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The
Emma
Goldman
Papers
REEL
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The Emma Goldman Papers

A Microfilm Edition

Reel 50

Goldman Writings

January 1, 1925 to January 1, 1926

Edited by
Candace Falk
Ronald J. Zboray
and
Daniel Cornford

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The Emma Goldman Papers Project

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In memory of Brenda J. Butler (1953-1990)

who, from 1987 to 1990, coordinated the search for Goldman documents in Europe, Asia and the Soviet Union, thus expanding the Goldman Papers collection to reflect the international dimension of Goldman's life and work.
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The Goldman Writings Series is a collection of Goldman's published essays, essay drafts, and lectures, as well as summaries of (and excerpts from) speeches as they appeared in newspaper articles and interviews from 1890 to 1940.

The collection emphasizes Goldman's lesser-known essays and previously unpublished drafts. Essays available in recent editions or published in book form have not been included. Where possible, various editions of popular essays are part of the collection.

This document series also includes drafts of articles and lectures. Selected translations of Goldman's writings in French, Italian, German, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Spanish, Japanese, Chinese, Russian, and Yiddish, illustrate the international influence of Goldman's ideas during her life.

The newspaper articles reveal the public Emma Goldman as she was portrayed by the contemporary press. The articles underscore her wit, humor, and intellectual curiosity as well as her composure when confronted with hostility and sexism.

The Goldman Writing Series follows the public life of Emma Goldman from 1890 to 1940. Four periods stand apart in terms of both her activity and the attention focused on her: the years she published, edited, and wrote for Mother Earth, with the lively narratives of her lecture tours across the United States; her return from the Soviet Union, including her criticism of Leninism, the attacks from the Left against her anti-Leninist positions, and her responses; her brief return to the United States in 1934, a respite from the exile that separated her from her family and comrades in the United States;
and finally, the years of the Spanish Civil war: her visits to Barcelona and Madrid, her analysis of the transformations in Spain and of the controversies concerning the alternative tactics employed by Spanish anarchist organizations in their militant and political struggle against Fascism.

The Goldman Writing Series is largely self-explanatory. Users seeking contextual information about Emma Goldman’s activities should turn to the informational text accompanying the Correspondence series of the microfilm.
Good and Evil Points in the Makeup of America

I have been asked to write an article about the good points in America which from my vintage position of Europe must appear in much better light than when I was still in the United States. It is no doubt true that those who have grasped the report are better equipped to understand the obvious. If so my five years travel through strange lands ought to enable me to see both the Good and the Evil in America in much sharper lights than before.

In my childhood I was taught that mankind are imbued with two conflicting impulses; one which makes for good, the other which makes for evil. He who is strong enough to overcome evil is good. In this sense all saints were good, they were rewarded— if not on this earth— in heaven certainly. All others are bad and unworthy of emulation.

In later years I realized that the impulses which move the individual as well as the mass of humanity are not quite so simple and easily chosen as I was made to believe by my well-intentioned parents and teachers. I found that there is no straight and definite line between the Good and The Evil. That both are cries crossed by many lines, many shades, in fact can hardly be separated from each other, and can certainly not be chosen by one's mere strength of "free will". I found that good and evil are terms for something in human action which is conditioned by numerous forces outside of man. And that these terms are subject to modifications, changes and development in accordance with the changes constantly going on in the social and ethical values of each period of human and social development.

The most important lesson, however, which life has taught me is the relativity of all things. Every institution ever so evil may yet become worse. Conversely, the best in man and society often becomes better. That is the law of evolution and growth without which life would decay.
and society become extinct. In this sense every Saint was also a sinner and the greatest sinners had the making of the saint in him.

Now, I cheerfully admit that America is a very great sinner indeed. For this very reason I find much in the United States which has saintly qualities. My faith in the good potentialities of the country has not only not been dimmed by my European vantage point but has been strengthened. And so has my realization of the evil thing grown and the need of speaking out frankly and fearlessly against them.

I think I can best point out both sides of the American make up by contrasting its country and its people with those of Europe. Since the "generous" treatment accorded me by my erstwhile adopted land I had occasion to pitch my tent in quite a number of countries; Russia, Letland, Sweden, Germany France, Holland and England for the present. In some of these places I have lived for periods long enough to make a thorough study of the forces that have made the mental and spiritual quality of their people, the structure of their social and political institutions, others I knew from previous visits their literature and the political and economic struggle of the masses. Everywhere I found that the fundamental difference between them and America is much more a difference of age than anything else. The difference between maturity and youth with all their traits and characteristics which go to make up the two stages in human and social development.

Russia by its geographical vastness, by its centuries of Tartar and the psychology of its people has always stood as a land apart from Europe. And now more than ever it stands apart and can not be discarded in comparison. Unusual events create unusual conditions. And the two gigantic upheavas of March and Oct. 1917 coming on top of years of war exhaustion and ruin have certainly brought about a state of affairs.
quite unlike anything else in modern times. For the present the great tide which swept over Russia and her people has been dammed in by the autocratic regime of a small political group by means of despotism and terror. But the potentialities of the Russian people set in motion by the two revolutions will never again be put to sleep. The End in Russia is far
yet.

No it is not Russia that can be contrasted with America. It is Europe, or that part of Europe which I can discuss with some knowledge. I find this countries not only mature but wellnigh ancient in its achievements and civilization. Therefore set, conservative, cautious and not easily moved. Centuries of struggle for political and economic freedom, for ethical ideals, for cultural and artistic values have created certain traditions more binding than any man made law can possibly be. Among these traditions the most important is certainly the realization that "Man does not live by bread alone" The result is that the achievements of Europe are much more of the spirit than of the body. This more than anything else has established certain values which even the war has not been able to destroy altogether.

To enumerate only a few examples; the rich of Europe even as their America brothers have achieved their wealth at the expense of their fellowmen. Yet the exploitation of the masses is nowhere quite so intensive as in the United States. Neither are the rich as brazen and avaricious as at home. To be sure the classes are much more distinct of each other and their barriers much less bridged. The millioner of Europe is not the poor man's son of yesterday. Wealth has been handed down to him from generation to generation. And not knowing the struggle and surdine and meagerness of wealth he is much less prone to flunt it into the face of his victim, or use it only to bribe, corrupt and prostitute the various factors that are helping to make and keep his fortunes.
The political rights established through age long strife have handed down traditions which the rich of the countries and those who make up the body politic can not so easily and brutally be set aside for the convenience and aggra benifices of the few which is a daily unfortunate occurrence in the United States. To be sure most democratic liberties are mere makeshifts, a cloak to better blindfold the exploited masses, a strong whip to keep them in check. This strange as it may seem this is yet much more true of European Democracies and Republics than of some of the Monarchies.

I found much more freedom of speech, press and assembly, much greater dignity in individual rights in monarchical Scandinavia, Holland and England than in France or the newer Republics like Lithuania, Estonia or Germany. Though it can not be emphasized too much that the German revolution superficial as it was has established certain liberties for its people superior to anything that existed under the Wilhelm regime.

However, though such governments grants as much liberty as its interests will permit it is yet important that these few precious achievements of the human struggle should not be at the arbitrary mercy of the privileged few. For without freedom of speech, press and assembly no headway will ever be made towards greater liberties and opportunities along social economic and cultural lines. The recognition of this all embracing factor now whether European governments like it or not the political traditions have created a definite status for the social idealist and the political offender which the enemy is bound to recognize and respect. This explains the difference of treatment of politicians in Europe and America. Here they are set as the spokesmen of the class struggle. Here the accused is often turned into the accuser and the court made to listen to the social indost.
ment with patience and respect. Everywhere in Europe except England the political is neither looked upon as a criminal, nor is he treated as such. He has privileges in prison and his right of hunger strike, obstruction and rebellion are formidable weapons generally employed for mass radical changes in prison regime and treatment and even political amnesty. All this is absolutely lacking in America because the revolutionary and political traditions are lacking. With us the political is axx considered either a fool, a scatter brained impractical" dreamer, or worse yet, a criminal for whom any brutal method is justified and used by those who axx serve vested interests and special privilege.

While these traditions are the very backbone of what is worth while in Europe and cannot be denied but they also are back of what is conservative, stationary and enslaving. Many of these traditions are really the paralyzing hand of the dead upon the living. Saunter countries are like mature people they are in a groove. Having had their "Sturm und Drang" period they will have none of the adventurous spirit of youth. Having had their "fling" mature people cling to respectability. Having lost faith in the coming day they dwell always in the past. Their lives and their thoughts have crystallized into a definite mould from which they are not easily moved.

It were a mistake to deny that the war has not undermined the foundation of that mould. New forces are certain singly at work, especially in the young generation, forces lanced at immoral and disintegrating by the old of mind and spirit, yet they are the hope of Europe if it is not to die of decay. But for the present most European countries are preceded over by old statements, old moralists, old habits and old traditions.

In comparison with Europe America is childishy young. Its stage is adolescence with all its accompanying good and evil, its generous impulses and its crude and savage out
The best proof for America's youthfulness is its resentment to criticism. Youth is arrogant, self-centered, cock sure of itself and hates to be maligned censured, or opposed. Youth is blind in its hate as well as its love. It lacks the capacity to understand that to love with open eyes is infinitely more difficult and at the same time more enduring. Or that blind hate is ferocious and never settles anything. Time and growth are necessary to grasp the "human all too human." Young countries like youthful people must not be bothered by time, they have no yesterday, they draw only from the present. That alone enables them to plunge forward heed foremost without any regard for consequences to themselves or to others. And it is well it should be so since it is youth and not maturity or old age who is the forerunner of new ideas and fundamental social changes.

That which is evil in America is due not so much to its adolescent crudities and heartlessness as to to the fact that as a pioneer country it has climbed fast and is much more concerned in material values than in the qualities of the spirit. Of America it can justly be said that it lives primarily by broad alone, hence its worship of material things, its love of quantity, of bulk, its adoration of the golden calf and the physical well being it can bring. In quest for the things of the body America has rung on at the rate of five hundred miles an minute and sweeping everything in its way. The result is that America in material achievements has far outrun Europe and now can boast of being the richest and most powerful country on earth. America is like Tipper she was not really born, it grew over night.

It must not be forgotten that America's rapid and enormous material rise is due not only to the spirit of adventure and aring inherent in the people, its tremendous natural resources and the hosts of human from every corner of the earth who flocked to America as to the promised
The promised land of their golden dreams have played the most
decisive part in the making of the country. For this reason
alone it ill behooves Americans harass and persecute aliens
and arrogantly boast of its hundred per cent Americanism. If
It is true of America what used to be said of the Russian,
"Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar" If we
will scratch the American we will find every nationality of
Europe in his make up.

However, the intolerance of the alien is
another sign of America's extreme youth. It never does any
thing by halves whether

It is conceded that America stand foremost
in material and physical values. But in matters of art cul-
ture, in all that makes up the longing of the human spirit
for beauty, art and ideals, America lags far behind Europe.
There is no finer understanding in the U. S. for social ideals
or their exponents, no grasp for the forces which irrevocably
superate the classes, no contact with the pressing issues
of life: Robust, infantile, overburdened with youthful ener-
y America does in arts cultural qualities so much waste of
time, it has no patience with it and meets them with scorn
contempt and bitter opposition. And as America can do noth-
ing by halves, it outdoes Europe in its rigid laws, its
savage persecution of everything that has its being outside
of the purely physical persuasions of his follow.

Examples are too numerous to go into, but just
as for will demonstrate what I mean. In Europe Anarchism, Synd
cialism and other extreme social philosophies are held by
tens of thousands of people and recognised as social factors
brought about by the struggle of the classes. They have
their legitimate being, their press, their meetings, their
right of propaganda. I do not mean to say that these theories
are taken on to the bosom of the powers that be. No fortunately
not, they are fought, are persecuted. And yet they have their
political status recognised by all. In America the Criminal
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Good and Evil Points in the Makeup of America / [Emma Goldman].— [1925? draft, fragment].— 8 p.; 32 x 20 cm.

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The punitive methods against anarchists and syndicalists are not exclusive nor are they benefit of all human consideration. It is left to the cruelty of American youthfulness to enact "criminal" Anarchy and Syndicalism in the eyes of five to fifteen years. And it was against America that shut its gates to men of science and letters because they are anarchists. Nothing but lack of political and social traditions in a country can explain such truly antirevolution methods in dealing with political or their friends. The same lack of experience is back of most things evil and reactionary in the United States.

Reaction is everywhere rampant in the world today, every country has its costs of failures. But nothing really quite compares with the harshness and density of our own reaction, the Ku Klux Klan and its criminal methods against every one who have their own independent being. There is fanaticism in Europe but it is openly fought and repudiated by all progressive elements in every country, America alone has given its reaction a legal and social standing and recognition.

Or Prohibition. Is there any country where Prohibition has created such evils, such confusion, such truly ridiculous effects? It failure and abuse cry to the very heavens. Yet instead of recognizing the force of the measure America goes on increasing its array of special police, detectives, and the rest to cope with the ever growing host of bootleggers made by Prohibition.

Will any sane person suggest that America with Prohibition is better than European countries without it, of with its same attitude towards temperance which makes drinking a means of good fellowship rather than drunkenness? No America can do nothing by halves. That is is wise as well as its virtue. Because the very element of adolescent in tolerance and impatience which have so far made for destructive sides of American life, are also going to make for the
The Emma Goldman Papers
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The name of John most was for many years known throughout the United States. Thanks to his press, it was a name to strike terror into the heart of the ordinary reader. In millions of homes the name is portrayed as the image of utter hatred, a red beard, a red coat, leaving ashes and destruction behind. To the philanth pst John most was the symbol of worries and utter ruin; to all of everything else that he accomplished, well was said, "ill or what they did," the name of the world's foremost to profess the unblushing "reckless merit." 

But there, too, were people who read about it in the daily papers and judged, "an American citizen only to see this kind of thing happen."

The great American citizen only to see his name and that of his country written in a book, and then to read that this terrible John most be given the same freedom, the same translation, the same life, the same death. But "what he did" was bad, was evil, was wicked, and his worst enemies did not hope to see the name of John most live and work.
Like many immigrants of forty years ago, I came to the United States with an exalted idea of the great American liberties, with visions belief in the country as a heaven for the oppressed, with her wonderful quality of opportunity. That was in 1886. Then came my own first experience with the crumbling industrial machine. I worked ten hours a day in a sweater in Manchester, N.H., making alabasters for the manifold uses of the belt for fifty cents per week, and I gradually learned to see things in a different light. The great strikes in Illinois which led up to the labor market riots, the women explosion, the arrest of the Chicago anarchists, their trial trial and terrible on — these were my early lessons in American liberty. I saw perfectly innocent a social licensee at the time but my tireless resistance against injustices and wrong, and my inculcated sense of at the real role in the press of the country, gave me the first impulse towards the vision of which the lecture has been done to death by the mind backed by wealth and power.

During the entire time I was woven as an observer of all the bloody riots and of all the civil scenes, I was driven by interest, in spite of a frequent way to the interned by the sensational accounts, I determined some day to know the facts.

In 1890, after two years close study of socialist literature, I went to New York. I knew no one there except the name of East and that of a young Russian student, but after hours of search, on the east side, I finally located the Russian who took me to the East Side weekly markets. There I met several persons with whom life was redlined linked until this day. amongst them to Alexander Berkman. The same day, Berkman invited me to see John Most.

The following April was in a small hotel chamber,
The Emma Goldman Papers
John Most / [Emma Goldman].— [1925 Jan.?, draft].— 20 p.; 25 × 15 cm.
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childhood. But his hatred of social wrongs, of ugliness and sordidness was the natural offshoot of his love of beauty, of color, of the vital things of life.

It is impossible to form even an approximately adequate idea of the true personality of Gold without some knowledge of his youth in St. Petersburg and Berlin, and it is particularly necessary to understand the extent of the personality that beset him at a very early age, and which not only profoundly influenced his character but most probably shaped the whole course of his life.

I first learned of the tragic event at a performance of the *Caravan* at Venice *played by Corsetti, the famous \[\text{from a printed source}\]

during the performance. Next, I noticed the unusual effect of Corsetti's great art upon him. I knew that my companion was particularly fond of the theatre, and that he would often deprive himself of necessities in order to indulge this love of great performances. Still the nervous tension with which he hung on every word and gesture of Corsetti struck me as very peculiar. After the play, on AS\[\text{from a printed source}\]

that night I imagined that I would have been in Corsetti's place, and I should have been as moved as he was, but for my dreadful fear.

Later, when he regained possession of himself, he related to me what he considered the deep set in his revered life.

At the age of seven he had weight of a child which settled in his face. There was no efficient physician in his native town, and the people were too poor to send him proper treatment elsewhere. During five years little Johann...
was experimented upon by physicians who had better been blacksmiths. They finally succeeded in driving the evil into the patient's jaw, whereupon gangrene set in which would have killed the lad, had not a leading surgeon accidentally gotten hold of the case at the last moment. He performed a difficult operation, and as a result of which the boy's life was saved. But his face was entirely disfigured. Young Most became the target of derision and ridicule, exposed to lavatory and indignant shouts. In short, his whole life was long martyrdom or humiliating.

The greatest little things often have the most significant results. The unknown fact that a great career would have been but for the greatest stupidity to the provincial German doctors. Of his great historic gifts they can be no doubt. One must have heard not on the platform, or seen his interpretation of old Sweden in Gerhard Hauptmann's "Reuse," of his... performance in New York, to realize what an unmolded gesture was lost in his through the splendid speech of... Yet, it pleased... With his sharp historian, disappointment and despair, producing what would now be called an "inferiority complex," which remained with... all through his life.

John Most was born on the 25th of February 1856, at Aueheh, Germany, his father after an adventurous life was compelled to seek out a miserable existence as a priest in the office of a lawyer. His father, Joseph, a lawyer, was an educated but refined son of liberal ideas. Little Hansen was a love child, "coached between the world and the cell," as was said to remark facetiously. The... was not the boy's father, the peer to support. Finally, could get no license to marry. The nature of... and mother of all governments was therefore born contrary to all regulations.
Two years later his parents succeeded in repatriating their native, never dreaming of the rebellion nature that manifested itself in their offspring and which would be his nature in a life-long struggle with all sentimentalities and respectability.

The father's earnings were never enough to keep the family afloat; yet the mother lived the way she loved it, and the child who was born as a result of their marriage, and who was the product of her love and the marriage of the boy with a girl. The fact that the child was born of a marriage of convenience was not considered important by the parents, who were content with their own lives and the lives of their children. The child was born in the same year as the birth of the boy, and the mother lived the way she loved it, and the child was born as a result of their marriage, and which would be his nature in a life-long struggle with all sentimentalities and respectability.

The little boy, who was born in 1873, was a product of a marriage of convenience, and his parents, who were content with their own lives and the lives of their children, were content with the way they lived. The child was born as a result of their marriage, and which would be his nature in a life-long struggle with all sentimentalities and respectability.

The child was born in the same year as the birth of the boy, and the mother lived the way she loved it, and the child was born as a result of their marriage, and which would be his nature in a life-long struggle with all sentimentalities and respectability.

The little boy, who was born in 1873, was a product of a marriage of convenience, and his parents, who were content with their own lives and the lives of their children, were content with the way they lived. The child was born as a result of their marriage, and which would be his nature in a life-long struggle with all sentimentalities and respectability.
...the less of his mother she did suddenly during a cholera epidemic. His father soon married again, and then began a new career for the boy. His step-mother hated him with a deadly hatred, and he went to an orphanage and soon learned to hate in return. As a result, he became a radical, a socialist, and a revolutionary. He was a brilliant writer and thinker, and his ideas were widely read and respected.

But the boy was not content to protest. He knew that the only way to change things was to work hard and study. He went to school and studied hard, and soon became a leader in the movement. He was a brilliant speaker, and his ideas were widely respected.

The boy continued his work, and soon became a leader in the movement. He was a brilliant speaker, and his ideas were widely respected. He was a brilliant writer, and his ideas were widely read and respected.

The boy continued his work, and soon became a leader in the movement. He was a brilliant speaker, and his ideas were widely respected. He was a brilliant writer, and his ideas were widely read and respected.
his love for books and the hope of finding such opportunity to read. He did not know then that his opportunity was to;
be a continuation of his miserable home life. He was treated
from dawn to dusk, half starved and constantly ill-treated.
It was at this period that Francis got his first taste of prison,
which was in the future to become a frequent experience.

In these days the constitutional law was an afterthought in
France. But on the other hand there was strictness in a
peculiar way. Although he paid no attention to the local orders,
no one occasioned him trouble. Finally he was involved in a
violent encounter with the priest. He was hit on the back by
his bare arm and driven to kneel on the grim walk. This served
only to increase his stigmata in the church, and just stared
loosening allegator. Then upon he was brought before the
police and given a severe rust.

But at 1 o'clock in the morning he had to leave the
city, and young yet in 1886 followed a sad range in various
Germany. He took to the road. Escalading with bitter pain,
the great journey to travel in strange lands, and with consid-
erable practical experience, he became a fire watchman, traveling
all through Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary, not
earning his living to rest it could, money very badly. His
disfigured face, his small and delicate physique were not
his, after being it impossible to secure work or to hold his
job, and less to a va deers, his poverty at(Biternia
and could have thrown him into the box, and he not
fortunately been drawn at the time into the rickety town of
the labor movement, to become the third intensely all
entirely interested in it.

After the revolution which followed the revolutionary wave
of 1848, many of the German had to adopt a novel style throughout

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his love for books and the hope of finding such opportunity to read. He did not know that his apprenticeship was to be a continuation of his miserable boy life. He was treated from dawn to night, half starved and continually ill-treated. It was at this period that Chance got his first taste of prison, which was in the future to become a frequent experience.

He notes that his school work was optional in Bavaria, but as the early collecting was spent in a seaside community, he put no attention to the schoolwork.

At one lesson, the result of a violent encounter with the street, the boy was pulled out into the street by his ears and made to kneel on the side walk. This served only to increase his inclination to be tough, and least stopped stealing character. Therefore he was brought before his father, who, given a stern reprimand.

But all at the brilliant little apprenticeship was not to end, and young Jack in 1867 followed the old tradition in wags in Germany. He took to the road with great longing. or travel in strange lands, and with considerable youthful vigor. Because of
dumping ill through Germany, Switzerland, France, and Hungary, and
earning his living in a way, could, in many a way. His disfigured face, his small and delicate physique were no hind
and, after a time it impossible to secure work or to hold his
job. But his friends, his poverty, and bitterness grew and would have thrust him into the bow, and he was for
fortimately been drawn at this time into the driving time of the labor movement, to become his briefly intensely all
actively interested in it.

After the revolution of 1848, new issues began to assert themselves throughout
Europe. In England the trade unions were waging a hard
battle for recognition. In France the Labor Movement was
making itself felt. In Germany Ferdinand Lassalle was
leading the workers towards new social ideals. Even in Russia there
was a new spiritual awakening, which found expression through
Tchehov's and The "Kolokol", a newsletter, Peter's brilliant
publication. It was at this vital period, that the first
International was born.

To him Most's spirit, the young journalist, the
police told his name took like a "like a "man caught up by
the street line, "but take me, " and a little later " I will, world,
if you keep me up and out."

He came to the United States ready to struggle, from
that moment, young and full of life, and
there was a profound change in character.

Most threw himself into the movement with all the
intensity of his being. He called himself to the study
of the writings of Lassalle and other socialists, at the
attended labor meetings and participated in demonstrations.
Very soon he was selected to become "Chairman" of
the first International. He was placed leader of the group
at the General Assembly of the Internationale. He was
a young pupil of his beloved friend, but in later years
hequote the "evident that the very,
thatSocialist, was with a youthful heart about centers of
action and innovation.

Most's first experiences in America were of the
been described as "honest and simple". He
young youth, with
a serious act, his This introduced himself as a thorough
bandsman, and was soon to recite something a few
years later, this man youth shone in the Union of students
emerged with high treason, the United States included in it. Very
speech against the liberal ministry which is its attitude towards the labor movement was anything but liberal. The next day the papers began their campaign of salubrity of the held young agitator. That led to just a month's imprisonment.

Shortly after Mr. the "liberal" ministry made its real salubrity, all other parties were required, all political liberties were called. The sponsors replied with an intensive attack against a great reaction. But the attack was promptly granted. In spite of its brilliant defense, the bills received were minister of high treason at continuance in five years. It has the title of a that just composed his first stirring labor song which is sung out of prison and carried on after the performers. To this day it is to be wondered at silence to letters in error by:

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Unable to silence him, the Austrian government desired to have him expelled. *Forever* - read the sentence. *Forever* is a long time *,* and sarcastically remarked on the occasion; * *whether Austria will live too long *.

On his return to Germany, last week, went to Bavaria, where he found very little left of the Social list organizations. Everything had been crushed by the Prussian Austrians. But the young agitator had underestimated, with tremendous energy he set to work bringing new life into the scattered masses, organizing, and stabilizing. His success was presently apparent in increased persecution by the authorities. His activities as propagandist and editor of a labor paper resulted within one year - 1876 - in no less than 45 court sentences. These experiences served to develop his extraordinaryfire intolerance. His wit is sarcastic, his language, robust and original, lashed the enemy with merciless whip and inspired his followers with great enthusiasm, but never allowed to continue his work uninterrupted for any length of time. The sister of the same year found him in prison, this time under charge of being a Jewish insult to the court. But please were too hot institutions of learning, to study. He employed his time in writing a popular version of Marx's "Capital" in numerous pamphlets. On his release, he was offered the a literary job, the "Suddeutsche Volkzeitung", as important socialist publication which kept him held until 1874, when he was elected to the Reichstag.

Unlike most of the political reformers, the young pamphleteer quickly discovered the relevance of that holy of holies, the "theatre of a million *", and called the Reichstag. The only service he could render in that institution, he said, was to other material, for his pen.
The Emma Goldman Papers


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Pictures of the political dynamo as a man. These proved masterpieces of penetration and humor. His werke are out of the mouth of the man who stood, who was Marx who could not bring the sentences together without large gaps of silence, out of many others poems individually set with numan's senses and raised the slight of the workers.

Jewels at the Melissa are supposed to secure from political persecution. Let us draw-aid "old man", a tete-a-tete for a well laid net. Her speech in Berlin he was exiled to sentenced to the "Jail for the Writings", not in the first line an attempt was to treat him a mander. Let us consider the realists without their "guest", not the fully real, the whole of reality hidden in subtle, political will be in this prison. In consequence to his role to be considerable literary work while intercessor set, among his writings being his experiences in prison, which were compiled not as a sacred under the title "The Jail for the Writings". Not emerged from his incarceration after 6 months, a strong and sustained spirit as her father. The Berlin Bescher has a sentence of imprisonment on "The Jail for the Writings", which never his influence became the most powerful anti-massicide paper. Besides his work as editor, he wrote extensively for other publications. He lectured throughout Germany and Switzerland, his treatises of 1910, 1911, and 1912, with criticism of 1914, brought upon the mass of the times Germany she could not forgive a "mor. backrubber" for daring to question the accepted authority of the great man.

The work of political realization in Germany presently

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produced acts of revolutionary violence which in return led to the Amnesties of Dussard, involving the complete suppression of all political liberties and expulsion of prominent socialists. Though not in prison at the time, the order reached him as well as those at liberty.

After his release in 1878 he was forced to leave Berlin within 4 days. He went to London at the first period in his public career was then closed.

Here a new phase begins, no less intense or even of greater importance, in the process of his development. For it was in England that he evinced a completely new bent to the origin State ideas and to his former political activities. The leading lights in the new liberal-democratic circles never looked upon him as John Most. He was too independent, too intransigent in all his ideas; too sorely no biting. He could not be a peace with whom his sympathies. He opposed no one in whom he detected either. Therefore he was never personally associated with the Socialist leaders of Germany, but when - not once to London, where he started the publication "Die Freiheit", wherein he could give full expression to his ideas, his.sentimental understandings, entitled to remain in Germany on the very of the good, benevolent, known, liberal, - Germany, not was beginning to anarchy. He was in the leading towards socialism. The site of it would not have recalled. The old methods employed by were no longer; that is known were not to work against him. Decomposing stories were circulated, the rum and his character discredited, everything done to discredit him in his frame in Germany. At the references is England, most went his way to did his work ad formed the "Freiheit" into a fighting revolutionary organ. It was original in so well the language of paroxyms and imagery, far more than any it led as rival, his enemies.
laughed him for his piercing wit, but they read the "Freiheit". It was too compelling.

In 1879, after Alexander II fell by the hand of the Russian revolutionaries, the "Freiheit" appeared with a red border and an enthusiastic tribute to the heroes of the drama. "Thus the tyrants pay the price," he wrote, "Bliss to the elayers of the tyrant!". The Russian new office hardened to the support of the Bermers. Next was arrest & tried and sentenced to 15 months' imprisonment in the House of Correction at Glazenswell. Subsequently the "Freiheit" was also suppressed. He was spent in the Victoria's prison more considered a "nest-ang his civet & 6 yrs, little he foresees that was in truth a mere cell in democratic memories, in Wehern, 1879, but added on the station " dismissed " for the loss of freedom, where he was to drink the bitter cup of enfranchisement, brutal prosecution and imprisonment to the last drops.

For in, was I was the haven of political refugees. German, oh-there, victim of the harvest: exceptional laws, French Uhlan red sea & escaped the authority of Thiers and Gambetta, Italian, of Sp. mine allies, whom she rebelled against her primitive marine. In truth, every corporation has contributed its act to our thinking a place in the galaxy but turned to the United States a kind of liberty. Yet dart was not bit, other authors of the changing situation in Germany, declined in the big strikes in the liter part of the secretaries, the struggle of the daily magistrates and the police brutality gained them. Still in arrived believing that the free cards, which kept open eyes for us every European revolutionists, could also give him a kindly climate. But it, it left the foreign elements did, for by them he was royally received. He especially became the most powerful master in the revolutionary
In 1885 the first international conference was held in Pittsburgh. It was John Most who drew up the Wagner charter, unanimously accepted by the delegates. This proclamation played an important part in the early stages of the anarchist movement in the United States. A similar clause in the compensation represented the demand for the right of the workers to serve themselves, a right granted by the United States Constitution when that was of paper until the amending. The drive to this proposal that took place within their limits, to be drawn and adopted. A clause in the national meeting was to be called at 10th Street, New York City, not on this one; limited to this subject. But several days later, the Grand Jury, after deliberation of a general report of the speeches, raced down in indignation, in the last, by the action of that committee, to the public ordermeet. The following day some newspaper offices were seized by the story that John Most had been “captured” in ... as practicability,” so that he’s done this series of what is to be set.”

Most see tried, convicted, and went to do society’s island penitentiary for a year.

