked a foreign war, instead of a domestic one. This historian seeks to prove that, even had Napoleon won the battle of Waterloo,

this would not have saved him from ultimate debacle in that same campaign because of the overwhelming numerical preponderance of the coalition. Napoleon's whole mistake, according to this historian, consisted in that he continued, as hitherto, to consider one French soldier worth two German soldiers. Had it been so, he would, of course, have made up for the want of the men with whom he proceeded to fight all Europe. But in 1815, claims the historian, this was no longer so: after twenty years the Germans had learned how to fight, improving the quality of their soldiers to the point where they were fully equal to the French soldiers.

Thus, even ingenious Napoleon made such a seemingly simple mistake: he failed to guess a thing which he should have known long ago, and which his critic perceived so clearly. However, it is easy to criticize, and it is easy to be a great general sitting on a sofa. It is remarkable that Napoleon and we were *mistaken* in one and the same point, *i.e.*, by erroneously attributing an excessive significance to certain national peculiarities of our armies.

In conclusion I shall reiterate, again and again, that everything stated here has but a general, scientific meaning (be it correct or incorrect—let everyone judge for himself). In practice, however, the results may greatly vary. For instance, in the beginning of the war the Turks did let us cross the Danube and the Balkans; they did surrender their fortresses and cities; they did flee before our advancing troops, without giving any thought to their trench implements and to the effect of their Peabody rifle. It also seems that at that time they were not yet possessed with fanaticism. Strictly speaking, it was only at Plevna that they fully guessed *wherein lay the trick*. Only there did they discover for the first time all the tactical advantages possessed by the attacked.

It may happen, however, that Plevna will be captured in a week, and with it "*the whole*" Osman, *i.e.*, perhaps he will not succeed in carrying out a retreat if he attempts a break-through. Then, suddenly, for example, the Turks may reveal the former sinking of the spirits; they will forget Adrianople and Sofia; they will throw down their trench implements, hurriedly fleeing in the face of the Russian offensive. In a word, many things may happen. However, all this does not at all change the significance of the new axiom in its general sense, *i.e.*, that with modern equipment the strength of the defense exceeds the force of the attack not as hitherto but *exceedingly* so.

Let us refer to another example: somewhere there is a war, and a general locks himself up with his troops in a strong fortress. Having calculated all data, *i.e.*, the quantity of provisions; the position and strength of the fortifications, engineering science is

able (I believe) to ascertain almost precisely how long the fortress may resist the siege and thereby render undeniable service to its country by tying down around its walls, at the hottest moment of the campaign, the two times stronger attacking enemy. Let us suppose the length of time is six or seven months. Unexpectedly the general who has locked himself up in that fortress, capitulates—for some special reasons of his own—not after seven, but after two months.

Briefly, practice may bring about countless variations. Even so—given modern military equipment—the axiom of the *excessiveness* of the preponderance (about which, up to our present war with the Turks, no one has ever dreamed) of the strength of the defense over the force of the attack retains its force. (Once more I emphasize: it was not the preponderance of the strength that could not have been anticipated but such excessiveness of it.)

However, at present, practice is already operating to our advantage, and we shall commit no *such* error in the future. At present Todleben is over there. What he is doing we do not exactly know; but, perhaps, the ingenious engineer, by some new ingenious discovery, will find a means to shatter the *axiom* (not only in this particular case but in general), to eliminate *excessiveness* and to balance the forces (that of the attack and of the defense). Europe is attentively and eagerly watching his actions, awaiting not merely political but also scientific inferences.

Briefly, our military horizon looks brighter and, once more, there is much hope. In Asia a great victory has brought the matter to an end. And our Balkan army is numerically strong and magnificent; its spirit is equal to its great goal. The Russian people—I mean the people—as a whole, as one man, desire that the great aim of the war in defense of Christianity may be achieved. Mothers cannot refrain from shedding tears over their children leaving for the battlefields: this is nature. But the conviction of the holiness of the cause retains its full force. Fathers and mothers know whither they send their children: the war is a popular one. This is being denied by some people who do not believe; they gather contradicting facts, but, for instance, such news items as the following appearing in the papers in small type remain virtually unnoticed:

"It is reported to *The Odessa Messenger* from the station Birzula that 2800 convalescent soldiers have been transported through that station to the army in the field. They were accompanied by six convalescent officers. It is noteworthy that from among the wounded *not even one* wished to take advantage of his right to be transferred to the reserve forces. They all hasten to go back to the front." (*The Moscow Gazette*, No. 251.)

How do you like this news item? Indeed, it would seem that facts such as these bear witness to the character of the cause! After that, how can it be asserted that the war is not a popular war, and that the people stand aloof? But this is not an isolated fact; there is a multitude of such facts. They will all be gathered, they will begin to shine, and they will become part of history. . . . Fortunately most of these facts have been attested to by numerous European eye-witnesses; no longer can they be changed, counterfeited and presented in a stock-exchange or *Roman Clerical* light.

CHAPTER II

1

Hartung's Suicide and Our Eternal Question: Who Is to Be Blamed?

OF LATE, all Russian newspapers have been—and still are—discussing General Hartung's suicide in Moscow during the session of the Circuit Court, a quarter of an hour after he had heard the jurors' verdict which found him guilty. Therefore, I believe that all the readers of *The Diary* are already more or less conversant with this extraordinary and tragic incident, and so I don't have to explain anything in detail.

The general purport comes down to this: a man of considerable rank and belonging to select society becomes friendly with a former tailor, subsequently a money lender, Sanftleben, and not because he has to borrow money from him, but, as it were, as a matter of friendship, assuming incidentally, and quite readily, the role of his executor. Then, upon Sanftleben's death, certain heinous things begin to transpire: the promissory notes ledger disappears, no one knows whither; in violation of the procedure prescribed by law, promissory notes, papers and documents are removed by Hartung to his apartment. It develops that Hartung has entered into collusion with one group of the heirs to the detriment of the others (even though he may not have suspected this himself). Thereupon one of the heirs rushes into his apartment, and the poor executor learns that he is mixed up with bad company. Direct accusations are brought forward;—he is accused of the theft of bills of exchange, the bills of exchange ledgers, of false endorsement of the latter, of the disappearance of documents, involving a loss of property in the sum of over one hundred or even two hundred thousand rubles. . . . Then comes the trial. The prosecutor is even glad of it and of the

fact that a general is in the dock, side by side with a plebeian, thus giving the Russian Themis an opportunity to proclaim the equality of the strong and the notable with the humble and the insignificant before the law.

However, the trial proceeds quite normally (whatever may be said about it) and, finally, the jurors pronounce an almost inevitable condemnation, the meaning of which is: "guilty—he did embezzle." The Court retires to frame the sentence, but General Hartung did not choose to wait for it: stepping out—so it is reported—into the adjoining room, he seated himself by a table, grasped his poor head with both hands, and then, suddenly, a shot sounded: he shot himself through the heart with a revolver which he had brought along with him and which he had loaded beforehand. On his person a note—also written beforehand—was found, in which he "swears by Almighty God that in this case he embezzled nothing, and that he forgives his enemies." Thus, he died convinced of his innocence and his gentlemanliness.

Now, this death has aroused everybody in Moscow and all the newspapers in Russia. It was said that the judges and the prosecutor came out of their chambers with pallid faces, and that the jurors, too, were abashed. The papers began to vociferate about "the obviously unjust verdict." Some of them noted that no longer can the Russian courts be accused of lenient and conniving verdicts: "Here"—they implied—"is an example: an innocent man perished!" Others justly observed that it is impossible not to give credence to such solemn and last words of a man on earth, and thus, almost unquestionably the inference could be drawn that in this case a lamentable judicial error was committed. Well, much has been said and written in the papers.

It must be admitted that some of the newspaper comments were strange: some sort of falsity sounded in them,—they may have been ardent and sincere, if you please,—but nevertheless,—false. One feels sorry for Hartung; but here it is rather a tragedy (very deep tragedy)—the destiny of Russian life, than an error on anyone's part. Or to put it better: here everybody is guilty: the habits and customs of our educated society; the characters which have developed and formed themselves, and finally, the habits and customs of our adopted, young and insufficiently Russified courts.

However, if everybody around is guilty this means that individually and singly no one is guilty. Among all the newspaper comments I liked most that which appeared in *The New Times*. It so happened that on the eve I conversed with one of our astute jurists and connoisseurs of Russian life, and it developed that he and I were in full accord. Very shrewdly my interlocutor pointed out the

tragic character of this case and its causes. Next day in the *Stranger's* feuilleton I read many things quite akin to those which we had discussed on the eve. Therefore, if I say a few words, it will be merely in general and apropos.

The Russian Gentleman. A Gentleman Must Remain a Gentleman to the End

The point is that the old characters have not yet disappeared, and, it seems, they will persist for a long while because everything requires time and nature prevails everywhere. I am speaking about the characters of our educated society. At this juncture I might persistently and obstinately add that it would not be good should we suddenly shift like weather cocks, since the most obnoxious trait of our educated characters is precisely their flippancy and meaninglessness. It reminds one of something lackeyish, of a lackey donning his master's clothes. For instance, one of the characteristics of our gentlemanliness—if once, for some reason, we associate ourselves with the rich and the prominent, and particularly, if we manage to be admitted to their circle—is *imposing deportment*, the urge to establish ourselves on a grand scale.

Please note that at present I am not saying a word personally about Hartung; I do not know his biography at all. I merely mean to record several traits of the generally well-known character of our educated people to whom, under certain circumstances, exactly the same thing might happen which happened to General Hartung. For instance, an insignificant man, of low rank, without a penny in his pocket, suddenly finds himself in fashionable society, or, for some reason, begins to be associated with it. Presently the poor devil, who has possessed nothing but the ability to worm his way into the beau monde, acquires a carriage; he rents an apartment in which he can "live decently"; he hires lackeys, buys clothes, gloves and so forth. Perhaps he seeks to make a career, to become somebody, but more often he simply wants to ape: "Well, everybody lives this way, why shouldn't I?" There is in him some kind of shame which cannot be overcome. In a word: honor and decency are conceived in a strange manner.

I believe that parallel to this lack of understanding of such a fundamental thing as the feeling of self-respect is only the lack of understanding on the part of virtually the entire educated European age of the conception of liberty and of what it consists.—But this will be discussed later.

The second and again almost tragic trait of our educated Russian is his yielding temper, his readiness to compromise. Oh, there are many kulaks and stock-exchange gamblers, repulsive but steadfast scoundrels. There are even good steadfast people, but these are awfully scarce, whereas in the majority of the decent Russians there rather prevails this yieldingness—the urge to concede, to compromise. And this is by no means due to good nature or to cowardice; nay, this is some kind of delicacy, or God knows what.

How often, for example, in a conversation with an opinionated man who presses you, insisting that you make your comment, you agree with him and change your opinion, or even surrender your vote at some meeting, despite the fact that within yourself you are not at all inclined to do so. Likewise, the Russian is very much influenced by the word "*everybody*": "I am like everybody else"; "I am in accord with the general opinion"; "Let us all proceed, hurrah!" But there is here another strange thing: the Russian is very fond of seducing and tempting himself, of being swayed and persuaded. He does not want to do this or that, for instance to become Sanftleben's executor; yet he persuades himself: "Well why shouldn't I? . . ."

In this stratum of educated Russians there are even most attractive types, but they are specifically endowed with these unfortunate traits of Russian gentlemanliness to which I have just alluded. Some of them are almost innocent, virtual Schillers. Their ignorance of "business matters" conveys to them something almost touching; but they possess a strong sense of honor: such a man will shoot himself, just like Hartung, if, in his judgment, he loses his honor. Of these there is a rather large number. Even so, these people hardly ever know the sum of their indebtedness. Not that they are all spendthrifts; on the contrary, some of them are admirable husbands and fathers; but money may be as thoughtlessly squandered by a man who lives fast as by an excellent father. Many of them begin life with scanty remnants of their former hereditary estates, which promptly vanish in their early youth. Then comes marriage, then—a rank and a comfortable government position, which is so-so; nevertheless, it yields some income and provides a foundation for life, something solid as distinguished from the beau-monde vagabondage of earlier days. But debts accumulate uninterruptedly; of course he pays them because he is a gentleman, but he pays them by means of incurring new debts. It may be positively asserted that many of them when they ponder, at times, to themselves, in solitude, over their situation, can say boldly and with great dignity: "We have stolen nothing; nor do we want to steal anything."

Meanwhile, this little thing may happen: on some occasion he is capable of borrowing—well, in view of some urgent necessity—from his children's nurse, say ten rubles she has saved. After all, why not?—Not seldom the old nurse is a close, intimate associate who has lived many years with the family. She is almost a member of the family; she is indulgent; she is even entrusted with the most important keys. The good general, her master, has long ago promised to provide her, when old age comes, with a lodging in an almshouse; but all these business affairs have prevented him from taking care of this matter despite the fact that long ago he should have put in a word for her. The nurse, on her own part, is afraid to remind him of his promise; only once a year, maybe, she mentions something about the alms-house; she shivers at the thought of annoying such a nervous and always bothered man as her general. "They are good, they will remember"—she thinks at times, as she puts her old bones to rest on her bed. And as for the ten rubles, she is even ashamed to remind him of them; she has her own conscience—the good old woman. Suddenly the general dies, and the old woman is left without either lodging or ten rubles.

All this is, of course, a trifle, an awful bagatelle. But should the general be reminded in the world beyond that the nurse was never paid her ten rubles, he would blush terribly: "What ten rubles? This can't be! Oh, yes, indeed, four years ago! *Mais comment, comment* could this happen!" And this debt would weigh upon him even more heavily than some ten-thousand-ruble debt he left on earth! He would feel awfully ashamed: "Oh, believe me, this was unintentional! Believe me, I didn't even think of it; I just forgot to think!" However, only the angels would be listening to the poor general (for unfailingly he would be taken to Paradise) whereas the nurse on earth would still be deprived of the ten rubles. Sometimes the good old woman feels sorry for him: "Well, God be with him; it is a sin to cast such a thing upon his memory. He was a most precious man, a righteous master."

One more thing: were this delightful man somehow to return to earth and be incarnated in the former general—would he or would he not return the ten rubles to the nurse?

However, not all of them keep borrowing. Here is a friend, that very noble Ivan Petrovich; he asks someone to execute in his favor a bill of exchange for six thousand rubles. "I will discount it"—says he—"at my bank; I will discount it, and here, my dearest friend—take this counter bill for six thousand." What is there to think about? The bills are executed. Thereupon he frequently meets Ivan Petrovich in the club; but it stands to reason that both have forgotten about these bills of exchange, because both are, so to

speak, the very flower of respectable people in our society. Suddenly, six months later, the total six thousand falls upon the general's shoulders: "You have to pay it, your excellency!" Well, it is on such occasions that they turn to fellows such as Sanftleben and instruments of indebtedness are issued with one hundred per cent interest.

Again, I ask you to believe me that in my narrative I do not venture—not even in the least—to accuse the late General Hartung: I did not know him at all, and about him personally I have heard nothing. I have merely ventured to present a light sketch of the character of one of the members of this society. However, were he to be placed in an embarrassing position, similar to that of Hartung in his relation to Sanftleben, exactly the same thing might happen to him which happened to Hartung, including suicide. This is destiny, tragedy: up to his last moment General Hartung considered himself innocent, and he left a note. . . .

"Well,"—some people might say—"here is that note! It is impossible that at such a moment a man—even a religious man, as it developed—should lie. This means that he embezzled nothing if he solemnly declared that he did not do so. Moreover, in this case, there could be no compromise, not even with his conscience: no matter how shaky and obscure was the man's reason on account of all this entanglement, still if he says: 'I did not embezzle,' he cannot fail to know whether or not he did embezzle. This is strictly a human affair. The question is simply this: Did he, or did he not steal? How could he have failed to know if he did steal?"

—All this is quite correct, but here there might have been—and surely was—the following! He wrote only about himself: "I have embezzled nothing, and I did not think of embezzling." Even so—others could have embezzled.

"Absolutely impossible,"—it will be objected. "If he permitted other people to embezzle, and knowing this, in his capacity as guardian, kept silent, this would mean that *he*, in collusion with others, *did embezzle!* General Hartung could not fail to understand that this made no difference."

To this I will answer: first, the argument: "If he knew and permitted others to embezzle, this means that he, too, embezzled" may be contradicted; secondly, here, unquestionably, there is a difference. And, third, General Hartung could have written the note merely in this literal sense about which we speak, *i.e.*, "Personally I did not steal, *and did not want* to steal anything; others did it against my will. I am guilty only of weakness, but not of embezzlement, because I did not want to steal anything from anybody, and I even resisted it. Others did it." . . . He could have written

his fatal words precisely in this sense. However, being honest and noble, he would never have conceded that "If I permitted others to steal, *ergo* I stole myself." He was departing to God, and he knew that he wanted neither to steal nor permit others to steal, but it just so happened that property had been stolen.

Besides, please observe: under no circumstance could he have more clearly explained these words in his note, *i.e.*, "I am guilty of indulgence, and not of embezzlement," etc. Indeed, he, a gentleman, could not have denounced others, particularly in so solemn a moment when he "forgave his enemies."

Finally,—and this is the most plausible explanation—perhaps, even to his own heart he could not confess his indulgence, his weakness, good-natured connivance. Perhaps here there was a net of circumstances which, to the very last moment, he was unable to comprehend, thus he departed to the world beyond. "The bills of exchange ledger disappeared." And now level-headed people, whom he implicitly trusts, convince him, from the very start, that this is a mere trifle, that it disappeared somehow of its own accord, because no one needed it anyway. They prove to him by figures, mathematically, that the ledger would be detrimental, and in no sense useful, to the interests of the heirs themselves. (In fact, this very argument was subsequently set forth at the trial by the defense, and it seems that it was correct.)

All the rest could have been shown and explained to Hartung in the same sense. For he was not familiar with business matters and he could be persuaded by everything they may have told him: "Believe us, we, too, are noble people. Just like you, we don't want to steal anything from the heirs; yet Sanftleben left his affairs in such a ticklish state that should they (the heirs) find out about the bills of exchange ledger and other things, they might directly accuse us of swindling, and, therefore, this should be concealed from them."

Naturally, these "irregularities" of Sanftleben came to light not at once but gradually, so that Hartung learned the truth, or, to put it more accurately—lost the truth and was drawn into deceit, gradually, day by day. Suddenly, one of the heirs rushes into Hartung's apartment, and virtually shouts that Hartung is a thief. This heir walked in triumphantly, with a victorious and wicked smile, fully convinced that now he dared to perpetrate any nastiness in the General's apartment. It was only then that the General fully discovered in what a hole he was. Thereupon he became quite disorientated: he began to suggest compromises, settlements, and, of course, got himself still more entangled, whereas the accusing side avidly seized upon new facts which discredited him in connection

with those compromises and settlements. All these became part of the case.

Briefly, Hartung died convinced of his complete innocence. Even so, strictly speaking, there was no error . . . no judicial error. This was destiny; a tragedy occurred: blind force, for some reason, chose to punish Hartung alone for the *vices* which are so common in his circle. There are, perhaps, ten thousand men such as he, but Hartung alone perished. This innocent and scrupulously honest man, with his tragic denouement, of all these ten thousand people, was able to arouse the maximum of sympathy, while his trial got the maximum of publicity throughout Russia and came as a warning to "the vicious." But it is doubtful if fate, that blind goddess, counted on this when she smote him.

Deceit Is Necessary to Truth. Deceit Multiplied by Deceit Produces Truth. Is This So?

And yet I wish to share with my readers a former impression which resurrected itself in my mind, even though it is, perhaps, very naïve. This is something about our courts in general. A public jury trial is regarded throughout the world virtually as an achieved perfection. "This is, so to speak, a victory, the loftiest fruit of reason." I believe in this, together with the others, since you might be told: "Well, invent something better!"—and you would be unable to do so. Consequently, one has to agree for this sole reason that nothing better can be invented.

Meanwhile, the prosecutor mounts the stage . . . I mean the platform. Let us suppose that he is an excellent and clever man, conscientious, educated, with Christian convictions, one who knows Russia and the Russian as only few people in Russia do. Well, this highly conscientious man begins directly with the statement that he is "even glad that this crime has been committed, because, at last, that villain will be punished, that defendant yonder; because if you only knew, gentlemen of the jury, what a rascal he is!" That is, he is not going to mention the word "rascal," but this makes no difference: in a polite, mild and most humane manner, at length, he will make him appear worse than any conceivable rascal. With sorrow in his heart, in most delicate terms, he states that the defendant's mother was of the same kind; that, finally, he could not fail to steal because basest debauchery drew him ever so strongly into the abyss. He perpetrated everything consciously and in a most premeditated manner. Please recall how well the fire in a

neighboring street served him at the moment of the commission of the crime, because the fire, by causing alarm, diverted the attention of the house-porters and of everybody in the neighborhood. "Oh, of course, I am far from *directly* accusing him of arson! But, gentlemen of the jury, you must admit that here the strange coincidence of two circumstances inevitably suggests a certain thought. . . . Well, I'll keep silent, mute. . . . But you will, it stands to reason that you will, send away this thief and murderer (because he would have unfailingly murdered had he encountered someone in the apartment!) and, finally,—this incendiary, this arrant, proved incendiary,—send him as far as possible, and thereby enable decent people to breathe freely, the housewives to leave their apartments peacefully, to buy food, and the landlords—not to tremble for their property even if it be insured by this or that insurance company. However, the main point is that I am dwelling in vain on all these things: Look at him! He sits there and does not dare to look straight into the eyes of honest people! And isn't one glance at him sufficient to convince you that he is a thief, a murderer and an incendiary! I solemnly regret but one thing: that he did not manage to commit ten times more such thefts of laundry, to murder ten such housewives and to set afire ten such houses, because then the very immensity of the crime would shake our civically sleepy society and would, finally, compel it to resort to self-defense and awake from its criminal civic slumber." . . .

Oh, we know that the prosecutor will speak in a far nobler style. Our words are but a caricature fit for some Sunday comic sheet with parodies and couplets.—I admit that. Let us even suppose that this is one of those cases which raise grave social and civic questions, and what is more important—that it is fraught with psychological motives, and it is known that even in all Europe prosecutors are extraordinarily eager about psychology. Well, even so, the deduction would be identical, *i.e.*, that it is to be regretted that instead of one poisoning, there had not been ten, thirty, five hundred poisonings, because then your hearts would quiver and you would arise, as one man, etc.

But it may be objected that there is nothing in this. True, quite a few prosecutors are not orators at all, but, in the first place, a prosecutor is a functionary who has to act in compliance with the duties of his office, and, secondly, prosecutors are always exaggerating accusations, and in this there is nothing prejudicial, but on the contrary—all this is useful. Precisely thus it should be. And in opposition to the prosecutor the defendant has a defense counsel who is given the full right to refute the former. Moreover, even in all Europe it is permitted to prove—of course, with the utmost

politeness—that the prosecutor is stupid, nonsensical, somewhat mean, and that "if anyone set two houses on fire in one day on the Third Line on Vasilevsky Island, it was precisely this particular prosecutor because at that very time he attended on the Vasilevsky Island a Saint's day party at the house of General Mikhailov, a most admirable and noble creature. And that it was he who set the house afire there can be no doubt for the sole reason (again, psychology!) that had he not set this house afire, prompted by rancor against the landlord merchant Ivan Borodaty, such a stupid, nonsensical and trivial accusation of the defendant of arson for the purpose of diverting the attention of all the inhabitants in that street and committing this imaginary and nonsensical crime never would have occurred to him. The prosecutor's own arson precisely suggested to him the thought of accusing the defendant of it."

Finally, take into account that the defense lawyer is permitted to make gestures, shed tears, gnash his teeth, pull his hair, rap the chairs (but not to pretend to hit anyone with them), and finally to faint, if he is altogether too noble and cannot endure injustice. However, this is not permitted to the prosecutor, no matter how noble he may be, because it would seem somewhat strange that a functionary in uniform should faint and fall on his back. This is never practiced.

Again, everything I am saying is a caricature, nothing but a caricature, and none of these things ever takes place. Everything is carried out in a most respectable fashion, I concede (even though chairs used to be rapped and lawyers, at times, did faint!). But I am merely concerned with the essence of the matter since the same point may be reached by the most dignified parlance, as well as by the least dignified.

"What do you mean?"—I may be asked.—"This is exactly what is needed: exactly exaggeration is needed—on both sides! Sometimes the juror is not a very educated man; besides, he is busy, —he has his shop, his business; sometimes he is absent-minded, and sometimes he is simply unable to concentrate. For this reason he must be helped to concentrate; he must be shown all the phases of the case, even the most impossible ones, so that he may be absolutely sure that the prosecution has exhausted every possibility that can be imagined, and there is nothing more to think about it; also, that the defense has set forth everything conceivable and inconceivable for whitewashing the defendant and making him look whiter than snow on a mountain. Then yonder, in that special room of theirs, they will know, mechanically so to speak, exactly what must spring out, a plus or a minus, so that at least their conscience may be quite calm. To sum up—it is clear that all this is necessary

in order that truth may be arrived at, *i.e.*, vehement attacks and vehement defense; even more—a vehement attack on the part of the prosecutor—speaking in the strictest sense—is even more beneficial to the defendant than to the prosecutor, so that, again, nothing better can be invented."

In a word, the modern court not only constitutes a victory, or the loftiest fruit of the mind, but is also a most tricky thing. One has to concede this. Besides, it is a public court: the public gathers there by the hundreds. And is it possible to suppose that they crowd it from mere idleness, for the show of it?—Of course not. But whatever prompts them to attend a trial, it is necessary that they should leave the court room with a sublime, strong, edifying and wholesome impression. Meanwhile they sit there and see that, essentially, there is some deceit there.—Oh, not in the trial itself, not in the meaning of the verdict, but simply in some habits, for instance, which we have borrowed with such a felicitous lightness from Europe, and which have implanted themselves in our representatives of both defense and prosecution.

I go home, and there I think to myself: I know personally Ivan Khristoforovich, the prosecutor; he is a very clever and kind man, and yet, he lied and knew that he was lying. A case which should involve some reprimand or a two-month jail sentence he managed to stretch out to twenty years of exile to the remotest regions. Let this be necessary for the clarification of the case, nevertheless he did deliberately lie in a case involving a man's neck. How can this be reconciled, especially if he is a talented man, since *il en reste toujours quelque chose*, all the more so, if the defense is somewhat weak and is good for nothing but rapping chairs. True, here Ivan Khristoforovich's *amour-propre* was aroused—a purely human treat, to be sure—yet is it excusable in so important a case? Whither did man disappear—the sublime, humane, civilized man?

Finally, let truth emerge from all this—mechanically, so to speak, in a shrewd manner—but the public attending the trial, perhaps, will actually gather for the purpose of witnessing a show, for the contemplation of a mechanical and very shrewd device, and, listening with delight to, say, how ably the talented defense counsel lies against his conscience, they are ready to applaud him from their seats: "Why, how well the fellow lies!" But in the bulk of the public this generates cynicism and falsity which take root imperceptibly. Not truth is craved for but talent; let it only make people merry, let it amuse them! The humane sentiment grows dull, and it cannot be restored by fainting somersaults. Well, and please suppose, again, that the liar is actually a man with great talent!

I know that on my part all this is but idle lamentation. But

listen: a public jury trial is not a Russian institution; it was copied from foreign patterns. Is it not possible to hope that Russian nationality, the Russian spirit, some day will smooth out the asperities, will eliminate the falsity of bad habits, and that everything will be conducted in full accord with veracity and truth?—Indeed, at present this is impossible: precisely in our day defense and prosecution display these bad habits, since the former is looking for money, and the latter—for a career. However, in some remote future the prosecutor may even be able to plead the cause of the defendant instead of accusing him, so that should the defense lawyers argue that the minute fraction of the accusation of the defendant which the prosecutor still has brought forth against him is inapplicable to him—the jurors would simply disbelieve them.

I even think that such a method would more quickly and more expeditiously tend to ascertain the truth than the former mechanical method of exaggeration, consisting of inordinateness of prosecution and bestiality of defense. Of course, I shall be told that this is absolutely impossible, and inasmuch as the same prevails in Europe, my method should not be adopted, and that *"the more mechanical —the better."*

Now, this mechanism, this mechanical method of dragging out truth to the surface, perhaps will be replaced in Russia . . . simply by truth. Artificial exaggeration will disappear on either side. Everything will be sincere and truthful, and there will be no game at the discovery of truth. On the stage there will be no show, no game, but a lesson, an exemplification—edification. True, lawyers will be paid much less. However, all the Utopias will come to pass only when we grow wings and all people are converted into angels. But then there will also be no courts. . . .

CHAPTER III

1

Roman Clericals in Russia

RECENTLY, IN an editorial article of *The Moscow Gazette* (No. 262) there appeared the following statement:

"Two days ago we called attention to some party in the interior of Russia which acts in accord with Russia's enemies and which is ready to help the Turks in their struggle against her,—a party of Anglo-Magyars which hates every manifestation of our national spirit, every act of our government in harmony with it,

and which places Russian patriotism on a par with nihilism and revolution,—a party which feeds the foreign press, hostile to us, with most abominable dispatches. No sooner was our article sent to press than a telegram from our Petersburg correspondent gave the gist of a communiqué made public in *The Messenger of the Government* revealing new stratagems of this party. At the very moment when between Plevna and Orchanje our army was scoring brilliant successes, in Petersburg the intrigue spread rumors about the defeat which those same victorious troops had supposedly suffered—with a view to causing despondency among the public. The intrigue is so strenuously at work that the government has deemed it necessary to warn the public against such malicious rumors."

The very next day *The New Times* observed in this connection, though merely in passing, that *The Moscow Gazette* had slightly exaggerated the matter, and that, possibly, *The Messenger of the Government* simply referred to some chit-chat among the public which had no such significance. (I am stating the thought expressed in *The New Times* in my own words, from memory.)

It is quite possible that *The Messenger of the Government* actually referred to some "chat-chat." Even so, the supposition of *The Moscow Gazette* is well-founded. Only who are these Anglo-Magyars whom *The Moscow Gazette* mentions?—In our border regions and also in the interior we shall find our Roman Clericals. We are no longer in the month of May: today everybody knows and writes about the universal Clerical conspiracy; even our most liberal newspapers concede the fact that such a conspiracy exists. Indeed, it would have been strange if the Vatican conspiracy should have missed our Roman Clericals and should have failed to make use of them. Sedition in the rear of the Russian armies would be very useful to the Vatican, especially, at this time.

Here is another extract—now from *The New Times*, No. 587. In its section, entitled "Among Newspapers and Magazines," it quotes the opinion of *The Voice* expressed apropos of certain articles in the English *Morning Post* and in several Polish periodicals published abroad. This is the quotation:

"In the issue of October 22nd of *The Morning Post* there appeared an article—curious because of its unexpectedness—in which that Turkophile newspaper reported parleys which had supposedly begun between Russia and Germany in connection with the cession of the region adjoining the Vistula up to that river itself. It goes without saying that in the opinion of *The Morning Post* this is the result of an agreement by virtue of which Germany undertook to support 'Russia's acquisitions on the Balkan Peninsula.' The London paper further insists that the Poles in the region adjoining the

Vistula at present no longer contemplate an uprising, 'not wishing to fall into a still harsher enslavement,' that is, under Prussian domination; and that should some disturbances occur in 'Russian Poland,' these would be merely the result of 'Russo-Prussian intrigues.' . . . It is noteworthy that several days prior to the appearance of this article in *The Morning Post,* the *Dziennik Polski* spoke on the same subject, although in a somewhat different tone, alleging that the Russian government, when evacuating its troops from the Vistula region, disseminated there an appeal to the peasants urging them to organize a rural police guard from among their own midst for the surveillance of the landowners and the suppression of any attempt at rebellion. *The Voice,* reporting the contents of these articles, wondered why the *Dziennik Polski* and *The Morning Post* had suddenly become so zealous. Why was it necessary for them to allude to the nonsensical fable about the Russian appeal to the Vistula peasants and the Russo-Prussian *agents-provocateurs* supposedly seeking to incite 'an artificial uprising' in Poland?

"These unexpected sallies must have some definite object. The papers which have published them probably possess information which makes them fear an outbreak of disturbances in the Vistula region, and they seek to distort in advance the meaning of a movement the consequences of which are, apparently, disturbing to them. These tactics are not new. They were resorted to in 1863 by the Poles and their Western friends. This reminiscence itself leads one to admit that the articles in the *Dziennik Polski* and in *The Morning Post* are not devoid of significance, and that they have some mysterious connection with the earlier rumors in the Magyar press about the Poles' sympathy for the Turks, and their clandestine desire to complicate Russia's situation by revolutionary agitation on our Western border. It is noteworthy that these articles coincide with the report about the candidacy of Cardinal Ledohowski for the papal throne. . . ." "We"—says *The Voice*—"do not belong to those who are eager to attach exaggerated importance to all fantastic combinations which are seized upon by Russia's ill-wishers in the hope of impeding the favorable outcome of the present war. However, in this particular case the matter seems to us so serious that it is impossible to leave it without notice, meaning the unexpected, and apparently wholly uncalled for, appearance of the articles in the *Dziennik Polski* and in *The Morning Post.*"

Thus, there is also in Russia something resembling the ramifications of a Clerical conspiracy. The report itself about Ledohowski's candidacy is unquestionably derived from a Polish source, since only the giddy head of a Polish propagandist abroad can seriously believe that the Roman Conclave, permeated with such refined in-

tellects, could commit the blunder of electing Ledohowski: the new Pope would be doing nothing but restoring his fatherland instead of restoring the Roman universal power of the Popes.

However, let us leave this aside, and state that nevertheless the ramifications of the Clerical conspiracy in Russia are clearly visible. Besides, *The New Times* adds:

"The present-day persistent polemics of the *Journal de St. Petersbourg* against the Italian Clerical newspapers seem to indicate that there are signs of some agitation in our Western border region."

Well, by no means only "signs." Thus it is precisely that *party* which, according to *The Moscow Gazette,* "acts in accord with the enemies of Russia . . ., which hates every manifestation of our national spirit, *every act of our government in harmony with it,* and which places Russian patriotism on a par with nihilism and revolution—a party whch feeds the foreign press with the most abominable dispatches hostile to us. . . ."

Indeed, it is very possible that European dispatches from Russia are the work of this party. This rejoicing over Russian reverses and the giddy screams of delight over the alleged information that "Russia has proved weak, devoid of financial resources, with a demoralized army, with a discontented and repining people, with nihilism which has undermined society,"—all these fairy tales unmistakably bear the stamp of a well-known origin.

Oh, it stands to reason that Russian pens will also be found which are ready to write in unison with the Clericals; however, it seems that these dispatches abroad could not have been written by Russians: this would have been too mean. Nevertheless, it is possible that the Clericals without even overstraining themselves, are guiding Russian pens in Russia. Perhaps, they are not prompting them, and they do not enter into *direct* communications with them, because these bold liberal pens *sometimes* belong to most honest men who, if they had received a direct offer from a Clerical, would propel him down the staircase.

However, a Clerical, especially one who has lived long in Russia, knows perfectly well that he doesn't even have to call on the bold pen, because the bold pen will write everything gratis solely because he imagines (oh, you dear ones!) that this is honest and liberal. For instance, the bold pen is indignant at the Clericals who remain close to MacMahon in France, and he writes threatening articles against them. But at the same time, not only will he fail to notice a Russian Roman Clerical, but, at times, he will start singing in full unison with him. Such fellows exist,—they exist. And, maybe, our sly Roman Clericals even wonder at them: "What an inclination on their part to fall down this way between two

chairs!"—they ponder, nodding their heads. "And how disinterestedly! True, they must be liberal to the end. Why, they even vociferate that Russia has no right to liberate the Slavs! Why, a hundred thousand rubles would be too low a compensation to them! And all this—between two chairs, every minute so! Why don't they get hurt! Or does it heal up very quickly—in their case? . . ."

A Summer Attempt on the Part of Old Poland at Reconciliation

Early in the summer these Clerical agitators attempted to stage their demonstration even through Russian periodicals. Wolves disguised themselves in sheep's clothing, and began to talk in a tone of would-be ambassadors of the entire Polish "emigration" abroad. They began to offer peace: "Accept us!"—they said.—"We also perceive that Slavic brotherhood is unquestionable, and we do not wish to stay behind." They spoke with extreme tenderness and set forth the following reasons:

"We have"—they said—"engineers, chemists, technologists, artisans, bookkeepers, agronomists, etc. Of these there are many in the emigration. Let them in!"

In an article in issue No. 172 of *The St. Petersburg Gazette* a resident of Lithuania asked: "Isn't work available in your midst to that stratum which in days past gave a Tengoborski to Russia, and a Wolowski—to France? And in the field of art, which tends to make manners less crude and to ennoble character, Brotzki, the sculptor and Matejko, the painter, are universally recognized as representative of Polish society. Don't you need these men? And what do you say about a whole mass of littérateurs, publicists, industrialists, manufacturers, and all kinds of workers? Do you also have no need for them?" (*The New Times*, quoted from Kostomarov's article.)

Mr. Kostomarov, in *The New Times*, admirably answered all these ingratiations. I regret that space does not permit me to print excerpts from this excellent article. By clear and precise arguments Mr. Kostomarov proved that all this was a mere trap set for us; that they would send to Russia traitors, such as Conrad Wallenrod; that the Pole, the native of Old Poland, instinctively, blindly, hates Russia and the Russians. Mr. Kostomarov admits, however, that there are excellent Poles who may even live on friendly terms with this or that Russian, saving him from some calamity and helping him financially. This is, of course, true; but let this Russian—even

after twenty years of friendship—express to that excellent Pole his political convictions concerning Poland in the Russan spirit,—that Pole would at once become an open or secret enemy of his Russian friend—for all his life, to the end—an irreconcilable, boundless enemy. This Mr. Kostomarov forgot to add.

This whole summer attempt at "reconciliation," which had its Russian advocates and so mighty an opponent as Mr. Kostomarov, was unquestionably a Clerical reconnaissance from Europe, a ramification of the all-European Clerical conspiracy. Oh, these Poles, natives of Old Poland, insist that they are in no sense Clericals, papists, Romans, and that we should have learned this about them long ago. But to imagine that "Old Poland," that Polish emigration, does not adhere to the Pope in a Jesuitical spirit, that it is far removed from Clerical fantasies—what a funny thought! Aren't they the ones who should adhere to the Vatican,—they who are—and always have been—fully cognizant of its strength?—Nay, they will not betray the Vatican, nor will the Vatican betray them.

The summer sally in connection with reconciliation was performed at a time when the entire emigration started moving against the Russians: when Polish legions were being recruited; when the aristocrats of the emigration went to Constantinople with enormous sums of money (of course, not their own!). All this reconciliation was nothing but cunning, as Mr. Kostomarov defined it.

By the way: they are offering us their scientists, technicians and artists, and they say: "Accept them. Don't you need them?" At this point it may be added that probably they consider us a savage people, but they are ignorant of the fact that we possess everything they are offering, and that ours is, perhaps, of a higher quality. But there is no ground for offense. The main point is: why don't they come? We did have several Poles who revealed their talents, and Russia esteemed and respected them, held them in high repute, in no way segregating them from the Russians. What is the purpose of these stipulations! Come!—Reconcile yourselves and submit, but know that there never will be an Old Poland. There is a New Poland, a Poland liberated by the Czar, a regenerated Poland, which unquestionably may expect in the future a lot equal with that of any Slavic tribe, when Slavdom is liberated and resurrected in Europe. However, there never will be an Old Poland, because she could not live in peace with Russia. It is her ideal to occupy Russia's place in the Slavic world. Her motto as applied to Russia is: *"Ôte-toi de là, que je m'y mette."*

It is noteworthy that the Polish advance skirmisher speaks only about scientists and artists. Well, what about the leaders of the emigration, the aristocrats?—Imagine only that Russia might

yield to the flattering words and announce that she wants reconciliation. Then they would haughtily ask us: "What are your terms?" —Because if you suggest that we admit the emigrants to Russia, while they do not come here of their own accord,—*this means that they are awaiting terms.* And now imagine that suddenly Russia might recognize them as "something," as a belligerent party, and might start negotiations! Presently they would drift into Russia: the magnates at once would begin to find fault, demanding high positions and distinctions. Thereupon they would start shouting, so that all Europe could hear them, that they were deceived; and then they would instigate a Polish rebellion. . . . Would Russia be drawn into such a calamity! Would she make such a mistake!

Of course, the Poles themselves could not have believed that such a crude attempt would deceive Russia. Yet they did count upon the pure-in-heart Russian partisans. That this was a Clerical scheme, a Clerical move in the direction of Russia—there can be no doubt. The question may be asked: What was the object of that move?—Well, don't the Clericals need to reconnoitre the situation, to confuse the thoughts, to conceal their real designs, to acquire Russian pens, to agitate Russian Poland, etc. . . . ? Why, who can tell what other plans they may have had!

The Sally of "The Stock-Exchange Gazette." Not Bold but Wicked Pens

We were just speaking about "bold pens." But we have pens which are not bold but disgusting. They also whistle (and how they whistle!) in unison with the Polish nightingales, but the Poles do not even direct them. All this they do disinterestedly, knowing not what they do. Here we have malice pure and simple, betrayed hopes and piqued *amour-propre.* Such is the article in *The Stock-Exchange Gazette* (No. 257) about Mr. Ilovaisky. At least, they should have learned to write; instead, they make themselves ridiculous.

It is a matter of common knowledge that our scientist Mr. Ilovaisky was arrested and mistreated in Galicia. Passing through Galicia on a scientific mission, he applied, by mistake, to a Polish priest with the request to be shown certain local antiquities. Subsequently he found a Russian priest, but the malicious Polish priest promptly denounced him under the pretext that Mr. Ilovaisky was a Russian Panslavist, propagandist and agitator. Very unceremoniously he was arrested, searched, dragged from one prison to another,

and finally, thanks to the intercession of a local scientist, he was deported to the Russian border.

This affair promptly became known in Russia: *The Moscow Gazette* printed an article concerning it. Our newspapers noted it, but without any ardor, merely as a curious incident. The fact that a Russian scientist, for no reason whatsoever, had been maltreated, appeared to everybody to be a very ordinary event. Mr. Ilovaisky himself printed in *The Moscow Gazette* a few lines in answer to the hostile press—meek, apathetic, somniferous lines. As against this, our stock-exchange gamblers—who view Russia only from the standpoint of their own pockets and to whom Russia is of no concern—rendered her a remarkable service. Here is the article which appeared in *The Stock-Exchange Gazette:*

". . . What queer thing did Mr. Ilovaisky embark upon in Galicia? What kind of propaganda did he start there? Is it possible that the misfortunes through which Russia is living at present are insufficient to chase folly out of the heads of our inveterate Panslavists? And can it be that after what has been happening now in full view of everybody, they still have the impudence to persist in their fanaticism and buffoonery with all this Panslavic fiddle-faddle, which paves the way for innumerable state calamities and with which we all have been satiated long ago? So long as our Panslavists, who have grown dull from indolence, confined themselves to the *export of Panslavic church bells,* this was nobody's business, and they could amuse themselves to their hearts' content. However, when they begin to export, together with those bells, their sacristans to ring them for church, the matter acquires a different meaning. Who had summoned, who had authorized, Mr. Ilovaisky to engage in his Panslavic propaganda? Does he, or does he not, understand what consequences it might entail, particularly now, at this moment? Gentlemen, you are showering invectives against Klapka on the ground that he is inciting the Magyars to help the Turks. But what are you doing yourselves? What is Mr. Ilovaisky doing under the guise of studying Slavic antiquities? Aren't you satisfied with the evil which your fanaticism of last year has brought about? What new mess are you trying to cook up? We know well that you are fully capable of throwing a stone into water. But you must remember that the stones which you throw, at times, have to be pulled out by the efforts of a whole nation, at the price of bloody sacrifices and national exhaustion. Then stop playing the fool: everything has its season. If up to the present you have aroused in all reasonable people nothing but ridicule, now you can expect only indignation."

These people speak about indignation! Listen, *how did you dare,* without knowing about the affair, to write so positively to all

Russia, to all Europe (since your article in Europe acquired a significance *of its own*),—how dared you to write about Mr. Ilovaisky: "who had summoned, who had authorized Mr. Ilovaisky to engage in his Panslavic propaganda?" And thereupon, after the ridiculous comparison of Mr. Ilovaisky with Klapka: "but what are you doing yourselves? What is Mr. Ilovaisky doing *under the guise of studying Slavic antiquities?*" How did you dare to write about this so *positively* when you knew *positively* that it was a lie? Do you really imagine that you will be permitted to betray Russia? Referring to Mr. Ilovaisky, you ask: "Does he, or does he not know?" But I will ask you, Mr. Publicist: Do you, or do you not, understand what you did?—Since in Austria they will not ask: What kind of man wrote this?—a clever or a stupid man? educated or uneducated? does he have any idea about Panslavism or does he know nothing? has he read anything about it? Indeed, in Austria it will be positively said: "So it is true that Russia is sending out agitators. If this were not true, how could a big, independent Petersburg daily newspaper so *positively* and so reproachfully have addressed the Panslavists, specifically corroborating the fact of the dispatch of emissaries for propaganda? Indeed, the man who wrote it is a Russian himself,"—they will say. "In the long run, patriotism would have stopped him and prompted him to conceal the crime. But in this instance he was unable to conceal the truth because the indignation of a patriot poured out against the Panslavists, who are thus actually plotting dreadful calamities for Russia by their reckless propaganda and agitation in Austria and the Slavic countries. In this situation, we don't have to apologize for the arrest of some fellow by the name of Ilovaisky; on the contrary, we have to make more arrests, keep all Russians in Austria under strict police surveillance. We should not send our apologies, but the Russian government must apologize to us for so openly permitting at home the work of noxious political societies directed against Austria, and continuously dispatching large numbers of agitators to incite the Austrian Slavs against their lawful government."

Unquestionably, this will be said in Austria, and no doubt, your article, Mr. Publicist, will be commented on precisely in this spirit. Don't you think that this is treason? Don't you betray Russia's interests to the Poles and the Austrians? Don't you give support to political sedition and don't you serve it?—For you know *certainly, fully, precisely* that no one has ever dispatched any emissaries whatever. How, then, did you dare to write that Mr. Ilovaisky went to foster sedition *"under the guise of studying Slavic antiquities"?* Is there anyone in Russia who would believe you? Moreover, your statements concerning this affair are as positive as if you knew

it quite as well as your five fingers. Who, then, is sowing sedition?

Now, let us turn to another point. Having quenched your anger, having written an arrant lie, having so flagrantly betrayed the Russian interests to the Old Poles, the Austrians and every kind of European rabble which unceasingly and perpetually agitates against us, do you venture to hope that Russian readers will sympathize with you? Is it possible that you have so low an opinion of them?

And what a tone! What trepidation, what humiliation before Austria! "She may grow angry!"—so to speak. In Gogol an ataman says to the Cossacks: "The favors of a foreign king—not even a king, but the favors of a Polish magnate who kicks their faces with his yellow boot are dearer to them than any brotherhood." The ataman says this about traitors. Is it possible that you wish that the Russians, too, trembling in animal fear for their interests and money, should likewise bow before some yellow boot? Precisely now, at this moment, wouldn't, on the contrary, our best policy toward Austria be a policy of highest social and national dignity, and not the one you are advocating?—For the more humiliation—which you advocate—we manifest, the more, and in equal measure, we should strengthen and reinforce her demands. Besides, why should we fear Austria?—Never would she be in a position to draw her sword against us, even if such were her desire.

On the contrary, precisely now the time has come for a straightforward and frank policy so as to avoid sad misunderstandings when the war comes to an end. We don't have to give promissory notes. In the same way we must look upon England. The English should, at least, understand that we have no reason to fear them, and that, contrariwise, we are in a position to cause them more harm than they can cause us. This they must know. Meanwhile they have some wrong information about us which is supported precisely by such sallies as we see in *The Stock-Exchange Gazette*.

Last summer was it not in Austria that people were made to believe that Russia's strength was a mirage which had deceived everybody, and that henceforth Russia could no longer be regarded as a strong military power? It was precisely then that Austria's tone became arrogant. Was it not England's opinion—also in her upper circles—that 10,000 English troops landed at Trebizond would once and forever settle our whole *problem* in the East and in the Caucasus? Certainly, we know them, but they, it appears, do not know us. But it is poor service to Russia to betray her interests to her enemies, and to picture her in a cowardly and humiliated guise, whereas this is not in the least true, and the whole thing is a lie.

NOVEMBER

CHAPTER I

1

What Does the Word "Strutzky"[1] Mean?

IN THE course of the two-year publication of my *Diary* I have used twice or three times the little known word "strutzky," and I received from Moscow and the provincial districts several inquiries what this word meant. I apologize for not having as yet answered this question: all the time I have meant to answer it, even though between the lines, in the *Diary*. Now, bringing its publication to a close, I shall devote a few lines to this incomprehensible Petersburg word, and if I begin the first page of the November issue with this trifle it is specifically because when I postpone the subject to the last page, as I used to do before, because of other topics, I never found space for the "strutzkys" and every time I had to postpone the explanation to the next issue.

The word "strutzky" is a plebeian word, one used exclusively by the common people, and it seems, only in Petersburg. I believe it was also coined in Petersburg. I say: *"it seems"* because, much as I have inquired of "competent" people, I have never been able to ascertain whence it came; what its phonetic origin is; if it is being used anywhere in Russia, except in Petersburg, and finally, if it was actually invented there. As for myself, again "it seems" to me (I cannot express myself more positively) that this is a purely Petersburg word coined by the common people, but by whom, when, how long ago—I don't know. On the basis of repeated inquiries, and as far as I understand, I may state that its meaning is as follows:

A "strutzky" is a vain, trashy man, a nullity. In most cases, perhaps, invariably, he is a drunkard, who dissipates his fortune in drinking, a lost fellow. However, it seems that in some cases even a man who is not a drunkard may be called a "strutzky." But the principal characteristics of this worthless and good-for-nothing drunkard, which have earned him a special name and as much as the invention of a new word, are: first, silliness, absurdity *sui*

[1]The Russian word "strutzky" is untranslatable; it is a derogatory, slangy word which broadly means "rabble." Sometimes it is used to denote the inferior social status of the civilians compared with that of the privileged military caste, in the sense the German junkers used to say with contempt, "Das ganze 'Civil' ist eine niedridge Rasse." (B. B.)

generis, brainlessness, economic worthlessness; clamorous nullity. On a holiday, in the evening, drunken people are bawling; one can hear them quarrelling. Then there sounds a violent outcry to summon the police. In the crowd, piled up in a heap, one hears distinctly a protesting, appealing, complaining and threatening voice. There is much pretended wrath. You approach the crowd, you inquire: "What's the matter?"—In answer people laugh, wave their hands, and walk away: "Oh, nothing—strutzkys!" In this connection the word "strutzkys" is pronounced with disdain, with contempt—always with contempt. Should the shouting man even be beaten or affronted,—even in this case, it seems, he would get no sympathy for the sole reason that he is a "strutzky," *i.e.*, everything in him is rubbish: the fact that he is shouting is trash; that he was beaten —is trash—"the most worthless man" that can be imagined.

I may add that the "strutzkys" are usually shabbily dressed, in clothes which are out of season, and they wear torn shoes. Furthermore "it seems" that only those who wear European clothes are called "strutzkys." However, I would not swear to this, but it seems that this is so.

The second essential characteristic of the dissipated drunkard, called a "strutzky," aside from foolishness and worthlessness, is his uncertain position in society. I believe that a man who owns money, a house, property of some kind, also one who has even a somewhat steady and fixed job, say, that of a factory worker, could not be called a "strutzky." However, even if he has some business of his own, say, a small shop, or the like, if somehow he conducts his affairs unsoundly, without keeping accounts, he may be promoted to the rank of a "strutzky."

Thus, a "strutzky" is a good-for-nothing fellow, who is unable to live on good terms anywhere, to settle down; he is a worthless and ignorant man; when drunk, he often acts insolently; he is loudmouthed; he is frequently affronted, mostly because he likes to feel offended; he is one who calls the police, the authorities; he is the one who cries: "help! help!" And all these things combined: trash, nonsense, triviality, evoking contemptuous laughter: "Eh, that's nothing—'strutzky'!"

I repeat, it seems to me that this is exclusively a Petersburg word. Whether it is used in other parts of Russia, I don't know. It is very much in use among the common people in Petersburg where there are a great many migratory elements from the provincial districts. For this reason it is quite probable that the term might pass over to other provinces, if it hasn't already done so. Maybe it will be accepted in literature: I believe that, aside from myself, other writers also have employed it. To a littérateur, the attraction

in this word lies in the nuance of contempt with which the people specifically use it only of the trashy, empty-headed, vociferating, worthless, vile little fellows blustering in their despicable wrath. Indeed, also among the educated strata there are many fellows of this kind—aren't there? Not necessarily drunkards and not in torn shoes, but therein is the only difference. How can one refrain from calling these superior ones—"strutzkys," especially as the word is ready-made and is tempting because of the nuance of contempt with which the people pronounce it.

2

The History of the Verb "Stushevatsia"[1]

By the way, speaking of the origin and employment of new words. In our literature there is in general use a word "stushevatsia," which, though it was not born yesterday, is of rather recent origin, and which has existed not more than three decades: at the time of Pushkin it was utterly unknown and was not used by anyone. At present, however, it may be found not only among littérateurs, belles-lettrists of every kind, from the most humorous to the most serious, but also in scientific treatises, dissertations and philosophical books. Moreover, it may be encountered in official departmental documents, reports, accounts and even in ordinances: it is known to everybody; everybody understands it and uses it. Even so, in all Russia there is only one man who knows the precise origin of this word, the time when it was invented and when it appeared in literature. This man is myself, because it was I who, for the first time, used this word in literature. For the first time it appeared in print on January 1, 1846, in *The Domestic Records,* in my novel *The Double: Adventures of Mr. Goliadkin.*

I began my first novel, *Poor Folks,* in 1844; it was finished; it became known to Bielinsky, and was accepted by Nekrasov for his almanac *Petersburg Collection* for the year 1845, which was published in the latter part of that year. However, in that same year, in the summer, after I had made my acquaintance with Bielinsky, I started working on my second novel, *The Double: Adventures of Mr. Goliadkin.* Ever since the early autumn of 1845, Bielinsky had shown a lively interest in this new work of mine. Even before he had read it, he spoke about it to Andrei Alexandrovich Kraievsky, for whose magazine he was then working, and to whom he also introduced me. It was agreed between Kraievsky and myself that I

[1]The Russian word "stushevatsia" means to disappear, to vanish, to be blotted out, to efface oneself. (B. B.)

should give him my new novel *The Double* for *The Domestic Records:* it was to appear in the first months of 1846.

Most decidedly, I did not succeed with that novel; however, its idea was rather lucid, and I have never expressed in my writings anything more serious. Still, as far as form was concerned, I failed utterly. Fifteen years later, I made considerable improvements in it for the then "Complete Collection" of my works; however, also at that time I came again to the conclusion that in this work I had not succeeded at all, and were I now to expound and express this idea, I should adopt an altogether different form. But in 1846, I failed to find it, and was unable to master the novel.

Even so, I believe, early in December, 1845, Bielinsky persuaded me to read at his house at least two or three chapters of that novel. For this purpose he even arranged a soirée—a thing he never did—to which he invited his intimates. I remember that Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev listened to one-half of what I read, praised it and left—he was very much in a hurry. The three or four chapters which I read greatly pleased Bielinsky (even though they were not worth it). However, he did not know the end of the novel, and was still under the spell of *Poor Folks*. It was precisely at that reading that I employed for the first time the word "stushevatsia," which became so popular. The novel was forgotten—this it deserved—but the new word was picked up, it was memorized and admitted in literature.

The word "stushevatsia"—"to disappear," "to vanish," "to reduce one's self," so to speak, "to naught," but to vanish not all of a sudden, not by crashing into an abyss with thunder and lightning, but, as it were, delicately, fluently, imperceptibly sinking into nullity. This resembles a vanishing shade on a strip of a drawing washed with Indian ink—from black gradually to lighter and lighter shades, and finally, to absolute white, "to *naught*." Probably, in *The Double* I employed this word pointedly in those first three chapters which I read at Bielinsky's soirée; there it referred to a sly and annoying little fellow who managed very appropriately to vanish from the stage (or something like that—I forget). I say this because the new word aroused no perplexity in the listeners. On the contrary, it was at once understood and noted. Bielinsky interrupted me precisely in order to commend that expression. All others among the audience (they all are still alive) likewise praised it. I distinctly remember that Ivan Sergeevich Turgenev also made a favorable comment on that word. Andrei Alexandrovich Kraievsky, for his part, subsequently lauded it very warmly. Aside from these men, there are other persons who will probably recall that, at the time, the new word aroused their interest—at least a little. However, it

took root and penetrated literature not at once but very gradually and imperceptibly.

I remember that in 1854, after I was discharged from prison in Siberia, I began to peruse all the literary works which had appeared during the five years of my absence. (I read at one sitting and derived an enchanting impression from *The Sportsman's Sketches* —which had barely begun to appear in my young days—and Turgenev's early novels. True, then the sun of the steppes shone above me; it was early spring, and with it an altogether new life was coming into being—the end of forced labor, liberty!) Thus, having started reading, I was even surprised to find how frequently I began to encounter the word "stushevatsia." Later, in the Sixties, it had become an altogether familiar word in literature, while at present, I repeat, I even encounter it in official documents published in the newspapers, and also in scientific dissertations. And it is used precisely in that sense in which I employed it for the first time.

However, if I employed it for the first time in literature, nevertheless I did not coin it. This word was invented by my classmates in the Chief Engineering School. Maybe I also participated in its invention—I don't remember. Somehow it invented itself, of its own accord, and it came into usage.

In all six classes of the School we were required to draw plans for different fortifications and military architecture. The ability to sketch free-hand was strictly insisted upon and required of each one of us, so that those who had no predilection for drawing willy-nilly were compelled to endeavor *quand-même* to attain a certain skill in this field. Marks received for drawing plans were included in the sum total of one's marks, and thus affected the average mark. One could graduate from the senior officers' class, and enlist in the service, as an excellent mathematician, fortifier or engineer, but if his drawings were somewhat defective, the mark awarded for them, forming part of the sum total, could decrease the mean mark to such an extent as to deprive one, at the time of his graduation, of very substantial privileges, for example, of the next rank. For this reason everybody tried his best to master drawing.

All plans used to be drawn and shaded with India ink; among other things, we sought to acquire the skill of shading a given surface—coloring it—so that the shades gradually passed from darker hues to lighter ones, and finally,—to colorless white, to naught. Skillful shading conveyed to the drawing a stylish appearance.

On one occasion, suddenly in the class somebody would ask: "Where is So and So?"—"Eh, he vanished ('stushevatsia') somewhere." Or else, two classmates would be conversing, and one would say that he had to start learning his lessons, and then taking his

books he would say to his mate: "Now, you just vanish, you must *'stushevatsia'!*" Again, for instance, a student of a higher grade, addressing a newly matriculated tyro, would say: "Not long ago I was calling you. Whither did you deign to vanish? ('stushevatsia')." This precisely meant "to withdraw," "to vanish," and the expression was derived from shading, from the passage from the dark hue "to naught" I distinctly recall that this word was in usage only in our class, and was hardly adopted by the other classes. It seems that when our class left the school, the word disappeared with it. Some three years later I recalled it and inserted it into my novel.

I have dealt so seriously and extensively with the history of so insignificant a word for the use of a future learned lexicographer, some future Dahl, and even if I have bored my readers, the future Dahl will thank me. So, let this be stated for him alone. However, if you please, for the sake of *clarity,* I shall fully confess: during my entire literary career what I liked *most* in this word was the fact that I have succeeded in introducing a new expression into Russian speech, and whenever I come across it in print, I always feel very much pleased. Well, now you will understand why I thought it possible to describe such a trifle in a special article.

CHAPTER II

1

Servility or Politeness?

IT IS known that all educated Russians are extremely polite, *i.e.*, whenever they deal with Europe, or if they think that Europe is looking at them, even though she is not looking at them at all. Oh, at home, among ourselves, we'll have it our own way—at home, Europeanism can be brushed aside. In passing let us refer, say, to our family relations, to our attitude—in an overwhelming majority of cases—toward civic matters, honor, duty. Well, who among our preachers of "European" ideas seriously believes in them?—Of course, only honest men, and, besides, necessarily kind-hearted men, so that they believe in them only because they are kind-hearted. But of these do we have many?