He often asserts that nothing that he had endured during his former imprisonment, or even in England, could compare with the humiliating, petty cruelty and inhumanity he was subjected to in that prison. Even his most vulnerable feeling was not spared: his beard was shaved, exposing his unshaven physical condition, sent which is in the children – as in the best of small jails not isolated by guards and fellow prisoners, and “sole object” to idle curiously seekers to whom the administration painted the ex-robot
prisoner sat as some wild freak.

While last was in the penitentiary the revolutionary forces in Chicago, aided by the entire press of the country, were preparing the black deed of the 11th of November 1886, the judicial murder of the five Chicago anarchists. The tragedy of the historic Haymarket riots has since been proven to have been staged by the Chicago police and not by the mourners who were striking in the eight-hour cry. The petitioinists consist of the police's lonely group. In the inserted trial, the execution of the innocent victims - those of 1886 the beginning of the recent wide-spread reaction in the United States. An essay in the ignorance of the significance of every small prevailing event, even among thinking men, is the disastrous example for ulterior upon them. Otherwise it is not my province to write in this sketch, even in the words of the advice of John Bent.

During the trial at Chicago, and the maxim time between the conviction and execution of Burns, Spies, Adler, Angell and Reilly, sat one still in prison. Among the great justice that he was not in prison, otherwise he too would have皂ably killed a gray in the bloodbath. He has a beastly cracking in the country.

Letter to an open to the reformer, sat among another gathering of the labor masses "where" is not 'Hay' along with the Chicago to the and the workers of his martyred cause. He is the guilt not only at the loss of the examples of labor but to the workers themselves, the great majority of whom had remained as everlastigly intact in the face of theximity. The next day the New York "indamental a perniciously cropped amount of meat to the. He immediately wrote to the press, calling attention to the
The Emma Goldman Papers
John Most / [Emma Goldman].— [1925 Jan., draft].— 20 p.; 25 x 15 cm.
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The report had already been copied by other publications, producing the intended effect. Most was arrested. The testimony of the State witnesses at his trial was so obviously false that the case was on the point of breaking down. At that juncture the prosecuting attorney produced a prophet — "The Bells of Sitterson"— written by Just sometime prior to the Chicago events, on that alleged crime as we were guilty. Though the case was appealed, the Supreme Court sustained the conviction, and the prisoner was again sent to the blacksmith's leash: sentenced to the transatlantic, i.e., transatlantic power of assured release. And to emerge from this experience still strong in only a few years as a leader we fought in spirit, his faith in the salvific possibilities of anarchism is the net had been weakened. He began to doubt the efficacy of direct individual revolutionary action. It was partly this, as well as the revolutionary experience of the man who had been named for 10 years, that led to his rejection of the significance of the June events at U. July, 1877, the latter events the 1st of many; in fact, the man responsible for the disturbance of the powder (1 sem.) steel strike by inciting notions; not report to the Com.

There is an extraordinary number of young people in social reform or social justice work, and John Most -- an extraordinary number of insurgent, experience and temperament, as far at the height of enthusiasm, of religious zeal, on what to find. He had not been tried in the struggle nor had not been in the struggle of spirit. John Most, though still wedded to the cause of humanity, had gone through more or less. Between us there was the abyss which ever the path of reaction and the abyss which ever the path of reaction. We need much to study more than the others. It was
But when he turned his back on the "utter nonmaterialism" of his teacher, he felt he was being "propagated" by someone else. He wrote to his wife: "I must forgive myself for not understanding the work of the man who has so eloquently and passionately inveighed against my teacher, and I see my own work as in the same line of thought: I see the spiritual offering of man as the only thing that can relieve the spiritual bankruptcy of our world."

In 1901, when Emma Goldman was in Russia, she wrote: "The price of police persecution, the cost of the "freedom", which I gained as a result of the death of my beloved, is not a small one."

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Fennission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the Schlesinger Library, Radcliffe College.

The Emma Goldman Papers
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Of its idealistic beginning. Going to his
ordinary material circumstances, as his physical and unique personality, his
passport, faith and idealism, he was able to
prove the masses as few believe him, but in his ex-recto towards
the heights, he took no time to look behind him, to see
whether the masses could or would keep pace with him.

Until America became a native to political refugees, the
radical element seemed to float in the upper strata of their
own land. It continued to seek asylum in the United States; They
furnished fertile soil for social latest as brilliantly brought
to them. But the time came when the quality of German
emigrants changed. The revolutionary refugees of Germany,
after the abdication of the Nazi-Friedrich- I law, were
replaced by greenhorns and based, who flocked to America
for easy and not in search of her language freedom.
On the other hand, the early German immigrants had become
weary of the struggle, and their children "Americanized". They
had nothing of the strong will or spirit of their parents and
were quickly absorbed by what is common and codified in this
country. Gradually lost in his youth; a general without
an army, a prophet without disciples, in an alien environment. Yet the one's spirit could not be broken. He
died a fighter to the end.

John Most was a prophet, and his influences on the
habitual to a hard and irreparable soil. But the seeds he
scattered may yet bear fruit in the ultimate spiritual harvest
of the United States, only then will his personality and
genius of John Most receive the long delayed and much deserved recognition.
The name of John Most was for many years known throughout the United States. Thanks to the press, it was a name to strike terror into the hearts of the ordinary reader. In endless columns the newspapers portrayed the man as the incarnation of Satan, a wild beast, run amok, leaving chaos and destruction behind. To the philistine John Most was the synonym of dynamite and nitroglycerin, and of everything else that is dangerous, evil and vicious. All of which taxed the materialism of the American Government to protest the country from this "criminal anarchist".

Most, thus became the target of every police department of the land: they pulled him off platforms, drove him hand-cuffed to stations, tried him on trumped up charges, and locked him up in Blackwell's Island, there again to subject him to the process of inhuman persecution and humiliation.

And while the man was garced and fettered in the presidential, blameless reporters and unscrupulous newspapers dragged his ideals through the mire, portrayed his class, wrote blood-curdling stories about his alleged life and practices. The good American citizen shivered in fear and prayed to his Maker that this terrible John Most be wiped off the fair American land, hunged electrocuted, or, still better, lynched. But Most refused to be wiped off the earth. Sturdy petrel that he was, every new imprisonment served only to send him back among his fellows, more determined to proclaim his truth and to devote himself more energetically to his work. It was this truly extraordinary tenacity, inherent in the same character, that the defenders of the old order could not forgive Most.

The man-hunt continued for a period of forty-six years, in every country where John Most lived and worked.
Like many immigrants of forty years ago, I came to 
the United States with an excited idea of the great American 
liberties, with a sincere belief in the country as a haven 
for the oppressed, with her wonderful equality of opportunity. 
That was in 1886. Then came my own first experience with the 
crushing industrial machines. I worked ten hours a day in a 
factory, in Rochester, N.Y., making ultrators for the magnificent 
sum of two dollars and fifty cents per week, and I gradually 
learned to see things in a different light. The great 
strikes in Illinois which led up to the Haymarket riots, the 
lead explosion, the arrest of the Chicago anarchists, their 
forced trial and terrible end — these were my early lessons 
in American liberty. I was perfectly innocent of social 
ideals at the time but my native rebelliousness against 
inhumanity and wrong, and my innate consciousness of what was 
real and false in the press of the country, gave me the first 
impulse towards the views for which the Chicago men had been 
done to death by the blind forces of wealth and power.

During the entire time the newspaper of Rochester 
were filled with hair-raising stories of John Most and of his 
evil deeds. They aroused my interest, in quite a different 
way from that intended by those sensational accounts. I 
determined some day to know the men.

In 1889, after two years close reading of anarchist 
literature, I went to New York. I knew no one there except 
the name of Most and that of a young Russian student. After 
hours of search, on the East side, I finally located the 
Russian who took me to a café frequented by radicals. There 
I met several persons with whom my life has remained linked 
until this day — foremost among them Alexander Berkman. On 
the same day, Berkman invited me to hear John Most.

The meeting place was in a small hell back of a saloon,
through which one had to pass and which was filled with
stalwart Germans, drinking, smoking and discussing lively.
It was there that I first met the remarkable John Most.
The first impression of him was surely not prepossessing:
he was slightly above medium height with a large head
crowned with bushy grayish hair. But his face almost checked
me at first; it looked twisted out of form by the prominent
swelling of the left side. Only his eyes softened one. They
were blue and kindly and sympathetic. And then Most ascended
the platform and began to speak, — as if by magic, his facial
disfigurement vanished, and his lack of physical distinction
was forgotten. He was suddenly transformed into some
primitive power, radiating life and strength. The rapid
current of his speech, the smile of his voice, his sparkling
wit and biting sarcasm combined into something elemental
that swept one along and stirred one to the depths. Never
before nor in all the years since, I first heard Most, on
that hot August evening, did I meet such mystery of the spoken
word. It was overwhelming. After the lecture, shaken to
my very roots, I was introduced to Most. The next day I
visited the office of the "Freiheit", the paper edited by
him, and from that day began my initiation in the anarchist
movement and a two year's friendship with its most outstanding
representative, John Most.

I realized at an early stage in my close association
with the man how cruelly false was the picture of him painted
by the American press. I found this "criminal bent on
wholesale slaughter and destruction", very human, sometimes
all individuals human. Most was diffuse alike with hatred of the
institutions that condemned the masses to poverty and
ignorance as with passionate devotion to the people out of
whose midst he had come and whose misery he knew from early
childhood. But his hatred of social wrongs, of ugliness and meanness was the natural offspring of his love of beauty, of colour, of the vital things of life.

It is impossible to form even an approximately adequate idea of the true personality of Most without some knowledge of his ghastly childhood and adolescence. And it is particularly necessary to understand the effect of the cruelty that befell him at a very early age, and which not only profoundly influenced his character but most probably changed the whole course of his life.

I first learned of this tragic event at a performance of the "Merchant of Venice" played by Passart, the famous German actor of the period, then visiting New York. Attending the performance with Most, I noticed the unusual effect of Passart's great art upon him. I knew that my companion was passionately fond of the theatre and that he would often deprive himself of necessities in order to indulge his love of a great performance. Still the narrow tension with which he hung on every word and gesture of Passart, struck me as very peculiar. After the play, on reaching the street, Most gripped my arm until it hurt and cried - - "The cruelty of it, the bitter cruelty! To think that I could have been in Passart's place, perhaps even greater than he, but for my dreadful face. The blind poignant cruelty of it!"

Later, when he regained possession of himself, he related to me what he considered the deepest tragedy of his life.

At the age of seven he had caught a bad cold which settled in his face. There was no competent physician in his native town, and his people were too poor to afford him proper treatment elsewhere. During five years little Jehan
was experimented upon by physicians who had better been blockmades. They finally succeeded in driving the evil into the patient's jaw, whereupon gangrene set in which would have killed the lad, had not a leading surgeon accidentally gotten hold of the case at the last moment. He performed a difficult operation, as a result of which the boy's life was saved. But his face was entirely disfigured. Young Most became the target of derision and ridicule, exposed to insults and indignities at home, at school and society, his whole life one long martyrdom of humiliation.

Apparently little things often have the most significant results. He knew that Most's career would have been but for the neglect and stupidity of the provincial German doctors. Of his great histrionic gifts there can be no doubt. One must have heard Most on the platform, or seen his interpretation of old Hamlet, in Gerhart Hauptmann's "Nooana", or an amateur performance in New York, to realize what an unusual actor was lost in him through his deplorable facial defect. Whereas yet, it poisoned the very soul of the youth with sharp bitterness, disappointment and despair, producing what would now be called an "inferiority complex" which remained with Most all through his life.

John Most was born on the 5th of February 1846, at Augsburg, Germany. His father after an adventurous life was compelled to seek out a miserable existence as copyist in the office of a lawyer. His mother, formerly a governess, was an educated and refined woman of liberal ideas. Little Hannes was a love child, "conceived between the deer and the mill", as Most used to remark facetiously. The last was that the boy's father, too poor to support a family, could not be licensed to marry. The future nonconformist and rebel of all governments was therefore born contrary to police regulations.
Two years later his parents succumbed to respectability in their union, never dreaming of the rebellious nature that simmered in their offspring and that would one day mature to a life-long struggle with all conventionalities and respectability.

The father's earnings were never enough to keep the family from want; but as long as the mother lived she gave everything to the boy when she loved passionately. It was else from her that young Most received his first lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic. But particularly important was her influence because of the liberal and free thought atmosphere of her home, which laid the corner-stone for Most's love of freedom. It was quite different in the schools of his childhood. There, religion and other subjects were insculpted into the pupils by means of the old-fashioned rod. One teacher, especially, remained indelibly on Most's mind. He had a perfect arsenal of torture implements. Every time this man would get ready to punish a child, he would stand before his "treasures" lest in contemplation on what instrument would best fit the particular "crime". The selection made, the flapping would begin, apparently causing the teacher as great sadistic delight as was the agony of the helpless victim. During this process the man would deliver himself of the following speech: "Violence is deeply rooted in the heart of the child, but the rod will drive it out", said Solomon the Wise.

Little Hennes frequently, though not always, escaped this mode of acquiring knowledge thanks to his mother, who used to help him with his lessons, and also because of his own alert mind which enabled him to learn with ease.

As I have mentioned above, the first great tragedy in the life of young Most came at the age of seven. The second
Catastrophy was the loss of his mother who died suddenly during a cholera epidemic. The father soon married again, and then began a new martyrdom for the boy. His step-mother hated him with a deadly hatred, starved, starved and beat him until in agony of body and spirit he would run away from home, beg or steal food, sleep in parks and hallways, do anything to escape the fury of his step-mother.

Most were often interred, trying his best to protest the boy and the little sister who had been born several years before their mother’s death. But the father being absent most of the day, a dying briefs, the step-mother had the field to herself. She must have prowled it thoroughly, for John could never speak about that period of his life without horror and indignation. "My whole childhood was a nightmare," he often told me; "my soul was starved for affection and my whole being was filled with hatred of the woman who had taken the place of my gentle, refined mother."

He doubt to this step-mother was the mark of the boy’s subsequent attitude to tyranny in every form.

Of John least it may be truly said that the tendencies, inclinations and strivings, expressed by the man, were not the result of theories. They were inherent in the child and were helped to birth by life itself, the hard and bitter school of life that was his. He was a born leader of men. Already at the age of twelve this trait became manifest: he organized a strike in the Trade School he had entered after he passed the Public School with honors. The strike was against the teacher of French, a despotic man, cordially disliked by all his pupils. As the ringleader, least was expelled of course. Thereupon his father decided that it would be best for him to learn a trade. The lad welcomed this as an escape from the purgatory at home. He chose the honorable profession of book-binding, impelled towards it by
his love for books and the hope of finding such opportunity to read. He did not know then that his apprenticeship was to be a continuation of his miserable home life. He was tossed from dawn to night, half starved and continually ill-treated. It was at this period that Hannek got his first taste of prison, which was in the future to become a frequent experience.

In these days the confessional was obligatory in Bavaria. But as Hannek’s early childhood was spent in a secular atmosphere, he paid no attention to the confessional. One occasion this resulted in a violent encounter with the priest. The boy was pulled out into the street by his ears and forced to kneel on the wide walk. This served only to increase his antagonism to the Church, and Hannek stopped attending altogether. Thereupon he was brought before the police and given 24 hours’ arrest.

But at last the torment of his apprenticeship came to an end, and young Hannek in 1863 followed the old usage in vogue in Germany. He took to the road. Equipped with fifteen guilders, a great longing for travel in strange lands, and with considerable youthful arrogance, he became a Wanderbursche, tramping all through Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Hungary, and earning his living the best he could, mostly very badly. His disfigured face, his small and delicate physique were against him, often making it impossible to secure work or to hold his job, much less to make friends. His poverty and bitterness grew and would have thrust him into the abyss, had he not fortunately been drawn at this time into the rising tide of the labor movement, to become immediately intangibly and actively interested in it.

After the reaction which followed the revolutionary wave of 1848, new forces began to assert themselves throughout
Europe. In England the trade Unions were waging a heroic battle for recognition. In France the Labor Movement was making itself felt. In Germany Ferdinand Lassalle was leading the workers towards new social ideals. Even in Russia there was a new spiritual awakening, which found expression through Tchernihevsky and the "Koleksel", Alexander Herzen's brilliant publication. It was at that vital period, that the First International was born.

To the stirred spirit of the young Wanderers and the new socialist ideas were like manna. "I was caught up by the stream", Lassalle told me, "and carried away out of myself, my own tragedy, my own hard lot for existence, seemed insignificant in the light of the great human struggles. From that moment humanity became my goal, progress my aim, and these who barred the way became my enemies."

Mast threw himself into the movement with all the intensity of his being. He applied himself to the study of the writings of Lassalle and other socialist authors, attended labor meetings and participated in discussions. Very soon he became a member of the "Zürich Section" of the First International. The secret leader of that group at the time was a man by the name of Hermann Ornstein. Mast became his ardent pupil and devoted friend. But in later years when Mast outgrew the German State idea, it was Ornstein who became the worst enemy that shrank before no method of attack and vilification.

Mast's first appearance in Zürich Labor ranks has been described by Ornstein as follows: "a shy, slender youth, with a crooked nose, who introduced himself as Johannes Mast, bookbinder, and asked permission to reread something. In two years later, this shy youth stood before an Austrian Court charged with high treason. His offense consisted in a fiery
speech against the liberal ministry which in its attitude towards the labor movement was anything but liberal. The next day the papers began their campaign of calumny of the bold young agitator. That helped Most to a month’s imprisonment.

Shortly after that the “liberal” ministry showed its real colors. All labor meetings were suppressed, all political liberties curtailed. The workers replied with an intensive campaign against the growing reaction. Most and others were promptly arrested. In spite of his brilliant defense, he and his coaccused were convicted of high treason and sentenced to five years. It was at this time that Most composed his first stirring labor song which was smuggled out of prison and quickly became popular among the workers. To this day it is to be heard at the gatherings of tailors in Germany:–

“Wer schafft das Gold am Tage?
Wer hassen Erz und Stein?
Wer wehet Treib und Seide?
Wer hassen Korn und Wein?
Wer gibt den Hühner all’ ihr Nest?
Und laßt dabei im bitt’rer Met?
Daz sind die Arbeitsmänner, das Freiheitsmütter.”

Most’s father tried his utmost to get him released. He even succeeded in reaching the brother of the Austrian Empress, who promised to intervene if the young rebel would sign the appeal for clemency. But Johannes would have none of it. However, he regained his liberty much sooner than he had anticipated. The old ministry was overthrown and the new one began its reign with a general amnesty. The main effect of his two years’ imprisonment was to make Most famous all through Austria. His lecture tours became a veritable triumph, attended by great numbers of workers. At last,
Unable to silence him, the Austrian government decided to have him expelled. "Forever", read the sentence. "Forever in a long time". Most sarcastically remarked on the occasion: "Who knows whether Austria will live that long?"

On his return to Germany, Most first went to Bavaria, where he found very little left of the Socialist organizations. Everything had been crushed by the Prussian-Bavarian war. But the young agitator had undiminished. With tremendous energy he set to work infusing new life into the scattered forces, organizing and stabilizing. His success was presently apparent in increased persecution by the authorities. His activities as propagandist and editor of a labor paper resulted within one year — 1872 — in no less than 45 court summonses. These experiences served to develop his extraordinary native talents. His wit and sarcasm, his language, robust and original, lashcd the enemy with merciless whip and inspired his followers with great enthusiasm. But Most was never allowed to continue his work undisturbed for any length of time. The winter of the same year found him again in prison, this time under charges of libel, sedition and insult to the Army. But prisons were to Most institutions of learning, of study. He employed his time in writing a popular version of Marx's "Capital" and numerous pamphlets. On his release, he was offered the editorship of the "Suddeutsche Volkzeitung", an important Socialist publication which he held until 1874, when he was elected to the Reichstag.

Unlike most of his political colleagues, the young parliamentarian quickly discovered the holiness of that Holy of Holies, "The theatre of marionettes", Most called the Reichstag. The only service he could render in that institution, he said, was to gather material for his pea
pictures of the political agitators prominent at the time.

These proved masterpieces of penetration and humor. His

caricatures of Treitschke who was deaf, of Memmler who
could not write the sentence together without huge gaps

of whisky, and of many others purpose individuals met with

unusual success and caused the delight of the workers.

Members of the Reichstag are supposed to be secure

from political prosecution. Not as the irreplaceable "wild

man", as the bourgeois press called Kaut. For a speech in

Berlin he was arrested and sentenced to the "Beutelle an

Platzensee". Here for the first time an attempt was made to

treat him as a common prisoner. But the administration

reckoned without their "guest". Kaut effectively raised the

whole of radical Berlin to establish a political state in

that prison. In consequence he was able to do considerable

literary work while incarcerated, among his writings being

his experiences in prison, which was smuggled out and appeared

under the title "The Beutelle an Platzensee". Kaut emerged

from this incarceration after 36 months, as strong and

unbeaten in spirit as heretofore. The Berlin workers gave

him an enthusiastic reception and offered him the editorship

of the "Freie Presse", which under his influence became the

most powerful social-democratic paper. Besides his work as

editor, he wrote extensively for other publications and
cut lectured throughout Germany and Switzerland. His great series

on "The Social Revolution and Caesariun in Old Rome"

aroused much attention in intellectual circles. His bold

criticisms of Prof. Haase, the celebrated historian, brought

upon him the anathema of philistine Germany who could not

forgive a "mere bookbinder" for daring to question the

accepted authority of the great men.

The growing political reaction in Germany presently
produced acts of revolutionary violence which in return led to
the assassination of Bismarck, involving the complete
suppression of all political liberties and expansion of
prominent socialists. Though Most was in prison at the
time, the order reached him as well as those at liberty.
After his release in 1878 he was forced to leave Berlin
within 24 hours. He went to London, and the first period
in his public career was thus closed.

Here a new phase begins, no less intense and even of
greater importance, in the process of Most's development.
For it was in England that Most eventually broke away
completely from the Marxist State ideas and from his former
political activities. The leading lights in the Social-
Democratic ranks never looked very favourably upon Johann
Most. He was too independent, too impatient of discipline,
too forceful and biting. He could not make peace with
shams and compromises. He spared no one in whom he detected
either. Therefore he was never persona grata with the
Socialist leaders of Germany. But when Most came to London,
when he started the publication "Die Freiheit", wherein
he could give full expression to his ideas, his earnestly
soured, permitted to remain in Germany in person of
good behaviour, sensed great danger. Moreover, Most was
beginning to unravel new plans; more and more he was leaning
towards anarchism. This situation could not be tolerated.
The old methods employed by Marx and Engels against Behrens
were set to work against him. Scurrilous stories were
circulated, the man and his character attacked, everything done
to discredit him with the workers in Germany and the refugees
in England. Most went his way, did his work and turned
the "Freiheit" into a fighting revolutionary organ. It was
original in method as well as language; for urgency and
imagery, for force and humour it had no rival. His enemies
hated him for his piercing wit, but they read the "Freiheit." It was too compelling.

In 1881 Tsar Alexander II fell by the hand of the Russian revolutionaries. The "Freiheit" appeared with a red border and an enthusiastic tribute to the heroes of the dream. "Thus the tyrant pays the price," he wrote; "Hail to the executors of the tyrant!" The British Home Office hastened to the support of the tsaroff. Most was arrested, tried and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment in the House of Correction at Gloucester. Subsequently the "Freiheit" was also suppressed. The time spent in Queen Victoria's prisons were considered by Most among his blackest days. Little he foresaw that he was to go through a worse hell in Democratic America. In December, 1882, Most embarked on the steamer "Wisconsin" for the Land of Promise, where he was to drink the bitter cup of stupidity, brutal prosecution and imprisonment to the last drop.

America was then the haven of political refugees. German 48-ers, victims of the Bismarckian Exceptional Laws, French Communards who had escaped the battalory of Thiers and Galliffet, Italian and Spanish exiles, Hungarian rebels all sought her protective shores. In truth, every European land contributed the flower of her thinking mankind to the galaxy that turned to the United States as the land of liberty. Yet Most was not altogether unaware of the changing situation in America, manifested in the big strikes in the latter part of the seventies, the struggle of the Molly Maguires and the police brutality against them. Still he arrived believing that the New World, which kept open doors for so many European revolutionaries, would also give him a kindly welcome. It did. At least the foreign elements did, for by them he was royally received. He speedily became the most powerful factor in the revolutionary
In 1924 the First International Conference was held in Pittsburgh. It was John Most who drew up theagna charts, unanimously accepted by the delegates. This proclamation played an important part in the early stages of the anarchist movement in the United States. A certain clause in the declaration represented the demand for the right of the workers to arm themselves, a right guaranteed by the United States Constitution when that word of paper still had meaning.

The framers of this proposal therefore considered themselves within their legal rights to discuss a subject publicly.

With that in mind a new meeting was arranged for April 25th, 1906, at Harmonic Hall, New York City. Most and other speakers elaborated upon the subject at issue. But several days later, the Grand Jury, after short deliberation, of a garbled report of the speeches, rendered an indictment.

On the last day of the detectives broke into Most's quarters and put him under arrest. The following day large newspaper headlines proclaimed the story that John Most had been "captured in a house of prostitution" and that he had "taken refuge under a bed to escape arrest."

Most was tried, convicted and sent to Blackwell's Island penitentiary for a year.

He often asserted that nothing that he had endured during his former incarcerations on the Continent, or even in England, could compare with the humiliations, petty cruelties and inhumanity he was subjected to in that prison. Even his most vulnerable feeling was not spared; his beard was shaved, exposing his unfortunate physical disfigurement which—as in his childhood—made him the butt of cruel jokes and insults by guards and fellow inmates, and a "new object" to idle curiosity-seekers to whom the administration pointed the anarchist.
prisoner sat as some wild freak.

while most was in the penitentiary the reactionary forces in Chicago, aided by the entire press of the country, were preparing the black deed of the 11th, of November 1886, the judicial murder of the five Chicago anarchists. The tragedy of the historic Haymarket riots has since been proven to have been staged by the Chicago police and not by the workers who were striking for the eight-hour day. The plutocratic conspiracy against Chicago's leading labor men, the farceal trial, the execution of the innocent victims — these marked the beginning of the present wide-spread reaction in the United States. In view of the ignorance of these significant events/ still prevailing even among thinking people, it were instructive to elaborate upon them. Unfortunately it is not my province to do as in this sketch, except as the events affected the life and fortunes of John Most.

During the trial at Chicago and the anxious time between the conviction and execution of Parsons, Spies, Fischer, Engel and Hiagg, most was still in prison. Perhaps it was his good fortune that he was not at Large, otherwise he too would have undoubtedly fallen a prey to the blood-thirst of the human beast now at work in the country.

Later on, upon his release, most addressed the weekly gathering of the International Workers Association, dealing with the Chicago tragedy and the heroic last moments of his martyrred comrades. He laid the guilt not only at the door of the enemies of labor but to the workers themselves, the great majority of whom had remained so cowardly inert in the face of the calamity. The next day the New York World contained a perversely garbled account of Most's talk. He immediately wrote to the paper, calling attention to the
deliberate misrepresentation. But the report had already been copied by other publications, producing the intended effect. Most was arrested. The testimony of the State witnesses at his trial was so obviously false that the case was on the point of breaking down. At that juncture the Prosecuting Attorney produced a pamphlet, "The Science of Warfare", written by Most sometime prior to the Chicago events. On that alleged evidence he was found guilty. Though the case was appealed, the Supreme Court sustained the conviction, and the prisoner was again sent to the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary. His tremendous power of endurance enabled Most to emerge from this experience still strong in body; but he was no longer so buoyant in spirit. His faith in the exculpatory possibilities of America had been weakened. He began to doubt the efficacy of direct individual revolutionary action. It was partly this, as well as the revolutionary weariness of the man who had been branded for 25 years, that obscured his appreciation of the significance of Alexander Berkman's act of July, 1892, when the latter attempted the life of Henry C. Frick, the man responsible for the slaughter of the Homestead (Penna.) steel strikers by imported Pinkertons. Most repudiated the act.

There had been an estrangement between the group of young people to which Berkman and myself belonged, and John Most—a estrangement owing to differences of conception, experience and temperament. We were at the height of enthusiasm, of religious zeal, of predestined faith. We had not yet been tried in the crucible and did not know the agony of spirit. John Most, though still devoted to the cause of humanity, had gone through fierce conflicts. Between us there was the abyss which separates youth and latter middle age. We owed much to Most, I more than the others, it was
he who had been my teacher, my guide into a new world of social ideas, to new beauty in art and music. Most loved both intensely and helped me to learn to love them. We had been friends for two years and we spent much time together, during which I learned to know the lights as well as the shadows in his character, his childlike faith in people who were kind to him, his susceptibility to subtle flattery, his quick impatience with opposition. "Who is not with me is against me," he would frequently say—and that was the key to his attitudes. Most was intense and extreme in his loves as well as in his hates. He gave freely and demanded much in return. Life had struck him many blows, but it had also let him drink deeply from the well of glory, homage and intellectual adulation. He could not content himself with less. And we were young and impatient. Youth is cruelly impatient and critical. Therefore the gradual estrangement.

Still John Most continued to stand high in our esteem and affection.

But when he turned his back on the art of Alexander Berkman as art of the "propaganda by deed" Most has so often and enthusiastically glorified in others, the blow was staggering to us. I could then neither understand nor forgive what seemed to me a betrayal of all that the man had so eloquently and passionately advocated for years. I became embittered against my former teacher, and I added my stone to the many that were hurled at him. One's own spiritual salutary make one understand things and the complexity of human nature much clearer with the accumulating years.

In 1901, when Leon Czolgosz killed President McKinley, Most again became the target of police persecution. The issue of the "Freiheit", which appeared on the day of the act...
containing an article on the general question of tyrannicide
by the old revolutionist Carl Kallmen, then dead for a
number of years. It had no bearing whatever on the
particular act of Crislym. Had Most not omitted the sig-
nature of the author and the date when the article was
originally written, the attempt to send him to prison again could
not have been based on that issue of his publication. As it
was, Most was condemned to Alcatraz Island for the third
time, and thus for thirty successive years he was accused like
a wild beast, reviled and persecuted because the people heard
him gladly.

John Most was essentially a leader of masses. He had
hardly any personal life, his whole being consumed by his
work for humanity. Naturally there were women in his life.
He was married in Germany when quite young and later on
there were other emotional experiences. He had much
attraction for women and they for him. But his real mistress
was his work, and that led through thorny paths, over heights
and depths, which excluded such domestic peace or bliss. In
his later years, after the tide of his followers receded,
the women who bore him two sons may have been a nesting
mother in his life, though even then it is doubtful in the
case of such a restless reforming spirit as Most. In the early
part of 1906, in poor physical condition as a result of his
numerous imprisonments, he saw himself compelled to undertake
a lecture tour to maintain his paper. But he did not get
very far. In Cincinnati he fell seriously ill, dying on
March 17th. With him went one of the most picturesque and
unique characters of our time, a tremendous force for
revolutionary idealism.

The path of Most's last years is the tragedy of all
great leaders of men who are carried away by masses and
intoxicated by applause. Most joined the labor movement at
Pre-revolutionary Russia stood unique in the world's history for the host of remarkable and heroic women who contributed to the movement for liberation. Beginning with the Decembrists, the first political rebel against autocratic Tsarism, almost a century ago, these valiantly followed them into Siberian exile, down to the last day of the Czars' regime, Russian women have participated in every form of revolutionary activity and went to their deaths or to prison with a smile upon their lips.

In his vivid, powerful poem, "Russian Woman", the poet Makrzasov paid a high tribute to the fortitude and valor of the women who had sacrificed wealth, social status and culture to send a weary war through the frozen Northern plains in order to share the cruel fate of their imprisoned and exiled husbands. Later, it was Ivan Turgeniev who, with fine feeling and sympathetic appreciation, painted the splendid picture of the Russian woman revolutionists of his time. In his march prose poem "On the Threshold" he immortalized the called heroines of the Sophie Perovskaya type of Russian women whose passionate faith and selfless devotion to liberty illuminated the dark horizon of Russia in the early eighties.

The February Revolution of 1917 opened the prison doors to the survivors of torturous dungeons and Siberian exile routed out by Tsardom to its political opponents. In triumph, they were brought back to Moscow and Petrograd - centres of the younger generation, where were such revered names as Maria Spiridonova, her intimate friend Alexandra Ilyinichnich, Irina Kakhovskaya, Magdalena Ratner, Olga Tarasova -- representing various political tendencies, but all inspired by a common love of the people and devotion to their cause.

Olga Tarasova, a daughter of intellectual pursuits, though of slight physique, possessed a wonderful mentality and was, in a certain sense, a pioneer, being barely twenty, organized, together with several of her friends, the first Anarchist group in Southern Russia. It was a dangerous undertaking and her activities soon attracted the attention of the political police. Arrested at the beginning of the Revolution of 1905, Olga was sentenced to 30 years 'katanga' (hard labour prison) in Omsk. Determined and daring, she succeeded in escaping, again being tried for a considerable number of years and charged with a group of political crimes. In 1917, the 30 years were remitted and she was sentenced to 20 years in prison. On her return to freedom in 1917, Olga devoted herself to political and social work, aiding the victims of the Czarist State, and subsequently giving relief and succour to the new groups of political prisoners created by the Communist State.

In the latter part of 1920, an All-Russian Conference of Anarchists was to take place at Kharkov. Though the gathering was to be held in the knowledge and consent of the Soviet government, all the delegates were placed under arrest on the very eve of the Conference, without permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the Schlesinger Library, Radcliffe College.
Heroic Women

warning or explanation. Among the several hundred prisoners was Olga Tarabulina. She was sent to the Butyrki Prison in Moscow, the very place where so many of her comrades had suffered and died in the days of the old regime. In this prison, Olga underwent the most harrowing experience of her eventful life. On the night of the 28th of April, the political wing of the prison was raided by Tschaiko, the prisoners being attacked in their sleep and badly maltreated. They were then rushed to the railroad station — some of them with nothing on save their night clothes — and transferred to other prisons.

Olga found herself in the dreaded Orlov Prison which served as a central point of distribution under Makhno's III. The character of the administration and rule of that prison were such as to drive the politicals quickly to a hunger strike in protest against their treatment. Olga was again removed to another prison, this one being sent into exile in the distant region of the Valley Setting, and finally ordered to Kiev where she had formerly ministered so devotedly to the Commissar prisoners of the Batman reaction. A recent letter from Olga to a friend abroad contains the significant remark that persecution by the Soviet Government has robbed her of her vitality than all the years of incarceration she endured under the tsarist autocracy.

The heroines of proletarian origin are Zinaida Gotsman and Fanya Baron, two Anarchist women of outstanding personal qualities. In their teens, they had left Russia for America where they were employed in factories and took active part in the labour movement. I knew the girls well — splendid specimens of independent womanhood, attractive in appearance, fine in feeling and of strong mentality. At the first call of the February Revolution, these two girls, together with scores of other Russian refugees, hurried to their native land. It was just such as they who had helped to make the October Revolution. Zina and Fanya felt God place to be in the midst of the proletariat, preferring particularly, to work with the Southern White, among the agricultural elements of the Ukraine, to whom they gave all the love and devotion of their rich natures. Subsequently, they carried on cultural activities among the rebel peasantry, led by their famous brother (Little Father) Hector Malot.

The head of the Kremli, lifted against Makhno, also fell heavily upon Zina Gotsman and Fanya Baron. Both were arrested on the eve of the Earlybird Conference, previously mentioned, and were sent to Butyrki. Here they fell victims of the Tschaiko raid on the night of the 28th of April 1919. They were sent into exile in the prison yard, naked, and completely robbed by her hair down a flight of stairs and forced to remain for hours, half dressed as she was, in the prison yard, together with the other politicals waiting, to be transferred to some unknown destination. She has remained in prison ever since and is now one of the nucleus inmates of the terrible Solovetsky Monastery, situated in the Arctic sea.

Fanya Baron, the always impressed me with her unbounded courage and exceptionally generous spirit, belongs to the rare type of women who perform the most difficult feats of revolutionary combat during calm hours and under sufferings. Following the Butyrki raid, she was transferred to the Butyrki Prison, from whence she soon escaped among...
her way, unaided, back to Moscow on foot. Arriving penniless and almost without clothes, her destitute condition compelled her to seek refuge with her husband's brother, at whose home she was discovered by Czar Nich. This big hearted woman, who had served the cause of revolution in every way through all her life, was done to death by the Party that pretends to be the advance guard of the Revolution. Not content with murdering Fyodor Zemlyan, which outrage occurred in September 1918, the Communists put the stigma of 'banditism' upon the memory of their dead victims.

Not only anarchists, but members of every other political group have had to pay the heavy toll to the judgment of the Communist Administration. Social-Revolutionists of both the Right and Left, the Bundists, the Mensheviks, and even Left Wing Communists have fallen victims. I shall name but a few of the outstanding personalities.

Eugenia Raban, a young woman of keen intellect and forceful character, joined the Social Revolutionary Party after completing her medical studies in Switzerland. Her activities, after she returned to Russia, repeatedly involved her in difficulties with the authorities and she was finally condemned to a long prison term. Freed by the February Revolution of 1917, her exceptional ability and energy caused her to be elected a member of the Central Committee of her Party and at the same time she was also chosen by the peasantry as one of their representatives in the Moscow Soviet. Her Party, having been outlawed by the Bolsheviks, Eugenia was arrested in 1919, placed on trial in 1920, together with 14 of her comrades, and all were condemned to death.

The intercession of the Western world, which aroused an emphatic international protest against the execution of the death sentence, signed by such men as the late Anatole France, Remo Rolland, and many others, saved the lives of the twelve Social-Revolutionists, Eugenia Raban, being among them. She is now drudging out a most miserable existence in Butyrki Prison.

Of the Left Wing Social-Revolutionists, Irena Kobtsova, Alexandra Iemantschik and Maria Spiridova have suffered great martyrdom. Irena Kobtsova, great-daughter of General Kobtsov, the famous Decembrist rebel against Nicholas I. is a woman of recognized literary ability and revolutionary ideals. She began her career in the Russian liberal movement when a young girl in 1904. She was in turn arrested and sentenced to 20 years 'Katorga' being subsequently transferred to Akhty, one of the most frightful places of prisons. In 1914 she was permitted to settle in the Yena-Salki territory from which she was freed by the February Revolution in 1917.

Upon her return from exile Irena Kobtsova became one of the most valued workers in the Left Social-Revolutionary Party, much esteemed for her understanding of the peasant psychology and the needs of the proletariat. After the street-litterate peace and the German occupation of the Ukraine, the German authorities arrested Irena as a participant in the conspiracy against the life of General Schimans, the Prussian Field Marshal of the Ukraine who was killed by the Left Social-Revolutionist. After the war, Irena Kobtsova was subjected to torture and sentenced to death. Fortunately for her, the outbreak of the revolution in Germany prevented her execution and her life was saved.

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Emma continued her political activities and in 1902 she was again arrested, this time by the Bolsheviks, by whom she was exiled to Siberia where she wrote her most interesting memoirs which form an unusual story of a very unique personality. servicemen's, after pursuing this work, said: "If I am opposed to the ideas of Katerina, but her narrative has a captivating power, not, rather superficiality. It is a psychological document of the highest value. The absolute simplicity of the narrator, her truly Russian ability of objective vision, her incroyable energy devoted entirely to the cause she has at heart. ... all this arouses admiration in the reader, no matter what his attitude may be towards the value of the action accomplished or contemplated. Most humane, passionate and utter self-abnegation, what treasure of the soul does not humanity waste on terrible and shameless purposes."

Alexandra Samoilovitch, the daughter of a Russian Army General, is another evidence of Russia's young womenhood whom the Komeveti suppress had driven to individual acts of violence as the sole form of protest possible under the despot species. In 1882 she attempted the life of Governor Karlov, of Nissh Province, who was responsible for most of the Clandish pogroms against the Jews. Sentenced to Siberia for life, she was liberated with the other politicalists in 1907. As a member of the Left Social-Revolutionary Party, she became a leading figure in the All-Russian Soviet of Peasant Deputies. When the Bolsheviks decided to 'liquidate' her party 'for good' in 1906, she was arrested, together with a number of her comrades, remaining almost continuously in prison ever since.

The most characteristic feature of this exceedingly able and energetic woman is her life-long devotion to her friend and comrade, Maria Spiridonova. Together, they spent eleven years in Siberia, together, and together, they were again arrested by the Bolshevik Government this time, and they are now serving their imprisonment these many years. It is no exaggeration to say that the heroic care and devotion which Alexandra has given to her friend these many years, in no small measure contribute to the fact that Maria Spiridonova still lives.

Maria Spiridonova is undoubtedly one of Russia's remarkable and heroic figures in the Russian revolutionary movement during the last twenty years. Of an aristocratic family, beautiful and cultured, but plump, she is uneducated and social position in, devoted herself to the cause of the oppressed. Fine in feeling and rich in sympathy, she could not bear, without protest, the iniquities and tyranny she witnessed every day. At the age of eighteen she committed an attempt upon the life of the Governor of Tver Province, Spiridonova, who was universally exonerated for his truly patriotic servory toward the peasantry.

The Russian Years were never partial in their treatment of women politicalists. They were equally relentless to all their opponents, to they men or women. But in the case of Maria Spiridonova, the husband of Nicholas II surprised even the methods of Ivan the Terrible. Upon her arrest, Maria was beaten into insensibility, her clothes literally torn from her body and she was then turned over to the drummers. She escaped themselves by burning her naked flesh with lighted cigarettes. After weeks of such torture, Maria was finally sentenced to death.
The Emma Goldman Papers
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Their every step was watched and existence made so unbearable that
the tortured Maria demanded to be taken back to prison. Together with
inseparable Ismailovitch, she was then ordered to the furthermost cor-
ner of the Moscow province. Where now the and news comes that Spirito-
nova has been driven to the desperate method of hunger-striking in pro-
test against her needless persecution. From reliable sources, has just
arrived the information that both Ismailovitch and Spiridovna have been
called to the wilds of Turkestan.

The martyrdom of the heroic women of Russia has become more poignant
and intense under the tyranny of Bolshevist dictatorship than in the days
of Tsarism. Then, the suffering was merely physical. For nothing would
affect their spirit. They knew that when they were hated by the Auto-
cracy, they enjoyed the respect and love of the vast masses of the
Russian people. Indeed, the 'saints' looked upon them as 'Holy ones',
suffering in their cause, and the moral influence exerted by the polit-
icals in prison, 'Katerina', said, was very great.

All that is being changed now. The new autocracy of Russia have dis-
credited the ideals of socialism and have bemirchmed the fair nome of
its enemies. There is no public voice in Russia, save that of the
ruling Party, and the martyrs - men and women - of Revolutionary
Russia have become pariahs in the fullest sense. They have no refuge
and no appeal to the conscience of Russia but then with the rest of
the world seem alone.

What has become of the sense of justice and consciouly formerly
extended by the eastern world to the political victim of the Tsarist
regime? Thus, liberty-loving English men and women were eminently
outspoken in their protest against Russian injustices and helpful in
behalf of the persecuted for opinion's sake. Now, in the face of over-
whelming evidence of greatest oppression and persecution in Russia,
the world remains silent and callous. The heroic martyrs are left in
the tender serenity of the Elysium to suffer the Doloris of the body,
as well as of the spirit, in the name of an ideal that long since been
betrayed by the Communist State and its party dictatorship.
The Emma Goldman Papers


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In this vivid and powerful poem, "Russian Even," the poet Svinogitskov paid high tribute to the fortitude and valor of the women who had devoted their lives to the cause of the revolution. In the poem, he depicted the picture of the Russian women revolutionists of that era. In his superlative prose poem "On the Threshold," he immortalized the excited ideologists of theepoch, vowing to the women revolutionists whose passionate faith and selfless devotion to liberty beamed-like illuminated the dark horizon of Russia in the early eighties.

The February Revolution of 1917 opened the prison doors to the survivors of the torture, the dungeon, and Siberian exile meted out by Russia to its political opponents. In Galagh, they were brought back to Moscow and St. Petersburg, scenes of the revolutionaries of the earlier generation. Among such revered names as Maria Spiridonova, her intimate friend Alexandra Khvostova, Tanya Shatonina, Olga Turchina — representing various political tenets, but all inspired by a common love of the people and devotion to its cause.

Olga Turchina, the daughter of intellectual parents, though of slight build, possessed a powerful vitality and was in a certain sense a visionary. When barely twenty she organized, together with several friends, the first anarchist group in Southern Russia. It was a courageous undertaking, and her activities soon attracted the attention of the political police. Arrested at the beginning of the revolution of 1917, she was sentenced to 3 years' karioma (hard labour prison) in Odessa. Expelled from Odessa, she succeeded in escaping, again taking up her former work, this time under an assumed name. For a considerable time the efforts of the gendarmerie to find her were fruitless, but in 1918, her disguise discovered, she was rearrested, and sentenced once more to five years' prison. On her return to freedom, in 1919, which entitled her to the political relief from work, aiding the victims of the Bessarabia regime in the Ukraine, she subsequently giving relief and shelter to the new groups of political prisoners created by the Bolshevik State.

In the letter dated 1919 an All-Russian Conference of Anarchists was to take place at Charkow. Though the gathering was to be held with the connivance and consent of the Soviet Government, all the delegates were placed under escort on the very eve of the Conference, without warning or explanation. Among the several hundred prisoners was also Olga Turchina. She was sent to the Butyrski Prison, in Moscow, the very place where so many of her comrades had suffered and died in the days of the Romanov regime. There Olga underwent the most harrowing experiences of her eventful life. On the night of April 2, 1920, the political wing of the prison was raided by the Bolsheviks, the prisoners were attacked in their sleep and badly maltreated, and then rushed to the railroad station — some of them with nothing on save their night clothes — and transferred to other prisons.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
Emma found herself in the dreaded Ilyov prison, which served as a central point of distribution under Nikolai III. The character of the administration and of the regime of that prison were so such as to drive the politicals virtually to a dangerous strait in protest against their treatment. Emma again recovered to another prison, thence being sent to exile in the central region of the Valley Utting, and finally ending up in Octy, where she had formerly ministered so devotedly to the Commissar, paladins of the Itonian revolution. A recent letter of hers to a friend abroad contains the significant remark that persecution by the Czarev Government has robbed her of novel vitality than all the years of incarceration she had suffered at the hands of the Russian authorities.

Unil the Tsarist, most of the other inhabitants of the Russian revolution are of proletarian origin. Amongst them Emma Goldman and Fanny Jarson are the immortal names of captivating personality. In their homes they had left Russia for America, where they were employed in hostleries and as domestic servants. The labor movement. I know, the girls held, afforded minimum of independent experience, of rational sentiments, and strong sentiments. At the first call of the February revolution those two girls, together with scores of other Russian refugees, hurried to their native land. It was just such a time that had led to the abort Revolution. Leah and Fanny felt that place to be in the midst of the proletariate, preparing particularly to work with the Southern Rights, among the agricultural elements of the Ukraine, to whom they gave all their love and devotion of their rich nature. Subsequently both girls exerted on cultural activities and the radical necessity for their famous article "Little Fether." 

The head of Crellina, lifted against喀喇昆仑, fell heavily also upon Leah Jakson and Fanny Jarson. Both were treated on the case of the Markov Conference, referred to above, and were sent to Batyrick Prison, where they fell victims to the Tsarist reid, on the night of April 21,1926. They were torn out of her bed in the dead of night, Leah was dragged by her hair down a flight of stairs, and forced to remain for hours half-dressed as she was, in the prison yard together with the other politicals, waiting to be transferred to some unknown destination. She has remained in that place ever since, being now one of the helpless inmates of the terrible Solovetsky Monastery, situated in the Arctic zone.

FAHJ Bashi, who always increased me with her unbounded courage and exceptionally generous spirit, belongs to the ranks of women who can perform the most difficult tasks of revolutionary ardor with calm grace and utter selflessness. Following the Batyrick raid she was transferred to Batyrick Prison, where she soon escaped, making her unaided way back to Occidental on foot. Arriving penniless and almost without clothes, her desperate condition compelled her to seek refuge with her husband's brothers, at whose house she was discovered by the Czarev. This big-hearted women who had served the cause of the Revolution all her life was come to death by the Party, pretending to be the advance guard of the revolution. Not content with murdering Fanny Jarson (in September, she), the Government put the stigma of "bandit" on the memory of their dead victims.

Not Anarchists only, but members of every other political group have had to pay heavy toll to the juggernaut of the Czarev. The tsarist bureaucracy, including, the Czarev-Revolutionaries of the Right and of the Left, the Mensheviks, the Socialist Revolutionaries, and even the Communist of the left wing, I shall make but one of the most outstanding personalities.

KVENJA RENZER, a young woman of keen mind and forceful character, joined the Socialist-Revolutionary Party soon after she completed her medical studies in Russia, and returned to Russia, repeatedly involved her in difficulties with the authorities, who finally condemned her to a long prison term. Freed by the February Revolution in 1917, her exceptional ability and energy caused her to be beheaded as a member of the Central Committee of the Party, while she

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at the same time that she was exiled. Her sentences then continued, and she was transferred to Akhty, a prison in the Trans-Volga territory.

After her return from exile, Izmailovitch was exiled to Siberia. There she was exiled again in 1912, the time by which she was exiled to Tobolsk, in Siberia.

Izmailovitch continued her work on her political activities and in 1917, she was arrested again, this time by the Bolsheviks, who was exiled to Tobolsk, in Siberia.

Alexandra Izmailovitch, the daughter of a......
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cause that Vera Spiridonova is still young, the living.

Vera Spiridonova’s is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable and heroic figures in the Russian revolutionary movement during the last thirty years. In conservative family, beautiful, cultured, young Vera left luxury and social position to devote herself to the cause of the oppressed. Fierce-looking and sympathetic, she could not bear without protest the iniquity and tyranny she witnessed on every hand.

At the very time when, on the, Octagon, Pushkinovsky, the Governor of St. Petersburg, the one universally known as the truly Asiatic, new power central, the century,

The moment came never material in their treatment of women polit. For they were usually relentless to all their opponents, be they men or women. But in some cases of Vera “Spiridonova the benefactress of Crimea” we often look over the methods of Ivan the Terrible. Upon her arrest, Vera was baptized into the penitentiary, her father literally torn from her body, and the poor girl then turned over to the drunken guard, who ended themselves with burning, her naked flesh with lighted cigarettes. After weeks of the anguish of death, Vera was finally condemnated to death.

The torture of Spiridonova aroused the entire European world, whose protests saved her from the scaffold. One was permitted to visit her for little the moment. Of her greatest suffering this corresponds to Passages damaged, a gnawed hand, and we lose of the sight of one eye. Though, literally eaten and burned, her spirit reached influence.

For the Russian political radicals received much powder everywhere all the way from Siberia to Petrograd and beyond as a Spiridonova when her release from prison in 1905... But she could waste no time in these events or any living, for the three herself into work with the shelf enough to give her a little freedom, to have the possibility of assuming personality, organizing, the peasants, inspiring and directing the awakened energies of the Russian people. She became the leader leader of the great agrarian millions of Russia, the leader of all their hopes, aspirations, and the aspirations of their ideals and hopes. As the most outstanding figure of the left Social-revolutionist party, Vera played the active influence in the All-Russian councils of the country, where she elaborated a comprehensive plan for the realization of the hope, then the first vital problem of Russian life.

Already in 1917, Maria Spiridonova became sure that the revolution was in course, and that any one of her alleged friends, that, she concluded. She was the secretary of the Centralist State and set herself steadfastly against it. The final break between her and the Bolsheviks came over the Great Liberal peace, which Spiridonova condemned for reasons of principle as well as on practical grounds. Shortly after that she was arrested together with the "9" delegates to the Peace Congress.

When I came to Russia I was told by the "officials... that Maria Spiridonova had suffered a nervous breakdown and that she was therefore placed in a sanatorium where she was recovering... But when I discovered that "they" had exempted her from the worst of it, and, was living in Moscow disguised as a peasant, I was told to do in the city of Yakutsk. Fortunately, provided me with the opportunity of seeing, seeing several days with this extraordinary woman. I found not a lines of severity in her— that, in fact, her peace and mental balance and the objectivity of her work so much elated her return to Russia were most admirable.

A few months later, in the autumn of 1919, the Tolstos again became busy discovering conspiracies. During the numerous raids throughout Moscow, they came upon Maria Spiridonova who lay ill with typhus. She was arrested and received to the Daily Mail, or the "secret section" of the Tolstos. As in the summer, with Maria was almost on the verge of death, the efforts of her friends succeeded in preserving her temporary release on condition of her returning to prison as soon as her health should improve. The only alternative was to let Maria die in prison of neglect, or give her back—improved in health—to the "best of care". In fact, no sooner did
The martyrdom of the heroic women of Russia has become more poignant and intense under the tyranny of Bolshevik dictatorship than in the days of tsarism. Then their suffering was merely physical, for nothing could affect their spirit. They knew that while they were hated by the autocracy, they enjoyed the respect and love of the vast masses of the Russian people. Indeed, the "simple folk" looked upon them as "holy crosses" suffering in their cause, and the moral influence exerted by the political in prison, hard labor, and exile was very great.

All that is changed now. The new autocracy of Russia has discredited the ideals of socialism and has besmirched the fair name of its opponents. There is no voice in Russia even part of the ruling Party, and the martyrs — men and women — of revolution are becoming a rarity in the fullest sense. They have no redress and no appeal to the conscience of their country, for the latter has been paralyzed. Alas, not only is the conscience of Russia, but even that of the rest of the world seems to be atoned.

That is because of the names of justice and generosity formerly extended by the Western world to the political victims of the tsarist regime. Then liberty-loving Englishmen and women courageously intervened in their protests against Russian injustices and helpful in behalf of the imprisoned for optimism, which here in the days of overwhelming evidence of smallest oppression and persecution in Russia, the world remains silent and callous. The heroic martyrs are left to the tender mercies of the nations, to suffer the delirium of the body as well as of the spirit, in the name of an ideal that has long since been betrayed by the Communist State and its Party dictatorship.
Pre-Revolutionary Russia stood unique in the world's history for the host of remarkable and heroic women she contributed to the movement for liberation. Beginning with the "Decembrists", the first political rebel against autocratic Tsardom, almost a Century ago, whose lives voluntarily followed them into Siberian exile, down to the last day of the Romanov régime, Russian women have participated in every form of revolutionary activity and went to their deaths or to prison with a smile upon their lips.

In his vivid, powerful poem, "Russian Women", the poet Masrassov, paid a high tribute to the fortitude and valour of the women who had sacrificed wealth, social station and culture to wound a weary way across the frozen Northern plains in order to share the cruel fate of their imprisoned and exiled husbands. Later, it was Ivan Furgenev who, with fine feeling and sympathetic appreciation, painted the splendid picture of the Russian women revolutionists of his time. In his superb prose poem "Why the Thunderbolts" he immortalized the exalted idealism of the Sophie Perovskaya type of Russian women whose passionate faith and selfless devotion to liberty illuminated the dark horizon of Russia in the early eighties.

The February Revolution of 1917 opened the prison doors to the survivors of torturous dungeons and Siberian exile meted out by Tsarism to its political opponents. In triumph, they were brought back to Moscow and Petrograd - scores of the younger generation, among whom were such revered names as Maria Spiridnova, her intimate friend Alexandra Ismaïlovitch, Irena Kadkovskaya, Nastasia Ratner, Olga Taratuta — representing various political tendencies, but all inspired by a common love of the people and devotion to their cause.

Olga Taratuta, a daughter of intellectual parents, though of slight physique, possessed a wonderful mentality and was, in a certain sense, a pioneer. Being barely twenty, organized, together with several of her friends, the first Anarchist group in Southern Russia. It was a dangerous undertaking and her activities soon attracted the attention of the political police. Arrested at the beginning of the Revolution of 1905, Olga was doomed to 20 years 'katorga' (hard labour prison) in Odessa. Ingenious and daring, she succeeded in escaping, again taking up her former work under an assumed name. For a considerable time all efforts of the gendarmerie to find her were fruitless, but in 1906, her disguise was detected. She was re-arrested and once more sentenced to 20 years in prison. On her return to freedom in 1917, Olga devoted herself to political Red Cross work, aiding the victims of the Hetman Skoropadsky régime in the Ukraine, and subsequently giving relief and cheer to the new groups of political prisoners created by the Communist State.

In the latter part of 1920, an All-Russian Conference of Anarchists was to take place at Kharkov. Though the gathering was to be held with the knowledge and consent of the Soviet Government, all the delegates were placed under arrest on the very eve of the Conference, without
Heroic Women of the Russian Revolution / Emma Goldman. [1925, draft].
6 p.; 26 x 22 cm.
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The Emma Goldman Papers

Emma dead. Their spirit, their reaction. Of the others, especially, that railroad attack, that independent Baron, that eve of heroines they gave her love. Tom, the United States of America, where she had formerly ministered so devotedly to the Communist prisoners of the Hetman reaction. A recent letter from Old to a friend abroad contains the significant remark that persecution by the Soviet Government has robbed her of more vitality than all the years of incarceration she endured under the Romanov autocracy.

The heroines of proletarian origin are Leah Gotman and Panya Baron, two Anarchist women of outstanding personalities. In their teens, they left Russia for America where they were employed in factories and took active part in the labour movement. I knew the girls well - splendid specimens of independent womanhood, attractive in appearance, fine in feeling and of strong mentality. At the first call of the February Revolution, these two girls, together with scores of other Russian refugees, hurried to their native land. It was just such as they, who had helped to make the October Revolution. Leah and Panya felt themselves to be in the midst of the proletariat, preferring particularly, to work with the peasants of Khakass, among the agricultural elements of the Ukraine, to whom they gave all the love and devotion of their rich natures. Subsequently, both girls carried on cultural activities among the rebel peasantry, led by their famous Bat'ka (Little Father) Nestor Makhno.

The hand of the Kremlin, lifted against Makhno, also fell heavily upon Leah Gotman and Panya Baron. Both were arrested on the eve of the Kharkov Conference, previously mentioned, and were sent to Butyrki. Here they fell victims of the Tcheka raid on the night of the 26th of April 1926. With the entire contents of the prison, the Russian women were transferred to the prison yard, together with the other politicals waiting to be transferred to some unknown destination. She has remained in prison ever since and is now one of the hapless inmates of the terrible Solovetsky Monastery, situated in the Arctic zone.

Panya Baron, who always impressed me with her unbounded courage and exceptionally generous spirit, belongs to the rare type of woman who can perform the most difficult tasks of revolutionary ardour with calm grace and utter selflessness. Following the Butyrki raid, she was transferred to the Riazan Prison, from whence she soon escaped, making
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The Emma Goldman Papers

Heroic Women of the Russian Revolution / Emma Goldman.— [1925?, draft].— 6 p.; 28 x 22 cm.

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Thy heart..."

Outrage occurred in September 1916 at the tomb of their dead. Not only Anarchists, but members of every other political group have had to pay the heavy toll to the judgment of the Communist Autocracy. Social-Revolutionists of both the Right and Left, the Mensheviks, the Maximalists and even Left Wing Communists have fallen victims. I shall name but a few of the outstanding personalities.

Eugenia Ratner, a young woman of keen intellect and forceful character, joined the Social-Revolutionary Party after completing her medical studies in Switzerland. Her activities, after she returned to Russia, repeatedly involved her in difficulties with the authorities and she was finally condemned to a long prison term. Thanks to the February Revolution of 1917, her exceptional ability and energy caused her to be elected a member of the Central Committee of her Party and at the same time she was also chosen by the peasantry as one of their representatives in the Moscow Soviet. Her Party, having been outlawed by the Bolsheviks, Eugenia was arrested in 1919, placed on trial in 1922, together with 11 of her comrades, and all were condemned to death.

The intercession of the Western world, which aroused an emphatic International protest against the execution of the death sentence, signed by such men as the late Anatole France, Romain Rolland, and many others, saved the lives of the twelve Social-Revolutionists, Eugenia Ratner, being among them. She is now dragging out a most miserable existence in Butyrki Prison.

Of the Left Wing Social-Revolutionists, Irena Kakhovskia, Alexandra Ismailovitch and Maria Spiridnova have suffered great martyrdom. Irena Kakhovskia, granddaughter of General Kakhovskia, the famous 'Decembrist rebel against Nicholas I., is a woman of recognized literary ability and revolutionary ideals. She began her in the Russian liberal movement when a very young girl in 1904. She was in time arrested and sentenced to 20 years 'katorga' being subsequently transferred to Akhtub, one of the most frightful places of Tsarist exile. In 1914 she was permitted to settle in the Trans-Baikal territory from which she was freed by the February Revolution in 1917.

Upon her return from exile Irena Kakhovskia became one of the most valued workers in the Left Social-Revolutionary Party, much esteemed for her understanding of the peasant psychology and the needs of the proletariat. After the Brest-Litovsk peace and the German occupation of the Ukraine, the German authorities arrested Irena as a participant in the conspiracy against the life of General Richem, the Russian Field Marshal of the Ukraine who was killed by the Left Social-Revolutionist, A.Donakoy. Kakhovskia was subjected to torture and sentenced to death. Fortunately for her, the outbreak of the Revolution in Germany prevented her execution and her life was saved.
The Emma Goldman Papers

Heroic Women of the Russian Revolution / Emma Goldman. -- [1925?], draft. -- 6 p.; 28 x 22 cm. Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the United States Library of Congress. Institutional Location: Levine Collection.