Strictly speaking, perhaps, there isn't a single European amongst us, because we are incapable of being Europeans. In Russia, progressive intellects, stock-exchange intellects and in every way leading intellects merely levy taxes on European ideas. And I believe, so it is everywhere. Naturally, I am not speaking of people with great common sense: those do not believe in European ideas,

because there is nothing to believe in. In fact, nothing in the world was ever as obscure, vague, uncertain and indefinable as that "*cycle of ideas*" which we managed to accumulate in the course of the two centuries of our Europeanism; essentially, it is not a cycle, but a chaos of fragments of sentiments, of alien unintelligible ideas, inferences, habits, but particularly words, words, words—of course, most European and liberal words, but, as far as we are concerned,—nothing but words.

To explain all this by mere imitativeness is impossible. Nor can this be explained by servility of thought—by Russian ideological servility before Europe. In us there is much, even very much, servility of thought, but nevertheless the supreme cause of our European bondage is not servility but rather our innate Russian politeness toward Europe. Perhaps it may be observed that this is identical with servility. In many cases—it is, but not always. (It stands to reason that I am not speaking of the leading rogues whom I have mentioned above: these Europeans don't give a rap for Europe,—never did give a rap. As level-headed fellows, throughout these two centuries, they have been fishing in troubled waters.)

Here is, for instance, what the Englishman Gladstone says about the present Russian war with Turkey:

"Whatever may be said about some other chapters of Russian history, by liberating many millions of enslaved peoples from a cruel and humiliating yoke, Russia will render mankind one of the most brilliant services recorded in history, a service which will never be effaced from the grateful memory of the nations."

Honestly speaking, do you think that a Russian European could have pronounced these words?—Never in his life! He would have swallowed his tongue before he would have pronounced them. Out of politeness not only toward Europe but toward himself, he would blush should he read or hear this in Russian or from a Russian. "For goodness sake, how do we dare . . . to aspire to such honors! These are not meant for us! Our face is much too crooked to be venturing to 'liberate mankind'! And besides, what reactionary thoughts: 'Russia liberating the peoples!'—What an unliberal thought!"

Such is the sincere opinion of a Russian European of the pure type, and he would rather chop off his fingers than write something along Gladstone's lines. "Well, perhaps Gladstone can afford to compose such things. Besides he does not even understand anything about Russia, or he knows how to feather his nest: he composes for future plans."—This is what the European thinks. And some of those who are kinder and more ardent, on this occasion might add to themselves, not without pride: "Well, we Russian

Europeans are perhaps more liberal than European Europeans; we have gone farther than they. Who among our sober intellects would nowadays open his mouth to speak about some sort of liberation of the peoples? What a reactionary way of thinking! And Gladstone says such things without being ashamed!"

Well, gentlemen what shall we call all this?—Servility or politeness toward Europe?

I still insist that during the European period of our history politeness has played an enormous role. Indeed, among these Europeans of ours there are so many most honest, courageous people, men of honor, even though alien and adopted, perhaps unintelligible to the knight himself—since, say what you may to him, it is still European gibberish—nevertheless, honor,—men who personally will not permit anyone to tread upon their feet. Thus, how can they be directly called servile? Nay, it is politeness, and not servility, that is at the bottom of the trouble,—I repeat—politeness toward Europe. At home we will make up for any loss.

The ladies who enthusiastically treated the Turks to candies and cigars, unquestionably did so also from politeness: "See, how charmingly, tenderly, kindly, humanely, Europeanly we are enlightened!" At present these dames have learned better—partly from coarse people. However, before they had learned their lesson, say the day following the incident on the train transporting the Turks into which they were throwing bouquets and candies,—what if another train-load of Turks had arrived, and there had been aboard that bashi-bazouk who is said to be a special expert in rending nurslings asunder in a trice by seizing them by both legs, and in cutting strips out of a mother's back?—Why, I believe these good ladies would have welcomed him with enthusiastic screams, ready to give him not only candies but something even better than candies, after which, in their ladies' committee, they would, perhaps, have raised the question of endowing a scholarship bearing his name in the local high-school.

Oh, believe me, in Russia politeness may lead to anything, and mine is not in the least a fantastic supposition. Looking at themselves in a mirror, these ladies, I take it, fell in love with themselves: "What humane, what liberal dears we are!" And do you really think that this fantastic little picture could not come to pass?—That haughty glance which some Europeans now throw at our people and their movement, denying in our whole people every kind of thought or movement, "save some silly hysterical sallies of one fool out of thousands of common people,"—don't you think that such a view—the possibility itself of such a view—justifies the delineation of the above fantastic picture?

Among us politeness toward Europe is universal. Turkish war prisoners demanded white bread, and it was given them. Turkish war prisoners refused to work. Prince Meschersky, an eyewitness, relates in his *Diary* from the Caucasus:

"The prisoners departed from Tiflis. It was intended to transport them by relays of horses, but they revolted and deigned to announce that they would not go because they were not used to Russian carts. In view of this, postal coaches and carriages equipped with springs were provided for their transportation, each vehicle driven by six horses. They deigned to express their pleasure with this, and in view of the fact that an enormous number of horses had to be requisitioned for this purpose, the poor travellers along the Military Georgian road will be obliged to wait three days for horses. And an officer in the Russian service, accompanying the prisoners, is being paid 50 kopecks per diem for subsistence, and he is being seated not in a carriage but in a bus, just as servants travel. All this is humaneness!" (*The Moscow Gazette*, No. 273.)

Well, not humaneness but that very politeness in the matter of European opinion about us, sensitiveness, susceptibility: "Europe is looking at us. Therefore, we have to wear full uniform, and pashas have to be provided with carriages."

In another of its issues (No. 282) *The Moscow Gazette* further reports that in Moscow there was a real outburst of indignation when people saw the comfortable accommodations we provided for the transportation of the Turkish war prisoners:

"All captive privates were comfortably placed in third-class cars; officers—in second-class cars, while the pasha occupied a first-class compartment. Why such accommodations for them?"—could be heard in public.—"Our grenadiers were transported in horse-cars, whereas they are provided with special passenger trains."

"Why speak about grenadiers!"—says a merchant in the crowd. "Even wounded soldiers were transported in freight cars, and there was no time to lay straw under them. Look at the pasha—he's fat as a boar. He should be placed in a freight car—there he would lose a bit of his fat!"

"Over there, they have been killing our wounded, tendons were pulled out of them, they burned them on a slow fire and now they are being fondled for that! . . ."

"These are not solitary voices"—further observes *The Moscow Gazette*—"they are expressive of the general opinion of the people that it is painful to behold the comfortable accommodations provided for the bashi-bazouks and that whole Turkish rabble, robbed by their own pashas, compared with those assigned to our soldiers. . . ."

Strictly speaking, in this we find nothing particular: politeness or, so to speak, the uniform of politeness displayed before European opinion—that's all. But in Russia this has lasted two centuries—it's time we got used to this.

Speaking of anecdotes, I noted one in *The Petersburg Gazette* quoting a letter of Mr. V. Krestovsky which he wrote at the front, but I don't know to whom. Nor do I know whence *The Petersburg Gazette* borrowed it. This is the statement:

"In Mr. Krestovsky's letter a comical incident is cited: Near the retinue there appeared an Englishman wearing a cork helmet and a civilian overcoat of pea color. It is said that he is a member of Parliament who takes advantage of the recess period for writing correspondence 'from the front' for one of the large London papers (*The Times*). Others assert that he is simply an amateur, and still others—that he is a friend of Russia. Let all this be so, nevertheless it should be observed that this 'friend of Russia' behaves rather eccentrically: for instance, he sits in the presence of the Grand Duke when everybody, including His Highness, is standing; at dinner, attended by the Grand Duke, he gets up whenever he pleases, and today he even suggested to an officer, an acquaintance of his, that he might help him to pull on the sleeves of his pea overcoat. With a somewhat surprised look the officer glanced at the Englishman, measuring him from head to foot, smiled slightly, shrugged his shoulders, and without protest helped him to put on his overcoat. Of course, there was nothing else to do. In answer, the Englishman in a slight salute raised his hand to the cork helmet."

The Petersburg Gazette called this a comical incident. I regret to say that I find nothing comical in it; on the contrary, it is very vexing, and makes one's blood boil. Besides, from childhood, we have been accustomed to believe (probably, under the influence of romances and French vaudevilles) that every Englishman is a queer fellow and an eccentric. But what is a queer fellow?—He is not always a fool or so naive that he cannot guess that not everywhere in the world are things run in the same way as somewhere at home, in his own corner. On the contrary, Englishmen are a level-headed nation with broad views. As navigators—and besides, enlightened ones—they have seen a great many people and customs in all countries of the world. They are extraordinary and gifted observers. At home they discovered humor, denoting it with a special word, and they explained it to mankind. How can such a man—besides, a member of Parliament—fail to know when he should be standing and sitting? Why, there is no country where etiquette is more rigidly observed than in England. For instance, English court etiquette is the most elaborate and refined in the world. If that Englishman is

a member of Parliament, naturally, he might have learned etiquette from the very manner in which the lower House communicates with the upper one, and precisely who may sit and who is obliged to get up in the other's presence. If, in addition, he belongs to fashionable society; again, nowhere is there such etiquette as at the receptions, dinners and balls of English aristocracy during their London season.

Nay, judging by the way this anecdote has been related, here we have something altogether different. Here is English haughtiness, not simply haughtiness but *an arrogant challenge*. This "friend of Russia" cannot be her great friend. He sits there, looks at Russian officers and ponders: "Gentlemen, I know you are lion-hearted; you undertake the impossible and carry it out. You have no fear of an enemy; you are heroes; you are Bayards—each one of you, and the sense of honor is fully familiar to you. Indeed, I cannot deny that which I see with my own eyes. Nevertheless, I am an Englishman, while you are only Russians; I am a European, and to Europe you owe 'politeness.' No matter how lion-hearted you may be, nevertheless I am a man of a superior type. And it pleases me very much, it pleases me particularly, to study your 'politeness' in relation to myself, your *innate* and *irresistible* politeness, without which a Russian cannot look at a foreigner, all the more so, at a foreigner such as myself. You think these are but mere trifles. Well, these trifles comfort and amuse me. I went to take a trip. I heard that you were heroes. I came to take a look at you. But nevertheless I shall go home with the conviction that, as a son of Old England (at this point his heart quivers with pride) I am the superior man on earth, while you are but of second rank. . . ."

In the above account the last lines are particularly curious:

"With a somewhat surprised look, the officer glanced at the Englishman, measuring him from head to foot, smiled slightly, shrugged his shoulders, and without protest helped him to put on his overcoat. *Of course, there was nothing else to do.*"

Why this "of course"? Why was there *nothing* else to do?—On the contrary, something quite different, reverse, opposite could have been done: it was possible "to glance at the Englishman, measuring him from head to foot, smile slightly, shrug his shoulders,"—and pass by, without so much as touching the overcoat.—This is what could have been done. Could it not be noticed that the enlightened navigator was playing a trick, that the most refined connoisseur of etiquette was seizing upon the moment for the satisfaction of his petty pride?—Therein is the whole point. Maybe, at that very moment it was impossible to bethink one's self of the situation—our enlightened "politeness" stood in the way—not toward that

member of Parliament wearing some sort of a cork helmet (what's this cork helmet?) but toward Europe, toward the obligation of European enlightenment in which we grew up, in which we have got stuck to the point of losing our independent personality, and from which it will take a long time to extricate ourselves.

Shipments of cartridges to the Turkish army from England and America are colossal. At present it is positively known that at Plevna a Turkish soldier, at times, fires 500 rounds of ammunition per day. Thus to equip the Turkish army the Turks had neither facilities nor money. The presence of the English and of their money in the current war is undeniable. Their ships are transporting ammunition and all that is needed. And yet some of our papers are vociferating—from "politeness": "Ah, please, don't say this! Ah, let's not raise this question! Let's pretend we don't hear about these things! Otherwise the enlightened navigators might grow angry, and then . . ."

Well, then what? What are you afraid of?—Much could be added on the subject of "politeness."

Even if there be some little promissory notes issued by us to Europe in the form of different promises made prior to the time of our crossing the Barbocz bridge, this, too, must have been done from politeness toward Europe and our admiration of her.

However, let us temporarily leave the subject of politeness. I shall only recall that in the beginning of the chapter, when I started speaking of politeness, I added: "this is politeness only toward Europe. At home we shall make up for any loss." Taking advantage of the occasion, I wish to point out how, at times, we manage to make up for the loss, and to take our ***revanche.***

2

The Most Servile Incident Possible

Do you remember, gentlemen, that last summer, long before "Plevna," when we suddenly entered Bulgaria, and appeared beyond the Balkans, we were jolted with indignation. That is, not all of us—this must be stated in the first place—not even fifty per cent, but much less. Still there was a considerable number of those who grew indignant, and voices were raised—first, the voices of war correspondents, and later—voices in our press, especially in Petersburg. Those were ardent, convinced voices full of most virtuous indignation.

The whole incident arose in consequence of the fact that those who raised their voices went—as is known by the whole world and particularly by us—to save the oppressed, the crushed and exhausted.

I recall that even prior to the declaration of war I read in one of our most serious newspapers, that, in weighing the chances of war and the expenditures necessarily connected therewith, of course, "it would be necessary, upon entering Bulgaria, to feed not only our army but also the starving Bulgarian population." This I read myself, and I can state where.

Now then, with these ideas about the Bulgarians, for whose defense we went all the way from the shores of the Finnish gulf and all Russian rivers to shed our blood, unexpectedly we saw charming little Bulgarian cottages, surrounded with smiling gardens and flowers, cattle, cultivated land yielding almost hundredfold harvests, and, on top of that, three Orthodox churches to one mosque —this among those oppressed for faith! "How dare they!"—Indignation instantly flared up in the offended hearts of some liberators, and the blood of insult rose to their cheeks. "Besides, we have come to save them. Therefore, they should be welcoming us almost on their knees. But they are not on their knees; they look at us askance, and it even seems that they are not glad we are here! And this, in a case where we are involved! True, they welcome us with bread and salt, yet they do, they certainly do, look at us askance!"

And voices began to rise. Look here, gentlemen, what would you think: suddenly you receive a false telegram, or one erroneously understood by you, to the effect that a man dear to you—a friend, or a brother of yours—is sick; that somewhere far away he has been robbed or that he has been run over by a train, or something of the sort. You leave all your work and speed to that unfortunate brother. And much to your surprise you discover that nothing of the kind has happened: you meet a man who is in better health than you. He sits at the table and dines. Vociferously he asks you to join him, and he bursts out into laughter over your false alarm, over that *qui pro quo*. Whether or not you are very fond of the man, is it possible that you would be angry at him because he has not been robbed or run over by a train? Chiefly—because he has such red cheeks, that he so enjoys his dinner and his glass of wine? Certainly not. On the contrary, you should even be glad that he is alive and in better health than yourself. Why, being human, you might be a little angry—but not because his legs were not cut off by the wheels. Indeed, you would not start, straight after dinner, writing dispatches and anecdotes about him, vilifying his character, recording traits unfavorable to him. . . .

Well, in the case of the Bulgarians this has been done. "In Russia even a well-to-do peasant has not such good food as this oppressed Bulgarian." And others later inferred that the Russians were the cause of all Bulgarian misfortunes: had we not before-

hand, without knowing the actual facts, threatened the Turks on behalf of the oppressed Bulgarian: had we not subsequently come to liberate these "robbed" rich fellows, they would be living, even up to the present day, in clover. This is still being asserted.

I am saying this only in the spirit that because of our "politeness" toward Europe and our enlightened Europeanism, we manage, at times, to make good, in our own way, at home, where Europe no longer sees and observes us and because she can't understand Russian. And Bulgaria means "*at home.*" We have come to liberate them, which is the same as if we came *home*—they are ours. He has there a garden and an estate,—well, this is the same as if they were mine. Of course, I am not going to take anything away from him, because I am an honorable man, and true—also because I have no power to do this, nevertheless he should *feel* and be forever grateful, since I have entered his home,—well, this is the same as if *I made a present to him* of everything he possesses—I took it away from the Turk, his oppressor, and returned it to him. Indeed, he must understand this. . . . And suddenly it develops that nobody is oppressing him! What a vexing unpleasantness! Isn't it though?

What servility in lieu of enlightened politeness! Isn't it? And what a funny incident!—This is one of the most comical "makings up" "at home" in compensation for the tightness of the ill-fitting uniform of European politeness in which we are flaunting ourselves before Europe. A most servile incident occurred to these ardent gentlemen, catching *quite a few* of them unawares. This is more serious than unexpectedly to hold an overcoat for an Englishman.

Subsequently everything came to light, and the truth revealed itself to many of the indignant—even though not to all of them—up to this day. It developed, in the first place, that the Bulgarian is in no way guilty because of the fact that he is industrious and that his soil yields hundredfold harvests. Secondly, he can't be blamed for "looking askance." To consider only that he has been a slave for four centuries, and when he encounters new masters he does not believe them to be his brethren, but, on the contrary, believes them to be his new masters. Besides, he is afraid of his former masters, and painfully ponders to himself: "What if they should come back and find out that I have offered bread and salt?" —It was because of these inner questions that he looked askance. And he was right, he made a good guess—the poor fellow: after we had accomplished our first valiant onrush beyond the Balkans, we suddenly withdrew. The Turks again came back to them, and what they got from the Turks is a matter of record in world history! These neat little cottages, these savings, gardens, cattle—all these were plundered, reduced to ashes, erased from the face of the earth.

Not by the scores, not by the hundreds, but by the thousands and tens of thousands, Bulgarians were exterminated by fire and sword; their children were rent asunder and died in the throes of torture; dishonored wives and daughters were either beaten after they had been raped, or taken into captivity for sale, while the husbands—those same who welcomed the Russians, as well as those who never did welcome them but to whom the Russians might have come some day—they all smarted, for the Russians, on the gallows or bonfires. The beasts who tortured them nailed them for the night by their ears to fences, and in the morning they hanged all of them, to the last man, compelling one of them to hang the rest, and when he had hanged a score of culprits, in conclusion he had to hang himself amid the uproar of the sadistic beasts known as the Turkish nation who, subsequently, were so greatly admired by some of our most delicate ladies. . . .

N. B. Only recently, in the middle of November, reports were received from Pyrgos about the new atrocities of these monsters. When, in the course of a spirited skirmish there, the Turks temporarily succeeded in pressing us back so that we had no time to remove our wounded soldiers and officers, and that same day when in the evening we recaptured the ground, we found our wounded robbed, naked, with cut-off noses, ears, lips, carved-out stomachs, and finally burned to death on stacks of straw and corn to which our wounded, then still alive, were transported by the Turks, who thereupon set these stacks afire. Reprisals are a cruel thing, all the more so as, essentially, they lead to nothing, as I have already stated once in one of the preceding issues of the *Diary*. However, severity in dealing with the superiors of these beasts would not be out of place. The announcement could be made—publicly so that all Europe should hear it—that in case atrocities are committed, the immediate superiors of those Turks who order them, if they be captured, will be court-martialled and shot. (The Prussians unfailingly would have done this because they even dealt exactly in the same way with the French for reasons ten times less justifiable than in the case of the beasts with whom we are at war.)[1]

Such a warning, instead of carriages equipped with springs, would teach many of them. At present, however, that same "commander," captured and seeing how he is welcomed after his atrocities, really imagines himself infinitely superior to the "infidel Russian." I assure you that this Turk will never believe in our European

[1]N. B. I believe it would be easy to find out now or later who was the Turkish commander who, for instance, was in charge of the attack at Pyrgos.

politeness and in our fear of Europe. Besides, he would not understand this at all, nor would he conceive such a cause. The polite fear of Europe is a purely Russian thing and invention, and no one will ever comprehend it. And therefore, "if you are thus bowing to me"—argues the Turkish commander—"after I have permitted only yesterday my soldiers to cut off, maybe, your own brother's nose, this means that you feel that you are inferior to me, and that I am superior to you. So it should be, by the will of Allah, and there is nothing surprising in this!"

This is what the captive Turkish pasha must be, and unfailingly is, thinking.

Therefore, when those who grew indignant against the Bulgarians lived to see the sad denouement wrought upon the latter, willy-nilly they understood that Bulgarian life, essentially, is nothing but scenery; that all those cottages, and gardens, and wives and children; all these young boys and girls in those cottages,—that they all, in fact, belong to the Turk, who grabs them whenever he pleases. He grabs them also in times of peace,—he grabs money and cattle, wives and little girls, and if nevertheless everything continued to remain in a flourishing state, this was only due to the fact that the Turk did not want to bring utter destruction upon so fertile a field, expecting to exploit it also in the future. On the contrary, at times, and in certain localities, he permitted full blossoming precisely with a view to exploiting it in due time.

Of course, at present the Turks, having grown furious, are completely destroying Bulgaria. They regret that they have not done this before. If we capture Plevna and tarry in our advance, the Turks seeing that, perhaps, they may have to part with Bulgaria forever, will destroy everything that can possibly be destroyed—so long as there is time.

There are two remarkable opinions: our sages still keep asserting that, in the absence of Russian intervention, the Bulgarian would be living in clover, and that the Russians are the cause of all his misfortunes. Now, the Englishman Forbes, the correspondent of the newspaper *Daily News,* well-known for his excellent and comprehensive dispatches from the front, finally, candidly came out with his English truth. He *sincerely* believes that the Turks had "the full right" to exterminate the entire Bulgarian population to the north of the Balkans at the time when the Russian army had crossed the Danube. Forbes almost regrets (of course, politically) that this did not take place, and infers that the Bulgarians owe a debt of eternal gratitude to the Turks for the fact that the latter have not slaughtered everyone of them like so many sheep.

Recalling our Russian opinion about "the Bulgarian living in clover," and comparing it with the opinion of Forbes, we might as well address the Bulgarian with the following admonition. "How can you maintain that you are not living in clover seeing that you, Bulgarians, have not been slaughtered, head by head, to the last man!"

But there is one more strange thing: it stands out, and it will remain in history. Is it possible that so educated a man as Forbes, belonging to so great and enlightened a nation as England, can calmly and serenely admit such a right on the part of the Turks? And mind that of course he would not have expressed himself thus if, in lieu of the Bulgarians, the French or the Italians had been at stake He did thus express himself because these were only Bulgarians, Slavs. What innate blood contempt for the Slavs, for the Slavic race, they all have in Europe! They consider them to be mere dogs!—The possibility and the reasonableness of slaughtering everyone of them, to the last man, the entire tribe, including women and children, are admitted.

And mind,—this is very important—this is being said not by Lord Beaconsfield: compelled by politics, by "English interests," he could have expressed such piratical and bestial convictions. But Forbes is an honest man, not a politician. The duty of complying with the interest of England *quand-même and at any cost* has not been conferred upon him. Such a man! So honest, talented, truthful, humane—judging by his former dispatches! Here we are dealing precisely with some sort of Western European aversion to everything bearing the name of Slavdom. These Bulgarians may be boiled in boiling water like those bugs' nests in the wooden beds of old women! Isn't there some kind of an instinct here, some presentiment that all Eastern Slavic tribes, after their liberation, will assume some day an enormous role in the new, future human race in the place of the old civilization, led astray from the right road? At present Western people can neither consciously conceive nor even admit this, just as they cannot conceive bugs' nests as something superior which is going to replace them.

But this is Russia! Obviously, here an altogether new idea for everybody's seduction and wrath has been launched—to everybody's surprise. Here the banner of the future has appeared. And inasmuch as Russia is not a "bugs' nest," as they consider the Bulgarians, but a giant and a power which it is impossible not to admit; and because Russia is also a Slavic nation,—how these Western fellows must hate Russia in their hearts, instinctively, unaccountably, rejoicing over every reverse, every calamity of hers! Precisely, this is instinct; we have here a presentiment of the future! . . .

An Altogether Special Word About Slavs Which I Meant to Say Long Ago

Apropos, I shall say a *special* word about the Slavs and the Slavic problem. I meant to say it long ago. Suddenly, everybody in Russia has started talking about the possibility of an early peace. Let us give freedom to fantasy, and let us suppose that all of a sudden the task has been accomplished, that owing to Russia's insistence, and with her blood, the Slavs have already been liberated; moreover, that the Turkish Empire exists no longer, and that the Balkan Peninsula is free and lives a new life.

Of course, it is impossible to foretell in all details what form, to begin with, will that Slavic freedom assume, *i.e.*, is it going to be a federation of the liberated small tribes (N. B.—it seems that for a long time to come there will be no federation), or will separate small principalities come into existence, in the form of small states with sovereigns called from various ruling houses? It is also difficult to conceive whether Serbia's boundaries will be enlarged, or whether Austria will prevent it; what territory Bulgaria will occupy; what will become of Herzegovina and Bosnia; what the relations will be between the newly liberated small Slavic nations, for instance, the Rumanians or even the Greeks—the Constantinople Greeks and those other Athenian Greeks; finally, whether these countries and small lands will be quite independent, or will be under the protectorate and supervision of "the concert of European powers," including Russia. (I believe that all these small nations will unfailingly solicit a European concert, be it even with Russia, solely as a matter of protection against the ambitions of Russia.)—None of these questions can be decided beforehand, and I do not venture to settle them.

However, even at present it is possible to know certainly two things: (1) that sooner or later all Slavic tribes on the Balkan Peninsula will, in the long run, unfailingly free themselves of the Turkish yoke, and that they will start a new, free and perhaps independent life, and (2) . . . Well, this "secondly" which will unfailingly come to pass, I meant to discuss long ago.

This "secondly" consists of the fact that according to my inner, my fullest and now irresistible conviction, Russia has never had such haters, enviers, calumniators and even open enemies as she will have in these Slavic tribes—just as soon as Russia has liberated them and Europe has consented to recognize their liberation! And let people raise no objections, let them not argue with me or shout

at me that I am exaggerating, that I am a hater of the Slavs! —On the contrary, I like them very much; but I am not going to defend myself because I know that this will come to pass precisely in the way I maintain, and not because of the base and allegedly ungrateful character of the Slavs, not at all: in this respect their character is akin to the character of all others, but precisely because *such things* cannot come to pass otherwise on earth. I shall not enlarge on this subject, but I know that by no means should we expect gratitude from the Slavs; we should prepare for this in advance.

I repeat: they will start their new life by soliciting from Europe, from England and Germany, for example, a guaranty and protectorate of their freedom. And even though Russia also participates in the concert of the European powers, nevertheless they will act this way for protection against *Russia*. To begin with, they will unfailingly announce to themselves and convince themselves—tacitly if not aloud—that they owe Russia no gratitude whatever; that, on the contrary, at the time of the conclusion of the peace, they barely saved their skins from Russia's ambitions by the intervention of the European concert, and, had Europe not intervened, Russia, having taken them away from the Turks, would have promptly swallowed them "with a view to expanding her borders and creating a great Pan-Slavic Empire in order to make the Slavs slaves of the greedy, cunning and barbaric Great Russian race."

For a long, very long time they will be unable to recognize Russia's disinterestedness and the great, holy, unheard-of act of raising the banner of the greatest of all ideas by which man lives—and once these ideas cease to animate him, he grows benumbed, crippled, and dies of sores and exhaustion.

Now, do you think the Slavs have now finally understood this present war, a war of the whole Russian people, headed by the Czar, and launched against the monsters for the liberation of the ill-starred nations? However, I shall not speak of the present moment. Besides, the Slavs still need us: we are liberating them. But later, when we have liberated them and they have somehow settled,—will they think of this war as a great exploit undertaken for their liberation?—Decide for yourselves. Why, they will never recognize this! On the contrary, they will assert, first as a political and later as a scientific truth, that had there been no liberatrix Russia during all these one hundred years, they would have managed long ago to free themselves from the Turks by their own valor, or with the help of Europe, which—again, had there been no Russia in existence,—not only would have had nothing against their liberation but would have liberated them herself. This crafty doctrine

certainly must be entertained by them even at present, and in the future they will develop it into a scientific and political axiom. Moreover, they will speak of the Turks with even greater respect than of Russia.

Perhaps, during a whole century, or even longer, they will unceasingly tremble for their freedom and fear Russia's ambitions. They will ask favors of the European states; they will calumniate Russia, gossip about her and intrigue against her. Oh, I am not speaking of individuals: there will be some who will comprehend what Russia has meant, means and will always mean to them. They will understand the full greatness and sacredness of Russia's cause and of the great idea, of the banner, which she will raise amidst mankind. In the beginning, however, these men will be in such a pitiful minority that they will be ridiculed and subjected to hate and even political persecution.

The liberated Slavs will particularly enjoy announcing and heralding to the whole world that they are enlightened nations, capable of embracing the loftiest European culture, whereas Russia is a barbaric country, a grim northern colossus, not even of pure Slavic blood, an oppressor and persecutor of European civilization. It goes without saying that from the very beginning they will adopt a constitutional form of government; they will have parliaments, responsible ministers, orators and speeches. These will greatly comfort and delight them. They will be tickled to death to read telegraphic dispatches about themselves in the Paris and London papers, heralding to the whole world that, after a protracted parliamentary storm, the cabinet has finally fallen in Bulgaria, and that a cabinet has been formed by the liberal majority; or that some Ivan Chiftlik of theirs finally has consented to accept the portfolio of president of the council of ministers.

Russia must be well prepared to face the fact that all these liberated Slavs will enthusiastically rush to Europe; that they will be contaminated with the political and social European forms—to the point of losing their individuality, and that thus they will have to live through a long period of Europeanism before they are able to understand at least something about their Slavic significance and their special Slavic mission among mankind.

Among themselves, these petty countries will be perpetually quarrelling, envying each other and intriguing one against the other. It stands to reason that at a moment of some serious calamity they will unfailingly apply to Russia for help. No matter how much they may hate, gossip and calumniate us in Europe, coquetting with her and assuring her of their love, nevertheless they will always instinctively feel—of course at a moment of some calamity, and not before—

that Europe is, always was and will always remain, a natural enemy of their unity, and, if they do exist on earth, it is, of course, because of the fact that there stands a gigantic magnet—Russia—which, drawing all of them to herself, thereby preserves their wholeness and unity. There will even be moments when they will be able to concede—almost consciously—that had there been no Russia, the great Eastern center and the great attracting force, their unity would have instantly collapsed, been torn to pieces, so that their very nationality would have vanished in the European ocean, as a few drops of water vanish in a sea.

For a long while Russia will be left with the anguish and task of making peace among them, teaching them, and perhaps, occasionally, even drawing her sword in their defense. Naturally, there arises at once the question: wherein, then, is Russia's benefit? Why has Russia been warring on their behalf a whole century, sacrificing her blood, her strength, her money? Was it only for the purpose of reaping so much petty hatred and ingratitude? Oh, it stands to reason that Russia will always realize that she is the center of Slavic unity; that if the Slavs are enjoying a free national existence, it is because she willed and wishes so; that it was she who accomplished and created all this. However, aside from labors, vexations and perpetual concerns, what benefit can be derived by Russia from this realization?

At present it is difficult to answer this question, and the answer may not be clear.

First, as we all know, Russia will never, must never, think of enlarging her territory at the expense of the Slavs, of annexing them politically, of carving Russian provinces out of their lands, etc. Even now all Slavs, much like all Europe, suspect Russia of such aspirations; they will suspect them for a century hence. But God guard Russia against these aspirations, and the more political disinterestedness with regard to the Slavs she manifests, the more surely she will subsequently succeed in uniting them around herself —one hundred years hence. However, by providing the Slavs, from the very beginning, with as much political freedom, by withdrawing herself from tutelage and supervision of any kind; by merely announcing to them that she will always be ready to draw her sword against those who may threaten their freedom and nationality, Russia may thereby rid herself of the dreadful troubles and commotions of *enforcing* this tutelage and her political influence upon the Slavs, which, of course is hateful to them and always suspicious to Europe. Even so, by manifesting the fullest disinterestedness, Russia will thereby conquer and finally attract the Slavs to herself: at first they will apply to her in times of calamity, but sub-

sequently, some day, they will come back to her, and they will all *press* themselves to her, with complete, childish trust. They will all return to their native nest.

Of course, even in our day, among Russians there are many learned and poetical conceptions. These Russians expect that the new liberated Slavic nations, resurrected to a new life, will begin by joining themselves to Russia as to their own mother and their liberatrix, and that, unquestionably, in the very near future, they will introduce into Russian life many new and unheard-of elements; that they will expand Russia's Slavdom, Russia's soul; that they will even exercise an influence upon the Russian language, literature, creative faculties; that they will spiritually enrich Russia and will reveal to her new horizons.

I confess that all this always has seemed to me nothing but learned enthusiasm The truth is that something along these lines will not come to pass before, say, a century, but meanwhile, and, maybe, for one hundred years, there will be nothing which Russia can borrow from the Slavs, whether from their ideas or their literature. They are terribly young to be teaching us. On the contrary, perhaps throughout that forthcoming century, Russia will have to struggle against their narrowness and obstinacy; against their bad habits, their indubitable betrayal of Slavdom in the near future for the sake of the European forms of political and social organization which they will avidly adopt.

After the settlement of the Slavic question Russia will, obviously, have finally to settle the Eastern problem. It will take a long time before present-day Slavs will comprehend what the Eastern problem is! It will also take them a long time to understand Slavic fellowship in brotherly accord. To explain this to them incessantly by deed and great example will henceforth always be Russia's task. Again, it may be argued: What is all this for? Why should Russia assume such a task?—What for?—In order to pursue a superior, great life; in order to shine to the world with a great, disinterested and pure idea; in order to create, at length, a great and mighty organism of a brotherly union of nations; to create this organism not by means of political violence, not by the sword, but by persuasion, example, love, disinterestedness,—by light; to elevate those little ones to our level, so that they shall perceive in Russia her motherly mission—such is Russia's goal, such, if you please, are her benefits.

If nations fail to live by superior disinterested ideas, by the lofty aims of serving mankind, and merely serve their own "interests," they must unfailingly perish, grow benumbed, wear themselves out, die. And there is no loftier goal than that which Russia

will set for herself when she disinterestedly serves the Slavs, demanding no gratitude from them, serving their moral (and not merely political) unification into one great whole. Only then will united Slavdom utter its new salutary word to mankind. . . . No loftier aims exist on earth. For this reason there can also be nothing more "beneficial" to Russia than always to keep these aims before her, more and more clarifying them to herself, more and more lifting herself spiritually in this eternal, incessant and valiant labor of hers on behalf of mankind.

Let the war end happily, and Russia indubitably will pass into a new and superior phase of her existence.

CHAPTER III

1

Peace Rumors. "Constantinople Must Be Ours."—Is This Possible? Different Opinions

AND SUDDENLY everybody has started talking about the end of the war—not only in Europe, but also at home. People have begun to debate the probable peace terms. It is gratifying that the majority of our political newspapers now evaluate more or less correctly our labors, the blood which Russia has shed and her efforts, suggesting peace terms if possible commensurate with her efforts. It is particularly pleasing that the majority of those debating this topic begin to recognize Russia's independence in the face of the imminent European intervention at the time of the conclusion of peace and her right to conclude a separate, independent, peace without appealing to Europe, and, if possible, without even taking great heed of her. The lot of the Slavs is also being taken into account. The question of indemnity is being considered, and people ardently insist upon the surrender of the Turkish iron-clad monitors. Many people concede our right to annex Kars and Erzerum.

However, even now there are people who feel offended by the suggestion that we should have the impudence to annex anything like Kars. As against this there are, finally, those who even talk about Constantinople and that she must be ours.

These debates and discussions about peace and the peace terms will always be renewed after each one of our major military operations. I merely wish to observe that in all—or nearly all—these present-day deliberations of our periodicals there seems to be not exactly an omission but an oversight. I mean—people regard Europe as . . . Europe, *i.e.,* as she has been, with all sorts of variations,

throughout this century: the same great powers are taken for granted; the same political equilibrium, and so forth. Meanwhile, in our day, Europe is changing from hour to hour; she is no longer what she was six months ago. It is impossible, even three months in advance, to be sure what changes may take place and what she will look like by next spring. Colossal and fatal contemporary facts, which probably will have to be formulated and settled very soon, are still not evaluated on that scale on which, essentially, the world will have to envisage them. At present even the structure of that Europe which may intervene in our affairs at the time of the conclusion of peace cannot be ascertained unmistakably. On this ground it is a mistake, in my opinion, to discuss the peace terms, basing them upon former data, without fully evaluating the fact that all these previous conditions have been set in motion, that they are in a fluent state, that they slip away, presaging new evaluations. However, this is something for future discussion.

At this juncture, inasmuch as the question of Constantinople has been raised, I should like to note in passing a very strange and, to me, a rather unexpected opinion on the immediate "destinies of Constantinople," which was expressed by a man from whom one had the right to expect an altogether different judgment in view of the contemporary events which actually have taken place and which unquestionably are likely to happen.

Nikolai Yakovlevich Danilevsky, who eight years ago wrote an admirable book *Russia and Europe,* in which there is only one obscure and weak chapter concerning the future fate of Constantinople, has recently printed in the newspaper *The Russian World* a series of articles on the same subject. His final deduction concerning Constantinople is very original. I shall not analyze it in detail.

Following some excellent and sound deliberations to the effect that Constantinople—after the Turks have been driven out of her—by no means should become a free city—like Cracow, for example, in the past—lest she be converted into a nest of filth and intrigue, a harem for all conspirators of the world, a prey of the Jews, speculators, etc., etc.,—N. Y. Danilevsky asserts that some day Constantinople must become a city belonging to all Eastern peoples. According to him, they all will possess her, along with the Russians who will own her on an equal basis with the other Slavs.

To me, such a decision seems strange. What can be the comparison between the Russians and the Slavs? How can Russia share the possession of Constantinople on an equal basis with the Slavs if Russia in every respect is unequal to them—to every petty tribe separately and to all of them combined? The giant Gulliver, if he

had wished, could have assured the Lilliputs that he was their equal in every respect. However, this would obviously have been absurd. What is the purpose of assuming an absurdity and compelling oneself to believe it?

Constantinople must be *ours*, conquered by *us*, Russians, from the Turks, and remain ours forever. She must belong to us alone, and possessing her we may, of course, admit into her all Slavs and, in addition, anyone whom we please, on the broadest basis. But this would not be federal possession of the city along with the Slavs.

One has merely to consider the fact that a whole century would be required before a federal union of the Slavs could be achieved. Russia will take possession of Constantinople and the necessary metropolitan area, as well as of the Bosphorus and the Straits; there she will maintain troops, fortifications and a fleet. And thus it should be for a long, long time.

Oh, people will start vociferating: "So, Russia's service to the Slavic cause was not so disinterested, after all!" To this it may be easily said that Russia's service to the Slavs is not going to be finished now; that it will continue throughout many centuries; that by Russia alone, by her great central power, the Slavs will manage to exist on earth; that nothing can ever repay her for such a service, and that if at present Russia occupies Constantinople, it is solely because among her aims and in her mission, in addition to the Slavic question, there is another problem, her greatest and ultimate problem,—specifically the Eastern problem which may be settled only in Constantinople. But the federal possession of Constantinople by various petty tribes may even kill the Eastern problem, whose solution, however, should be persistently sought because it is closely tied to the destiny and mission of Russia herself, and it can be solved by her alone.

I am not speaking of the fact that in Constantinople all these small nations would quarrel among themselves for power and for her possession. The Greeks will set them at variance. The western Slavs, too, will be envious of the fact that the eastern Slavs possess such a splendid spot of Europe and the terrestrial globe. . . . In a word, Constantinople would serve as a cause of dissension in the entire Slavic and Eastern world which would prevent the unity of the Slavs and would stop the normal course of their existence. In this situation the salvation would be in Russia's occupying Constantinople alone,—for herself, for her own account. Russia could then say to the Eastern peoples that she is taking possession of Constantinople "because not one of you has grown up to her, not all of you combined, but I, Russia have grown up." She has.

Precisely now the new phase of Russia's existence begins.

Constantinople is the center of the Eastern world, while Russia is its spiritual center and its head. At present it is necessary and even *useful* for Russia to forget Petersburg for a while—a little at least—and to visit the East because of the change of her fate and of all Europe, a change close at hand, standing "at the door."

But let us leave for the time being the analysis of all the inconveniences of a common possession of Constantinople, and even the harm which would result therefrom, especially to the Slavs. I shall merely say a few words about the fate in this event of the Constantinople Greeks and of Orthodoxy.

The Greeks would look upon the new Slavic element in Constantinople jealously and would hate and fear the Slavs more intensely than even the former Mohammedans. The recent controversy between the Bulgarians and the Patriarchal Throne may serve as an example of the future. The Orthodox dignitaries in Constantinople might degrade themselves to the level of intrigue, petty imprecations, excommunications, irregular sobors, etc., perhaps, even, heresy. And all this owing to national causes, national insults and vexations. "Why are the Slavs superior to us?"—all Greeks in accord may ask. "Why is their unconditional right to Constantinople recognized even though jointly with us?" At the same time, please observe that Russia's occupying that city, and possessing strength and unquestioned authority, would almost eliminate the possibility of such questions. Even the Greeks will not envy nor be greatly vexed by the fact that she possesses Constantinople precisely because Russia is so manifest a power and ruler of the destinies of the East

Russia, possessing Constantinople, would be guarding the freedom of all Slavs and of *all Eastern* peoples without drawing a line between them and the Slavs. During all these centuries the Mohammedan rule over all these peoples has been not a unifying but an oppressive force; under that rule they did not even dare to move, which means that they have not lived like human beings at all. However, with the abolition of the Mohammedan rule, there might ensue among these peoples, who would suddenly leap out from under the yoke to freedom, awful chaos. So that not only a duly constituted federation but even ordinary accord among them is unquestionably but a dream of the future. Temporarily Russia would serve as a unifying force precisely by reason of the fact that she would firmly establish herself in Constantinople. Russia would save them from one another and would guard the freedom of the entire East and its future order.

Finally, Russia alone is capable of raising in the East the banner of the new idea and of explaining to the whole Eastern

world its new mission. For what is the Eastern question?—In its essence, it is the solution of the destinies of Orthodoxy which are merged with Russia's mission. Now, what are these destinies of Orthodoxy?—Roman Catholicism, which has long ago sold Christ for earthly rule; which has compelled mankind to turn away from itself, and which was thus the prime cause of Europe's materialism and atheism,—that Catholicism has naturally generated socialism. For socialism has for its aim the solution of the destinies of mankind not in accord with Christ but without God and Christ. It was inevitably generated in Europe in a natural way in lieu of the deteriorated Christian principle and in the measure of its perversion and loss by the Catholic Church itself.

The lost image of Christ in all the light of its purity is conserved in Orthodoxy. And it is from the East that the new word will be uttered to the world in opposition to future socialism, and this word may again save European mankind. Such is the mission of the East and this is what the Eastern question means to Russia.

I know that many people will call this deliberation "religious mania," but N. Y. Danilevsky can well understand what I am saying. However, for the fulfillment of such a mission Russia needs Constantinople since the latter is the center of the Eastern world. Russia, with her people headed by the Czar, is tacitly cognizant of the fact that she is the bearer of the idea of Christ; that the word of Orthodoxy transforms itself in her into a great cause which has begun with the present war, and that ahead of her there lie centuries of self-sacrificing labor, of fostering the brotherhood of the peoples and of ardent motherly service to them as to dear children.

Yes, this is a great Christian cause; this is the new activity of Christianity—precisely in this war, because of it, whereas N. Y. Danilevsky still does not believe it—obviously because, as yet, he deems no one *worthy* of occupying Constantinople—not even Russia. Is it because the Russians have not grown up to her?—This is difficult to understand. Of course, it is difficult to establish an accordant possession of Constantinople *on the basis of equal rights*. The author of the article admits, however, that for the time being, temporarily, Russia alone might possess Constantinople, protecting her rather than venturing to possess her, on condition that subsequently the city be turned over to the joint possession of the small nations. (Why should it be thus transferred?) It seems that N. Y. Danilevsky believes that single-handed possession of Constantinople by Russia would be tempting and, so to speak, demoralizing; that this would arouse in her bad imperialistic instincts, etc. But it is time to acquire faith in Russia, especially after the exploit of the present war. Yes, she has grown up—even to Constantinople.

And now, unexpectedly, the author hesitates to entrust Constantinople to Russia *even for the time being*. And imagine how he winds up: he infers that *for the time being* it is necessary to prolong Turkey's existence (taking away from her all the Slavs, the Balkans, etc.); to leave Constantinople temporarily under the rule of the Turks; that *for the present* this would supposedly be the most advantageous solution for Russia, and that therein is the Divine fate. But why is it Divine fate? Why?—Of course, the author supposes that in this new existence of Turkey, Russia would exercise a controlling influence over her (Turkey's) dependence upon Russia, so to speak. But what is the purpose of *such* a masquerade? Please consider: Russia—the sovereign,—and yet, for the time being, Turkey should be left intact. I may remark that Europe would be even less inclined to give her consent to such a combination than to the complete conquest of Turkey because it is better to have a definite *fait accompli* than a still contested and protracted affair, threatening new wars in the very near future.

Thus, in the last analysis, the author is almost in accord with the opinion of Lord Beaconsfield, *i.e.*, that Turkey's existence is necessary and that she should not be destroyed.

"Of Turkey there will remain but a shadow"—says N. Y. Danilevsky; "nevertheless, for the time being this shadow *must* tinge the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, since, temporarily, it is impossible to replace her with a *live*—not only live but healthy—organism!"

Do you hear? Russia, as yet, is not a healthy, not even a live, organism; she should not dare to replace in the capital of Orthodoxy the Turkish rot!—To me this is surprising (again, after the *exploit* of the present war!). I am sure that there is something here which I do not understand. Doesn't the author simply imply that as yet it is impossible to let Russia into Constantinople (for the purpose of sole possession or her subsequent transfer to the nations) because Europe will not consent to let her in? Perhaps the author does not believe that during this present war Russia has the power to achieve such a final result. Specifically, in one part of his article he says that "the *occupation* of Constantinople by the Russians will encounter a most decisive resistance on the part of the majority of the European powers." If so, his inference concerning the necessity of leaving the Turks in Constantinople, for the time being, becomes more intelligible. Nevertheless, apropos of "the resistance of the majority of the European powers" two points should be observed: (1) that, as I have stated above, Europe would, perhaps, perceive a more conciliatory solution in our occupation of Constantinople than in the formula suggested by Mr. Danilevsky,

i.e., in a Turkey deprived of her individuality, under Russia's complete tutelage, without the Balkans, without the Slavs, with demolished fortifications, without a fleet,—in a word, as the author expresses himself, a "shadow" of former Turkey. It stands to reason that it is not this kind of Turkey that "the majority of the European powers" would be inclined to see, and Europe would not be deceived if merely "the shadow of Turkey" were left on earth: "All the same, if not today, then tomorrow, you will enter Constantinople"—she would say to the Russians. For this reason the final solution would be preferable to her rather than a Turkey in the guise of a shadow. (2) It may also be observed that, *perhaps*, in reality there never has been (and never will be) so advantageous a moment for the occupation of Constantinople as at present, precisely in the course of this war, precisely at this moment, or a moment very close to it—because of the present political situation of Europe herself.

Again, for the Last Time, "Predictions"

You keep saying: "the majority of the European powers" will not permit it. But now what is "the majority of the European powers"? Can it be defined at this moment? I repeat what I have stated above: from hour to hour Europe is changing from what she used to be recently—from what she was only six months ago—so that one cannot even vouch three months ahead for her further immutability. The point is that we are on the eve of the greatest and most violent events and revolutions in Europe—and this *without exaggeration.* At this moment, now in November, that "majority of the European powers," which could in any respect issue to us their threatening *veto* at the time of the conclusion of peace, is confined to England, and, maybe, also to Austria, although England will at any cost drag her into an alliance, hoping even for an alliance with France. But we shall not be alone (now this is already obvious). In Europe there is Germany, and she is on our side.

Yes, immense cataclysms are awaiting Europe, perturbations which the human mind refuses to believe, conceiving their realization as something fantastic. Meanwhile many things, which only last summer were considered fantastic, impossible and exaggerated, by the end of the year literally came to pass in Europe. For instance, the opinion about the strength of the universal Catholic Conspiracy, an opinion which only last summer *everybody* was inclined to laugh at, or at least to ignore,—at present is shared by *everybody* and has been corroborated by facts.

I am calling attention to this solely in order that readers should also believe in our present "predictions" and should not deem them fantastic and exaggerated pictures, as probably quite a few people considered many of our predictions in May, June, July and August, which, however, came true to the letter.

The only statesman in Europe who, with his ingenious glance, penetrates the very bottom of facts, is indisputably Prince Bismarck. Long ago he perceived in Roman Catholicism and in the monster begotten by it—socialism (Germany is eaten through with socialism), the most dreadful enemy of Germany, of her unity and her future regeneration. Bismarck has got to crush Catholicism at the time of the election of the new Pope. Oh, he understands that he will not completely crush it and that he will merely place it in a certain new phase of the struggle. But as far as Catholicism is concerned, so long as France is alive, the old phase of the struggle continues to persist. So long as France is alive, Catholicism has a strong sword, and there is hope for a European coalition. As for France, her fate, in the view of Prince Bismarck, is doomed. To him there is but one question. Who is to live—she or Germany? Should France fall,—Catholicism, together with socialism, would enter a new phase. And while European politicians are watching MacMahon's interminable war with the republicans—wholeheartedly hoping for a republican victory, *still believing and accepting* as a fact that in France the republic is a popular government capable of uniting her—Prince Bismarck, in the meantime, fully comprehends that France has finished her term; that inwardly that nation has divided itself forever, and that it will never have a firm, all-unifying authoritative government, or a healthy national unifying center. And even though France's weakness may thus merely tend to encourage Germany, nevertheless, Prince Bismarck sees, I repeat, that so long as France is alive politically, Roman Catholicism continues to live, holding in its hand a drawn sword. Moreover, he understands that perhaps Catholicism may once more, *for a while*, serve this decayed country as a unifying idea, be it only outwardly and politically. For it is impossible that France, even headed by the republicans, should not, sooner or later, draw her sword in defense of the Pope and the destinies of Catholicism.

The republicans themselves would see that, should they forsake the Pope and Catholicism, their own existence in France would be rendered impossible. True, they might prove incapable of following this thought to its logical conclusion, and thus, to the last moment, they would remain not only Prince Bismarck's *protégés* (whom, however, to himself, he has condemned to death along with all other French parties which have the ambition to reunite France

into one indissoluble whole)—but also Germany's slaves, surrendering to her all France, not only into political bondage but also into inner, essential and spiritual serfdom. This they are doing by depriving France of the most independent of her *political and historical* ideas,—by tearing away from her that banner which, during so many centuries, she has been holding high in the capacity of the representative of the Romanic element in European mankind.

Those, however, who will drive the inept and useless republicans out of their seats will unfailingly see to it (Bismarck knows it) that, for the last time, the Catholic banner is hoisted against Germany—a banner which France does not believe in and which she almost *in toto* denies, but which, politically, may serve her as a last point of support and unity against the fatal—and also last—onslaught of Protestant Germany, which has been eternally protesting against the principles inherited from ancient Rome by a whole half of European mankind.

For this reason probably Prince Bismarck has already predestined France's fate. The fate of Poland awaits France, and politically she will not live, or else Germany will cease to exist. Having achieved this, Bismarck will then compel militant Roman Catholicism (which will be waging war till the end of the world) to embark upon a new phase of its existence—and struggle for existence—a phase of underground, reptilian and conspiratory war. And he is anticipating Catholicism in this new phase. The sooner this comes to pass, the better for him, because he is awaiting the alliance of both enemies of Germany and of mankind, thereby hoping to crush them all the more easily—at once. . . .

3

It is Necessary to Seize the Moment

Just as soon as France falls politically, the alliance of both enemies will be formed. The two enemies have always been organically tied to France. Almost up to recent times Catholicism has been her cementing and integral idea, while socialism was begotten in it.

By depriving France of her political existence, Prince Bismarck hopes to deliver a blow at socialism. Socialism, as a heritage of Catholicism, and France are most hateful to a genuine German. It is excusable that Germany's representatives believe that it is so easy to master socialism by merely destroying France politically—as its source and beginning.

However, this is what is most probably going to happen should

France fall politically: Catholicism will lose its sword, and for the first time will appeal to the people whom it has been despising so many centuries, ingratiating itself with mundane kings and emperors. Now, however, it will appeal to the people, since there is nowhere else to go; specifically, it will appeal to the leaders of the most mobile and rebellious element of the people—the socialists. Catholicism will tell the people that Christ also preached everything the socialists are preaching to them. Once more it will pervert and sell them Christ as it has sold Him so many times in the past for earthly possessions, defending the rights of the Inquisition which, in the name of loving Christ, tortured men for freedom of conscience,—in the name of Christ to whom only that disciple was dear who came to Him of his free accord and not the one who had been bought or frightened.

Catholicism sold Christ when it blessed the Jesuits and sanctioned the righteousness "of every means for Christ's cause." However, since time immemorial, it has converted Christ's cause into a mere concern for its earthly possessions and its future political domination over the whole world. When Catholic mankind turned away from the monstrous image in which, at length, Christ had been revealed to them,—after many protests, reformations, etc., at the beginning of this century—endeavors arose to organize life without God, without Christ. Devoid of the instinct of a bee or an ant, unmistakably and with utmost precision constructing their hive and ant-hill, men sought to create something on the order of an unmistakable ant-hill. They rejected the unique formula of mankind's salvation, derived from God and announced through revelation to man: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," and substituted for it practical inferences, such as *"Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous"* ("Each one for himself and God for all"), or scientific axioms, such as "the struggle for existence."

Bereft of the instinct which guides animals and enables them to organize their life faultlessly, men haughtily sought to rely upon science, forgetting that for such a task as the creation of society, science is still, so to speak, in swaddles. Dreams ensued. The future tower of Babylon became the ideal but also the dread of humanity. But after these dreams there soon appeared other simple doctrines, intelligible to everybody, for instance: "to rob the rich, to stain the world with blood, after which *somehow everything will again be settled of its own accord.*"

Finally, even these teachers were outstripped: there appeared the doctrine of anarchy, after which—if it could be put into effect—there would again ensue a period of cannibalism, and people would be compelled to start all over again as they started some ten thou-

sand years ago. Catholicism fully understands all this, and it will manage to seduce the leaders of the underground war. It will say to them: "You have no center, no order in the conduct of the work; you are a force scattered all over the world, and now, after the downfall of France—also an oppressed force. I shall be your rallying center, and I shall attract to you all those who still believe in me."

One way or another, the alliance will be formed. Catholicism does not wish to die, whereas social revolution and the new social period in Europe are indubitable: two forces, unquestionably, will have to come to an understanding, to unite. It stands to reason that slaughter, blood, plunder, even cannibalism would be advantageous to Catholicism. Precisely then it may hope to catch once more its fish in troubled waters, foreseeing the moment when, finally, mankind, exhausted by chaos and lawlessness, will fall into its arms. Then, once more, it will become in reality the sole and absolute "earthly ruler and universal authority," sharing its power with no one. Thereby it will attain its ultimate goal.

Alas, this picture is not a fantasy. I positively assert that it is being foreshadowed in the West by quite a few people. Probably it is also being foreseen by the lords of Germany. Still the leaders of the German people are mistaken in one respect—in the easiness of conquering and crushing these two dreadful and united enemies. They are relying on the strength of regenerated Germany, on her Protestant spirit protesting against the tenets and *consequences* of ancient and modern Rome. But they will not stop the monster. It will be checked and vanquished by the reunited East and by the new word which it will utter to mankind. . . .

At all events one thing seems clear to me, that Germany *needs us* even more than we think. And she needs us not for a momentary political alliance but *forever*. The idea of reunited Germany is a broad and stately one; it goes back into the depth of ages. What has Germany to divide with us?—Her object is all Western mankind. She has selected for herself the European Western world where she seeks to inculcate her principles in lieu of the Roman and Romanic tenets, and henceforth to become its leader, leaving the East to Russia. Thus, two great peoples are destined to transform the face of this world. These are not contrivances of the mind or of ambition: the world itself shapes itself thus. There are new and strange facts; they are appearing daily.

At a time when in Russia it was even considered fantastic to speak and dream about Constantinople, in the German press many people began to discuss our occupation of her as a most ordinary matter Compared with Germany's former attitude toward us, this

is almost strange. It is to be supposed that Russia's friendship with Germany is not hypocritical but firm, that, as time goes on, it will grow stronger, gradually penetrating the consciousness of both nations. For this reason, for Russia, perhaps there never has been a more opportune moment for the final solution of the Eastern question than the present one.

Germany is awaiting the end of our war, perhaps even more impatiently than we. Meanwhile, it is actually true that nowadays one cannot vouch for what is going to happen even three months in advance. Shall we finish the war before the ultimate and fatal European disturbances take place? This is unknown. But whether or not we shall be in time to help Germany, at all events she counts on us not as on a *temporary* but an *eternal* ally.

As for the current moment,—again, the key to the situation is in France and in the election of the Pope. Here one has to expect a conflict between France and Germany which is all the more certain as there are provokers. England will be the one which will see to it, after which Austria perhaps will also move. But all these things we have discussed only recently. Since that time nothing has occurred that contradicts our former opinions. On the contrary they have been corroborated. . . .

In any event, Russia must seize the moment. Is our favorable European moment going to last long?—So long as the present great leaders of Germany act, it is *most probable* that this moment is guaranteed to us.

DECEMBER

CHAPTER I

1

The Final Explanation of a Previous Fact

CONCLUDING WITH this last December issue the two-year publication of the *Diary*, I deem it necessary once more to say a few words concerning a matter which I have discussed *in extenso*. I decided to mention it as early as May, but, owing to special considerations, I postponed the discussion of the subject precisely till the last issue.

This is again in reference to that stepmother Kornilova who, prompted by wrath against her husband, threw her six-year-old stepdaughter out of the window; the latter, having fallen from a five-sagene height, remained alive. As is known, the delinquent

woman was tried and convicted. Subsequently the sentence was rescinded, and on April 22 of this year, at the second trial, she was finally acquitted. (See *A Writer's Diary*, October, 1876, and April, 1877.)

I happened to take a certain part in this case. The president of the court, and later also the prosecutor, publicly announced, in the courtroom itself, that the first verdict by virtue of which Kornilova had been found guilty, was quashed precisely because of my suggestion set forth in the *Diary* that "the act of the criminal woman may have been prompted by her pregnant state." I framed and developed this idea as a result of extraordinary and strange psychic peculiarities which irresistibly, of their own accord, struck one's eyes and arrested one's attention during the perusal of the details of the perpetrated act. However, all this is known to our readers. Perhaps it is also known that, following a most rigid investigation, and after most obstinate and persistent arguments of the prosecutor, the jurors nevertheless acquitted Kornilova, having stayed in the jurors' room not longer than ten minutes, and that the public left the courtroom enthusiastically approving the acquittal.

Even so, at the time, that very day, the thought occurred to me that in so important a case involving the highest motives of civic and spiritual life, it is very desirable that everything be explained in all minutest details so that in society and in the souls of the jurors, who have rendered a verdict of acquittal, there no longer remain any doubts, vacillations and regrets that an indubitably criminal woman was left unpunished. Here children are involved, the children's lot (often dreadful in Russia, especially among the poor class), and the problem of childhood—and yet, the murderess of a child is acquitted, the public sympathizes with her! And now—I myself (according to the statement of the court itself) contributed to this! Of course, I acted in accordance with my conviction. However, after the verdict had been announced, suddenly doubt began to torment me: Didn't the verdict leave a residue of discontent, perplexity, distrust of justice, even indignation in society? In our press there was little comment on the acquittal of Kornilova—people were occupied with other things: there was a presentiment of war.

But in *The Northern Messenger*, a newspaper which had just been started, I read an article full of indignation against the acquittal, and even anger against me for my participation in this case. The article was written in an undignified tone. Well, I wasn't the only one who was subjected to the indignation of *The Northern Messenger;* Leo Tolstoy was also subjected to wrathful and un-

dignified scoffing in connection with *Anna Karenina*. Personally I should not have answered the author, but in that article I perceived exactly the thing I was afraid to encounter in a certain portion of our society, viz., confused impression, perplexity and indignation against the verdict.

And so I made up my mind to wait eight months in order to become, during this period, finally convinced that the verdict had exercised no bad influence upon the defendant; that, on the contrary, the mercy of the court, like a good seed, fell upon fertile soil; that the defendant *was really worthy* of compassion and mercy; that the impulses of incomprehensible, almost fantastic rage, in a fit of which she had committed her villainy, did not recur and *can never* return to her; that hers is a kindly and meek soul; that she is not a destroyer and murderess (of which I was convinced throughout the whole trial), and that the crime of that unfortunate woman had to be explained by a special, accidental circumstance, by illness, by an "affect," precisely by those pathological fits which occur rather often among pregnant women (of course in conjunction with other unfavorable conditions and circumstances) during a certain period of pregnancy, and finally,—that the jurors, society and the public, which was present in the courtroom and which listened to the verdict with ardent sympathy, should no longer doubt the expediency of such a verdict, and regret their mercy.

And now after all these eight months, I am in a position to communicate and add something in connection with this case, of which, however, everybody, maybe, has grown tired. I shall be replying as it were to society, *i.e.*, to that portion of it which, according to my supposition, may have disagreed with the verdict rendered doubted it and grown indignant against it,—that is, if there has been such a portion of the dissatisfied in our society. And inasmuch as among all these dissatisfied I know (not personally, however) only that one "Observer" who wrote the threatening article in *The Northern Messenger*, I shall give him my answer. Most probably no arguments of mine will in any way convince him, but perhaps I shall be understood by my readers.

The "Observer," when referring in his article to Kornilova's case, attributed to it the highest significance. He pointed out with indignation the lot of children, defenseless children, and regretted the fact that the defendant had not been sentenced to the severest punishment. Thus it was a question of Siberia, of the exile of a twenty-year-old woman with her nursling born in prison (who would thus have been exiled with her to Siberia), and of the ruin of a young family.

In these circumstances—it would seem—it would have been

necessary, in the first place, to deal with the analyzed facts scrupulously, seriously and impartially. And yet (Would you believe it?) this "Observer" *does not know* the case with which he is dealing; he speaks without thinking; he invents non-existent circumstances and throws them at the former defendant; *obviously* he was not present in the courtroom; he did not listen to the pleadings; he was not in court at the time of the announcement of the verdict.—Nevertheless he angrily demands punishment of a human being!

But here the fate of a human being is involved—of several human beings at once; it is a question of tearing a human life asunder—pitilessly, with blood. True, the ill-starred woman had already been acquitted when the "Observer" came out with his article. But such attacks influence society, the courts, public opinion; they may have a repercussion in a future case involving a similar defendant; finally, they offend the acquitted,—well, of course, she belongs to the common people, and therefore she is defenseless!

However, this is the article, *i.e.*, that portion of it which refers to Kornilova's case. I am quoting the most essential parts, deleting but very little.

Excerpt

"To the jurors it is far more difficult to imagine themselves in the condition of a pregnant woman; even more so—in the condition of a six-year-old girl whom that woman has thrown out of a window from the fourth floor. One has to be endowed with all that power of imagination in which, as is known, Mr. Dostoievsky excels among us all, to comprehend fully the condition of a woman and to elucidate to one's self the irresistibility of the affects of pregnancy.

"He actually did penetrate that state; he went to see a certain lady in the penitentiary; he was impressed with her humility, and in several issues of his *Diary* he came out as her ardent advocate. But Mr. Dostoievsky is too susceptible, and besides, 'the pathological manifestation of volition' is an outright hobby of the author of *The Possessed, The Idiot,* etc.; to him it is excusable to feel a weakness for them. I look upon the case in a simpler manner, and I assert that after such instances of exculpation of the cruel treatment of children—which in Russia, as also in England, is by no means infrequent—there remains not even a shadow of deterrent to this kind of behavior. How many cases of cruel treatment of children are there for each case that is subject to court examination? There are children whose whole lives—morning, noon, and night—

are nothing but a succession of suffering. These are innocent creatures enduring a lot compared with which the labor of parricides in the mines is happiness—with rest, with the absence of eternal, unquenchable fear, with full peace of the mind in so far as it is not disturbed by the pangs of conscience. Out of ten thousand, and probably out of a hundred thousand, cases of cruel treatment of children, only one reaches the courts—one which for some reason attracts more attention. For example, a stepmother perpetually beats an unfortunate six-year-old creature, and finally throws it out of the fourth-floor window. When she learns that the hated child was not killed, she exclaims: 'She is strong!' There is neither sudden manifestation of hatred nor repentance after the commission of the murder: everything is homogeneous and logical in the manifestation of one and the same evil will. And they acquit this woman! If in such cases of cruelty to children, which are clear to the point of obviousness, verdicts of acquittal are returned, what can be expected in other cases, less clearly defined, more complex?—Of course, acquittal, acquittal and acquittal. As stated, in England, among the poorer classes in the cities, cases of cruelty to children are not infrequent. But I wish I might be shown one example of such an acquittal by English jurors. Oh, when there appears before our jurors a schismatic who has dropped a disparaging remark about a church dome—that's a different matter. In England he would not even be arraigned, but in Russia—let him not expect an acquittal. Yet cruelty to a little girl—why, is it worth ruining a young woman for this! Anyhow, she is nevertheless a stepmother, that is, almost a mother of the victim! Anyhow, she feeds her, and beats her more and more. But this will not surprise a Russian. A friend of mine told me that the other day he was being driven by a cabman who continually lashed his horse. In answer to my friend's remark to this effect, the cabman said: 'Such is its lot! It must be eternally and mercilessly beaten.'

"Oh, Russia, this has been thy lot throughout the centuries! For, maybe, that stepmother had also been beaten in her childhood. And thou takest this into account and sayest: God be with her. But thou shouldst not do so. Thou shouldst pity the little ones. At present thou art not going to be beaten, and thou shouldst not exculpate cruelty to him who is no longer born a serf.

"I may be told: 'You are attacking the institution of jurors, when even without it . . .' and so forth. I am not attacking the institution; I have no idea of attacking it; it is a good institution; infinitely better than those courts in which public conscience did not participate. But I am conversing with this conscience about this or that of its manifestations. . . .

". . . But to beat a child for a whole year or so, and thereupon to throw her out to her almost certain death—this is a different matter. 'That same evening, after ten o'clock, the husband of the acquitted took her home, and she, in a happy mood, again returned to her home.' How touching! But woe to the poor child if it remained in that home which 'the happy one' entered. Woe to it, if it should ever chance to come back to its father's home.

"'Affect of pregnancy'—well, a new, pitiful word has been invented. No matter how strong this affect may have been, nevertheless, under its influence, the woman did not rush upon her husband or her neighbors. Her whole affect was reserved exclusively for that defenseless girl whom she had been torturing for a whole year without any affect. What, then, did the jurors rely upon in their acquittal?—Upon the fact that one psychiatrist admitted 'a pathological psychic state' of the defendant at the time of the commission of her crime. Three other psychiatrists merely stated that the pathological condition of the pregnant woman might have exercised an influence upon the perpetration of the offense, whereas one accoucheur, Professor Florinsky, who is, perhaps, best familiar with all symptoms of pregnancy, declared his dissent from such opinions. Thus four out of five experts did not admit that in the case at the bar the crime was positively committed in a state of 'affect of pregnancy,' and subsequent irresponsibility. Yet the jurors acquitted. Eh, what an important matter!—The child was not killed, and as for the fact that it was beaten, well,—'such is its lot.'"

Distortions and Manipulations—This Costs Us Nothing

Such is the excerpt. Such is the accusation—there is also much indignation against me. But now I ask "The Observer": How could you so distort the facts in so important an accusation, setting them forth in such a deceitful and fictitious light? When was there beating, *systematic* beating by the stepmother? You state directly and precisely:

"The stepmother perpetually beats an unfortunate six-year-old creature, and finally throws it out from the fourth floor . . ."

Then: "But to beat a child *for a whole year or so*, and thereupon to throw her out to her almost certain death . . ."

You exclaim—referring to the child:

"Woe to it, if it should ever chance to come back to its father's home."

And, finally, you put into the jurors' mouths a bestial phrase: "Eh, what an important matter!—The child was not killed, and as for the fact that it was beaten, well,—'such is its lot.'"

In a word, you misrepresented all the facts, picturing the whole case as if the crime, according to you, were committed solely because of the stepmother's hatred of the child, whom she had been beating a whole year and finished by throwing it out the window. You have purposely represented the defendant in the guise of a beast,—of an insatiable, wicked stepmother, exclusively in order to justify your article and to arouse the indignation of society against the merciful verdict of the jurors. And we have the right to infer that you have made this substitution solely for the purpose which I have just indicated—we are justified in inferring this because you could not—you had no right to—fail to ascertain the minutest details of the case in which you take it upon yourself to render a verdict and to demand punishment.

However, there *never has been* any beast, that beastly stepmother hating the child and insatiable in its torture. This was positively ascertained by the investigation. It is true that, originally, an idea was set forth to the effect that the stepmother tortured the child and out of hatred decided to kill the girl. Subsequently, however, the prosecution relinquished this idea altogether: it became too obvious that the crime had been committed because of motives entirely different from the hatred of the child, motives which were fully elucidated in the course of the trial and which had nothing to do with the child. Besides, at the trial there appeared no witnesses who could testify to the cruelty of the stepmother—to the *beatings*. There was but one testimony of a single woman who lived right there, next to them, in the corridor (where many people were living) that the stepmother used to flog the child very painfully, yet even that testimony, as was subsequently shown by the defense, proved "a corridor gossip" and nothing more. . . . There was that which usually happens in families of this kind, taking into account the level of their education and development, namely, that both the father and the stepmother used to punish the child for mischief, but only at times, *i.e.*, very rarely and not inhumanely, but "paternally," as they themselves described it. Unfortunately, this prevails in all such Russian families, throughout Russia, and this in the presence of intense love and care for the children, which very often is far greater and stronger than in certain educated, wealthy and Europeanly enlightened Russian families. This is merely want of knowledge, and not cruelty. Kornilova, however, was a good stepmother; she cared for the child and was attentive to her. Only once was the punishment *cruel:* one morning, upon awakening, the step-

mother beat the girl *because she did not know how to take care of her natural wants at night*. Here there was no hatred of the child. When I remarked to her that one should not be punished for this; that the physical constitution of a child is different from that of an adult, and that a six-year-old child is too young to be always able to take care of its natural wants, she replied: "But I was told that this had to be done in order to break the habit, and that otherwise the child could not be induced to give it up." It was on that occasion that she struck the child with a rope "six times, so hard that scars were left." Now, that woman in the corridor, the only witness of that one case of cruelty, saw these marks, and it was about them that she testified in court. It was also for these scars that the husband, when he came home from work, promptly punished his wife, *i.e.*, gave her a beating. He is a severe, straightforward, honest and above all an inflexible man, although, as you see, partly adhering to customs of olden times. He beat his wife rarely and not cruelly (so she says herself), solely to uphold the principle of the husband's authority. He loved his child (though he punished the little girl for mischief oftener than did the stepmother). But he is not a man who would permit anyone, even his wife, to mistreat the child.

Thus the only case of severe punishment (scars) revealed at the trial, is converted by the accuser in his article in *The Northern Messenger* into systematic, bestial, stepmother's year-round beating, into stepmother's hatred which, progressively growing in intensity, culminated in her throwing the child out the window, whereas five minutes before the commission of her dreadful crime she was not thinking about the child.

Mr. Obeserver, you will start laughing and you will say: "Isn't punishment with rods, which leaves scars, a *stepmother's* beating?" Yes, it is bestial punishment. Quite so. But this case (the singleness of which was corroborated at the trial, and at present, in my opinion, positively) I repeat, is not systematic, relentless, bestial, stepmother's year-round beating. This was but an *accident* caused by want of knowledge of how one should educate, by a false conception of how one should teach a child and not at all by hatred, or because "such is the child's lot." Thus your description of this woman as a wicked stepmother, and the personality which was revealed at the trial, are radically different.

Yes, she pushed the child out. This is a dreadful and bestial crime; yet, did she do this as a cruel stepmother?—Such is the question in answer to your unfounded accusation. Why do you adhere to such a ferocious accusation if you know yourself that it cannot be proved; that at the trial it was relinquished, and

that there were no witnesses who could testify to it? Is it possible that you were merely after a literary effect! For by asserting that the stepmother with this murder brought to a climax year-round torture (altogether nonexistent) of the child, *eo ipso* you are distorting the facts for a reader little informed about this case; you are extorting from his soul compassion and mercy which, willy-nilly, he must feel, upon reading your article. And yet, had you not pictured to him this stepmother as a torturer of the child, she may have, perhaps, won in his heart a slight indulgence as a sick person, pathologically shocked, as an irritated pregnant woman, as is clear from the fantastic, wild and mysterious details of the event. Is it just, for a public man, to act this way? Is it human?

But you even say more. You wrote—and, again, positively and precisely—as an observer who had studied the case in all its minutest details:

"'Affect of pregnancy'—well a new, pitiful word has been invented. No matter how strong this affect might have been, nevertheless, under its influence, the woman did not rush upon her husband or her neighbors. Her whole affect was reserved for that defenseless girl whom she had been torturing a whole year without any affect. What, then, did the jurors rely upon in their acquittal?"

But upon what did you yourself rely, Mr. Observer, when concocting such a complete distortion of the case? "She did not rush upon her husband!" But this was the one thing which had been testified to at the trial that in her quarrels with her husband (however, only during the last several days) she reached that state of madness, which prompted her to commit the crime. They were quarrelling not at all over the child, and literally the child had nothing to do with these brawls; *in those days she did not even think about it*. "Then I did not even need it"—as she put it herself.

Not for you but for my readers I shall try to trace these two characters, those of the husband and wife, involved in the brawls, since I understood them even prior to the verdict. They revealed themselves to me as a result of most attentive observation. In this there can be no great indiscretion, on my part, since much has already been revealed in the course of the trial. Besides, strictly speaking, I am doing this for their exoneration.

And so the point is this. Above all, the husband is a steady, straightforward, most honest and kind man (*i.e.*, even magnanimous, as he has proved subsequently), but too puritanical, too naively and even too rigorously abiding by a once-and-for-all adopted opinion and conviction. Here one has also to take into account a certain difference of age between him and his wife, he being much older than she, as well as the fact that he is a widower. He works all

day, and although he wears "German" clothes and has the appearance, as it were, of an "educated" man, nevertheless he has received no special education. I may also remark that in his countenance there is an obvious mark of self-respect. Let me add that he is not very talkative, not very cheerful or risible. Perhaps his is a somewhat difficult disposition. He married her when she was still very young. She is an honest girl, a seamstress by profession, who used to earn good money.

I do not know how they met. She married him of her free will, because she loved him. But very soon discord ensued, and although for a long time things did not come to a head, nevertheless perplexity, alienation, and finally even irritation on both sides grew slowly but steadily and undeviatingly. The point is—this may even be the whole cause—that despite increasing irritation, they loved each other very ardently, and this—to the very end. Love sharpened the demands on either side, increased them, adding irritation to them.

And on top of all this—her character. Hers is a rather reserved and somewhat proud character. Both among men and women there are those who, though nourishing in their hearts most ardent feelings, are nevertheless somehow bashful about revealing them: there is little endearment in them, few caressing words; few embraces and little fondling. If, as a result, they be called heartless and insensible, they shut themselves in even tighter. When they are accused they seldom seek to explain the matter; on the contrary, they leave this concern to the accuser, as though saying: "Guess yourself: if you love, you must understand that I am right." And if he fails to understand and grows more and more irritable, she, too, grows more and more angry.

Now, this husband, from the very beginning, started admonishing, teaching her, reproaching her severely (though not at all cruelly) with his former wife, and this was particularly painful to her. However, things did not go too badly. It always so happened that, in answer to his accusations, she would start quarrelling and uttering spiteful words, instead of seeking to clear up the misunderstanding by some final explanation or indication of its underlying causes. At length, such tactics were given up entirely. It came to the point where feelings more morose, disillusionment in lieu of love, grew up in her heart (in her heart first, and not in the husband's). All this grew rather unconsciously.—Well, this is difficult toiling life; there is not much time to think about sentiments. He goes to work; she keeps house, cooks, even washes the floors. Along the extended corridor in the government building there are small rooms, one for each family of married workers employed in that state institution.

It so happened that, with the husband's permission, she went to a Saint's day party, in the family home of that artisan who taught her the sewing craft in her childhood and girlhood, and with whom both she and her husband continued to be acquainted. This time the husband, who had to attend to some work, stayed home. The Saint's day party turned out to be a jolly one; there were many invited; refreshments were served; people started to dance. The feast lasted till morning. Accustomed to a rather dull life at her husband's house, in one room, always toiling, the young woman, apparently, recalled the days of her girlhood, and enjoyed herself at the ball so long that she forgot the hour fixed for her return. All in all, she was persuaded to spend the night with the hosts, all the more so as it was a long way to her home. The husband, who for the first time spent the night without his wife, grew angry,—very much so: next day, quitting work, he went after her to her hosts, found her there, and right then and there, in the presence of the guests, he *punished* her. They went home silently, and for two days and two nights after that they did not speak to each other and did not take their meals together. All this I have learned in fragments, while she, despite my questioning, gave little explanation of her psychic state at the time. "I do not remember what I was thinking about those two days, but I kept pondering. *I did not even look at her at all* [meaning the little stepdaughter]. I remember everything as it happened but I couldn't tell you how I did it."

Early in the morning of the third day the husband left the house and went to work; the little girl was still sleeping. The stepmother busied herself around the stove. Finally, the girl woke up. The stepmother automatically, as usual, washed her, put on her shoes and dressed her, prepared her coffee . . . "and I didn't think about her at all." The child sat down, drank from her cup, and ate her breakfast—"and, all of a sudden, I looked at her."

4

SPITEFUL PSYCHOLOGISTS. ACCOUCHEURS—PSYCHIATRISTS

Listen, Mr. Observer, you assert—positively and precisely—that the whole affair occurred without vacillations, deliberately, calmly. You imply that she was beating the child for a whole year, and finally thought the matter over, made up her mind, and threw the infant out the window. "*There* is neither sudden manifestation of hatred"—you write with indignation—"nor repentance after the commission of the murder: everything is homogeneous and logical in the manifestation of *one and the same evil will*. And they acquit this woman!"

Such are your own words. But the prosecutor himself withdrew the charge of premeditation of the crime. Do you know this, Mr. Observer?—he withdrew it publicly, solemnly, at the most critical moment of the trial. And yet the prosecutor had been accusing the delinquent woman with cruel perseverance. How, then, Mr. Observer, do you assert, after the prosecutor's retreat, that there was no suddenness; that, on the contrary,—everything was homogeneous and logical in the manifestation of one and the same evil will? Homogeneous and logical!—Therefore, deliberate and premeditated.

Once more, let us briefly recapitulate: she ordered the girl to stand up on the window-sill and look out of the window, and when the girl did so, she lifted her by her legs and threw her out from the height of five and one-half sagenes. Then she shut the window, got dressed and went to the police station to denounce herself. Tell me, is this really homogeneous, logical, and not fantastic? And to begin with, what was the purpose of feeding the child, if the affair had been long before settled in her mind? Why wait for the child to drink her coffee and eat her bread?—How is it possible (and is it natural?)—not even to look out the window, after she had thrown out the girl? And, if you please, what was the purpose of self-denunciation? For, allegedly, everything was the result of spite, of hatred of the girl "whom she beat all year."—Why, having killed that girl, having finally conceived and perpetrated the murder—long ago and calmly premeditated—go at once to denounce herself?—Let death be the lot of the hated girl, but why should she ruin her own life? Besides, if in addition to hatred of the girl there was another motive for killing her,—the desire to take vengeance upon the husband by means of causing death to his child—she could have simply told him that the mischievous girl, on her own initiative, climbed the window and fell out. All the same, the aim would have been achieved; the father would have been astounded and shaken, while at that time no one in the world could have accused her of premeditated murder, even though she might have been suspected of it. Where was the evidence? Even should the girl have remained alive, who would have given credence to her lisping? Contrariwise, the murderess would have achieved everything which she set out to achieve; all the more completely, *i.e.*, much more cruelly and painfully, she would have avenged herself upon the husband who, though suspecting her of the murder, would have suffered even more from her impunity, seeing that she could not be brought to justice. On the other hand, by punishing herself, by ruining her life in a penitentiary, in Siberia, in the galleys, she would thereby be giving satisfaction to her husband.

What was the purpose of all this? And who in a case such as

this dresses himself up to go and ruin himself? Oh, I may be told that she simply meant to avenge the child and the husband; that she sought to end her marriage with her husband: "They will send me to the galley, and the marriage will be annulled!"—However, leaving aside the fact that the annulment of the marriage could have been conceived and brought about in a different manner, without ruining, at the age of nineteen, all one's life and freedom,—leaving this aside, you must concede that a person who deliberately ventures to throw himself into an abyss—heedlessly and unhesitatingly—you must concede that in such a human soul there must be at that moment a dreadful feeling, dark despair, an irresistible urge for perdition, for self-annihilation. This being so, can it be said—preserving common sense—that "there was neither *suddenness* nor repentance in the soul!"—If there was no repentance, there was gloom, damnation, madness. At least, it cannot be maintained that everything was logical and homogeneous, premeditated, without suddenness.

One has to be himself in a state of "affect" to assert this. Had she not gone to denounce herself; should she have stayed home; should she have lied to the people and to her husband that the child killed herself,—everything actually would have been logical and homogeneous, without suddenness in the manifestation of the evil will. However, immediate self-destruction—not forced but voluntary—of course, bears witness, at least, to the dreadfully disturbed psychic state of the murderess. The expression: "How strong she is!" was cited by the expert for the defense (and not the prosecution) for the purpose of showing to the court that the gloomy, cold, as if numb psychic state of the defendant after she had committed her crime, was not spiteful, frigid moral insensibility on her part.

My whole trouble was that, having, at the time, read the first sentence of the court, I was struck precisely by the strangeness and fantasticalness of all the details of the case; and having taking into account the fact of the fifth month of her pregnancy at the time of the commission of the murder—which was also reported in the papers—I was unable, quite involuntarily, not to start reasoning: wasn't pregnancy the prompting cause? *i.e.*, as I then wrote, didn't the thing happen this way: "She looked at the child, and spitefully thought: 'It would be nice to throw her out the window!'? Yet had she not been pregnant, maybe, she would have spitefully thought this, but would not have done it, would not have thrown the child out, whereas, being pregnant, she did it"? Now, this was my whole trouble: thus I reasoned at the time and thus I wrote.

But is it possible that the sentence was rescinded and that subsequently the murderess was acquitted as a mere result of these

words? Mr. Observer, you scoff at the experts! You assert that only one of the five held that the delinquent woman was actually in a state that was an affect of pregnancy, while three others merely maintained that there could have been an influence of pregnancy, but did not positively say that such influence was present. From this you infer that only one of the experts *positively* exonerated the defendant, while four experts failed to do so. But this argument of yours is incorrect: you demand too much from human conscience. It suffices to say that three experts, apparently, did not want to exonerate the defendant *positively, i.e.*, to take this upon their conscience, but the facts were so impressive and obvious that these scientists nevertheless did waver, and finally were unable to say "no" directly and simply, but were *compelled* to say that "actually there might have been a pathological influence at the time of the commission of the crime." Well, to the jurors this was equivalent to a verdict: "If they were able to say: 'might have been,' this means, perhaps, that it actually was."

Such a strong doubt on the part of the jurors could not help influencing their verdict, and thus it should have been from the standpoint of sublime truth. Is it possible to kill a woman with a verdict, a woman whose full guilt was obviously doubted by three experts, while the fourth, Dukov, an expert specifically in psychic diseases, directly and firmly attributed the crime to the then disturbed psychic state of the delinquent woman?

But "The Observer" particularly seized upon the fifth expert, Mr. Florinsky, who dissented from the opinion of the other four experts, implying that he must know more about women's diseases. But why must he know more about psychic derangements than the expert psychiatrists? Is it because he is an accoucheur and practices not psychiatry but an altogether different thing?—This, too, is not quite logical.

An Incident Which to My Mind Explains Much

Now I will relate an incident which, to my mind, may finally explain certain things about this case, and which may directly serve the purpose for which I embarked upon this article.

On the third day after the acquittal of the defendant Kornilova (April 22, 1877), they—husband and wife—came to see me in the morning. On the eve they both went to a children's home where the victimized little girl (the one who was thrown out) had been placed, and next day they were planning to visit her again. By the way, the lot of the child has been taken care of, and there is no reason

for exclaiming: "Woe now to the child! . . ." etc. When his wife was taken to prison, the husband placed the child in that orphan asylum because, working all day long, from early morning to late in the evening, it was impossible for him to care for her. Upon the wife's return, they decided to leave the girl in the home since there she is well taken care of. But during the holiday season they frequently took her home. At Christmas time, she stayed with them at their home. Despite her work, from early morning till late at night; despite the nursling (who was born in prison), the stepmother manages now and then to find time to visit the girl at the home, to bring her little presents, and so forth. While she was still in the penitentiary, when recalling how she had abused the child, she frequently dreamed that she might see her, and do something so as to make the little girl forget the incident. These fantasies were somewhat strange on the part of so reserved and even so little trusting a woman as was Kornilova all the time during the trial. Still, these fantasies were to come true. On Christmas, about a month ago, not having seen the Kornilovs for about six months, I stopped at their apartment, and Kornilova, before anything else, told me that the girl "jumps with joy and always embraces her whenever she, Kornilova, calls on her at the children's home." And when I was leaving them, suddenly she told me: "She will forget. . . ."

Thus, they came to see me on the third day after her acquittal. . . . But I keep deviating; I shall deviate once more—just for a minute. "The Observer," in his article, humorously and spitefully scoffs at me for my visits to Kornilova in prison. "He actually did penetrate that state" (meaning, the condition of pregnancy)—says he about me. "He went to see a certain lady in the penitentiary; he was impressed with her humility, and in several issues of his *Diary* he came out as her ardent advocate."

To begin with, what is the meaning of the word "lady"? Why this vulgar tone?—For "The Observer" is fully aware of the fact that it is not a dame or a lady, but a simple peasant woman, a worker from early morning till late at night; she cooks, washes the floors and does some sewing for outside customers, if she can manage to snatch a moment of leisure. I visited her in the penitentiary once a month, staying with her ten, at the utmost fifteen, minutes, usually in a common cell for women awaiting trial and having nurslings. If I observed this woman with curiosity and sought to comprehend her character,— is anything wrong with this,—does it deserve ridicule and scoffing? But let us go back to my story.

And so they came to visit me; they both sat in a concentrated, serious mood. Until then I had known the husband but little. And

suddenly he said: "Two days ago, when we returned home"—(this was after the acquittal; thus it must have been after eleven o'clock in the evening, and she wakes up at five in the morning)—"at once we seated ourselves at the table, I took the Gospel and began to read it to her." I confess: when he said this, looking at him I thought, "Yes, he couldn't have done otherwise: this is a type, an intact type,—this could have been guessed." In a word, he is a puritan, a most honest, most serious man, unquestionably kind and magnanimous, but one who will yield nothing and surrender none of his convictions. This husband looks upon marriage with full faith, precisely as upon a sacrament.

He is one of those husbands who can still be found in Russia, and who abiding by the ancient Russian custom and tradition, upon returning home from the wedding and retiring to the bedroom with his newly wed wife, first of all, throws himself upon his knees before a holy image and prays long, asking God that He bless their future life. Kornilov acted then in a similar manner: once more accepting his wife and renewing his marriage with her, which had been severed as a result of the dreadful crime, first of all, he opened the Gospel and began reading it to her without being in the least restrained in his manly and serious determination by the consideration that the woman was almost collapsing from fatigue; that she was dreadfully shaken even when she was getting ready for the trial, and that on that last fatal day of the trial she had endured so many crushing impressions—moral and physical—that it would have been excusable, even to such a rigorous puritan as he, to let her rest a bit, and collect herself, and that this would have conformed more to the aim which he had when he had opened the Gospel. His act seemed to me almost awkward—all too inflexible, because it might have failed to produce the desired result. A very guilty soul—especially if it vividly realizes its guilt and has already endured much pain—should not be too obviously and *hastily* reproached for its guilt, lest a reverse effect be produced, especially when it repents anyway. In circumstances such as these, the man upon whom the woman depends, exalting himself over her in the aureole of a judge, appears to her as something merciless, too autocratically breaking into her soul, and sternly repulsing her repentance and the good sentiments regenerated in her: "Not rest, not food, nor drink, are needed for one such as you. Sit down and listen to how one has to live."

As they were leaving, I succeeded in remarking in passing that he should not be hurrying so and proceeding so inflexibly, and that, perhaps, this method would prove more expedient. I spoke briefly and plainly. Even so, I thought he might, perhaps, fail to understand me. Unexpectedly, in answer to my remark, he said: "But

right then, as soon as we entered the house, and when we started reading, she told me everything, how, during your last visit, you taught her to be good, should she be sentenced to Siberia, told her how she should live there. . . ."

This is how the thing happened. It is true that exactly on the eve of the trial, I visited her at the prison. No one, neither I nor her defense lawyer, had any firm hopes for her acquittal. Neither had she. I found her apparently composed. She was sitting and stitching something. Her child was slightly indisposed. Yet she was not exactly sad, but, as it were, oppressed. As for myself, I had in my mind several gloomy thoughts concerning her. I called on her precisely to tell her a few words. We firmly hoped that she might be exiled only to a penal settlement. And so a woman scarcely of full age, with a nursling, would start for Siberia. Her marriage would be annulled. In a strange country, alone, defenseless, still rather pretty-looking, and so young—how could she withstand temptation?—This is what I was thinking. Truly, fate would be pushing her into the arms of debauch.—For I know Siberia: there, there are a great many men eager to seduce; many unmarried men—employees and speculators—are journeying thither from Russia. It is easy to be seduced, and the Siberians—plebeians and commoners—are absolutely merciless toward a fallen woman. No one will stand in her way, but a woman whose reputation has once been soiled can never restore it: she is doomed to everlasting contempt, reproaches, scoffing, and so—till old age, to her very grave. She will be specially nicknamed. And the child (a girl) would be *compelled* to inherit her mother's career: the girl, coming from a family with a shady reputation, would be unable to find a decent and honest fiancé. It would be different, however, if an exiled mother lived an honest and chaste life in Siberia: a young woman who manages to live a chaste life enjoys boundless respect: everybody is ready to defend and please her; everybody takes off his hat to her. Such a woman may be sure to find a husband for her daughter. Moreover, with time, when people begin to know and trust her, she may, perhaps, contract a second honest marriage and enter an honest family.[1]

It was this that I meant to convey to the young woman, scarcely of full age. On purpose, I selected precisely that last day before the trial because—I was saying to myself—it would more

[1]In Siberia, people rarely are curious about one's past, *i.e.*, for what crime one has been exiled. This is equally true of prison inmates and of the population in general. Perhaps this is due to the fact that in the course of the last three centuries virtually the whole population of Siberia was descended from exiles and it became populated with them.

vividly impress itself upon her mind and would more deeply be engraved in her soul.

Having listened to my admonitions as to how she should live in Siberia, should she be exiled, she thanked me gloomily and seriously, hardly raising her eyes to me. And now, tired, exhausted, shaken with this horrible impression of the long trial, and at home having been made to listen to the Gospel, she did not think to herself: "At least, he should pity me! Why doesn't he postpone this until tomorrow? Why doesn't he give me something to eat and let me rest!" Nor was she offended by the fact that *she was being treated so disdainfully*. (N. B. The offense of being treated disdainfully may be felt by the most dreadful criminal, fully cognizant of his crime, and even by a deeply repentant criminal.) On the contrary, she had nothing better to say to her husband than *promptly* to inform him that also in the penitentiary people taught her to be good and that she should live in the strange country honestly and chastely. Obviously, she did so because she knew that this story would please her husband, that it would be in line with his tone and would encourage him: "This means"—he would think—"that she was really repenting, that she truly made up her mind to live a decent life." And he actually did so think, while in answer to my advice not to scare her with too hasty severity toward her, he directly told me, of course, with joy in his heart: "There's no reason to fear for her and to be cautious, since she herself is glad to be honest. . . ."

I don't know, but it seems to me that all this is intelligible. The readers will understand why I am recording these things. At present it may be at least hoped that the great mercy of the court did not spoil the delinquent woman more, but that, on the contrary, it struck good soil. For even in days past, in prison, as well as now she considered and continues to consider herself an indubitable criminal, while she attributes her acquittal exclusively to the great mercy of the court.

She herself does not understand "the affect of pregnancy." And verily she is an indubitable criminal; she was in possession of full memory when committing her crime; she remembers every incident, every minute trait of the perpetrated offense, and she only does not know and cannot even explain to herself, until this day: *"How she could have done it then and how she could have ventured it!"*

Yes, Mr. Observer, the court pardoned an actual criminal, despite the now unquestionable and fatal "affect of pregnancy," so ridiculed by you, and of which, at present, I am profoundly and firmly convinced. And now decide for yourself. Had they annulled

the marriage; had they torn her away from a man whom she unquestionably loved and loves, and who constitutes to her her whole family; had they banished her to Siberia,—her the solitary, helpless, twenty-year-old one, with her nursling—dooming her to debauch and infamy (for in Siberia the fall would have unfailingly happened);—tell me, what would have been the sense of ruining and corrupting a life which at present, it would seem, has returned to truth, in consequence of a severe purge and repentance, with a regenerated heart? Isn't it better to reform, discover and restore a human being than simply to chop off his head? It is easy, abiding by the letter of the law, to cut off one's head, but it is always far more difficult to examine a case in accordance with truth, humanely and paternally.

Finally, you knew that together with the young, twenty-year-old mother, *i.e.*, with an inexperienced woman,—in the future unfailingly a victim of want and debauch—her baby was to be banished. . . . But let me tell you a few special words about babies.

Am I an Enemy of Children? What Does the Word "Happy One" Mean at Times

Your whole article, Mr. Observer, is a protest "against the exculpation of the cruel treatment of children." Of course, the fact that you are raising your voice in defense of children is to your credit, but your attitude toward me is too haughty. You say:

"One has to be endowed with all that power of imagination in which, as is known, Mr. Dostoievsky excels among us all to comprehend fully the condition of a woman and to elucidate to one's self the irresistibility of the affect of pregnancy. . . . But Mr. Dostoievsky is too susceptible, and besides, 'the pathological manifestation of volition' is an outright hobby of the author of *The Possessed*, *The Idiot*, etc.; to him it is excusable to feel a weakness for them. I look upon the case in a simpler manner, and I assert that after such instances of exculpation of the cruel treatment of children,—which in Russia, as also in England, is by no means infrequent—there remains not even a shadow of deterrent to this kind of behavior," and so on, and so forth.

In the first place, referring to "my weakness for the pathological manifestations of volition," I will merely tell you that it seems that in my novels and stories I did, at times, actually succeed in discovering certain people who considered themselves sound, and then proved to them that they were unsound. Do you know that

a great many people are ill because of their boundless confidence in their normalcy, and, *eo ipso* they are infected with awful self-conceit, impossible narcissism, which sometimes reaches the level of the conviction of one's infallibility?

Well, precisely such ones I used to call to the attention of my readers and even prove that sturdy fellows are far from being as healthy as people think; that, contrariwise, they are very sick and should be placed under medical care. In this I see nothing wrong, but "The Observer" is too harsh toward me because his phrase about "the exculpation of the cruel treatment of children" is also aimed at me. He merely softens it "a little" by saying that "to him it is excusable."

His whole article is written as a direct proof that because of my predilection for "the pathological manifestation of volition" common sense has been so distorted in me that I am inclined to pity the torturer of a child, that beastly stepmother, rather than her tortured victim, the weak, miserable little girl,—beaten, insulted and, finally, murdered. This, to me, is offensive.

In contradistinction to my pathological inclination, "The Observer" directly, hastily, and candidly points to himself, setting his sound health as an example: "I"—he implies—"look upon the case more simply [than Mr. Dostoievsky], and I assert that after such instances of exculpation of the cruel treatment of children . . ." etc. Thus I am justifying cruel treatment of children—what a dreadful accusation! In this case permit me to defend myself.

I shall not point to my former thirty years of literary work in order to settle the question whether I am a great enemy of children and an advocate of their cruel treatment, but I shall merely remind the readers of the last two years of my authorship, that is, the publication of *A Writer's Diary*. At the time of the Kronebergs' trial, despite my predilection for "the pathological manifestation of volition," it so happened that I came out in defense of the child, the victim, and not of the torturers. Consequently, Mr. Observer, *sometimes,* I, too, side with common sense.

At present I even regret, Mr. Observer, that then you did not come out in defense of the child; surely you would have written a most ardent article. But somehow I do not recall a single ardent article in defense of the child. Consequently, at the time, you did not deem it necessary to intercede. Thereupon, recently,—last summer,—I happened to raise my voice in defense of the young children of the Djunkovskys, who had also been subjected to torture in their parents' home. Again, about the Djunkovskys you wrote nothing. True, no one has written anything. This is easy to understand: everybody was occupied with such important political problems!

Finally, I could refer not to one but to several instances when, in the course of these two years, I have spoken in the *Diary* about children, their upbringing, their sad lot in our families; about delinquent children in our correctional institutions. I even mentioned a certain little boy at Christ's Christmas tree—of course, a fictitious incident—which, however, does not exactly prove my insensibility or my indifference for children.

Mr. Observer, I will tell you this: when I first read in the newspapers about Kornilova's crime, about her inexorable sentence, and when, willy-nilly, I was struck by the thought that, perhaps, the criminal woman was not as guilty as she appeared to be (please note, Mr. Observer, that even then virtually nothing had been mentioned in the newspaper accounts of the trial about "*the stepmother's* beating," and even at that time this charge was no longer pressed by the prosecution)—having made up my mind to write something in favor of Kornilova, I understood only too clearly what I was embarking upon. At present, I candidly admit this to you. I fully understood that I was writing an unsympathetic article: that I was raising my voice in defense of the torturer, and against whom?—Against a little child. I foresaw that *certain people* would accuse me of insensibility, self-conceit, even of sickliness: "He is defending a stepmother, the murderess of a child!" I clearly foresaw this inflexibility of accusation on the part of some judges—for instance, on yours, Mr. Observer—so that, for a while, I hesitated, but in the end, I made up my mind: "If I believe that here is the truth, is it worth while to serve deceit for the sake of gaining popularity?"—this is what I finally said to myself. Besides, I was encouraged by the faith in my readers: "In the long run, they will understand"—I thought to myself—"that it is impossible to accuse me of the desire to exculpate torture of children, and if I now raise my voice in defense of the murderess, setting forth my suspicion of her pathological and insane state at the time of the commission of her villainy, thereby I am not defending the villainy itself, nor am I rejoicing over the fact that the child was beaten and killed. On the contrary, perhaps, I have the greatest compassion for the child, not less than that of any other. . . ."

Caustically you ridiculed me, Mr. Observer, for one sentence in my article on the acquittal of the defendant Kornilova:

"That same evening, after ten o'clock, the husband took her home, and she, in a happy mood, again returned to her home after an absence of almost one year, *with the impression of an enormous lesson derived by her for her whole life and of manifest Divine Providence in the whole case, beginning with the miraculous salvation of the child* . . ."

You see, Mr. Observer, I am ready to make a reservation and to apologize to you for the reproach which I have just made for my cut-in-half sentence. In fact, I can see now that it is not as clear as I had hoped, and that one may be mistaken about its meaning. Here, the whole point comes down to my understanding of the word "happy."

I conceived the defendant's happiness not only in the fact that she had been freed but in that "she returned home with the impression of an enormous lesson derived by her *for her whole life* and with a presentiment of Divine Providence guiding her." For there is no greater happiness than to become convinced of people's mercy and of their love of one another.—This is faith, full faith for one's whole life! And what happiness is superior to faith? Can this former criminal woman ever doubt people, people as mankind, as a whole, their goodness and sacred character? For a person on the verge of ruin and perdition to enter her own home with such a potent impression of a new faith is the greatest conceivable happiness. We know that often noble and lofty people have suffered from disbelief in the practical goodness of the great character of men, in their kindness, in their ideals, in their Divine origin, and died in a state of sad disillusionment.

Of course, you will smile at me and, perhaps, say that I am again indulging my fancy; that in a person as ignorant and coarse as Kornilova, descended from the common people and deprived of education, there can be no such disillusionment nor such emotions in the soul. This is not true!—These ignorant people do not know how to express all this in our way, in our tongue; but quite often they feel as deeply as we, the "educated people," and experience these feelings of theirs with the same happiness or with the same sorrow and pain as we.

Much as in ourselves, in them there may be disillusionment and mistrust of people. Had Kornilova been exiled to Siberia she would have fallen there and perished. Don't you think that in some better moment of her life she would feel the whole horror of her degradation, and would carry away in her heart—to her very grave—exasperation, all the more bitter because to her it would have been aimless, since, aside from herself, she could not have blamed anyone, because, I repeat, she is fully convinced—even to this moment—that she is an *indubitable criminal*, and she merely does not know how it all happened to her at the time. At present, however, believing herself a criminal and considering herself such, but suddenly forgiven by men, overwhelmed with benefits and pardoned, how can she fail to feel a regeneration to a new life superior to the former? —It was not some single person that pardoned her, but *everybody*—

the court, the jurors, which means society as a whole, bestowed mercy upon her. After that, how could she have failed to bear in her soul a feeling of an immense indebtedness—for her whole life —to all those who pitied her, that is, to all men on earth?

Every *great* happiness bears within it a certain sorrow because it arouses in us superior consciousness. Grief, rarer than great happiness, arouses in us such a lucidity of consciousness. Great, that is, sublime happiness lays an obligation on the soul. (I repeat: there is no greater happiness than to acquire faith in men's kindness and their love of one another.)

When the woman taken in adultery, condemned to stoning, was told: "Go and sin no more," is it possible that she went home to sin? Therefore, also in the case of Kornilova the whole question is: On what soil did the seed fall? This is why it now occurred to me to write this article. Mr. Observer, having read your attack against me seven months ago, I decided to postpone my answer to you so as to amplify my data. Now it seems to me that judging by the impressions I have gathered, I can unmistakenly state that the seed fell upon good soil, that a human being has been resurrected; that no harm was done to anyone; that the soul of the criminal woman is crushed at once with repentance and with the eternally beneficial impression of the boundless mercy of men, and that now, after having experienced so much kindness and love, it would be difficult for her heart to grow wicked. And I repeat to you, Mr. Observer, that she has no idea of excusing herself with the unquestionable "affect of pregnancy" which arouses in you such indignation.

In a word, it seemed to me not without point to convey all this, not only to you, Mr. Observer, but to my readers, and to all those merciful men who have acquitted her. And don't you worry, Mr. Observer, about the little girl and do not exclaim: "Woe to the child!" At present her fate has been rather well taken care of —and "she will forget." There is sound hope for this.

CHAPTER II

1

The Death of Nekrasov. On What Has Been Said at His Grave

NEKRASOV IS dead. The last time I saw him before his death was one month ago. Then he looked so much like a corpse that

it was strange to see that he could speak and move his lips. Yet not only did he speak but he preserved full lucidity of the mind. It seems that he still did not believe in the proximity of a near death. A week before his passing he had a stroke which paralyzed the right side of his body, and on the morning of the 28th[1] I learned that he had passed away on the eve, on the 27th, at eight o'clock in the evening. That same day I went to see him. His face, terribly macerated and disfigured as a result of suffering, somehow struck me most. When leaving, I could hear the psalmist reading over the deceased in a distinct but slow voice: "There is no man who has not sinned." Having returned home, I was unable to start working. I took Nekrasov's three volumes and began to read them, beginning with the first page. I sat reading all night till six o'clock in the morning, and once more I lived through those thirty years. The first four poems, with which the first volume of his works begins, appeared in the *Petersburg Collection* in which my first novel was also published.

Thereupon, as I kept reading—and I read one poem after another—my whole life passed rapidly before me. I recognized and recalled those of his poems which I first read in Siberia, when having served my four years of imprisonment, and having been discharged from the penitentiary, finally I received permission to lay my hands on a book. I also recalled the impression produced on me at the time. Briefly, that night I read virtually two-thirds of everything Nekrasov wrote, and literally, for the first time, I understood how much Nekrasov, as a poet, had meant in my life!—Of course, as a poet.

We met rarely, and only once with a wholly unrestrained, warm feeling, namely, at the very outset of our acquaintance, in 1845, at the time of *Poor Folk*. But this I have already recorded. A few moments passed then between us during which, once and for all, this mysterious man revealed himself to me in the most essential and concealed aspect of his spirit. As I at once guessed then, his was a heart wounded in the very early days of his life, and it was *that wound which never did heal* that was the inception and source of his whole lifelong passionate and suffering poetry. With tears he spoke to me about his childhood, about the ugly life which oppressed him in his parents' home, about his mother;—and the way he spoke of her, that force of emotion with which he recollected her, even then gave rise to the presentiment that if there was going to be anything sacred in his life, anything that could save him and serve him as a beacon, as a guiding star in the darkest

[1]December 28, 1877. (B. B.)

and most fatal moments of his life,—of course, it would only be the earliest infantile recollection about the infantile tears and sobbings, together with her, somewhere stealthily, so as not to be seen (as he told me) with his martyred mother, who loved him so ardently. I believe that no subsequent attachment could have exercised so potent an influence upon his will and some obscure irresistible urges of his soul, which obsessed him throughout his life, as his devotion to his mother.

And even then one could discern these obscure psychic impulses. After that, very shortly, I recall—we parted: our mutual intimacy lasted not longer than several months—thanks to misunderstandings, external circumstances, and the meddling of good people. Thereafter, many years later, when I returned from Siberia, even though we disagreed frequently, nevertheless, despite the difference in our convictions which was then beginning to manifest itself, when we met, at times, we said to each other strange things, as though actually something that had begun in our youth, in 1845, persisted in our lives; as though this refused to be interrupted, and could not be, notwithstanding the fact that sometimes we did not see each other for years and years. Thus, once upon a time—I believe it was in 1863—when handing me a little volume of his poems, he pointed to one piece, *The Unfortunate*, and said impressively: "When I wrote this, I was thinking about you [*i.e.*, about my life in Siberia]. This was written about you." And finally, of late, we again began to see each other, when my novel *Raw Youth* was being published in his magazine.

Nekrasov's funeral was attended by several thousand of his admirers. There were many students. The funeral procession began at nine o'clock in the morning, and it was only at dusk that people left the cemetery. At his grave many orations were delivered, but only a few littérateurs spoke. Among other things, somebody's beautiful poem was read. Deeply impressed, I made my way to the still open grave strewn with flowers and wreaths, and in my weak voice I said a few words. I began precisely with the statement that his was a heart wounded once for his whole life, and that this bleeding wound was the source of his whole poetry—passionate to the point of tortured love of everything suffering from violence, from the cruelty of unrestrained will—everything that oppressed the Russian woman, the child in our Russian families, the common man in his lot, which is often so bitter. I also expressed my conviction that in our poetry Nekrasov was last in the line of those poets who appeared with their "new word."

In fact—leaving aside the question of the artistic power of

his poetry, and its scope—Nekrasov, in truth, was very original and he did come with "a new word." For instance, in the past, there had been Tutchev, a greater and more artistic poet, and yet he will never occupy so conspicuous and memorable a place in our literature as will unquestionably be assumed by Nekrasov. In this sense, among the poets (*i.e.*, who appeared with "a new word") he must be placed right next to Pushkin and Lermontov. When I expressed this thought aloud, there occurred a little incident: a voice in the crowd shouted that Nekrasov was *greater* than Pushkin and Lermontov, and that these two were merely "Byronists." Several voices caught it up, shouting: "Yes, greater!"

However, I did not mean to discuss the relative greatness of the three poets. But here is what subsequently developed: Mr. Skabichevsky, in *The Stock-Exchange Gazette*, in his message to the young people on Nekrasov's significance, referring to the fact that when *someone* (*i.e.*, I) at the grave of Nekrasov "ventured to compare his name with those of Pushkin and Lermontov, all of you (*i.e.*, college youth) *in unison, in a chorus*, shouted: 'he was greater, greater than they!'" I wish to assure Mr. Skabichevsky that he has been wrongly informed, and I remember distinctly (I hope I am not mistaken) that first there sounded only one voice: "greater, greater than they," adding at once that Pushkin and Lermontov were "Byronists"—in a supplementary remark which is much more characteristic of and natural to one voice or opinion than to *all* those present shouting at one and the same moment, that is, to a chorus composed of a thousand people. This fact, then, tends to support my version of the incident. And it was only after the first outcry that several other voices sounded, but only several, and I did not hear any thousand-man-strong chorus. This I reiterate, and I hope I am not mistaken.

I insist on this point because to me it would have been painful if *all* our youth had committed such an error. Gratitude to the departing great names should dwell in a young heart. No doubt, the ironical outcries about Byronists and "greater, greater," did not come as a result of the desire to start a literary dispute at the grave of the dear deceased—which would have been out of place. This was merely an ardent impulse to express as strongly as possible the sentiment of emotion, gratitude and ecstasy, accumulated in one's heart for the great poet who used to move us so deeply and who, though in his grave, was still so close to us (whereas those great old men are so far from us!).

However, this whole incident, then and there, aroused in me the desire to elucidate my idea in the next issue of *The Diary* and to state in detail my views on so remarkable and extraordinary a

phenomenon in our life and poetry as Nekrasov, explaining the specific significance of this phenomenon, as I understand it.

2

Pushkin, Lermontov and Nekrasov

And first of all, one shouldn't use the word "Byronist" as an invective. Byronism, though a momentary phenomenon, was a great, sacred and necessary one in the life of European mankind and, perhaps, in that of the entire human race. Byronism appeared at a moment of dreadful anguish, disillusionment and almost despair among men. Following the ecstatic transports of the new creed in the new ideals proclaimed at the end of the last century in France, then the most progressive nation of European mankind, the outcome was very different from what had been expected; this so deceived the faith of man that there has never perhaps been a sadder moment in the history of Western Europe. The new idols—raised for one moment only—fell not only as a result of external (political) causes, but because of their intrinsic bankruptcy—which was clearly perceived by the sagacious hearts and the progressive minds. The new *outcome* was not yet in sight; the new valve was not yet revealed, and everybody was suffocating under the weight of a former world, which drew and narrowed itself down over mankind in a most dreadful manner. The old idols lay shattered.

It was at this very moment that a great and mighty genius, a passionate poet, appeared. In his melodies there sounded mankind's anguish of those days, its gloomy disillusionment in its mission and in the ideals which had deceived it. It was a novel, then unheard-of, muse of vengeance and sorrow, malediction and despair. The spirit of Byronism, as it were, swept mankind as a whole, and everything responded to it. It was precisely as if a valve had been opened: at least, amidst the universal and dull groans—mostly unconscious—this was a mighty outcry in which all the cries and moans of mankind combined and merged in one chord. How could it not have been felt in Russia and particularly by so great, ingenious and leading a mind as that of Pushkin?—In those days also, in Russia no strong mind, no magnanimous heart could have evaded Byronism. And not only because of compassion from afar for Europe and European mankind, but because precisely at that time in Russia, too, there arose a great many unsolved and tormenting questions, a great many old disillusionments. . . . However the greatness of Pushkin, as the leading genius, lay precisely in the fact that he, surrounded by men who virtually failed to understand him, so soon

found a firm path, *a great and keenly looked for outcome for us Russians, and indicated it.* This outcome was—"populism,"[1]—*the worship of the Russian people's truth.*[2]

"Pushkin was a great and extraordinary phenomenon." He was "not only a Russian, but the first Russian." For a Russian not to understand Pushkin means to be deprived of the right to call himself a Russian. Pushkin understood the Russian people and grasped their mission so deeply, on such a grand scale, as no one had ever done. I am not mentioning the fact that by the universality of his genius, by his faculty of responding to all the manifold aspects of European mankind and of virtually reincarnating himself in the genius of alien peoples and nationalities, he bore witness to the humaneness and universality of the Russian spirit, thereby, as it were, prognosticating the future mission of Russia's genius in the midst of humankind as its all-unifying, all-reconciling and all-regenerating element. Nor shall I touch upon the fact that Pushkin was the first in Russia who, with anguish, in prophetic foresight, exclaimed:

> "Shall I behold the free, the liberated people
> And serfdom fallen at the Czar's majestic nod!"

I shall speak now merely of Pushkin's love of the Russian people. His was an all-embracing love, a love which prior to him no one had ever manifested. "Don't love me, but love what's *mine*"—this is what the people will always tell you when they want to be assured of your love of them.

Every nobleman, especially one who is human and Europeanly enlightened, is fully capable of loving the people, that is, pitying them for their needs, poverty and suffering. But the people *need* to be loved not for their suffering, but *for their own sake.* What does it mean to love them *for their own sake?* "Well, you should love what I love; you should revere what I revere"—this is what it means. And it is only thus that the people will respond to you. Otherwise they will never recognize you as their own, no matter how much you may be sorry for them. Likewise they will always discern falsity regardless of any pitiful words you may use to tempt them.

Pushkin loved the people precisely in this manner, in a way required by the people; nor did he guess how the people should be loved; he did not prepare himself therefor; he did not learn how to act: suddenly he himself became the people. He bowed to the

[1]The Russian word "narodnost," derived from the word "narod"—"the people," is untranslatable. Perhaps the nearest, though far from satisfactory, translation, is "populism." (B. B.)

[2]These are Gogol's words.

people's truth: he recognized it as his own truth. Despite all the vices of the people and many of their terrible habits, he succeeded in discerning the great substance of their spirit at a time when almost no one even looked upon the people. And he accepted the people's substance as an ideal of his own soul. And this—at a time when the most humane and Europeanly enlightened lovers of the Russian people candidly regretted the fact that our people were so mean that they were incapable of lifting themselves to the level of the Parisian street mob. Above all, they believed that the Russian people were slaves. By slavery they excused the people's degradation. Even so, they could not love a slave since, all the same, he was repugnant.

Pushkin was the first to declare that the Russian *is not a slave*, never was one, despite many centuries of slavery. There was serfdom but there were no serfs (of course, speaking generally, and not about exceptions)—such was Pushkin's thesis. Even from the gait of the Russian peasant he drew the inference that he was not and could not be a slave (even though he was in serfdom)—a trait which demonstrates in Pushkin a profound and direct love of the people. He also recognized in our people (again, taken as a whole, and disregarding the usual and inevitable exceptions) the lofty feeling of self-respect; he foresaw that calm dignity with which they would accept their liberation from serfdom,—a fact which, for instance, long after Pushkin, our most remarkable educated Russian Europeans did not understand, expecting from the people something quite different.

Oh, they loved the people sincerely and ardently, but in their own, European way. They vociferated about their bestial status in serfdom. Even so they wholeheartedly believed that our people were actually beasts. And suddenly that people became free with such manly dignity, without the slightest urge to avenge themselves upon their former owners: "You mind your business, we will mind ours. If you wish—come to us. For whatever good you may bring us, you will always be honored by us."

Yes, to many people our peasant, after his liberation, appeared to be a strange enigma. Many people even decided that this in him was the result of a want of mental development and dullness, an aftermath of former serfdom. And this we behold in our day.—What, then, must have been the feeling in Pushkin's times? Didn't I hear in the days of my youth the opinion expressed by progressive and "competent" people that the character of Savelyich, in Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter*, the serf of the landowners Griniovi, who fell to Pugachiov's feet imploring him to spare the life of the nobleman's son, and "better to hang him, the old dotard,—for the

sake of fear and edification,"—that not only is this character that of a slave, but that is an apotheosis of Russian slavery!

Pushkin loved the people not only for their suffering. One pities suffering, and so commiseration frequently goes parallel with contempt. Pushkin loved everything the people loved, revering everything they revered. He loved Russian nature, the Russian countryside, passionately, to the point of emotion. He was not a nobleman —merciful and humane—pitying the peasant because of his bitter lot. With his heart he incarnated in himself a man belonging to the common people, his essence, almost—his image. The depreciation of Pushkin, as a poet who was devoted to the people rather historically and archaically than factually, is erroneous and even senseless. In these historical and archaic motives there sounds a love, *an estimation of the people*, which belongs to them *eternally*, always—now and in the future—and not only to some historical people who have long ceased to exist.

Our people love their history principally because they find in it intact that same sanctity in which they preserve their creed even in our day, despite all their distress and lifelong sufferings. Beginning with the stately and immense figure of the chronicler in *Boris Godunov* and winding up with Pugachiov's fellow travellers —in Pushkin they all are the people in their most profound manifestations; they are all intelligible to the people as their own essence. And is this all? The Russian spirit is diffused in all the creations of Pushkin, the Russian vein pulsates everywhere. In the great, inimitable, incomparable songs, supposedly of the Western Slavs, which are obviously the product of the great Russian spirit, we find the expression of the Russian's conception of his Slavic brethren, therein is his whole heart; therein is revealed the whole philosophy of the people which, up to the present, is preserved in their songs, legends, traditions, stories,—everything the people love and hold sacred: the ideals of their heroes, their czars, national defenders and commiserators, the models of courage, humility, love and sacrifice. And those delightful jests of Pushkin, for instance, that chit-chat of the two drunken peasants, or that *Tale about the Bear* whose she bear was killed,—why, this is something amorous, charming and touching in his contemplation of the people.

Had Pushkin lived longer, he would have bequeathed to us such treasures for the understanding of the people as would have—through their influence—unfailingly curtailed the times and seasons for the transition to the people's truth, their vigor, the realization of their mission by our whole intelligentsia, which still exalts itself over the people by its Europeanism.

Now, it is this worship of the people's truth that I perceive (alas, perhaps, I alone among all his admirers) in Nekrasov, in his

best creations. I treasure—very much so—the fact that he was "the commiserator for the people's sorrow"; that he spoke so much and so passionately about the people's grief. But still dearer to me is the fact that in the great, painful and ecstatic moments of his life—despite all the opposing influences and even his own personal convictions—he bowed before the people's truth with all his being, a fact to which his loftiest creations bear full witness. It is in this spirit that I spoke about him, who, after Pushkin and Lermontov, came much as the latter two, partly with a new word (for Pushkin's "word," to us, is still new. And not only new but one which, as yet, has not been understood and deciphered, and which is regarded as most obsolete rubbish).

Before I turn to Nekrasov, I shall say a few words about Lermontov in order to justify my contention that he also believed in the people's truth. Of course, Lermontov was a Byronist, but because of his great and original poetic power he was a peculiar Byronist—some kind of sarcastic, capricious, surly Byronist, perpetually distrusting even his own inspiration, his own Byronism. But if he had stopped fussing about the personality of the educated Russian tormented by his Europeanism, no doubt he would, just like Pushkin, have found the solution in the worship of the people's truth. In support of this there are strong and precise indications. However, in his case, too, death arrested the natural course.

As a matter of fact, in all his poems he is gloomy, capricious; he wants to speak the truth, but more often than not he lies, and he knows it and suffers because he is lying. However, the moment he touches upon the people, he is serene and lucid. He loves the Russian soldier, the Cossack, and he reveres the people. And he writes that immortal song about the young merchant Kalashnikov who kills for an outrage the Czar's bodyguard Kiribeevich, and, summoned to appear before Czar Ivan the Terrible, he answers him that he killed the Czar's servant Kiribeevich "of his own free will—not by accident."

Gentlemen, do you remember "the slave Shibanov"? He was the slave of Prince Kurbsky, a Russian emigrant of the Sixteenth Century, who kept writing protesting and virtually abusive epistles to the same Czar Ivan—from abroad, where he found safe refuge. Having written one of these letters, he summoned his slave Shibanov and ordered him to deliver it to Moscow and to hand it personally to the Czar. The slave Shibanov acted as he was ordered. In the Kremlin Square he stopped the Czar, who was leaving the cathedral, escorted by his retinue, and handed him the epistle of his master, Prince Kurbsky. The Czar lifted his staff with a sharp ferrule, and with all his might drove it into Shibanov's foot, and leaning upon his staff, he started reading the letter. Shibanov, with his pierced

foot, did not move. Subsequently, when answering Prince Kurbsky's letter, the Czar, among other things, wrote: "Thou shouldst be put to shame by thy slave Shibanov." This meant that he, the Czar himself, was put to shame by the slave Shibanov. The character of this Russian "slave" must have impressed Lermontov's soul. His Kalashnikov speaks to the Czar without any reproach about Kiribeevich, fully aware of the execution awaiting him; he tells the Czar "the whole genuine truth" that he killed his favorite "of his own free will—not by accident."

I repeat, had Lermontov lived, we should have had a great poet who would have acknowledged the people's truth, and maybe a genuine "commiserator for the people's sorrow." But this title was conferred upon Nekrasov.