In 1906 she attempted suicide, this time by the Bolsheviks. The account of her arrest, trial, and imprisonment is one of the most fascinating stories of a very unique personality. And in her narrative, her truly Russian ability of objective vision, her incredible energy devoted entirely to the cause she has at heart -- all this arouses admiration in the reader, no matter what his attitude may be towards the value of the action accomplished or contemplated. What heroism, patience and utter self-abnegation, what treasure of the soul does not humanity waste on terrible and shameless purposes.

Alexandra Ismaïlovitch, the daughter of a Russian Army General, is another evidence of Russia's young womanhood whom the Romanov autocracy had driven to individual acts of violence as the sole form of protest possible under the despotic régime. In 1906 she attempted the life of Governor Kurlov, of Mińsk Province, who was responsible for most of the fiendish pogroms against the Jews. Sentenced to Siberia for life, she was liberated with the other politicals in 1907. As a member of the Left Social-Revolutionary Party, she became a leading figure in the All-Russian Soviet of Peasant Deputies. When the Bolsheviks decided to 'liquidate' her party 'for good' in 1909, she was arrested, together with a number of her comrades, remaining almost continuously in prison ever since.

The most characteristic feature of this exceedingly able and energetic woman is her life-long devotion to her friend and comrade, Maria Spiridonova. Together, they spent eleven years in Siberia, together, they returned to Russia to join their efforts in behalf of the people, and together, they were again arrested, by the Bolshevik Government this time, and they are now sharing their imprisonment these many years. It is no exaggeration to say that the tender care and devotion which Alexandra Ismaïlovitch has given to her friend these many years, in no small measure contribute to the fact that Maria Spiridonova still lives.

Maria Spiridonova is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable and heroic figures in the Russian Revolutionary movement during the last twenty years. Of an aristocratic family, beautiful and cultured, young Maria left luxury and social position to devote herself to the cause of the oppressed. F ine in feeling and rich in sympathy, she could not bear without protest, the injustice and tyranny she witnessed on every hand. At the age of eighteen she committed an attempt upon the life of the infamous Governor of Tambov Province, Kubanovsky, who was universally execrated for his truly Asiatic savagery toward the peasantry.

The Russian Tsars were never partial in their treatment of women politically -- they were equally relentless to all their opponents, be they men or women. But in the case of Maria Spiridonova, the henchmen of Nicholas II surpassed even the methods of Ivan the Terrible. Upon her arrest, Maria was beaten into insensibility. Her clothes literally torn from her body and she was then burned over a brazier the drunken guards who amused themselves by burning her naked flesh with lighted cigarettes. After weeks of such torture, Maria was finally sentenced to death.
The tortures inflicted upon Spiridonova, a woman of great political talent, in a world whose protests saved her from the scaffold, were intended to Siberia for life. The effects of her ghastly experience left her with injured lungs, a crippled hand, the loss of the sight of one eye and she was otherwise physically marred but her spirit remained unbroken.

Few of the returned politicals received such popular ovations all the way from Siberia to Petrograd and Moscow, as Spiridonova, upon her release from prison in 1917. But she would waste no time in the mere enjoyment of her newly won liberty. She threw herself into the work of organizing the peasants with the whole ardour of her intense personality, inspiring and directing the awakened energies of the Russian people.

She became the adored leader of the great agrarian millions of Russia, the soul of their age-long aspirations and the spokesman of their needs and hopes. As the most outstanding figure of the Left Social-Revolutionary Party, Maria wielded tremendous influence in the All-Russian Soviet of the peasantry, where she elaborated a comprehensive plan for the socialization of the land, then the most vital problem of Russian life.

Already in 1918, Maria Spiridonova became aware that the Revolution was in greater danger from some of its alleged friends than from its enemies. She saw the growing autocracy of the Communist State and set herself sternly against it. The final break against her party and the Bolsheviki came over the Brest-Litovsk peace, which Spiridonova condemned for reasons of principle, as well as on practical grounds. Shortly after that, she was arrested together with the five hundred delegates of the Peasant Congress.

When I came to Russia, I was told by the Bolsheviki, that Maria Spiridonova has suffered a nervous breakdown and that she was, therefore, placed in a sanitarium where she was receiving the best of care. But soon I discovered that Maria had escaped the 'best of care' and was living in Moscow disguised as a peasant as she used to do in the days of the Tsar. Fortune presently favoured me with the opportunity of spending several days with this extraordinary woman. I found that there was not a trace of hysteria in her - in fact, her poise and mental balance, as well as the clarity of her recital of events since her return to Russia, were most admirable.

A few months later, in the Autumn of 1920 the Tschaika again became busy discovering conspiracies. During the numerous raids in Moscow, they came upon Maria Spiridonova, who lay ill with typhus. She arrested and removed to the Osoby Odel - the Secret Section of the Tschaika. In 1921, when Maria was almost on the verge of death, the effort of her friends succeeded in procuring her temporary release on condition that she return to prison as soon as her health should improve. The only alternative was to let Maria die in prison of neglect, or to give her back - improved in health - to the 'best of care'. In fact, no sooner did she begin to recuperate when the Tschaika took charge of her. She was being cared for by her devoted friend Alexandra Issakivitch.
The martyrdom of the heroic women of Russia has become more poignant and intense under the tyranny of Bolshevism than in the days of Tsardom. Then, the suffering was merely physical, for nothing could affect their spirit. They knew that while they were hated by the Autocracy, they enjoyed the respect and love of the vast masses of the Russian people. Indeed, the 'simple' looked upon them as 'holy ones' suffering in their cause, and the moral influence exerted by the politicals in prison, 'katorga', and exile was very great.

All that is being changed now. The new autocrats of Russia have discredited the ideals of socialism and have beheaded the fair name of its exponents. There is no public voice in Russia, save that of the ruling Party, and the martyrs — men and women — of Revolutionary Russia have become pariahs in the fullest sense. They have no redress and no appeal to the conscience of Russia but even that of the rest of the world seem silenced.

What has become of the sense of justice and generosity formerly extended by the Western World to the political victims of the Tsarist regime? Then, liberty-loving English men and women were courageously outspoken in their protest against Russian iniquities and helpful in behalf of the persecuted for opinion's sake. Now, in the face of overwhelming evidence of cruelest oppression and persecution in Russia, the world remains silent and callous. The heroic martyrs are left to the tender mercies of the Tcheka, to suffer the Golgotha of the body as well as of the spirit, in the name of an ideal that long since been betrayed by the Communist State and its party dictatorship.
Pre-Revolutionary Russia stood unique in the world's history for the host of remarkable and heroic women who contributed to the movement for liberation. Beginning with the "Debschists" the first political rebel against autocratic Tsarism, almost a Century ago, whose wives voluntarily followed them into Siberian exile, down to the last day of the "common regime," Russian women have participated in every form of revolutionary activity and went to their deaths or to prison with a smile upon their lips.

In his vivid, powerful poem, "Russian women" the poet Baskrassov, paid a high tribute to the fortitude and valor of the women who had moralized wealth, social station and culture to march with fury across the Orient. Northern plains in order to share the cruel fate of their imprisoned and exiled husbands. Later, it was Ivan Turgenev who, with fine feeling and sage poetic appreciation, painted the splendid picture of the Russian women revolutionists of her time. In his superb prose poem "On the threshold" he personalityized the exalted idealism of the very Russian type of Russian woman whose passionate fame and selfless devotion to liberty illuminated the dark horizon of Russia in the early eighties.

The February Revolution of 1917 opened the prison doors to the survivors of tortuous dungeons and Siberian exile meted out by czarism to its political opponents. In triumph, they were brought back to Russia and into the new world - scores of the younger generation, among whom were such revered names as Maria Spiridonova, her intimate friend Alexandra Kollontai, Irena Kakhovaka, Ksenia Ratner, Olga Taraturt - representing various political tendencies, but all inspired by a common love of the people and devotion to their cause.

Olga Taraturt, a daughter of intellectual parents, though of slight physique, possessed a wonderful mentality and was in a certain sense a pioneer. Being barely twenty, organized, together with several of her friends, the first Anarchist group in Southern Russia. It was a dangerous undertaking and her activities soon attracted the attention of the political police. Arrested at the beginning of the evolution of 1905, Olga was sentenced to 20 years "Katorga" (hard labour prison) in Odessa. Imprisoned and daring, she succeeded in escaping, again taking up her former work under an assumed name, for a considerable time, all efforts of the guardarmie to find her were fruitless, but in 1906, her disguise was detected, she was re-arrested and once more sentenced to 20 years in prison. On her return to freedom in 1917, Olga devoted herself to political and Cross work, aiding the victims of the Tsarist Czaropadsky regime in the Ukraine, and subsequently giving relief and cheer to the new groups of political prisoners created by the Communist State.

In the latter part of 1920, an All-Russian Conference of Anarchists was to take place at Kharkov. Though the gathering was to be held with the knowledge and consent of the Soviet Government, all the delegates were placed under arrest on the very eve of the conference without

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warning or explanation. Among the several hundred prisoners was Olga Tarasova. She was sent to the syutyrki prison in Moscow, the very place where so many of her comrades had suffered and died in the days of the old regime. In this prison, Olga underwent the most harrowing experience of her eventful life... On the night of the 26th of April, the political ring of the prison was raised by Tchekists, the prisoners being attacked in their sleep and badly mutilated. They were then rushed to the衷iro station—some of the 4th no-
thing on save their night clothes—and transferred to other prisons.

Olga found herself in the dismal Siberian prison which served as a central point of distribution under Tchekists' control. The character of the administration and rule of that prison were such as to drive the politicals quickly to a hunger strike in protest against their treatment. Olga was again removed to another prison, thence being sent into exile in the Stalin region of the Valley Ustug, and finally ordered to Else where she had for some length of time worked at the Lenin cemetery. From Olga to a friend abroad contains the significant remarks that persecution by the Soviet Government had robbed her of more virility than all the years of incarceration she endured under the leninov autocracy.

The heroines of pre-Revolution origin are Leah Gotman and Ranya Baron, two anarchist women of outstanding personality, in their teams, they had left Russia for America where they were employed in factories and took active part in the labor movement. I knew the girls well—agile, independent women of spirit, attractive in appearance, thin in feeling and of strong vitality. At the first call of the February Revolution, these two girls, together with scores of other Russian revolutionaries, hurried to their native land. It was just such as they, who had helped to . . . the October revolution . . . Leah and Ranya felt their place to be in the midst of the proletariat, preferring particularly to work with the outer workers, among the agricultural elements of the Ukraine, to whom they would live and devotion of their rich nature. Subsequently, both girls carried on cultural activities among the Jewish peasants, led by their name and the tibet (khet) of Nestor Makhno.

The hand of the Kremlin, lifted against a people, also fell heavily upon Leah Gotman and Ranya Baron, both were arrested on the one if the Kharkov Conference, previously mentioned, and were sent to a syutyrki. Here they found themselves victims of the Bolsheviks raid on the night of the 16th of April 1919. Turned from bed in the dark of the night, Leah was dragged by her hair in a flight of stairs and forced to remain for hours half dressed as she was in the prison yard, together with the other politicals waiting to be transferred to some unknown destination. She has remained in prison ever since and is now one of the hapless inmates of the terrible Golovatsky monastery, situated in the ratio zone.

Ranya Baron, who always impressed us with her uncouned courage and astonishingly generous spirit, belongs to the rare type of woman she can perform the most difficult tasks of revolution ry, with calm grace and utter selflessness. Following the syutyrki raid, she was transferred to the Siberian prison, from whence she soon escaped, making her way to France. Back to Moscow on foot. Arriving penniless and almost without clothes, her destitute condition compelled her to seek refuge with her husband's brother, at whose home she was discovered by the Tchekists. This big hearted man, so had served the cause of the Revolution all her life, was put to death
the party that pretends to be the advance guard of the Revolution! Not content with murdering Emma Goldman, which our government in September 1917, the Communists put the stigma of 'bolshevism' upon the memory of their dead victim.

Not only anarchists, but members of every other political group have had to pay the heavy toll to the judgment of the Communist liturgy. Social-Revolutionists of both the Right and left, the nihilists, the rationalists and even Left Wing Communists have fallen victims. I shall name but a few of the outstanding personalities.

Irena Kakhovskaia, a young woman of keen intellect and personal charm, joined the Social-Revolutionary party after completing her medical studies in Neuchatel. Her activities, after she returned to Russia, repeatedly involved her in difficulties with the authorities, and she was finally sentenced to a long prison term. Freed by the February Revolution of 1917, her exceptional ability and energy caused her to be elected a member of the Central Committee of her Party and at the same time she was also chosen by the party as one of their representatives in the Duma. Her activity, having been outlawed by the Bolsheviki, Russian were arrested in 1917, placed on trial in 1918, together with 11 of her 20 colleagues, and all were condemned to death.

The intervention of the eastern world, which aroused an enthusiastic international protest against the execution of the death sentence, saved her, as did the late Anatole France, Doinic Holland, and some others, saved the lives of the twelve Social-Revolutionists, Irena Kakhovskaia, being among them. She is now dragging out a most disagreeable existence in Butyrki prison.

Of the Left Wing Social-Revolutionists, Irina Kakhovskaia, Lexima Iasaliovitch and Maria Spiridkova have sufferedgreat martyrdom. Irina Kakhovskaia, grand-daughter of Canton's Emancipated, the famous 'marcher', reveals against Nicholas II's régime in a book of recognition: literary, ability and revolutionary ideals. She began her career in the usual ideal manner when a very young girl in 1904. She was in the arrested and sentenced to 20 years 'Vatory' being subsequent to Katyn, one of the most frightful phases of czarist cradle. In 1926 she was permitted to settle in the Transcaucasian territory from which she was freed by the February Revolution in 1917.

Upon her return from exile Irina Kakhovskaia became one of the most valued workers in the Left Social-Revolutionary party, much esteemed for her understanding of the peasant psychology, and the needs of the proletariat. After the Cret-Litovsk pacific and the German occupation of the Ukraine, the German authorities arrested Irina as a participant in the conspiracy against the life of General Ivanov, the Russian Field Marshal of the Ukraine who was killed by the Left Social-Revolutionists. Donskoy Kakhovskaia was subjected to torture and sentenced to death. Fortunately for her, the outbreak of the Revolution in Germany prevented her execution and her life was saved.

Irina continued her political activities as in 1917 she was again arrested, these times by the Bolsheviks, by whom she was exiled to Siberia, where she wrote her most interesting works which tell forth an unusual story of a very unique personage, a Russian girl, after perusing...
this work, said: "I am opposed to the ideas of Kakhrovaka, but her nar-
ration has a captivating human, or, rather superhuman, quality. It is a
physiological account of the highest order. Her absolute simplicity of
the narrator, her truly Russian ability of objective vision, her incre-
vible energy devoted entirely to the use she has at heart— all
this produces admiration in the reader, no matter what his attitude may
be towards the value of the action accomplished or contemplated. Her heroics
potentially and utterly self-abnegation, what treasure of the soul does
not harbor! Waste on terrible and shameless purposes!"

Alexandra Inasslovitch, the daughter of a Russian Army General, is another
evidence of Russia's young weakness. The Inasslovitch had driven
to individual acts of violence at the sole fear of protest possible under
the autocratic regime. In 1906 she attempted the life of Governor Kurlov, of
inask province, who was responsible for most of the shameful pogroms against the
Germ. Sentenced to Siberia for life, she was liberated with the other pol-
itics in 1917. She is a member of the left socialist-evolutionary party, she
undoubtedly figures in the All-Russian Soviet of Peasant Deputies.

When the bolsheviks declared 'liquidate' her party 'for good' in 1919, she
was arrested, she gather with a number of her comrades, remaining
lives continuously in prison ever since.

The most characteristic feature of this exceedingly able and energetic
woman is in her life-long devotion to her friend and comrade, Maria
Spiridonova. Together, they spent eleven years in Siberia, together,
they returned to seize to join their efforts in behalf of the people
and to stir them again arrested, by the bolshevik Government
this time, and they have not shirk their imprisonment these many
years. It is no exaggeration to say that the tender care and devotion which
Lena Spiridonovitch has given to her friend these same years, in no small
degree contributes to the fact that Maria Spiridonova still lives.

Maria Spiridonova is undoubtedly one of the most and heroic figures in the Russian
revolutionary movement during the last twenty years. Of an aristocrat's fa-
mily, she is useful and cultured, young, Maria left luxury and social position
and devoted herself to the cause of the oppressed. Ins in feeling and rich
ly speaking, she could not be, at short protest, the injustice and tyranny
she witnessed on every hand, the age of eighteen she submitted an attempt
upon the life of the infamous governor of many provinces, Lukhovisky, who
under the order for his truly 'juvenile' society toward the peasantry.
The mutilated were never part of their treatment of women political-
ally, they were equally relentless to all their opponents, her Testorov or others,
but in the case of Maria Spiridonova, the breach of Tolstas II surpassed
the execution of Ivan the Terrible, upon her arrest, Maria was beaten into
insensibility, her clothes literally torn from her body and she was then
turned over to the drunken guards. She amused themselves by burning her naked
flesh with lighted cigarettes. After weeks of such torture, Maria was finally
sentenced to death.

The torture inflicted upon Spiridonova around the entire Western World
means protests saved her from the scoldings. She was 'pardoned' to Siberia for life
The effect of her plaste expérience left her with injured lungs, a crippled
hand, the loss of the sight of one eye and she was otherwise physically
mutilated but her spirit remained alive.

As of the returned politicals received such regular treatments all the way
from Siberia to Europe and comes as Spiridonova, upon her release
from prison in 1917.
THE WOMEN AND THE REVOLUTION.

EMMA GOLDMAN AT THE FOLK HOUSE

Under the auspices of the British Committee for the Defence of Political Prisoners in Russia, Miss Emma Goldman, the well-known internationalist, addressed a largely-attended meeting at the Folk House, College Green, last night, on "The Woman Workers of the Russian Revolution." Dr. G. F. Beck replied.

The lecturer, in the course of an extremely interesting address, said powerfully that so far as the revolutionary movement was concerned, there was no country in the world's history where the host of women she contributed to the revolutionary movement stood out in the same degree. Nearly a century before women had participated in the most heroic activities, and in many instances went to death with a smile upon their lips. Proceeding, Miss Goldman gave biographical details of a number of fearless and faithful women who had been dragged from prison to prison, tortured, and executed. Drawn from every station of life, from the poorest peasant to the highest aristocracy, they left their homes and made common cause with the people, because they loved liberty better than life. Among the great number, there stood out the remarkable figures of Izmailovitch and Maria Ppiridovna. The latter, when only 18 years of age, in revenge for the harshness practised upon the peasants, assassinated the Governor of Tamboff, who was responsible for wholesale atrocities of the kind, and was sentenced to death. Only the news of the impending execution of Izmailovitch arrived too late to save her from the scaffold, and she was sent to Siberia for life. The revolution of 1905 destroyed the power and, aided by the rise of opposition, she became Chairman of the Executive Committee of the All Russian Strike Committee of the Social Democratic Party, in which capacity she served for the benefit of the cause.
The Emma Goldman Papers
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INTERNATIONAL WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATION
Relief Fund for the Political Prisoners in Russia

Dear Friends and Comrades:

We know of the terrible crises that you are going through in this "land of prosperity", for we ourselves are feeling its pitch very keenly. However, circumstances are such that we are compelled to appeal to you.

It is a question of IMMEDIATE help for those unfortunate brothers of ours who for years have been suffering, deprived of everything, in the remote and far-off desert lands of Russia and Turkestan, as well as in the "moderate" jails of the bolshevist government in Russia proper and Siberia.

Before us we have a long list of names of comrades whom we know personally, and everyone of them is a sincere fighter for the cause of freedom. And it is just because of their staunch bravery and devotion to the cause of justice and freedom that they have been deprived of a slow death by torture, exposure and hunger. These victims are to be found in prisons, in solitary confinement and in dungeons. In Moscow, Leningrad, Charkov, Ufa, Upper Urals and in the most distant lands where the bolshevik rule is the same place where the old Czarist government used to exile those who dared to question its authority. Depressed of all possible means of subsistence our martyrs for freedom are compelled to stretch out their hands to us for our brotherly help. Will we, CAN WE allow their appeal to go unanswered?

No, a thousand times NO! These men and women gave voluntarily their freedom, their health (and for many of them it will mean early and premature death) for the universal ideas of social justice. Now it is our turn to come to their assistance and contribute generously and IMMEDIATELY.

Regardless of our financial circumstances, we must once more make another sacrifice, in order to relieve the suffering and the misery of our brothers, to bring them a ray of sunshine. We count on you, brother, friend, comrades!

Hoping that you will respond to this urgent call and thanking you in advance for your contribution, we remain with fraternal greetings.

EMMA GOLDMAN
ALEXANDER BERKMAN
MAXIMOV
V. VOLF
RUDOLPH ROCKER

All contributions will be published in the "Fre Arbeiter Stimme".

Address your reply to R. Tuleminder, 1237 N. Speeding Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Checks and Money Orders should be made payable to the Chicago Relief Fund of the Int'l W. M. A's.
The Emma Goldman Papers
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RUSSIA AND THE BRITISH LABOUR DELEGATION'S REPORT

A REPLY

Published by the British Committee for the Defence of Political Prisoners in Russia.

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INTRODUCTION

Many years ago, when the State of New York gave me my first vacation in the "Rock" House on Blackwell's Island, a young reporter came to interview me. When I refused to see him, he informed the warden that he could just as well write a story about Emma Goldman by merely looking at the Penitentiary from the New York side of the East River.

While reading the Report of the Trade Union Delegation to Russia, this long forgotten story came back to mind. They too have written a story about the Russian people, their lives, work and aspirations for world freedom. They saw everything in glowing colours. The young reporter was compelled at least to draw upon his own imagination. The young investigators in Russia were spared this effect. They were generously supplied with carefully chosen and specially prepared material which, with the help of their official translators, they have now presented to the world.

It must be admitted that the picture of the wonders and blessings under the Bolshevist regime is skilfully drawn. Its high lights will dazzle many people. But she, for it must be given to the ingenious artists in Moscow, whose masterpieces create their minds and interest hearts surpass anything known in Society. Having been under the sway of the Moscow magazine for a brief period, I can perfectly understand how it is to second to the many honest, kindly hearted, greedy official visitors the moment he or she steps to the Russian's life.

Emma Goldman.
THE POLITICAL PRISONER IN RUSSIA.

THE HORROR OF THE GAOLS.

By EMMA GOLDMAN.

Miss Emma Goldman is the famous Anarchist leader—a fact which makes her views on the present Russian situation of special interest. In my efforts to arouse the interest of advanced English men and women in the appalling conditions of the political prisoners in Russia, I am continually being told that all countries have their quota of political prisoners for their actions. Especially do my English friends point to the United States, which imposes sentences of as much as twenty years for mere Syndicalist Labour organization. Why, they demand, shall not Russia in particular be mentioned?

While it is true that with a state of affairs as it is a large number of the anarchists are not only unimportant to the government, they are in a sense a protection against it. But it is very regrettable that the government of Boulchévist overthow has neglected this fact and has thrown the political prisoners into concentration camps, which are mere ghettos. Wherever I have been I have always, and still do, protest against this. I believe that the apologists of Boulchévist overthrow are now doing the same thing, that the real criticism of the present government is rising up against it. Unfortunately, however, the government is afraid that the comparisons with all other Governments continue to exist. They are trying to get as many prisoners as possible in order to get a start in a political career.

Glorying in Terror.

This is one thing to be said for the Boulchévist government. They are trying to get something to show Europe, that is the terror. They are not satisfied with the murder of their opponents, but they are trying to get a good start in a political career.
The Emma Goldman Papers
The Political Prisoner in Russia / Emma Goldman. — [19257, newsclipping]. — 3 p.; 26 × 6 cm.
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I have been asked to write about the "good pointer" of America as seen by me "new from Europe". Surely - I mean well - the United States must appear "better" to me now than when I saw it that country. It may be true that those who have lived in Europe are better equipped to understand the new, and if that be so, my five years' travel through strange lands ought to enable me to see both the good and the evil of America in much sharper outline than before.

In my childhood I was taught that people are imbued with two conflicting impulses. One, which makes for good, the other for evil; and he who is strong enough to overcome "evil" is good. In that conception the sainted and holy men were good, for which they were to be rewarded - if not on earth, surely in heaven. The others were bad and would suffer dire penance.

In later years I realized that the impulses which move the individual as well as the masses are not quite so simple and easily defined as I was led to believe by my well-intentioned parents and teachers. I have found that there is no straight and clearly marked line between good and evil. Both are interwoven, they overlap each other, cross and recross, and can frequently not be distinguished one from the other. Surely neither good or evil can be chosen by one's mere "free will". I have found that good and evil are terms for human actions conditioned by various forces outside of man. Their meaning and content are subject to modifications and development in accordance with the changes constantly going on in the social and ethical values at various periods of human life.

The most important lesson, however, which life has taught me is in the relativity of things. Happy or unhappy, as it ever so well, may yet become...
One of the most marked, the best is not necessarily the most beautiful.

And in the best of conditions and growth, without which life would decay.

And clearly become better. To this cause every agent has also a cleaner and
greatly greater answer. So this cause every agent has also a cleaner and
the greatest answer has the making of the point in him.

Now, I cheerfully admit that poverty is a very great danger. Indeed
For this very reason I find much in the United States that has "healthy"
qualities. My faith in the good potentialities of the country has not been
diminished or lessened by my European experience and "vantage ground". On the
contrary, it has been strengthened. But similarly it has also given me realiza-
tion of the evil things in America, and the need of speaking out frankly
and fearlessly against them.

I think I can best characterize both sides of the American make-up
by contrasting that country with Europe. Since the "generous" treatment
accorded them by my various adopted lands, I had occasion to pitch my tent in
various countries: in Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France, Holland,
and - at present - in England. In some of these places I lived for periods
long enough to make a thorough study of the forces that have made for the
mental and spiritual quality of their people, the structure of their social,
political and economic institutions. Other countries I knew from previous
visits, from my familiarity with their literature and the political and
economic struggle of the masses. Everywhere I found that the fundamental
difference between these and America is mostly a difference of age. The diff-
ence between frivolity and maturity with all the peculiar traits and charac-
teristics that go to make up the two stages of human and social development.

Russia, because of its geographical position, the centuries of
barbarism, and the unique psychology of its people has always stood as a land
apart from Europe, and now more than ever it stands apart and can not be ex-
cepted. Eventual events create unusual conditions, and they veret
two gigantic upheavals of February and October, 1917, during an age of years of war, occupation, and rule have brought about a state of affairs quite unlike anything else in modern times. For the present the great revolutionary tide which swept over Russia and her people has been dammed by the autocratic regime of a small political group, by means of despotism and terror. But the great potentialities of the Russian masses, become active in the two revolts, will never again be put to sleep. The end of Russia is not yet.

Hey, it is not Russia that can be contrasted with America. It is Europe, or that part of Europe which I can discuss with some knowledge. Most of the European lands I find not only mature but well developed in their life and civilization. Over-cautious, conservative, set and not easily moved. But centuries of struggle for political and economic freedom, for ethical ideals, for cultural and artistic values have created certain traditions more binding than any man-made laws. Among these traditions the most potent is the realization that "man does not live by bread alone." In consequence, the achievements of Europe are much more of the spirit than of the flesh. This, more than anything else, has established certain values which even the great war has not been able to destroy altogether.

To use a few illustrations, the rich of Europe, even as their American brothers, have gotten their wealth at the expense of their fellowmen. Yet the exploitation of the masses is nowhere in Europe quite as intensive as in the United States. Neither are the rich as brazen and unscrupulous as with us. To be sure, the line of demarcation between the classes and the masses is more distinct, the barriers less bridged. The millionaire of Europe is not the poor man's son of yesterday. In a general rule, wealth has been handed down from generation to generation. Not having personally experienced the sordid struggle for wealth, the rich man of Europe is less prone to flay it in the face of his victim, or/and is only too happy, content, and predestine the sources that aid him in increasing and keeping
This fortune.

The political rights established through agelong struggle have solidified into traditions which the plotters of Europe cannot so easily and brutally set aside for its conveniences and benefit as is done in the United States. To be sure, most democratic liberties are mere makeshifts, a cloak the better to blindfold the exploited masses, a whip to keep them in check. Strange as it may seem, this is yet much more true of European democracies and republics than of some of the monarchies. I have found much more freedom of speech, press, and assembly, greater individual rights in monarchical Russia, Holland, and England than in France or the newer republics of Italy, Bulgaria, and Germany. Yet it must not be forgotten that the German revolution, superficial though it was, has established certain liberties far beyond anything known under the Wilhelm regime.

However, though each government grants only as much liberty as its interests will permit, it is yet important that those few precious achievements of the human struggle should not be at the arbitrary mercy of the privileged few. For without freedom of speech, press and assembly, no headway will ever be made towards greater liberty and opportunity in social, economic, and cultural fields. Irrespective of the wishes of the powers that be, the political traditions of Europe have given the socialists a certain status, which the enemy idealist and the political protestant is silly silly bound to recognize. That explains the difference of treatment of politicals in Europe and America. Here they are looked upon as the spokesmen of new social ideals or of the class struggle. The accused often becomes the accuser and the court is compelled to listen to his social indictment. Nowhere in Europe, except England, are the politicals considered criminals or treated as such. They enjoy certain privileges.
In prison, and their protests, in the form of hunger-strikes and contraction doctrine, are formidable weapons in the fight for improvement in the prison regime and treatment, and even for political amnesty. All this is entirely looking in America because the revolutionary and political traditions are lacking. With us, in the United States, the political is considered a fool, an impractical dreamer, or — worse yet — a criminal.

But tradition, like everything else, may work for good and for evil. While the traditions I referred to above are the very backbone of what is worth while in Europe, it is also tradition that serves to support the conservative, stationary, and enslaving tendencies. Such traditions is the paisslised ralising hung of the dead upon the living. Matura countries, like matura people, are prone to walk in a groove. Having passed their "Sturm und Drang" period, they resent the adventurous spirit of youth. Having had their "sling", the mature cling to respectability having lost faith in the coming better day, they dwell in the past. Their lives and their thoughts crystallise into hard words.

It cannot be denied that the great war has helped to lesem those words. New forces are at work, particularly said the young generation, which the old in mind and spirit loomed as immoral and disastrous. Yet in them is the hope of Europe, if it is not to die of decay. But for the present most European countries are still ruled by old heretics, old stances, old habits, and old traditions.