Again, I am not comparing Nekrasov with Pushkin. I am not measuring with a yardstick who is taller and who is shorter, since here there can be no comparison, nor even a question of comparison. By the grandeur and depth of his Russian genius Pushkin up to this day shines like a sun over our whole Russian intelligent world outlook. He is a great prophet who is still not understood. Compared with him, Nekrasov is but a tiny dot, a small planet which, however, emerged from that great sun. And leaving aside all measurements—who is taller or shorter—immortality, fully deserved immortality, belongs to Nekrasov, and I have already explained why: for his worship of the people's truth which, in him, was not a result of some kind of imitation, nor even of a fully conscious process—it was an urge, an irresistible impulse. And in Nekrasov this was all the more remarkable as all his life he had been under the influence of people who, perhaps, very sincerely loved and pitied the people but who never acknowledged any truth in them, and who always placed European enlightenment far above the truth of the people's spirit. Without inquiring into the Russian soul and not knowing what it expects and craves for, these men frequently wished our people—with all their love for them—that which might have been detrimental to them. Was it not they who in the Russian popular movement of the last two years almost completely failed to acknowledge that exaltation of the enthusiasm of the national spirit which the people have been revealing for the first time with such completeness and so forcefully, thereby proving their sane, mighty and steady unity in one and the same great idea and their prescience of their future predestination. And not only do they refuse to recognize the truth of the popular movement, but they virtually consider it reaction, something bearing witness to the impassable want of consciousness and backwardness of the Russian people, which has grown inveterate in the course of centuries.

Despite his remarkable and extraordinarily keen intellect,

Nekrasov, however, lacked serious education; at least it was limited. All his life he was unable to rid himself of certain influences—he had no strength to do so. Yet he possessed an original psychic power of his own which never left him, a genuine, passionate—and what is most important—direct love of the people. With all his soul he commiserated with their suffering, perceiving in them not merely an image degraded by slavery—a bestial image—but through the force of his love he was able to grasp almost unconsciously the beauty of the people, their strength and intellect, their suffering humility, and partly even to believe in their future predestination. Oh, intellectually, Nekrasov could be mistaken in many a thing. In an impromptu, recently published for the first time, contemplating with alarmed reproach the people liberated from serfdom, he found it possible to exclaim:

". . . But are the people happy?"

The great instinct of his heart revealed to him the people's sorrow, but if he had been asked: "What should one wish for the people? How can it be done?"—he might have given a quite erroneous, perhaps even detrimental answer. And, of course, he could not be blamed: in Russia there is still extremely little political sense, while Nekrasov, I repeat, was all his life under alien influences. But with his heart, with his great poetic inspiration, in some of his grand poems, irresistibly he merged with the very essence of the people. In this sense he was a popular poet. Everyone descending from the people, even with a minimum of education, will understand much in Nekrasov, provided, however, he is educated. The question whether the Russian people as a whole can understand him is obviously a senseless one. What will the "common people" understand in his masterpieces: *The Knight for an Hour*, *Silence*, *Russian Women?* Even in his great *Vlas*, which might be intelligible to the people (but which in no way would inspire them, since this poetry has long been divorced from life itself) they would unfailingly discern two or three false traits. What would the people make out of one of his mightiest and most appealing poems—*On the Volga?* This is Byron's genuine spirit and tone.

Nay, as yet, Nekrasov is merely a poet of the Russian intelligentsia who spoke with love and passion to the same Russian intelligentsia about the people and their suffering. I am not speaking of the future: in the future the people will take notice of Nekrasov. Then they will understand that once upon a time there lived a kind Russian nobleman who shed lamenting tears over their popular grief, and who could find nothing better, when running away from his wealth and from the sinful temptations of his nobleman's life, in his very distressful moments, than to come to the

people, and, in his irresistible love of them, cleanse his tormented heart, since Nekrasov's love of the people was but *an outlet of his personal sorrow about himself.*

However, before I explain how I understand this "personal sorrow" of our dear deceased poet about himself, I feel that I must call attention to one characteristic and peculiar circumstance which was recorded in virtually all our newspapers immediately after Nekrasov's death—in practically all articles dedicated to him.

The Poet and the Citizen. General Comments on Nekrasov as a Man

All newspapers—just as soon as they began to speak about Nekrasov, about his death and funeral, just as soon as they began to define his significance—forthwith added, all of them without exception, certain considerations regarding a kind of low "practicality" in his character, certain defects and even vices, some sort of duplicity in the image which he left behind. Some papers merely hinted at this, very slightly, in a couple of lines, but the important fact is that all the same they did hint, apparently owing to some necessity which they could not avoid. But in other periodicals, which dwelt on Nekrasov in greater detail, the thing appeared even more strangely. In fact: without framing any accusations in detail, and, as it were, avoiding them out of profound and sincere respect for the deceased, nevertheless they set out to exculpate him, so that the matter became still more incomprehensible. "Well, what do you exculpate him of?"—involuntarily one would ask oneself: "If you know something, there is no reason for hiding it; but we wish to know if he actually needs your apologies." This was the question which arose in one's mind. However, they did not want to formulate any accusations, but they hastened with their apologies and reservations, as if seeking to forewarn somebody and mainly, again, as if they could not avoid this, even though, maybe, they did not wish to embark upon the subject.

Generally speaking, this is an extremely peculiar case. Still, if thought be given to it, you and everyone else—whoever he may be—unquestionably would come to the conclusion that this is a perfectly normal case, since, once you start speaking about Nekrasov as a poet, it is verily impossible to avoid speaking about him as an individual, for the reason that in Nekrasov the poet and citizen are so closely combined, so inexplicable one without the other, and taken together they explain one another so clearly that when you

begin to speak about him as a poet, willy-nilly, you turn to the citizen. And you feel that you are compelled to do so and that you cannot avoid it.

But what can we say and what specifically do we see? The word "practicality" is uttered, *i.e.,* the ability to take care of one's business—that's all. But right away people hasten with their apologies: "He suffered,"—they say. "Ever since childhood he was oppressed by his milieu"; as a youth—homeless and forsaken—he endured much grief in Petersburg, and, accordingly, he became "practical" (*i.e.,* as if he could not help becoming practical). Others go still farther, insinuating that without this "practicality" Nekrasov, perhaps, would not have accomplished obviously useful things for the public benefit, for instance, that he would have been unsuccessful with the publication of the magazine, etc. Well, is it implied that for good ends bad means should be justified?—And this —speaking of Nekrasov, who, with his poems, made hearts quiver, evoking ecstasy and emotion for the good and the beautiful!

Of course, all this is being said by way of apology. But it does seem to me that Nekrasov does not need any such exculpation. In apologies of this kind there is always something humiliating, dimming and degrading to the image of him who is being exculpated to the level of triviality. In fact, the moment I start justifying "the duplicity and practicality" of a person, thereby I am insisting, as it were, that in certain circumstances such a duplicity is natural and almost necessary. If so, one has to reconcile oneself completely, when he, repenting, beats himself against the slabs of his own church, and cries: "I have fallen! I have fallen!"—And this—in verses of unfading beauty which he writes down that very night, while on the morrow, just as soon as the night is over and tears dry up, he embarks again on "practicality" on the alleged ground that it is something altogether apart and that it is a *necessary* thing. Well, what then do these groans and cries, expressed in verses, mean?—Art for art's sake—nothing more, even in its most trivial sense, because he lauds these verses himself, he admires them, he is quite pleased with them, he publishes them and counts upon them: they will add brilliancy to the periodical: they will make young hearts beat more strongly.

Nay, if all this is justified without proper explanation, we risk committing a grave error and generating perplexity. And then in answer to the question: "Whom are you burying?" we, who attended his funeral, should be compelled to say: "We are burying the most brilliant representative of art for art's sake." And yet was this so? Nay, *in truth this was not so:* we did bury a "commiserator of the people's sorrow," an eternal sufferer for himself,

one who was never able to appease himself and who, with disgust and self-castigation, rejected cheap reconciliation.

The matter has to be clarified sincerely and impartially, and whatever is ascertained should be accepted for what it is worth regardless of any personality and any further considerations. In this case, if possible, the essence of the matter has to be scrutinized so as to reconstruct with the utmost precision the personality, the character, of the deceased. Our hearts insist on this so that there may be left no perplexity whatsoever such as involuntarily smears the memory, not seldom leaving an unworthy shadow even on a noble image.

Personally, I have known little of the "practical life" of the deceased, and for this reason I am in no position to embark on the anecdotal aspect of the matter. But were I even in a position to do so, I would refuse it because I should be plunging into what I myself consider to be gossip. Because I am (and also formerly was) convinced that of everything that has been said about the deceased, at least half—and, maybe, three-quarters—is a pure lie. Lies, rubbish and gossip. A man as original and remarkable as Nekrasov was bound to have enemies. And the things which were true, which did happen, were likely, at times, to be exaggerated. However, even taking all this into account, nevertheless there remains a residue. What is it?—Something gloomy, sombre and undeniably painful, since what do these groans mean, these cries and tears of his, these avowals that he "has fallen," this passionate confession in the presence of his mother's shadow?—Again, I am not going to dwell upon the factual aspect of the matter; I believe, however, that the essence of that gloomy and painful half of our poet's life was foretold by himself, at the dawn of his days, in one of his earliest pieces, which, if I am not mistaken, were jotted down prior to his acquaintance with Bielinsky, and only later moulded into the form in which they appeared in print. Here are these verses:

"The evening lights were about to be lighted,
The wind roared fiercely and the rain fell hard,
When en route from Poltava I finally sighted
That capital city—after vexing retard.
I carried a stick—long and bulky,
And also a wallet that was empty and torn,
An old sheepskin coat I wore, and sulky
I felt,—unhappy and almost forlorn.
Bereft of money, of name, situation,
Short of stature and looking so queer . . .
But forty years lapsed—and what transformation—
I have that million, it's mine, it is here."

Money—that was Nekrasov's demon! Well, he did love gold, luxury, delights, and was it in order to possess these that he resorted to "practicality"?—No, it was a demon of a different kind—a gloomy and most degrading devil. His was a demon of haughtiness, of thirst for security, of a desire to wall himself off from people, and calmly look down on their wrath and threats. I believe that this demon entered his heart when he was but a child, a child of fifteen years, who found himself on the Petersburg pavement and who had almost fled from his father. The timid and proud soul was hurt and stung; it did not wish to look for patrons, to enter into any agreements with that alien rabble. Not that distrust of people stole into his heart at so young an age,—it was rather a sceptical and too precocious (and therefore erroneous) attitude toward them. Let them not be so spiteful and horrid as they are reputed to be (he must certainly have thought); nevertheless they all are such weak and cowardly trash. Accordingly, they will ruin one even without ill-will the moment their interests are at stake. It was then, perhaps, that Nekrasov's meditations began and the verse: "I have that million, it's mine, it is here" formed itself in his mind—right there, in the street.

His was a thirst for a gloomy, sullen, segregated security with a view to dependence on no one. I believe I am not mistaken, since I recall something to this effect on the occasion of my first acquaintance with him. At least, so it seemed to me all my life. However, his was a foul demon. Was it for this kind of security that Nekrasov's soul could have been craving, a soul capable of responding to everything sacred, a soul that never lost faith in itself? Is it with this kind of security that so gifted a soul protects itself? Such people start on their journey barefooted, with empty hands, with serene and lucid hearts. Their security is not in gold. Gold is coarseness, violence, despotism! Gold may seem to constitute security precisely to that weak and cowardly rabble which Nekrasov himself despised. Is it possible that the pictures of violence, and—later—of sensuality and debauch could live on good terms in the heart of a man who was capable himself of appealing to one: "Forsake everything. Take thy staff and follow me!"

> "Lead me away to the camp of the perishing
> For the glorious cause of affection and love . . ."

But the demon overpowered the man: he stayed on the spot and went nowhere. For this he paid with suffering all his life. In fact, we know nothing but his verses. But what do we know about his inner struggle with his demon, a struggle which undoubtedly must have been painful and which lasted all his life?—I am not even speaking about Nekrasov's good deeds: he did not advertise

them, and yet, unquestionably, there were good deeds: people already begin to bear witness to the humaneness and kindliness of that "practical" soul. Mr. Souvorin has already made public certain things. I am sure there will appear many more favorable comments: it cannot be otherwise.

"Oh,"—I may be told—"you are also exculpating, and even in a cheaper manner than we." No, I am offering no apologies: I am merely explaining, and I have succeeded in framing the question—the final and all-explanatory question.

4

A Witness in Nekrasov's Favor

It was already Hamlet who wondered at the tears of the actor who, when reciting his part, wept over some Hecuba: "What's Hecuba to him?"—Hamlet asked. Now, this is the direct question: Was Nekrasov a similar actor, one who was capable of *sincerely* weeping over himself and that spiritual sanctity of which he had been depriving himself, then of pouring out his sorrow (genuine sorrow) in verses of unfading beauty, and next morning actually consoling himself with their beauty—with the beauty of the verses—and nothing but that? Moreover: was he capable of perceiving this beauty of the verses as a "practical" proposition which was likely to bring him profit, money, fame, and to make use of it in this spirit? Or, on the contrary, did not the poet's sorrow pass by after writing these verses and was it not assuaged by them? Did the beauty and power, expressed in them, oppress and torment him? And if, being unable to overcome his eternal demon, his passions which subdued him all his life, he fell again, did he calmly reconcile himself with his degradation? Didn't his groans and outcries grow still stronger in the secret and sacred moments of repentance? Didn't they re-echo and grow stronger in his heart every time that he convinced himself of the cost of his demon and the high price he had paid for those benefits which he had received from that demon? In a word, even if he was able *instantly* to reconcile himself with his demon, and even started justifying his "practicality" in his conversation with people, was this a lasting reconciliation or assuagement, or, on the contrary, did it instantly vanish from the heart, leaving as its aftermath a still more burning pain, shame and remorse? Then—if only this question could be settled—what would be left to us?—We should merely have to condemn him for the fact that being unable to overcome his temptations, he did not take his life as, for instance, that ancient Pechersk martyr who, being also

unable to contend with the serpent of passion which tormented him, dug himself into the earth up to his waist and died, and if he did not succeed in casting out his demon, certainly he did conquer him. In this event we ourselves—each one of us—should find ourselves in a humiliating and ridiculous situation should we venture to assume the role of judges pronouncing such verdicts. Nevertheless a poet who wrote about himself:

"You do not have to be a poet—
But citizen you've got to be,"

thereby, as it were, recognized the fact that he might be judged by people as a "citizen." As individuals we should feel ashamed to judge him. Who are we anyhow—each one of us? We merely do not speak about ourselves aloud, concealing our nastiness, with which, within ourselves, we are fully reconciled. Perhaps the poet lamented such of his deeds as would not make us knit our brows had we committed them. For we know about his degradations, about his demon, from his own verses, which he, in his repentant sincerity, did not hesitate to publish. This and everything else that has been said about him, as a man, about his "practicality," and so forth,—all these would have died naturally and would have been effaced from the memory of men; all this would have been reduced to the level of simple gossip so that he would have needed no apology.

I may observe in passing that so practical a man, who knew so well how to take care of his business, indeed was not practical at all in making public his repentant groans and wailings. Therefore, perhaps, he was not so practical as some people maintain.

Nevertheless—I repeat—he has to face the judgment of citizens since he himself recognized this tribunal. Thus, if the question propounded above: Was the poet satisfied with his own verses in which he clothed his tears; did he come in accord with himself to the state of calmness which again enabled him to embark upon "practicality" with a light heart? or, on the contrary, were these reconciliations but momentary, so that, perhaps, he despised himself for their infamy, suffering all the more and all the more bitterly and thus, all his life?—Should these questions—I repeat—be settled in the latter sense, of course we could also at once reconcile ourselves with the "citizen" Nekrasov, since his own sufferings, in our view, would have fully cleansed his memory. Naturally, there arises forthwith this objection: If you are unable to settle these questions (for who can settle them?) they should not have been raised at all. There is, however, a witness who is in a position to answer them. This witness is the people.

That is, love of the people! To begin with, why did so "practical" a man have to be so fascinated with love of the people? Everybody attends to his own business: one is occupied with practicality, the other—with sorrow for the people. Well, suppose it is merely a whim: all right, one can toy with it, and then give it up. But Nekrasov kept it up all his life. It may be said that, to him, the people were something on the order of "Hecuba," a subject of tears clothed in verses, and yielding an income. I am not speaking about the fact that it is difficult to counterfeit such sincerity of love as sounds in Nekrasov's poetry (this may be endlessly debated), but I shall merely say that to me it is clear why Nekrasov loved the people so much; why he was so attracted to them in the difficult moments of his life; why he went to them and what he found in them. It is because—as I stated above—in Nekrasov love of the people was, as it were, *an outcome of his own sorrow for himself.* Once you suppose and admit this, the whole Nekrasov—both as a poet and a citizen—will be intelligible to you. In the service of the people with his heart and talent he perceived his self-purification. The people were his inner need not only for the sake of poetry. In his love of them he found his own exculpation. By his sentiments for the people he elevated his own spirit. But still more important is the fact that among the people who surrounded him he failed to find an object of love, nor did he find it in the fact that these people respected and worshipped him. Moreover: he detached himself from them and went to the insulted, to the suffering, to the naive and humiliated—in those minutes when he was seized with disgust with that life to which, at times, he yielded faint-heartedly and viciously: he beat himself against the slabs of his own poor village church, and he was healed. He would not have chosen such a solution *had he not believed in it.* In the love of the people he felt something steady, a firm and sacred outcome of everything that tormented him. He knew of nothing holier, steadier and more truthful which he could worship. Indeed, he could not have perceived his whole self-exculpation in mere verses about the people. And further, this being the case, he worshipped *the people's truth.* If, in his whole life, he found nothing worthier of love than the people, this means that he did recognize *both the people's truth and truth in the people,* and also that truth does exist and is preserved in the people. If he did not quite consciously or rationally recognize this, with his heart he accepted this irresistibly and absolutely. In that vicious peasant, whose humiliated and humiliating image tormented him so strongly, he thus perceived something genuine and sacred which he could not help esteeming, to which he could not help responding with all his heart.

It is in this sense that, speaking above of Nekrasov's literary significance, I classed him among those who recognized the people's truth. And his eternal quest for that truth, his unceasing striving for it, obviously bear witness to the fact—this I repeat—that he was attracted to the people by an inner and supreme urge, and that, therefore, this craving must indicate that perpetual inner anguish which could not be quenched with any crafty arguments of temptation, with any paradoxes or practical exculpations. If so, he must have suffered all his life. . . . In this case, what kind of judges are we?—Even if we be judges, we are not accusers.

Nekrasov is a Russian historical type,—one of the great examples of the extent of contradictions and bifurcations in the realm of morality and rational convictions which a Russian can reach in our sad transitional epoch. But this man stays in our hearts. His impulses of love so often were sincere, pure and naive! His longing for the people was so lofty that it places him as a poet in a superior station. As for the man, the citizen, by his suffering for them, he exculpated himself and he redeemed much if actually there was anything to redeem. . . .

5

To the Reader

The December and last issue of *The Diary* comes with great delay for two reasons: because of my ill health throughout the month of December, and on account of the unexpected transition to a new printing plant from the former one which ceased to exist. In a new and unfamiliar place things were inevitably delayed. In any event, I assume the responsibility, and I ask my readers for indulgence.

In answer to numerous queries of my subscribers and readers whether, at least from time to time, I could publish *The Diary* in the forthcoming year, 1878, without binding myself with monthly terms,—I hasten to state that for many reasons I am unable to do so. Perhaps I shall venture to publish one issue, and once more to talk to my readers. Indeed, I have been publishing my periodical for myself, as much as for others, because of the irresistible urge to express my views in so peculiar and characteristic an epoch as ours. Should I publish even a single issue, I shall make this fact known through the newspapers. Nor do I contemplate writing for other periodicals. In the latter I could publish only a story or a novel.

In the course of the forthcoming year of rest from the *periodical* publication I expect, indeed, to engage in belletristic work which

imperceptibly and involuntarily moulded itself during the two years of the publication of *The Diary*. But I firmly hope to renew its publication one year hence. With all my heart I wish to thank all those who have paid me so sincere a tribute. To those who wrote me that I am suspending my publication at so hot a time, I may remark that one year hence the time may, perhaps, be still hotter and more characteristic, and then, once more, we shall serve together a good cause.

I say *together*, because I actually regard my numerous correspondents as my collaborators. I was greatly helped by their communications, comments and advice and by that sincerity with which they applied to me. How I regret that, owing to lack of time and ill health, I am unable to answer so many of them! Again, I ask all those whom I have not yet answered for their kind and good-hearted indulgence. I feel particularly guilty before those who have written me during the last three months. To that person who wrote me about "the anguish of those poor boys, and that she does not know what to tell them" (the person who wrote this will probably recognize herself by these expressions), I am now taking this opportunity to tell her that I was wholeheartedly interested in her letter. If it were only possible I should have published my reply to this letter in *The Diary*. I had to abandon this thought only because I found it impossible to print her letter *in toto*. And yet it does graphically bear witness to the ardent and noble mood of the majority of our youth, to their sincere desire to serve every good cause for the general benefit. I shall say only this to my correspondent: perhaps it is the Russian woman who is destined to save us all, our whole society, through the new energy which is regenerated in her, through her very noble thirst *to serve the cause* even to the point of sacrifice and heroism. She will put to shame the inactivity of the other elements and will captivate them, and will turn those who have been led astray on the right path. But enough has been said: I am answering my much estemed correspondent here, in *The Diary*, because I suspect that the former address given by her is no longer valid.

I was unable to answer very many of my correspondents for the reason that such momentous and live subjects as interest them cannot be answered by letters. On such topics—not letters but articles, even whole books, must be written. A letter must inevitably contain omissions, perplexities. There are themes on which it is absolutely impossible to correspond.

To the person who asked me to state in *The Diary* that I have received her letter about her brother killed in this war, I hasten to say that I was sincerely touched and moved by her sorrow for

her deceased friend and brother, and also by her delight that he had served so beautiful a cause. I am pleased to advise my correspondent that I have met here a young man who had personally known the deceased and who corroborated everything she wrote me about him.

I heartily shake the hand and thank the correspondent who wrote me a long letter (five pages) about the Red Cross, and I ask him henceforth to continue corresponding with me. I shall unfailingly send him the thing he asked for.

Several correspondents who recently made inquiries *point by point* I shall answer separately, as well as him who asked me: "Who is a strutzky?" (I hope these correspondents will recognize themselves by these expressions.) I apologize particularly to my correspondents from Minsk and Vitebsk that I have so delayed my answers to them. After taking a rest, if possible I shall answer everybody. Thus let people not complain and wait.

My address will be the same. I only ask you to give the house number and the street, and not to address the mail to the editorial office of *A Writer's Diary*.

Once more I thank everybody. I hope for a happy au revoir in the near future. This is a glorious but difficult and fatal time. How much hangs by a hair at this very minute, and how we shall be discussing these things a year hence!

P. S. The publisher of a new book which has just appeared, *The Eastern Question: Its Past and Present, A Defense of Russia*, by Sir T. Sinclair, Baronet, an English M.P.; translated from the English—asked me to print in this issue of *The Diary* an advertisement about this book. However, having looked through and familiarized myself with it, I wish to recommend it personally to the readers, instead of inserting a regular advertisement. It is difficult to write a more popular, more interesting and sensible book than this one. At present we are much in need of such a book, and there are few men so well informed on the Eastern question. And yet, in our day, *everybody* should be familiar with this question. This is needed and necessary. Sinclair is a defender of Russian interests. In Europe he has long been known as a political writer. The compact volume of 350 printed pages costs only 1 ruble (postpaid—1 ruble 20 kopecks). The book is sold in all book-stores.

1880

August

CHAPTER I

Explanatory Word Concerning the Address on Pushkin Printed Below

MY ADDRESS on Pushkin and his significance, printed below and constituting the substance of the contents of the present issue of *The Writer's Diary* (the only one for the year 1880[1]) was delivered on June 8 of the current year at the solemn exercises of *The Society of Lovers of Russian Literature*, before a large audience, and it created a considerable impression. Ivan Sergeevich Aksakov, who then said about himself that everybody considers him as it were a leader of the Slavophiles, stated from the tribune that my address "constituted an event." I recall this here not for the purpose of boasting but in order to say this: If my address constitutes an event, it is from one and only one standpoint, which I shall explain later. It is for this purpose that I am writing this preface. In the address itself I meant to emphasize the following four points in my discussion of Pushkin's significance to Russia.

1. That Pushkin, with his profoundly perspicacious and ingenious mind and purely Russian heart, was the first to detect and record the principal pathological phenomenon of our educated society, historically detached from, and priding itself on, the people. He indicated and graphically set before us our negative type—the restless man, refusing to be reconciled, having no faith in his own soil and in the native forces, denying Russia and ultimately himself (*i.e.*, his own society, his educated stratum which grew up on our native soil), refusing to co-operate with others and sincerely suffering. Aleko and Onegin subsequently generated in our belles-lettres a number of related characters: they were followed by the Pechorins, the Tchitchikovs, the Rudins, the Lavretzkys, the

[1]If health permits me, I hope to renew the publication of *The Writer's Diary* in the forthcoming year, 1881

Bolkonskys (in Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*), and many others whose very appearance bears witness to his immense intellect and genius, to the *truth of the idea originally conceived by Pushkin. To him belong the honor* and the glory, for having spotted the principal sore of the society which came into existence after Peter's great reform. It is to his ingenious diagnosis that we owe the knowledge of our disease, and he was also the first to comfort us, by giving us the great hope that this is not a mortal illness; that Russian society can be cured, reformed and resurrected if it embraces the people's truth;

2. That he was the first—precisely the first, and there was no one prior to him—to discern and give us the artistic types of Russian beauty directly emerging from the Russian spirit,—beauty which resides in the people's truth, in our soil. This is borne out by the character of Tatiana, a purely Russian woman, who managed to guard herself against this earthly deceit, as well as by historical types, such as those of the Monk and others in *Boris Godunov*; by *genre* types, for instance, in *The Captain's Daughter*, and by many other images scattered through his poems, stories and notes, even in *The History of Pugachiov's Rebellion*. The point which must be particularly noted is that all these types of Russian positive beauty, of the Russian soul, were fully derived from the people: it was not in our present civilization; not in the so-called "European" education (which, it may be noted in passing, we never did possess); not in the deformities of the outwardly adopted European ideas and forms,—that Pushkin found this beauty but exclusively in the people's spirit, and *in it alone*. Thus—I repeat—having diagnosed the disease, he inspired us with a great hope: "Believe in the people's spirit; await salvation from it alone, and you will be saved." Having penetrated Pushkin, it is impossible not to draw such an inference.

3. The third point which I meant to emphasize in speaking of the significance of Pushkin, is that peculiar and most characteristic trait of his artistic genius, which is to be found nowhere and in no one else; it is the faculty of universal susceptibility, and fullest, virtually perfect reincarnation of the genius of alien nations. I stated in my address that Europe has brought forth the greatest universal artistic geniuses—the Shakespeares, the Cervanteses, the Schillers—but that in none of them do we perceive that faculty which is revealed in Pushkin. It is not only a question of susceptibility, but precisely of amazing completeness of reincarnation. In my evaluation of Pushkin I could not help emphasizing this faculty as the most characteristic aspect of his genius, which, among all universal artists, belongs only to him, and by which he differs from all of

them. But it was not for the depreciation of European geniuses of such a magnitude as Shakespeare and Schiller that I said this. Such a silly inference from my words could be made only by a fool. The universality, the all-comprehensive, the unexplored depth of the world types of man belonging to the Aryan race conceived by Shakespeare I do not doubt in the least. And had Shakespeare actually created his Othello as a *Venetian* Moor, and not as an Englishman, he would have merely conveyed to him the halo of a local national character, but the universal significance of this type would have remained identical, since he would have expressed also in an Italian that which he sought to express—and with equal potency.

I repeat: I did not mean to challenge the universal significance of the Shakespeares and Schillers when pointing out the most ingenious faculty of Pushkin to reincarnate in himself the genius of alien nations. I merely sought to emphasize in that faculty and in its completeness a great and prophetic prognostication to us.

4. This is altogether a Russian, national faculty which Pushkin merely shares with our whole people; and, as a most perfect artist, he is also the most perfect exponent of this faculty, at least in his work—in the work of an artist.

Our people bear in their soul this proclivity for universal susceptibility and all-reconciliation; and on more than one occasion they have revealed it during the two centuries since Peter's reform. When indicating this faculty of our people, I could not help, at the same time, setting forth in this fact our great future consolation, and perhaps our greatest hope shining for us in the distance. More particularly, I emphasized the fact that our longing for Europe, even despite all its enthusiasm and extremes, *in its foundation,* was not only legitimate and reasonable, but also popular, fully coinciding with the aspirations of the popular spirit, and that, in the last analysis, it has unquestionably a superior aim. Of course in my brief address—all too brief—I was unable to expound my thought in all its completeness, but I believe that at least that which is stated in it is clear.

One should by no means be indignant at my statement that "our destitute land will, perhaps, at length speak a new word to the world." Likewise, it is ridiculous to maintain that before this new word is given to the world "we have to develop economically, scientifically and civically, and only after that start dreaming about 'new words' addressed to such perfect (would-be) organisms as the European peoples." In my address I am precisely stressing the fact that I do not attempt to compare the Russian people with the Western nations in the sphere of their economic or scientific glory. I merely say that among all nations the Russian soul, the genius

of the Russian people is, perhaps, most apt to embrace the idea of the universal fellowship of man, of brotherly love,—that sober point of view which forgives that which is hostile; which distinguishes and excuses that which is desperate; which removes contradictions. This is not an economic or any other trait; this is merely a moral characteristic, and who can deny or refute it in the Russian people? Can anyone say that the Russian people are merely an inert mass doomed to serve *economically* the advancement and progress of our European intelligentsia, priding itself on our people, whereas the intelligentsia carries within itself dead inertia from which there is nothing to expect or hope?—Alas, many people maintain this, but I ventured to declare something different.

I repeat that, of course, I was unable to prove comprehensively and fully "this fantasy of mine," as I myself called it, but at the same time I could not refrain from pointing to it. But to assert that our destitute and confused land cannot comprise such lofty aspirations so long as it is not economically and civically equal to the West—is sheer nonsense. Essentially, the fundamental spiritual treasures are not dependent upon economic assets. Our destitute and unorganized land, aside from its upper stratum, stands as one man. All the eighty millions of its population represent such a spiritual unity as is, of course, nonexistent—and cannot exist—anywhere in Europe. For this reason alone it cannot be said that our land is unmanageable, and, strictly speaking, it cannot be maintained that it is destitute. On the contrary, in Europe, where so much wealth is accumulated, the entire civic foundation of all her nations is undermined, and may tomorrow collapse once and for all without leaving a trace. In its stead there will ensue something altogether new and unheard-of, something in no way resembling former things. And no treasures accumulated by Europe will save her from her collapse because "wealth, too, will instantly vanish."

And yet it is precisely that undermined and contaminated civic order of hers that is being pointed out to our people as an ideal to which they should aspire, and only after having attained it may they dare to lisp to Europe some word of theirs. But I assert that it is possible to embrace and embody a loving and all-unifying spirit not only in the face of our present economic destitution, but a much worse one, such as we had after Batyi's invasion and the devastation of the Troubled Epoch when Russia was saved exclusively by the all-unifying spirit of the people.

And finally, if it be really necessary in order to have the right to love mankind and to be endowed with an all-unifying soul, to possess the faculty of not hating alien peoples because they do not resemble us; to refrain from the desire to segregate oneself in one's

own nationality from all others so as to acquire everything for that nationality, regarding all other nations as a mere lemon which may be squeezed out (and in Europe there are peoples possessing such a spirit!)—if indeed, for the realization of all this it be necessary to become a rich people and to drag home the European civic order, is it possible that we must slavishly copy that European order (which tomorrow will collapse in Europe)? Is it possible that in this case the Russian organism will not be permitted to develop in a national fashion, by means of its own organic strength, that it must necessarily be deprived of its individuality and slavishly ape Europe? But where is the Russian organism to be hidden? Do these gentlemen understand what an organism is?—And yet they keep talking about natural sciences! "The people will not permit it"—said an interlocutor two years ago to a meddlesome Westerner apropos of something. "Then annihilate the people!"—calmly and haughtily replied the Westerner. Nor was he an insignificant "nobody,"—he was one of the representatives of our intelligentsia. This is a true story.

In these four points I have indicated Pushkin's significance to us, and my address—I repeat—produced an impression, not by its merits (this I emphasize), not by the talent of its delivery (I agree with all my adversaries, and I am not boasting), but by its sincerity and, I daresay, by a certain irrefutability of the facts I set forth despite its brevity and incompleteness.

However, wherein is "the event," as Ivan Sergeevich Aksakov expressed himself?—Precisely in that the Slavophiles, or the so-called Russian party (Good Lord, we have a "Russian party"!) made an immense and, perhaps, final step toward reconciliation with the Westerners, since the Slavophiles declared the legitimacy of the Westerners' longing for Europe, even the legitimacy of their extremest lures and inferences, explaining that legitimacy by our purely Russian popular aspiration which coincides with the spirit itself of the people. And the Slavophiles justified that enticement by historical necessity, historical fate. So that should there some time in the future be a balance drawn, in the last analysis it would appear that Westerners have served the Russian land and the aspirations of its spirit just like those genuine Russians who sincerely loved their own land and who, perhaps, too jealously guarded it against all temptations of "the Russian aliens."

Finally, it was declared that all perplexities and bitter disputes between the two parties constituted but one great misunderstanding. This, then, could have, perhaps, become an "event," since the Slavophiles right then and there, after my address, expressed their full accord with its inferences. On my own part I state—I have also so stated in my address—that the merit and honor of this new step

(if the sincerest desire of reconciliation constitutes an honor) does by no means belong to me alone, but to the whole Slavophile doctrine, to the whole spirit and orientation of our "party"; that this was always clear to those who inquired impartially into that doctrine; and that the idea which I expounded has more than once been, if not expressed—then indicated by the Slavophiles. I merely managed to strike the opportune moment.

Now, then, this is my deduction: Should the Westerners accept our inference and agree with it, all misunderstandings between both parties would, in truth, be obliterated so that "the Westerners and Slavophiles would have nothing to quarrel about," as Ivan Sergeevich Aksakov put it, "since henceforth everything would be explained." Of course, it was in this sense that my address was an "event." But, alas, the word "event" was uttered in a state of sincere enthusiasm by only one party; but will it be accepted by the other side, or will it remain merely an ideal?—this is an altogether different question. The moment I had left the chair, side by side with the Slavophiles who embraced me and shook my hand, Westerners came to the platform to shake my hand, and not the rank and file, but the outstanding representatives of Westernism, particularly those who were, at the time, playing the leading roles. They shook my hand with the same ardent and sincere enthusiasm as the Slavophiles; they called my address "ingenious," several times stressing this word. I am afraid, however, very much afraid, that this was said on the spur of the moment of enthusiasm. Oh, I am not afraid that they will reject their opinion that my address was ingenious: I know myself that it was not ingenious, and I wasn't in the least seduced by the commendations, so that I shall wholeheartedly forgive them their disillusionment in my ingeniousness. But this is what may happen; this is what the Westerners may say after a little reflection. (*Nota bene:* I am not speaking about those who shook my hand; I am referring to Westerners in general. This I wish to emphasize.)

"Ah,"—the Westerners will perhaps say (do you hear?—only "perhaps"—nothing more) "finally, after protracted disputes and wrangles, you have conceded that our longing for Europe was legitimate and normal; you have admitted that there was truth also on our side; you have lowered your banners. Well, we cordially accept your admission, and we hasten to state to you that this wasn't so bad on your part: at least, this serves as an indication that there is some intelligence in you, which, however, we,—save the dullest among us for whom we do not wish to and cannot hold ourselves responsible—have never denied in you; but, you see, there arises here a new predicament which must be explained as promptly

as possible. The point is that your thesis, your inference to the effect that in our temptations we supposedly coincided with the popular spirit and were mysteriously guided by it,—this thesis remains to us more than dubious, and, therefore, an agreement between us again becomes impossible. Know that we were guided by Europe, by her science and by Peter's reform, and not at all by the spirit of our people, which we never did encounter or scent on our way. On the contrary, we left it behind and hastily ran away from it. From the very beginning we have been proceeding independently, and not at all guided by a supposedly impelling instinct of the Russian people for universal susceptibility and fellowship of mankind,—well, for all the things about which you have spoken so much. Since the time has come to speak quite candidly, we say that much as heretofore, we perceive in the Russian people merely an inert mass from which we have nothing to learn, a mass which impedes Russia's progress and which must be remodelled and recreated, if it is impossible organically, at least mechanically, *i.e.*, compelling them, once and for all, to obey us—for ever and ever. And in order to achieve such obedience it is necessary to introduce a civil order identical with that prevailing in European countries. Strictly speaking our people are destitute and fetid—and thus they always have been; they can possess neither individuality nor idea. The whole history of our people is an absurdity from which you have been deducing the devil only knows what, whereas only we viewed it soberly. A people such as ours should have no history, while that which they possessed under the guise of history should be forgotten by them with disgust,—everything *in toto*. Only our educated society should have its history while the people should serve society with their labor and energies.

"Please don't get excited and don't shout: speaking of obedience we do not intend to enslave our people—of course not! Please don't draw such an inference: we are humane, we are Europeans, you know this only too well. On the contrary, we wish to educate our people, little by little, in an orderly fashion and to crown our edifice by lifting them to our level and by reshaping their nationality into a different one which will mould itself of its own accord after they have been educated. Their education we will base upon and begin with those very things with which we ourselves began, *i.e.*, with the negation of their whole past and the damnation which they themselves will invoke upon it. The moment we have taught a man to read and write we shall make him take a sniff of Europe; we shall forthwith tempt him with her, say with the refinement of her ways of living, her decorum, clothes, drinks, dances,—in a word we shall make him feel ashamed of his former bast shoe and kvass, of

his ancient songs; and even though among them there are several most beautiful and musical ones, nevertheless we shall make him sing rhymed vaudeville songs regardless how angry you may feel about this. Briefly, for the sake of a good goal, in the first place we shall press upon the sensitive part of his character—just as we used to be pressed to resort to all sorts of means—and then the people will be ours. They will grow ashamed of their past and will damn it. He who damns his past is ours—such is our formula! We shall fully apply it when we start lifting the people to our level. However, should the people prove incapable of education,—'they should be eliminated,' since then it would be clear that our people are an unworthy, barbaric mass which should be compelled to obey. What is to be done?—Truth resides only in the intelligentsia and in Europe. Therefore, even though you may have eighty million people (of which, it seems, you are boasting) yet all these millions, in the first place, must serve that European truth, because no other exists or can exist. The number of millions will not scare us.

"Such is our usual inference, but now you have it in all its nakedness. We adhere to it. Indeed, should we accept your deduction, we could not join you in your conversations about such strange things as, for example, *le Pravoslavie* (Orthodoxy) and its alleged particular significance. We hope that you will, at least, not demand this from us, especially now when the last word of Europe and European science, in its general synthesis, is atheism, enlightened and humane, and we can no longer refrain from following Europe.

"On this ground, that part of your address in which you are praising us we may, perhaps, accept with certain reservations,—all right, we shall grant you this courtesy. As to the other half of the address which relates to you and to all your "principles"—we beg your pardon: we cannot accept. . . ."

Such may be the sad inference. I repeat: I should not dare attribute it only to those Westerners who shook my hand, but even to many, quite a few of the most enlightened Westerners, Russian workers and genuine Russians, who, despite their theories, are respectable and esteemed Russian citizens. As against these, the mass of apostates, the mass of your Westerners, the mediocrity, the street through which the idea is being dragged, all those plebeians of the "orientation" (and they are as numerous as sand grains on the sea shore)—they will unfailingly say something on this order—perhaps they have already said it. (N. B. For instance, concerning religion, one of the periodicals, with its inherent wit, has already stated that the aim of the Slavophiles is to rebaptize all Europe into Orthodoxy.)

However, let us set aside gloomy thoughts and let us place

hope in the leading representatives of our Europeanism. And should they accept at least one half of our inference and of our reliance upon them, theirs be honor and glory for this, and we should greet them with a delighted heart. Should they accept only one half, *i.e.*, should they, at least, admit the independence and individuality of the Russian spirit, the legitimacy of its being and its humanitarian, all-unifying aspiration,—there would be almost nothing to quarrel about, at least nothing essential and fundamental. In this case my address might actually serve as a basis for a new event. The address itself—this I repeat for the last time—was not an event (it does not deserve such an appellation); the great Pushkin festivities were what produced the event of our fellowship—a fellowship of all educated and sincere Russians for the sake of the future beautiful aim.

CHAPTER II

Pushkin

(A Sketch)

Delivered on June 8 at a Meeting of the Society of Lovers of Russian Literature.

"PUSHKIN IS an extraordinary, and perhaps a unique, phenomenon of the Russian spirit," said Gogol. For my own part, I will add: and a prophetic one. Yes, in his appearance, to all us Russians, there is something indisputably prophetic. Pushkin appeared precisely at the very inception of our true self-consciousness, which was then just coming into being and which originated in our society after a whole century following Peter's reform; and his appearance greatly helped to illuminate our obscure path with a new guiding light. It is in this sense that Pushkin is a prophecy and a revelation.

I divide the activity of our great poet into three periods. I am not speaking now as a literary critic: when referring to Pushkin's creative work, I merely wish to explain my conception of his prophetic significance to us, and my understanding of this word. In passing, I may remark, however, that it seems to me that between the periods of Pushkin's activity there are no clearly defined lines of demarcation. To my mind the inception of *Eugene Onegin,* for instance, belongs to the first period, while its concluding part should be placed in the second period, when Pushkin had already found his ideals in his own country, and had fully and affectionately absorbed them in his loving and perspicacious soul. It is said that, in his first period, Pushkin imitated the European poets—Parny,

André Chénier and others—but particularly—Byron. Yes, no doubt, the poets of Europe did exercise a strong influence upon the development of his genius; and maintained it throughout his life. Nevertheless, not even his earliest poems were mere imitations, so that even in them the extraordinary independence of his genius was revealed. In imitations one never finds such personal suffering and such depth of self-consciousness as Pushkin revealed, for instance in his *Gypsies,* a poem which I ascribe entirely to the first period of his creative life. I do not speak of the creative potency and impetuosity which could not have been expressed so strongly had it been merely imitative.

In the character of Aleko, the hero of the poem *Gypsies,* there is already revealed a strong, deep and purely Russian concept, which was subsequently expressed in such harmonious perfection in *Eugene Onegin,* where virtually the same Aleko is shown not in a fantastic light but in a palpably real and intelligible guise. In Aleko, Pushkin had already discerned and ingeniously noted that unhappy wanderer in his native land, that traditional Russian sufferer detached from the people who appeared in our society as a historical necessity. And, of course, Pushkin found him not only in Byron. Aleko's is a true and unmistakably conceived character, a lasting character long since native to our Russian land. These homeless Russian ramblers are wandering still, and it seems it will be long before they disappear. If, in our day, they no longer visit Gypsy camps with their wild and odd mode of living in a quest for their universal ideals and in order to seek refuge in the bosom of nature from the confused and incongruous life of our Russian educated society—all the same they embrace socialism, which did not exist in Aleko's times, and with their new creed they journey to another field, eagerly tilling it, believing, even as Aleko, that through this fantastic labor they will attain their goal and happiness not for themselves alone but for all men. A Russian sufferer in order to find peace needs precisely universal happiness: with nothing less than that is he content—of course, as long as the proposition is confined to theory. Essentially, it is the same Russian who appeared in a different epoch.

This character, I repeat, came into being among our educated society detached from the people's might in the beginning of the second century after the great reform of Peter. Oh, an overwhelming majority of Russian intellectuals served peacefully in the days of Pushkin—just as now—as civil servants, in the government or on railroads and in banks, or otherwise earned their livelihood, or were even engaged in scientific work, in lecturing—in a regular, leisured and peaceful fashion, receiving salaries, playing preference,[1] with no

[1] A game of cards popular in Pushkin's time.

inclination to take refuge whether in Gypsy camps or in other places more suited to our time. At the utmost they play at liberalism "with a tinge of European socialism" to which a certain benign Russian flavor is conveyed, but, after all, this is merely a matter of time. What of the fact that one man has not even begun to worry while another, encountering a locked door, has already smashed his head against it?–In due time all men will meet the same destiny, unless they choose the salutary road of humble communion with the people. And even if not all men meet this destiny: it suffices if "the chosen," one tenth, start worrying; the great majority will lose peace through them.

Of course, Aleko as yet does not know how to express correctly his anguish: in him all this is still an abstract mood: yearning for nature; complaints against fashionable society; universal aspirations; laments over truth, somewhere and somehow lost, which he can nowhere find. In this there is something akin to Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Wherein that truth is, in what form and where it can appear, and precisely when it was lost, of course, he does not know himself, but his is sincere suffering. A fantastic and impatient creature, he still awaits salvation pre-eminently from external things, as needs he must: "Truth," it is implied, "is somewhere without him, somewhere in other lands–European, perhaps–with their solid historical order, with its settled social and civic mode of life." Nor will he ever comprehend that first of all truth is within himself. How can he understand this?–He is an alien in his own country; for a whole century he has been unaccustomed to work; he is devoid of culture; he has grown up as a damsel in a convent within closed walls; he has fulfilled strange and unaccountable obligations associated with this or that of the fourteen classes into which Russian educated society is divided. He is still nothing but a blade of grass torn from its roots and blown about by the wind. This he feels; this makes him suffer–not seldom quite acutely! What if, perhaps belonging to hereditary nobility and possibly owning serfs, taking advantage of his noble birth, he, for once, allowed himself to indulge in a little whim of taking a fancy to people living "without laws" in a Gypsy camp, leading a bear which performs? Naturally a woman, "a wild woman," as the poet calls her, more than anyone could inspire him with the hope of deliverance from his anguish, and so, with light-minded but passionate credulity he throws himself into the arms of Zemphira: "Here"–says he–"is my escape; here, perhaps, is my happiness–here, in the bosom of nature, far from fashionable society; here–among men without civilization and without laws!"

And what is the outcome?–At his first encounter with the

conditions of wild nature he fails to restrain himself, and he stains his hands with blood. The poor dreamer proves unequal not only to universal harmony but even to those Gypsies who cast him away without vengeance, without malice, in naive dignity:

> "Depart from us, thou haughty man:
> We're wild, we have no binding laws,
> We neither punish nor torment."

Of course, all this is fantastic, but "the haughty man" is genuine and is cleverly conceived. First he has been conceived in Russia by Pushkin;—and this should be remembered. Quite so: the moment something goes against his grain, he is ready to devour his adversary to avenge his offense, or—which is still handier—recalling his appurtenance to one of the fourteen classes, he may appeal (this did happen) to the chastising and torturing law, provided his personal wrong be thus avenged.

Nay, this is an ingenious poem—not an imitation! Here, indeed, we have the Russian answer to the "accursed question" in terms of the people's faith and truth: "Humble thyself, proud man; above all, break thy haughtiness! Humble thyself, idle man, and, first of all, labor on thy native land!"—Such is the solution according to the people's truth and wisdom. "Truth is within—not without thee. Find thyself within thyself. Not others shouldst thou subdue; subdue thyself; be master of thyself—and thou shalt perceive truth. Not in things, not outside thee nor overseas is this truth, but above all in thine own labor for self-betterment. If thou conquerest thyself, if thou humblest thyself, then wilt thou be free beyond dreams; thou wilt labor upon a great task; thou wilt make others free and thou wilt find happiness, since thy life will be full, and thou wilt, finally, understand thine own people and their sacred truth. Neither with the Gypsies nor elsewhere is universal harmony provided if thou thyself art unworthy of it—if thou art given to malice and pride, if thou demandest life as a gift without even comprehending that it has to be paid for."

This solution of the question is clearly indicated in Pushkin's poem. It is expressed still more clearly in *Eugene Onegin*, a poem which is no longer fantastic but tangibly realistic, in which genuine Russian life is incarnated with such creative potency and completeness as have never been witnessed either before or, perhaps, also since Pushkin.

Onegin arrives from Petersburg—necessarily from Petersburg: it is imperative for the poem, and Pushkin could not miss such an important realistic trait in the biography of his hero. Onegin—I re-

peat—is the same Aleko, particularly where he later exclaims in anguish:

"Oh, why, like Tula's poor assessor,
Am I not lying paralyzed?"

However, in the beginning of the poem, he is still half a dandy and half a man of the world; as yet, he has not lived long enough to be completely disillusioned in life. Even so, "the noble fiend of secret boredom" begins to visit and annoy him.

It stands to reason that in the remote heart of his motherland he is in exile, not at home. He knows not what to undertake, and feels as if he were a guest in his own home. Later, when he roams, seized with anguish for his own land, in foreign countries and among strangers, as an unquestionably clever and sincere man he feels even more a stranger to himself. True, he, too, loves his country, but he does not trust it. Of course, he has heard about its ideals but he has no faith in them. He merely believes in an utter impossibility of any kind of work in his native land, and he looks upon the few—now as heretofore—who believe in this possibility with a sad smile. He killed Lensky out of mere spleen—which may have been an outgrowth of a longing for some universal ideal: this is so typical of us, so plausible.

Quite different is Tatiana: hers is a strong character, firmly standing on her own soil. She is deeper than Onegin, and of course wiser than he. With her noble instinct she foresees where and in what truth resides, and this is revealed in the finale of the poem. Perhaps Pushkin might have done better had he called his poem by the name Tatiana, and not Onegin, since she is undeniably its protagonist. She is a positive, not a negative, character; she is a type of real beauty and an apotheosis of Russian womanhood, and it is to her that the poet assigned the task of expressing the idea of the poem in the famous scene of her last meeting with Onegin. It may even be said that so beautiful and genuine a type of Russian woman has virtually never reappeared in our literature—save, perhaps, for the image of Liza in Turgenev's *A Gentlefolk's Nest*.

However, the habit of looking down upon people accounts for the fact that Onegin altogether failed to understand Tatiana when, in a remote place, he met her first, in the humble guise of a pure and chaste girl, so abashed by his presence. He was unable to discern perfection in that poor girl, and perhaps he even took her for a "moral embryo." She—an embryo! And this—after her letter to Onegin! If there is a moral embryo in the poem it is, of course, Onegin himself—this is undeniable. Nor was he capable in the least of comprehending her, for did he know the human soul?—All his

life he was an abstract man, a restless dreamer. And again he failed to appraise her later in Petersburg as a *grande dame* when, according to his own words in his letter to Tatiana, he began "to comprehend her full perfection." But these were only words: unrecognized and unappreciated she passed through his life, and therein lay the tragedy of their love. Oh, had only Childe Harold, at the time, in that country place, at their first meeting, or by some chance Lord Byron himself, arriving from England and taking notice of her timid, modest charm, pointed it out to him—oh, then Onegin would have been at once astonished and struck with admiration; for there is, at times, in these universal sufferers a good deal of spiritual servility! But this did not happen, and this seeker of universal harmony, having read to her his sermon and, after all, having honestly dealt with her, started off with his *Weltschmerz*, and with his hands stained with blood spilt in senseless anger, to roam in his native land forgetful of Tatiana, full to the brim with health and strength, exclaiming with a curse:

"Oh, I am young, and full of vigor!
On naught but anguish can I figure!"

This Tatiana understood. In immortal strophes of his romance the poet shows her visiting the dwelling of that man who was then still fascinating and mysterious to her. I need not speak here about the artistic perfection and inimitable beauty of these lines. Here she is shown in his study. She examines his books, his various possessions. She seeks, through them, to divine his soul—her riddle—and finally "that moral embryo," after a wistful pause, with a strange smile, foreseeing the solution of the enigma, gently whispers: "Isn't he a parody perchance?"

Yes, this she had to whisper—she did divine him. Long afterwards in Petersburg, when they had met once more, she had completely comprehended his quality. By the way, who was it that said that life in the *beau monde* and at court had a pernicious effect upon her soul and that the position of a lady of fashion and the newly engendered ideas of fashionable society were partly the cause of her refusal of Onegin? No, this is not so. No, it is the same, the former rustic Tanya! She is not spoiled; on the contrary, half-broken, she suffers and feels oppressed by the pomp of Petersburg life. She hates her position as a lady of fashion, and he who judges her differently utterly fails to understand what Pushkin sought to express. With firmness she tells Onegin:

"Pledged to another husband, I
To him stay loyal, till I die."

She says this precisely as a Russian woman; therein is her apotheosis. She expresses the truth of the poem. Oh, I shall not say a word about her religious convictions, about her attitude toward the sacrament of marriage—upon this I shall not touch. Well, did she refuse to follow him, despite having said to him: "I love you," because "as a Russian woman"—and not a Southern or some French woman—she is incapable of so bold a step, or has no strength to break her chains, to sacrifice the lure of honors, riches and her social position, the conventions of virtue?—Nay, brave is the Russian woman. She will boldly follow that in which she believes—and this she has proved. But "having been pledged to another man," she will be "loyal to him unto death." To whom, to what is she faithful? To what obligations?—To that old general whom she cannot love, since she loves Onegin, and whom she married because "her mother wept, adjured, besought her," while in her offended and wounded soul there was then only despair, and no hope, no ray of light?—Yes, she is loyal to that general, her husband, an honest man, who loves and respects her and takes pride in her. Even though her mother did "beseech" her, it was she, Tatiana, and no one but her, who gave her consent, and it was she who swore to be his faithful wife. Even though she married him in despair, now he is her husband, and perfidy on her part would disgrace and shame him and this would be his death. But can one's happiness be founded upon another's unhappiness?—Happiness is not confined to the mere delights of love; it also involves the supreme harmony of the spirit. What will assuage the spirit if there is in the past a dishonest, merciless, inhuman act? Dare she run away for the only reason that here might be her happiness?—But what kind of happiness would it be if it were based upon somebody's unhappiness?—Please suppose that you yourself are erecting an edifice of human destiny in order to bestow upon men at last tranquillity and peace. And imagine, further, that for this end it is necessary and inevitable to torture to death only one human creature, moreover—not even so worthy a creature, which to some people may even seem ridiculous—not some Shakespeare, but simply an honest old man, the husband of a young wife whose love he blindly trusts, without, however, knowing her heart at all; whom he respects; of whom he is proud—a husband who is happy with her and who has found his peace. And now it is he who must be dishonored, disgraced and tortured to death in order to erect upon the suffering of this disgraced old man your edifice! In these circumstances would you agree to be the architect of such an edifice?—That's the question. And can you conceive, though for an instant, that men, for whom this edifice was erected, would agree to accept from you happiness if it were founded

upon the suffering, let us say, of some negligible creature but one mercilessly and unjustly tortured to death; or, if they accepted it, that they would forever stay happy?—Tell me, could Tatiana with her lofty soul, with her heart so ennobled by suffering, have answered otherwise?—Nay, a pure Russian heart gives this reply: "Let me alone be deprived of happiness; let my unhappiness be immeasurably greater than that of this old man; finally, let no one ever, including the old man, learn about and appreciate my sacrifice, but I refuse to be happy by ruining another man!"—This is tragedy: it does transpire, and Tatiana sends away Onegin.

It may be argued that Onegin is also unhappy; that by saving one man she ruined the other!—Well, perhaps this is the cardinal point in the poem. By the way—the question why Tatiana refused to follow Onegin has, at least in our literature, a rather peculiar history. That is why I deemed it possible to elaborate on it. What is most characteristic is that the moral solution of this question has for a long time been in doubt. I reason this way: even if Tatiana had become free; even if her old husband had died and she had become a widow—even then she would not have gone away with Onegin. One has to comprehend the essence of her character: she knows who he is: he, the eternal wanderer; he meets by chance the woman whom he had formerly neglected, in a new, brilliant, unattainable setting. Why, perhaps the essence of the matter is in that setting: the young girl whom he virtually used to despise, is now worshipped by the *beau monde*—that terrible authority to Onegin, who, despite his universal aspirations, throws himself, dazzled, at her feet! "This" —he exclaims—"is my ideal! Here is my salvation! This is my escape from my anguish, I failed to notice it and yet . . . 'So possible was happiness, so near!'"

And even as Aleko in the past turned to Zemphira, Onegin is now drawn to Tatiana, seeking all solutions in his new whimsical fantasy. And doesn't Tatiana perceive this in him? Hasn't she appraised him long ago? She is firmly convinced that, strictly speaking, he merely loves his new fancy, and not her, the hitherto humble Tatiana! She knows that he takes her for something different—not for what she actually is; that it is not she whom he loves; that he is even incapable of loving anyone, despite the fact that he suffers so acutely!—He loves his fantasy. But he himself is but a fantasy! Were she to follow him, the very next day he would be disillusioned and would regard his infatuation scoffingly. He is devoid of any soil; he is a blade of grass caught in a gust.

Tatiana is very different!—Even in despair, in the agony of her lucid recognition of the fact that her life is ruined—she is herself solid, unshakeable, something upon which her soul relies. These are

the reminiscences of her childhood, of her birthplace, in a rural wilderness, where her humble and pure life began,

> "Ay, of that burial-ground so quiet,
> Where my poor nurse reposes now
> Beneath her cross and shadowing bough."[1]

Oh, these reminiscences, these pictures of the past, to her are now more precious than anything else; these images—nothing else is left to save her soul from ultimate despair. Nor is this a bagatelle; nay, there is much in this, because this is a whole foundation, something indestructible and solid. Here is the link with the motherland, with her own people, with their sanctity.

And what, by contrast, has he to offer? Who is he?—Certainly she would not follow him from mere compassion, to gratify him, to give him out of boundless loving pity, for a while at least, illusive happiness, knowing certainly in advance that tomorrow he would deride it. Nay, there are deep and firm souls which, even though from infinite compassion, will not surrender their sanctity by dooming it to dishonor. Nay, Tatiana never could have followed Onegin.

Thus, in *Onegin,* in that immortal and inimitable poem, Pushkin, as no one ever before him, revealed himself as a great national writer. With one stroke, in a most precise and perspicacious manner, he indicated the innermost essence of the upper stratum of our society standing above the level of the people. Having traced the type of the Russian wanderer of all time; having been the first—by reason of his ingenious instinct, his historical fate, his immense significance to our future destinies—to place side by side with this type a character of positive and unquestioned beauty in the person of a Russian woman, Pushkin—also first among the Russian writers in his other creations of the same period—showed us a whole gallery of genuinely beautiful Russian characters which he discovered in the Russian people. Their principal beauty lies in their incontestable and tangible truth, so that it is impossible to deny them, and they stand there as though sculptured.

Once more, I reiterate: I am not speaking as a literary critic, and for this reason I shall not dwell in any literary detail upon these ingenious creations of our poet. For instance, it would be possible to write a whole book about the character of the annalist-monk, revealing the great importance and significance to us of this stately Russian figure unearthed by Pushkin in the Russian soil. He revealed and moulded it, forever placing it before us in its in-

[1] *Evgeny Onegin* by A. S. Pushkin. Translated by Oliver Elton. The Pushkin Press, London, 1939.

disputable, humble and spiritually noble beauty as evidence of that potent spirit of Russian national life which is capable of producing characters of such incontestable truth. This character has been established; it is here; it cannot be denied by the assertion that it is mere fiction or a fantasy and idealization of the poet. You contemplate it, and you admit: yes, this exists. Therefore, the spirit of the people that conceived it must exist, and it is great and boundless.

Everywhere in Pushkin there sounds a faith in the Russian character, in its spiritual might, and where there is faith there is hope, great hope for the Russian:

> "With hope for all the good and glory,
> I look ahead, devoid of fear,"

said the poet himself, referring to another subject; yet these words are directly applicable to his entire national creative work. And never was any Russian writer, either prior to Pushkin or since, so wholeheartedly and germanely at one with his people as he. It stands to reason that we have many writers who are connoisseurs of the people; they write about the people with much talent, pointedly and lovingly; and yet, compared with Pushkin, they are verily, with one or at most two exceptions, among his latest followers, merely "gentlemen" writing about the people. In the most talented among them, even in these two exceptions just mentioned, now and then, suddenly there appears something haughty, something belonging to a different world and mode of living, something of an effort to lift the people to these writers' level and thereby to bestow happiness on them. In Pushkin, however, there is precisely something *genuinely* akin to the people which reaches in him the point of almost naïve emotionalism. Take his story about *The Bear* and the peasant who killed his "lady bear's mate"; or recall the verses "Kinsman John, when we start drinking," and you will understand what I mean.

All these artistic treasures and gems of creative insight were left by our great poet as mere landmarks for future artists and workers in the same realm. It may be positively asserted that had there been no Pushkin the men of talent following him would be nonexistent. At least they would not have revealed themselves so potently and so clearly, despite their great gifts, as they did reveal themselves later, in our day.

Still, the point is not confined to poesy alone, to mere artistic creation: had there been no Pushkin, perhaps our faith in our Russian individuality, in our national strength, and our belief in our

future independent mission in the family of the European nations, would not have manifested itself with so unyielding a force as it did later (although not in everybody but only in very few). This exploit of Pushkin becomes particularly clear when what I call the third period of his creative work is examined.