In comparison with Europe America is impossibly young. It is almost infantile, with all the good and evil, this generous impalpable and the crude, savage enthusiasm of extreme youth. The best proof of America's jeviness is the recentment of optimism. Youth is arrogant, self-centered, one sure, impatient of censure. It is blind in its hate, as in its love. It lacks the capacity of understanding that love with open eyes is infinitely difficult and more enduring. Or that blind hate is enormous and never petitio
anything. Time and growth are necessary to feel and comprehend the "human, all too human". Racial countries, like young people, are not treated kindly by time; they do yesterday, they live only in the today. That alone enables them to plunge forward, head foremost, without any regard to consequences to themselves or to others. Yet it is well that it is so, for it is youth and not old age that is the harbinger of new ideas and fundamental changes.

That which is evil in America is due not so much to its adherence to crass materialism and heartlessness as to the fact that as a pioneer country it was and still is more concerned in material values than in the achievements of the spirit. Of America it can justly be said that it lives by bread alone, hence its worship of material things, its love of quantity, of bulk, the adoration of the golden calf. In quest for the things of the body, America has rushed on at a terrible speed sweeping everything in its way. The result is that as a nation has far outstripped Europe in material one reaps and sows, being the richest and most powerful country on earth, America, like Egypt, grew over night.

It is conceded that America stands foremost in material development, but in culture, in all that makes up the living of the human spirit for beauty, art, and idealism, America lags far behind Europe. There is still almost no understanding in the United States for social ideals and their exponents, no conception of the forces that irreversibly divide the classes, no contact with the vital issues of social life. Robert, embattled, overflowing with physical energy, America considers cultural values as so much waste. It has no patience with the social pioncers. It treats them with scorn, contempt, and bitter opposition. And as America can do nothing by halves, it outdoors Europe in its crude suppression, its dramatic love, and savage persecution.
of everything that has life being outside of the purely material pursuits of his fellow.

Examples are legion, but a few will suffice for illustration.

In Europe, nationalism, syndicalism and other extreme social philosophies are accepted by tens of thousands of people and recognized as potent social factors in the struggle of the classes. The exponents of new theories have their legitimate being, their press, their meetings, the right of propaganda; I do not mean that these theories are approved of by the powers that be. No, fortunately not; they are fought, are persecuted, and yet they have a certain political status generally recognized. It is left to the crassness of American immaturity to enact "Criminal" Anarchy and Syndicalist laws, carrying with them punishment as high as 20 years' imprisonment. It was revealed that drove from its shores hundreds of men and women for holding unpopular opinions. The same spirit of crude intolerance and narrow philistinism is back of most things evil and reactionary in the United States.

Reaction is everywhere rampant in the world today, and every country has its quantum of fascism. But nothing can compare with the stupidity and cruelty of our own fascism. /考核/ the Hun Klim Kian, and its barbarous attitude and criminal treatment of those who dare have their own independent being. There is fascism in Europe, but it is repudiated and fought by the progressive elements of every country. America alone has given its fascism social standing and recognition.

Or, prohibition, for example. Is there any other country where prohibition has created such evils, such corruption, and has assumed such ridiculous aspects? Yet instead of recognizing the measure as a vile farce, America goes on increasing the army of special agents and detectives, to cope with the ever-growing sort of bootleggers made by prohibition. Can any intelligent person claim that America with prohibition is "better" than Europe without it? Europe's same attitude towards temperance makes drinking a means of good fellowship rather than
Swallowing. Not America can do nothing by halves. That is its vice as well as its virtue. Because the very elements of adolescence, intolerance and ingenuity, which have so far made for the destructive side of American life, can and will, if imbued with some spiritual urge, make for new humane forms of the country and its people. The awakening of America's spiritual youth is the safest guarantee for the great libertarian transformation that is yet to take place in that country.

Signs of that awakening are not lacking. Already the new American youth is making history in the social struggle, in woman's emancipation, in the new approach to the child and education. Above all, the creative forces now at play in America are most encouraging. Thus, America's thinking women, that a virile, alert and significant type there is being developed. Their freedom from cant and hypocrisy, their love of life and beauty, their intense interest in the social struggle - far more than political suffrage - make of the American woman an outstanding figure in the new conception of womanhood.

The approach to the child and its place in human culture, still so antiquated in most European countries, is enriching American life and is establishing an atmosphere for growth and development of a new race of Americans - a race far removed from the crippled, stunted hundred-percenter, whose Americanism does not go further than his pocket or the shooting of fire starters.

Lastly, but by no means least, are the new creative forces at work in America - the dramatists, the poets, the artists who are doing so much to bring color, warmth, light, and rhythm to the hitherto barren American life. Compared with the works of "O'Neill, ". . . and their group, the present dramatic efforts of Europe are most commonplace. The importance of the young American drama is that it has absorbed the masters of
Duseppe without losing its own originality and the contact with America's soul, with the higher and deeper of its people. In the drama and the theatre the United States already has outstripped Europe, even as it has outstripped it in industrial and mechanical inventiveness. No longer is the theatre the gory show-place to rest the jaded nerves of the hired business men of far the advancement of little, useless women. The theatre in America is fast becoming the temple of unified artistic expression of the country's dramatic genius. That is indeed a most refreshing and encouraging symptom.

Governments come and governments go, call "societies" like the Klan Klan are born and soon die an ignominious death, reactionary institutions rise and fall, but the Spirit of Life, of growth, of innovation and idealism goes on forever. I have always placed my faith to that spirit which is slowly coming into its own in America.
I have been asked to write about the "good points" of America as seen by me "now-a-days." Surely - I say that the "United States must be our "better" to us now than when I was in that country. It may be true that those who have grown up in private and have understood the new, "will" if that be so, my two years' travel through strange lands to enable me to see both the good and the evil of America in such short time as last month before.

In the first I have sought but people are imbued with the conflicting impulses and vision values for good, the other for evil; and hence is strong enough to overawe "evil" is not. In that conception the saints and holy men were good, for whom they were to be rewarded - if not on earth, surely in heaven. The others were bad and would suffer hereafter.

In later years I realized that the impulses that move the individual are as the visions are not quite so simple and easily defined as I could believe by my well-intentioned parents and teachers. I have found that there is no straight cut clearly fixed line between good and evil. Sota are interwoven, they overlap each other, surely neither good or evil can be chosen by one's mere "free will." I have found that good and evil are terms for human actions conditioned by various forces outside of man. Their meaning and content are subject to interpretations and development in accordance with the changes constantly going on in the social and ethical values at various periods of human life.

The most important lesson, however, which life has taught me is the relativity of things. Every institution, be it ever so evil, may yet become worse. On the other hand, the best in man and society can become better. That is the law of evolution and growth without which life would decay, and society become extinct. In this sense every evil was
also a sinner and the greatest sinner has the making of a
paint in him.

Now, I cheerfully admit that America is a very great sinner,
Indeed. For this very reason I find much in the United States
that has "sinful" qualities. By faith in the god potentiali-
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in America. In one of those places I lived for periods long
eough to take a thorough study of the forces that have made for
the social and spiritual quality of their people, the structure
of their social, political and economic institutions. Other
countries I knew from previous visits, from my familiarity with
their literature and the political and economic struggle of the
masses. Everywhere I found that the fundamental difference
between them and America is mostly a difference of age. The
difference between juvenility and maturity with all the peculiar
traits of immaturity that go to make up the two stages of
human and social development.

Russia, because of its geographical position, its centuries
of Teud and the unique psychology of its people has always
stood as a land apart from Europe. And now more than ever it
stands apart and can not be used for comparison. Unusual
events create unusual conditions, and this Russia. The two
gigantic upheavals of February and October, 1917, coming on top
of years of war, exhaustion, and pain have brought about a state
of affairs quite unlike anything else in western Europe. For the

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and her people have been damned by the autocratic regime of a small political group, by means of terrorism and terror. But the mere potentialities of the Russian masses, because active in the two revolutions, will never again be put to sleep. And in Russia is not yet.

No, it is not Russia that can be contrasted with America. It is Europe, or that mass of Europe that I can discuss with some knowledge. Most of the European lands I find not only at war but well nigh ancient in their life and civilization. Over-cautious, conservative, set and not easily moved. But centuries of struggle for political and economic freedom, for ethical ideals, for cultural and artistic values have created certain traditions more binding than any man-made laws. Among those traditions the most potent is the realization that "man does not live by bread alone." In consequence, the achievements of Europe are much more of the spirit than of the flesh. This, more than anything else, has established certain values which even the great war has not been able to destroy altogether.

To use a few illustrations, the rich of Europe, even as their American brethren, have gotten their wealth at the expense of their fellowmen. Yet the exploitation of the masses is nowhere in Europe quite so intensive as in the United States. Neither are the rich as brazen and arbitrary as with us. To be sure, the line of demarcation between the classes and the masses is more distinct, the barriers less bridged. The millionaire of Europe is not the poor man's son of yesterday. As a general rule, wealth has been handed down from generation to generation. Not having personally experienced the struggle for wealth, the rich man of Europe is less prone to fixate it in the face of his victim, or use it only to brute, corrupt, and prostitute the sources that aid him in increasing and keeping his fortune.

The political rights established through generations struggle have overcome the iniquitous.
cannot so easily and brutally set aside for its convenience and benefit as is done in the United States. To be sure, most democratic liberties are mere incantations, a cloak to better blindfold the exploited masses, a whip to keep them in check. Strange as it may seem, there is yet much more true of European democracies and republics than of some of the monarchies. I have found much more freedom of speech, press, and assembly, greater individual rights in monarchical Sweden, Holland, and England than in France or the newer republics of Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. Yet it must not be forgotten that the German revolution, superficial though it was has established certain liberties far beyond anything known under the Wilhelmine Regime.

However, though each government grants only as much liberty and opportunity in social, economic and cultural fields irrespective of the wishes of the powers that be, the political traditions of Europe have given the social idealist and the political protestant a certain status, which the enemy is willy-nilly bound to recognize. That explains the difference of treatment of politicians in Europe and America. Here they are looked upon as the spokesmen of new social ideals or of the class struggle. The accused often becomes the accuser and the court is compelled to listen to his social indictment. Nowhere in Europe, except England, are the politicians considered criminals or treated as such. They enjoy certain privileges in prison, and their protests, in the form of hunger-strikes and obstruction tactics, are formidable weapons in the fight for improvement in the prison regime and treatment, and even for political amnesty. All this is entirely lacking in America because the revolutionary and political traditions are lacking. With us, in the United States, the political is considered a fool, and impractical dreamer, or worse yet — a criminal.

But tradition, like everything else, may work for good and
for evil. While the traditions I referred to above are the very backbone of what is worth while in Europe, it is also a tradition that serves to support the conservative, stationary, and enervating tendencies. Such tradition is the paralyzing hand of the past upon the living. Nature, countries, like nature people, are prone to wilt in a grave. Having passed their "Sturm und Drang" period, they resent the adventurous spirit of youth. Having and their "flight", the native cling to respectability in vain; but faith in the coming better day, they dwell in the past. Their lives out their thoughts crystalize into hard frozen mud.

It cannot be denied that the same war has resulted in the destruction of old forces are at work, particularly the young generation, which the old in mind and spirit resent as liberal and disintegrating. Yet in them is the hope of Europe, if it is not to lie in decay. But for the present, European countries are still rule by old sympathies, old alliances, old habits, and old traditions.

In comparison with Europe America is adolescent. There is a child's infanticile, with all the good and the evil, the generous impulses and the crude, savage outbreaks of extreme youth. The best proof of America's juvenility is its resentment of criticism. Youth is arrogant, self-centred, cock sure, impatient of censure. It is blind in its hate, as in its love. It has the capacity of understanding that love with open eyes is infinitely difficult and more enduring. Or that blind hate is ferocious and never settles anything. Time and growth are necessary to feel and comprehend the "human" all too human. Youthful countries, like young people, are not troubled by time; they have no yesterday, they live only in the today. That alone enables them to plunge forward, head foremost, without any regard to consequences to themselves or to others. Yet it is well that it is so, for it is youth and not age that is the harbinger of new ideas and fundamental changes.
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This which is evil in America is due not so much to its adolescent cruelty and heartlessness, as to the fact that as a pioneer country it was still more concerned in material values than in the achievements of the spirit. Of America it can justly be said that it lives by means alone, hence its worship of material things, its love of quantity, of bulk, its adoration of the golden calf. In quest for things of the body, America has rushed on at a terrific speed sweeping everything in its way. The result is that America has for unscrupled Europe in material conquests and can never boast of being the richest and most powerful country on earth. America, like Topsy, grows ever mightier.

It is conceded that America stands foremost in material development, but in culture, in all that makes up the longing of the human spirit for beauty, art, and idealism, America lags far behind Europe. There is still almost no understanding in the United States of social ideals and their exponents, no conception of the forces that irrecovably divide the classes, no contact with the vital issues of social life. Robust, exuberant, over-flowering with physical energy, America considers cultural values as so much waste. It has no patience with the social pioneer. It treats him with scorn, contempt, and bitter censure. And as America can do nothing by halves, it outdoes Europe in its crude expression, its tragic laws, and savage persuasion, of everything that has its being outside of the purely material pursuits of his fellows.

Examples are legion, but a few will suffice for illustration. In Europe Anarchism, Syndicalism and other extreme social philosophies are accepted by tens of thousands of people and recognised as potent social factors in the struggle of the classes. The exponents of new theories have their legitimate being, their press, their meetings, the right of represen-

9210

91
Reaction is everywhere rampant in the world today, and every country has its quantum of fitness. But nothing can compare with the addendum and cruelty of our own fitness, the Ku Klux Klan. All the barbarous attitude and infliction of those on door to their own incontinent being.

There is fascism in Europe, but it is repressed and fought by the progressive elements of every country. America alone has given its fascist social attitude at recognition.

The argument is that a certain country where prohibition has greater such evils, such corruption, and has assumed such ridiculous at sets. Yet, instead of recognizing the measure as a vile force, America goes on increasing its army of a total agents and detectives, to come with the overgrowing host of bootleggers called prohibition. Can any intelligent woman claim that America's prohibition is "better" than Europe without it and Europe's own attitude towards temperance makes drinking a sense of good fellowship rather than drunkenness. But America can do nothing by halves. That is its vice as well as its virtue. Because the very elements of tolerance, intolerance and isolation, which have so far rife for the destructive sides of American life, can and will, if infused with some spiritual urge, make for new humane forms of the country and its people. The awakening of America's spiritual youth is the safest guarantee for the great libertarian transformation that is yet to take place in that country.

Signs of awakening are not lacking. Already the new American youth is making history in the social struggle, in

92
I did not come to live in Europe to realism.

Her stage of American life is so typical possible for constructive purpose.

I knew them better when than most men I had seen American.

Did you proclaim for the call of good in the most noble country.

A voice in the wilderness.
Dad, we, Somehow more convincing than players. We just need
political re-dos on current
decline of all civil
leader. The graduate of exper. led deep
at all must civil lead
and genuinely
considerable sale. We must that
American who became
no longer than obvious at
impact. The men
judging. P.S. Be the
but faintly audible.
In the past few years, in number and volume, they are socially causes. labels are coming from everywhere in the city. They are "wrong" deeper and deeper. Imprison the puny cake of the old middle American success will no longer be held up before the women?
in the U.S. are daily growing more rude. Of the contacts there they can be made to be preliminary important. The intellectuals are long paralyzed by the academic straight jacket are now emerging to a deeper understanding. Traditional meanings of the words art and culture are still in the awakening.
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NEW INVESTIGAL
values proceed that
must always proceed
great as equivalent
towards poltical change.

Governments come and
governments go; peoples
societies are born
and die as eponymous
dead of reactive
generation were born.
Like the old men are gone, and so are the ignominious death;
I have always clung my faith to that spirit which is slowly
coming into its own in America.
I have been asked to write on the "good points" of America as seen by me "now from Europe." Surely, I am told, the United States must appear "barbarous" to me now that I am far from that country! It may be true that those who have grasped the remote are better equipped to understand the near, and if that be so, my five years' travel through strange lands sought to enable me to see both the good and the evil of America in much sharper outline than before.

In my childhood I was taught that people are imbued with two conflicting impulses; one which makes for good, the other for evil; and he who is strong enough to overcome "evil" is good. In that conception the saints and holy men were good, for which they were to be rewarded — if not on earth, surely in heaven. The others were bad and would suffer dire punishment.

In later years I realized that the impulses which move the individual as well as the masses are not quite so simple and easily defined as I was led to believe by my well-intentioned parents and teachers. I have found that there is no straight and clearly marked line between good and evil. Both are interwoven, they overlap each other, cross and recross, and can frequently not be distinguished one from the other. Surely neither good or evil can be chosen by one's mere "free will." I have found that good and evil are terms for human actions conditioned by various forces outside of man. Their meaning and context are subject to modifications and development in accordance with the changes constantly going on in the social and ethical values at various periods of human life.

The most important lesson, however, which life has taught me is the relativity of things. Every institution, be it ever so evil, may yet become...
verses. On the other hand, the best in man and society can become better.
That is the law of evolution and growth without which life would decay,
and society become extinct. In this sense every saint was also a sinner and
the greatest sinner had the making of the saint in him.

Now, I cheerfully admit that America is a very great sinner, indeed.
For this very reason I find much in the United States that has "saintly"
qualities. My faith in the good potentialities of the country has not been
diminished or lessened by my European experiences and "vantage ground". On the
contrary, it has been strengthened. But similarly has also grown my reali-
sation of the evil things in America, and the need of speaking out frankly
and fearlessly against them.

I think I can best characterise both sides of the American make-up
by contrasting that country with Europe. Since the "generous" treatment
acquired me by my erstwhile adopted land, I had occasion to pitch my tent in
various countries: in Russia, Lottland, Sweden, Germany, France, Holland,
and - at present - in England. In some of those places I lived for periods
long enough to make a thorough study of the forces that have made for the
mental and spiritual quality of their people, the structure of their social,
political and economic institutions. Other countries I knew from previous
visits, from my familiarity with their literature and the political and
economic struggle of the masses. Everywhere I found that the fundamental
then and America is mostly a difference of age. The difference between
difference between juvenility and maturity with all the peculiar traits and
characteristics that go to make up the two stages of human and social de-
velopment.

Russia, because of its geographical position, its centuries of
feudalism, and the unique psychology of its people has always stood as a land
apart from Europe. And now more than ever it stands apart and can not be
used for comparison. Unusual events create unusual conditions, and rise
verses. The two gigantic upheavals of February and October, 1917, coming on
top of years of war, exhaustion, and ruin have brought about a state of
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affairs quite unlike anything else in modern times. Not the present, the great revolutionary tide which swept over Russia, and her people has been dammed by the authoritarian regime of a small political group, by means of despotism and terror. But the great potentialities of the Russian masses, become active in the two revolutions, will never again be put to sleep.

The end in Russia is not yet.

No, it is not Russia that can be contrasted with America. It is Europe, or that part of Europe which I can discuss with some knowledge. Most of the European lands I find not only nature but also history in their life and civilization. Over-cautious, conservative, set and not easily moved. But centuries of struggle for political and economic freedom, for ethical ideals, for cultural and artistic values have created certain traditions more binding than any man-made laws. Among those traditions the most potent is the realization that "man does not live by bread alone." In consequence, the achievements of Europe are much more of the spirit than of the flesh. This, more than anything else, has established certain values which even the great war has not been able to destroy altogether.

To use a few illustrations. The rich of Europe, even as their American brothers, have gotten their wealth at the expense of their fellowmen. Yet the exploitation of the masses is nowhere in Europe quite as intensive as in the United States. Neither are the rich as brazen and arbitrary as with us. To be sure, the line of demarkation between the classes and the masses is more distinct, the barriers less bridged. The millionaire of Europe is not the poor man's son of yesterday. As a general rule, wealth has been handed down from generation to generation. Not having personally experienced the sordid struggle for wealth, rich man of Europe is less prone to flaunt it in the face of his victim, or use it only to bribe, corrupt, and prostitute the sources that aid him in increasing and keeping his fortune.
The political rights established through age-long struggle have solidified into traditions which the plutocracy of Europe can not so easily and brutally set aside for its convenience and benefit as is done in the United States. To be sure, most democratic liberties are mere makeshifts, a cloak to blindfold the exploited masses, a whip to keep them in check. Strange as it may seem, this is yet much more true of European democracies and republics than of some of the monarchies. I have found much more freedom of speech, press, and assembly, greater individual rights in monarchical Sweden, Holland, and England than in France or the newer republics of Switzerland, Bethania, and Germany. Yet it must not be forgotten that the German revolution, superficial though it was, has established certain liberties far beyond anything known under the Wilhelm regime.

However, though each government grants only as much liberty as its interests will permit, it is yet important that those few precious achievements of the human struggle should not be at the arbitrary mercy of the privileged few. For without freedom of speech, press and assembly, no progress will ever be made towards greater liberty and opportunity in social, economic, and cultural fields. Irrespective of the wishes of the powers that be, the political traditions of Europe have given the social idealist and the political protestant a certain status, which the enemy is willy nilly bound to recognize. That explains the difference of treatment of politicos in Europe and America. Here they are looked upon as the spokesmen of new social ideals or of the class struggle. The accused often becomes the accuser and the court is compelled to listen to his social indictment. Nowhere in Europe, except England, are the politicians considered criminals or tried as such. They enjoy certain privileges in prison, and their protests, in the form of hunger-strikes and obstruction tactics, are formidable weapons in the fight for improvement in the prison regime and treatment, and even for political amnesty. All this is entirely lacking in America because the revolutionary and political
traditions are lacking. With me, in the United States, the political is considered a fool, an impractical dreamer, or - worse yet - a criminal.

But tradition, like everything else, may work for good and for evil. While the traditions I referred to above are the very bane of what is worth while in Europe, it is also tradition that serves to support the conservative, stationary, and enslaving tendencies. Such tradition is the paralysising hand of the dead upon the living. Mature countries, like mature people, are prone to walk in a groove. Having passed their "Sturm und Drang" period, they resent the adventurous spirit of youth. Having had their "fling", the mature cling to respectability; having lost faith in the coming better day, they dwell in the past. Their lives and their thoughts crystallise into hard moulds.

It cannot be denied that the great war has helped to loosen these moulds. New forces are at work, particularly and the young generation, which the old in mind and spirit lament as immoral and disintegrating. Yet in them is the hope of Europe, if it is not to die of decay. But for the present most European countries are still ruled by old moralists, old statesmen, old habits, and old traditions.

In comparison with Europe America is unpleasantly young. It is almost infantile, with all the good and the evil, the generous impulses and the crude, savage outbursts of extreme youth. The best proof of America's ju- venility is its resentment of criticism. Youth is arrogant, self-centered, cock sure, impatient of censure. It is blind in its hate, as in its love. It lacks the capacity of understanding that love with open eyes is infinitely difficult and more enduring. Or that blind hate is ferocious and never settles anything. Time and growth are necessary to feel and comprehend the "human, all too human". Youthful countries, like young people, are not troubled by time; they have no yesterday, they live only in the today. That alone en- ables them to plunge forward, head foremost, without any regard to conse-
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... For one, there are some in the country that feel so strongly. The social factors in the struggle of the classes. The propaganda of new theories have their legitimate being, their press, their meetings, the right of propaganda. I do not mean that these theories are approved of by the powers that be. No, fortunately not; they are fought, are per-
suaded. And yet they have a certain political status generally recognized. It is left to the cruelty of American immaturity to enact "Criminal" Anarchist and Syndicalist laws, carrying with them punishment as high as 20 years' imprisonment. It was America that drove from its shores hundreds of men and women for holding unpopular opinions. The same spirit of crude intolerance and narrow philistinism is back of most things evil and reactionary in the United States.

Reaction is everywhere rampant in the world today, and every country has its quarter of fascism. But nothing can compare with the stupidity and cruelty of our own fascism, the Ku Klux Klan, and its barbarous attitude and criminal treatment of those who dare have their own independent being. There is fascism in Europe, but it is repudiated and fought by the progressive elements of every country. America alone has given its fascism social standing and recognition.

Or prohibition, for example. Is there any other country where prohibition has created such evils, such corruption, and has assuaged such ridiculous aspects? Yet instead of recognizing the measure as a vile farce, America goes on increasing its army of special agents and de-
tectives, to cope with the ever-growing host of bootleggers made by pro-
hibition. Has any intelligent person called that America with prohi-
bition is "better" than Europe without it? Europe's same attitude towards temperance makes drinking a means of good fellowship rather than drunken-
ness? But America can do nothing by halves. That is its vice as well as its virtue. Becomes the very elements of adolescence, intolerance and impatience, which have so far made for the destructive side of American life, can and will, if imbued with some spiritual urge, make...
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make for new, humane forms of the country and its people. The awakening of America's spiritual youth is the safest guarantee for the great libertarian transformation that is yet to take place in that our country.

Signs of that awakening are not lacking. Already the new American youth is making history in the social struggle, in women's emancipation, in the new approach to the child and education. Above all, the creative forces now at play in America are most encouraging. Women, America's thinking woman... What a virile, alert and significant type there is being developed, freedom from cant and hypocrisy, their love of life and beauty, their intense interest in the social struggle — far more than political suffrage — make of the American woman an outstanding figure in the new conception of womanhood.

The approach to the child and its place in human culture, still so antiquated in most European countries, is enriching American child life and is establishing an atmosphere for growth and development of a new race of Americans — a race far removed from the crippled, stunted hundred-percenter, whose Americanism does not go further than his pocket or the shooting off of firecrackers.

Lastly, but by no means least, are the new creative forces at work in America — the dramatists, the poets, the artists who are risking so much to bring color, warmth, light, and rhythm in the hitherto barren American life. Compared with the works of Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell and their group, the present dramatic efforts of Europe are most commonplace. The importance of the young American drama is that it has absorbed the masters of Europe without losing its own originality and the contact with America's soil, with the hopes and dreams of its people. In the drama and the theatre the United States already has outstripped Europe, even as it has outstripped it in industrial and mechanical im-
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No longer is the theatre the one cure for cost the jaded nerves of the tired business man or for the ennui of idle, useless women. The theatre in America is fast becoming the temple of unified artistic expression of the country's dramatic genius. That is indeed a most refreshing and encouraging symptom.

Governments come and governments go, call "societies" like the Elks Elks are born and seem die an ignominious death, reactionary institutions rise and fall, but the Spirit of Life, of growth, of innovation and idealism goes on forever. I have always pinned my faith to that spirit which is slowly coming into its own in America.

Emma Goldman

Sandan, Jan. 1925.
Many years ago, when the state of New York gave me my first vacation in the "Red" House on Blackwell's Island, a young reporter came to interview me. That I refused to see him, he informed the warden that he could just as well write a story about Emma Goldman by merely looking at the penitentiary from the New York side of the East River.

While I read the Report of the Trade Union Delegation to Russia, the story came back to my mind. They, too, have written a story about the Russian people, - their lives, work and aspirations, merely looking at this penitentiary unfinished into which the whole of Russia has been turned, from the vantage point of a favored, seated and hemmed in official guest. The young reporter was compelled at least, to draw upon his own imagination. The recent investigators in Russia were spared this effort. They were generously supplied with carefully chosen, and specially prepared material which, with the help of their official translators, they have now presented to the world.

It must be admitted that the picture of the warden's and blessings under the Bolshevik regime is skillfully drawn. The high lights will dazzle many people. But the credit for it must be given to the ingenious artists in Moscow, whose masterly and cruel minds and innocent hearts surpass anything known in history. Having been under the sway of the Moscow revolution for a brief period, I can perfectly understand, how easy it is to encourage to the many crimes lavishly heaped on every official to the moment he or she touch Russian soil.

The authors of the Report teams with proofs of the inquisition which should be turned fiction into fact, illusion into reality, and broken chains into life. Always, the whole machinery of Russia is set into motion to break down.
Russia and Her Investigators / [Emma Goldman].— [1925, draft].— 11 p.; 28 x 19 cm.

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Six weeks of such a triumphal trip through Russia and supplemented by six trunks of State documents should furnish convincing proofs that "the Soviet system is undoubtedly supported by the whole of the industrial workers, by many peasants and by those of the middle class who joined the movement." The whole Report, from cover to cover is full of such "convincing" proofs.

It would require a whole book to demonstrate how utterly false and misleading these proofs really are and what a travesty upon the actual conditions of the long-suffering, unarmed, martyred Russian people. Lack of space compel me to deal with only a few of the glaring perversion of fact.

We are asked to believe that "there is new we 'Chaks' nor anything of that nature, except in Georgia." I heard this preposterous assertion made at a private gathering by one of the official interpreters of the delegation, but as I was told that the man had been for many years in diplomatic service under the Tsar, I thought that he had learnt to speak even Russian.
Russia and Her Investigators / [Emma Goldman].— [1925, draft].— 1 p.; 28 x 19 cm.

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Russia and Her Investigators—Russia and Her Investigators.

Within, but that never danger men should publicly say what is known to every child in Russia is, to use a British expression, "a bit too thin". However, no denial will do away with the existence of the Chars, or minimise its reign after terror.

Alternatively, jails are not in Georgia, yet five politicians were shot to pieces there on the 20th December 1923 by the Chars, and hundreds of political prisoners are sent there by the good old "administrative" method (?without trial).

F falsal is not in Georgia, yet it contains many political sent there by the Chars. "Not less than a third of these imprisoned are suffering from serious diseases, advanced tuberculosis with high temperature, enlargement of the heart, etc. There is practically no medical aid, as there is no regular prison surgeon. Only now and again, does a medical practitioner from Moscow or Vladimir visit the prisons, but these doctors are, of course, unable to treat these suffering from chronic disease". Thus writes one of those imprisoned in what is termed the "Versailles of Boundal". Thirty politicians recently went on strike for fifteen days in an effort to induce the prison authorities to remove six prisoners from the cells to the Infirmary. The hunger-strike ended in the death of one of the politicians.

The Ural is not Georgia, yet the report of skeletal G.P.U. (Main Political Administration, formerly the Chars) to the regional G.P.U. states that, during September and October of last year, 5221 arrests were made, in connection with the strikes and unrest in various Government industries. Of these, 1080 were exiled without trial, yet we are expected to believe that the G.P.U. has no power to "press and prosecute". The Labour Report will have it that the G.P.U. holds the same position in Russia as Scotland Yard in Great Britain. I wonder what the same Delegation would say, if Scotland Yard could arrest strike and sheet workers for strikes or for their political opinions.

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BEST COPY AVAILABLE
"At the sharply confined to correlations far conspiracy of a serious nature". Yet, insomuch as the G.P.U. is nearly always the impurest interpreter of the meaning of "conspiracy", it requires little imagination to see, how often the death penalty is imposed and carried into effect. Soviet papers are full of reports of shootings and there are many more which are never made public.