As stated, there are no clear-cut divisions between these periods. For instance, certain works of the third period could even have appeared at the very beginning of the creative work of our poet, since Pushkin was always, so to speak, a complete and homogeneous organism bearing within it at once all the beginnings, and not acquiring them from without. External stimuli merely called forth in him what lay hidden in the depth of his soul. Even so, that organism developed, and the stages of its development may actually be traced; in each one of them its intrinsic character may be indicated and the gradual transformation from one period to another may be discerned.

Thus, that group of his works may be placed in the third class which pre-eminently reflects universal ideas, poetic images of other nations in which their genius is incarnated. Some of these works appeared only after Pushkin's death. It is in this period that our poet reveals something almost miraculous and unheard-of, something never before recorded in any nation. In fact, in European belles-lettres there were geniuses of immense creative magnitude—Shakespeare, Cervantes, Schiller. But please point to even one of these geniuses who possessed such a universal susceptibility as Pushkin. And this faculty, the major faculty of our nationality, Pushkin shares with our people, and by virtue of this he is pre-eminently a national poet. Even the greatest of the European poets were never able to embody in themselves with such potency as Pushkin the genius of an alien, perhaps neighboring people—their spirit, its hidden depth, its longing for its predestination. In dealing with foreign nations it may be said, on the contrary, that the European poets reincarnated in them their own nationality, interpreting them from their own national point of view. Even in Shakespeare, his Italians, for instance, are almost invariably Englishmen. Pushkin alone—among all world poets—possesses the faculty of completely reincarnating in himself an alien nationality. Take his *Scene from Faust*, *The Covetous Knight*, or his ballade *Once There Lived a Poor Young Knight*. Read again his *Don Juan*, and had it not been signed by Pushkin you would never have guessed that it was not written by a Spaniard. What deep, fantastic images in the poem *A Feast During the Plague!* But in these fantastic images one discerns the genius of England: this admirable song about the plague sung by the hero of the poem; and *Mary's Song*, with those verses

"Our children's cheerful voices
In the noisy school were heard,—"

these English songs, this anguish of British genius, its lamentations, its suffering presentiment of its future. Recall the strange poem:

"When wandering once amidst a valley wild . . ."

This is almost a literal rendition of the first three pages of a strange mystical book, written in prose by an ancient English sectarian—but is it a mere rendition?—In the sad and ecstatic music of these verses there sounds the soul of northern Protestantism, of an English sectarian leader, a boundless mystic with his dull, gloomy and irresistible aspirations and unrestraint of mystical reverie. When reading these queer verses, one feels the spirit of the age of the Reformation; one begins to understand the militant fury of early Protestantism, history itself; and one grasps it not only rationally, but as if one were physically present there, as if one had walked through an armed camp of sectarians, had sung their hymns with them, wept with them in their religious ecstasies and shared their creed with them.

Apropos: compare this religious mysticism with the religious strophes from the Koran, or *Imitations of the Koran:* isn't this a Mohammedan? Isn't this the very spirit of the Koran, its sword, the naïve stateliness of its creed and its threatening power?

And again—here is the ancient world, here are *The Egyptian Nights;* here are the earthly gods who seated themselves as such on the people's backs, gods already despising the genius of the people and their aspirations, no longer believing in that genius—gods who in fact became segregated gods, who grew mad in their isolation, who in their weariness foresaw death, and who in their agony sought diversion in fantastic brutalities, in the voluptuousness of creeping things, of a female spider devouring its male.

Nay, I assert emphatically that never has there been a poet with such a universal responsiveness as Pushkin. But it is not only a matter of susceptibility but also of its amazing depth—that reincarnation in his spirit of the spirit of foreign nations, an almost complete, and therefore miraculous, reincarnation. This phenomenon has been revealed in no other poet in the world. This we find in Pushkin alone, and in this sense he is a unique and unheard-of phenomenon, and to my mind a prophetic one . . . since it is exactly in this that his national, Russian strength revealed itself most —the national character of his poetry, the national spirit in its future development and in our future, which is concealed in that which is already present—and this has been prophetically revealed by Pushkin. For what else is the strength of the Russian national spirit

than the aspiration, in its ultimate goal, for universality and all-embracing humanitarianism? Having become fully a national poet, having come in contact with the people and their vigor, Pushkin at once began to foresee their future destiny. In this he was a diviner and a prophet.

In fact, what has Peter's reform meant to us, not only from the standpoint of its effect upon the future but even in that which has already come to pass and stands in full view? What was the meaning of this reform?—Surely, it was not a mere adoption by us of European dress, habits, inventions and science. Let us scrutinize the matter, let us examine it attentively. Yes, it is very possible that at first Peter conceived the reform in this narrow utilitarian sense. Later, however, in the subsequent elaboration of his idea, he certainly must have obeyed a certain concealed instinct which impelled him in his work to aspire unquestionably for future, greater aims than mere utilitarianism. Likewise, the Russian people accepted the reform not from mere utilitarian motives, but, no doubt, because they at once felt an infinitely loftier goal than mere utilitarianism. I repeat: they felt it unconsciously, and yet in a direct and vital manner. Indeed, at once we began to strive impetuously for the most vital universal all-humanitarian fellowship. Not inimically (as it would seem it should have happened) but in a friendly manner, with full love, we admitted into our soul the genius of foreign nations, without any racial discrimination, instinctively managing—almost from the first step—to eliminate contradictions, to excuse and reconcile differences, thereby manifesting our readiness and proclivity to enter into an all-embracing, universal communion with all the nationalities of the great Aryan races.

Yes, the Russian's destiny is incontestably all-European and universal. To become a genuine and all-round Russian means, perhaps (and this you should remember), to become brother of all men, *a universal man*, if you please. Oh, all this Slavophilism and this Westernism is a great, although historically inevitable, misunderstanding. To a genuine Russian, Europe and the destiny of the great Aryan race are as dear as Russia herself, as the fate of his native land, because our destiny is universality acquired not by the sword but by the force of brotherhood and our brotherly longing for fellowship of men. If you analyze our history after Peter's reform, you will find traces and indications of this idea, of this fantasy of mine, in the character of our intercourse with European nations, even in our state policies. For what else has Russia been doing in her policies, during these two centuries, than serving Europe much more than herself? I do not believe that this took place because of the mere want of aptitude on the part of our statesmen.

Oh, the peoples of Europe have no idea how dear they are to

us! And later—in this I believe—we, well, not we but the future Russians, to the last man, will comprehend that to become a genuine Russian means to seek finally to reconcile all European controversies, to show the solution of European anguish in our all-humanitarian and all-unifying Russian soul, to embrace in it with brotherly love all our brethren, and finally, perhaps, to utter the ultimate word of great, universal harmony, of the brotherly accord of all nations abiding by the law of Christ's Gospel!

I know, I know too well, that my words may sound ecstatic, exaggerated and fantastic. Be it so: I do not feel sorry for having uttered them. This had to be said, especially now, at the moment of our triumph, of the celebration of the memory of our great genius, who, in his creative work, incarnated precisely this idea. Besides, it has been expressed before: I am saying nothing new. What is most important—all this may sound conceited: "Is such a destiny"—it might be said—"to be bestowed upon our crude land! Are we destined to utter the new word to mankind?" Well, do I speak of economic renown, of the glory of sword or science?—I am speaking merely of the brotherhood of men and of the fact that the Russian heart is more adapted to universal, all-humanitarian brotherly fellowship than any other nation. I perceive this in our history, in our gifted men, in the creative genius of Pushkin. Let our land be poor, but this destitute land "Christ, in a serf's garb, has traversed, to and fro, with blessing." Why shouldn't we embrace His ultimate word? Wasn't He Himself born in a manger?

I repeat: at least we are already in a position to point to Pushkin, to the universality and all-humanitarianism of his genius. For wasn't he capable of embracing in his soul foreign genius as his own? In art, at least, in creative achievement, he has indubitably revealed this universality of the Russian spirit, and this in itself is a great indication. If my idea is a fantasy—at least it has its support in Pushkin. Had he lived longer, perhaps he might have revealed great and immortal images of the Russian soul which would be intelligible to our European brethren; he might have attracted them to us much more than they are attracted at present; perhaps he might have explained to them the whole truth of our aspirations, and thus they would comprehend us better than at present and might foresee our destiny; they would cease to look upon us as suspiciously and haughtily as they still do. Had Pushkin lived longer, perhaps there would have been among us, too, less strife and misunderstanding. But God willed differently: Pushkin died in the full bloom of his creative power, and no doubt he carried with him into his grave some great secret. And now we, with him no longer among us, are endeavoring to solve it.

CHAPTER III

Seizing upon an Occasion

Four lectures on different subjects apropos of one lecture read to me by Mr. Gradovsky. With an address to Mr. Gradovsky.

1

Concerning One Most Important Matter

I WAS about to wind up my Diary, confining it to my *Address* delivered in Moscow on June 8 and the preface to it that I wrote anticipating a row which, in fact, burst out in our press after my *Address* had appeared in *The Moscow Gazette*. But having read your criticism, Mr. Gradovsky, I delayed the publication of *The Diary* in order to supplement it with my reply to your attacks. Indeed, my presentiments came true: a terrible row did break out. I was called "a coward," "a haughty man," "a Manilov," "a poet." It was suggested that police be summoned to restrain the public's outbursts—of course, moral, liberal police. But why not actual police? —In Russia they are not less liberal than those liberals who started howling at me. Well, there is little difference between the former and the latter!

For the time being, however, let us leave this aside. I shall turn directly to my reply to your points. I must confess from the very outset that personally I have nothing in common with you, and there is nothing for me to discuss with you: it is impossible for me to agree with you. For this reason I do not in the least intend either to convince or to dissuade you. Even in the past, when reading some of your articles, I used to wonder at the trend of your thoughts. Why, then, do I answer you now?—Solely because I have others in mind, *i.e.*, readers, who will settle our controversy. It is only for them that I am writing.

I feel, I foresee, I can even perceive that there are new elements thirsting for a new word, weary of the obsolete liberal giggling at any word of hope for Russia; sick and tired of the former liberal toothless scepticism—of the old corpses which, by oversight, have not been buried, and which still regard themselves as the young generation—of the antiquated liberal leader and savior of Russia whose character has fully revealed itself during the last twenty-five years, and who, according to the popular saying, is "a man aimlessly shouting in a marketplace." In a word, I wish to state *many*

a thing, aside from my reply to your remarks, so that in giving my answer, I am, as it were, seizing upon an occasion.

In the first place, you raise the question—and even reproach me for not having expressed myself more clearly: Whence did our "wanderers," about whom I spoke in my *Address,* come? Well, this is a long story which one should begin from afar. Besides, no matter what I might reply in this connection, you would not agree with me because you have your own preconceived and ready solution: "Because"—you would say—"they were disgusted at living side by side with the Skvoznik-Dmukhanovskys, and also on account of the civic sorrow which they felt for the peasants, who, at that time, had not yet been liberated." Such an inference would be worthy of the contemporary liberal man, who, speaking generally, when it comes to Russia, has everything settled and signed with that extraordinary ease typical only of a Russian liberal. Nevertheless this is a more complicated question than you think—much more complicated—despite your categorical solution. In due time I shall speak about "the Skvozniks" and "the civic sorrow." But first, permit me to refer to a most characteristic statement of yours, which you also express with a lightness bordering on frivolity, and about which I cannot keep silent. You say:

"In one way or another, for two centuries we have been under the influence of European enlightenment, which strongly affected us because of 'the universal susceptibility' of the Russian which Mr. Dostoievsky regards as our national trait. There is no way in which we can escape this enlightenment; nor is there any need for this. This is a fact which cannot be helped, for the reason that a Russian who desires enlightenment *necessarily* acquires it from a Western European source because of the total absence of Russian sources."

Of course, this is sportively said, but you uttered an important word: "enlightenment." I wish to ask you what you mean by it? Western science, useful knowledge, handicrafts, or spiritual enlightenment? The former, *i.e.,* science and trades, in truth, should not evade us, and there actually is no reason for us to seek to evade them. I am also in full accord with you that these can be acquired only from Western European sources, for which Europe deserves praise and our eternal gratitude. But my conception of enlightenment (and I believe that no one can have a different conception) coincides with what this word literally implies, *i.e.,* spiritual light illuminating the soul, enlightening the heart, guiding the mind and indicating to it the road of life. If this be so, I wish to state to you that there is no reason for us to borrow such an enlightenment from Western European sources because Russian sources are fully

available—and not absent. You are surprised? You see, in disputes I like to begin with the very essence of the matter, with the most controversial point.

I assert that our people have long been enlightened, having embraced in their hearts Christ and His teachings. It may be argued that the people do not know the teachings of Christ, and that no sermons are preached to them. But this is a vain objection: they know everything, precisely everything that they have to know, although they could not pass an examination in catechism. The people acquired their knowledge in churches where, for centuries, they have been listening to prayers and hymns which are better than sermons. They have been repeating and singing these prayers in forests, fleeing from their enemies, as far back as the time of Batyi's invasion; they may have been singing: *"O mighty Lord, be with us!"* It may have been then that they memorized this hymn because at that time nothing but Christ was left to them; yet in this hymn alone is Christ's whole truth. And what is there in the fact that few sermons are preached to the people and that chanters are muttering unintelligibly?—This is the most colossal accusation against our Church invented by the liberals, coupled with that of the inadequacy of the Church-Slavonic language supposedly incomprehensible to the common people! (And what about the Old-Believers?—Oh, God!) As against this, the priest reads: "God and Lord of my being," etc. —and in this prayer *the whole essence of Christianity* is contained, its entire catechism, and the people know this prayer by heart. Likewise they know by heart the life-histories of many a saint; they relate them and listen to them with emotion.

However, the principal school of Christianity from which they have graduated is—those centuries of innumerable and interminable sufferings which they have endured in the course of their history, when, forsaken and oppressed by everybody, toiling for everybody, they remained with no one but Christ—the Consoler Whom they then embraced forever in their soul, and Who, as a reward for this, has saved their soul from despair!

However, why am I telling you all this! Is it conceivable that I seek to convince you?—My words—this goes without saying—will sound childish to you, almost indecent. But I repeat—now for the third time—I am not writing for you. Besides, this is an important theme: there is still much that has to be specially said about it, and I shall speak of it so long as I can hold the pen in my hand. At present, however, I shall express my thought only in its essential thesis: If our people have long been enlightened by the fact of their acceptance of the quintessence of Christ and His teachings, together with Him, they have embraced *genuine* enlightenment. With this fun-

damental supply of enlightenment, Western sciences will become a real blessing to the people. They will not dim the image of Christ as in the West, where, however, it was dimmed not by science, as liberals maintain, but by the Western Church itself, which distorted it by transforming itself into a Roman state, having embodied the latter in the form of papacy. Indeed, in the West there is no longer Christianity, there is no Church, notwithstanding the fact that there still are many Christians who will never disappear. Catholicism, in truth, is no longer Christianity; gradually it is transforming itself into idolatry, while Protestantism with gigantic strides is being converted into atheism and into vacillating, fluent, variable (and not eternal) ethics.

Of course, you will at once retort that Christianity and the worship of Christ do not at all exhaust the whole cycle of enlightenment; that they are but one aspect; that, on the contrary, there is need of sciences, civic ideas, progress, etc. To this I have nothing to say to you—arguing would be unbecoming, since, even though you are right to a certain extent, for example, as far as science is concerned, nevertheless you will never admit that the Christianity of our people *must prevail forever,* that it must always be the principal and vital foundation of their enlightenment! In my address I said that Tatiana, having refused to follow Onegin, acted in a Russian fashion, in accordance with the people's truth, whereas one of my critics, indignant at the idea that the Russian people possess truth of their own, unexpectedly retorted with the question: "What about incest?"—Can such critics be answered? Primarily, they feel insulted by the fact that the people can have a truth of their own, and therefore be genuinely enlightened. Why, is incest prevalent among the people as a whole, and does it exist as *truth?* Indeed, our people are coarse, but by no means all of them—oh, not all of them; I swear to this as a witness because I have observed them, I know them, I lived with them a number of years, sharing my meals and sleeping with them; I "was personally classed with villains"; I worked with them performing actual manual labor at a time when others were "dipping their hands in blood,"[1] toying with liberalism and giggling at the people, proclaiming in their lectures and journalistic feuilletons that there was "an impress of the beast" upon the people.

So, don't tell me that I do not know the people! I know them: it was because of them that I again received into my soul Christ Who had been revealed to me in my parents' home and Whom I was about to lose when, on my own part, I transformed myself into a "European liberal."

[1]Nekrasov's verse, from *A Knight for an Hour.*

But let us concede that our people are sinful and crude, that theirs is still a bestial image:

"On his mother's back, funning,
Sonny's taking a gay ride,
While his young wife's running,
Like a filly alongside—"

Well, there must have been a reason for this folk song! All Russian songs are derived from some actuality—have you noticed this? —But be fair just for once, you liberal fellows: try to recall what the people have endured in the course of so many centuries. Recall who is most to be blamed for their bestial image, and don't condemn them!—Indeed, it is silly to accuse the peasant of the fact that his hair wasn't dressed in a French hairdresser's parlor on the Grand Morskayia!—And yet virtually such accusations are propounded when our European liberals begin to rise against the Russian people and start *denying* them: claiming that they have failed to develop their individuality, and that they are devoid of nationality!

Oh, Lord!—And in the West, wherever you please, among any people—is there less drunkenness and stealing? Not the same brutality?—And besides—embitterment (which is absent in our people) and real, hundred-per-cent ignorance, thorough want of enlightenment, because, at times, it is combined with such lawlessness that it is no longer considered a sin, but it is actually treated as truth.

Even so, let us concede that bestiality and sin are present among our people. But one thing is incontestable: in their mass at least (not merely in ideal but in actual reality) the people do not accept —never will—their sins for truth! They sin, but sooner or later, they always say: I did perpetrate an untruth. Even if he who sinned does not say it, somebody else will say it for him, and truth will be thus restored. Sin is stench, and stench is dispelled when the sun rises. Sin is a transient matter, whereas Christ is eternal. Daily the people sin and commit villainies; yet in their best moments, when they turn to Christ, they never err in truth. What is important is the thing in which the people believe as their truth; in what they conceive and perceive in it; what they recognize as their loftiest aspiration; what they love; what they are asking from God; what they worshipfully lament. And the people's ideal is—Christ. With Christ there comes, of course, enlightenment, and in their superior, critical moments our people always settle national matters—always have been settling them—in a Christian spirit.

You may observe mockingly: "Lamenting and sighing are not enough: one has to do things—one has to exist."—Well, gentlemen,

Russian enlightened Europeans, have you many righteous men in your ranks? Point to your righteous men whom you seek to substitute for Christ. But you should remember that among the people there are also righteous men. There are positive characters of inconceivable beauty and power who have not come within the range of your observation. Yes, there are righteous men and sufferers for the truth—whether or not we happen to see them. It seems to me that he who is capable of seeing, of course, will see and understand them; he, however, who perceives nothing but the image of the beast will see nothing. The people at least know and believe that righteous men exist; this knowledge fortifies the people, inspiring them with the hope that at the eleventh, fatal hour these men will save them. And, in fact, how many times the people did save our fatherland!—Only recently the people, though sinking in sin, drunkenness and lawlessness, the people, as a whole, were spiritually gladdened by the last war for Christ's faith of the Slavs trampled upon by the Mohammedans. The people accepted this war, they seized upon it as upon an expiatory sacrifice for their sins and lawlessness; they sent their sons to give their lives for a holy cause, and they did not vociferate that the ruble was going down, and that the price of meat was going up. They listened avidly to war news, they eagerly inquired and read about it, and we all witnessed this.

I know: the people's spiritual enthusiasm, and particularly the motives behind it are being denied by our liberals; they scoff at this idea. "These rascals"—they imply—"have a constructive idea; they have a civic sentiment, a political thought!—Can this be conceded?" Why is it that our European liberalism so often adopts a hostile attitude toward the people? Why is it that in Europe those who call themselves democrats invariably stand in defense of the people, or at least rely on them, whereas our democrats are frequently aristocrats, and, in the last analysis, almost always they come out in support of everything that tends to suppress the people, and they wind up with sheer domineering? Oh, I am not asserting that they are conscious enemies of the people, but the tragedy lies in the lack of consciousness. You will be incensed with these queries of mine. Be it so. To me all these are axioms, and, of course, I shall not cease to explain and expound them as long as I continue to write and speak.

Thus, let us finish: science is one thing, but we do not have to borrow "enlightenment" from Western-European sources, lest we adopt such social formulæ as: *"Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous"* or *"Après moi le déluge."* People will at once start shouting: "Don't we have similar sayings? Don't we have the adage: 'Old hospitality is not remembered,' and hundreds of other aphorisms

of the same kind?"—Quite so, the people have different by-words: the mind of the people is broad; so is their humor. Developing consciousness always prompts negation; yet all these are mere *by-words,* and the people do not believe in their moral truth, they joke about them and scoff at them; the people reject them—at least the people as a whole. But would you venture to assert that *"Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous"* is a mere adage and not a social formula commonly adopted in the West which *everybody* serves and believes?—at least all those who rule the people, keep them in check, who own the land and the proletarian, who stand on guard over "European enlightenment"?—Why do we have to have such an enlightenment? Let us try to find at home a different kind of enlightenment. Science is one proposition and enlightenment another.

With faith in the people and their strength, we may develop some time in the future our Christian enlightenment in its full brightness and radiance. It stands to reason that you will tell me that all this is but protracted and idle talk, and not an answer to your criticism. Be it so. I consider this an introduction, and a necessary one. Just as you find and note in my *Address* such points of disagreement as, from your own standpoint, are the most important, so I, for my part, have noted and set forth that point in your article which I consider the main point of our disagreement, as it serves as an obstacle to reaching an accord with you. However, the preface is finished, and let us turn to your criticism, this time without further deviations.

Aleko and Derjimorda. Aleko's Suffering for the Peasant Serf. Anecdotes

Criticizing my *Address,* you write:

"But Pushkin portraying Aleko and Onegin with their negation did not show precisely what they 'deny,' and therefore it is extremely hazardous to assert that they specifically deny 'the people's truth,' the fundamental principles of the Russian world outlook. This is perceived nowhere."

Whether or not it is perceived; whether or not it is hazardous to make the above assertion—will be discussed forthwith. First, however, let us deal with your statement about the Dmukhanovskys from whom Aleko supposedly fled to the Gypsies:

"But it is true that the world of the roamers of those days"—you write—"was one renouncing another world. For the interpretation of these characters other characters have to be considered which Push-

kin did not portray, although at times he referred to them with burning indignation. The nature of his talent prevented him from sinking into that gloom and treating these owls and bats, filling the basements (even more so, perhaps, the upper stories) of the Russian abode as 'pearls of creation': This was done by Gogol—the great reverse side of Pushkin. He told the world why Aleko made his escape to the Gypsies; why Onegin felt bored; why there came into being 'superfluous men' immortalized by Turgenev, Korobochka, Sobakevich, Skvoznik-Dmukhanovsky, Derjimorda, Tiapkin-Liapkin—this is the shadowy side of Aleko, Beltov, Rudin and many others. This is the background without which the characters of the latter are unintelligible. And Gogol's heroes were Russian—oh, how genuinely Russian! There was no *Weltschmerz* in Korobochka; Skvoznik-Dmukhanovsky managed to perfection to deal with the storekeepers; Sobakevich knew his peasants from A to Z, and they clearly saw him through. Of course Aleko and the Rudins neither saw nor comprehended all this; they simply fled wherever they could: Aleko to the Gypsies, Rudin to Paris to give his life for an altogether alien cause."

You see, they *simply* fled. Oh, the journalistic ease of the solution! How simply everything transpires in your opinion; how ready and predetermined!—Verily, yours are ready-made words. By the way, why did you start dwelling upon the subject that Gogol's heroes were Russians—"oh, how genuinely Russian!"—This is quite irrelevant to our controversy. Besides, who does not know that they were Russians? Aleko and Onegin, too, were Russians; you and I are Russians. Likewise Rudin was a Russian, a full-fledged Russian, who ran away to Paris to give his life for a cause which, according to you, was quite alien to him. He was a Russian in the strictest sense precisely for the reason that the cause for which he died in Paris was by no means so alien to him as it would have been to an Englishman or a German, since a European, universal, all-humanitarian cause has long ceased to be alien to a Russian. This is Rudin's distinguishing mark. Strictly speaking, Rudin's tragedy lay in the fact that he found no labor to perform on his own soil, and died in a foreign land, but not as foreign as you maintain.

This is, however, the point: despite the fact that all these Skvozniks and Sobakevichs were Russians, nevertheless they were corrupted Russians, detached from their soil; although they were familiar with one aspect of the people's mode of living, still they knew nothing about its other aspect; they did not even suspect its existence—this is the whole point. They did not even suspect the existence of the people's soul, the things for which the people were

thirsting and praying, because they profoundly despised the people. They denied in the people any soul, save for the purpose of the census. You claim that "Sobakevich knew his peasants from A to Z." This is impossible: he perceived in his Proshka nothing but a labor unit which he could sell to Tchitchikov. You say that Skvoznik-Dmukhanovsky managed to perfection to deal with the merchants. For goodness' sake! Read the bailiff's monologue to those store-keepers in the fifth act: in this manner one speaks, perhaps, to dogs, but not to human beings. Does this mean to deal with the Russian "to perfection"? Is it possible that you are praising him?—Why, he had really better have smacked them on their faces or pulled them by their hair!

In my childhood I saw once on a highway a state courier in uniform with flaps, wearing a three-cornered hat with a feather sticking in it, brutally with his fist beating the driver on his nape, while the latter madly whipped the steaming troika racing at full speed. Of course this courier was Russian by birth, but one so blinded, so alienated from the people that he did not know how to deal with a Russian otherwise than with his heavy fist in lieu of conversing with him in any manner whatsoever. And yet he spent all his life in the company of postboys and Russian commoners of every kind. However, the flaps of his uniform, his feathered hat, his polished Petersburg boots, to him were spiritually dearer not only than the Russian peasant, but perhaps than Russia *in toto,* which he crossed from one end to the other, in which, probably, he found nothing remarkable or worthy of note other than his own fist or the kick of his polished boot. The whole of Russia represented itself to him merely in the guise of his superiors, outside of whom virtually nothing was worthy of existence. How could such a fellow understand the people's essence and their soul! Although a Russian, he was a "European" Russian, only one who had embarked upon his Europeanism not with education but with debauchery, just in the same way as many others did. Yes, sir, this debauchery on many occasions was held in Russia to be the surest means of converting Russians into Europeans. Indeed, the son of that state-messenger might have become a professor, *i.e.,* a patented European.

And so, don't speak about their understanding of the people's essence. We had to have Pushkin, the Khomiakovs, the Samarins, the Aksakovs before we could begin to speak about the people's essence. (Although prior to them this subject used to be discussed but in a somewhat pseudo-classical and histrionic fashion.) And when they began to speak about "the people's truth," everybody looked upon them as epileptics and idiots whose ideal was "eating

radishes and writing denouncements." At first their appearance and opinions surprised everybody to such an extent that liberals began to wonder: aren't these men about to start denouncing them?—It is up to you to decide whether or not our contemporary liberals have much advanced from that silly view on Slavophiles.

But let us turn to business. You state that Aleko fled to the Gypsies from Derjimorda. Let us concede that this is true. But the worst thing is that you, Mr. Gradovsky, with full conviction admit Aleko's right to such surliness. You imply: "He could not have failed to flee to the Gypsies because Derjimorda was too repulsive." But I assert that in a certain sense Aleko and Onegin were also Derjimordas, and perhaps even worse than these, with that difference only that I am not accusing them in the least, fully realizing the tragedy of their fate, whereas you are lauding them for their escape. "Such great"—you seem to imply—"such interesting men were unable to live on good terms with such monsters." You are awfully mistaken. You infer that Aleko and Onegin did not in the least alienate themselves from their native soil and did not deny the people's truth. Moreover, you seem to say: "they were by no means haughty!"—This is what you maintain. Well, in this case haughtiness is a logical and unavoidable consequence of their abstraction and their detachment from their own soil. Indeed, you cannot deny the fact that they did not know their soil, that they grew and were brought up as if in a convent. They acquired their knowledge of Russia in Petersburg, through bureaucratic channels, and their relations with the people were those of a master with his serf. Let us even admit that at times they lived in the country, in proximity to the peasant. My state messenger, all life long, rubbed shoulders with postilions, and admitted that they were worthy of nothing but his fist. Aleko and Onegin behaved in Russia haughtily and impatiently like all men who live in a small group segregated from the people, fully provided for, *i.e.*, supported by the peasant's labor and depending on European education, which they also received gratuitously. The very fact that our educated classes, as a result of historical preparation, virtually throughout our whole national existence have been converted into lazy creatures, explains their abstraction and alienation from their native soil. They perished not because of Derjimorda as such but because they were unable to explain to themselves the phenomenon of Derjimorda and its origin. For this they were too proud. But having failed to find the meaning of Derjimorda, they deemed it impossible to toil on their native soil, regarding those who believed in such a possibility as blockheads or as Derjimordas themselves.

These roamers exalted themselves not only over the Derji-

mordas but over Russia as a whole, because Russia, in their last analysis, was populated only with serfs and Derjimordas, whereas if there were nobler elements there, they were composed of Alekos and Onegins, and of no one but them. This line of reasoning inevitably leads to haughtiness: dwelling in a state of segregation they naturally began to wonder at their own nobility and superiority over the vile Derjimordas whom they were unable to comprehend. Had they not been uppish they would have perceived that they were Derjimordas themselves, and having comprehended this they might have found a way to reconciliation. With regard to the people there was on their part a feeling not merely of haughtiness but of aversion, and this was the general rule.

You will not believe all this. On the contrary, while admitting that in the Alekos and Onegins certain traits are truly unbecoming, you haughtily start reproaching me for the narrowness of my view that "it is hardly reasonable to cure the symptoms leaving the root of the disease intact." You assert that when I say: "Humble thyself, haughty man," I am thereby accusing Aleko of his personal qualities, overlooking the root of the matter, "as if the essence of it resides in the individual qualities of those exalting themselves and refusing to humble themselves." "The question has not been decided"—you say—"over what did these wanderers exalt themselves. Equally, another question remains unanswered: Before what should they humble themselves?"—On your part, all this is very presumptuous. It is apparent that I clearly inferred that "the roamers" were a product of the historical course of development of our society. This means that I am not placing the full blame upon them *personally* and upon their personal qualities. You have this in my *Address* which was written and published. Why, then, do you distort my views? Quoting my tirade: "Humble thyself," you write:

"In these words Mr. Dostoievsky has expressed 'the holy of holies' of his convictions, that which at once constitutes both the strength and weakness of the author of *The Brothers Karamazov*. These words comprise a great *religious* ideal, a potent sermon of *personal* morality, but they contain no inkling of *social* ideals."

And after these words you begin at once to criticize the idea "of personal betterment in the spirit of Christian love." I shall turn in a minute to your opinion of "self-betterment," but first I will unfold for you your underlying idea, which it seems you seek to conceal: You grew angry at me not only because I accused "the wanderer," but because I do not perceive in him an ideal of moral perfection, a sound, healthy Russian which he can and must be! When you admit that in Aleko and Onegin there are "unbecoming

traits" you are merely dodging the issue. According to your inner conviction, which for some reason you do not wish to reveal completely, "the wanderers" are normal and beautiful, beautiful in the fact itself that they have fled from the Derjimordas. Your indignation is at once aroused the moment one ventures to perceive in them the slightest defect. You state specifically: "It would be nonsensical to maintain that they perished because of their uppishness and their refusal to be humbled before the people's truth." Finally you are ardently arguing, and insisting, that they were the ones who liberated the peasants. You state:

"I will say more: If there was any thought conserved in the souls of the best of 'those wanderers of the first part of our century,' it was precisely the thought about the people, while their most burning hatred was directed against serfdom which oppressed the people. Even though they loved the people and hated serfdom in their own, if you please 'European,' way, nevertheless, who but they prepared our society for the abolition of serfdom?—They, too, have served their 'native soil' as best they could—originally as preachers of liberation and later as peace mediators of the first period."

Therein is the point that "the wanderers" hated serfdom "in their own European way." The point is in the fact that they hated serfdom not for the sake of the Russian peasant who worked for them and fed them, and whom they, among others, oppressed. If civic sorrow was so painful to them that they had to flee to the Gypsies or to the barricades in Paris—who prevented them from simply liberating their peasants with land, and in this way from removing that civic sorrow, at least from their personal responsibility? But we heard little about such liberations, whereas there was quite a bit of civic howling. The implication is that "the milieu ruined their souls; and, besides, why should one be deprived of his capital?" Well, why shouldn't they have been deprived of their capital if their sorrow for the peasants was so intense that they had to run away to the barricades?—Therein is the point that in that "little spot called Paris" money was needed, even though one took part in the fight on the barricades, so that serfs had to send their poll-tax anyway. Why, these gentlemen acted even in a simpler manner: they pledged, sold or exchanged (what's the difference!) their peasants, and having thus raised money, they went to Paris and financed there the publication of French radical newspapers and magazines for the salvation of mankind, and not just of the Russian peasant.

You assure us that sorrow for the peasant serf devoured all of them. Not really for the peasant serf, but abstract sorrow about

slavery prevailing in mankind. "This shouldn't be! This is unenlightened. Let's have *Liberté, Égalité et Fraternité!*" As for the Russian peasant in particular, sorrow for him, maybe, did not torment these great hearts at all. I know and have memorized many sayings of the most "enlightened" men of the good old times. "Slavery"—they used to say, in their intimate talks among themselves—"is unquestionably a great evil. But taking everything into account, are our people—a people? Are they akin to the Paris people of 1793? Why, they are used to slavery; their faces, their forms, are the expression of slavery. Or take the rod, for instance. Generally speaking, of course, it is an awful abomination. But, really, the Russian still needs it: the good little peasant has to be flogged; he would start agonizing should he not be flogged. Such is our nation!"—In days gone by I used to hear such conversations, and I swear, opinions of this kind used to be expressed even by quite enlightened men. This is sober truth. Perhaps Onegin did not flog his house-servants, although I would not swear to this. But Aleko, I am sure, now and then flogged his serfs—and not because of the cruelty of his heart but almost from compassion, for a good end: "Why, he needs it; he can't live without being flogged a little. He comes of his own accord and begs: 'Master, do please flog me, make a man of me! I'm completely spoiled!' Well, what's to be done with such a nature, I ask you; so one has to satisfy him and administer a little flogging!"

I repeat, their feeling for the peasant often bordered on squeamishness. And to think of the number of contemptuous anecdotes about the Russian peasant which circulated among them—despicable, obscene anecdotes about his slavish soul, his "idolatry," his priest, his woman. And all these were told with a light heart sometimes by people whose own family life reminded one of a brothel. Of course, this was not always due to something evil; at times this resulted from a too enthusiastic susceptibility to the latest European ideas *à la Lucrezia Floriani,* for instance, interpreted and embraced with Russian impetuosity. They were Russians in everything!

Oh, the Russian lamenting roamers, at times, were great rogues, Mr. Gradovsky. Now, these very anecdotes about the Russian peasant and the contemptuous attitude toward him almost always alleviated in their hearts the sharpness of their civic sorrow caused by serfdom, thus conveying to it an abstract universal character with which one can live on very good terms, spiritually feeding oneself on the contemplation of one's moral beauty and on the largesse of civic thought, while feeding the body—and feeding it well—with the poll-tax levied from those same peasants! One doesn't

have to go far: only recently an oldtimer told an anecdote in a magazine about outstanding Russian liberals of those days, and universal minds, meeting a Russian peasant woman. Those were arrant, so to speak, patented wanderers who became known as such in history. You see, once upon a time, in the summer of 1845, there gathered a great multitude of guests in a gorgeous suburban Moscow villa where, according to the same oldtimer "colossal dinner parties" used to be given: among the guests there were many most humane professors, most renowned lovers and connoisseurs of the fine arts and of some other things, most famous democrats, subsequently noted politicians of universal importance, critics, writers, and intellectually most charming ladies. Presently the whole company, after a champagne dinner with fish-pies and bird-milk[1] (there must have been a reason for calling these dinners "colossal"!), went for a stroll into the fields. In a remote part of a corn-field they encountered a woman reaper. We all know what harvest time is: peasants—men and women—get up at four o'clock in the morning, and they go to gather the crops, toiling till late at night. Reaping, having to stoop down for twelve hours, is hard work; the sun burns mercilessly. When a woman reaper works in a corn-field, one can't even see her. Well, it was there, amidst the corn, that our distinguished company came across the woman reaper, and, imagine —she "in a primitive costume" (with only a shirt on her!). How dreadful! Universal humane sentiment is aroused at once, and an insulted voice sounds: "Among all women it is only the Russian woman who is ashamed of nobody!" And, of course, the inference is readily drawn: "Only the Russian woman is of a kind before whom nobody is ashamed of anything." (Does it mean that one shouldn't be ashamed of anything?)—There ensued a dispute: some came out in defense of the peasant woman. But what kind of defenders were they, and with what arguments did they have to contend? . . .

Such were the opinions and contentions which prevailed among a crowd of roaming landowners, drunk with champagne and feasting on oysters—and on whose money? Well, on money earned by that very woman reaper! Why, it was for you, universal wanderers, that she toiled; it was through her labor that you got satiated. Because, amidst the corn, where nobody sees her, tormented by the sun and sweat, she took off her linen skirt, with nothing but a shirt on her—because of this you called her shameless, and your delicate sense of shame was insulted? "The most shameless among all women!" Eh, you chaste fellows! What about your Parisian "diversions"! What about your sportiveness in that "little spot called

[1]An ironic Russian phrase, connoting a very choice meal.

Paris"! And that neat little cancan at the Bal-Mabille, which made Russian fellows thaw from the very account of it! And that charming little song:

"Ma commère, quand je dance,
Comment va mon cotillon?"

with a graceful lifting of the petticoat and jerking of the posteriors —does all this incense our chaste Russian fellows?—On the contrary, it captivates them. "We beg your pardon—they stage it so gracefully—that little cancan, those sportive little jerks—indeed, this is a most elegant *article de Paris, sui generis,* whereas here, what is there?—A peasant woman, a Russian peasant woman, a log, a block!"

Nay, here we have not merely a deep belief in the nastiness of our peasant and our people: here the sentiment has grown to the point of personal squeamishness toward the peasant, oh, of course, involuntary, almost unconscious, not even noticed on their part.

I confess, Mr. Gradovsky, that I utterly disagree with your cardinal thesis: "Who but they prepared our society for the abolition of serfdom?"—Perhaps, by means of abstract chit-chat with an effusion of civic sorrow according to all the rules!—Well, of course, this was added to the sum total, and may have served the cause. However, the liberation of the peasants was fostered, and those working for their liberation were helped, by men of the type of Samarin, for example, and not by your roamers. Mr. Gradovsky, there appeared a multitude of men of Samarin's pattern—which does not in the least resemble that of the wanderers—who offered their services to the great work of those days. But, of course, there is not a word about them in your article. As for the roamers, they evidently very soon grew tired of it, and, again, they began to pout squeamishly. They would not have been roamers had they acted differently. Having received their redemption payments, they began to sell their lands and forests for extermination and deforestation to merchants and kulaks, they expatriated themselves, inaugurating absenteeism. . . .

It stands to reason that you, Mr. Professor, will not agree with my opinion. But what can I do?—Under no circumstance can I consent to recognize the character of this Russian superior liberal man—so dear to your heart—as the ideal of a genuine, normal Russian, which supposedly he actually was, is and must be in the future. During the last decades nothing very constructive has been accomplished by these men on their native soil. This is a more correct statement than your dithyramb glorifying these gentlemen of days gone by.

3

Two Halves

Now I am turning to your views on "individual self-betterment in the spirit of Christian love" and on its alleged utter insufficiency in comparison with "social ideals," and, principally—with "social institutions." You begin with the statement that this is the cardinal point of our disagreement. You write:

"Now we come to the most important point of our disagreement with Mr. Dostoievsky. Insisting on humility before the people's truth, before the ideals of the people, he accepts this 'truth' and these ideals as something ready-made, immutable and eternal. We venture to tell him—no! The social ideals of our people are still in the process of formation, development. The people have to labor much upon self-betterment in order to be worthy of being called a great people."

Partly, in the beginning of my article, in its first subdivision, I have already answered you on the question of "truth" and the ideals of the people. This truth and these ideals you positively consider insufficient for the development of Russia's social ideals. Religion—you imply—is one proposition, while the social cause is a different one. With your scientific knife, you are cutting a live, homogeneous organism into two separate halves, and you assert that they must be altogether independent one from the other. Let us scrutinize the matter more closely, let us analyze each half separately, and perhaps we shall arrive at something. First, let us deal with the half pertaining to "self-betterment in the spirit of Christian love." You state:

"Mr. Dostoievsky urges that we start working upon ourselves and that we humble ourselves. Of course, individual self-betterment in the spirit of Christian love is the major premise of any activity, whether great or small. But from this it does not follow that men *personally perfect in a Christian sense* necessarily form a perfect society. Let us cite an example.

"The Apostle Paul instructed slaves and their masters concerning their mutual relations. Both the former and the latter may have obeyed, and usually did obey, the Apostle's words; *individually* they were good Christians; nevertheless, slavery thereby was not made sacred, and it continued to be an immoral institution. Equally, Mr. Dostoievsky, like every one of us, used to know admirable Christian landowners and peasants. *Serfdom*, however, continued to be an abomination in God's judgment, and the Russian Czar-Liberator came forward as a champion not only of *personal*, individual

morality but also of *social* morality, of which in olden times there were no adequate conceptions, notwithstanding the fact that there were, perhaps, more 'good men' than at present.

"Individual and social morality do not constitute one and the same thing. From this it follows that no *social* improvement can be achieved *only* through the betterment of the personal qualities of men constituting a society. I shall again cite an example. Let us suppose that beginning with the year 1800 a number of preachers of Christian love and humility had started to improve the morality of the Korobochkas and Sobakevichs. Could it be presumed that they would have succeeded in abolishing serfdom, that this 'phenomenon' could have been eliminated without the utterance of the *Imperial* word? On the contrary, Korobochka would have begun to argue that she was a true Christian woman and a genuine 'mother' of her peasants, and she would have clung to this conviction despite all the arguments of the preacher. . . .

"Men's betterment in a *social* sense cannot be accomplished by mere work 'upon oneself.' One may work upon self-improvement and subdue one's passions in a wilderness and on a desert island. But as *social* beings men develop and improve in working *beside each other, one for the other* and *one with the other*. This is why social progress is so greatly dependent upon *social institutions* which mould in man if not Christian, then civic virtues."

See how much I have quoted from you! All this is awfully haughty and "individual self-betterment in the spirit of Christian love" certainly has got "a black eye": in civic matters—you imply—it is virtually good for nothing. Verily, you understand Christianity in a most curious way! Presuming that Korobochka and Sobakevich might have become true, *perfect* Christians (you speak yourself about perfection)—could they be induced to renounce serfdom? This is the crafty question which you propound, and which—it goes without saying—you answer: "No, it is impossible to induce Korobochka, even though she be a perfect Christian."

This I shall answer directly: Had Korobochka become, or could she have become, *a true*, perfect Christian, there would have been no serfdom on her estate, so that there would be nothing to bother about, notwithstanding the fact that all deeds and bills of sales would still be kept in her trunk. Another thing: Korobochka has been a Christian all along, she was born a Christian. Thus, when you speak about the new preachers of Christianity, you mean Christianity, though identical in substance with the former one, yet intensified, *perfect*, so to speak, one that has attained its ideal. Well, if so, what slaves, what masters can there be?—One has to have at least a bit of understanding of Christianity! And what

difference would it have made to Korobochka, a *perfect* Christian, whether her peasants were serfs or freemen?—She would have been their mother, a real mother, who would have promptly dismissed the former "mistress." This would have come to pass of its own accord. The former mistress and the former slave would have vanished like mist in the rays of sun, and altogether new human beings would have come into existence, and quite new, hitherto unheard-of relations would have ensued between them. Besides, an unheard-of condition would arise: *everywhere* there would appear perfect Christians, of whom formerly there had been so few that they were almost imperceptible.

Mr. Gradovsky, you have set forth yourself this fantastic supposition, and having embarked upon such phantasms, you have to take the consequences. I assure you that in this event Korobochka's peasants themselves would not have left her, for the simple reason that everybody sees where he can be better off. Where would he be better off?—in your institutions?—or in the home of his loving landowning mother?—Also, I venture to assure you that if slavery prevailed in the days of the Apostle Paul, this was precisely because the churches which originated then were not yet *perfect*, as we perceive from the Epistles of the Apostle himself. However, those members of the congregations who, individually, attained perfection, no longer owned or could have had slaves, because these became brethren, and a brother, a true brother, cannot have a brother as his slave. But, according to you, the preaching of Christianity was impotent. At least you maintain that slavery was not made sacred as a result of the Apostle's preaching. And yet many other men of science, especially European historians, have reproached Christianity for having allegedly sanctified slavery. This means a lack of understanding of the essence of the matter. Just imagine that Mary of Egypt owned peasant serfs and refused to liberate them! What an absurdity!—In Christianity, in genuine Christianity, there are and always will be masters and servants, but a serf is inconceivable. I am speaking of true and perfect Christianity. But servants are not slaves. The disciple Timothy served Paul when they journeyed together. Yet read Paul's Epistles to Timothy: does he write to a slave, or even a servant?—Precisely he is his "own son in faith," his "dearly beloved son"!—Such will be the relations between masters and their servants when both the former and the latter become perfect Christians! There will be servants and masters, but masters will no longer be masters nor will servants be slaves.

Please imagine that in a future society there will be a Kepler, a Kant, a Shakespeare: they are engaged in a great work for all men, and everybody realizes this and reveres them. Shakespeare

has no time to interrupt his work in order to clean his room and remove the garbage. And, believe me, some other citizen, of his own volition, will come to serve him, and will remove Shakespeare's garbage. Well, would this humiliate him? Would this make him a slave?—Certainly not. He knows that Shakespeare is infinitely more useful than he. "Honor and glory to thee!"—he will say to Shakespeare—"I am glad to serve thee: at least in a slight way I shall thereby serve the common cause, because I shall save thy time for thy great work. But I am not a slave. By the fact itself that I am admitting that thou, Shakespeare, art superior to myself in genius, that I came to serve thee, I have proved that from the standpoint of human moral dignity, I am in no sense inferior to thee, and, *as man*, am equal to thee." Why, then he would not even have to say all these things, for the sole reason that then no such questions would arise; they would be simply inconceivable, for, verily, all men would be new men, Christ's children, while the former beast in man would be vanquished.

Of course, you will say that this is again a fantasy. Yet I was not the first to embark upon fastasies.—You were the one: you started picturing Korobochka as a *perfect* Christian with "serf *children*" whom she refuses to liberate. This is more paradoxical than my fantasy.

Clever people will start laughing and will say: "What's the use, then, to advocate self-betterment in the spirit of Christian love, if true Christianity does not exist on earth, or there is so little of it that it is well-nigh imperceptible, since otherwise (according to my own words) everything would be instantly settled and slavery of every kind would be abolished: the Korobochkas would be transformed into lucid spirits and there would be nothing left but to start singing a hymn to God?" Yes, of course, gentlemen-scoffers, there are still very few true Christians (although there are some). But how do you know how many of them are needed to preserve the Christian ideal among the people—and with it the people's great hope? Apply this to civic conceptions: how many true citizens are needed to preserve civic virtue in society? This question, too, you cannot answer. In this respect there is a political economy of its own, of an altogether different kind, unknown to us, unknown even to you, Mr. Gradovsky.

Again, it might be said: If there are so few confessors of the great idea, what use is there in it?—And how do you know to what benefit, in the last analysis, it will lead? Apparently, thus far, the only thing that was needed was that the great idea should not expire. The situation is different at present when something new is arising in the world, and when one has to be prepared. Besides, it is not

a matter of benefit but of truth. For if I believe that truth is here, precisely in what I believe, what do I care if even the whole world should refuse to believe in my truth, should ridicule me and should choose a different road?—Therein is the strength of a great moral idea that it cements men into a most solid union; that it is not measured in terms of benefit but makes men aspire to the future, to eternal aims and absolute gladness. How will you unite men for the attainment of your civic aims if there is no foundation in the form of an initial great moral idea? But all moral ideas are identical: they are all based upon the principle of absolute individual self-betterment in the future, in an ideal which comprises all aspirations, all longings, and, consequently, all our civic ideals emanate therefrom. Just try to cement men into a civic society with the sole aim of "saving their skins"!—You will derive nothing but the moral formula: "*Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous.*" With such a formula no civic institution can live long, Mr. Gradovsky.

But I will go further: I intend to surprise you. Please be advised, learned Professor, that there are no social, civic ideals, as such, not originally tied to moral ideals, and existing independently in the form of a separate half, chipped off from the whole with your scientific knife, ideals which can be borrowed from without and successfully transplanted into any new spot in the form of a separate "institution." There are no such ideals, they never have existed, never can exist!

Besides, what is a social ideal? How is one to understand this term?—Of course, its essence resides in the attempt of men to find a formula of social organization, faultless, if possible, and satisfying everybody. Isn't this so? But men do not know such a formula. Men have been looking for it during six thousand years of their historical existence, and they have failed to find it. The ant knows its ant-hill formula; the bee the formula of its beehive (even though they do not know them in a human way; they know them in their own way, and this is all they need). Man however, does not know his formula.

If so, whence can the ideal of civic organization in human society be derived?—Trace it historically and you will forthwith perceive whence it is derived. You will see that it is solely the product of moral self-betterment of individual entities; it has its inception there. Thus it has been from time immemorial, and thus it always will be. In the origin of every people, of every nationality, the moral idea invariably preceded the origination of the nationality itself, *since the former created the latter.* The moral idea always emanated from mystical ideas, from the conviction that man is eternal, that he is not a mere earthly animal, but that he

is tied to other worlds and eternity. Invariably and everywhere these beliefs assumed the form of religion, the form of a confession of the new idea. And just as soon as a new religion came into being, a new civic nationality came into existence. Look at the Hebrews and the Mohammedans: Jewish nationality came into being after the Mosaic law, even its beginning can be traced to the law of Abraham, while the Mohammedan nationalities arose only after the Koran.

To preserve the acquired spiritual treasure, men are forthwith attracted to each other, and only then do they zealously and anxiously, "*working beside each other, one for the other, one with the other*" (as you eloquently put it) begin to investigate how they should organize so as to preserve the treasure without losing any part of it; how to find such a *civic* formula of common existence as would help them to promote throughout the world the acquired moral treasure in its full glory.

And please observe that just as soon as after centuries and ages—here there is also a law of its own, unknown to us—the spiritual ideal of this or that nationality begins to loosen and weaken, the nationality begins to degenerate, together with its civic constitution, and the civic ideals which had moulded themselves within it become extinct. The civic forms of a people assume the character in which their religion is expressed. Therefore the civic ideals are always directly and organically tied to the moral ideals, and—what is most important—the former indisputably are derived only from the latter. Civic ideals never appear *of their own accord* because when they do appear they have as their only object the consummation of the moral aspirations of the given nationality, in the form and in so far as these moral aspirations have moulded themselves in that nationality.

On this ground "self-betterment in a religious sense" in the life of the peoples is the foundation of everything, since self-betterment is *the confession of the acquired religion*, whereas "the civic ideals," devoid of this longing for self-betterment, never do appear, and never can come into being.

You might retort, perhaps, that you said yourself that "individual self-betterment is the beginning of everything," and that you have not used your knife to divide anything. But therein is the point that you did cut a live organism into two halves. Individual self-betterment is not only "the *beginning* of everything," but also its continuation and outcome. It—and it alone—embraces, creates and preserves the national organism. It is for the sake of self-betterment that the civic formula of a nation exists, since it came into being only for its preservation as an initially acquired treasure.

When, however, a nationality loses the urge of individual self-betterment *in the spirit which procreated it,* gradually, all "civic institutions" begin to disappear because there is nothing more to preserve. Therefore it is altogether impossible to maintain what you have framed in the following sentence:

"This is why social progress is so greatly dependent upon social *institutions* which mould in man, if not Christian, then civic virtues."

"If not Christian, then civic virtues"! Doesn't one see here the scientific knife dividing the indivisible, cutting a homogeneous live organism into two separate dead halves—the moral and civic? You may say that "social institutions" and the dignity of "citizen" may comprise a very great moral idea; that "the civic idea" in ripe and developed nations always replaces the initial religious idea which degenerates into the former and which it legitimately inherits. Quite so, this is being maintained by many people, but thus far we have never seen this fantasy realized. When in a nation the moral or religious idea wears itself out, there always comes the panicky, cowardly urge to unite for the sole purpose of "saving the skins": then no other aims of civic unity exist. At present, for instance, the French bourgeoisie sticks together only for the purpose of "saving its skin" from the fourth estate which tries to break into its door. But "the saving of skins" is the most impotent and lowest of all ideas uniting mankind. This is the beginning of the end. People pretend to stick together, but at the same time they are on a sharp look-out for the first moment of danger, ready to disperse. And what, in this case, can an "institution," as such, save? If there be brethren, there will be brotherhood. But if there are no brethren no "institution" will ever produce brotherhood. What is the sense of establishing an "institution" and inscribing on it: *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité!* Nothing will be achieved by an "institution," so that it will become necessary, quite inevitably, to add to these three "constituent" words, three new ones: *"ou la mort," "fraternité ou la mort,"* and brethren will start chopping off the heads of their brethren in order to achieve brotherhood through "the civic institution."

This is merely an example, but a good one. You, Mr. Gradovsky, just like Aleko, seek salvation in things and external phenomena: "Let there be in Russia fools and rogues, no one but they" (according to certain views this is so); it is sufficient, however, to transplant from Europe into Russia some "institution," and, in your opinion, everything will be saved. The mechanical transplantation to Russia of European forms (which tomorrow will collapse there), alien and not suited to our people, is, as we know, the most mo-

mentous notion of Russian Europeanism. By the way, Mr. Gradovsky, when condemning our want of order, shaming Russia for it, and pointing out Europe to her, you state the following:

"Meanwhile at home we are even unable to cope with such discords and contradictions as have been settled long ago in Europe . . ."

You mean Europe has settled them? Who could have told you this?—Why, Europe is on the eve of a general and dreadful collapse. The ant-hill which has been long in the process of construction without the Church and Christ (since the Church, having dimmed its ideal, long ago and everywhere reincarnated itself in the state), with a moral principle shaken loose from its foundation, with everything general and absolute lost—this ant-hill, I say, is utterly undermined. The fourth estate is coming, it knocks at the door, and breaks into it, and if it is not opened to it, it will break the door. The fourth estate cares nothing for the former ideals; it rejects every existing law. It will make no compromises, no concessions; buttresses will not save the edifice. Concessions only provoke, but the fourth estate wants everything. There will come to pass something wholly unsuspected. All these parliamentarisms, all civic theories professed at present, all accumulated riches, banks, sciences, Jews—all these will instantly perish without leaving a trace —save the Jews, who even then will find their way out, so that this work will even be to their advantage. All this is "near, at the door." —You laugh? Blessed be those who laugh. God grant you time to live longer; you will see it yourself. Then you will be surprised. You will tell me with sarcasm: "What is your love of Europe if you are making such prophecies to her!"—Do I rejoice?—I merely foresee that the balance has been struck. The final settlement, the payment due, may occur much sooner than the most vivid fantasy can conceive. The symptoms are dreadful. The long-standing abnormal political status of the European countries may serve as a beginning of everything. How can this status be normal, if abnormality is laid in its very foundation and has been accumulating during centuries? One small part of mankind cannot own the rest of mankind as slaves. Yet it was for this sole purpose that, up to the present, *all* civic institutions (long not Christian) of Europe, now altogether pagan, have been inaugurated. This abnormality, and these "insoluble" political questions (however generally known) unfailingly must lead to a colossal, final, partitioning, political war in which everybody will be involved, and which will break out in the course of the current century, and, perhaps, even in the coming decade.

What do you think: Will society over there endure *at present*

a long political war?—The manufacturer is cowardly and easily scared; likewise the Jew. Factories and banks will all close down should the war drag out even slightly or should it threaten to be prolonged, and millions of hungry mouths, outcast proletarians, will be thrown into the streets. Perhaps you are relying on the prudence of the politicians, and on the fact that they will not start a war? But when was it possible to rely on such a prudence? Perhaps you are relying on legislative bodies, that they will refuse to make appropriations for the war, anticipating its consequences. But when did these chambers over there ever anticipate consequences and refuse to appropriate funds to a more or less persistent leader?—And now the proletarian is in the street. Do you think that, as heretofore, he will patiently wait, dying of starvation?—After political socialism? After the International? After social conventions and the Paris Commune?—Nay, at present it is not going to be the way it used to be: the proletarians will rush upon Europe, and the entire old order will collapse forever. The waves will break only against our shores, and then it will be arrantly revealed to everybody to what an extent our national organism differs from the European. Then you too, gentlemen doctrinarians, will come to your senses, and will begin to seek at home those "people's tenets" which now you are merely ridiculing.

But now, gentlemen, you are pointing to Europe and suggesting that those very institutions which will collapse tomorrow as an outworn absurdity be transplanted to Russia, institutions in which many wise men in Europe have long ceased to believe, which hold out and exist there by mere inertia.

And who, except an abstract doctrinarian, could take the comedy of bourgeois unity, which we are witnessing in Europe, for a normal formula of human fellowship on earth? "They"—you say —"have solved their problems long ago!"—And this—after twenty constitutions and scarcely less than ten revolutions!—Oh, only then, perhaps, liberated for a moment from Europe, we ourselves, without European tutelage, shall dwell upon our social ideals, necessarily derived from Christ and individual self-betterment, Mr. Gradovsky.

You will ask: What social and civic ideals of our own can we have outside of those of European origin?—Well, our social and civic ideals are better, more solid and even—oh, *horribile dictu!*—more liberal than your European ideals! Yes, they are more liberal because they emanate directly from our people's organism, and they are not a slavishly impersonal transplantation from the West. Of course, here I cannot enlarge upon the subject because my article has grown too long anyway.

By the way, please recall: what was the ancient Christian

Church? What did it strive to be?—It came into existence immediately after Christ. It was formed by a handful of men, and forthwith, almost in the very first days after Christ, it began to seek after its "civic formula," fully based upon the moral hope of quenching its spirit in accordance with the principles of individual self-betterment. Christian communes—churches—arose, following which a new, hitherto unheard-of nation began to form itself—all-brotherly, all-humanitarian in the form of an Oecumenical Church. But it was subjected to persecution; its ideal was moulded underground, while on the earth's surface a huge edifice, an enormous ant-hill, was being erected—the ancient Roman Empire, which was also, as it were, an ideal and a solution of the moral aspirations of the ancient world: there arose the demigod; the Empire itself embodied the religious idea providing an outlet to all moral aspirations of the ancient world. The ant-hill, however, did not come to pass, having been undermined by the Church. A collision of two diametrically opposed ideas occurred: the man-god encountered the God-man, Apollo of Belvedere encountered Christ. A compromise took place: the Empire embraced Christianity, while the Church accepted the Roman law and the Roman state. A small part of the Church retired into the wilderness and continued there its original work: Christian communes again came into existence, and later monasteries. But these were merely tests, which continue even to our day. As we know, the remaining overwhelming portion of the Church subsequently split into two parts. In the Western part the state, at length, subdued the Church altogether. Papacy arose—a continuation of the ancient Roman Empire in a new incarnation. In the Eastern half, however, the state was conquered and destroyed by the sword of Mohammed, and there remained only Christ detached from the state. That state which embraced and again raised Christ has endured such dreadful secular sufferings from its enemies, the Tartars, want of order, serfdom, Europe and Europeanism—is still enduring so much suffering—that actually no real social formula in the spirit of love and Christian self-improvement has yet been elaborated in it. But it is not for you, Mr. Gradovsky, to reproach that state for this fact. Temporarily our people are only Christ-bearers and they place their entire hope in Him alone. They called themselves "Krestianin,"[1] *i.e.*, "Christian"; and this is not only a matter of words; this comprises the idea of their whole future. You, Mr. Gradovsky, are mercilessly reproaching Russia for her want of order. But who has prevented her from establishing order during these last two centuries, and, particularly, during the last forty

[1]The Russian word "Krestianin" means peasant; the Russian word "Christianin" means Christian.

years?—Well, Russian Europeans, akin to yourself, Mr. Gradovsky, who have never ceased to exist during the last two centuries, and who, in our day, are pressing us ever so hard. Who is hostile to Russia's organic and independent development based upon its national principles? Who scoffingly refused even to admit or notice the existence of these tenets? Who sought to remodel our people, fantastically "raising them to the level of the reformers," or simply to convert them into so many liberal European creatures, just like the reformers themselves, from time to time snatching from the people's masses this or that man, perverting him into a European even though with mere flaps on his uniform?—In stating this, I do not mean to say that the European is perverted. I merely mean to say that to remodel a Russian into a European is oftentimes equivalent to actual perversion. And yet of this alone consists the whole ideal of the program of their work: precisely—tearing away one man after another from the masses—how absurd! They seek to tear away all the eighty millions of our people and to remodel them. Do you really believe that the whole mass of the Russian people will consent to such an impersonality as these Russian European gentlemen?