How "thorough" the Delegation have been able to get beneath the surface of things can best be seen by their statement regarding the treatment of non-political prisoners. They say, "the humilication of prison-life is a striking feature in Russia". The appeal of the politicals on Solovetky Island on behalf of 5000 common prisoners flatly contradicts that the "treatment of the non-political prisoners in Soviet Russia is based on the latest theories of subcriminal psychology". The appeal referred to contains the following facts: in 1923-1926 three thousand persons were brought here; of these 5000 were packed in the old church. The spirit of the old Asiatic regime was revived. They tore the crosses off the church steeples and painted over the icons, replacing the old saints by portraits of Lenin, Marx and Trotsky. Members of the Communist Party, instead of Bible texts, instead of weapons, the old Bells sound prison signals. The prisoners live under the most intolerable conditions. They are forced to do hard labour - in the summer exposed to fearful winds, in the winter facing the icy storms. The task-system established by the prison authorities impose on each person an amount of labour which the conscripts and started inmates are unable to do. In the Kremi itself, the prison which still remains since imperial past is also in full use. The dungeons of the time of Ivan the Terrible, known here as the "stone hags" are in the cellars. The entrances to these can be effected only with axes... In

"Kremi" prisoners are subjected to the "coerced torture". They are wounded and beaten with a large table.
signal of the gang, placed in the yard where prisoners are kept, to immediately attack him.

The delegation had no chance to investigate the Bolshevik
inmates of the notorious Byurka prison. They could have visited
the Byurka, on Moscow, or the Mokrava, or, still better, the
prisons in Ukraine. They may have been less prone to accept
the statement of the president of Ukraine that
"the peasants accepted the present system of Soviet control....
that 70% of them took part in recent elections, and that they
are now supporting the system of taxes which are collected
without difficulty... which indicated general satisfaction with
the present regime". The Delegation would have found
the prisons filled with peasants, which would have told them
another story as to the "satisfaction" of the Ukrainian peasant
ry.

The Delegation assure us that they were given ample
opportunity to go about freely, yet when they visited the pol:
ticals in the Byurka prison, they did so in the company of
two notorious Chekists, Deribas and Katianian. How much con-
sidence could the politicals place in Labour delegates who
come with such a retinue! No wonder, Timofey, one of the
members of the Central Committee of the Social Revolutionary
Party, was non-committal and austere with Messrs. Purcell and
Barley! The attitude of this Revolutionary, who has already
undergone the torture of the damned under the Bolshevik regime
was interpreted by the Delegates as "dangerous to be released",
the only member of the Delegation who showed some sympathy
and ventured into the cells of the prisoners was John Turner.
But even he did not know that the somewhat improved conditions
in the Byurka were bought with the life of Korogod, another
member of the C.G. of the S.R. Party. He hanged himself in
protest against the barbarous treatment in the living tomb
of the Bolshevik (near prison of the Cheka). Most the visits
of the British Labour Delegation, Timofey and his colleagues

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Emma & Her Investigators—

Attempts have been made to a renewed hunger-strike against
the threatened call to the home of Ruska, although the prom-
ounce of some of them had expired and they should have been
released.

Attention with its number of schools, the care of the
children and the Trade Unions with their "far-reaching benefits
to the workers" are given the most prominent place in the
Report. But they contain so many half-truths that the entire
picture is blurred. According to the Report, there are in
Russia now 65,713 first-grade schools, with an attendance of
4,682,000 pupils. 15,655 second-grade schools, with 318,000
pupils. Tumashovskiy, however, gives another account. "For
the present, between the desire of the people for good educa-
tion and the possibility of fulfilling it, there is a great
gap...But the local governments are too poor... In fact, in
the rural districts, the schools are regarded as a burden...The
school children are taught in totally neglected buildings
which are rarely heated.... There is an insufficient number
of teachers... being paid like beggars, the teachers are
treated as such by the people... Thus, the situation is as
bad as it can be, as the number of schools and pupils are
diminishing day by day. This is illustrated by the following
figures: before the war there were 62,000 elementary schools
in Russia, with 4,300,000 pupils. With the aid of a publicity
campaign in 1921, the number was increased to 76,000 schools
with six million pupils. Now there are 49,000 schools with
5,700,000 pupils in the whole of Soviet Russia. The secondar-
y schools have also suffered. And the Provincial schools, which
previously numbered 4000 have sunk to 715, while the number of
pupils has fallen from 813,000 to 4,000!"
People & Her Investigators—cont.

and told them of the ever-growing number of destitute children who throng the highways and byways of Russia. "Pravda" of Jan. 16 of this year reports 144,776 destitute children in Northern Russia alone. The "Pravda" correspondent who investigated the province of Saigor found 27,000 homeless children. In one Receiving Station, he discovered 800 ragged children, crowded together in a room barely large enough for three hundred. No sound disease rampant among them: 364 cases of tuberculosis, 15 venereal cases and 63 were covered with a leathery rash.

During the last five years, 60,000 juvenile offenders were committed for various crimes; of these 41% came from the proletarian class. But the delegation saw only the children in the official parades: "bright-eyed and apparently happy". The Delegates were enthusiastic over the splendid physique and spirit of the Communist Youth. Again it is the "Pravda", which certainly cannot be accused of counter-revolutionary leanings, which under date of Jan. 16, 1925, gives the result of an investigation into the health of 20,000 children in Moscow. According to that report, 42.3 are suffering from anemia, 50% from heart trouble and 38.3 from nervous disturbances. The cause, it was found, was over-exertion from public shows, receptions, demonstrations, and all sorts of propaganda duties.

The part dealing with the function of the Trade Unions, Labour conditions and wages, starts out with the declaration that the "Russian workers are the ruling class. They enjoy the rights of a ruling class". This is a mere repetition of the myth planted upon the masses outside of Russia that the K Bolshyovik regime is a "Dictatorship of the Proletariat". In Russia, very few people, even among the Communists, no longer believe in this yarn. The ruling class, according to Kassavet, "was nothing more than a gang of criminals and criminals..."
Party over the opposition of the State. Both of Party and of 1926, the party leads and governs. The Party is above the State.... The idea of the supremacy of the Party is the corner stone of our house. The moment we move this corner stone, the whole edifice will crumble... No concessions to the opponents will save us, if we deviate one inch from the supreme function of the Party. Those who think that the Soviets can have new life infused into them at the expense of the dominant role of the Party are mistaken. The Soviets can be rejuvenated by the Party which must dominate the Soviets. So long as the Bolshevik Party exists, and so long as Leninism exists, the Party must assume rule the State 6. In other words, the Communist Party is the ruling class, certainly not the workers. In this class dominates every channel of life in Russia, including the Trade Unions.

The Communist State, being the economic master of the Trade Unions, contributes the largest share to their upkeep. The Trade Union apparatus is a costly thing, with 40,000 office-holders and bureaucrats who swallow up 91% of the Trade Union funds. The income, during the first three months of 1926, was 807,428 gold Rubles. Of that only 61,968 were due 790,44 were contributed by the State. In return, the Trade Unions must continue to be, as in Lenin's time, a school for Communists, and do the bidding of their Communist masters. Their duty, since the New Economic Policy in 'not to control the industries, owned by private capitalists, since the new economic orientation necessitates the strictest concentration of power in the hands of individual management 8. Still, the Trade Unions must have the right to negotiate strikes in private industries. Theoretically, they have the same right as regards State-owned industries. Practically, this works out in strange ways. The Trade Unions negotiated in 1925 125 strikes, involved 1000 workers in private capacity. While in the industries owned by the State, only 33 of 53 strikes, involved 3000 workers.
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Russia & the Development of Capitalism.

The Report on the situation in Georgia is the most
diagnostical whitewash in the whole volume. In reporting their
visit to Tiflis, the Delegation have said—say: "We have,
however, to say here that our experience in Georgia did not
bear out the general impression which is being created by
reports appearing in the capitalist press and other newspapers
intended to convey the impression that the population of Geo-
rgia is being held down in a state of suppression by a Russian
Red Army of occupation." Naturally, the delegates were too
busy being entertained by a remarkable demonstration which
conveyed to us the impression that the workers of Tiflis were
not living in that state of oppression and subject to which
certain reports we have read would appear to indicate. The
demonstration appeared to reflect the strong united approval
of the workers in the present system of Government in Georgia".

The whole Report rests upon appearance, not upon
facts. The peace and harmony, which greeted the Delegates, was
the peace of Warsaw after the slaughter of thousands, or the
peace of Cronstadt, after the city was drenched in the blood
of thousands of the population.

In conclusion, I wish to say that if every word in the
Report were actually true, the unreserved admission by the De-
egnasion that "in Russia the State is in control not only of
the Press, the platform and the political machine, but also of
the schools, universities and the creative art; Russian the
Balshvich experiment would be the most abortive failure in
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Pluto-driven and Pluto-driven.

By their report, the British trade union delegation will help to perpetuate the superstition that the Bolsheviks are the symbol of the Russian Revolution. In so doing, they are rendering poor service to the workers of England. While their breach of faith with the Russian people on behalf of the Russian rulers is very sad and indeed.
The Emma Goldman Papers


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from home and friends, and thus deprived of what little comradely assistance they might have been able to receive nearer home. A number of other comrades have been forced by the terrible conditions of their imprisonment to declare a hunger-strike. One of them, after hungering twelve days, became dangerously ill.

Physical violence, even, is practiced upon our comrades in prison.

The statement of the Anarchists in the Butirki Prison, in Moscow, signed by thirty-eight comrades, and sent to the Executive Committee of the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission on March 16, contains among other things the following statement: "On March 15, Comrade Tikhon Kashirin was brutally attacked and beaten in the prison of the Special Department of the Extraordinary Commission by your agent Mago and assistants, in the presence of the Prison Warden Dutin."

Besides the wholesale arrests and the physical violence perpetrated on our comrades, the government is waging a systematic war against the educational work of all Anarchist organizations. It has closed a number of our clubs, as well as the Moscow office of the Anarch-Syndicalist publishing establishment "Golos Trooda."

A similar campaign of man-hunt took place in Petrograd, on March 15. Numbers of Anarchists were arrested, without cause, the office and the printing place of "Golos Trooda" were closed, and its co-workers imprisoned. No charges have been preferred against any of our arrested comrades, all of whom are still in prison.

The virtual suppression of the publishing work of the Anarch-Syndicalist group "Golos Trooda" also paralyzes the main activity of the "Peter Kropotkin Memorial Committee," namely the publication of the works of Kropotkin. Endless obstacles are, moreover, placed in the way of the general work connected with the "Peter Kropotkin Memorial Committee," as in the matter of housing, telephone connections, and so forth.

These unceasingly atrocious tactics of the government towards the Anarchists (going even to the extent of confiscating the wreaths on the Kropotkin grave for use at other funerals) is unquestionably the result of the general policy of the government, which is exclusively controlled by the Communist Party, in regard to Anarchism, Syndicalism and their adherents.

This state of affairs, in which the Anarchists are completely deprived of the opportunity to carry on systematic work of any kind, and in the absence of any guarantee that even our purely cultural and educational efforts—such as publishing, the organization of the Kropotkin Museum, and so forth—are not to be suddenly and deliberately destroyed, is forcing us to raise our voices in loud protest against the panicly-brutal suppression of the Anarchist movement by the Bolshevik Government.

Moscow, April 10, 1919.

ANARCHO-SYNDICALIST LEAGUE "GOLOS TROODA":

A. SHAPIRO, Secretary
A. TEVETROV, Publishing Manager

RUSSIAN CONFEDERATION OF ANARCHO-SYNDICALISTS:
S. MARKUS, Member Executive Committee
(Two other members in prison)

LEAGUE OF ANARCHIST PROPAGANDA:
ALEXEI BOROVY, Secretary

We fully concur in this protest
ALEXANDER BERKMAN
EMMA GOLDMAN

TROTSKY'S REPLY

(July, 1919)

To Com. Mikh* and to the other comrades who composed the delegation which visited yesterday Com. Lenin:

Dear Comrades:

The Central Committee of our Party has again, this morning, examined with due care the question of the imprisoned Anarchists which was called for in your yesterday's talk with Lenin.

We are fully aware of the necessity of being exceedingly careful in our handling the question of imprisoned Anarchists. The more so, as this necessaries that the Western European Anarcho-Syndicalists, among whom being those who play a very important and positive role in the revolutionary movement, do not always make the necessary differentiation between the Anarchists and Syndicalists who, while preserving the peculiarities of their opinions, consider it, nonetheless, as their revolutionary duty to support the dictatorship of the Russian proletariat against the world bourgeoisie—and those who, sheltering themselves behind an extreme revolutionary phrasology, carry out, in fact, a counter-revolutionary activity, dealing blows from behind to the Soviet Power, at a time when the latter is turned with its face to its imperialist enemies.

The fact that Anarchists, who have exterminated, helped to exterminate or advised to exterminate Communists, are hunger-striking in prison can, in no way—you will agree—serve as a pretext for their release. In the meantime those prisoners whom, as you know, we have found possible, at considerable risk, to release, refuse to go out

*Michel. French Syndicalist, while on his way out of Russia, was drowned in the passage by a small boat from a Northern Russian port to Norway.
The Emma Goldman Papers

[Excerpt from Lecture] The Dictatorship in Russia / Emma Goldman. – In Daily Mercury [Norfolk]. — [1925, fragment].

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What I saw in Russia

Miss Emma Goldman, the well-known Anarchist, commonly called "Red Emma," who was deported from the United States in 1919 (after two years’ imprisonment for denouncing war), and afterwards spent two years in Russia, recently came to London to reveal the truth about the present condition of that country. At a dinner in her honour the other day, with Colonel Jonah Wedgwood, M.P., in the chair, and among the guests Miss Rebecca West and the Hon. Bernard Russell, she delivered an indictment of Bolshevism which a Labour Member present described as "a howdah!" In the following article she has given her impressions of Russia under the Soviet regime.

To write in a short article about my experience of nearly two years in Russia is, of course, out of the question. More events were crowded into one month than I could touch upon in one page. All I can venture to give here is a mere outline of what I had hoped to find when I came to Russia, and what I actually did find.

Before doing so, it would not be amiss to state that, while I was never a Bolshevik, I yet sincerely believed that the Bolshevists were interpreting the ideals of the Russian people, as registered by them in the Great Russian Revolution: the ideals of free Soviets, of the right of the peoples to the land—and the rights of the workers to the products of their labour: above all, the ideal that Russia is to be purged of masters and slaves. I did not believe that the Bolshevists were the champions of these ideals, but I ventured my belief in them, and came to their defense while still in America, when the present sympathizers and adherents of Bolshevism ridiculed and denied them. In fact, when the United States Government robbed me of my citizenship and decreed my deportation, I waived my right of appeal to the Supreme Court. I preferred to go to Revolutionary Russia to help in the sublime effort of the people to make the Revolution a living factor in their lives. What I actually found was so utterly at variance with what I had anticipated that it seemed like a ghastly dream—a dream from which there can be only a slow and painful awakening. The awakening came after many months, and in the face of overwhelming facts. Now what were these facts?

I found a small political group which, even according to official figures, never exceeded more than 500,000 members—the Communist Party—in absolute control over a country of 150 million people. I found Labour conscripted, driven to work like chattel-slaves, arrested for the slightest infringement, and even shot for so-called "industrial desertion." I found the peasants a helpled prey to punitive expeditions and forcible food collection—a proceeding which devastated hundreds of villages and destroyed thousands of human lives. I found the Soviets, which were the spontaneous expression of the liberated energies of the Russian people, made subservient to the Communist State.

I found a sinister organisation, known as the "Cheka" (Secret service and executioners of Russia), suppressing thought, the right of free speech, the right of assembly—an organisation which, according to the words of Dzerzhinsky, the head of the "All-Russian Extraordinary Commission," wielded the "power to undertake raids, confiscate goods, perform arrests, question, try and condemn those whom we consider guilty and to inflict the death penalty."

I found the prisons and concentration camps overcrowded with men and women—ay, and even children—not because they had offered armed resistance, but for opinion's sake. I found Russia in wreck and ruin, presided over by a bureaucratic State, incompetent and inefficient to reconstruct the country and to help the people realise their high hopes and their great ideals.

It would be unfair to the Bolshevik régime to lay all blame for the appalling conditions in Russia at its door. I realise better than a great many people who have not been in Russia that a large portion of the responsibility lies with the criminal attempt at intervention, with the Blockade, and with the forces which attacked Revolutionary Russia. Still, truth will have it that the Communist State, observed by the belief that it alone can direct the rebetted energies of the Russian people, has enamcedulated the Revolution and paralysed whatever constructive elements the people themselves had.
In protesting against the state of affairs to some of the leading Communists, I was invariably told that "grim necessity" imposed autocratic and despotic measures on the Communist State, but that, just as soon as Russia will have "liquidated" the various fronts, terrorism will cease and the people will be given a chance to participate in the political and social affairs of the country. That was three years ago. Since then Lenin has introduced his new economic policy which has sanctified the very things for which people had been arrested and even shot prior to 1918. He has introduced trade, private enterprise, the right of private property. The internal counter-revolution is surpassed; the old bourgeoisie is eliminated.

Russia is being politically recognized by various Governments of Europe and Asia, and the Bolsheviks are invading international capital to come to their country, whose natural wealth, as Trotsky assures the world's capitalists, is "waiting to be exploited." The "moments of grim necessity" are gone; but the terror, the Cheka, the suppression of free speech and Press, and all the other Communist methods remain as before. Indeed, they are being applied even more brutally and barbarously since the death of Lenin.

To give but a few examples from letters of political prisoners in the various prisons:

Our colony of political contains at present about 500 persons: there are 157 Social Democrats, 14 Left Social Revolutionaries, 169 Social Revolutionaries, and 35 Anarchists. Besides Socialist members of various Parties, the Government—that is, the G.P.U. (the new name for the Cheka) now sends to the Solovets large numbers of non-political men to execute revolutionary tendencies. The greatest proportion of these are students. After the 'cleansing' of the schools and universities of Moscow, Petrograd, and other cities, hundreds of the expelled students were arrested, exiled to the furthest provincial places, or sent to the Solovets.

"The administration has deprived us of fuel, and since the spring we have not been given a bath. Outside there was still snow, and we sat in cold, damp cells. We had to cut down our amount of hot water and warm food, because the administration would supply no wood. Many of us are sick with scurvy and also suffering from other diseases." "In the Kremel itself the prison, which still remains since immemorial past, is also being put to full use. The dungeons of the time of Ivan the Terrible are 'housing convicts.' Those dungeons, known here as stone 'bags,' are in the cellars; they are built so that entrance into them can be effected only sideways. Into these dungeons are sent prisoners guilty of some infraction of prison discipline. The 'bags' are infested with vermin. In September 1923, the Prison Commission of Inspection, with a Chekist in its head, arrived at the Solovetski, but neither he nor anyone else of the Commission dared to enter one of those cells, from which emanating smells eneminated."

"There are many women prisoners in the Solovetski; they comprise intellectuals, working women, and those guilty of bourgeois origin, as also numerous students who took part in political protests."

"With few exceptions, all the officials are themselves prisoners; the keepers and warders are Chekists who have been convicted of criminal offences, but, instead of being treated as convicts, they serve as officials for 'good and faithful work,' their sentences are reduced, and various other favours granted them."

These are but a few examples of the harrowing conditions which continue under the Bolshevik regime. They should convince anyone who is capable of fair reasoning that the methods employed by the Communist State, while I was in Russia, were not due to "grim necessity," but are of the same cloth as the Bolshevik political and social theory now called "Leninian"—a theory which presupposes all libertarian achievements of the human race as "middle-class sentimental-ity," to be weeded out and all, a theory which coldly repudiates the value of human life. In short, the dictatorship not of the proletariat, but a dictatorship over the workers and the rest of the world. My quarrel, therefore, is not so much with the Bolsheviks, as it is with Bolshevism—morality raised to a gospel and imposed upon mankind by the merciful methods of the Cheka.

It would be a betrayal of all I stood for in my life, a breach of faith with the Russian people, as well as with humanity everywhere, were I to keep silent after all I saw in Russia—all those harrowing things which continue to exist to the present day.

EMMA GOLDMAN.
Exiled Emma Goldman, 
the Woman Without a Country 
Assails Russia's Communism

"We have made the revolution to establish equality." Gradually, however, the second kitchen was reopened. The food was often handed out on a per capita basis, and commoners were allowed to get more than the usual allowances. They worked hardest, and starved with the rest. But the majority took the Communists as they were, in order not to be blamed.

They saw in every step that Communism was used more for propaganda than for actual application. They saw that wealth was divided among the Communists; that all people were arrested as speculators, for selling a loaf of bread, or some other foodstuff, for profit; and that the people on the market were allowed to sell their produce only after the Communists grew rich on the fruits stolen from the people.

There was the hospitability which was kept up among the Communists themselves. There were the education factors receiving the best treatment of all. The Commissars, instead of the workers, were starving, and in one period a special canteen was set up for them. When their brothers in civilization had starved, the Commissars had been sent out to enrich the upper classes which made up the personnel of the Tcheka.

Communism has never been so impressed itself in such a manner. It has become decreed in the eyes of the people, looked as something evil which had some upon them as a punishment. It is therefore certain that whatever
EMMA GOLDMAN SAYS BOLSHEVIISTS MENACE CIVILIZATION

A few years ago Emma Goldman entered Russia and hailed the Bolshevist rule at the dawn of a new day of freedom in the world. For two years she mixed with the people of Russia and the Bolshevik leaders on terms of intimacy, attending many of their most secret conferences.

Today, disillusioned because of the atrocities she witnessed, this woman, expelled from America because of her radicalism, calls on America to unite with the rest of the world to resist the spread of Bolshevism propaganda.

but prove a menace to other countries.

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In London, England, Dec. 17—"Unless the rest of the world..." replies Emma Goldman, a lifetime Red, expelled from the United States because of her anticapitalist sermons during the World war.

I talked with Miss Goldman here, where she is enjoying asylum from the wrath of the Bolshevik commissars, who recently called their criticism of the Soviet regime. No European commercial agent could have been more uninformed in his denunciation of all of Russia's present rulers than did his professional historian, who just a few years ago, as a reporter Russia hailed the Soviet experiment as the birth of a new era of freedom. Thoroughly disillusioned by the atrocities he had witnessed in Russia, he said that Europe and America must destroy Bolshevism, or else his idea to help the Russian people destroy it. And the way to help them in it is now Russia.

Open Russian Doors

"Around forces from outside will not help," she said. "This intervention in 1919 and 1920 under Bukharin and Wrangel only served to make the people forget their differences for a while and unite with the Bolsheviks to protect their beloved Motherland. But Russia at the beginning had been left to work out her own salvation. Bolshevism would have been killed long ago.

It is only now, by opening the doors of Russia that the Soviet experiments can be enjoyed, and the world enabled to see the differences between the Bolsheviks and those of the people. And it is in only the world becomes thoroughly shook by the vile proceedings of the Bolsheviks and their Chekists, that these extremes will be abated. Recognition would morally force them to adopt more modern methods. As long as Russia remains isolated the terror will continue. The Red army is now the biggest and strongest army in the world. If Bolshevism is allowed to grow it will not only ruin the future of Russia, but prove a menace to other countries.

The world must be taught to distinguish between Bolshevism and the Russian revolution, and then Bolshevism must be outlawed, not only out of the rest of the world, but out of Russia too.

"Do you believe that the people of Russia are really opposed to the Bolshevist government?" I asked Miss Goldman.

"There can be no doubt of that," she replied. "From the beginning the Bolsheviks have insulted the people, and the country is in the hands of the peasants. They tried to order the peasants to grow enough grain to feed the towns, but after a while they started that half the grain never reached its destination. The commissars were making huge profits on food meant for the population as a whole.

Peasants Organized

"Whereupon the peasants refused to grow more grain than they needed for their own use. The government retaliated by sending down punitive expeditions, who harassed and killed to such an extent that even for the next year's crop was destroyed."

The primitive nature of the Russian peasants comes out in the stand of passive resistances which they assume against this onslaught. Their organization in the matter was marvelous. They simply declared that the handful of Bolsheviks numbering about 100,000 could never succeed in wiping out the whole population of Russia, numbering 100,000,000. To this day the idea of being crushed under the tyrant's heel is anathema to the masses.

The Bolsheviks, however, have started the worse. As soon as the peasants refused to grow more grain, the state declared that they must be used for agricultural labor, and they were sent to the land. The Boshevist government, however, had no idea of what to do with them. The peasantry were not allowed to own the land on which they worked.

In the beginning the Bolshevists used this system of terror as a grim necessity to establish order. Three years ago they said that they would do away with it when the necessity was over, and yet their barbarism continues now at a worse pitch even than before Lenin's death."

Miss Goldman admits that violence is necessary to accomplish a revolution. But she points out that it is as the last means to make a principle of life to the most vital principle of our social order...
N SAYS BOLSHEVIKISTS MENACE CIVILIZATION

A few years ago Emma Goldman entered Russia and hailed the Bolshevik rule as the dawn of a new day of freedom in the world. For two years she mixed with the people of Russia and the Soviet leaders on terms of intimacy, attending many of their most secret conferences.

Today, disillusioned because of the atrocities she witnessed, this woman expelled from America because of her radicalism, calls on America to unite with the rest of the world to resist the spread of Bolshevist propaganda.

She points out that it is one thing to employ violence in combat as the last means of defence, and quite another thing to make a principle of terrorism, to institutionalise it and to sanctify it as the most vital place in the social struggle.

**Wooing the Peasants**

But the present Soviet rulers themselves undoubtedly recognise the need of ending the misery between the peasants and their government. Soviet newspapers arriving from Russia contain numerous articles from the pen of Nikol. Stepouch and others on this very question of how the peasants can be won over.

"The condition in the villages where the political leaders are mixed with ordinary criminals is too appalling to describe," said this woman who had preached anarchy in America. "Improvement is an ordinary thing that everyone is familiar with. But because of the fact of horrid birth, few people have access to this improvement."

"Says Goldman..."

"...They have been made to feel the suffering of their own people..."

"...They have been made to feel the suffering of their own people..."

"...They have been made to feel the suffering of their own people..."

"...They have been made to feel the suffering of their own people..."
La dittatura del circolo interno

Schiaffo del lavoro

Nel primo periodo della Rivoluzione fu comparativamente facile per il Partito Comunista impossessarsi del potere, tutti gli strumenti rivoluzionari, culturali, della proprietà, ultrafrancesi, il bolscevismo, si unirono questi ultimi ad andare ad aprire un tempo in possesso della Russia di Comunista, cominciando il loro processo di dissoluzione. Tutti i partiti politici che non avessero ancora dimostrato alla nuova dinastia dovettero andar...".

Prima gli Anarchici e i Social-Rivoluzionari d’industria, poi i Menscevici, e finalmente tutti quelli che non avessero aspirato ad una opinione generale. Un fatto unanime assorbì tutte le organizzazioni indipendenti: esse furono sopposte ai bloge dei nuovi Stati, e completamente dissolte; prima fra esse furono i Soviet.

I Sovieti adoperavano bandonatisolando le decisioni del partito Comune. Non vi era opinione politica che la possibilità di venir sentita. Ogni movimento era disposto dal Bolsce- viki per godere i voti dei Comunisti. Se le sem- plici richieste fallivano; altri metodi, infine, l'arresto seguono. E parecchi erano, che i Comu- nisti intendevano invariatamente in maggio- ranza...

Nondimeno, i Menscevici, i Social-Rivoluzio- nari d’industria e anche gli Anarchici hanno le loro rappresentanti stati di tanto in tanto — un event o che nella Russia Bolsevica non è poco.

Sono istituta, senza libertà di parola, e senza possibilità di propaganda nelle botteghe, o poco meno di un imbarazzo a partiti di oppo- sitore ricostruiti ad aver qualche rappresentanza nel Soviet. E perché assurdità da parte del governo Bolsevica lo abbattessero davanti al mondo come in governo di Sovi. Nei So- vetti, come in tutto il resto del regime Bolse- vico, la "Dittatura del Proletariato" e nelle mani di un piccolo gruppo — il circolo in- terno, che governa dalla Russia e il suo popolo.

Lavoro censurato...

La mobilitazione del lavoro, in realtà lavoro censurato. Si stimavasi al mondo come il più grande beneficio del Comunismo. Tutti devono lavorare nella Russia Bolsevica; non più, passasti. Se Sebello Lenin, non abbiano ammesso spettatori che questo influen- ce come molti altri simili decreto per ricostruire la Russia. Ma stancamento, spossato, come vi men- mano il consiglio a credere che egli avesse com- piuto il lavoro obbligatorio non ha fatto nulla per accrescere il prodotto del lavoro. Tutto quello che essi ha fatto, e stato di stala- lire, una schiavità, abitabili, e rimpiozzamento para- sati, del vecchio regime, con un nuovo grattando maggiore. Il mercato Bolsevico...

In più di un'occasione ho potuto constatare il sentimento dei lavoratori, spesso nelle in- portanti fabbriche di Pietrogrado, era basata sulla Lenigrado. Le fabbriche Pushkov e il grande modello della città favorivano la prova, più lampante contro la concitrazione del lavoro. I Leningrader avevano rappresentato una parte erosa nei giorni rivoluzionari e nella difesa di Pietrogrado contro i bolscevici. Degli giorni, gli uomini, grandi ed essi mosso, ma guadagnati presso che non uno, una Comunita', lascia un simile sfogo a qualcosa dell'umanità, che uguale...

...l'ultima di giugno, che non è un Comunista, lascia un simile sfogo a qualcosa dell'umanità, che uguale...

Prigionieri virtuali...

Il grande molino compitava come in stato d'assedio, con soldati armati doppietutti. I lavoratori erano ancora più canti di loro ca- merali della fabbrica. Nell'ufficio del Commissario era occupato con altri visitatori, un governo, o che un po' di ragazzo, si la- mentato molto delle condizioni a cui dovettero se- ttinate...".

Noi 'viamo virtualmente prigionieri qui, non possiamo fare un passo senza permesso..." — Non al di fuori di iscrizione, in questa rigore sovranità? in chiesi.

Vivere sfruttati, respinti, i Com- missari del Mulino e i Tripachi non hanno perfec- tamente deve ve...l'ardire...". Io suggerisce che gli operai potevano protesta- re contro un simile stato di cose.
L'educazione e gli intelletuali

Le più orgogliose presenze dei Bolscevichi è l'educazione. All'osservatore accidentale, si vede che per due settimane, e poi due, è il pilota di guida offerta, può realizzare un'organizzazione di scuole nel contesto di attività contro-revoluzionarie, o per mancanza di miseri Comunisti. A chi si aggiungono il bisogno di concentrare la loro energia e il materiale scolastico nel grandissimo centretto.

Altri altrui di queste scuole erano chiamate "scuole maschere". Non è poi affatto sorprendente che molti visitatori stranieri sieno rimasti via colossamente che, qualunque altra cosa la Stato Bolscevico abbia fallito nel dare, esse ha preso a opprimeri e in generale di Russia.