Humble Thyself—to One; Exalt Thyself—to the Other. A Tempest in a Tea-Pot

Thus far, I have been merely wrangling with you, Mr. Gradovsky, but now I want to accuse you of a deliberate distortion of my thought, of the principal point of my *Address*. You write:

"There sticks in them (*i.e.*, in our people) too much untruth, residues of secular serfdom, for them to be entitled *to demand that we should worship them* and, in addition, for them to attempt to turn all Europe to the right road, as Mr. Dostoievsky predicts.

"Strange thing! A man who condemns haughtiness in individual wanderers, urges a whole people, in whom he perceives some kind of a universal apostle, to take pride in themselves. To these he says: 'Humble Yourselves!' to those—'Exalt Yourselves!'"

And further:

"And now, without having evolved a proper nationality, all of a sudden we are to dream about a universal role! Isn't this too early? Mr. Dostoievsky is proud of the fact that during two centuries we have been serving Europe. We confess that this 'service' does not rouse in us a joyous feeling. Can the time of the Congress of Vienna and, generally, the epoch of Congresses be a subject of our 'pride'? The time when, serving Metternich, we were suppress-

ing the national movement in Italy and Germany, and were even looking askance at the Greeks—our coreligionists? And what hatred we contracted in Europe precisely for this 'service'!"

First, I shall dwell upon the latter trifling, almost innocent misquotation: When I said that "during the last two centuries we have been serving Europe, perhaps, more than ourselves,"—did I commend *the way* we served?—I merely meant to note the fact of the service, which is correct. However, the fact of the service and *the way* we served are two altogether different propositions. We may have committed a number of political blunders—the Europeans, too, are committing many an error, almost daily—but I was not commending our mistakes: I merely noted the fact of our service (almost always disinterested). Don't you understand that these are two different matters? "Mr. Dostoievsky is proud of the fact that we served Europe"—you say. I said this without any pride: I merely pointed to a trait of our national spirit, a very significant trait. Thus to discover a beautiful, healthy trait in a national spirit necessarily means to exalt oneself?

And why are you talking about Metternich and the Congresses?—It is you who venture to teach me! Even as a student I spoke about our service rendered to Metternich, using stronger language, and precisely for these words about our faulty service to Metternich (of course, among other words) thirty years ago, I paid my respective penalty. Why did you make this distortion?—Well, in order to demonstrate: "See what a liberal I am! And that poet, that enthusiastic admirer of the people, do you hear what reactionary stuff he is babbling, priding himself about our service to Metternich!"—*Amour propre*, Mr. Gradovsky!

However, this is, of course, but a trifle. Yet the following is not a bagatelle.

Thus, when I say to the people: "Lift up your spirit!" it means that I am telling them: "Exalt yourselves!"; that I am urging them to be haughty; that I am teaching them uppishness?—Suppose, Mr. Gradovsky, you tell your own children: "Children, lift up your spirit! Be noble!"—does this really mean that you are teaching them to exalt themselves, or that teaching them, you are exalting yourself?—And what did I say?—I spoke about the hope that "at length, they will be brethren of all men," with an emphasis on the words "at length." Is the serene hope that some day brotherhood will be achieved by our suffering mankind, and that perhaps *we shall be permitted* to become brethren of all men—is this hope equivalent to pride, to an appeal to haughtiness? Why, in the latter part of my *Address* I stated explicitly: "Do I speak of economic renown, of the glory of sword and science?—I am merely speaking about

brotherhood of men, and of the fact that the Russian heart is more adapted to universal all-humanitarian brotherly fellowship than any other nation. . . ." Such are my words. And is this an appeal to pride? Immediately after the said words in my *Address* I added: "Let our land be poor but this destitute land Christ, in a serf's garb, has traversed to and fro with blessings. Why shouldn't we embrace his ultimate word?" Now, does this Christ's word signify an appeal to haughtiness, and is the hope that we may embrace this word —uppishness?

You state indignantly that "it is too early to demand that we be worshipped." But where is there such a demand—for goodness' sake! This desire of universal service, the desire to become servants and brethren; to serve them with our love—does this mean to demand universal worship? If there be such a demand, the sacred, disinterested desire of universal service at once becomes an absurdity! No one bows to a servant, and a brother does not expect genuflection on the part of his brother.

Imagine, Mr. Gradovsky, that you have performed some good deed, or that you are about to perform it. Now, on your way, you begin to ponder fondly: "How glad the poor devil will be to receive the unexpected help which I shall give him! How his spirit will be braced!—Why, he will be resurrected! He will tell about his joy to his family, to his children! He will cry with them." Pondering about these things, you will naturally be moved yourself, you may even start shedding tears (is it possible that this never happened to you?), and suddenly a prudent voice begins to whisper into your ear: "You are exalting yourself, imagining all this! You are shedding tears from haughtiness!"—For goodness' sake! The hope itself that we Russians may mean something to mankind, and that at length we shall be worthy of rendering brotherly service to it—this hope itself aroused delight and evoked tears of enthusiasm among the thousands of listeners. I am not bragging, and it is not from haughtiness that I am recalling this: I am merely recording the solemnity of the moment. Serene hope was given that we, too, may mean something to mankind; that we may become *merely* brethren to other men, and now this one ardent hint united everybody into one thought, into one sentiment. Strangers embraced each other, swearing that henceforth they would try to be better. Two old men came up to me and told me: "We've been enemies for twenty years; we've been harming one another, and now, under the influence of your words, we have made peace."

One of the newspapers hastened to observe that this enthusiasm meant nothing; that this was simply a momentary mood accompanied by "the kissing of hands"; that the orators ascended the

platform in vain, and that in vain did they speak and finish their addresses. "No matter what they said, there would have been the same enthusiasm, for such happened to be the goodhearted mood in Moscow at the time!" Had that journalist gone there and spoken something on his own behalf, would people have rushed to him as they did to me? Why was it that three days earlier addresses were delivered and the speakers were given great ovations, but the thing which took place after my address occurred there to no one before? This was a unique moment in the Pushkin celebration, and it did not repeat itself.

Honestly, I am saying this with no idea of bragging; yet the moment was too solemn and I cannot keep silent on it. Its solemnity consisted of the fact that new elements clearly and graphically revealed themselves in society—men thirsting for a worthy adventure, for a comforting idea, for the promise of a cause. This means that society is no longer satisfied with our mere liberal giggling at Russia, that the doctrine of Russia's eternal impotence has grown repulsive! Only one hope, one hint, kindled in the hearts a holy thirst for an all-humanitarian cause, for a universal brotherly service and adventure. Was it haughtiness that kindled those hearts and made people cry? Did I urge them to be uppish! Ah, you! . . .

You see, Mr. Gradovsky, the seriousness of that moment suddenly frightened many people in our liberal tea-pot, all the more so as it came so unexpectedly. "What! Thus far, we have been so pleasantly and so usefully giggling and spitting upon everything, and now suddenly . . . Why, this is a rebellion! Let's call the police!" Several frightened gentlemen jumped up: "Well, what's going to happen to us now? We have also been writing . . . Where are they going to stick us now? The thing has got to be effaced, as quickly as possible, so that no trace be left! We have to explain promptly to all Russia that this was merely a complacent mood in hospitable Moscow, a charming little moment after a series of dinners—nothing more! And as for the rebellion, let the police quell it!"

And they set to work: I am a coward; I am a poet; I am insignificant; the significance of my address is naught—in a word, people acted imprudently on the spur of the moment. The public, however, might not have believed all these things. So the matter had to be handled skillfully; it had to be tackled coolheadedly: something could even be praised in my *Address:* "Well, there is nevertheless a certain flux of ideas," and thereupon, little by little, everything should be spat upon and effaced to the satisfaction of everybody.

In brief, they acted not so skillfully. There appeared a gap; it had to be filled as promptly as possible. And so forthwith there

came forth a weighty, experienced critic combining the irresponsibility of his attacks with *comme il faut* appearance. You are this critic, Mr. Gradovsky: you wrote your article, people have read it, and everything has calmed down. You have served a common and admirable cause; at least your views were reprinted everywhere: "The speech of the poet does not stand the test of acid criticism. Poets are poets, but level-headed men always stand on guard, ready at any moment to pour a bucket of cold water on the dreamer."

In the concluding part of your article you ask me to forgive you those expressions which I may consider sharp. In concluding my article, I am not asking your forgiveness, Mr. Gradovsky, for the sharp expressions if there be such; I was answering not Mr. Gradovsky personally, but Mr. Gradovsky the publicist. Personally I have no reason whatsoever not to respect you. If, however, I do not respect your opinions and cling to this, how could I mollify things by asking your forgiveness?—But it was painful to see that a very serious and significant moment in the life of our society was represented in a distorted manner and was erroneously interpreted. It was painful to see that the idea which I am serving is being dragged through the streets. It was you who dragged it.

I know that on every side I shall be told that it was not worth while and it was ridiculous to write such a long article in answer to your article, which is short compared with mine. I repeat, however, that your article served merely as a pretext: I meant to express certain things in general. Beginning with next year I am planning to resume the publication of *A Writer's Diary*. So let this present issue serve as my *profession de foi* for the future; let it be, so to speak, a "test" issue.

Perhaps it may also be said that this answer of mine annuls the whole meaning of my *Address* delivered at Moscow, in which I appealed to both Russian parties to unite and to bring about a reconciliation, recognizing the legitimacy of either party. Not at all: the meaning of my *Address* has not been annulled; on the contrary, it has been reinforced, since in my answer to you I specifically state that both parties, in their mutual alienation, in their hostility one to the other, are placing themselves and their work in an abnormal situation, whereas united and in accord with each other, they might rise and save everything, set in motion boundless forces and lead Russia to a new, sound, grand, as yet unheard-of life!

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CHAPTER I

1

Finances. A Citizen Insulted in the Person of Thersites. Crowning from Below and the Musicians. The Chatter-Mill and Chatterboxes

GOOD LORD! Is it possible that after three years of silence I shall come out in my resumed *Diary* with an economic article? Am I an economist or a financier? Never was I either. Even despite the modern trend, I am not infected with economism. And yet, following the common mood, I am coming out with an economic article. That the trend is towards economics there can be no shadow of doubt. Nowadays all are economists. Every new magazine seeks to be recognized as an economic periodical and introduces itself in this spirit. Why, how can one fail to be an economist? Who can afford not to be one in the face of the drop of the rate of exchange of the ruble and the deficit? This all-round economic trend has become particularly noticeable in Russia in the last years, after our Turkish campaign. Of course, also in days gone by we used to discuss finances back and forth, but during and after the war everybody rushed headlong into finances. And this was only natural: the ruble dropped, war loans, etc. But aside from the ruble exchange, there was in this case an element of revenge which continues in our day, revenge for the war: "We"—such is the implication—"told you, we predicted!" Most busily engaged in economism are those who in 1876 and 1877 maintained that money was better than magnanimity; that the Eastern question was nothing but mischief and fiction; that not only was there no national enthusiasm, not only was the war unpopular and not national, but that, strictly speaking, there were no people, and that instead there was an inert, dumb

and mute mass organized for taxation purposes and the maintenance of the intelligentsia, a mass which, even though it contributes pennies to the church, does so because the priest and the authorities have issued respective orders. All Russian Thersites—and of these there are many among the intelligentsia—were then awfully offended in their best sentiments. In the person of Thersites the citizen was insulted. So they began to take vengeance by blaming finances. Little by little they were joined by non-Thersites and even former "heroes." Everybody began to pout—true, some people not too seriously. It must be admitted that the disadvantageous peace, the Berlin Conference, contributed to this condition.[1]

Here I merely wish to state that at present everybody is writing about the ruble and the deficit: partly, in this there is a gregarious element: everybody is writing, everybody is alarmed—why shouldn't I be alarmed?—People may think that I am a poor citizen, that I am not interested. However, here and there one finds genuine civic anxiety, pain, painful doubts concerning the future. This I do not wish to conceal. Nevertheless, even genuine civic anxiety is almost invariably linked to the theme: Why is it that at home everything is so different from things in Europe? "In Europe the thaler is everywhere quoted favorably, whereas our ruble stands low. Why are we not Europe? Why are things at home different from those in Europe?—It's because our edifice is not crowned!"

And so everybody started vociferating about "crowning the edifice," forgetting that as yet no edifice has been erected, so that there is actually nothing to crown; that in lieu of an edifice we have but several white waistcoats who imagine that they constitute the edifice, and that, if the crowning is to be started at all, it should be begun from below—from the peasant's overcoat and the bast-shoe, and not from the white vest. At this point it is necessary to make a reservation: of course, at first glance, crowning from below seems an absurdity, at least, in an architectural sense, and stands in conflict with everything that has existed and does exist in Europe in this respect. However, inasmuch as in Russia everything is peculiar, different from what we see in Europe, and, at times, altogether topsy-turvy—so important a matter as the crowning of the edifice may be effected in a manner contrary to that in Europe—to the great surprise and indignation of our Russian European minds. For, to Europe's surprise, our lower stratum, our peasant's overcoat and

[1]N. B. By the way, speaking about the Berlin Conference: in those days in a remote provincial district, on a by-road, a peasant woman, the hostess of a small inn, unexpectedly asked me: "Dear sir, tell me, how did they decide upon our case abroad? Any news about this?" I wondered at the woman. However, this, *i.e.*, the question of popular enthusiasm, I shall discuss later.

bast-shoe, is actually an edifice of its kind—not only the foundation, but precisely the edifice itself—though not completed, yet solid and firm, erected in the course of centuries, in fact, foreseeing the whole genuine, though not fully developed, idea of the future architecturally completed edifice.

Well, if the whole truth is to be told, these outcries of our Europeans about the crowning, as stated, bear rather a gregarious and mechanically-appeasing than a truly civic, morally civic, character. And the reason why everybody has jumped at this new consolation is that all these external, precisely *mechanically*-appeasing devices are always easy, agreeable and extremely handy. "What we need is the European formula—and everything will be saved. It has to be applied, taken out of a ready-made chest, and forthwith Russia will become Europe, and the ruble—a thaler." The thing which is particularly pleasant in these mechanical consolations is the fact that one doesn't have to think at all—still less suffer or be perplexed. I am speaking about the herd—and I am not referring to righteous men. These may be found everywhere, even among European Russians, and I esteem them. But you must concede that in Russia, in most cases, all this transpires dancingly, as it were: What's the use of thinking and cracking one's brains! One may contract a headache! Nay, take something ready-made from somebody else, and forthwith you will have music, an accordant concerto—

If seated in a row
Our skill we'll surely show.

Well, what if as musicians you are good for nothing, and this, gentlemen, is true of the overwhelming majority of you. What if nothing but a chatterbox-mill comes out of the white vests! What if the colossal majority of the white vests shouldn't be admitted at all to the crowned edifice (at least in the first instance) if ever it should happen to be crowned! That is, they could and should be let in because, after all, they are Russians—many of them good fellows—on condition that they should consent, jointly with the country at large, to give their advice humbly in some great common cause. But the trouble is that they would refuse to give their advice jointly with their country; they would start exalting themselves over it. Up to our day, for two whole centuries, they have kept aloof—and all of a sudden they would unite with the people!—This is not vaudeville; this requires history and culture, but we neither have culture nor ever had it.

Look at the excitement of a European Russian—at times a most innocent and amiable one—scrutinize the absurd, venomous

and criminal excitement, with foam at his mouth, and reaching the point of calumny, with which he wrangles about his cherished ideas, precisely those which are pre-eminently in discord with the people's world outlook, their holiest hopes and most sacred beliefs! Why, such a gentleman, such an idler, before he could unite with his native land, which smells of the peasant's coat and the bast-shoe, would have to give up some of his most revered European books and convictions. But this he would not do because he is, *malgré lui*, squeamish toward the people and haughty toward Russia. "We"—they would say—"are the only ones who are capable of giving advice, whereas the rest (*i.e.*, the country at large) for the time being should be content with the fact that we are educating them, and thereby gradually raising them to our level and 'teaching the people their rights and duties.'" (It is they who plan to teach the people their rights, and especially their duties!—What wags!)

"Russian society"—they will further say—"cannot stay in the county jail side by side with the ragged people wearing their national bast-shoes." Setting out in such a mood, it is possible—even inevitable—to revert to serfdom, to the enslavement of the peasant's coat and the bast-shoe, not in the form of the former bondage, but by means of enlightened tutelage with its political consequences: "And again we shall enchain the people!"

Well, naturally, they will wind up by instituting the chatterbox mill for themselves alone. But so instituted, at first, they will not recognize and understand one another.—This will unfailingly happen. Roaming in the dark they would bump each other's heads. Don't feel offended, gentlemen: this has happened to societies, not even like ours—which for two centuries has been detached from any kind of work and which is devoid of any original culture—when the occasion arose to give advice for the first time; this has happened among the most enlightened nations. However, because they had to their credit a secular culture and since they always relied, more or less, on the people, they promptly recovered and embarked upon a firm road, of course not without some preliminary bumps on their foreheads.

And you, our Europeans—what will you be relying upon? How are you going to reach an accord?—Is it only by means of seating yourselves, side by side, in a row? And what a breed of chatterboxes we have in our midst!—As if they were really getting ready for action! At times, one of those progressive and didactic fellows sits down and starts talking: there is neither end nor beginning, everything is muddled up and twisted into a ball. He keeps talking for an hour and a half, and he talks so sweetly, so smoothly, as if a bird were singing! And you ask yourself: Well, is he a

clever fellow? What is he anyway?—And you can't make up your mind. Every word, taken separately, seems to be intelligible and clear, but you can make nothing out of the whole. You fail to understand whether henceforth eggs are going to hatch the hen, or, as heretofore, the hen is going to hatch the eggs: one can only see that an eloquent hen hatches, in lieu of eggs, perfect rot. At length, one's eyes begin to bulge and fog sets in in one's head. This is a newly born type; it has not yet been reflected in our belles-lettres. Many a thing relating to contemporary current events has not yet been touched upon in literature; many a thing has been overlooked and is badly lagging. Mostly literature keeps toying with characters of the Forties, at the best, of the Fifties. Perhaps literature has embarked upon the historical novel because it has lost the sense and meaning of the current moment.

Can We Demand for Russia European Finances?

"Well, what about finances? Where is that financial article of yours?"—I may be asked. But, again, what kind of an economist or financier am I? I do not even dare to write about finances. Why, then, did I venture and why am I about to write such an article? —for the simple reason that, starting to write on finances, I shall deviate to something altogether different, and thus it will not be a financial but some wholly different article. This encourages me. Nor am I even worthy of dwelling upon financial matters since I know that I am viewing our finances by no means from the European standpoint; moreover, I do not believe that it can be made applicable to us—for the specific reason that we are in no way Europe, that, compared with her, everything is so peculiar in Russia that we seem to be dwelling on the moon.

In Europe, for instance, the slavish, feudal relations between the lower and upper castes for centuries were in the process of liquidation until, finally, a revolution broke out. In a word, everything happened historically and in a cultured fashion. In Russia, however, serfdom, with all its consequences, collapsed instantaneously, and, thank God, without even the slightest revolution. One wonders: Whence should there have come a concussion, I mean a great capital concussion? True: everything that falls suddenly falls dangerously, with a great concussion. I shall, of course, not regret that it fell suddenly. On the contrary, it is excellent that this abominable historical sin of ours was at once abrogated by the great word of the Liberator. Nevertheless the law of nature cannot be evaded, and

there was a great concussion. Would that it had been only great! But why so enormous? Naturally everything has to abide by the laws of history, and no doubt there are many people who now clearly perceive why everything happened as it did.

Without enlarging upon this subject (it is a colossal theme with which, perhaps, a historian of the next century will be able to cope), without adding a word, I shall merely point to certain particulars which strike one's attention and cause confusion.

Take, for instance, this: serfdom collapsed; it stood in the way of everything; it even impeded the progress of agriculture. It might have seemed that at last the time had come for the peasant to blossom out and grow rich.—Nothing of the kind happened: in agriculture the peasant sank to the minimum of what the land is capable of yielding. And the main trouble is that one does not know whether there be such a force (and of what it specifically consists) as would prompt the peasant to venture to raise himself above that minimum which the land yields to him and to ask it for a maximum.

Wiseacres may say: This is a vain question which is understood by everybody. But I am firmly convinced that this question is far from having been settled, and that it is of a vastly more far-reaching significance than people suppose. Furthermore, consider this: former noble landownership has deteriorated to a pitiful level. At the same time, apparently, we are witnessing the degeneration of the whole former landowning class into something different, into an educated class, since into what else can it degenerate?—Well, it would seem, what could be better? The people need the intelligentsia as their leaders; the people themselves crave for the intelligentsia and seek them. Unfortunately, this, too, as yet is an ideal, which looks like a delightful heron soaring through the skies. In reality it is far from this. Will the caste, the former landowners, endeavor to become the educated *people?*—This is the question and, you know, the major, most cardinal question with which we are faced at present, one upon which perhaps our whole future depends! Even so, this question is far from being settled, and it cannot even be conceived how it is going to be solved. Will not the caste take an uppish attitude and become again an authoritative power, of course not in the former sense of servitude but by endeavoring, for instance, in lieu of uniting with the people, taking advantage of its education, to create a new domineering discordant force and to place itself above the people as an intellectual aristocracy and establish a tutelage over them? Will this caste henceforth and forever sincerely recognize the people as its brother by blood and spirit? Will it respect the things our people revere? Will it agree to love, even more than itself, that for which the people feel affection?—Without

this the intelligentsia will never merge with our people, because what they respect and love is a matter of their firm conviction, and they will never yield or renounce it, regardless of any intelligentsia, much as they may thirst for the latter.

All this is of vital importance and yet altogether unsettled. And generally everything in Russia is replete with questions. And the main thing is that all this requires time, history, culture, generations, whereas we have to solve this in one moment. Therein is our main difference from Europe—that in Russia much happens not as a result of historical and cultural process, but somehow suddenly, by an altogether unexpected decree of government authority. It stands to reason that no one is to be blamed for everything that happens; in a way this is also an historical process. Even so, you must concede that Europe has never had and known such a history. How then can one demand that we be Europe, and in addition—with her financial system?—For example, I believe as in an economic axiom that land is *possessed* not by railroad men, not by industrialists, not by millionaires, not by banks, not by Jews, but in the first instance—only by agriculturists; that he who cultivates the land leads everything, and that agriculturists actually constitute the state, its kernel and its core. But is this so in Russia? Aren't things inside out at this moment? Where is our kernel? In whom? Don't the railroad man and the Jew own our economic assets? We are constructing railroads. But it is a fact that they are being built as nowhere else: Europe has been covering herself with her railroad net virtually during a whole half century, notwithstanding her wealth. Yet we have built the last fifteen or sixteen thousand versts of our railways in the course of ten years—and this in the face of our poverty, and at such an economically disturbed time as the period which immediately followed the abolition of serfdom! And, of course, the railroads attracted all capital at a time when agriculture needed it most. The railroads were built at the expense of the destruction of agriculture.

Again, have we solved the problem of individual private landownership? Will it survive side by side with peasant landownership? Will it be based upon a sound and solid labor force—and not upon the proletariat and the pot-house?—And yet without a sound solution of this problem what sober consequences can be expected? We need sober solutions. Lacking these we shall never have tranquillity, whereas tranquillity is the source of all great power. How, then, can we demand a European budget and orderly finances?—It is not a case of why we have no European economy and sound finance, but—how we manage to survive.—We have survived through the solid, unifying force of the whole people.

We have little tranquillity, especially spiritual peace, *i.e.*, the main thing, since without spiritual peace no peace is possible. This is particularly neglected, and only temporary, material smoothness is sought. There is no peace of mind, and this is true of all strata; there is no calmness in our convictions, in our opinions, in our nerves, in our appetites. Work and the recognition of the fact that through work alone one will be saved—are altogether absent. There is no sense of duty. And whence should it be derived?—No right culture has existed for a century and a half—perhaps no culture whatsoever. "Why should I work if through my culture I have been brought to the point where I deny everything around me? And if there are blockheads who hope to save the edifice by some European contrivances—I deny the blockheads, and I believe in the principle: the worse—the better, and this is my whole philosophy."

I assure you that nowadays many people say this—at least to themselves—and some of them—even aloud. And yet the fellow who utters such aphorisms is made of bones and of flesh. "The worse—the better"—says he; but this applies only to others, to everybody, whereas as far as he is concerned he believes in the motto: "Let me have the best." This is how he conceives his philosophy. He has a wolf's appetite. A man of the size of a bear, he has woman's nerves, deranged and spoiled. He is cruel and sensual; he can endure nothing: "Why should I take the trouble to endure this?" With no more restaurant dinners and cocottes—what's the use of living?—And he drives a bullet through his brain. It is all right if he only shoots himself: what if he defrauds another man, abiding by all legal formalities? Time does not wait—poverty is spreading everywhere. Merchants are complaining everywhere that no one buys anything. Factories are curtailing production. Go into a store and ask: "How is business?"—They tell you: "In days past for the holiday a fellow bought at least half a dozen shirts; but nowadays they all buy just one shirt at a time." Take even fashionable restaurants, since this is the last place where poverty puts in an appearance. "No"—they will tell you—"there is no more lavish spending as in days gone by; they all sit tight; at best a fellow comes and orders a regular dinner"—and this is the former fop and dandy. Redemption monies are spent. At present there remain only forests which are being hewn down; but after these have been done with, there will be nothing left. When travelling on a railroad, please observe fire-wood at the stations: in days past they used to cut logs, whereas at present one often sees some kind of thin sticks instead of fire-wood; not trees but bushes, so to speak, striplings, or undergrowth, are being cut. Of course, to you this observation may seem

trifling in the face of all other colossal problems of our time. But our financiers absolutely ignore the question of our forests; they don't want to know anything about them, as if on principle. And yet deforestation, if one gives thought to it, will most harmfully affect our finances. Despite this, there seems to be a general tacit agreement to skip over the surface of the timber problem as long as the catastrophe has not yet come. It will come suddenly because everybody is satisfied with the fact that the market price of timber is adequate, people refuse to take heed of the fact that the price is artificial, due to intense selling on the part of those who are cutting down forests, bushes included, because they have spent all their money. There will come a moment when there will be nothing more to cut and nothing to sell. But let us leave this for further discussion. I began to speak about general poverty and its opposite—increase in appetite.

In passing, I merely wish to note that there have appeared an awful lot of Captain Kopeikins, in countless varieties, beginning with real ones and including those belonging to fashionable and perfumed sets. They all grind their teeth at the treasury and at public funds. Of course they will soon turn, if not into highway robbers like the real Captain Kopeikin, at least into industrial pickpockets—some in legalized guise, while others will not even bother to protect themselves with legal formalities. Some of these fellows may even proudly declare: "I am such because I deny everything, and I am fostering negation." Indeed, aren't Kopeikins liberals? They fully comprehend that liberalism is in vogue, and that it may be used to one's advantage. Who has not seen them?—a cosmopolitan liberal, a cheap atheist, exalting himself over the people by his education, is worth a kopeck. He is the most trivial of all vulgar manifestations of our pseudo-liberalism. Even so, he is endowed with unquenchable appetite, and for this reason he is dangerous. It is men of this type who are the first to embrace the idea of all sorts of transplantations from without for mechanical cures; they gather in groups and form a crowd, which is often led by most honest men, who, strictly speaking, should not be blamed for this fact: "Let there be any change whatsoever, so long as it entails no work," says liberal Kopeikin.—"A change, whatever it be, will be to my advantage, since surely, at first at least, I shall manage to derive some profit for myself." From this standpoint he is dangerous, although he is only a Kopeikin. But let us leave Kopeikin. All that I have said is but a tiny fraction of the subject of the absence of tranquillity at home. I can see for myself that my introduction is much too long. So let me turn directly to finances!

Let Us Forget Current Things in Order to Render the Roots Healthy. Because of Inability I Embark upon Something Spiritual

Such is my nature that I shall begin with the end, and not with the beginning, and straightway I shall set forth my idea. I have never been able to write in a measured fashion, gradually reaching the conclusion, formulating it only after having preliminarily explained it in detail and, if possible, proved it. I had no patience; my temper stood in the way, and thereby, of course, I harmed myself, because some inferences formulated directly without preparation and preliminary proof, at times, are apt to cause surprise and confusion, or even make people laugh. And I know in advance that my inferences are precisely such as may make the reader laugh if he has not been prepared beforehand. My idea, my formula, is as follows: "In order to establish a sound financial sysstem in a state which has experienced a violent commotion, do not ponder too much over current needs no matter how pressing, but think only about rendering the roots healthy—and this will produce sound finances."

Of course people will start laughing: "Everybody knows this much"—they will say. "There is nothing new in your formula. Who is ignorant of the fact that roots should not be famished; that if the roots dry up there can be no fruit, etc.?" However, let me explain my thought; as yet I have not fully expounded it, and—alas—my trouble is that were I ever to write a whole book in an endeavor to develop my idea—even then (I foresee) I should fail to explain it in a way which would make it intelligible *in its entirety*. This is due to the fact that there is a certain predetermination in this idea.

You see, it stands to reason that everybody knows that roots must be kept healthy. What Minister of Finance did not take care of them, especially the present one? The tax on salt has already been abolished. Other extraordinary, capital reforms are pending, reforms actually affecting the "roots." Besides, also in former times, ten years ago, different measures were applied for rendering the roots healthy. Audits were instituted; committees were appointed for the study of the economic status of the Russian peasant, his industrial pursuits, his courts of justice, his institutions of self-government, his diseases, customs, habits, and so on, and so forth. Committees formed subcommittees for the collection of statistical data, and everything progressed rather smoothly, in the best administrative sense.

However, I started speaking about altogether different matters. In my opinion, not only subcommittees but even such cardinal reforms as the abolition of the salt tax and the forthcoming great reform of the tax system, are mere palliatives, external things which do not begin with the roots. This is what I want to emphasize. We shall begin with roots when we forget—if not completely, half-forget at least—the current things, the headline news, the crying needs of our budget, our foreign indebtedness, the deficit, the ruble, even bankruptcy, which, however, we shall never have, despite all the malevolent prophecies of our foreign friends. In a word, when we forget all current things and turn our exclusive attention to the treatment of the roots, only then shall we reap an abundant and healthy crop. At that time we may revert to current things, or, more correctly—to new current things, because one may expect that during this intermission the things of the past (*i.e.*, the contemporary, our present-day current things) will change and transform themselves so radically that we shall not recognize them.

And yet, of course, I understand that what I have just said may sound fantastic; that it is impossible not to think about the ruble, about payments on loans, bankruptcy, the army; that these expenditures must be met in the first instance. But I assure you that I understand this. I must confess that I set forth my idea squarely, extending my desiderata almost to the point of an impossible ideal. I thought that by starting out with an absurdity I might be better understood. And I said, "If only we could force ourselves to half-forget current things and divert our attention to something wholly different, to that depth into which, honestly speaking, thus far, we have never looked because we sought to find it on the surface." But I am ready to mitigate my formula, and in lieu of it I propose: let us not *half-forget* the current things—I renounce the half—but let us forget only one twentieth of them, on condition (on the binding condition), however, that, having begun with one twentieth of oblivion of the current things, we add each subsequent year another one twentieth, attaining in this way, say, three quarters of the oblivion. In this matter it is not the fraction that is important but the *principle* which one adopts and by which one undeviatingly abides.

Well, we are faced with the same question: What shall we do with the present?—We can't discard it as something nonexistent! But I do not propose to discard it. I know myself that the existent cannot be made nonexistent. And yet, gentlemen, sometimes it can be. For should we annually diminish by only one twentieth our pathologically anxious attention to current things, turning it in the same ratio to something else, the proposition would not

appear so fantastic. On the contrary, it would seem plausible; all the more so, I repeat, as there is no need to worry about the present annually neglected one twentieth, for the simple reason that it will not be lost or eliminated, but will naturally transform itself into something different; something much better; it will submit to the new principle and will become part of its spirit.

It may be said that I am speaking in riddles. But this is not so. By way of an example I shall first say a few prefatory words on the subject of how one may begin the transition from the current things to the "treatment of the roots."

For instance, what if Petersburg, by some miracle, should suddenly agree to diminish her haughty attitude toward Russia!—Indeed, this would be the first glorious and sound step towards "the treatment of the roots"! Look at Petersburg. She has gone so far as to believe that she is all Russia, and this belief grows increasingly from generation to generation. In this spirit Petersburg follows, as it were, the example of Paris, despite the fact that she does not resemble Paris at all! Paris formed herself historically, of her own accord, so as to absorb France, the whole significance of her political and social life, her whole purport. Take Paris away from France, and what will remain of France?—Nothing but a geographical definition. Now, some of us imagine, even as in Paris, that Petersburg has absorbed all Russia. But Petersburg is by no means Russia. To the overwhelming majority of the Russian people the significance of Petersburg is confined to the fact that the Czar resides there. However, from generation to generation, our Petersburg intelligentsia have comprehended Russia less and less, because, having closeted themselves in their Finnish marsh, they have been changing their view of Russia more and more, so that, finally, she has narrowed down to the microscopical dimensions of some Karlsruhe. But peep out of Petersburg and you will behold an ocean of Russian land, an immense bottomless sea. Even so, a son of Petersburg parents calmly denies the sea of the Russian people and takes it for something inert and unconscious, spiritually negligible and extremely backward. "Russia is massive"—says he—"but stupid. She is only good for maintaining us so that we may educate her and teach her the meaning of state order."

The future sons of our fatherland are moulded in Petersburg in the process of dancing and polishing inlaid floors, whereas "the servile rats," as Ivan Alexandrovich Khlestakov used to call them, are studying their fatherland in chanceries; naturally, they manage to learn something, but not Russia—something altogether different, at times, very strange. And this "something different and strange" they obtrude upon Russia. Meanwhile the sea of the people lives

in its own peculiar manner with every new generation spiritually more and more segregating itself from Petersburg. And don't tell me that, though the pulse of the people's life beats mightily, theirs is an unconscious existence, as is still believed not only by Petersburg residents but even by some of the few Russians who understand Russia. Oh, if only you knew how incorrect this is; how much consciousness has accumulated in the Russian people even during the present reign! Yes, consciousness is steadily growing, and so much has been grasped and rationalized by the people that Petersburg gentlemen would not believe it. This is perceived by those who know how to see; this can be foreseen; it merely does not manifest itself in its totality; yet it can even be clearly observed locally, in remote corners, in peasants' abodes. And how can it be revealed in its totality? How can it be revealed in an ocean? But when some day consciousness manifests itself, or only begins to reveal itself, how dumbfounded will the educated Petersburg gentleman be! True, for a long time he will deny it; he will refuse to believe his five senses! For a long time the European homunculus will refuse to surrender,—some of them will die without surrendering.

In order to avoid great future misunderstandings, how desirable it would be—I repeat—that Petersburg, at least her best representatives, should tone down a bit their haughty attitude toward Russia! More understanding, more humility before the great Russian land, before the ocean of Russia—this is what we need. And what a sure first step this would be toward "the treatment of the roots!" . . .

"If you please"—I may be interrupted—"as yet all this is nothing but obsolete worn-out Slavophile rubbish; there is nothing real in it—it is something on the spiritual order. What is this 'treatment of the roots'?—Thus far you haven't explained this. What are these roots? What do you mean by them?"

You're right, gentlemen, quite right.—Let's begin with the "roots."

The First Root. Instead of a Firm Financial Tone I am Lapsing into Old Words. The Ocean. Thirst for Truth and the Necessity of Tranquillity so Useful to Finance

The first root, the most essential root, which must by all means be rendered healthy is, no doubt, the Russian people, that ocean about which I have just spoken. I am referring here to our common

people, the plebeian and the peasant, the source of taxation, the callous laborers' hands,—to the ocean. Oh, don't I know what our government has done—is incessantly doing—for them during the present reign, beginning with their liberation from serfdom? Yes, the government takes care of their needs, of their education, of their medical treatment; at times, it even forgives them their arrears,—in a word, it does and cares much,—and who does not know this? Yet I intend to speak about a different thing: I mean spiritual health of this great root which is the basis of everything. Yes, the people are spiritually sick—not mortally: the core of their soul is healthy. Nevertheless it is a painful disease. What is it called?—This is difficult to define in one word. It might be described as "unquenched thirst for truth." The people are continually seeking truth, an outlet to it, and they do not find it.

I wish I could confine myself to the financial aspect of this malady, but I shall have to add a few obsolete words. Ever since the liberation from serfdom, there has arisen in the people an urge, a thirst, for something new, something that was not an aftermath of the past; a thirst for the whole truth, for complete civic resurrection to a new life following their great liberation. There ensued an urge for a new word; new sentiments began to boil, and there arose a profound belief in a new order. After the initial period of the first mediators, suddenly there came to pass something different from what the people had expected. There arose an order in which the people would have been glad to believe but which they understood little. In fact, they could not understand it at all; they were losing themselves, and, therefore, were unable to believe in that order. There came something external, as it were alien to them, something not their own. There is no point in ruminating on a subject which has been thrashed out long ago: others will tell the story better. Read it, for instance, in the magazine *Rus*. Then reckless drunkenness began to spread, as if a drunken sea overflowed Russia. And even though it is still raging, the people have not lost their longing for the new truth, for the whole truth, notwithstanding the fact that they continue to abuse liquor. Perhaps at no time have the people been more susceptible to certain influences and tendencies, more defenseless against them than at present. Take, for instance, Stundism, and observe its popularity among the masses. What does it signify?—Quest after truth and anxiety for it. Precisely,—anxiety. The people, in our day, are morally "disturbed." I am convinced that if, thus far, nihilistic propaganda has failed to find its way to the people, this has been exclusively due to the incompetence, stupidity and unpreparedness of the propagandists, who did not even know how to approach the people. However, with the

slightest skill they would have penetrated the people just as Stundism has. Oh, one must guard the people. "The time will come to pass when ye shall be told: Here is Christ, or yonder. Do not believe it." At present something similar is transpiring, and not only among the people, but, perhaps, also among our upper strata. Aren't the people disturbed by various unusual rumors about the new partition of the land, about new "gold charters"? Recently, in churches, announcements were made to the effect that people should not believe these rumors; that nothing is going to happen. But, would you believe it? precisely after these announcements, in different localities, belief grew stronger that something would "transpire": "They would not be reading in vain: if they start reading, this means that something will 'transpire.'" This is how people began to talk immediately after the announcements had been read,—at least, here and there. I know of one instance: peasants were negotiating with a neighboring landowner for the purchase of his land; the parties agreed upon the price, but after that announcement the peasants would not go through with the deal: "We'll get that land without paying for it." They smile and wait.

I am merely referring to rumors, to the eagerness to listen to them, indicating the state of moral disturbance of the people. And this is the most important point: the people are left alone, dependent solely upon their own strength; spiritually they are supported by no one. There is the zemstvo, but they are "bosses." There are courts, but these, too, are "bosses." Finally, there is the peasants' commune, the peasants' village assembly; however, these seem to exhibit a tendency of turning into something akin to "the authorities." Newspapers are full of descriptions of the manner in which the people elect their deputies in the presence of "the authorities," of some government official, and what comes of it. There are thousands of these anecdotes, and I shall not recapitulate them. A simpleton starts looking around, and unexpectedly draws the conclusion that only the kulak or the peasants' blood-sucker manages to prosper; everything seems to serve only him: "Well, then, I shall also try to become a kulak!"—And this he becomes. Another more timid fellow turns into a thorough drunkard, not because he is overcome by poverty but because he is disgusted with lawlessness. What is to be done?—This is predestination.

The people were given an administration; officers were appointed,—well, it would seem that this ought to have settled matters. And yet, for some reason, the contrary happened. It has been reckoned that at present there are some twenty government officials specially appointed for the people, standing above the people protecting and guarding them. Everybody is the poor man's boss any-

way, and yet here we have no additional group of special appointees! This makes the people's freedom of movement equal to that of a fly caught in a plate full of molasses. Not only from a moral but also from a financial point of view such a "freedom of movement" is harmful. And the main thing is that the people are alone, without any advisers. They have only God and the Czar; these two forces, these two great hopes are the people's only support; while all other counselors pass them by without any effect. For example, the whole progressive intelligentsia passes the people by because even though there are many level-headed men among our intelligentsia, only a few of them have any understanding of the people. In Russia there is nothing but negation and incessant complaints: "Why isn't society 'vivified'? Why can't it be 'vivified' by some means? What's the riddle?"—Society cannot be animated because you do not rely upon the people; spiritually, the people are not with you, and they are alien to you. You are constituting, as it were, an upper stratum above the people enveloping Russia; and, according to your own statements and writings, it was for you that the Reformer left the people in servitude in order that, by serving you with their labor, they might enable you to acquire European enlightenment. During these two centuries you have become enlightened, but the people have alienated themselves from you, and you have segregated yourselves from them. "But aren't we"—you will say—"sorrowing for the people? Don't we keep writing about the people? Don't we appeal to them?"—Quite so. You are doing all this. But, for some reason, the Russian people are convinced that you sorrow not for them but for some other people who do not resemble the Russian people, whom you actually despise. This disdainful attitude toward the people, in some of us, is quite unconscious, so to speak, altogether involuntary. This is an aftergrowth of serfdom. It took its inception at the time when civically the people were put to death for the sake of our European enlightenment. This aftergrowth unquestionably persists in us till this day when the people have been resurrected. And do you know that it is no longer possible for us to unite with the people unless some miracle happens in Russia? Here I shall repeat my own words which I uttered long ago: The overwhelming mass of the Russian people is Orthodox; it lives by the idea of Orthodoxy in all its completeness despite the fact that rationally and scientifically they do not comprehend this idea. *Essentially,* save for this "idea" there dwells no other in our people; everything is derived from it,—at least this is what the people want wholeheartedly and with deep conviction. They want precisely everything they possess and everything that is given them, to emanate exclusively from this idea.

This is true in spite of the fact that many things happening among the people nonsensically are derived not from this idea but from fetid, foul, criminal, barbaric sources. But even the criminal and the barbarian, although they sin, nevertheless, in the loftiest moments of their lives, they pray God that their sins and abominations may come to an end, and that everything may be again derived from their beloved "idea."

I know that our educated men ridicule me: they refuse even to recognize "this idea" in the people, pointing to their sins and abominations (for which these men themselves are responsible, having oppressed the people for two centuries); they also emphasize the people's prejudices, their alleged indifference to religion, while some of them imagine that the Russian people are simply atheists. Their great error consists of the fact that they refuse to recognize the existence of the Church as an element in the life of the people. I am not speaking of church buildings, or the clergy. I am now referring to our Russian "socialism,"[1] the ultimate aim of which is the establishment of an œcumenical Church on earth in so far as the earth is capable of embracing it. I am speaking of the unquenchable, inherent thirst in the Russian people for great, universal, brotherly fellowship in the name of Christ. And even if this fellowship, as yet, does not exist, and if that church has not completely materialized,—not in prayers only but in reality—nevertheless the instinct for it and the unquenchable, oftentimes unconscious, thirst for it, indubitably dwell in the hearts of the millions of our people.

Not in communism, not in mechanical forms is the socialism of the Russian people expressed: they believe that they shall be finally saved *through the universal communion in the name of Christ*. This is our Russian socialism! It is the presence in the Russian people of this sublime unifying "church" idea that you, our European gentlemen, are ridiculing. There are many other "ideas" in the people which you will never embrace and which you, in your European world outlook, conceive as outright Tartar ideas. At this time I shall not even mention these other ideas, although they are extremely important; their truth you do not comprehend at all.

Here I am merely speaking about this focal idea of our people—about their hope for the future œcumenical Church which, by Divine Providence, moulds itself in their hearts. At this juncture the following formula may be set forth: He who fails to comprehend in our people their Orthodoxy and its ultimate aims never

[1]Strange as it may seem, I am using this term, descriptive of something diametrically opposed to everything the Church represents, for the purpose of elucidating my thought.

can understand the people themselves. Moreover, he is incapable of loving the people (even though the hearts of many of our Europeans are pure and longing for justice and love). They will love them only in the guise that they conceive and desire. Inasmuch, however, as the people will never become such as our wiseacres would like to see them, and will always remain such as they are, an unavoidable and dangerous conflict may be anticipated in the future. Indeed, the formula, framed above, has also a reverse significance, *i.e.*: Never will the people take such a European Russian for their own. "First, learn to love my sanctity; begin to revere that which I revere,—then you will be, even as I, my brother, irrespective of the fact that you dress differently, that you are a gentleman, a boss, and that, at times, you don't know how to express yourself decently in Russian."—This is what the people will tell you, since the people are clever and there is liberality in them. At times, they will even esteem and take a liking to a good man, though he does not believe in their sanctity; they will listen to him, if he is level-headed, will thank him for his advice and will take advantage of it. The Russian people can live on good terms with anyone, because they have seen many a sight, they have noticed and memorized many a thing in the course of their long and difficult life of the last two centuries. However, you do not even concede the fact that the people have noticed and memorized many a thing, and that, consequently, they are cognizant of them; and that, on this ground, they are not merely an inert mass and a source of taxation, as you have defined them. Even so, to live on good and even loving terms with a man is one thing, and to recognize him as *one's own* is an altogether different proposition. Without such a recognition, however, there can be no fellowship.

I merely wish to state that the forces alienating us from the people are very great; that the people are left to themselves, in their great segregation, and that, save for the Czar, in whom they inviolably believe, they expect support from no one and from nowhere. They would be glad to perceive such a support but it is difficult to discern it. And yet, what a mighty, creative, blissful and new—wholly new—force would arise in Russia should a communion of our educated classes with the people come to pass! I mean—spiritual communion. O, gentlemen Ministers of Finance, then you would be computing your annual budgets quite differently from those which you are now drawing! Rivers of milk would be flowing in our Czardom, and all your ideals would be attained at once! "Well, how is this to be done? Is it possible that our European enlightenment is to be blamed for this?"—Oh, not at all enlightenment. To tell the truth, as yet there is none; nevertheless

segregation persists, as it were, in the name of European enlightenment which we don't have. But genuine enlightenment is not to be blamed for this condition. I even reason this way: had we genuine enlightenment there would have been among us no segregation, since the people, too, crave enlightenment. But having acquired our enlightenment, we flew away from the people to the moon, and we lost our road to them. How, then, can we, such detached individuals, assume the task of making the people healthy? What can be done in order that the people's spirit, languishing and everywhere disturbed, should be braced and pacified? Capital itself, its mobility, requires *moral* tranquillity, bereft of which it either hides or remains unproductive. What is to be done in order that the spirit of the people may be assuaged by truth, by perceiving the truth?—There is even truth at present, but it is necessary that the people should believe in it. How is one to inculcate in their souls the conviction that truth exists in our Russian land, and that its banner soars high? What is to be done, for example, to make the people believe in their courts, in their representation, and to make them feel that these are flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone?—I am not going into details. How can I? If one were to start explaining and describing everything, I believe "that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

However, if only truth could be guaranteed to the people in the future so that they should firmly believe that it will unfailingly come; if the fly should extricate itself—at least a bit—out of the plate of molasses,—even then an unaccountably great thing would come to pass. I state directly: the whole trouble is the result of the old alienation of our educated class from the lower stratum, from our people. How is one to restore peace between the upper stratum and the grand ocean? How is one to pacify the ocean so as to avoid a great commotion?

Let Them Speak First. For the Time Being Let Us Stand Aside in Order to Learn Sense and Reason

For this there is a magic word: "Show faith." Yes, our people can be trusted, they are worthy of confidence. Summon the gray peasants' coats, and ask them about their needs, and they will tell you the truth, and, perhaps, for the first time, we shall hear the real truth. And there should be no elaborate preparations: the people could be questioned locally, in counties, in peasants' huts, since even if scattered locally they would say exactly the same thing

which they would say if they were assembled in one place, because their spirit is one. Scattered or brought together they are one, since their spirit is one. Each locality would merely add its local peculiarity, but *in toto* everything would be in accord and one. It should only be observed that, for the time being, precisely the peasant, the genuine peasant, should be given a chance to express himself. True, alongside the peasant you will find the kulak and the bloodsucker; but they, too, are peasants, and in so great a cause they will not betray their land and will utter a true word.—Such is, indeed, our national peculiarity.

How is this to be achieved?—Well, men in power are in a better position to decide this question. I merely believe that the matter would require no special formulae. Our people are not particular about forms, especially, ready-made, foreign forms, which they do not need at all, because they have different things on their minds; they never were, never will be, interested in forms because on this matter they have their own, quite peculiar opinions. Indeed, in this case a people such as ours can be fully trusted. For who has not seen them beside, near and with the Czar? They are true, loyal children of the Czar, and he is their father. Is the saying that "the Czar is their father" a mere phrase, an empty sound in Russia? He who so believes understands nothing about Russia! Nay, this is a profound and most original idea,—a live and mighty organism of the people merging with their Czar. This idea is a force which has been moulding itself in the course of centuries, especially the last two centuries, which were so dreadful to the people, but which we so ardently eulogize for European enlightenment, forgetting the fact that this enlightenment was bought two centuries ago at the expense of serfdom and a Calvary of the Russian people serving us. The people waited for their liberator, and he came. Why, then, shouldn't they be his own, true children? The Czar to the people is not an extrinsic force such as that of some conqueror (as were, for instance, the dynasties of the former Kings of France), but a national, all-unifying force, which the people themselves desired, which they nurtured in their hearts, which they came to love, for which they suffered because from it alone they hoped for their exodus from Egypt. To the people, the Czar is the incarnation of themselves, their whole ideology, their hopes and beliefs.

So recently these hopes have been completely realized. Would the people renounce their further hopes? Wouldn't the latter, on the contrary, be strengthened and reinforced, since after the peasants' reform the Czar became the people's father not merely in hope but in reality. This attitude of the people toward the Czar is the genuine,

adamant foundation of every reform in Russia. If you wish, there is in Russia no creative, protective and leading force other than this live organic bond of the people with their Czar, from which everything is derived. For instance, who would even have ventured to dream about the peasants' reform without knowing and believing in advance that the Czar was a father to the people, and that precisely this faith of the people in the Czar as their father would save and protect everything and stave off the calamity? Alas, incompetent is that reformer-economist who shuns the genuine and living national forces because of some prejudice or foreign belief. Why, we are not with the people, we do not understand them for the one reason that, even though we know and comprehend their attitude toward the Czar, yet we are unable to embrace in all its completeness the cardinal and essential element in our destinies, *i.e.,* that this attitude of the Russian people toward their Czar is the most peculiar trait which distinguishes our people from all other peoples of Europe and of the whole world; that in Russia this is not merely a temporary, transitory phenomenon, not a mere symptom of national infancy or the people's growth, as some wiseacre may think, but a secular, perpetual fact which will never—at least, not for a very long time—change.

How, then, is it possible to maintain that our people are not different from all other nations, and that they do not bear within themselves an idea of their own? Is it not, on the contrary, clear that the Russian people bear within themselves the organic embryo of an idea which differs from any idea in the world? And this idea comprises in Russia so mighty a force that it will naturally exercise an influence upon our whole future history. Inasmuch, however, as this idea is quite peculiar and is encountered nowhere else, *our history cannot resemble the history of other European nations;* even less can it be a slavish copy of the latter.

This is what our wise fellows fail to comprehend, they who believe that everything in Russia will transform itself into a Europe, devoid of any individuality, and who hate individuality. This may result in a calamity. And the fact that in Russia all fundamentals are different from anything in Europe may be demonstrated by the following example: Civil liberty may be established in Russia on an integral scale, more complete than anywhere in the world, whether in Europe or even in North America, and precisely on the same adamant foundation. It will be based not upon a written sheet of paper, but upon the children's affection of the people for the Czar, as their father, since children may be permitted many a thing which is inconceivable in the case of contractual nations; they may be entrusted with much that has nowhere been encountered, since

children will not betray their father, and, being children, they will lovingly accept from him any correction of their errors.

How, then, can confidence be denied to such a people?—Let them speak about their needs, let them tell the whole truth about them. But, I repeat, first, let them speak alone, while we, "the people's intelligentsia," for the time being, humbly stand aside and look at them, listening to what they have to say. Oh, it is not on some political grounds that I am suggesting that our intelligentsia be temporarily set aside. Do not attribute to me these motives. I am suggesting this, if you will pardon me, for purely *pedagogical* motives. Yes, let us stand aside and listen to the people; let us find out how clearly and intelligently they will express their truth without our assistance, precisely a matter genuinely their own, how they will hit the target, without offending us, should we be involved in the discussion. Let us stand there and let us learn the people's humility, their business-like reasoning, the concreteness of their mind.

You may retort: "You said yourself that the people are apt to listen to nonsensical rumors.—What kind of wisdom, then, can we expect from them?"—Quite so. But rumor is one thing, and fellowship in a common cause is an altogether different proposition. Wholeness will ensue, which, in turn, will exercise an influence upon itself and will produce reason. Indeed, it will be a school for us all, a most beneficial school. Perceiving in the people such a serious, business-like approach to their problems, we shall be surprised. And, of course, some of us will not believe our eyes. Of these, however, there will be very few, since all those who are genuinely sincere, who really thirst for truth and principally for common benefit,—those will all support the wise utterances of the people. But all those who are insincere will forthwith reveal themselves and their content. Should there remain sincere men who even then fail to believe in the people, such old-believers and doctrinaires of the Forties and Fifties, such old incorrigible children will merely be ridiculous and harmless. Aside from these, all others will clear their eyes and cleanse their understanding.

This might be an event of major importance from the standpoint of its consequences, since . . . it is in this form that the beginning, the first step in the direction of a merger of our whole educated class, so uppish toward the people, with the latter would start. I am speaking merely about a spiritual merger. This is all we need, and this will greatly help everything, will regenerate everything and provide us with a new idea. I believe that our serene and fresh youth will be the first to surrender their hearts to the people

and will understand the people for the first time. The reason I am placing so much hope in our youth is that they also suffer from "the quest after truth" and agonize for it; therefore they, more than anyone, are akin to the people, and they will at once understand that the people are seeking the truth. And having closely familiarized themselves with the soul of the people, they will relinquish the radical nonsense which was about to captivate so many of them who imagined that they had found the truth in the extreme European doctrines.

Oh, I believe that I am not dreaming, and that I am not exaggerating those beneficial consequences which could be derived from so good a cause. Haughtiness would vanish and respect for the native land would arise. An altogether new idea would enter our souls, illuminating in them everything that, thus far, has remained in the dark; its light would expose deceit and banish it. Who knows?—This might be the beginning of a reform the significance of which would even surpass that of the peasants' reform: here there would also be a "liberation"—a liberation of our minds and hearts from European serfdom *sui generis* in which, during two centuries, we have been dwelling, just in the same way as the peasant has recently been our slave. If only this second reform could begin and be realized, it would merely be the consequence of the first great reform of the beginning of the present reign. At that time the two-century-old wall which separated the people from the intelligentsia fell materially, and now this wall would fall spiritually. And what can be loftier and more profitable to Russia than this spiritual merger of the social classes? Kinsfolks for the first time would come to learn their kin. Those who, till now, used to be ashamed of our people as a barbaric people impeding progress, would become ashamed of their former shame; they would humble themselves before many a thing and would begin to esteem many a thing which they formerly did not respect but despised. And when the people have given their reply, when they have given a full account of themselves, and their humble word has been uttered, ask then our intelligentsia their opinion on what the people have said, and you will at once see the results. Then the word of the intelligentsia will also be productive, since, after all, they are educated people and theirs should be the last word. Even so, the example of the people who have uttered their word first, at all events would guard us against many an error, much foolishness we were about to speak before the people had spoken. And then you would see that our intelligentsia would say nothing contradictory to the people, merely expressing their truth in scientific language and

developing it to the full breadth of their education, since science, or its fundamentals, is in the possession of the intelligentsia, and the people are in bad need of science. Moreover, even if there be someone who disagrees with the basic tenets of the people, he will not dare to oppose the national spirit,—and this is rather important.

It is very possible that spiritual tranquillity would begin precisely with this step. There would arise common, undivided hope, and our aims would reveal themselves to us clearly. This is all the more desirable as our educated men do not know at all, or know indistinctly, what our future national and state aims are. This is our weak point, especially at this moment. And this confusion, this ignorance, is unquestionably the source of great anxiety and want of order. This is true not only of the present but also of the infinitely more bitter future. All this could be elucidated, or at least might serve as an indication how things should be interpreted and envisaged.

Well, enough has been said on this subject. I have expressed myself as best I could. Even though not everything may be understood—if I have proved unable to make myself understood, I accept the blame for this—nevertheless, that which will be comprehended should be accepted in a peaceful, inoffensive spirit. I merely wish that it may be impartially understood; that above all I am for the people; that I believe as in a sanctity in their soul, in their great forces, which no one among us knows in their full compass and grandeur. Primarily, I believe in the people's salutary destiny, in their conservative and creative spirit. And my only desire is that this should be perceived by everybody. The moment this is perceived everything else will begin to be understood.

Why should all this be a dream?—I am not speaking of the immensity of the task, but only of the peasant, his own, initial affairs, affecting him alone. Doesn't he have such special problems, pertaining to him alone, as should become known, so to speak, as a matter of taking initiative or by way of an introduction to any even very grand reform? Great benefits would be derived from such a knowledge: we should have facts; we should learn the truth about many a thing; precious material would be gathered which would guard many of us against fantastic hopes, distortions in the European fashion, and exaggerations. Most important of all—I repeat—we shall find the proper tone and spirit, that very spirit which alone may generate future things on an even greater scale. This task will bear a national and profoundly conservative impress. No one, not even the most fantastic minds, will be able to avoid in the future the consequences of this impress; even these fantastic minds will be tempted and will voluntarily accept it.

CHAPTER II

1

A Witty Bureaucrat. His Opinion on Our Liberals and Europeans

BUT HAVING finished this first chapter, I shall interrupt my article on finance, since I feel that what I write is very boring. But I am interrupting it only for the time being. I should like to dwell upon other "roots" and other elements which in my judgment could be made healthy. I am suspending my article also for the reason that I should be unable to squeeze it *in toto* into the thirty-two pages of *The Diary,* so that willy-nilly, I should have to postpone it till the subsequent issues.

"There's no point in this. Not necessary to continue it in the subsequent issues"—squeamish voices will interrupt me. (I anticipate these voices.)—"This has no bearing on finances; it's just . . . mischief. All this is not realistic [although I don't see why?]; all this has a mystical flavor, with no bearing upon concrete and current things! Give us a novel in your subsequent issues!"

Strange voices!—I am specifically insisting on the necessity of turning away from many a concrete and current thing in order that we may create a different reality much more concrete than our present one upon which we have embarked and in which we are sticking—if you will pardon me—also like that fly in the molasses.—Therein is my whole idea, *i.e.,* that we should turn our heads and eyes in an altogether different direction. Such is my thought.

Those in power could start the thing, and from this standpoint by fancies become not at all as fantastic as they may seem, because should the authorities take the initiative, much could be accomplished at once. Some of our principles would be radically changed; flies would be extricated from the molasses and freed. This idea appears to be unpopular: we have long been used to immobility, while it feels so sweet to be sitting in molasses.

True, I am again deviating, and I may be curtly reminded that, having written so much, I have failed, thus far, to explain what are the current and present things I am referring to, and what kind of future I prefer. This is precisely what I intend to explain in the future issues of my *Diary.* However, in winding up the present discussion, I shall say a few words about a meeting which I had with a rather witty bureaucrat who told me a curious

thing precisely dealing with certain principles pertaining to the changes in our present-day "current" affairs.