**Diario alle quinte**

Comunque, noi che avvennero nel paese e conosciamoci quello che accadeva dritto alle quinte,

comprendevamo che le scuole medesime erano fatte a spese di tutti il resto del sistema educativo. Le opere non mi consentono di addentrarmi in questa soggettò come avrei voluto, salvo che per dire che il loro principale fattore che contraddiceva gli studi educativi dei russi erano le "13 'Umbra di un monopoli di Sta
da' dell'Internazionale Anarchico di origine religiosa" perché si tratta di uno spazio di tempo di un progetto dell'impero bolscevico in Russia.

Un monopoli strettamente connesso con il mancato successo dell'impero bolscevico in Russia.

Il progetto, a mio parere, è un diario connesso con il mancato successo dell'impero bolscevico in Russia.

**Il fatale errore dei Bolscevichi**

Per debutto di gioventù, dove dritto di alcune degli intellettuali "rivelazione" la rivoluzione, principalmente l'intelligenza che essa espressa dritto ai due elementi, timidi affermatori il ristabilimento del vecchio ordine come classe. Essi inauguravano una campagna di educazione alla percezione della stessa orrenda.

**Emma Goldman**

![The Emma Goldman Papers](https://example.com/emma_goldman_papers)
Emma Goldman formally opened her campaign on behalf of Russia's political prisoners at South Place Institute, London, January 29th. Colonel Joseph C. V. Niedeck, well-known as an indefatigable worker in labor and liberating movements, preceded, and was supported by John Turner, a member of the Trade Union Division recently back from Buenos Aires, which sent out about 700 and is now well located for work. The hall, which seats about 700, was not well occupied. The audience listened to miss her clear, attention which only the most ardent interest could break. As had been expected, there was much bitter opposition in certain sections. Indeed, questions poured in upon Emma Goldman, and her frankness could not have assured her of a hearing from them. In fact, her clear, terse and emphatic replies were the subject of general and admiring comment. Thanks probably to firebandits by the Chairman, there were no actual physical clashes, but for a time feeling was very tense.

Colonel Niedeck opened the meeting with a statement that he had been one of the oldest adherents of the Russian revolution, for which he incurred immense abuse. His steely attitude was due to the fact that there had been a revolution. The revolution was not an adventure. And the duty of the world was to tell mankind present rules that they had none. The revolution was, that they must understand a true uniformity and all political action that they were afraid of change the Tsarist system that they had in Russia. The revolution was not a change of government. It was a struggle for personal and economic liberty. The revolution was not a change in the political organization of the country. It was a struggle for the maintenance of their own dignity.
The Emma Goldman Papers
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To such questions there can only be one answer; and it was noticeable that on those points, incidental to the speaker's powerful attack on State Socialism, the hecklers were silent. They always are, and it is safe to say that Emma Goldman would have infinite difficulty in dragging any of our leading English Socialists into a discussion on the merits of that Marxism they profess to follow. On the sufferings of Marxism's political prisoners they will be sympathetic or unsympathetic, according to their personal attitude towards the Communist Party, regarding which their opinions differ greatly. On the practicability of State Socialism, however, they will not argue. It has become their creed, and they hold it every whit as fanatically as ever Lenin did. For this reason they were all, at the bottom of their hearts, Communists, and severally anxious from the very first to make an alliance with him. Now they have tried their own hands. Throughout the recent electoral campaign they were upholding a party which they will notclassify themselves by, and declaring it. The theory people we shall get therefore, only, clumsy, and often bitter, opposition. Indeed, their sympathy as they originally extended has quietly with them, and their creed — i.e. 'State Socialism' — is an excellent example — will blockade us with a cabalism of silence.

The strongest effect of Emma Goldman's defence was her fiery appeal for the revolutionists in Russian prisons. The collection amounted to £10, which for English conditions it is nil. Attention is quite a lot of there.

Since then the people who have helped in giving the meetings at South Place Institute a great success, have banded themselves together into the "British Committee for the Defence of the Political Prisoners in London," a number of which were held recently. First, of course, the usual cook-fest of the Trade Unions when Emma Goldman might address the conditions of the workers in Russia, the life unions, strikes, etc. It is hoped that this may induce them to present resolutions in their organisations on behalf of the workers in Russian prisons. One thing, possibly, else to gain a little for Emma Goldman before the Trade Unions.

Secondly, a series of lectures to various places of the Russian situation to be held in different parts of London. Later other steps will be taken. The Committee is determined to bring light and truth in the new existing for an actual condition of Russia.
Emma Goldman formally opened her campaign on behalf of Russia’s political prisoners at South Place Institute, London, January 29th. Colonel Fawcett, President of the South Place Institute, L.P., well-known as an indefatigableworker in labour and libertarian movement, presided, and was supported by John Burns, a member of the Trade Union Mission recently back from Russia. The hall, which seated about 300 and was not well located for weekday meetings, was simply filled, and the various speeches were listened to with that keen attention which only the deepest interest can create. As had been expected there was much bitter opposition which came to a head at question time. Indeed, questions passed in upon Emma Goldman, and her greatest effort could not take account of them. In fact, her clear, terse, and emphatic replies were the subject of general and admiring comment. Thanks probably to film handing by the chairman there were no actual physical clashes, but for a time feeling was very tense.

Colonel Fawcett opened the meeting, by stating that she had been one of the earliest champions of the Russian Revolution, for which he received unbounded praise. By present attitude was due to the fact that times had changed. The Revolution was now no longer in danger of being deserted by foreign intervention, and the duty of the hour was now to tell Russia’s present rulers that they had passed the Treaty minutes that they had become afraid of being shot and that all heretofore promises that they were endeavoring a new democracy, that they were enforcing a new university, that the free speech and existing democracy. They were afraid of their own people, and heretofore respectable, and were recognized as such by the other authoritative governments. Authority immediately supports authority, and similarly all libertarians must uphold those who are struggling for freedom. In so opposed the Tsar, and the dictatorships in Spain and Italy, as we must now oppose the Turkists holding down the Russian people for the maintenance of their own despotic rule.

John Burns spoke as somewhat of a lay man, and urged in particular the necessity of hearing the Soviet appeal a fair trial, free from the despotism of party. He moved a resolution protesting against
The Emma Goldman Papers  
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Institutional Location: Max Nettlau Archive.

The combined denial of political liberty by the Russian Government, and calling for the establishment of the elementary rights of free speech, free assembly and freedom of press. The Russian Government was called on by the resolution to release from the terrible prisons the men and women whose only crime is that they differ politically from the party now in power! The resolution was carried with only 16 dissenters.

Emma Goldman's speech was, of course, the feature of the evening. Looking back on the experiences of many years the present writer thinks that he never heard her to greater advantage, and it is certainly that a greater advantage, and it is certainly that a profound impression was made on those who heard with those who differed from here. The exposure of the existing horror was relentless in its detail, but even more compelling was the logical linking together of cause and effect. The inevitability of that which necessarily followed the establishment of a Dictatorship, received at any cost to maintain itself in power, and confessing openly that it and justifies the means. The Dictatorship does not believe in the people, or in anything except the concentration of autocratic power in its own hands. And it is not even a Dictatorship by the Communist rig. In Lenin's time it was his Dictatorship. Now it is that of the Universalities into whose hands the people's wealth, and the State and more often are subjected to the Foreign. As for the present, who held the hands and thereby made the revolution that had been bound, but the unwritten and unspoken, and old by being cut off from it. The time of the 8 Leon, seemed in us especially impressive. How can you argue for or against, who asked when the natural co-operation between the country is destroyed? How can there be industrial progress without the most cordial of opinions or give publicly to their views?

To such questions there can be only one answer; and it was noticeable that on these points, although the speakers powerful interest in the Socialist, the hearers were silent. They always were, and it came to say that Combaellinae would have left to itself hardly in denying any of our leading facts. It is a discussion on the nature of the Russian they had and nothing else to say. It is a discussion on whether the political reformers they will be so far as to call upon and even to demand revolution to their personal ambition beyond...
The Emma Goldman Papers

The American future computing their opinion for propitiate on the possibility of imprisonment because they made no priase. It was because their cause, and they held it very well as consistently in every single did. For they would they took the, at the bottom of their heart, libidinous, and occasionally, came from the very flood to make an allegiation with idea. Now they have been longer on hands. Throughout the month additional campaign they were urging a treaty with the State, and they will not quickly terminate by now attending to. From these people we shall get therefore only strongly, and often hostile complaints. Indeed, much as they are generally extensive we quietly understand, and their names the "Daily News" is in an excellent en-suite - will bludgeon us with a conspiracy of silence.

The strongest effect of Rosa Goldman addresses me how many appeal for the revolutionists in Russian prisons. The collection was 1/4, which for English conditions at a paid admission is quite a lot of money.

Since that the people who have helped in making the meeting at South Place Institute a great success have handed themselves together those "The British's "Skull of the "Reformers" of the Political Prisoners in Russia". Several influential steps were decided upon. First, a Conference of British Secretaries of the Trade Unions that Rosa Goldman might address on the conditions of the workers in Russia, the Trade Unions. Amongst others, it is hoped that this may induce them to present resolutions in their organizations in behalf of the workers in Russian prisons for strikes. Possibly also to gain a hearing for Rosa Goldman before the Trade Unions.

Secondly, a series of lectures on various phases of the Russian situation to be said in different parts of London. Later other steps will be taken. The Committee is determined to bring light and truth in the new unending fog on actual conditions of Russia.
The Emma Goldman Papers


Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: Doe Library.
"RED" BLESSINGS A MYTH.

Strong criticism of the Bolshevist Government came from Emma Goldman, the well-known Anarchist, at a meeting held at Southplace Institution, E.C., last night. Bolshevism, declared Miss Goldman, had eliminated the spirit of the Russian revolution and the message that revolution gave to the world. She had established a dictatorship and concentrated the power in the hands of a few. It was not a dictatorship of the proletariat, nor even of the Communist party; it was a dictatorship over the proletariat of a handful of people.

Not a "Soviet" Government.

When the Bolshevists ascended to power they began a system of elimination. First, they eliminated the political groups, who might have helped to develop the revolution and make it last. Then they began to eliminate the intelligentsia, the priests, and the workers. They considered the latter the new Russia might have built. They eliminated the Soviets.

Nothing could be wider from the mark than to call the present Government a Soviet Government. There were no Soviets in Russia; they were the mere adjuncts of the Bolshevist Government, to be used for its purposes. The Russian trade unions also were mere travesties of trade unions.

The life of the peasant was at the present time more terrible than ever it was under the Tsar. Though they possessed the land the peasants had no sense of independence with the cities and no means of getting into touch with the government. The wonderful blessings said to have been brought about by the Bolshevik regime were only a travesty.

Still Another Revolution?

"Bolshevism is a dictatorship which has abjectly disappeared in Russia all the achievements of the humane race for hundreds of years, but it does not deceive yourselves—the same dictatorship would be established in your midst if the Bolshevists should ever land on your shores," said the speaker.

She was sure the time would arrive when the Russian peasants would rise and not for a year of a monarchy, but in order to realize their dreams and aspirations of the revolution of 1905. Today he sits in Russia, from Trotsky downwards, was read from the dais, and it was a shock to see that the revolutionary people of England did not protest against the atrocities going on in Russia. Colonel Joseph Wedgwood, M.P., who provided, said that the time had now come, now that the revolution was safe, for those who held freedom to tell the present rulers of Russia that they had destroyed the Tsarist masters and were now afraid of change, of free thought and democracy.

Gary, who denounced the Tsar, must recognize likewise the bitter and the Spanish revolution. He did not maintain it were their absolute rule in Russia. Mr. John Turner, one of the members of the recent Trade Union Mission to Russia, moralized over the revolution which, while repenting in the overthrow of the Tsarist tyranny, protested against the continued denial of political liberty by the present Russian Government, and called upon that Government to release "from its terrible prisons the men and women whose sole crime is that they differ politically from the party now in power."

The resolution was put to the meeting and declared carried.
LIBERAL PARTY CONVENTION.

PENSIONS AT 63.

SOCIALIST TEACHING IN SCHOOLS.

The National Committee of Liberals at the Emergency Hall, London, last week held a meeting. Mr. Robert Boothby, chairman, presided. Mr. Boothby said that the question of pensions at 63 had been the cause of much discussion both at home and abroad. He thought that the Government should make a move to settle the question, and that it was time that the Liberals made themselves felt on the question. Mr. Boothby also said that the question of social teaching in schools was of great importance. He thought that the Committee should take a lead in this matter, and that the Liberals should do all they could to promote the teaching of social science in the schools.

AMBITIOW FOR CIVIL SERVICE.

POWERS OF NEW COURT.

The new court, after strict regulations, was to take up the duties of the proposed Court of Session and the Court of Appeal. It would be necessary to amend the law in order to make the new court effective. The question of the powers of the new court was also discussed. Mr. Boothby said that the new court should have power to order the payment of compensation to those who had suffered from the failure of the old court.

AIR CRASH INQUIRY.

CHJYDON AERODROME CRITICISED.

EXTENSION URGED.

The Home Secretary, Sir John Anderson, in the House of Commons, said that the extension of the Chydon aerodrome was urgently needed. He said that the extension would enable the aerodrome to accommodate larger aircraft, and that it would also enable the Government to test the aerodrome in order to assess its efficiency.

THE BOLSHEVIK CRISIS.

A PEOPLE IN TUMEAL.

CONDITIONS EXPOSED BY MISS GOLDMAN.

This industrial work and the conditions prevailing among the workers were exposed by Miss Goldman in her lecture on Bolshevism. She said that the conditions were such that the workers were forced to work for long hours and at low wages, and that they were deprived of their liberties. Miss Goldman also said that the conditions were such that the workers were forced to work for long hours and at low wages, and that they were deprived of their liberties. Miss Goldman also said that the conditions were such that the workers were forced to work for long hours and at low wages, and that they were deprived of their liberties.
The numerous tributes paid to the late President of the American Federation of Labour emphasized his great leadership. "Gompers was a leader of men," they said. One would have expected that the disaster brought upon the world by leadership would have proven that to be a leader of men is far from a virtue. Rather it is a vice for which those who are being led are usually made to pay very heavily.

The last fifteen years are replete with examples of what the leaders of men have done to the peoples of the world. The Lenin, Clemenceau, the Lloyd Georges and Wilsons, have all proved great leaders. Yet they have brought misery, destruction, and death. They have led the masses away from the promised goal.

Pious Communists will no doubt consider it heresy to speak of Lenin in the same breath with the other statesmen, diplomats and generals who have led the people to slaughter and half of the world. To be sure, Lenin was the greatest of them all. He at least had a new vision, he had daring, he faced fire and death, which is more than can be said for the others. Yet it remains a tragic fact that even Lenin brought havoc to Russia. It was his leadership which masculinized the Russian Revolution, and stifled the aspirations of the Russian people.

Gompers was far from being a Lenin, but in his small way his leadership has done great harm to the American workers. One has but to examine into the nature of the American Federation of Labour, over which Mr. Gompers ruled for so many years, to see the evil results of leadership. It cannot be denied that the late President raised the organization to some power and material improvement, but at the same time, he prevented the growth and...
development of the membership towards a higher aim or purpose. In all these years of its existence the A. F. of L. has not gone beyond its craft interests. Neither has it grasped the social issues which separate Labour from the nation's, and Labour cannot ever be divorced by the struggle for mere material conditions. That does not mean, however, that I am opposed to the fight Labour is waging for a higher standard of living and better conditions of work. But I do mean to stress that without an ultimate goal of complete industrial and social emancipation, Labour will achieve only as much as is increasing with the interests of the privileged class, hence remain dependent always upon that class.

Samuel Gompers was no fool, he knew the causes underlying the social struggle, yet he set his face sternly against them. He was content to create an aristocracy of Labour, a type of trust, as it were, indifferent to the needs of the rest of the workers outside of the organization. Above all, Gompers would have none of a liberating social ideal. The result is that after forty years of Gompers' leadership the A. F. of L. has really remained stationary, without feeling for, or understanding, the changing factors surrounding it.

The workers who have developed a proletarian consciousness and fighting spirit are not in the A. F. of L. They are in the organization of the Industrial Workers of the World. The bitter opponent of this heroic band of American proletarians was Samuel Gompers. But, then, Mr. Gompers was inherently reactionary. This tendency asserted itself, on more than one occasion in his career. First, it is true, did his reactionary leanings come to the fore in the Muckamara case, the War, and the Russian Revolution.

The story of the Muckamara case is very little known in China. Yet that story has played a significant part in the industrial warfare of the United States; the warfare between the Steel Trust, the Manufacturers' Associations, and the infallible Labour Movement. The Los Angeles Strike, the Cleveland Strike, the Great Strike of the Structural Union—these events reveal that...
The employment expressed themselves in a system of espionage, the employment of thugs for the purpose of striking strikers with violence of every sort, besides the use of the entire machinery of the American Government, which is always at their beck and call of American Capitalism. This formidable conspiracy against Labour, the Iron Structural Union, in defense of its existence fought desperately for a period of years.

J.J. and Jim MacNamara, being among the most ardent and unflinching members of the Union, consecrated their lives and took the most active part in the war against the forces of American Industrialism and high finance until they were trapped by the insidious snares employed in the organization of William J. Burns, the infamous man-hunter. With the MacNamaras were two other victims, Matthew A. Schmidt, one of the finest types of American proletarians, and David Coleman.

Samuel Gompers, as the President of the A.F. of L., could not have been unaware of the things that were done and were charged with. He stood by them as long as they were considered innocent. But when the two brothers, led by their desire to shield "the 'honest men' amongst their acts, it was known who turned them and left them to their doom. 

TheById the organization was more to him than his country, the only constant in the dark and violent years of their lives, while Mr. Samuel Gompers enjoyed the safety and the glory as President of the A.F. of L. The four men were sacrificed. Jim MacNamara and Matthew A. Schmidt went to life imprisonment, while J.J. MacNamara and David Coleman received fifteen and ten years respectively. The two have since been released, while the former are continuing a living death in St. Quentin Wilson, California.

And Samuel Gompers will be buried with the highest honors by the class which founded his corporate to their door.

In the Tar, the late President of the A.F. of L., saved the entire organization over to them, he had ostensibly saved all his life. Some of his friends insist that he was assassinated by the Tar men because the great man.
had betrayed the spirit of Internationalism. As if the workers
ever made a right! The fact is, Gompers was never able
to unite against the tide. Hence he made common cause with the
war lords and delivered the membership of the A.F. of L to
beautification in the war, which is now being recognized by many
crassly content militant to have been a war not for Democracy,
but for conquest and power. Gompers to the Russian Revolution, more than anything else, showed his
dominant reactionary elements. 'It is desired for him that
he bed the "goods" on the Bolsheviks. Therefore he supported the
blackout and intervention. But it is absurd for two reasons:
First, when Gompers bore his cantation against Russia, he could
not reasonably have had any knowledge of the evil doings of the Bolsheviki.
Russians, nor the cut off friendly part of the world. And yet we
have exactly that and happened there. Secondly, the blockade
and intervention never was the Russian event, at the same
time strengthenin the power of the Soviet State.

So, it was not his knowledge of the Bolsheviki which
made Gompers go with the flak in of Russian men and children.
It was his fear for, and his hatred of, the Revolution itself.
He was too blinded in the old idea to see the gigantic events
that had swept over Russia, the burning idealism of the people
who had made the Revolution. He never took the slightest step
to differentiate between the Revolution and the machine. It was to
get more of course. Most of all he was most at odds against
the happenings of Russia. For no reason we have learnt to see
the events between the Russian Revolution, the ideals of the people,
and the Russian Dictatorship now in power. Gompers never realized
that.

Well, Israel Gompers is dead. It is to be hoped that
his soul will not go marching on in the ranks of the A.F. of L.
More and more the conditions in the United States are drawing
the line rigidly between the classes. More and more it is becoming
imperative for the workers to prepare themselves for the fundamental
changes that are before them. They will have to acquire the
acquire the knowledge and the will as well as the ability to reconstruct society along such economic and social lines that will prevent the repetition of the tragic debacle of the Russian Revolution. The masses everywhere will have to realize that leadership, whether by one man or a political group, must inevitably lead to disaster.

Not leadership, but the combined efforts of the workers and the cultural elements in society can successfully save the way for new forms of life, which shall guarantee freedom and well-being for all.

Emma Goldman
LA RIVISTA INTERNAZIONALE ANARCHICA

Stato nello Stato: è uno Stato al di sopra dello Stato. L'Unione Russia è coperta fino al più remoto villaggio da una rete di Ceka.

Ogni dipartimento nella vasta macchina burocratica ha la sua Commissione straordinaria, omnipotente sotto la vita e la morte del popolo russo. Occorresso un libro intero per descrivere l'effetto abituale, distillato, che questo organismo ha sui suoi stessi membri e sullo stato della Russia, l'odio, le sofferenze e la morte che ha attirato sul paese. La Ceka non riuscirebbe da alcun servizio, anche il più sottile, per coinvolgere le sue vittime e disgiugnere come perfezioni anti-rivoluzionarii o speculatori. La Ceka non si organizza per arrestare la contro-revoluzione, ma per ogni reale cooperazione che ha scoperto e che ha cresciuto tante e simili opportunità. In Russia oggi sono entrambe uguali.

NESSUNO di coloro che avv. incontrano in Russia, avverto con così fortunato il potere disposto della Ceka. Infatti, non è una evasione il dito che in Ceka è la pagina più nera nella storia non ancora scrivita del bolscevismo.

Originariamente la Ceka era controllata dal Commissariato degli Interni, dal Soviet e dal Comitato Centrale del Partito Comunista. Gradualmente divenne la più potente organizzazione della Russia. Essa non è sottoposta uno

società capitalista? Ma questi beni non sono immensi e con la talca della consumazione saranno ben presto consumati...

Aggiungere ad impedimenti delle riserve della società capitalista e poi occuparsi della loro ripartizione e consumazione, è agire così leggermente e internamente come intempestivamente agire colui che nasconde al periodo la sua lesta in un cospuglio lasciando esposto tutto il resto del corpò.

La società capitalista è ricca e forte, non per le riserve che essa ha accumulata, ma soprattutto per il fatto che incessantemente, giorno e notte, lavora per essa un'officina gigantesca con centinaia di milioni di schiavi operai; distrutte nell'industria e nell'agricoltura. Basti arrostrarlo il lavoro di è officina universale perché la società capitalista divenga enormemente debole, ma il grado le sue (progressiva). Sì che l'importante degli anarchici consiste nell'oprire la borghesia di questi officine e condurla servire con tutte le loro forze in modo diretto a essi stessi.

Solidarità così, sfruttando la povertà concettualmente e materialmente, gli operai costituiscono una realtà, e la realtà della rivoluzione sociale, la quale, nel seno più vasto, dallo spargere gli affanni, ve al di là di essere libera e altruista e alloggerà il senato letto.

Governo bolscevista in Russia

Mentre viaggiamo attraverso il sud della Russia, andiamo a Poltava, e visitiamo qui il venerando e umanitario scrittore, ora defunto, Wladimir Korolenko. Era ansioso di conoscere la sua opinione sulla situazione Russia e il regime bolscevista. Egli mi disse tra l'altro: "Se i gentiluomini della Zar avessero avuto solo santità per i cossacchi, ma anche quello di processarci condannarci e fucilarci, avrebbe fatto esattamente le stesse misure dispositive ed autoritarie che stia adoperando la Ceka.

I Bolscevisti pretendono che tali metodi siano inseparabili dalla Rivoluzione. Ma in non posso acconsentire con essi che persecuzioni e fucilazioni costitutivano o servono all'interesse del popolo e della Rivoluzione. E stato sempre mio concetto che Rivoluzione significasse la più alta espressione di umanità e di giustizia. In Russia oggi sono entrambe uguali.

Nei giorni di coloro che avv. incontrano in Russia, avevo esperito così fortunato il potere disposto della Ceka. Infatti, non è una esagerazione il dito che in Ceka è la pagina più nera nella storia non ancora scrivita del bolscevismo.

Originariamente la Ceka era controllata dal Commissariato degli Interni, dal Soviet e dal Comitato Centrale del Partito Comunista. Gradualmente divenne la più potente organizzazione della Russia. Essa non è sottoposta uno
tivo fu fatta per dare allo sfortunato accusa-
to qualche possibilità di difesa in un processo
aperto. La messa in scena di questi processi
incoraggiava anch'esso un volume speciale.
Pure, è vero che i delinquenti politici otten-
nero il loro giorno in tribunale. Ma dalla morte
de Lenin, le Ceka (che si chiamano ora G. P. U.)
i di nuovo in piena forza; e spedizioni puni-
tive, arrestate, esili e fusilazioni sono all'ordine
del giorno. Nel temutissimo Ceka di concen-
trazione non sono sfortunati (un Ministro nell'
estremo Nord, usato sotto lo Zar per inviarsi
religiosi dissidenti) la Ceka massacrò sei
prigionieri politici per la violazione colpe
di essi rifiutati a un ordine che li avrebbe
derubati delle loro aci d'aria libera. Benevole
questa orribile strage fatta avvenuta il 19 de-
cembre 1921. Mosca rifiutò di render solo l'ec-
cidio fino a parecchi mesi dopo, ed ebbe an-
che in temerità di esonerare i condottieri " in-
vestigatori.  
PRIGIONI E CAMPI DI CONCENTRAMENTO
Non c'è quasi bisogno di far rilevare che è
difficile ottenere alcune dati costi circa le
condizioni che provvedono alle prigioni e
e ai campi di concentramento in Russia. Ma
il spirito umano, se anche compreso, trova
sempre modo di far nota la sua insensibilita
al mondo di fuori. Così vi è una quantità di docu-
menti che parlano, più potente, più delitto del quell'
che lo possa faro, del continuo terrore della
Ceka. Ciò è solo pochi paragrafi di lettore re-
centemente ricevute.

Hanno anche l'obbligo di esibire un rapporto, ed
abbiamo molto sofferto in salute. L'amministra-
tione sta seguendo una politica di sospensione,
e non riceviamo alcun aiuto dai fuori. Sia-
to giunti ad uno stato di esaurimento fisico,
nonostante siano attualmente affrontando la morte
nel deserto, a causa del fuoruscito delle loro
famiglie. Di altri politici che sono qui massi-
manti sotto un regime criminale comune, vi
sono molti condannati rigidamente di varie parti della
campagna come gran numero di spogli ar-
rentali durante esclusi. Nel vagliamo spe-
nzialmente richiamare la vostra attenzione sul
Gruppo dei morti a Solovki, arrestati per
prima amministrazione dalla G. P. U. in rela-
tione alla rivolta del 1923. Questi uomini di
opinione si trovano senza un piccolo numero di
rivoluzionari che non sono ancora partiti dall'a-
dio del tempo e della situazione dopo il fato di Kronstadt
nel 1921."

D'altro canto, il governo bolscevica annun-
ziava mondo come « una volta assolviutr
partecipazione » era con la dichiarazione
pubblica che i bolscevici, con gli ex officio, di Fre-
degno, in sciopero durante gennaio-feb-
rino 1921. Per questa espressione di schiela-
rità, il governo consumò come rappresaglia
un massacro di migliaia di persone, dopo il
bombardamento di dieci giorni a Kronstadt
dal 7 al 17 marzo 1921.

Il bolscevismo, separato dal resto del
mondo per otto mesi da rigidissimi giuri e navi,
la G. P. U. può fare a suo talento. Prima
vennero ridotti i nostri eserciti all'aperto, poi
la nostra aci d'aria libera. quindi le nostre
risonanze, ed ora siamo privati anche della visi-
ta dei nostri parenti, abbiamo queste ultime ab-
biano percorso migliaia di crepit e sono i loro
ulteriori rubli per comprare il lungo quando ar-
duo viaggio.  
Questi, dunque, sono i metodi adottati dalla
Ceka per sterminare uomini e donne. Ed i
tranne ancora a nienti i grandi sogni circa
ta libertà e il benessere della Russia.

PERCHE' FAVORISCO IL RICONOSCIMENTO
Fin da quando venne Inghilterra ml
debbiasi definitivamente che la mia esperta
critico del Regime Bolscevica sarà intesa nel
vista che lo sono contraria al riconoscimento della
Russia e alle relazioni con essa.

Però credo che sia chiaramente com-
prese che la ragione prende vigore che i fatti
della situazione russa sono noti e appunto
perché sono in favore di riconoscimento della
Russia e dei liberti e non impacciati rapporti con essa.

Solo quando gli altri governi avranno comp-
reso che l'autocracia russa è mille, maglia
lontana da qualsiasi interesse e che essi
sieno pronti ad opporsi a tutto. Dopo tutto
l'Inghilterra riconosce Bolscevici dello Zar
commercio con la Russia sul periodo.

Mi sembra che nulla, nesuna ragione della un
causa di giudizio politico, nonva non fare com-
prendersi, ai governi barbari che la presente
autocracia è certamente migliore della vecchia;
e quindi perfettamente meritevole di un
sfilo di simpatia possidiale dagli altri po-
ti."

Maggiori ragioni posso trovare a favori
del riconoscimento della Russia nelle possi-
ibilità economico saldande in quel paese. Le sue
risorse sono di grande importanza per il resto
del mondo e "rappresenta un importante
- di essere trattati del capitalismo interna-
lionale."

Il mondo è diventato così povero per la ter-
terribile guerra e l'altra più terribile pace, che
non può sopportare reclusi ignari nulla politica il
rifiutare il riconoscimento della Russia. Inoltre se l'Inghilterra e l'America
iano in giudizio, è certo che gli altri Stati che
hanno già riconosciuto il governo russo, ricon-
veranno la parte maggiore delle risorse pa-
Il regime fascista è una combinazione di libertà e di sterminio. Essa non ha ancora abolito le leggi che stabiliscono il domicilio cautelare, e perciò è possibile che i cittadini, confinati e periti, siano condannati da un tribunale. Essa non ha ancora abolito le leggi che stabiliscono le condizioni di aderenza alla divulgazione e alla costruzione dei detti abitanti, e perciò i suoi presunti assiomi, che abolisce, non si rispettano, e perciò i suoi presunti libertà, che abolisce, non si rispettano. Essa non ha ancora abolito le leggi che stabiliscono le condizioni di aderenza alla divulgazione e alla costruzione dei detti abitanti, e perciò i suoi presunti assiomi, che abolisce, non si rispettano, e perciò i suoi presunti libertà, che abolisce, non si rispettano.

La vita in una città che abbandona le leggi e i diritti delle persone non può che essere una vita di caos e di sofferenza. La libertà di parola e di stampa, che è un diritto fondamentale per un essere umano, è stata scomplessivamente soppressa da un governo che non ha né scrupoli né riguardi per la vita umana.

La diatriba fascista è un'invenzione del governo fascista per nascondere il suo reale stato di disgregazione. Non è una creazione legale, ma un espediente utilizzato per controllare la stampa e impedire che informazioni importanti possano essere diffuse.