In a certain society the conversation turned to finances and economy, but specifically in the spirit of frugality in saving our financial resources, and expending them in such a way as to prevent the loss of a single kopeck or that it should be spent for no fantastic appropriations. At present we speak almost incessantly about this kind of economy, and the government, on its own part, is preoccupied with the same problem. We have established control, and year after year we have been curtailing our staffs. Of late, people even started speaking about the curtailment of the army. In newspapers a specific figure has even been suggested, namely, that our standing army be reduced by 50,000 men, while in other quarters it was proposed to reduce it by one half, and it was claimed that this would entail no harmful consequences. This might have been excellent, but the following consideration involuntarily comes to one's mind: to begin with we might reduce the army by 50,000 men; even so, money thus saved would slip through our fingers—hither and thither—of course for state needs, but such as are not worthy of so radical a sacrifice as this. We shall never be able to restore these 50,000 men, or, at any rate, this could be done only with a great effort, because, having once made the reduction, it would be difficult to restore it, whereas we greatly need an army, especially just now, when everybody is ready to retaliate against us. It would be dangerous to embark upon this road but only *at present*, with current things as they are. Were we to adopt rigid, gloomy economy, in the spirit and resolution of Peter should he have made up his mind to economize, only then could we be sure that this precious money would be expended on a genuinely worthy cause. But are we capable of this in the face of the "crying" needs of the current moment with which we have bound ourselves?

I may remark that should we do this—start economizing—this would be one of the first turning steps from the fantastic past of the current things toward the new, realistic and relevant tasks. For example we have often reduced the personnel of government employees, but the result is that their staffs seem to be increasing. Are we capable of a curtailment which would reduce their number from forty to four? That four functionaries can oftentimes accomplish what forty were engaged in there can be no shadow of doubt, especially should the paper office routine be curtailed and the present bureaucratic methods radically reformed.—Such was the subject which was brought up in the conversation of our company. It was observed that this, to say the least, would require a thorough reorganization. Others retorted that we had much more radical reforms

than this one. Still others maintained that the salaries of those four employees who had replaced the forty, could even be trebled, and that they would work willingly, without repining; and, further, that should their salaries be trebled, their subsistence would amount to that of twelve present employees, which would reduce the present appropriation by three quarters.

At this juncture I was interrupted by my bureaucrat. First, I wish to remark that much to my surprise he did not object to the possibility of replacing forty functionaries with four, thus implying that business could be conducted by those remaining four. But he did object to something else, namely, to the principle itself; to the erroneousness and criminality of the principle. I am recording here his objections, not verbatim, but in my version. I am recording them because, I repeat, to me, they sounded strange, in a certain sense, and comprised an almost piquant idea. Of course, he did not deign to answer me in detail since in a matter such as this I am not a specialist, and "understand little"—which I hasten to admit.—The principle, however, he hoped, I should be able to understand.

"The reduction of the number of government employees from forty to four"—thus he started sternly and with conviction—"not only is not useful but is essentially harmful, despite the fact that state expenditures would actually be considerably curtailed. Not only is the reduction from forty to four harmful, but even from forty to thirty-eight for the following reason: thereby you would be challenging the fundamental principle itself, because for almost two hundred years, ever since Peter, we have constituted in the state *everything*. Strictly speaking, we are the state, while *everything* else is merely an appendix. At least, such was the situation until recently, till the liberation of the peasants. All former elective offices, those of the nobility, for instance, were automatically imbued with our spirit, so to speak. Perceiving this, we were not disturbed in the least, since the principle laid down two centuries ago was in no sense violated. True, after the peasants' reform a new tendency began to manifest itself: self-government came into existence, the zemstvo, and the like. . . . It is now clear that these new institutions at once began to assume our guise, our soul and body; they, too, began to reincarnate themselves. And this happened by no means under our pressure (this is an erroneous idea) but automatically, since it is difficult to rid oneself of secular habits; nor is it at all necessary, if you please, especially in so great and fundamental a national task. You may not believe me, but if you are capable of rationalizing this, of course you will understand me. For what are we?—Even to this day we are *everything*, we continue to be everything,—and, again, without any effort on our part, without

exerting ourselves in the least, precisely automatically, in the natural course of events. People have long been shouting that ours is a bureaucratic, not a live but dead, paper proposition, and that Russia has outlived it. Maybe she has outlived it, but, as yet, we alone are holding, building and preserving her lest she fall apart. For that which you call bureaucratic carrion, *i.e.*, we ourselves, as an institution, and our whole work,—all these, to use a simile, constitute the skeleton in a living organism. Scatter the skeleton, the bones, and the live body will perish. Granting that the work is being performed in a dead manner, yet it develops in accordance with a system, with a great principle. This is what I want to tell you. Let the work be done in a bureaucratic fashion, even badly and incompletely, nevertheless it is being performed somehow, and what is most important—everything stands erect without falling apart, and the fact that it does not fall is the main thing. I agree with you, and perhaps I am ready to concede that as a matter of fact we are not *everything:* we are clever enough to understand that we do not constitute everything in Russia, especially, in our day. All right, conceding the fact that we are not everything,—we are *something, i.e.*, something real, actually existent, though partly incorporeal. Now, what have you with which to replace us so that we could safely withdraw; what kind of *'something'* have you which would replace us so that nothing would fall?—All your self-governments and zemstvos are nothing but beautiful herons soaring in the skies, who have never, as yet, alighted on earth. Therefore, they are zeros, even though beautiful zeros, whereas we may not be beautiful, we may be boring, but we are *something,* and by no means zeros.

"You all keep blaming us for the heron: Why hasn't he alighted to this very day? You claim that we are to be blamed for this and for the alleged fact that we seek to transform the beautiful heron into our guise, endowing him with our spirit. Of course, on our part it would have been very laudable had this actually been entirely our fault, since this would have proved that we are backing a secular, fundamental and noble principle, and seeking to transform a useless zero into a useful something. But believe me, of this we are in no way guilty, or, at least, too little guilty: the beautiful heron himself is in a state of hesitation; he knows not what he should ultimately become: whether he should assume our guise or become really independent. He vacillates; he does not trust himself; he is almost lost. I assure you that he would have come to us by his own free will without any pressure on our part. Thus, it appears that we are, so to speak, a natural magnet to which everything is still being drawn—and will be drawn for a long time.

"Again, you seem to be sceptical, you laugh. But I am willing to bet. Just try to unfold the wings of your beautiful wee birdie; give him a free choice! Send your zemstvo a formal, stern decree, bearing a file number: 'Henceforth thou shalt be independent, and not a bureaucratic heron,' and, believe me, all these herons, of their own volition, would try to come to us and would wind up by becoming genuine bureaucrats imbibing our spirit and assuming our guise; they would copy us in everything. Even the elected peasant would knock at our door; this would greatly flatter him. Not in vain have tastes moulded themselves for two centuries.

"And yet, you wish that we, that is, something steady, standing on its feet, would exchange ourselves for this riddle, this charade, this beautiful heron of yours! Nay, better let us hold the titmouse in our hands. Better let us cope with the task in our own way. We shall improve, clean ourselves; why, we may introduce something new, so to speak, more progressive, conforming more to the spirit of the age. Perhaps we may even become more virtuous. But we will not exchange our present, the real *something* for a ghost, for a suddenly dreamed of dream, since there is none and nothing to replace us. This is correct. We resist annihilation, so to speak, by inertia. This inertia in us is precious, because, in truth, in our day, everything is held together by it alone. Therefore, to be reduced to thirty-eight from forty—not to speak of the reduction from forty to four—is a most harmful and even immoral proposition. You will gain pennies, but you will destroy a principle. Just try to cut out or change your formula, if conscience would permit you to venture such a thing: why, this would be a betrayal of our whole Russian Europeanism and enlightenment,—do you know this? This would be a negation of the fact that we are a state, that we are Europeans. This would be treason to Peter! And do you know that your liberals (well, ours too) who in the newspapers are so ardently supporting the zemstvo against bureaucracy, strictly speaking are contradicting themselves. Why, the zemstvo, all these novelties, this 'popularism'—they are, indeed, those very 'popular principles or their inception,' about which 'The Russian Party' (you may have heard that it has been thus nicknamed in Berlin) so hated by our Europeans, is so loudly vociferating, which are so furiously denied by our Russian liberalism and Europeanism; which they so bitterly ridicule, the very existence of which they refuse to admit! Liberalism is very much afraid of these principles! What if they should ever be realized!—In a sense this certainly would be a surprise!

"This means that, strictly speaking, all your Europeans are with us, and we are with them, and this they should have under-

stood long ago and dutifully memorized. If you please, not only are we supporting the same things as they, but we and they are one and the same thing! Our guise and our spirit reside in them, in your Europeans. This is actually so! Here is what I am going to add: Europe—I mean Russian Europe, or Europe in Russia—this is we, we alone. We are the incarnation of the whole formula of Russian Europeanism; it resides *in toto* in us. We alone are also its interpreters. And I can't see why they shouldn't be receiving duly established decorations for their Europeanism if we are merging with them so innocently! They would wear them with pleasure, and they might even thereby be attracted to us. But we don't know how to do these things. And they keep scolding,—verily, kinsfolk fail to recognize their own kin!

"To wind up the discussion about your zemstvos and all these innovations, I shall tell you once and for all: No, sir! This is a long and not a short story. This requires a preliminary culture, its own, perhaps, two-hundred-year-long history. Be it only a century- or half-century-long history, since ours is an age of telegraphy and railroads, which accelerate and facilitate all communications. Even if it is only fifty years, nevertheless it is not forthwith. 'Forthwith and right away' are abominable Russian words. Right away nothing can come to pass, save men akin to us. And thus it will be for a long time."

At this point my bureaucrat, with proud deportment, ceased speaking. And would you believe it, I did not argue with him, since there was "something" in his words, some kind of a sad truth, something actually existent. Of course, inwardly, in my soul I did not agree with him. And the tone with which these departing men speak! . . . Even so, there was "something" in his words. . . .

2

An Old Krylov Fable About a Certain Pig

And to finish with all this—once and for all, I shall quote a short and very pretty little fable by Krylov which is probably forgotten by everybody, since what has our busy and tossing age to do with Krylov? This little fable involuntarily came to my mind when I was about to start writing my article on finances and the task of rendering our roots healthy. It has an admirable moral, but on a different theme, on the subject of other roots. However, this makes no difference,—it is applicable to our situation. This is the fable:

"A Pig beneath an ancient oak
Upon the acorns gorged and stuffed all day,
Then in the shadow snoring lay.
At last, with heavy eyes, the Swine awoke,
Got up, and with his snout the roots began to poke.
'Dost thou not see? This hurts the tree!'
A Raven from the oak called out reproachfully.
'If thou lay'st bare the roots, thou'lt make the tree decay.'
Says Pig: 'Well, let it! As for me,
That doesn't disturb me anyway!
It's not much use that I can see,
And if it went for good, I'd never fret for that:
It's acorns that I want; it's they that make me fat!'
'Ungrateful, thou!' the Oak replied in tone severe,
'If thou shouldst raise thy snout and look up here,
Then thou wouldst see
That all these acorns grow on me.' "[1]

Isn't this a good fable? And are we willing to resemble this portrait?

3

GEOK-TEPE. WHAT IS ASIA TO US?

Geok-Tepe is captured. The Turkomans are defeated, and although they are not yet quite pacified, our victory is indubitable. Society and the press are jubilant. But was it long ago that society, and partly also the press, took a most indifferent attitude toward this affair?—Particularly after the failure of General Lomakin and in the beginning of the preparations for the second offensive. "Why should we go there? What is Asia to us?—So much money has been expended, whereas we have a famine, diphtheria, we have no schools, etc." Yes, such opinions were expressed; we heard them. Not everybody shared them—far from it. Even so, one has to admit that, of late, many people began to adopt a hostile attitude toward our aggressive policy in Asia. True, the lack of information concerning the expedition undertaken was a contributing factor to this mood. Only quite recently news began to slip into Russia from the foreign press, whereas Skobelev's telegrams were printed throughout Russia when the undertaking was practically all over. Nevertheless, one can hardly maintain that our society has a clear conception of our mission in Asia,—what specifically she means to us now and

[1]From *The Fables of Krylov*, translated by Sir Bernard Pares, published by Jonathan Cape Limited, London, 1926.

in the future. Generally speaking, our whole Russian Asia, including Siberia, still exists to Russia merely in the form of some kind of an appendix in which European Russia has no desire to take any interest. "We are Europe,"—it is implied.—"What is our business in Asia!" There even sounded very harsh voices: "Oh, this Russian Asia of ours! We are even unable to establish order and settle properly in Europe, and here we have to meddle with Asia! Why, Asia is quite superfluous to us! How can we get rid of her!" Even in our day such opinions are expressed by our wiseacres,—of course, out of their great wisdom.

Skobelev's victory resounded all over Asia to her remotest corners: "Another fierce and proud orthodox people bowed before the White Czar!" And let this rumor echo and re-echo. Let the conviction of the invincibility of the White Czar and of his sword grow and spread among the millions of those peoples,—to the very borders of India and in India herself. After General Lomakin's failure throughout Asia there must have spread doubt as to the invincibility of our sword, and Russian prestige was unquestionably jeopardized. This is why we cannot stop on this road. The peoples may have their khans and emirs; in their imagination England, whose strength they admire, may stand as a menace, but the name of the White Czar must soar above those of the khans and emirs, above the name of the Caliph himself. Such is the conviction that must prevail in Asia! And, from year to year, it does spread there. And we need it because it prepares them for the future.

What for? What future? What is the need of the future seizure of Asia? What's our business there?

This is necessary because Russia is not only in Europe but also in Asia; because the Russian is not only a European but also an Asiatic. Moreover, Asia, perhaps, holds out greater promises to us than Europe. In our future destinies Asia is, perhaps, our main outlet!

I anticipate the indignation with which this reactionary suggestion of mine will be read. To me, however, it is an axiom. Yes, if there is one of the major roots which has to be rendered healthy, it is precisely our opinion of Asia. We must banish the slavish fear that Europe will call us Asiatic barbarians, and that it will be said that we are more Asiatics than Europeans. This fear that Europe might regard us as Asiatics has been haunting us for almost two centuries. It has particularly increased during the present nineteenth century, reaching almost the point of panic, something on the order of the trepidation which the "enigmatic" words "metal" and "fiend" cause among the Moscow merchants' wives. This erroneous fright of ours, this mistaken view of ourselves solely as

Europeans, and not Asiatics—which we have never ceased to be—this shame and this faulty opinion have cost us a good deal in the course of the last two centuries, and the price we have had to pay has consisted of the loss of our spiritual independence, of our unsuccessful policies in Europe, and finally of money—God only knows how much money—which we spent in order to prove to Europe that we were Europeans and not Asiatics.

However, Peter's shock which pushed us into Europe, at first necessary and salutary, proved too strong, and for this we cannot be fully blamed. And was there a limit to our efforts to make Europe recognize us as *hers*, as Europeans, solely as Europeans, and not Tartars! Continually and incessantly we have annoyed Europe, meddling with her affairs and petty business. Now, we scared her with our strength, dispatching our armies "to save the kings," now we bowed before Europe—which we shouldn't have done—assuring her that we were created solely for the purpose of serving her and making her happy. In 1812, having driven Napoleon out of Russia, we did not make peace with him, as certain perspicacious Russians advised us to do, but moved into Europe as a solid wall in order to make her happy and to liberate her from her aggressor. Of course, this was a lustrous picture: on the one hand was the despot and the aggressor, while on the other—the peacemaker and the resurrector. Still, in those days our political fortune consisted not in the picture, but in the fact that that aggressor had been placed, for the first time during his whole career, in a position where he would have made peace with us,—a sincere, lasting peace, maybe, forever. On condition that we should not hinder him in Europe, he would have given us the East, so that our present Eastern problem—the menace and calamity of our present and of our future—would have been settled long ago. The aggressor later said it himself, and surely he did not lie, since he could have done nothing better than to be our ally on condition that the East should be ours, and the West—his. Then he certainly would have mastered the European nations, whereas the latter, including England, were then still too weak to stop us in the East. Subsequently, Napoleon, or his dynasty after his death, would, perhaps, have fallen, but the East nevertheless would have been ours. (Then we should have had access to the sea, and we could have met England on the seas.) But we gave all this up for a little show. What was the result?—All these nations we liberated, before they had even dispatched Napoleon, began to look on us with most obvious malevolence and the bitterest suspicion. At the Congresses at once they all united against us, as a solid wall, grabbing everything for themselves. And not only did they leave nothing to us, but they exacted from us

certain obligations—true, these were voluntary obligations—which, however, subsequently proved to be very costly ones.

Later, despite this lesson,—what did we do throughout the subsequent years of our century, up to this very day? Didn't we contribute to the consolidation of the German states? Didn't we strengthen them to such an extent that today they are, perhaps, stronger than we?—Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that we have contributed to their growth and strength. Didn't we, in answer to their appeals, go to quell their strifes? Didn't we protect their rear when calamities threatened them? And now, contrariwise, didn't they threaten our rear when we were faced with a calamity, or didn't they threaten to appear in our rear, when we were menaced with other dangers? It came to the point where everybody in Europe, every tribe and every nation, held in their bosom a stone stored against us long ago, merely waiting for the first conflict. This is what we have gained in Europe by serving her.—Nothing but her hatred! We have played the part of Repetilov, who, racing after fortune, "In dowry got but naught, in service—no advancement."

But why this hatred against us? Why can't they all, once and for all, start trusting us and become convinced of our harmlessness? Why can't they believe that we are their friends and good servants, and that our whole European mission is to serve Europe and her welfare? (For is it not so? Haven't we been acting so throughout this century? Have we done or achieved anything for ourselves?—Everything was spent on Europe!) Nay, they cannot place trust in us. The main reason is that they are altogether unable to recognize us as *theirs*.

Under no circumstance will they believe that we can in truth, on an equal basis with them, participate in the future destinies of their civilization. They consider us alien to their civilization; they regard us as strangers and impostors. They take us for thieves who stole from them their enlightenment and who disguised themselves in their garbs. Turks and Semites are spiritually closer to them than we, Aryans. All this has a very important reason: we carry to mankind an altogether different idea than they—that's the reason. And this, despite the fact that our "Russian Europeans" exert their efforts to assure Europe that we have no idea whatsoever, and that we can have none in the future; that Russia is incapable of possessing an idea of her own, being capable of mere imitation; that we shall always imitate, and that we are not Asiatics, not barbarians, but just as they—Europeans.

Europe, however, for once, at least, did not believe our Russian Europeans. On the contrary, in this matter her inferences coincide with those of our Slavophiles, although she knows them not,—

at best she might have merely heard something about them. The coincidence is precisely that Europe believes, much as the Slavophiles believe, that we have an "idea" of our own,—a peculiar, not a European idea; that Russia can have, is capable of possessing, an idea. Of course, as yet, Europe knows nothing about the essence of our idea, since did she know it she would forthwith be pacified and even gladdened. But some day she will unfailingly come to know this idea, precisely when the critical moment in her destiny arrives. At present, however, she does not believe: admitting the fact that we possess an idea, she is afraid of it. Finally, she is quite disgusted with us, even though, at times, she is polite to us. For instance, they readily admit that Russian science can already point to several remarkable workers; that it has to its credit several good works which have even rendered service to European science. But under no circumstance will Europe now believe that not only scientific workers (even though very talented) may be born in Russia, but men of genius, leaders of mankind, such as a Bacon Kant or Aristotle. This they will never believe, since they do not believe in our civilization, while, as yet, they do not know our future idea. In truth, they are right: we shall have no Bacon, no Newton, no Aristotle so long as we fail to stand on our own road and be spiritually independent. The same is true of all other things, —of art and industry: Europe is ready to praise us, to stroke our heads, but she does not recognize us as hers, she despises us, whether secretly or openly; she considers us as an inferior race. At times, she feels aversion to us, especially when we fling ourselves on her neck with brotherly embraces.

However, it is difficult to turn away from "the window to Europe"; here is predestination. Meanwhile Asia may be, in truth, our future outlet! I reiterate this exclamation. And if we could only take cognizance of this idea, even though partially, what a root would be rendered whole! Asia, our Asiatic Russia,—why, this is also our sick root, which has to be not only refreshed but resurrected and transformed! A principle, a new principle, a new vision of the matter—this is what we need.

4

Questions and Answers

"What for? What for?"—irritated voices will sound.—"Our Asiatic affairs even now continually require from us troops and unproductive expenditures. And what is Asia's industry? What is her merchandise? Where shall we find there consumers of our goods?

And you suggest, no one knows why, that we should forever turn away from Europe!"

"Not forever," I continue to insist,—"for the time being, and not altogether: hard as we may try we shall never completely tear ourselves away from Europe. We should not abandon Europe completely. Nor is this necessary. She is a 'land of holy miracles'; this was uttered by a most ardent Slavophile. Europe, even as Russia, is our mother, our second mother. We have taken much from her; we shall again take, and we shall not wish to be ungrateful to her. Last year, at the Pushkin festivities in Moscow, I said a few words about the future great mission of the Russian people in Europe (in which I believe), and much mud was thrown at me, I was scolded, by everybody,—even by those who had then embraced me,—as though I had perpetrated an abomination, a nasty deed, having then uttered my word.

"However, perhaps, my word will not be forgotten. But enough has been said about this. Even so, we have the right to take care of our re-education and of our exodus from Egypt, since we ourselves created out of Europe something on the order of our spiritual Egypt."

"Wait,"—I shall be interrupted—"in what way will Asia contribute to our independence? There, we'll fall asleep in an Asiatic fashion, but we shall not become independent!"

"You see,"—I continue—"when we turn to Asia, with our new vision of her, in Russia there may occur something akin to what happened in Europe when America was discovered. Since, in truth, to us Asia is like the then undiscovered America. With our aspiration for Asia, our spirit and forces will be regenerated. The moment we become independent, we shall find what to do, whereas during the two centuries with Europe we lost the habit of any work; we became chatterers and idlers."

"Well, how are you going to arouse us for the Asiatic venture, if we are idlers? Who's going to be aroused first even if it were proved, as by two times two, that our happiness lies there?"

"In Europe we were hangers-on and slaves, whereas we shall go to Asia as masters. In Europe we were Asiatics, whereas in Asia we, too, are Europeans. Our civilizing mission in Asia will bribe our spirit and drive us thither. It is only necessary that the movement should start. Build only two railroads: begin with the one to Siberia, and then—to Central Asia,—and at once you will see the consequences."

"Indeed, yours is a modest desire!"—people will tell me laughingly.—"Where are the funds? And what shall we get in return?—Nothing but a loss to us!"

"First, had we in the last twenty-five years set aside only three million rubles annually (and three million rubles, at times, simply slip through our fingers),—by now we should have built seventy-five million rubles' worth of Asiatic roads, *i.e.*, over one thousand versts, no matter how you reckon. Then you speak about losses. Oh, if instead of us Englishmen or Americans inhabited Russia, they would show you what losses mean! They would certainly discover our America! Do you know that in Asia there are lands which are less explored than the interior of Africa? And do we know what riches are concealed in the bosom of these boundless lands? Oh, they would get at everything—metals and minerals, innumerable coal fields; they would find and discover everything—and they would know how to use these materials. They would summon science to their aid; they would compel the earth to yield fifty grains to one, —that same earth about which we here still think that it is nothing but a steppe naked as our palm. Corn would attract people; production, industry, would come into existence. Don't you worry: consumers would be found, and the road to them would be discovered; they would be found in the depths of Asia, where millions of them are slumbering now; to reach them new roads would be constructed!"

"Well, here you are eulogizing science, and at the same time you urge us to renounce science and enlightenment; you are suggesting that we become Asiatics!"

"There, we shall need science all the more"—I exclaim—"since what are we in science now?—Half-educated men and dilettanti. But there we shall become workers: necessity itself will compel us to it the moment the independent, enterprising spirit arises. In science, too, we shall become masters and not hangers-on, as we now are all too often. But the main thing is that our civilizing mission in Asia will be understood and learned by us from the very first steps,—this cannot be doubted. It will lift our spirit; it will convey to us dignity and self-consciousness, which at present we either lack altogether or possess in a trifling degree. Our longing for Asia, should it ever arise among us, would, in addition, serve as an outlet to many a restless mind, to those seized with anguish, to the lazy, to those who have grown tired of doing nothing. Give an efflux to water, and mustiness and stench will disappear. Once they are drawn into work, they will not feel bored; they will all be regenerated. Even the inept fellow with a piqued, aching *amour-propre,* would find there an outlet for himself, since it often happens that an incapable man in one place is resurrected almost as a genius in another place. This is also often observed in European colonies. And don't you worry: Russia will not be depopulated: the

thing will start gradually. At first, only a few men will go, but after a while news from them will be received which will attract others. Even so, to the Russian Sea this will be imperceptible. Extricate the fly from the molasses; even straighten its wings as much as possible. Still, only a negligible percentage of the population will drift thither, so that the migration will remain unnoticed. Over there, however, it will be quite noticeable! Wherever a 'Uruss' settles in Asia, the land will forthwith become Russian land. A new Russia will arise which in due time will regenerate and resurrect the old one and will show the latter the road which she has to follow. This, however, requires a new principle and a turn. These would necessitate the least destruction and commotion. Let it be only slightly fathomed (but fathomed) that Asia is our future outlet, that our riches are there, that there is our ocean; that when in Europe, because of the overcrowded condition alone, inevitable and humiliating communism is established, communism which Europe herself will loathe; when whole throngs will crowd around one hearth, and gradually individual economies will be ruined, while families will forsake their homes and will start living in collective communes; when children (three quarters of them foundlings) will be brought up in foundling institutions,—then we shall still have wide expanses, meadows and forests, and our children will grow up in their parents' homes, not in stone barracks—amidst gardens and sowed fields, beholding above them clear, blue skies.

"Yes, Asia holds out to us many a promise, many an opportunity, the full scale of which we here cannot clearly conceive. Not only gold lies concealed in the earth. But we do need a new principle which, in turn, will provide us with moneys required for the work. Speaking truthfully why should we maintain, over there, in Europe, especially at this time, so many embassies with their costly gloss and lustre, with their refined wit and dinners, with their brilliant but expensive staffs? What are all these Gambettas and Popes to us, precisely now, even though Bismarck may be oppressing them? Would it not be better, for example, temporarily, to don a beggar's garb, to sit down by the roadside, placing a cap before us and to start collecting pennies. Let Europe think: *'la Russie se recueille'*. Meanwhile, at home, we should be getting ready and organizing things. People might say: 'Why should we be humbling ourselves?'—Well, we shall not humiliate ourselves in the least! When I mentioned the cap, I was speaking allegorically. Not only shall we not humble ourselves, but at once we shall elevate ourselves. This is what is going to happen. Europe is sly and clever: she will at once guess, and, believe me, she will forthwith begin

to respect us. It stands to reason that, at first, our independence will puzzle her, but to a certain extent it will please her. Perceiving that we have embarked upon 'gloomy economy'; that we have decided to abide by the proverb 'they who cannot as they will, must will as they may'; that we have become frugal; that we are saving and valuing our ruble; that we are not making it of paper,—Europe will forthwith begin to value our ruble in her own markets. Why, if Europe sees that we are not afraid of deficits and bankruptcies, but that we go straight to our goal, she will come to us herself offering money; and she will offer it to us as serious, business-like people who have learned business and who know how to conduct it."

"Wait,"—I hear a voice—"you said something about Gambetta. But we are in no position to brush everything aside. Take, to begin with, the Eastern question: it remains pending. How are we going to evade it?"

"On the Eastern question at this time I would say: At this minute, in our political spheres there is, perhaps, not even one political mind which would consider it common sense that Constantinople must be ours (save in some remote, enigmatic future). If so, what is there to wait for?—At this minute the essence of the Eastern problem comes down to an alliance of Germany with Austria, plus the Austrian seizures in Turkey which are encouraged by Prince Bismarck. We can and, of course, will protest only in some extreme cases. However, so long as these two nations are united, what can we do without incurring very grave risks? Please observe that the Allies are waiting only until, at length, we should grow angry. However, as heretofore, we may love the Slavic nations, encourage them at times, even extend our help to them. Besides, they will not perish within a short time. And the term is likely to expire very soon. Let it suffice to say that we shall make it appear that we do not intend to meddle with European affairs, as heretofore; bereft of us, they will quarrel among themselves all the sooner. Indeed, Austria will never believe that Germany fell in love with her solely because of her beautiful eyes. Austria knows only too well that in the long run Germany must incorporate the Austrian Germans into the German union. But for no price will Austria cede her Germans—not even if Constantinople were offered her for them—so highly she values them. Therefore pretexts for discords are present there. And, on top of that, Germany is faced with the same insoluble French problem which, to her, has now become an eternal problem. Besides, Germany's unification itself appears to be incomplete and is apt to be undermined. It also appears that European socialism not only is not dead but continues to constitute a very grave menace.

"In a word, let us only wait and refrain from meddling,—even if we are invited to meddle. Just as soon as their discord comes to a crash, 'political equilibrium' will crack, and then the Eastern question will at once be solved. We should only have to choose the opportune moment, even as at the time of the Franco-Prussian slaughter, and we should suddenly declare, as we then declared concerning the Black Sea: 'We do not wish to recognize any Austrian seizures in Turkey!'—and all seizures will instantly vanish, perhaps, together with Austria herself. In this way we shall catch up with everything which ostensibly, for the time being, we let slip."

"What about England? You overlook England. When she observes our Asiatic aspirations, she will instantly grow alarmed."

"Paraphrasing the proverb, I retort: 'If one fears England one should sit at home and move nowhere.' Besides, nothing new is going to alarm her since she is also alarmed with the same old thing at present. On the contrary, now we are holding her in confusion and ignorance concerning the future, and she is expecting from us the worst things. When, however, she comes to understand the true character of all our moves in Asia, perhaps some of her apprehensions will be toned down. . . . Well, I concede: she will not tone them down; she is too far from this frame of mind. Still, I repeat: 'If one fears England, one should sit at home and move nowhere!' Therefore, let me exclaim once more: 'Long live the Geok-Tepe victory! Long live Skobelev and his good soldiers!' Eternal memory to those valiant knights who 'were eliminated from the rolls.' We shall record them on our rolls."

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Notes

[A]

Aksákov, A. (Alexander) N., 1832–1903, author of several interesting articles on the theory of spiritism. His house in St. Petersburg was the meeting place where, in the Seventies, a number of spiritualistic séances were held.

Aksákov, Iván Sergéevich (1823–1886), son of Sergei Timoféevich Aksákov and brother of Konstantin Aksákov, an outstanding publicist, an ardent patriot, one of the most influential Slavophiles, and a leading member of the Moscow Slavic Committee (1876–1878), whose views on the Eastern question, on Russia's role in the destinies of Slavdom and on the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–1878, agreed with those of Dostoievsky.

Aksákov, Konstantin Sergéevich (1817–1860), one of the most talented Slavophiles, brother of Iván Sergéevich Aksákov. In the Fifties K. S. Aksákov expounded his views in a Moscow weekly *The Rumor* (*Molvá*).

Aksákov, Sergei Timoféevich (1791–1859), famous Russian diarist, father of Konstantin Aksákov and Iván Aksákov. His prose rivals that of Púshkin, Lérmontov (q.v.), and Turgénev (q.v.). Speaking of his writings, Maurice Baring says: "One is spell-bound by the charm, the dignity, the good nature, the gentle, easy accent of the speaker, who was a gentleman by character as well as by lineage, one of God's as well as one of Russia's nobility." Aksákov's principal works, masterpieces rather, are *Family Chronicle* (1856), *The Years of Childhood of Bagróv the Grandson* (1858) and *Tales and Recollections of a Sportsman* (1855).

Alexei Mikháilovich (1645–1676), Czar, the second Czar of the Románov dynasty, the father of Peter the Great (1699–1725).

Amadis de Gaula, or Amadis of Gaul, the hero of a famous cycle of romances of chivalry; these legends form the so-called "Amadis cycle," which is affiliated with the Arthurian cycle and the Knights of the Round Table. These romances were widely read in Western Europe in the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries.

Antón — The Poor Wretch — once a popular novel by Apollón Alexandróvich Grigoróvich (q.v.).

Apráksin shopkeepers, in St. Petersburg, reputedly the most backward, ignorant and vulgar group of the lower middle class.

Artél—in pre-Soviet Russia, an association or partnership of independent laborers for collective work and the execution of some specific job at their joint expense and with reciprocal bond. The artél, as a legal entity, owned the tools and implements

required for the performance of the contracted work. Its profits were equally divided among the members of the artél.

Avséenko, Vasíly Grigórievich (1842–1913), mediocre novelist. He made his debut with the novel ***The Storm*** (1865). His best known belletristic work is *The Milky Way* (1875–1876). He was a regular contributor to Katkóv's *The Russian Messenger* (q.v.).

[B]

Bathóry (or Bathóri), Stephen, King of Poland and Lithuania (1576–1586), an able strategist; during the reign of Czar Iván Vasílievich, the Terrible (q.v.) he recaptured from the Russians a number of cities along the Russian-Lithuanian border, including Pólotzk and Velíkie Lukí; he besieged Pskov but was unable to capture it. In 1582, a ten-year truce between Bathóry and the Russian Czar was signed; under the terms of that treaty Russia lost Pólotzk and the Baltic coast.

Batýi, the Tartar Khan, at the head of a 300,000 Mongol army invaded Russia in 1237. Discord reigned among the Russian dukes, and the Tartars defeated them one by one despite their heroic resistance. In 1240 Batýi captured Kiev, thus completing his conquest of Russia, which lay devastated and helpless. This was the beginning of the Mongol yoke which lasted for almost two and a half centuries, till 1480.

Béltov, the hero of Hertzen's novel *Who Is to Blame?* typifying one of the progressive but "superfluous" men of the Forties who have lost all connection with their native soil. Turgénev's *Rúdin* is another specimen of the same pattern.

The Berlin Conference of 1878 under the presidency of the German Chancellor Prince Bismarck was convened as a result of the Russo-Turkish war and Russia's victory over Turkey, which terminated in the treaty of San Stefano (February 19, 1878), by virtue of which Turkey recognized the independence of Serbia, Montenegro and Rumania, and agreed to form an autonomous Bulgarian dukedom. Under the terms of that treaty, Russia received Bessarabia, a strip of land in Asia Minor (in Armenia) with the port of Batúm and the fortress Kars, while Turkey undertook to pay Russia an indemnity of 300,000,000 rubles. England and Austria at once started intriguing against Russia, insisting that the San Stefano treaty be revised. To this Russia reluctantly agreed, and, under the terms of the Berlin Conference, Bulgaria was divided into two parts—the Bulgarian dukedom, subordinate to Turkey, and Eastern Rumelia, which, though subordinate to the Sultan, was made autonomous and placed under the supervision of a Christian Governor-General. Bosnia and Herzegovina were placed under Austrian rule.

Bétzky, Iván Ivánovich (1704–1795), noted Russian statesman, educator and humanitarian during the reign of Catherine the Great. He was the nat-

ural son of Prince I. U. Troubetzkoý. On the initiative of Bétzky model Foundling Institutions were founded in Moscow (1763) and in St. Petersburg (1767). He was one of Catherine's principal collaborators in the field of public education.

Bielínsky, Vissarión Grigórievich (1810–1848), famous Russian critic of humble origin. A convinced Westerner, Bielínsky nevertheless "guessed" the universality and at the same time the national character of Púshkin's genius. He acclaimed Gógol in 1835 and enthusiastically greeted both the poetry and the prose of Lérmontov. His lengthy critique *Literary Reveries: An Elegy in Prose* (1834) is a masterful review of Russian literature from its beginnings in the XVIIIth Century to the early Thirties of the XIXth Century. During the period from 1843 to 1846 he wrote eleven essays on Púshkin. His was a brilliant pen, inspiring if not always convincing. Because of the lack of systematic education, his philosophical conceptions were contradictory and confusing. Even so, his captivating sincerity, genuine enthusiasm and passion for truth make him an outstanding figure in the history of Russian literary thought. Bielínsky was a realist, but his realism was colored with Hegelian idealism. He exercised an immense influence upon his contemporaries; his fiery but always didactic and partisan articles contributed much toward the emancipation of Russian public opinion, thus paving the way for the enactment of the great reforms in the Sixties.

Boborýkin Piótr Dmitrievich (1836–1921), noted Russian novelist; his best known works are: *China-Town* (1882) and *Vasíly Tiórkin* (1892).

Bolkónsky, Prince, one of the leading characters in Count Leo Tolstoý's (1828–1910) epic novel *War and Peace* (1868), the Russian Iliad.

Bolsháia Morskáia—one of the most fashionable streets in St. Petersburg.

Borís Godunóv (1825) by Púshkin, a tragedy which he dedicated to N. M. Karamzín, and in which, according to his own admission, he followed Shakespeare's pattern "in his free and broad treatment of the characters, in the extraordinary moulding of the types, and in his simplicity." *Borís Godunóv* is an unsurpassed piece of Russian drama which inspired M. P. Mussórgsky (1839–1881) to compose his ingenious opera bearing the same title (1872–1874).

Bótkin, Sergeí Petróvich (1832–1889), famous Russian clinician, professor at the Military Medical Academy in St. Petersburg.

Bulgárin, Faddeí Venediktovich (1789–1859), of Polish descent, editor of the magazine *The Northern Bee* and an alleged agent of the Russian secret police, author of the once popular *Iván Vijigin;* ardent antagonist of Púshkin, who immortalized his name by several mordant and witty epigrams.

Burénin, Viktor Petróvich (1841–1926), noted Russian critic in *The New Times* and playwright. His pen

was full of wit and sometimes full of venom.

[C]

The Captain's Daughter — Púshkin's major work in prose (1833–1836).

Cassation Departments, Criminal and Civil, of the Ruling Senate, in the system of the Russian reformed courts (November 20, 1864) were the courts of last appeal.

Cathedral Folks (1872) one of the best novels of N. S. Leskóv (q. v.). There is an excellent English translation of this work made by Isabel Hapgood.

Catherine the Great, Czarina (1762–1796), was not only familiar with the works of the French encyclopedists but corresponded with some of them, viz., with Voltaire (1694–1778), Diderot (1713–1784) and Dalembert (1713–1783). It was under their influence that the Empress wrote her famous *Nakáz* (Instruction) to the Committee of deputies elected by the people to frame a new Code of Laws (1767).

The Caucasian Captive (1820–1821), an early romantic poem by Púshkin; it was written at the time when Púshkin was still under the influence of Byron.

Cherniáiev, Mikhaíl Grigórievich (1828–1898), Russian soldier; he participated in the Crimean war (1854–1855), in the expedition against Tashkent (in Central Asia), which he captured on June 15, 1865. In 1875, having resigned from Russian military service, he proceeded to Serbia. In 1876 he assumed command over the Serbian army. In 1882 he was appointed Governor-General of Turkestan, and in 1884 he was made a member of the War Council. Cherniáiev was an ardent Slavophile.

Chernyshévsky, Nikolaí Gavrílovich (1828–1889), noted Russian radical critic, economist of the Marxian orientation, revolutionist, author of the novel *What Is to be Done?* (1862) and editor of the radical monthly *Contemporary* (*Sovreménnik*). In 1855–1856, he wrote his valuable *Essays on the Gógol Period of Russian Literature*. Despite the didactic and utilitarian tendencies of his criticism, he recognized the genius of Púshkin. Karl Marx called Chernyshévsky *"der grosse Russiche Gelehrte und Kritiker"* ("the great Russian scientist and critic"). For his revolutionary activities he was arrested, tried and sentenced to seven years' hard labor and twenty years' exile. However, in 1883, he was permitted to take up residence in Ástrakhan, on the Caspian Sea, and thereafter in his native town Sarátov.

Childhood, Boyhood and Youth, Count Leo Tolstoy's autobiographical story, was written in 1852–1856.

Communal landownership among the peasants in pre-revolutionary Russia meant common ownership of the arable land and meadows by all the peasants of a given village. The commune, or *óbshchina*, composed of all such peasants, assigned the particular tracts of land for cultivation to the

individual landlords who were tenants of the land the title to which was vested in the commune. At the same time the commune as an entity was responsible for the payment of taxes whether in the form of monetary levies or prestations in kind. The individual landlords of the commune had no right to dispose of, or to acquire title to, the land parcels assigned to them without the consent of the peasants' assembly, or *mir*, which was the executive organ of the *óbshchina*. The land occupied by the houses of the peasants, the houses themselves and other household structures (barns, stables, etc.), as well as the land used for the kitchen garden, were the exclusive property of the individual landlords. Every year, or once every three years, or from time to time, as need arose, the *mir* revised the status of the arable land within its jurisdiction, and at such times redistribution (*peredél*) of the arable areas took place; in this way periodical adjustments in the utilization of the communal land were effected. In Russian economic literature the question of the *óbshchina*, its advantages and disadvantages, its legal nature, its social effects and its influence upon agricultural techniques, was one of the most controversial. The Slavophiles were staunch supporters of this form of peasant landownership, whereas the Westerners, on the whole, were strongly in favor of its total abolition.

Crime and Punishment, one of the best known novels by Dostoiévsky (1866).

[D]

Dahl, Vladímir Ivánovich (1801–1872), famous Russian lexicographer who single-handed accomplished the stupendous task of compiling *The Interpretative Dictionary of the Living Great Russian Language* (completed in 1859), which still remains the main source for the study of the immensely rich, lexically complex and colorful Russian language. To the compilation of the *Dictionary* Dahl devoted forty-seven years. He also collected some 37,000 Russian proverbs and sayings. This compilation is also still unsurpassed. Dahl is the author (under the penname "The Cossack Lugánsky") of many novels, tales and short stories, of which the best known are: *Midshipman Potzelúiev*, *The Convict* (*Varnák*), *New Pictures of Russian Life*, *Sailors' Leisure Hours*, and *The Tale about the Jew and the Gypsy*. Dahl was a friend of Púshkin, and he was present at the last moments of the poet, mortally wounded in a duel. (Púshkin died at 2:45 P.M., January 29, 1837.)

Danilévsky, Nikolai Yákovlevich (1822–1895), Russian publicist, philosopher and naturalist; theoretician of the Slavophile doctrine, the author of a historico-philosophical treatise *Russia and Europe* (1871); noted anti-Darwinian. His treatise *Darwinism* appeared in 1885.

Davýdov, Denis Vasílievich (1784–1839), a noted poet, horseman and partisan in the war against Napoleon in 1812. In 1836, Púshkin sent him a copy of *The History of the Puga-*

chióv Rebellion with an autograph in which there are these lines:

A rider of the tame Pegasus
I wore of the antique Parnassus
The long outmoded poet's suit.
But even in this hard pursuit
Thou, wonder rider,—told in brief—
Thou wast my dad and honored chief.
(Boris Brasol's version)

Of course, Davýdov never was Púshkin's "honored chief" in the realm of poetry, but his verses replete with hilarity and sincere humor were—and still are—very much in vogue. Count Leo Tolstoý, in his *War and Peace* (1868), portrayed Davýdov in the character of Vasíly Denísov.

Decembrists — participants in the revolutionary uprising which took place in St. Petersburg, on December 14, 1825, following the death of Emperor Alexander I on November 19, 1825, and the abdication of his elder brother Konstantin Pávlovich, who was then residing in Warsaw. Briefly, the story of the Decembrist revolt is as follows: On January 14, 1822, Grand Duke Konstantin in a letter addressed to Emperor Alexander I advised the latter of his desire to renounce the Throne. On February 2, 1822, Alexander I, in writing, acceded to his brother's determination to cede his sovereign rights, and on August 16, 1823, the Emperor issued a manifesto to this effect, naming his brother Grand Duke Nikolaí Pávlovich, next in the order of succession, heir to the Imperial Throne. This manifesto, however, was not promulgated; instead, four copies of it, in sealed envelopes, were delivered for safekeeping to the Moscow Cathedral of the Assumption, the Imperial (State) Council, the Ruling Senate and the Holy Synod, with the proviso that, immediately after the Emperor's passing, the seals should be broken and this act should be duly promulgated by the Senate. When the news of Alexander's death in Taganrog on the Azov Sea (South Russia) was received in St. Petersburg, and before the manifesto of August 16, 1823 had been promulgated, Grand Duke Nikolaí Pávlovich, who had no knowledge of its contents, took an oath of allegiance to his brother Konstantín, and his example was followed by the regiments of the Imperial Guard. Meanwhile Grand Duke Konstantín officially confirmed his determination not to ascend the throne, following which Grand Duke Nikolaí gave his consent to ascend the throne. Taking advantage of the confusion which arose in consequence of these events, a group of Russian officers of the Guard, most of whom were masons, refused to take the oath of allegiance to Emperor Nicholas I and swayed the men of their regiments to follow their example. The political aims of the revolutionists were divided: some of them sought to establish a constitutional monarchy; while others advocated a republican form of government. On the other hand, the mutinous soldiers had no political program whatsoever and merely obeyed the orders of their superiors. On December 14, 1825, the armed rebels assembled at the Senate Square. The Emperor ordered the loyal contingents of the Imperial Guard to line

up in front of the Winter Palace; gradually they encircled the insurgents. Count Mikhaíl Andréevich Milorádovich, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg (the hero of 1812) sought to persuade them to disband; the soldiers were ready to return to their barracks but a pistol shot from the ranks of the rebels killed the Count on the spot. Not before artillery went into action did the mob disperse and was order restored. A committee to investigate the Decembrist movement was appointed by the Emperor. One hundred and twenty-one men were arrested and tried. Five men were sentenced to death, while the rest were exiled to Siberia.

Derjávin, Gavriíl Románovich. *See God.*

Derjimórda — a police "peace guardian" in Dmukhanóvsky's "enlightened" administration. "You just tell Derjimórda he should keep his fists under control; as a matter of routine he deals blows to both innocent and guilty." (*Revizor,* Act I, 5.)

Dmukhanóvsky, the corrupt bailiff, a character in Gógol's *Revizor.*

Dobroliúbov, Nikolaí Alexándrovich (1836–1861), noted Russian radical critic, a nihilist. Among his "æsthetical" slogans we read: "Not the execution but the purpose—this is what is important in art," or "the merit of literary productions is determined by what and how they propagandize," etc. His best known critical essays are: *The Dark Kingdom* (1859), an evaluation of Ostrovsky's *Thunderstorm, What is Oblómovschina* (1859) on Goncharóv's *Oblómov* (q.v.), and *When Will the Real Day Come?* (1860) — an interpretation of Turgénev's (q.v.) novel *On the Eve.* Dobroliúbov died of consumption at the age of twenty-five.

The Domestic Records (*Otéchestvennia Zapíski*), a monthly founded in St. Petersburg in 1820 by P. P. Svinjín. In the Forties the magazine, which became the mouthpiece of the liberal Westerners, with Bielínsky (q.v.) as the most eloquent exponent of their philosophy, for many years exercised a potent influence upon the educated strata. Lérmontov's (q.v.) youthful poems and lyrical pieces posthumously appeared in *The Domestic Records.* In the Seventies the magazine was jointly edited by M. E. Saltykóv ("Schedrin") (q.v.) and N. A. Nekrásov (q.v.). During that decade on the pages of that periodical there appeared many noted literary works, such as P. D. Boboríkin's (q.v.) novel *Solid Virtues* (1870), V. S. Gárshin's (1855–1888) story *Four Days* (1877), Dostoiévsky's novel *The Raw Youth* (1875), a number of comedies by A. N. Ostróvsky (q.v.), etc. It was also in the Seventies that N. K. Mikhailóvsky (1842–1904), who in some quarters was regarded as the theoretician of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party, came out with a flood of radical articles, essays, feuilletons, etc., which strongly appealed to the underdeveloped minds of the college youths, but which, on the whole, conformed to the provisions of the Saltykóv "By-laws of the Skin Removers," viz., "without neglecting a single con-

temporary question one should deliberate upon every one of them in a manner which would lead to nothing." Darwin was Mikhailóvsky's principal target. In 1884, by order of the government, the publication of *The Domestic Records* was stopped.

Draper, John William (1811–1882), noted American physicist, physiologist and chemist of English birth (born at St. Helens, near Liverpool) the author of a once widely read book *History of the Intellectual Development of Europe* (1862), which has been translated into many languages. This treatise exercised a marked influence upon the European intelligentsia of the Sixties and Seventies. Draper wrote many valuable papers on radiant energy and an admirable *Textbook of Chemistry* (1846).

[E]

The Epoch, a short-lived magazine founded by M. M. Dostoiévsky (1820–1864), F. M. Dostoiévsky's brother, in the year of his death. The magazine ended its existence in February, 1865.

Evenings on the Farm near Dikánka (1831–1832) by N. V. Gógol. In these stories full of hilarity and humor Gógol ingeniously depicted the life in his native romantic Little Russia. Dikánka is a village in the province of Poltáva.

[F]

Fathers and Sons, one of Turgénev's best known novels. Among the characters in that novel Bazárov is an immortal prototype of the Russian nihilists.

Feast during the Plague (1830)—a miniature tragedy by Púshkin.

Fet, Afanási Afanásievich (1820–1892), natural son of Shenshín, a wealthy landowner in the province of Oriól, one of the gods of the Russian Parnassus. In his delicate, lacelike, melodious pieces Russian lyrical poetry reached its summit. The radical critics of the Fifties and Sixties, according to whose motto "Boots are more important than Shakespeare," bitterly denounced Fet's poetry, "where music and moonlight and feeling—are one." They hated his æsthetic leanings; they would not forgive him such pieces as this verbless lyrical gem:

Murmurs. Breezes. Trills and singing
Of the nightingale.
Silver touches. Gentle swinging
O'er the drowsy vale.
Lights and shadows. Strange sensations.
Visions full of grace,
And the magic of mutations
In that lovely face.
Clouds in purple. Amber blushes
'Cross the misty lawn.
Tears and kisses. Sudden flushes,
And the dawn! The dawn!
(Boris Brasol's version)

Fet was also a noted translator; among his best known versions are: Goethe's *Faust* and *Hermann und Dorothea,* Schopenhauer's *The World as Will and Idea* (1819) and *Fourfold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* (1813) and Horace's

Odes, Satires and Epistles (1856–1883).

[G]

Gavroche, in Victor's Hugo's novel *Les Misérables* (1862), typifying the Parisian *gamin de rue.*

Geók Tepé—a former fortress of the Turkomans in Central Asia. In December, 1880, General Skóbelev at the head of 6,000 Russian troops attacked the fortress and carried it by storm although the defenders numbered 25,000.

God—one of the best known odes by Gavriil Románovich Derjávin (1743–1816), which has been translated into virtually every language, including the Japanese. Derjávin was of Tartar descent. A poet of genuine but unruly talent, he was undeniably the most gifted and colorful representative of Russian literature of the XVIIIth Century. He became a sworn bard of Empress Catherine II (1762–1796) and of her brilliant age. Púshkin in his *Eugene Onégin* (Chapter VIII), referring to his own Muse, made the following allusion:

The world upon her smiled a greeting,
I soared upon my first success,
And old Derjávin, now retreating
Graveward, remarked us—stayed to bless.

(Oliver Elton's version)

Derjávin was a member of the Russian Imperial Academy, and during the reign of Emperor Alexander I (1801–1825) for a brief period was Minister of Justice.

Gógol, Nicholas V. (March 20, 1809–February 21, 1852): Nicholas V. Gógol was born in the province of Poltáva, Little Russia, of noble parentage. In 1821, he matriculated in the Néjin High School. In 1825, Gógol's father died. In 1828, Gógol graduated at the High School and undertook his first journey to St. Petersburg. In 1831, he started teaching in a woman's college in St. Petersburg; there, he established close contacts with the leading Russian literary circles. During that year he published the First Part of *Evenings on the Farm near Dikánka.* The Second Part of the same Collection appeared in 1832. In 1834, Gógol was appointed Assistant Professor of World History at the St. Petersburg Imperial University. During that same year he completed his two comedies, *The Revizor* and *The Wedding.* In 1835, he started writing *Dead Souls.* On April 19, 1836, *The Revizor* was given for the first time on the Imperial dramatic stage at St. Petersburg. On January 29, 1837, Púshkin (q.v.) died, an event which proved the greatest misfortune in Gógol's life. From 1837 to 1839, Gógol spent most of his time in Rome. In 1840, he completed two comedies: *The Litigation* and *The Servants' Room.* During the same year, he finished a romantic novel, *Tarás Búlba,* and also *The Cloak,* one of his best short stories. In 1842, the First Part of *Dead Souls* was printed. In 1845, Gógol burned the manuscript of the Second Part of *Dead Souls.* In 1846, the *Selected Portions from the Correspondence with Friends* were printed in St. Petersburg. Early in 1848, Gógol

undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on May 16 of the same year he returned to Russia. On February 11, 1852, he again burned another version of the Second Part of *Dead Souls,* together with most of his other manuscripts. Gógol died in Moscow.

Goncharóv. *See Oblomov.*

Gostíny Dvor, in St. Petersburg, a huge block occupied by a large number of stores, facing on one side the Névsky Prospéct next to the Municipal Building (Duma).

Gradóvsky, Alexánder Dmítrievich (1841–1889), professor of government law at the Imperial St. Petersburg University. His treatises *Principles of Russian Government Law* (1875) and *Government Law of the Principal European States* (1886) in many respects may still be considered classics. Gradóvsky was a convinced Westerner.

Granóvsky, Timofeí Nikoláievich (1813–1855), noted Russian historian, a sworn liberal, a humanist of the finest pattern, and a convinced Westerner; professor of universal history at the Moscow University. He was an outstanding orator, and his public lectures (1843–1846) marked an epoch in the history of the Russian progressive intelligentsia.

Griboiédov. *See Woe from Wit.*

Grigóriev, Apollón Alexándrovich (1822–1864), after Bielínsky (q.v.) the most distinguished Russian critic, exponent of "organic" criticism which maintains that every æsthetical phenomenon is an organic product of the whole historical process. He gave a masterful critical evaluation of Púshkin, Gógol and Ostróvsky (q.v.). In 1859 he expounded the basic tenets of his organic critique in a series of articles dealing with Turgénev's (q. v.) *Gentlefolks' Nest* (*The Russian Word,* 1859. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 8).

Grigoróvich, Dmítri Vasílievich (1822–1899), a noted Russian novelist. His novels *The Village* (1847) and *Anton—The Poor Wretch* (1847), in which peasant life is depicted with false sentimentalism, on political rather than on literary grounds, were enthusiastically acclaimed by Bielínsky (q.v.). His other novels *The By-Roads* and *The Fishermen* (1852) suffer from the same defect. However, his *Literary Reminiscences* are a mine of information on the history of both Russian literature and the Russian theatre.

Grushnítzky, in *A Hero of Our Days,* by Lérmontov, is a vain young man, a braggart, and something of a coward.

Gué, N. N. (1831–1894), noted Russian painter. He is best known for his pictures *Peter I and Alexis, What Is Truth?* and *Púshkin in Mikháilovskoie* (Púshkin's estate in the province of Pskov).

The Gypsies (1824), a poem by Púshkin; it belongs to the Byronic period of his creative work. Dostoiévsky dwells on it in some detail in his Púshkin speech.

[H]

A Hero of Our Days (1839–1840) by Lérmontov is a masterpiece of Russian prose.

Hertzen, Alexánder Ivánovich, pen name Iskander (1812–1870), well-known Russian publicist and political emigrant, sometimes called the "Russian Voltaire." While attending the Moscow University, he joined a "circle" of which Bielínsky (q.v.) and N. P. Ogarióv (1813–1877), later a noted poet, were the moving spirits; their gospel at the time was socialism. Hertzen was exiled to the city of Viátka in Northern Russian, but he was soon permitted to settle in either capital. In 1847, he voluntarily left Russia after having written several novels, including *The Legend* and *Who Is to Blame?* In Western Europe he embraced extreme revolutionary doctrines. However, he became disillusioned in the revolution of 1848, and proclaimed that "the West is decaying" and also that "Europe is not asleep—she is dying." In July, 1857, he began to publish in London a revolutionary periodical, *The Bell* (*Kólokol*), which gained extraordinary popularity all over Russia. Emperor Alexander II was among its regular readers. In 1863, the Polish landed aristocracy, inspired by the Polish emigrants and the French radicals, organized a rebellion against the Russian rule. Hertzen, in his *Bell*, came out in support of the Polish uprising. This was the end of his popularity in Russia. He was the author of two remarkable books, *From the Other Shore* (1847–1859), which is a series of letters expounding the socialistic doctrine, and the fascinating *Memories and Thoughts* (1852–1855).

[I]

"I have experienced this feeling myself when . . . I unintentionally endorsed for publication a news item which should not have been printed without the express permission of the Minister of the Imperial Court." (Page 213.) Dostoiévsky refers to an article in *The Citizen*, of which he was then editor (1873), entitled *Kirghiz Deputies in St. Petersburg*. In that article the words of Emperor Alexander II addressed to Sultan Mahomet, the spokesman of the Kirghiz delegation, were quoted. Dostoiévsky was tried and sentenced to two days in a house of detention and twenty-five rubles' fine.

"I have seen a five-year-old boy . . ." (Page 229.) Dostoiévsky recalled the words of his little son Fédia who in December, 1875, was taken ill with scarlet fever.

"I will tell you a little anecdote . . ." (Page 235.) Dostoiévsky refers to a conversation which actually took place between him and his six-year-old daughter Lília.

"If seated in a row—Our skill we'll surely show." These two lines are from the fable *A Quartet* by Iván Andréevich Krylóv (1768–1844), one of the world's greatest fabulists, whose fame is equal to that of Æsop (560 B.C.) and La Fontaine (1621–1695); characterizing Krylóv's genius,

the eminent English critic Maurice Baring said that he "has the talisman which defies criticism, baffles analysis, and defeats time: namely, charm." Krylóv was assistant to the Librarian of the Imperial Public Library in St. Petersburg.

Ilovaísky, Dmítri Ivánovich (1832–1920), Russian historian; the author of many textbooks on history for high schools. Author of *The History of the Riazán Dukedom* (1859) and *Inquiry into the Beginnings of Russia* (1876).

Ilyá Múrometz. *See* Múrometz, Ilyá.

Iván III (1462–1505), Grand Duke of Moscow. In 1480, his refusal to pay the customary contribution to the Tartar khans marked the end of the Mongol domination over Russia (1240–1480). In 1472, Ivan III married the Greek Empress Sophie Paleológ. In consequence of this event closer ties were established between the two Orthodox countries—Russia and Greece.

Iván Vasílievich, Czar, the Terrible (1530–1584). He was only three years old when his father Czar Vasíly III died (1533). Because of Ivan's minority, his mother Czarina Eléna assumed the regency. She died in 1538, whereupon the administration of the state fell into the hands of the Boyard Duma (Council). Countless intrigues ensued, many villainies were perpetrated by the rival boyard parties; oppression and persecution became general; the people suffered injustice of every kind. The young Czarévich, an extraordinarily gifted, well-educated and observing boy, could not help viewing these abuses with deep concern. In 1547, he ascended the Moscow Throne, and the first years of his reign were marked by a series of wise and just administrative acts designed to alleviate the lot of the common people and to curb widespread injustice. In 1550 an important Code of Laws (*Sudébnik*) was enacted; it introduced the principle of self-government. On the initiative of the Czar the first printing office was established in Moscow (1563). In 1552, the Russian army headed by the Czar captured Kazán, the stronghold and capital of the Tartar Kazán Czardom, and in 1556, the Tartar capital, Ástrakhan, on the Caspian Sea was annexed to the Russian state. These two victories put an end to Mongol aspirations as far as Russia was concerned. The Czar became a great hero in the opinion of the people, especially because it was also during his reign that Siberia became part of the Russian Czardom (1584). However, the last years of his reign were obscured with cruel persecution and wholesale executions of the boyards, whom he suspected—not without reason—of disloyalty.

[J]

Jukóvsky, Vasíly Andréevich (1783–1852), famous Russian romantic poet; brilliant translator of Johann Uhland (1787–1862), Schiller (1759–1805) and Goethe (1749–1832). Among his best original poems the following should be mentioned: *Svetlána* (1811), *The Bard in the Camp of Russian Warriors* (1812), *The*

Bard in the Kremlin (1814), *The Sleeping Czarévna* (1831). Púshkin thus characterized Jukóvsky's poetry:

His verses' captivating fascination
Through centuries will stand the jealous test:
Youth, hearing them, will sigh for fame's elation,
And silent Grief in them will find its rest,
And mirthful Joy, will pause in meditation.
(Brasol's version)

Emperor Nicholas I (1825–1855) appointed Jukóvsky tutor to his eldest son Grand Duke Alexander, the future Czar-Liberator, Alexander II (1855–1881).

[K]

Kaidánov, Iván Kuzmich (1782–1843), Russian historian, professor of history at the Imperial Lyceum.

Karamzín, Nikolai Mikháilovich (1766–1826), famous Russian historian, the author of *The History of the Russian State* (1816–1824). This monumental work (11 volumes) became possible of achievement due to the fact that Emperor Alexander I had granted him a liberal subsidy out of his own funds. (See Imperial Ukaz of October 31, 1803.) Karamzín's *History* proved a great success and is considered a classic. According to Púshkin, Karamzín "revealed to the Russians their own history." Karamzín was also the author of sentimental stories *Poor Liza* (1792) and *Natalia, the Boyard's Daughter* (1792). His *Letters of a Russian Traveller* (1791) reveal "a fresh, human observation and a tender feeling for men and nature" (Laurie Magnus, *A Dictionary of European Literature*, p. 267, London, 1927).

Katkóv. *See Moscow Gazette.*

Kazán, Capture of. *See* Iván Vasílievich.

Khlestakóv, Iván Alexándrovich, the "hero" of Gógol's play, *Revizor*, is a petty young member of the administrative flock serving in one of the countless St. Petersburg chanceries. As the curtain rises (Act II) we see him stranded in a third-rate hotel in Dmukhanóvsky's town. The queer behavior of Khlestakóv: the mysterious purpose that brought him to a town which no one would have reason to visit anyway, and more convincing still, the fact that he is stubbornly declining to settle for his room and board,—all these combined are irrefutable proof, to the provincial officialdom, that Khlestakóv is no other than the much-dreaded government inspector in disguise whose forthcoming arrival has been revealed in a private letter intercepted by the local postmaster. Once arrived at this conclusion, the city fathers hasten to pay Khlestakóv formal visits. He quickly sizes up the situation and cleverly begins to insinuate that he is the inspector after all. Among the ensuing "comedy of errors" Khlestakóv, the immortal liar, with an air of virginal innocence, confesses to his duped visitors that he is short of funds, and they cheerfully leave with him their little cash souvenirs in the hope that their of-

ficial sins will be overlooked. Dmukhanóvsky invites Khlestakóff to stay as a guest at his house, where the young impostor promptly tries to make love, first to Miss Dmukhanóvsky, and then to her virtuous mother. The latter, though quite pleased with his attentions, modestly reminds him: "But may I remark that, in a way, I am . . . married," to which Khlestakóff unhesitatingly remarks: "That's nothing. For love there's no distinction. . . ." At last, however, he proposes to the sweet miss. Of course, this "honor" is gladly accepted by proud papa and mama Dmukhanóvsky. At this juncture Khlestakóff departs from the Godforsaken town —ostensibly to pay a flying visit to his "rich uncle." He promises to be back in a day or two, and then the wedding is going to be celebrated. No sooner has Khlestakóff departed than his fraud is revealed by postmaster Shpékin. He intercepts a letter which the "revisor" mails to a friend in St. Petersburg. In this epistle, candidly and with biting sarcasm, he recounts his provincial adventure. As the curtain is about to fall the arrival of the real revisor is announced—much to the horror of Dmukhanóvsky and his enlightened colleagues.

Khomiakóv, Alekseí Stepánovich (1804–1860), noted Russian historian, the author of *Notes on World History* (1838 ff. Completed by the end of the Forties); theologian; critic; one of the foremost Slavophiles.

Kífa Mókievich, a queer fellow, a character in Gógol's (q.v.) novel *Dead Souls*. Speaking of him A. V. Drujínin, a noted Russian critic (1824–1864) remarked: "Our deep thinker Bouikovídov, at times, reminded one of Kífa Mókievich. Now and then such thoughts and inferences invaded his brain that there was nothing the listener could do but throw up his arms and start howling in a most unbecoming voice." (*New Notes of a Journalist.*) Gógol himself said: "Kífa Mókievich is a chap of stubborn disposition."

Kífa Mókievschina is a state or disposition akin to the character and proclivities of Kífa Mókievich (q.v.).

Koltzóv, Alekseí Vasílievich (1809–1842), noted Russian poet of humble descent. His father, a Voróne] commoner, traded in cattle, timber and grain. Koltzóv's *Songs*, of which the first eighteen were published in 1835 by N. V. Stankévich (1809–1840), a young Russian amateur philosopher, are dedicated to the life and labors of the common people—peasants, wagoners, tradesmen. The steppe was his element. Koltzóv was an ardent admirer of Púshkin and a friend of Bielínsky. One of Koltzóv's best poems *The Forest* (1837) was dedicated to the memory of Púshkin.

Kopeíkin, Captain, in Gogol's *Dead Souls* a legendary brigand, a half-pay officer who, although he had lost one arm and one leg, had placed himself at the head of a band of robbers in the forests of the Ryazán province. The story of Captain Kopeíkin told by the Postmaster, forms part of Chapter X, Part I, of Gógol's novel.

Koróbochka, in Gógol's *Dead Souls*—an ignorant woman, a landowner from whom Tchítchikov (q.v.) purchases a few "dead souls."

Kostomárov, Nikolaí Ivánovich (1817–1885), noted Russian historian; professor of Russian history at the Universities of Kiev and St. Petersburg.

Kovalévsky, Egór Petróvich (1809–1868), noted Russian traveller and belles-lettrist.

Kraiévsky, Andreí Alexándrovich (1810–1889), editor of *The Voice* (q.v.), and *The Domestic Records* (q.v.).

Krestóvsky, Vsévolod Vladímirovich (1840–1895), Russian novelist, author of a once popular novel *The Petersburg Dens* (1863).

Krylóv, Iván Andréevich. See "If seated in a row."

Kuíndji, Arkhíp Ivánovich (1842–1910), brilliant Russian painter, a maestro of "lyrical" landscape, in which the moon and sun light effects are treated with ingenious insight.

Kuzmá Prutkóv is a nom de plume which was adopted by three poets: Count Alexei Konstantínovich Tolstóy (1817–1875), Alexeí Mikháilovich Jemchújnikov (1821–1908), and his brother Vladímir Mikháilovich Jemchújnikov (1830–1884). Kuzmá Prutkóv is a self-satisfied ass—much like Henri Monnier's (1805–1877) famous Prudhomme, who utters with an air of profound wisdom all sorts of nonsense and travesties: ("One cannot embrace the unembraceable"; "When thou throwest pebbles into the water look at the circles on its surface produced thereby, otherwise thy occupation will be useless"; "Deprive a man of society, and he will remain in solitude," etc.). Some of these "aphorisms" are full of irresistible humor, and even in our day enjoy real popularity. Of course, the poets attached no significance to these burlesque productions, which appeared from time to time in the monthly magazine *The Contemporary* in the section called "Literary Hotchpotch."

[L]

"Lame coopers who continue to construct the moon on Gorókhovaia Street." This is an allusion to Gógol's (q.v.) story *Memoirs of a Lunatic*. The "hero" of the story is Póprischin, a petty government functionary who imagines that he is Ferdinand VII, King of Spain. Under the date "February the Thirtieth" he records among other things the following: "But the moon is usually constructed in Hamburg, and it is very poorly constructed. I wonder why England fails to take notice of this. *The moon is constructed by a lame cooper, and one can see that the fool has no conception of what the moon is.*" Gorókhovaia Street was one of the principal thoroughfares in St. Petersburg. Dostoiévsky's reference to this street is incorrect. In Gógol's story Gorókhovaia Street is mentioned in connection with a barber who, according to Póprischin, in company

with a midwife, seeks to spread Mohammedanism all over the world.

Lavrétzky, the hero of Turgénev's (q.v.) novel *Gentlefolk's Nest*.

Ledochówski, Count Mieczislaw (1822–1902), Polish Jesuit, a favorite of Pope Pius IX. In 1875, he was appointed Cardinal. In 1874, he was sentenced by a German court to two years' imprisonment for anti-German propaganda. In 1876, he proceeded to Rome, where he became the leader of the anti-German party. In 1885, he was appointed to the important office of Segretario dei Brevi.

Lérmontov. *See "The Tale" about Kaláshnikov.*

Leskóv, Nikolai Semiónovich (1831–1895), noted Russian novelist, the author of *Cathedral Folks* (1872), *The Enchanted Pilgrim, The Flea, The Devil's Dolls, The Ensealed Angel* (1873), etc. His style is rich and colorful with outstanding lexical qualities which were acknowledged by Dahl (q.v.), the famous Russian lexicographer. Leskóv's best stories and novels deal with the delineation of the customs and mode of living of the clergy, schismatics and Old-Believers.

The Liberator-Emperor: Alexander II (1855–1881). He is called "the Liberator" because by the stroke of his pen he liberated 22,000,000 Russian peasants (see Manifesto). Despite a series of far-reaching liberal reforms, the revolutionists, who, in 1879, organized under the name "Will of the People" (*Naródnaia Vólia*), with headquarters in London, made a series of daring attempts upon the life of the Czar, and on March 1, 1881, he was killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg.

Liebig, Baron Justus von (1803–1872), noted German chemist.

Liprándi, Iván Ivánovich (1790–1880), Major-General, Russian historian. He helped to uncover the revolutionary activities of Petrashévsky (q.v.).

Liteinaia Street, later Liteíni Prospect—one of the principal streets in St. Petersburg.

Lithuanian Castle, an obsolete penitentiary in St. Petersburg. It was demolished during the early days of the 1917 revolution.

Lomonosov, Mikhaíl Vasilievich (1711–1765), famous Russian grammarian, chemist, physicist and poet. Bruckner, the noted German historian of Russian literature, in his *Geschichte der Russischen Literatur*, p. 81, thus defined Lomonosov's scientific status: "metallurgist, geologist, chemist, electrician, astronomer, politico-economist, statistician, geographer, historian, philologist, critic, poet." Lomonósov was the son of a well-to-do peasant in the province of Archangel, who was engaged in fishery in the White Sea. At the age of nineteen, Mikhaíl Lomonósov left his parents' house and proceeded on foot to Moscow (some 800 miles) in order to educate himself. There he matriculated in the Slavic-Greek-Latin Academy; subsequently the government

sent him to Freiburg, Germany, for the study of mining. Upon his return to Russia, he began to distinguish himself by his scientific discoveries in the fields of chemistry, physics and metallurgy; his thermology antedated by several decades the work of the Western European physicists, and in chemistry he was the precursor of Lavoisier (1743–1794). J. J. Shouválov, one of the most enlightened and influential statesmen during the reign of Empress Elizavéta Petróvna (1741–1761), the daughter of Peter the Great, gave full encouragement to Lomonósov, who soon became the leading spirit in the work of the Imperial Academy of Sciences. In 1755, he completed his *Russian Grammar*, which laid the foundation of the Russian literary and living language as distinguished from the ancient Church-Slavonic tongue. Lomonósov was elected honorary member of the Académie Française, the Stockholm and Bologna Academies of Science. The all-embracing genius of Lomonósov makes him one of the most impressive figures in the history of modern science. A comprehensive record of Lomonósov's work and achievements appears in *The Russian Biographical Dictionary*, vol. X, pp. 593–628.

[M]

Magnítzky, Mikhaíl Leóntievich (1778–1855) one of the most hideous court intriguers during the reign of Emperor Alexander I (1801–1825), a close friend and collaborator of M. M. Speránsky (1772–1839), an avowed liberal and mason, the author of the Institution of Ministries (1802) and of the State (Imperial) Council. At the same time Magnítzky posed as a devoted admirer of the ultra-conservative General Count A. A. Arakchéev (1769–1834). On March 17, 1812, Speránsky and Magnítzky were arrested on charges of conspiracy to undermine the monarchy and of conducting secret negotiations with Napoleon, who was just then busily preparing his invasion of Russia. Both men were exiled. However, in 1816, not only were they permitted to return to the capital but Speránsky was appointed Governor of the Pénza province and Magnítzky — Vice-Governor of the Voróne) province. Subsequently he was placed in charge of the Kazán district of public education.

Makóvsky, Vladímir Egórovich (1846–1920), a noted Russian genre painter. Among his best canvases are *The Failure of a Bank, The Optimist and the Pessimist* and *The Comforter.*

Manifesto of February 19, 1861. Emperor Alexander II (1855–1881) issued the famous Manifesto liberating 22,000,000 Russian peasants with land. This historical document ended with the words: "Cross thyself, Orthodox people, and invoke with us God's blessing upon thy free labor, the pledge of thy domestic happiness and public welfare." Serfdom was thus peacefully abolished, and the peasants became owners of 318,257,527 acres of arable land. This great reform was carried out on the initiative of the Czar himself. In this difficult work he was assisted by a group

of enlightened and patriotic men, among whom Úrij Samárin, N. A. Miliútin, Prince V. A. Cherkássky, Grand Duke Konstantín Nikoláievich and J. I. Rostóvtzev deserve particular mention.

Manílov, in Gogol's *Dead Souls*, a character typifying an idle, incurable dreamer.

Márko-Vovchók, pen name of María Alexándrovna Márkovich (1834–1907), a mediocre woman novelist of liberal views; she wrote both in Russian and in the Little Russian, or Ukranian, dialect. Turgénev translated into Russian her *Ukranian Popular Stories* (1859).

Matéjko, Jan Alojzyn (1838–1893), famous Polish historical and portrait painter.

The Memoirs of a Lunatic by Gógol —a fantastic diary of a lunatic; it is included in Gógol's *Arabesques* (1835).

Mendeléev, Dmítri Ivánovich (1834–1907), famous Russian chemist, creator of the Periodic Table.

Meschérsky, Prince Vladímir Petróvich (1839–1914), editor of the conservative weekly magazine *The Citizen* (*Grajdanín*), which was founded in St. Petersburg in 1872. Dostoiévsky and several prominent Russian novelists, as well as the outstanding poets of the Seventies and Eighties, including Count Alexis Tolstóy, A. N. Maikov, F. J. Tútchev and A. N. Apoúkhtin, were regular contributors to *The Citizen*. Meschérsky's novel *One of Our Bismarcks*, depicting the Russian *beau monde*, deserves mention. Meschérsky is also the author of *My Reminiscences*, 1897–1912 (3 volumes).

The Messenger of Europe—an influential liberal monthly magazine, founded by N. M. Karamzín (q.v.) in 1802. In 1830, the periodical was discontinued. Its publication was resumed in 1866. Goncharóv's (q.v.) novel *The Abyss* was printed in *The Messenger of Europe*.

"Metal" and "fiend," literally "Metal and Sulphur" (*"metall i júpel"*). (Page 1044.) The word *júpel* in Russian means "burning sulphur"; in an allegoric sense it means a scarecrow, a monster bugbear or something of this kind. Some ignorant Moscow merchant wives in Ostróvsky's (q.v.) comedies were afraid of the word "metal"; others would be scared by the word "júpel." Thus one of these "heroines" says: "Truly, I am so very timid. . . . Whenever I hear the word *'júpel'* pronounced, my hands and feet begin to tremble." (*Difficult Days*, II, 2.)

Mikhailóvsky, N. K. *See The Domestic Records.*

Mir. See Communal landownership.

Molchálin, one of the characters in Griboiédov's comedy *Woe from Wit* (q.v.). Molchálin is the incarnation of triviality, subservience, "moderation and punctuality," a "yes-man" in a most despicable sense.

The Moscow Gazette, a conservative

daily, subsidized by the government. In 1851 Mikhaíl Nikíforovich Katkóv (1818–1887), one of Russia's most brilliant publicists, was made editor of that newspaper. In 1855, he founded the influential monthly magazine *The Russian Messenger (Rússki Véstnik)*. Katkóv started his literary career as a liberal Anglophile but subsequently became one of the pillars of Russian Toryism. His philosophical conceptions were largely derived from Friedrich Schelling (1775–1854).

Múrometz, Ilyá (from the town Múrom of the Nijni-Nóvgorod province), most beloved legendary hero of the epoch of St. Vladimir, Grand Duke of Kiev (980–1015) under whom Russia embraced Christianity (988). In Russian folk-lore Ilyá Murómetz symbolizes not only gallantry and elemental "earth" force but equally the common Christian Russian people. His many exploits are directed against the pagan nomadic tribes, which were a real menace to the safety of the then young Russian state.

[N]

Necháiev case.—In 1869, Sergei Gennádievich Necháiev, the son of a butler and a former school teacher, organized in Moscow a secret society under the name "People's Revenge" for the purpose of forcibly overthrowing the government and assassinating Emperor Alexander II (1855–1881). In one of his leaflets, Necháiev proclaimed that he would subject the Czar "to a cruel, solemn execution in the presence of the liberated plebeians and on the ruins of the state." Necháiev was an anarchist of the Bakúnin school (M. A. Bakúnin — 1814–1876); his cherished aim was to precipitate, first in Russia and thereafter in Europe, political and social chaos. He demanded from his associates blind obedience, and every member of the group was obligated to spy upon the others. The activities of this organization came to an abrupt end, owing to the fact that on November 21, 1869, in Moscow, the body of a certain Iványov, a student of the local Agricultural Academy, was discovered in a lonely spot. It was soon found out that the murder had been committed by Alexis Kuznetzóv with the assistance of other accomplices. Kuznetzóv made a full confession and stated that he had murdered Iványov at the instigation of Necháiev who suspected Iványov of disloyalty to the organization. Kuznetzóv was tried by a jury, convicted and sentenced to ten years of hard labor. Necháiev managed to escape abroad. Dostoiévsky ingeniously depicted this case in his prophetic novel *The Possessed* (1871).

Nekrásov, Nikolai Alekséevich (1821–1877). The poem *Vlas* was written in 1854. In his tendentious poetry he expressed the sentiments of a "repenting nobleman." His magnum opus is the long poem *Who Lives Well in Russia* (1873). Among the other best remembered poems the following may be cited: *The Song to Eriómushka* (1858), *The Hawkers* (1861), *Frost—The Red Nose* (1863), *The Bear Hunt* (1867) and *The Russian Women* (1871–1872), dedicated

to Princess Troubetzkáya and Princess Volkónskaya, who voluntarily followed their husbands, convicted of participating in the Decembrist revolt (q.v.) into exile.

Névsky Prospéct—the principal street in St. Petersburg.

The New Times, an influential Russian daily, with Slavophile and nationalistic leanings. In 1876 A. S. Suvórin became its editor.

Nikon, Patriarch of Russia (1605–1681), son of a peasant. At twelve he fled from his home and as a lay-brother entered the Saint Makáry Monastery on the Volga. Subsequently his relatives succeeded in persuading him to leave the monastery and to return to civilian life. He married and became a village priest. He had children, but they died. Thereupon he persuaded his wife to take the veil and at the same time he entered the Ezérsky Monastery near the river Onéga, where he soon became prior. In connection with some needs of his friars he proceeded to Moscow, and there he was introduced to Czar Alexeí Mikháilovich (q.v.). Nikon's religious zeal, keen mind, great learning and exemplary life produced a strong impression upon the Czar, and a close friendship developed between the two men. Owing to the Czar's influence Nikon was appointed Metropolitan of Nóvgorod. Following the death of Patriarch Joseph, Nikon was elected Patriarch of Russia (July 25, 1652), and the title of "Great Sovereign" was conferred upon him. His influence upon the affairs of state became so strong that he virtually became co-ruler with the Czar, and when, in 1654, during the Russo-Polish war, the Czar left Moscow to join the army, the administration of the state was entrusted to Nikon. Gradually Nikon grew arrogant and haughty, especially in his daily relations with the boyards. Upon the Czar's return to Moscow (1657), friction developed between him and the Patriarch which finally led to an open break. In 1658, Nikon renounced the title of Patriarch and retired to the Resurrection Monastery near Moscow. There he lived eight years in voluntary exile; but in 1666, the All-Russian Sobor unanimously condemned Nikon, officially deprived him of the title of Patriarch and exiled him to a remote monastery on the White Sea. There he remained fifteen years, and only in 1681, he received permission to return to Moscow. On his way to the capital he died. Nikon's patriarchate was marked with the beginning of the great schism in the Russian Orthodox church as a result of the revision and correction of the old prayer books.

The Nose—a fantastic story by Gógol which is included in his *Arabesques* (1835).

[O]

Oblómov, the famous novel (1858) by Iván Alexándrovich Goncharóv (1812–1891) is one of the finest specimens of Russian realistic fiction. Not only is Oblómov himself, the "hero" of the story, the incarnation of mental apathy, lack of initiative,

repugnance against action of any kind, but he embodies the fundamental traits of a typically Russian disease which was widespread among the upper classes in the Thirties, Forties and Fifties, and which became known as *Oblómovschina* or *Oblómovism* — pathological laziness, despite natural kindness and intellectual acumen. This was the direct outgrowth of serfdom, where the master had at his disposal "three hundred Zakhárs" (Zakhár — Oblómov's manservant, or better—"man nurse") to comply with his slightest whim. Goncharóv, one of the outstanding Russian novelists, was also the author of *An Ordinary Story* (1847), *The Abyss* (1868), *Frigate Pallas* (1856) and *Million Torments* (1871), a brilliant critical evaluation of Griboyédov's immortal comedy *Woe from Wit* (q.v.).

Óbshchina. See Communal landownership.

Œil-de-bœuf in architecture—a circular or oval window generally used in the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries.

Old-Believers, Russian dissenters, who bitterly opposed the Church reform undertaken by Patriarch Nikon (1653–1657). Among other measures, the Patriarch decreed that the sign of the cross be performed with three fingers joined together, symbolizing the Holy Trinity, and not with two fingers, as hitherto, which was regarded as an indication of the dual nature of Christ—the divine and the human. In 1654, a Church Sobor, or Conference, convened by the Patriarch, adopted a resolution by virtue of which it was decided to carry out an extensive revision of the prayer books, which, in fact, were replete with all sorts of errors; these were due to the negligence of the copyists as well as to the conflicting texts from which copies were executed. On the other hand, the Patriarch prohibited the use and worship of "Latin" icons, *i.e.*, those painted by Western artists. These and similar decrees caused much resentment on the part of those Orthodox Russians who adhered to the old church traditions. The persecution of the Old-Believers was brought to an end by the Imperial manifesto of April 17, 1905, which granted the Russian people absolute freedom of worship and religion. In particular, the Old-Believers received permission to erect their churches, while the Old-Believers' priests were exempted from serving in the armed forces of Russia.

Ostróvsky, Alexánder Nikoláievich (1823–1886), the foremost Russian dramatist. For over half a century the Russian repertoire was wholly dependent upon his comedies and dramas, among which the following are the more popular: *The Poor Fiancée* (1852), *Poverty Is No Crime* (1854), *The Thunder-storm* (1859), *The Forest* (1871), *Wolves and Sheep* (1875) and *Guilty without Guilt* (1884). All these are genre plays depicting the customs and ways of living of the Russian middle class, particularly those of the provincial and Moscow merchants. In 1879, Ostrovsky wrote his delightful and justly famous *Snow Maiden* (*Snegúrochka*)

(1873)—"a Spring fairy tale in four acts and a prologue," to which N. A. Rímsky-Kórsakov (1844–1908) composed his immortal opera bearing the same name (1880–1881). Ostróvsky firmly established the realistic tradition in Russian drama.

[P]

Pechórin, the principal character in Lérmontov's *A Hero of Our Days,* is one of those "superfluous men" whose prototype was portrayed by Púshkin in his Eugene Onegin (1823–1831). See Dostoievsky's analysis of this type in his famous Púshkin speech (*Diary,* 1880).

Peredél. See Communal landownership.

Peróv, V. G. (1834–1882), a noted Russian painter. His is one of the best portraits of Dostoiévsky. Peróv's art is didactic, with a satirical flavor. His pictures *The Fowler* (1870), *The Fisherman* (1871) and *The Hunters* are masterpieces of Russian genre painting.

Petrashévsky, Mikhail Vasílievich (1819–1867), a Russian government official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. In the Forties his house in St. Petersburg became a center for Friday evening discussions of political subjects. Most of the young men of the Petrashévsky circle (Petrashévtzi) were idealists naïvely believing in the blessings of the socialistic dogma, followers of François Fourier's (1772–1837) doctrine, as expounded in his work *Théorie de l'Unité Universelle* (1822) and of Claude Henri de Saint-Simon (1760–1825), a forerunner of revolutionary socialists of subsequent patterns. The Petrashévtzi were planning to equip a clandestine printing office. On April 24, 1849, Petrashévsky's house was raided by the police, and twenty-one members of his group were arrested and condemned to be shot. Among these was Dostoiévsky. At the last moment their sentences were commuted to various terms of imprisonment and exile.

"Petropávlooka" is a colloquial name for the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul in St. Petersburg on the Neva, which was built by order of Peter the Great following the foundation of the new capital on May 16, 1703.

"Piccola Bestia." The tarantula incident recorded on Page 427 ff. occurred in Florence, in 1869.

Pisemsky, Aleksei Feofiláktovich (1820–1881), noted Russian novelist of the realistic school. A man of unquestionable talent, Pisemsky gave in his works *The Muff* (1850), *A Thousand Souls* (1858), *The Agitated Sea* (1863), *The Bourgeois* (1877) and *The Masons* (1880) a vivid picture of Russian life in the Forties and during the transition period preceding and immediately following the liberation of the Russian peasants. Radical critics vehemently attacked him for *The Agitated Sea* in which he portrayed (Part IV of the novel) Russian nihilists residing abroad and the disintegration of rural life in Russia as a result of the peasants' reform. His *Bitter Fate* (1860) is a

powerful realistic drama, a worthy precursor of Count Leo Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness* (1886).

Pogódin, Mikhaíl Petróvich (1800–1875), son of a peasant. Noted publicist and historian; appointed professor of Russian history at the Imperial Moscow University. In 1841, he founded in Moscow a conservative monthly magazine, *Moskvitiánin*, with a marked Slavophile tendency; this magazine was continued till 1855. Pogódin's principal works are: *On the Origin of Russia* (1824); *Historico-Critical Sketches* (1846) and *Ancient Russia prior to the Mongol Yoke* (1872).

Polish insurrection (1863–1864). France, Austria and England sent threatening notes to the Russian government demanding all sorts of concessions to the Poles. These demands were emphatically rejected. Poland was then divided into ten provinces which became an integral part of the Russian Empire.

Polónsky, Yákov Petróvich (1820–1898), one of Russia's greatest lyric poets. The metrical and lexical qualities of his verses are superb. Turgénev (q.v.) and Gógol praised highly his noble poetic talent with its humanistic leanings and romantic moods. In his Caucasian poems he painted magnificent pictures of the majestic scenery. *Grasshopper — The Musician* (1863) is among his best poems.

Póprischin — the "titular counsellor Póprischin" in Gógol's *Memoirs of a Lunatic*, who imagines himself Ferdinand VII, King of Spain.

Potúgin, one of the characters in Turgénev's (q.v.) novel *Smoke* (1867). He is a sworn Westerner.

Powder Plant—some six miles from St. Petersburg.

Prutkóv. *See* Kuzmá Prutkóv.

Pugachióv (Pugachēv), Emelián Ivánovich (1743?–1775), a Don Cossack and impostor, who, having assumed the title of Emperor Peter III (1761–1762), organized in 1773 a rebellion against the government of Catherine II (1762–1796) and the landowners. The ranks of the rebels were recruited from among peasants, Don and Yaitzk Cossacks, ex-convicts, fugitives from justice, the Kalmucks and Kirghizes. The revolt, which first broke out in the province of Orenburg, promptly spread south, north and west along the Volga and Ural rivers, as well as toward the Caspian Sea. Wherever the rebels succeeded in capturing a town or "fortress," they subjected the landowners, government officials and loyal officers and soldiers to wholesale extermination. Pugachióv's bands captured a number of important cities (Ufá, Samára, Sarátov, Pénza, Kazán, etc.). Only in September, 1774, the government troops succeeded in capturing Pugachióv, who, under the personal supervision of Field Marshal Suvórov (q.v.) was brought to Moscow in chains. On January 10, 1775, Pugachióv and his associates were executed in Moscow. After that the revolt was soon liquidated and the devastated towns,

hamlets and estates gradually restored. Púshkin depicted the Pugachióv rebellion in his novel *The Captain's Daughter,* and he also wrote *The History of Pugachióv's Rebellion.*

Pugachióv's Rebellion, The History of (1833), by Púshkin. By order of Emperor Nicholas I (1825–1855), Púshkin was given access to the secret archives and reports of the civil and military authorities concerning Pugachióv and the spread of the revolt organized and headed by him. In addition to the official material, Púshkin examined a large number of private letters dating back to the Seventies of the XVIIIth Century, unofficial records of the revolt, etc. To make the publication of *The History* possible, the Emperor granted Púshkin a loan of 20,000 rubles ($10,000). See Púshkin's *Diary,* under March 6, 1834.

Púshkin, Alexander S. (May 26, 1799–January 29, 1837), was born in Moscow. In October, 1811, he entered the Imperial Lyceum at Czárskoye Seló, then the summer residence of Emperor Alexander I. Púshkin's first poems, light and imitative, date back to the early part of 1812. In 1817, he graduated at the Lyceum and proceeded to St. Petersburg, where he joined the literary association, "Arzamás," of which Karamzín (q.v.), and Joukóvsky (q.v.), the former a noted historian, the latter a gifted romantic poet, were the leading members. During this early period, Púshkin wrote a long series of lyrical pieces, love stanzas, elegies and idylls which, though fully expressive of his youthful sentiments, revealed remarkable poetic power. In 1820, he wrote his first long poem, *Ruslán and Ludmíla.* Early in that year, in consequence of his mischievous epigrams, having invoked upon himself the displeasure of the Government, Púshkin was ordered to leave St. Petersburg for Ekaterinosláv on a government mission. There he fell ill, and he received permission to proceed for a cure to the Caucasus. It was while there that he began studying Byron. Having spent several months in the Caucasus, he proceeded to the Crimea, and thence to Kishinév in Bessarabia. Impressed by the Southern scenery, and under the influence of Byron, Púshkin wrote three poems: *The Caucasian Captive* (1821), *The Bakhchissaraí Fountain* (1823) and *The Gypsies* (1824). In 1824, Púshkin left Kishinév for Odessa, where, again, he got himself into trouble. Accused of bad behavior and of having uttered atheistic opinions, he was ordered to leave for Mikháilovskoie, his own estate in the Province of Pskov. Púshkin remained in this exile approximately two years; he lived there all alone with no one but Arina Rodiónovna, his old peasant nurse, to brighten his seclusion. The enforced sojourn in Mikháilovskoie proved beneficial to the poet's mental growth. There he conceived and completed his tragedy *Borís Godunóv* (1825), which was written under the marked influence of Shakespeare. During the same period he wrote the major part of *Eugene Onégin,* his *magnum opus.* In September, 1826, Púshkin received permission to leave Mikháilovskoie, and he pro-

ceeded to Moscow, where he was given an audience by Emperor Nicholas I. The two subsequent years Púshkin spent partly in Moscow and partly in St. Petersburg. In 1828, he completed *Poltáva,* a long poem dedicated to the memory of Peter the Great and the well known battle of Poltáva (1709), where the Russians defeated the invading army of Charles XII, King of Sweden. In 1829, Púshkin proposed to Natalie Goncharóva, a recognized beauty of the early Thirties, and on February 18, 1831, he married her in Moscow. In the autumn of 1830, he spent several weeks in Bóldino, another estate of his, in the Province of Nijni-Nóvgorod. There, within the brief period of four or five weeks, he wrote four miniature tragedies: *The Miser Knight; The Feast During the Plague; Don Juan;* and *Mozart and Salieri.* Each one of these tragedies is an unsurpassed masterpiece. In addition, he conceived and completed *The Little House in Kolómna,* a long poem in octaves. Beginning with the same year, Púshkin turned his attention to prose. In 1833, he completed his last big poetic work *The Bronze Horseman*—perhaps the most remarkable of his major poems—again portraying Peter the Great. The best of his works in prose are *The Bielkin Tales* (1830), *Doubróvsky* (1833), *The Queen of Spades* (1833), *History of Pougachióv's Rebellion* (1833) and *The Captain's Daughter* (1836). Insulted by the attentions which Baron Haeckern-Dantes, a young Guard officer, was paying to Natalie Púshkin, the poet, on January 27, 1837, fought a duel with his rival, and was fatally wounded by him. Púshkin died in St. Petersburg on January 29, 1837.

Pýpin, Alexánder Nikoláievich (1833–1904), noted Russian historian, publicist and historian of literature. In 1898, he was elected to the Imperial Academy of Sciences. His principal works are: *Russian Masonry in the XVIIIth and First Quarter of the XIXth Century* (in book form first published in 1916), *History of Russian Literature,* 4 volumes (1898–1899), *History of Russian Ethnography,* 4 volumes (1890–1892), *Bielínsky: His Life and Correspondence* (1876). Editor of the literary works of Empress Catherine II.

[Q]

The Queen of Spades, a novel by Púshkin (1833) to which P. I. Tchaikovsky (1840–1893) wrote his opera bearing the same title.

[R]

Rastrelli, Bartolomeo Francesco (1700–1771), famous Italian-Russian architect. He came to Russia from Italy at the age of sixteen and settled in St. Petersburg. The following are his best known buildings: the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg (1732–1736), the Great Palace at Czárskoe Seló (1750), the Smólni Monastery in St. Petersburg (1748), the St. Andrew Cathedral in Kiev (1747–1767), the palace of Count Stróganov in St. Petersburg, and the palace in Peterhof.

A Raw Youth, a novel by Dostoiévsky (1875).

Rectilinear: Dostoiévsky uses this word in the sense of a single-track mind devoid of flexibility.

Redemption sums, or redemption payments, or redemption loans, were payments which were made by the Russian Government to the landowners for their land allotted to the liberated peasants (February 19, 1861). These payments were supposed to have been repaid by the peasants to the Treasury in annual installments over a period of forty-nine years. However, a considerable portion of this indebtedness eventually was cancelled, and the peasants became owners of the lands tilled by them, acquiring full title thereto. Redemption payments, or loans, were made in the form of interest-bearing securities guaranteed by the State. In this connection it may be of interest to note that on February 19, 1861, *i.e.*, two years before the abolition of slavery in the United States, over 20,000,000 Russian peasants were liberated from bondage by Emperor Alexander II. The Imperial manifesto liberating the peasants was accompanied by an act granting them roughly 318,257,527 acres of land suitable for tilling. On the average every one of the 8,450,782 peasant farms contained 37.18 acres. By January 1, 1917, that is, prior to the revolution, the peasants in European Russia owned about 50 per cent of the entire available acreage.

Redstock, Lord Grenville, an Oxford graduate. He served in the British Army, reaching the rank of Colonel. Ever since his Oxford days he was interested in missionary work. He came to St. Petersburg in the Seventies of the XIXth Century as a self-appointed missionary. He preached the doctrine that faith—and faith alone—in Jesus Christ is necessary for the salvation of the soul. Good deeds, according to him, serve merely as an obstacle to salvation. The Church, as an ecclesiastical institution, must be abolished; sacraments are worthless and sin is of no consequence so long as faith prevails. For a while Lord Redstock's doctrine was in vogue among the fashionable sets of St. Petersburg society. Among the most ardent disciples of Lord Redstock was Colonel Vasily Alexándrovich Páshkov, a man of great wealth. For the propagation of the tenets of Redstockism he established in 1876 in St. Petersburg a Society for the Encouragement of Religious and Ethical Reading. He was the founder of a spiritual sect known as *Páshkovschina.*

The Reformer—Dostoiévsky refers to Peter the Great.

Repetílov, in Griboyédov's comedy *Woe from Wit* (q.v.), is a tireless causeur and a pathological liar.

Répin, Ilyá Efínovich (1844–1918), famous Russian painter of Cossack descent. His *Haulers, John the Terrible and His Son John,* and especially *The Cossacks' Reply to Sultan Machmond IV* are universally admired. In 1894, he was appointed professor of historical painting at the Imperial Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg.

Rúdin (1856), one of Turgénev's (q. v.) best-known novels. Rúdin's place is in the long gallery of the so-called "superfluous men" portrayed in Russian belles-lettres.

"A Russian Lady, Countess K." (Page 375.) Countess Kúshelev-Bezboródko.

The Russian Messenger, founded by Katkóv, was one of the most influential and widely read monthly magazines. Among its contributors were the Slavophiles S. T., K. S. and I S. Aksákov (q.v.); the Westerners I. S. Turgénev (q.v.), A. N. Pýpin (q.v.) and Boris Chichérin; the gifted poet Y. P. Polónsky (q.v.), the famous novelist Goncharóv (q. v.) and many other noted authors.

The Russian Women (1871–1872), one of the best-known poems by N. A. Nekrasov (q.v.).

[S]

Saltykóv, Mikháil Evgráfovich (1826–1889) (pen name—Schedrin), of noble descent, Russia's outstanding satirist; he was nicknamed by the rightists "the Russian Vice-Robespierre," as an allusion to the fact that this radical thinker held the office of vice-governor of the province of Riazán (1858) and later of the province of Tver (1860). In 1862, he resigned temporarily from government service, and became editor of the radical monthly *Contemporary* (*Sovreménnik*) in place of Chernyshévsky (q.v.), who had been arrested for revolutionary activities. Shortly thereafter, however, he was appointed president of the Pénza Court of Exchequer. At the age of forty-four, he tendered his resignation, and from that time on he gave all his time to literary pursuits. It is noteworthy that Saltykóv's satire mercilessly and mordantly chastised not only the Russian bureaucracy but likewise the loose-mouthed liberalism of the Sixties and Seventies, the bushy-haired nihilists and the radical intelligentsia. His ironical allusions to Chernyshévsky's novel *What Is to Be Done?* caused great indignation in the leftist camp. His best-known works are: *Provincial Sketches* (1856–1857), *Pompadours and Pompadouresses* (1863–1873), *Well-Intentioned Speeches* (1872–1876), *Messrs. Golovlyóvi* (1872–1876), *In the Realm of Moderation and Accuracy* (1874–1877), *Tales* (1880–1885) and *Bygone Days in Poshehónie* (1887–1889).

Samárin. Úry Fiódorovich (1819–1876), one of the outstanding Slavophiles and principal supporters of the liberation of the Russian peasants. Samárin was also a noted theologian.

"Save the Kings."—On February 4, 1799, Emperor Paul I (1796–1801) sent for Fieldmarshal Survórov, who was then living in exile on his estate, and ordered him to proceed to Italy to check the victorious offensive of the French revolutionary armies in Lombardy. On that occasion Paul bestowed upon the old Fieldmarshal the Grand Cross of the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem. Suvórov knelt before the Emperor and exclaimed: "God save the Sovereign!" to which

Paul said: "It is for you to save the Sovereigns!"

Schedrin. *See* Saltykóv.

Sebastopol Stories (1855) by Count Leo Tolstoý (1828–1910) are a record of his personal observations and experiences during the siege of Sebastopol (1854–1855). As a Russian army officer Tolstoý took part in the heroic defense of that fortress.

Senkóvsky, Ósip Ivánovich (1800–1858) (pen name "Baron Brambeus"), editor of the St. Petersburg magazine *Library for Reading;* professor of Oriental languages (Persian, Arabian, Tartar); translator of the novels: *The Bedouin, The Knight of the Cream-Coloured Steed* (from the Serbian language); *The Village Belle* (from the Tartar), etc.

Sennáia—a square and a slum precinct in St. Petersburg.

Sérgij of Rádonej, Saint (1314?–1392), of noble descent, founder of the famous Holy Trinity Monastery near Moscow, of which, in 1354, he became prior. This monastery acquired an important significance in Russian history, especially during the Troubled Epoch (q.v.) in Russia's struggle against the impostors and the Poles. Saint Sérgij was not only an exemplary Christian confessor of faith, but likewise a man of great political wisdom and executive ability. He became a close friend of the Moscow Metropolitan Saint Alexis, who, on many occasions, entrusted to Sérgij the difficult mission of bringing about peace between the contending dukes of the various Russian provinces. In 1380, the Moscow Grand Duke Dmítri Joánnovich proceeded to the Holy Trinity Monastery in order to consult Saint Sergij on the question whether Russia should openly challenge the Tartar rule. Saint Sérgij bestowed his blessing upon the Grand Duke and foretold his victory in the field. On September 8, 1380, the Grand Duke defeated Khan Mamái in the Kulikóv battle on the Don. This brilliant victory exercised a profound political and moral influence upon the destinies of the Russian state: (1) it raised in the minds of the people the prestige of Moscow as the rallying center of the struggle against the Tartars; (2) it proved to the nation the falsity of the legend of the Tartars' invincibility, and (3) it created in the minds of the people the conviction that the Moscow Grand Duke was the logical defender of the Russian state as a whole and *ipso facto* the political symbol of its unity (the idea of the Czar).

Skabichévsky, Alexánder Mikháilovich (1838–1910), mediocre radical critic, author of *The History of Russian Censorship* (1890), *The History of Russian Literature,* etc.

Skóbelev, Mikhaíl Dmítrievich (1843–1882), Russian general. In 1868 he was sent to Turkestan and with a brief interval remained in Central Asia till 1877. In 1874, he distinguished himself in the expedition to Khíva. For extraordinary bravery he was promoted to the rank of major-general and appointed Governor of Fergana. He took an

active and prominent part in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877–1878; more particularly he distinguished himself during the siege and capture of Plevna. On September 3, 1877, he captured the Turkish stronghold Lovtcha. In January, 1878, he crossed the Balkans in a severe snowstorm, defeating the Turks at Senóva near Shipka. Because he always wore a white uniform and rode a white horse, he was called "the White General." Skóbelev was an ardent Panslavist. On July 7, 1882, he died of a heart attack in Moscow.

Skvoznik-Dmukhanóvsky, Antón Antónovich, a hard, utterly dishonest bailiff who in touching union with a score of equally unscrupulous state functionaries, autocratically rules over a small and God-forsaken Russian provincial town in N. V. Gógol's (1809–1852) five-act comedy *The Revizor* (1834), which made his name immortal. (See Khlestakóv.)

Sobakévich—in Gógol's ***Dead Souls***—a vulgar, gluttonous, massive landowner ("not finely tailored but solidly seamed") who sells his "dead souls" to Tchítchikov.

Solianoi Gorodók—in St. Petersburg, an agricultural museum and lecture hall.

Solovétzky Monastery on an island in the White Sea. It was founded by Saint Savváty and the monk Herman in 1436. Under the Soviet regime this famous monastery serves as a huge concentration camp, in which tens of thousands of prisoners are subjected to slave labor.

"Some eighteen months ago . . ." (Page 547.) The jurist mentioned by Dostoiévsky was the famous Russian criminalist, Anatóly Fiódorovich Kóni (1844– ?), member of the Imperial Academy of Sciences, and one of Russia's outstanding orators.

Songs of the Western Slavs (1833) by Púshkin. Their origin and literary significance is explained by Dostoiévsky.

Spasóvich, V. D. (1829–1906), of Polish descent, brilliant Russian jurist criminalist, advocate and literary critic. His essays *Púshkin and Mickiewicz before the Monument to Peter the Great, Lérmontov's Byronism* (1887), *Schiller's Friendship with Goethe* (1894) and *Púshkin in Modern Polish Literature and Criticism* (1891) are important contributions to the critical evaluation of the respective poets. In 1863, he published a *Textbook of Criminal Law*, which even in our day retains a certain interest.

The Sportsman's Sketches (1847–1851)—a collection of short stories by Turgénev.

Stundism (from the German word *Stunde*—hour), a religious sect which was founded in Germany in the latter part of the XVIIth Century by Jacob Spener (died in 1705). Early in the Seventies of the XIXth Century a German pastor by the name of Bonnenkempfer started preaching Stundism among the Little Russian peasants in the Khárkov province. Stundists reject the dogmas of the Russian Orthodox Church,

sacraments, priesthood, etc., as well as civil authority of every kind. They confine themselves to the reading of the Scriptures and the singing of hymns. In several Southern provinces of Russia Stundist propaganda met with considerable success. Among the most noted Russian followers of Stundism Iván Riabosháp ka, Gerásim Balabán and the brothers Tzibúlsky may be mentioned. Stundism was interdicted and prosecuted in Russia until 1905 when by virtue of an Imperial Manifesto full religious freedom was proclaimed.

Susánin, Ivan, a Russian national hero, who early in 1613 saved the life of the newly elected sixteen-year-old Czar Mikhaíl Fiódorovich Románoff. Polish armed bands which then invaded Russia were determined to assassinate the young Czar, who was residing at the time on one of his estates near Kostromá on the Vólga. The Poles lost their way in the virgin woods in that district. They ordered a peasant, by the name Susánin, to guide them to the Czar's residence. Susánin at once sent a secret messenger to warn the Czar of the impending peril, and meanwhile promised the Poles to show them the way to the Czar's palace. Acting as their guide, he deliberately led them astray into impassable forests. When, at length, the Poles found out that they had been double-crossed by Susánin, they killed him. Nevertheless the Czar was saved, and on March 14, 1613, he ascended the Russian throne. This episode inspired M. I. Glínka (1804–1857), the famous Russian composer, to compose his classic opera *A Life for the Czar*, the performance of which was prohibited by the Soviet government. However, in 1942, because of the war, its performance was renewed for a while under the name *Iván Susánin*. At present it is again ostracized from the Russian operatic repertoire.

Suvórin, Alexei Sergéevich (1834–1912), noted publicist, critic, playwright and conservative editor of the influential St. Petersburg daily *The New Times*. His best known dramatic piece is *Tatiána Répina* (1889). Suvórin was the owner of the Little Theatre in St. Petersburg.

Suvórov, Prince Alexánder Vasílievich (1730–1800), Russian fieldmarshal, undeniably the most brilliant Russian strategist and soldier. Among his principal victories the following may be mentioned: (1) the defeat of the Lithuanian Hetman Count Oginski near Stolóvice, September 12, 1771; (2) the defeat of the Turks at Turtukaí May 10, 1773; (3) the defeat of the Turks near Kírburn, October 1, 1787; (4) the defeat of the Turks at Rímnik, September 11, 1789; (5) the siege and storming of the Turkish fortress Izmaíl, December 11, 1790; (6) capture of Warsaw, November 4–9, 1794; (7) the defeat of the French army at Trebbia in Italy, June 7–8, 1799; (8) the defeat of the French army under General Joubert at Novi, August 4, 1799; (9) the storming of the Devil's Bridge and the defeat of the French army in Switzerland, September 14, 1799. Suvórov has often been compared with Napoleon. However, Survórov,

during his long military career, never suffered a defeat.

[T]

"The Tale" about Kaláshnikov, as Dostoiévsky erroneously calls it, is an ingenious epic poem by Mikhaíl Úrievich Lérmontov (1814–1841), after Púshkin the greatest Russian poet, known as the Russian Byron. The correct title of the poem is *The Song about Czar Iván Vasílevich, the Young Body-Guard and the Bold Merchant Kaláshnikov* (1837). Lérmontov wrote this ingenious *Song* when he had barely reached the age of twenty-three. His two greatest poems are *Mtzíri* (a Circassian convent novice) and *The Demon* (1829–1839). Both are dedicated to the Caucasus. His shorter lyrical pieces: *The Angel, The Nymph, Borodinó, Three Palm-Trees, The Prophet, The Twig of Palestine, The Gifts of Térek, The Dispute, First of January, The Death of a Poet* (dedicated to the death of Púshkin); *The Poet* and *The Dagger* are among the most precious gems in world poetry. Púshkin and Byron were the two formative influences in the development of his poetic genius. Like Púshkin, Lérmontov was killed in a duel.

The Tale about the She-Bear (1830) by Púshkin is an unfinished piece; it is a popular story of a she-bear who on a lovely spring morning, at dawn, was killed by a peasant with a hunting-pole; of the boundless grief of her husband, the dark-brown bear and the forest animals (the wolf, the beaver, the fox, the squirrel, the hedgehog, the hare, etc.) who express to him their sympathy because of the irreparable loss he has suffered.

Tatárinova, Ekaterína Filíppovna (1783–1856), was the daughter of Ekaterína Fiódorovna Booxhoevden, née baroness von Maltiz; the latter was a nurse of Grand Duchess Mary, the eldest daughter of Grand Duke Alexander (later Emperor Alexander I, 1801–1825), who died in infancy (1800). The nurse was given an apartment in the Mikháilovsky Castle in St. Petersburg (Emperor Paul's I palace). After the assassination of Paul (March 11, 1801) Ekaterína Fiódorovna was permitted to retain her rooms in the Castle. Her daughter Ekaterína Filíppovna married Iván Mikháilovich Tatárinov, an officer in the 3rd Infantry regiment of the Imperial Guard who was gravely wounded in the battle of Borodinó (August 26, 1812). After his death, Tatárinova, in 1815, came to live with her mother, and from that time on she began to devote herself to the practices of pietism. In 1817, she declared herself a prophetess. Her apartment in the Mikháilovsky Castle became a meeting place of castrates, convulsionists, mystics and all sorts of sectarians. Prince A. N. Golítzin, the then Minister of Ecclesiastic Affairs, took an interest in her, and it was through his influence that Alexander I accorded her an interview. However, in 1821, she was ordered to vacate her apartment, and all official support of her activities came to an end.

Tatiána, the heroine of Púshkin's

magnum opus Eugene Onégin (1823–1831). A brilliant evaluation of her character was given by Dostoiévsky in his famous Púshkin address in Moscow on June 8, 1880, the full text of which appears in *Writer's Diary* for that year.

Tchítchikov – the "hero" of Gógol's famous novel *Dead Souls* (1842), which is his *magnum opus*. Tchítchikov has often been compared with Khlestakóv (q.v.), although, in more than one respect, they are antipodes: Khlestakóv is slim and light as down, outspoken and eloquent; Tchítchikov is ponderous and fat as a Thanksgiving turkey, taciturn and reserved –a convinced positivist; Khlestakóv is a tireless *causeur*, and his world outlook is that of a loose-minded whig; Tchítchikov is a steadfast builder, a narrow-minded Tory, a slow thinker of the fundamentalist breed. Even so, Tchítchikov is but the prolongation of Khlestakóv, both having one common root, one underlying cause of their coexistence, which is elemental mediocrity. Khlestakóv survives in history as an immortal impostor, Tchítchikov as an unrivalled schemer and money-getter.

"The suicide was a young girl . . ." (Page 469.) Dostoiévsky refers to the eldest daughter of A. I. Hertzen (q. v.) Elizabeth, who committed suicide by taking poison in November, 1875.

Theodosius Pechérsky, Russian Saint, was born in Kursk in the first half of the XIth Century. At the age of twelve he left his parents' home and proceeded to Kiev, where not long before that Saint Antony had founded the famous Kiev-Pechérsky Monastery (1051). When Antony retired from the Monastery to live in solitary seclusion, Theodosius was made prior. He introduced among the monks rigid discipline and himself strictly adhered to the principle of asceticism. He was the author of two ecclesiastical instructions to the people, ten instructions to the Kiev-Pechérsk friars and two epistles to the Kiev Grand Duke Iziaslávich (1054).

Thersites, in Homer's *Iliad*, the ugliest, most scurrilous officer in the Greek army which besieged Troy. He always reviled Achilles, who finally slew him. Hence, an impudent railer at powers that be.

Thon, Konstantín Andréevich (1794–1881), noted Russian architect. He executed the plans and sketches for the famous church of Christ the Savior in Moscow (1835), which was demolished by the Soviet government in 1931, as well as of the Big Palace in the Moscow Kremlin (1837).

Tiápkin–Liápkin in Gogol's *Revizor*, the judge, one of the city's important stars in the constellation of the corrupt city officials. He, like the other officials, leaves a little "cash souvenir" with Khlestakóv, the imaginary "revizor."

Tikhon Zadónsky (1724–1783), Russian Saint, of humble descent. He spent his childhood and youth in abject misery. He attended the Nóvgorod Seminary in which he later became instructor. From 1763 to 1767 he was the ruling bishop in the Voróne j diocese. From that year

until his death he lived in retirement in the Zadónsky Monastery devoting all his time to prayer, charity and the practice of Christian virtues. He wrote several remarkable books, among which *On True Christianity, Christian Instruction* and *The Rules of Monastic Life* deserve particular mention.

Tódleben, or Tótleben, Count Eduárd Ivánovich (1818–1884), brilliant Russian military engineer; he constructed the fortifications of Sebastopol (1854), and in 1877, the siege of the Turkish stronghold Plevna was conducted under his supervision. Plevna was captured by the Russians on November 28, 1877.

Tortzóv, Lubim, one of the principal characters in Ostróvsky's (q.v.) comedy *Poverty Is No Crime;* he is a déclassé, a drunkard, but a kind-hearted man with noble impulses.

The Troubled Epoch in Russia (1598–1613). Following the death of Czar Fiódor Ioánnovich (1584–1598), the son of Czar Iván the Terrible (q.v.) the Zemsky Sobor elected Boris Godunóv (q.v.), a favorite of Czar Ivan, and the late Czar Fiódor's brother-in-law, to the throne of Russia. But it was persistently rumored that Godunóv had been instrumental in the assassination, in May, 1591, of the young Czarévich Dmítry, Iván's youngest son and Czar Fiódor's only brother. Besides, Godunóv was of humble Tartar descent, and therefore quite unpopular among the ancient Russian boyard families. Godunóv was an enlightened ruler, and his early legislation proves that he was an able statesman. However, suspicious of boyard intrigues, he began to persecute the nobles and thus aroused among them great indignation. In 1601 Russia began to suffer from a dreadful famine which was followed by an equally devastating plague. Popular discontent grew to a high pitch. Hunger-stricken peasants and all sorts of rebellious elements began to plunder the boyards' estates. Highway robberies spread all over Russia. In the presence of these political and social conditions, it was comparatively easy for an impostor to challenge the authority of Boris Godunóv. Such an impostor appeared in the person of a young man (exact date of birth is unknown) Grigóry Otrépiev who is supposed to have been the son of a government official. In the latter part of the XVIth Century he settled in Moscow, where he took religious orders, and shortly thereafter he began to spread the rumor that he was Czarévich Dmítry, miraculously saved from the hands of Godunóv's assassins. Realizing the danger of such propaganda, the Czar ordered Otrépiev to be seized. But he managed to escape, fled across the Lithuanian border and proceeded to Poland, where he enlisted in the service of a Polish magnate Wisznewézki. He convinced the latter as well as the Sandomir Wayvode Mniszek that he was the son of Czar Iván the Terrible. Having embraced Roman Catholicism, Otrépiev, with the aid of the Jesuits, succeeded in securing formal recognition by King Sigismund of Poland of his status as lawful pretender to the Russian

throne. Some 1500 Polish adventurers joined his ranks. He crossed the Russian border and the Cossacks and robbers' bands gave him active support. In April, 1605, Godunóv died, and in June of the same year, Dmítry the Impostor triumphantly entered Moscow at the head of his rebel army. He ascended the Throne, but his avowed pro-Polish sympathies and the fact that he had married Marína Mníszek, a Roman Catholic, caused widespread discontent. Taking advantage of this situation, Prince Vasíli Shuísky organized an uprising in Moscow, during which Dmítry was assassinated by the mob. From that time on, one impostor after another contested the Russian Throne. The Poles invaded Russia and captured Moscow. For six years, anarchy reigned throughout Russia. However, at the eleventh hour the spirit of patriotism prompted the Russians to rally around Prince Dmítry Mikháilovich Pojársky, who had formed a volunteer army. In August, 1612, Pojársky defeated the Polish Hetman Hodkiéwicz and liberated Moscow. In October of the same year, the remnants of the Poles, who were besieged in the Moscow Kremlin, were compelled to surrender, following which, on February 21, 1613, Mikhaíl Fiódorovich Románov was unanimously elected Czar of Russia. This put an end to anarchy. A monument to Prince Pojársky and the Níjni-Nóvgorod merchant Kozmá Mínin, who by his ardent patriotism helped to finance the volunteer army, was erected in the Moscow Kremlin.

Turgénev, Iván Sergéevich (1818–1883), one of the most famous Russian novelists and a noted dramatist. His works *The Sportsman's Sketches* (1847–1851), *Rúdin* (1856), *Gentlefolks' Nest* (1859), *On the Eve* (1860), *Fathers and Sons* (1862), *Smoke* (1867) and his shorter stories *The First Love, Asya* (1858), *The Torrents of Spring* (1871), *The Song of Triumphant Love* (1881), *Hamlet of the Schigróv County, Poems in Prose* (1882), have won for Turgénev universal fame. His works have been translated into all European languages. Maurice Baring has justly called Turgénev "the prose Virgil of Russian literature"; the brilliant French art critic Hippolyte Taine (1823–1893) considered Turgénev one of the greatest artists since Sophocles. Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880) and George Sand were among his enthusiastic admirers. In fact, his prose is matchless; it flows like the gentle murmurs of a tide; its elegance, rhythmical properties and crystal purity are inimitable. Turgénev was a convinced Westerner, a humanist in the best sense, and a liberal. In spite of this, time and again he was attacked by the Russian radical critics. Among his dramatic works *The Provincial Lady* and *A Month in the Country* are genuine masterpieces.

Túrchev, Fiódor Ivánovic (1803–1873), one of Russia's foremost lyrical poets—the four lines addressed to Russia, quoted on Page 425, are taken from a short poem of his. The first sixteen of his poems were published in 1836 by Púshkin in *The Contemporary,* which he then edited.

[U]

Úri Miloslávsky—a once popular historical novel (1829) by Mikhail Ivánovich Zagóskin (1789–1852). His other novels *Róslavlev or The Russians in 1812* (1831), *Askold's Tomb* (1833), *The Tempter* (1838), etc., replete with melodramatic effects, have met with but little success and are now forgotten.

[V]

Vasíly Shibánov, a poem by Count Alexeí Tolstóy (1817–1875), a brilliant Russian poet, playwright, the author of the famous historical trilogy: *The Death of Iván the Terrible* (1866), *Czar Fiódor Ioánnovich* (1868) and *Czar Boris* (1870); novelist, the author of *The Silver Prince* (1861), in which he gave a vivid picture of the epoch of Czar Iván the Terrible.

Viardot, Louis (1800–1883), cofounder with George Sand (1804–1876) of the *Revue Indépendante* (1841), husband of the famous French operatic mezzo-soprano (1821–1910) for whom I. S. Turgénev (q.v.) felt an ardent affection.

Víborgskaia Storoná — a borough in St. Petersburg.

Vlas. See Nekrásov.

The Voice (*Gólos*), a liberal daily founded in St. Petersburg in 1868 by A. N. Kraiévsky (q.v.).

[W]

"Whether 'tis beast that roars in gloomy woods" is the first line in Púshkin's poem *Echo* (1831), an adaptation from Thomas Moore's (1780–1852) *Echoes* with its first stanza:

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light!

"The window to Europe." In the Introduction to Púshkin's great poem *The Bronze Horseman* (1833), Peter the Great is pictured standing on the desolate bank of the Neva and meditating about founding St. Petersburg, the new capital of Russia, on the shores of that river flowing into the Finnish Gulf. Says Peter:

Hence 'gainst the Swede we are to labor,
Here shall a mighty city rise
To the distress of our proud neighbor;
By nature we are destined here
To cut a window through to Europe . . .
(Boris Brasol's version)

Woe from Wit (1824)—the immortal four-act comedy by Alesánder Sergéevich Griboiédov (1795–1829) with its ingenious epigraph:

Thus naughty Fate has ruled forever:
That fools for happiness be fit,
But they who happen to be clever
Should always suffer *woe from wit*.
(Boris Brasol's version)

Tchátzky is the hero of the play. Eloquently, with idealistic zeal, he denounces the antiquated Moscow

beau monde of his days. His is a progressive world outlook. At the same time he ridicules foolish apishness of Western customs and he bids:

Oh, let's adopt from those Chinese
Their prudent nescience of strangers.

Bielinsky (q.v.) belittled the literary significance of *Woe from Wit*. Púshkin, however, in his letter to A. A. Bestújev (January, 1825), predicted that Griboiédov's ingenious verses would become an integral part of the living Russian language. Griboiédov was Russia's special envoy in Persia. Some Armenians persecuted by the Shah appealed to Griboiédov for protection. He sent a sharp note to the Persian government, but on January 30, 1829, at Teheran, the fanatical infuriated Persian mob broke into the Russian embassy. Griboiédov, with his sword in hand, met the rioters in the vestibule and gallantly defended himself until, overpowered, he fell and was assassinated. His mutilated body was brought to Tiflís and buried on Saint David's mountain.

[Y]

Yat. In the pre-revolutionary Russian alphabet, "yat" stood for a "soft sound" of "e." The difference is closely represented by the sound of yea in the name Yeats compared with the sound ye in the English word yet. In the Russian alphabet there are letters for the familiar European vowel sounds A, E, I, O, U, and also letters representing what in Russian are called the "soft sounds" of those vowels and in English are most closely represented by prefixing the consonant Y to the respective vowel sounds. In the new spelling introduced by the Soviet decree of December 23, 1917, the letter "yat" was altogether eliminated. As a result many linguistic nuances and finesses can no longer be expressed.

[Z]

Zamoskvoréchie, a borough in Moscow on the right bank of the Moscow river, residence of the old-fashioned Moscow merchants.

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