Per comprendere la situazione attuale, è necessario analizzare i cambiamenti che hanno avuto luogo nel panorama del giornalismo italiano. In passato, la libertà di parola e di stampa era garantita dallo Stato, ma con l'avvento della fascismo, queste libertà sono state progressivamente perso.

Inoltre, è importante notare che la stampa è stata utilizzata come un mezzo di controllo del governo fascista. I giornali sono stati controllati e censurati, e solo quelli che erano in linea con il regime venivano pubblicati. Questo ha creato un clima di censura e di silenzio, che ha impedito la diffusione di notizie importanti e ha creato un ambiente di oppressione e di terrore.

La situazione attuale è ancora peggiorata con l'applicazione di leggi che permettono la censura e la cattività. Queste leggi hanno creato un clima di sospetto e di paura, che ha portato alla repressione di persone che si erano espressamente espresso contro il regime.

In conclusione, la situazione attuale è una combinazione di libertà limitata e di controllo sfortunato. La libertà di parola e di stampa non è ancora stata restaurata, e le libertà del cittadino sono state progressivamente minacciate. La situazione attuale richiede una ribellione pacifica e una lotta per la libertà e per la democrazia.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Samuel Gompers / Emma Goldman.— pp. 1-2 : 26 cm. in The Road to Freedom

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The Emma Goldman Papers
The Emma Goldman Papers
Samuel Gompers / Emma Goldman.— pp. 1-2 ; 26 cm. In The Road to Freedom
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Reply to the L. R. R.

1.

The Emma Goldman Papers
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The Emma Goldman Papers  

Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: Doc Library.

Emma's battle against the Establishment, the State, and propaganda. She had been living in Russia for about 20 years when she was expelled in 1914. In the US, she worked on various campaigns, including the suffrage movement and the labor movement. She was known for her radical views and her support for the rights of workers and women.

**The SPEED TAX**

Nearly 11,000 were collected in Los Angeles last year for speeding in school zones. This is another tax on gasoline. The whole town amounts to a $10 fine. Those who spend most regret to pay it.

**THE WILD EYES**

It is not the affair of the State to command, but the order of the day says that they will rather spend more time on an even if even in the best interest of the State and not overnumber others but the two at least will function.

**TRYING TO MAKE IT**

On his way to the State capitol, the driver of a hansom cab is met by a man who will send him one of the 250,000 letters he has written. The man is a new-widow who has been left with a large sum of money and is trying to make a living as a writer. He is determined to help others and to make the best of his situation.

**BUT AT HOME**

The President, although the President does not care to "all in," at least he does not want to work for the same laws in the same way. He believes that the work of the President should be more of an inspection than a governing function. The President's work is to see that the laws are carried out and that the President's policies are being followed. The President is also responsible for the administration of the government and for the enforcement of the laws.

**NORTH LANDS**

The United States has consumed its oil in the past and has consumed its people. The people will have to live in the future on the products of the land, not on oil. The government has been slow in realizing this fact and has been slow in acting on it. The government has been too much interested in short-term gains and has been too little interested in long-term planning.

**DANIEL DARE**

Daniel Dare, a young man who has been working in the East and is now returning to his home in the West, writes to his friend about his experiences and his plans for the future.

**THE MONEY SHARK**

Mr. Goldman, the singular anomaly, has been living in Russia for about 20 years when he was expelled in 1914. In the US, he worked on various campaigns, including the suffrage movement and the labor movement. He was known for his radical views and his support for the rights of workers and women.

**THE ELLIS FLEET**

Sailed has distributed a fleet of ships for the purpose of bringing back the America's interest. He has distributed the fleet of ships for the purpose of bringing back the America's interest. He has distributed the fleet of ships for the purpose of bringing back the America's interest. He has distributed the fleet of ships for the purpose of bringing back the America's interest.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: Doe Library.

The Wild-Flamed Emma

Emma Goldman

Emma Goldman was a radical writer, publisher, and activist who played a significant role in the anarchist movement. She was known for her outspoken views on various social and political issues, including free speech, pacifism, and women's rights. Goldman was a prominent figure in the 19th and early 20th centuries, and her influence extended far beyond the United States. Her writings and speeches often challenged the status quo and inspired others to think critically about the world around them. Despite facing persecution and censorship, Goldman continued to advocate for her beliefs, contributing to the development of the anarchist movement and leaving a lasting legacy. Her life and work continue to be studied and celebrated for their impact on the political landscape.
EMMA GOLDMAN DENOUNCES RULE OF SOVIET

People Are State-Driven and Gagged, Says Anarchist, in Attacking British Laborites' Report

VAUCAIN GIVES HIS RULES FOR SUCCESS

Be Friendly With Your Job, Master Locomotive Builder Advises
VAUCIGN GIVES HIS RULES FOR SUCCESS

By Friendly With Your Job, Master

Locomotive Builder Advises

The engine is a vital part of any successful railway operation. It is the heart of the system, providing the power to move trains and transport passengers across the network. To ensure its efficient operation, it is essential to maintain it properly and keep it in good working order. One of the key contributors to engine maintenance is the driver, who is responsible for operating the locomotive. The driver's role is crucial in ensuring the smooth functioning of the engine, and it is important to have a good relationship with the person responsible for driving the train. This relationship can have a significant impact on the efficiency of the engine and its performance. By maintaining a good working relationship with the driver, the person responsible for maintaining the engine can ensure that it is in good condition and ready for the next journey. This can help to prevent breakdowns and delays, and ensure that the train is ready to operate at its full capacity. Additionally, by maintaining a good relationship with the driver, the person responsible for maintaining the engine can be better informed about any issues that may arise and take appropriate action to address them. This can help to ensure that the engine is always in good working order and ready for the next journey.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Russian Trade Unionism / Emma Goldman. – 30 cm. In Westminster Gazette. (April 7, 1925).

Obtained from the private collection of Heizer Becker. Institutional Location: the International Institute of Social History.

VICTOR, 7 APRIL, 1925

OF AY.

Russian Trade Unionism.

UNDER A SOVIET BUREAUCRACY.

The meeting in London now taking place between representatives of British and Russian trade unionism gives their followers some indication of the recent activities of the Trade Unionists’ League in the American labor movement, which is described as another example of the Americanization of the movement, and is the sequel to what happened in Russia in 1923, when it was stated that the American labor movement was likely to be dominated by the American branch of the trade unions, which was being organized to bring about a revolution in the trade union movement.

By EMMA GOLDMAN

Emma Goldman

Emma Goldman was born in Prague, Austria, in 1856. She was a social reformer and writer, and is known for her work in the fields of women’s suffrage, anarchist politics, and free speech. She was a member of the Socialist Labor Party and later founded her own organization, the Women’s Trade Union League, which she used to promote the interests of women workers.

Emma Goldman Papers

The Emma Goldman Papers are a collection of documents related to Emma Goldman’s life and work. They include correspondence, manuscripts, speeches, and other materials that provide insight into her思想和活动. The papers are held at the International Institute of Social History in Barcelona, Spain.

The papers are divided into several categories, including:

- Correspondence: Letters and telegrams received and sent by Goldman, as well as those written by her friends and colleagues.
- Manuscripts: Drafts of books, articles, and speeches written by Goldman.
- Speeches: Transcripts of speeches given by Goldman, both in English and in other languages.
- Photographs: Images of Goldman and her associates, as well as scenes from her travels and events.
- Other materials: Articles, reports, and other documents related to Goldman’s work.

The papers provide a wealth of information about Goldman’s life and work, as well as the social and political movements of her time.
The Emma Goldman Papers

Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: Doe Library.

Emma

... these critical past funds raised

... with her professional qualifications, and her place among the leaders of the profession, and her work among the leaders of workers in the field of industrial peace. There is no one who understands these things to work on the problem, and this is not a great part of the problem.

... Service League's Work to High School.

... in the high school.
Der erste Mai in Petrograd.

Es ist ein Kind von der Geschichte Amerikas der erstermal als internationaler Arbeiterkrie- ger der Welt allgemein bekannt wurde. Es ist auch ein Beispiel für die Rolle, die das Weltkrieg in der Geschichte der Arbeiterbewegung spielte. Es ist das Jahr 1905.

1905 war ein Jahr der revolutionären Ereignisse in Russland. Der erste Mai in Petrograd wurde als ein symbolischer Tag der Arbeiterschaft gesehen, der symbolisierte, dass die Arbeiter in der Lage waren, ihre Stimme zu hören und ihre Rechte zu verteidigen.


Der erste Mai in Petrograd wurde als ein Tag der Revolution gesehen. Die Arbeiter gingen auf die Strasse, und die Regierung versuchte, die Demonstrationen zu unterdrücken. Es war ein wütender Streik, und die Regierung reagierte mit Gewalt.


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Die Emma Goldman Papers
(The first of May in Petrograd. In German) The erste Mai in Petrograd / Emma Goldman. - pp. 2-3 ; 30 cm. In Erkenntnis und Befreiung [Bonn]. - no. 18 (May 1, 1925).
Obtained from the Friedrich-Ehren-Siftung, Bonn, Germany.
The Emma Goldman Papers

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The DECLINE OF EMMA.
Ex-Anarchist’s Capitalist Alliances Exposed.

"Red" Emma carries her White decline. Among the techniques to be seen against the Servei Republic received recently by her was this. Either the final and the Woman’s Guild of Empire. That such an organization should invite her to lectures under its auspices confines her whole propaganda. But she merely wrote and asked for particulars of its aims and objects, instead of immediately refraining to consider such an invitation. In reply, the secretary sent a letter and some views explaining that it was a patriotic body devoted to God and King and Empire. This should have been obvious from the very name of the organization. Asked with these letters, Emma Goldman declined the invitation in a letter which she published with pride. Any genuine Socialist would be ashamed to be the author of such an epistle. We quote the essential passages so that readers may judge for themselves:

"January 30, 1925.

"Dear Madam,—Thank you for your letter of explanation of the 24th inst. I regret deeply not to be able to accept your invitation. I do not happen to belong to the kind of revolutionary who believes that all the good is in the heritage of the poor, and all the bad represents the characteristics of the rich. Indeed not. To me all human beings are alike in the senses that I want to reach their minds and their hearts. But I cannot very well speak under the auspices of any society which uphold the forces that make for social and economic inequality.

"Perhaps if it were any other subject but Russia — the Literature or the Drama or Women’s Rights or Education — it would be less difficult for me to speak under the auspices of any organization, no matter how remote from my social philosophy. But the Rising situation is so involved that one cannot be too careful in mentioning the various phases.

"Having read your program, I am quite certain that your opposition to Bolshevism includes also your opposition to any theory which stands for fundamental changes of a social and economic nature.

"For this reason I am compelled to decline your kind invitation. I have no desire to hurt your feelings or the feelings of the members of your organization, but I believe that there is always the best policy, if you should not like it, to stick to your principles. I hope that you will not misunderstand what I mean.

"Sincerely yours,
Emma Goldman.

"I regret deeply!" "Year the invitation!" "Perhaps, on some other subject, yes!" "No desire to hurt your feelings!" As the Socialism is not opposed to Anarchist Socialism on all subjects! As we can extend any friendly feeling for those who uphold the myths of God, King, and Empire, the vicious suggestions maintained by the economic explosions of mankind!

No one knows this better than Emma Goldman. In her vain pamphlet on "Patriotism: A Menace to Liberty," published a few years before the outbreak of the "Great World War," she scientifically denounces those who stood for Empire and upheld the laws of Patriotism and Theism. This pamphlet is full of powerful reasoning, but space permits us only to enunciate the following:

"Patriotism is a superstition artificially sustained and maintained through a network of lies and falsehood: a superstition that robs men of their self-respect and dignity, and increases his arrogance and conceit, belittles mankind, anarchy, and republic are the essentials of Patriotism.

"The youth of the country is appealed to in glaring posters to join the army and navy. A few chances to see the world!" cries the government. But these boys are actually dragged into Parliament, and the military machine nº. The nation is to be ruled by them by their own treachery and lies, we create a nation of traitors.

"When we have undermined the patriotic lie, we shall have cleared the path to that great structure wherein all nationalization shall be ended: love, a universal brotherhood, or really, a truly FREE SOCIETY." If Emma Goldman were to write and speak in this strain, would she be invited to Palestine by the Woman’s Guild of Empire? Would she receive the right of asylum from a Government that deported Sorensen? If she still had in her mouth and hands a voice she could address to Parliament. But should she be invited to speak before a Government that deported Sorensen?

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The Emma Goldman Papers


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The Emma Goldman Papers


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Federation Notes.

Emma Goldman has stated that the Communist Federation is in the pay of Moscow and that Guy Aldred is a blackmailer employed by the Communist party. As non-foul people may believe statements of this kind, it is as well to repeat what all persons in the movement know to be the truth. We are not, either individually, collectively, in touch with the Communist Party agencies and we are not allied to the Third International. The latter's opposition to "leftism" in the matter of tactics, however genuine its desire to promote world communism, may be, in our opinion, a grave error of great moment fraught with inestimable mischief to the revolutionary movement. If that error is ever repaired, many of association will follow inevitably. Aldred has advanced, in strictly legal terms, the need for a Communist International and one Communist Party, since 1909, and naturally would welcome the admission of such a party. But he does not believe, any more than the other speakers and members of the Communist Federation do, that the present Communist Party of Great Britain is the door through which the one Communist movement in Britain can come. The Communist Federation does consider that Zinovieff is a revolutionary writer whose contributions to proletarian thought should be studied by the working class throughout the world. And it believes that the discussion should be confined to the proletariat, and be discussion, and not be passed in the capitalist press, as so much reactionary declamation.

We recall the saying many years ago of Louise Michel: "A revolution in Russia may bring the great movement of progress in the world." Believing this, we take our stand by the Soviet Union without loss of reward or recognition. There are honors that the Bon Zezeta can never achieve, after having broken to the proletariat movement from imperialist wars or using campaign, People's Leagues, and "pro-labor" organs. We serve the cause, endeavor to promote sound principles and leave the rest to time, the great test.

Our suppilers, and their members are growing, are rash and file crusaders who, attracted by the truth and sincerity and proletarian worth of the Anti-Parley propagandists, rally to its support their proletarian power, or, with great exuberance, give it a subtle shake. I believe this party has passed the capitalist class for attacking the Soviet Union. She admits the fact and says she must do so, just like some other socialistic hooligans. She is supported by the remnant of the Kropotkin movement, a small self-called "Anarchist" faction in England, affiliated to groups in other, Austrian, and American. This is the "Anarchist" movement that apologizes for. It is obviously high falutin. comrade revolutions and must utterly destroy. The Communist Federation for this reason, and

in this case, does not advertise the whole movement.

The Glasgow Central Group is twenty in its. It is the most active of the English groups and, like the others, it is afraid of the working classes being too large. They are making a large hall in the center of the city to lease. Perhaps some comedies will help us to resume the influence. Our Bonze is becoming a great asset. The last few Saturday afternoon at Balhna House will be a feature of communist life on Clydebank. Our group is being added to and another different machinery purchased. This summer may see the "Comrades" a triumphant group ("Propaganda" pamphlets propaganda reviving. With a steady stream of new pamphlets, the movement will make rapid headway. And every supporter should see that he does his financial part, however small, to speed this work.

A number of comrades have been expelled from the Metropolitan Socialist Society for associating themselves with members of the Communist Federation in Hyde Park. All the better for installing a Reds platform in the park. Crowds, Tring and Ryan have been expelled from the C.P. for a like reason. Excellent. Comrades Tring is well known as a fearless speaker. If she joins the Federation, she will be a powerful addition to our platform. Ryan is also an irreproachable propagandist.

The Central London Group has applied for the Fitzroy Hall, from October 1925 to March 1926. A contingent of energetic propagandists opens on Clapham in early June. Details of the local Group will appear later.

Kirkcaldy and the File mining district will be visited by Comrade Aldred this summer. It is hoped to write local Anti-Parley Groups.

A steady propaganda opens in Lanarkshire next month. Watch announcements.

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WOMEN OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

The women of the Russian revolution stood unique in the world's history for the host of remarkable and heroic women who contributed to the movement for liberation.

In his vivid and powerful poem, "Emmaussen," the poet Nikolayev paid a high tribute to the intellect and courage of the women who had sacrificed wealth, social status, and culture to wean their way across the frozen Northern plains for their ideals. Later, in the autumn of 1905, he expressed his feeling with fine feeling and sympathetic appreciation the painted picture of the Russian women revolutionaries of his time. In his autumn poem, "On the Threshold," he immortalized the exalted idealism of the Sophie Perovskaya type of Russian women whose passionate faith and selfless devotion to liberty become-like illuminated the dark horizons of Russia in the early eighties.

The February Revolution of 1917 opened the prison doors to the survivors of the torture, the dungeon, and Siberia. Exiles meted out by Tsarism to its political opponents. In triumph they were brought back to Moscow and Petrograd, scores of the revolutionaries of the younger generation, representing various political tendencies, all inspired by a common ideal.

OLGA TARATUY, the daughter of intellectual parents, though of slight physique, possessed a powerful mentality and was in a certain sense a pioneer. When barely twenty she organized, together with several friends, the first Anarchist group in Southern Russia. Arrested at the beginning of the revolution of 1905, Olga was doomed to 20 years' katorga (labor prison terms) in Odessa. Ingenious and daring, she succeeded in escaping, again taking up her former work, this time under assumed name. For a considerable time all the efforts of the gendarmerie to find her were fruitless, but in 1908 her disguise was discovered, she was re-arrested, and sentenced once more to 30 years' prison. On her return to freedom, in 1917, Olga devoted herself to the political Red Cross work, aiding the victims of the Hetman Skoropadsky regime in the Ukraine, and subsequently giving relief and cheer to the new groups of political prisoners created by the Communist State.

In the latter part of 1905 an All-Russian Conference of Anarchists was to take place at Kharkov. All the delegates were placed under arrest. Among the several hundred prisoners was also Olga Taratuy. She was sent to the Byuriki Prison, in Moscow, and there her comrades had heard of her suffering and died in the days of the Romanov regime. There Olga underwent the most harrowing experiences of her eventful life. On the night of April 29th the political wing of the prison was visited by the Tsar, the prisoners were ordered to their beds and hastily dishevelled, and then rushed to the railroad station. While Olga was loopholing, she was suddenly taken to the Smolensk, where she had formerly ministered so devotedly to the Communist prisoners of the Hetman regime.

LEAH GOTMAN and FANYA BARON left Russia for America in their term, when they were employed in factories and took active part in the labour movement. I knew the girls well, splendid exponents of independent womanhood, of attractive appearance, fine feeling, and strong mentality. At the first call of the February Revolution these two girls, together with scores of other Russian refugees, hurried to their native land. They at once threw themselves into educational work among the masses of Petrograd and Odessa. Later the two girls drifted into the peasant ranks of the famous peasant rebel, Bat'ka (Little Father) Makhno, where they took up cultural activities.
incredible energy devoted entirely to the cause she has at heart—

all this acquires admiration in the reader, no matter what his attitude may be towards the value of the action accomplished or contemplated. What heroism, patience, utter self-abnegation, what treasures of the soul does humanity waste on terrible and shameless purposes.”

ALEXANDRA IZHILOVICH, a daughter of a Russian Army General, long and strenuously advocated the immediate departure of the Tcheka from Siberia and denounced acts of violence as the sole form of protest possible under a despotic regime. In 1906 she attempted the life of Governor Karler, of Minsk Province, who was responsible for most fiendish excesses against Jews. Sentenced to Siberia for life, she was softened with the other politicalists in 1917. As a member of the Left Social-Revolutionary Party, she became a leading figure in the All-Russian mining district of Petersburgh. When the Bolsheviks decided to “liquidate” her Party “for good,” in 1919, she was arrested together with a number of her comrades, remaining absolutely in prison ever since. The most characteristic feature of this exceedingly able and energetic woman is her life-long devotion to her friend and comrade, Maria Spiridonova. They spent together eleven years in Siberia, together they returned to Russia to join their efforts in behalf of the people, and together they were arrested by the Bolshevik Government and are sharing their imprisonment these many years.

MARIA SPIRIDONOVA is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable and heroic figures in the Russian revolution movement. Of aristocratic family, beautiful and cultured, young Maria left luxury and social position to devote herself to the cause of the oppressed. At the age of 18 she accomplished an arrest on General Laskoswsky, the Governor of Taman Prov, who was execrated for his activity toward the peasant.

In the case of Maria Spiridonova the housemaid of Nikolae II., separated even the methods of Ivan the Terrible. Upon her arrest, Maria was beaten into insensibility, her clothes literally torn from her body, and the young girl then turned over to the drunken guard who assumed the task of bawling her naked flesh with lighted cigarettes. After weeks on the verge of death, Maria was finally condemned to death.

The torture of Spiridonova aroused the Western world, whose protests saved her from the scaffold. She was “pardoned” to Siberia for life. The effects of her ghastly experience left her with injured eyes, bolted up in one eye, and driven from the young woman to the old woman.

But though physically maimed and broken, her spirit remained unbroken. Few of the returned politicalis received such popular ovation as these two women, who spent together more than the lifetime of one eye. Maria Spiridonova upon her release from prison in 1917. She became the adopted leader of the great agrarian million of Russia, the soul of all their age-long aspirations, and the spokesman of their needs and hopes.

Already in 1918 Maria Spiridonova became aware that the Revolution was in greater danger from some of its allied friends than from its enemies. From the growing autonomy of the Communist State and set itself sternly against it. The final hern of the Tcheka spirit was broken over the Brest-Litovsk peace, which Spiridonova condemned for reasons of principle as well as on practical grounds. Shortly after that she was arrested together with the 500 delegates to the Pacific Congress. When I came to Russia I was told by the Bolshevik that Maria Spiridonova had suffered a nervous breakdown and that she was therefore placed in a madhouse in which she was receiving the best care. But soon I discovered that Maria had escaped from “the best care.” She was sent to a hospital where she was humiliated and degraded as a patient, so she used to do in the days of the Tsar. Fortune fortunately favoured me with the opportunity of spending several days with this extraordinary woman. I found not a trace of hysteria in her—

her pride and conviction and the object of her life was the recall of events since her return to Russia were extraordinary.

A few months later, in the autumn of 1920, the Tcheka again became busy discovering dissidents. During the extensive raids throughout Moscow, they came upon Maria Spiridonova who lay ill in the hospital. She was arrested and removed to the Gomol-Quidel—the Secret Section of the Tcheka. In 1921, when Maria was almost on the verge of death, the efforts of her friends succeeded in securing her temporary release on condition of her remaining in prison as long as she has health to impove. The only alternative was to let Maria die in prison of neglect, or give her back—improved in health—to the “best of cares.” In fact, no sooner did she begin to recuperate when the Tcheka took charge of her again. Guards with blood-hounds were placed at the house where Spiridonova was being imprisoned by her devoted friend, Alexandra Izihllovich. Thus many an imprisoned and exillated make so unbearable that the tortured Maria demanded to be taken back to prison. Together with the inseparable Izihllovich she was then ordered to a furtherment of the Moscow Province, and from reliable sources I have the information that both Izihllovich and Spiridonova have been called to the wilds of Turkestan.

The martyrdom of the heroic women of Russia has become more poignant and intense under Bolsheviki dictatorship than in the days of Tsarism. Then their suffering was merely physical, for nothing could affect their spirit. They knew that while they were hated by the autocracy, they enjoyed the respect and love of the vast masses of the Russian people. Indeed, the “simple folk” looked upon them as “holier ones” suffering in their cause, and the moral influence exerted by the polite cites in prisons, hospitals, and exile was very great. All that has changed now. The new autocrats of Russia have discontinued the ideals of socialism and have blemished the fair name of the崇派系. There is no public voice in Russia more that of the ruling Party, and the martyrs—men and women—of revolutionary Russia I, become pariahs in the fullest sense.

They have been denied and all appeal to the emotions of their country, for the latter has been politically paralyzed.

THE DISTRICT VISITOR

By VERA WENTWORTH.

EVERYBODY connected with the parish of St. Agnes declare that Roxana Halliday, the Vicar’s daughter, was much too good for a district visitor. The Vicar’s wife had forbidden it and everybody else deplored it, everybody, that is, who had smiled years of discretion for the visitor. But, the visitor was so kind and courteous that she was received with state and delight.

"But, My Dear," expostulated the Vicar, when, for about the tenth time, the state of local public opinion was being raked up by his wife, "who will visit my poor if Roxana does not! I do what I can, but, as you know, the parish is a large one and makes many calls on my time. I am not in the habit of visiting my more favoured parishioners. Yes, yes, My Dear," he added hastily, "I am aware that the evil may sink in some of the remote dwellings comes to feel you are unwilling and that, therefore, to visit them could not be expected of you; but on whom Roxana and I am able to depend! My parishioners are all very hard-working people. It would be neither reasonable nor just to expect them to visit each other; not, that is, in this particular case."

"You might make much more use of Miss Simms than you do.""Miss Simms is a very good woman. Nobody appreciates her good opinion of her, and she is far from being social. But I gather that she assumes a confidential manner when dealing with my poor, especially those of my poor who are not also what you would call the so-called middle class. She visits many of them very singularity depending on one or two others,"

"Well, anyway, I won’t allow Roxana to do it. She’s too young.

"She’s a healthy, well-grown, well-educated young woman of twenty. She’s going to do it and it’s time she was about her Master’s business."

She was arrested and removed to the Gomol-Quidel—the Secret Section of the Tcheka.
Perché la rivoluzione russa non ha realizzato le sue speranze

La rivoluzione russa era un tentativo di creare un nuovo sistema socialista attraverso la violenza e il terrore. I bolscevichi, guidati da Lenin, hanno lanciato una serie di rivoluzioni e guerre che hanno causato una grande quantità di morti e sofferenza. Tuttavia, il risultato finale è stato un regime totalitario che ha imposto un controllo assoluto sulla vita di milioni di persone. I principi libertari, come la libertà di parola e la libertà di culto, sono stati distrutti e il popolo è stato sottomesso a una dura oppressione.

La rivoluzione russa è considerata uno dei più grandi fallimenti della storia umana. Tuttavia, nonostante i suoi imperfezioni, ha lasciato un'impronta duratura sulla storia del mondo. Le sue lezioni sono state scaricate in molti altri paesi e hanno influenzato le idee e le pratiche politiche di tutto il mondo.

La rivoluzione russa non ha realizzato le sue speranze di creare un mondo migliore. Invece, ha creato un regime totalitario che ha distrutto la libertà e ha causato una grande quantità di sofferenza e morte. Tuttavia, è importante ricordare che anche i migliori intenti possono portare a risultati imprevisti e trágici.
The Emma Goldman Papers

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Emma Goldman — Vita e razioni. 


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Dappunto, i demandi della politica si appoggiano all'ignoranza delle masse, integrano loro la forza e la cultura intellettuale sono dei pregiudizi borghesi, che gli operai possono fare a meno e che gli operai da soli sono capaci di riedificare la società. La Rivoluzione non può provare molto; chiaramente che il movimento e il cerro sono evidentemente indispensabili nell'opera di riconciliazione societale. I lavori intellettuali e manuali sono così collegate nella vita del corpo sociale come il cervello e la mano nell'organismo umano. L'uno non può funzionare senza l'altro.

E vero che la maggior parte degli intellettuali si considerano come una classe distinta e superiore agli operai, ma non per dappiutto le condizioni sociali fan discendere la classe degli intellettuali dal suo prediletto di privilegio. Essi oggi hanno la necessità del lavoratore manuale di entrare attraverso il mondo alla ricerca di un cambiamento di posizione. Gli intellettuali sono radititi più profondamente nel loro ambiente sociale particolare e non possono essi facilmente cambiare di situazione e di modo d'esistenza. Se il mondo scientifico, così profittato delle ricche della Russia, l'adulazione demagogia delle masse ed il circo autoritario contro gli intellettuali deve essere il che non può dirci più che i lavoratori di lavoro matericiamente agli ordini dei grandi intellettuali. Al contrario le masse debbono fin da ora commettere a prepararsi per la grande opera che la rivoluzione impone da loro. Essere dovrebbero acquisire le conoscenze e le capacità tecniche necessarie per amministrazione e dirigere il complesso accostamento industriali e sociale dei loro rispettivi paesi. Ma anch'essi, molte condizioni in cui possono trovarsi, esse avranno sempre bisogno della cooperazione dell'elemento intellettuale e professionale nella stessa maniera che questi dicono devono comprendere che i suoi veri interessi sono identici con quelli delle masse. Quando queste due forze sociali avranno appreso a fondersi in un tutto, armonie tra loro, le frome della rivoluzione russa potranno essere estinte.

Nonostante debba essere fuorviato perché ha acquistato altra volta dell'intrinsecazione. Gli scienziati, mentalmente, e cardinalisti, l'educatore, l'insegnamento, l'artista ai pari dei carabinieri, dei macchinisti e di tutti gli altri manuali sono tutti parte della forza collettiva che deve fare della rivoluzione il grande architetto del nuovo edificio sociale. Non odio, ma unione non antagonismo ma affraternimento, non fusioni ma semplice reciproca: questa è la lezione che insema il fallimento della rivoluzione russa, lezione che dovremo apprendere tanto gli intellettuali quanto i manuali. Tuttavia deve appiattire il valore dello strappo minuto e della cooperazione liberaria. Infine non deve esercitar autonomamente e essere capace di mettere, a disposizione del sovra il medesimo di se stesso. Solo in questo modo il lavoro produttivo e lo sforzo intellettuale si svilupperanno in forme sempre più nuove e più nuove. Per questo è l'insignificanza di unione e la lezione vitale che è datata dalla Rivoluzione russa.
The Emma Goldman Papers


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In Pensiero e Volontà, Emma pubblicò il suo saggio "Perché la rivoluzione russa non ha realizzato le sue speranze" (Why the Russian Revolution has not realized its hopes). Nella lettera che conclude questa pubblicazione, Emma scrive:

Lettura:

Emma Goldman, p. 1
La rivoluzione russa non ha realizzato le sue speranze. Il saggio di Emma Goldman, pubblicato in "Pensiero e Volontà" del 1925, sottolinea la fallita realizzazione delle attese rivoluzionarie in Russia, attribuendone la colpa alla mancanza di un programma chiaro e coerente.

Il saggio di Goldman, intitolato "Why the Russian revolution has not realized its hopes", analizza le cause di questo fallimento, che egli ritiene siano state la mancanza di una leadership chiara e la battaglia guerra-rivoluzione che ha stroncato le speranze di un futuro migliore. Goldman critica il comitato di governo provvisorio che ha presieduto la rivoluzione di Febbraio e il Partito Socialista Rivoluzionario, che ha presieduto la rivoluzione di Ottobre, per non aver avuto un programma chiaro e coerente.

La lettera che precede il saggio di Goldman, scritta a Frisco il 1º giugno 1925, esprime la sua preoccupazione riguardo alle condizioni economiche e sociali in Russia. Emma è preoccupata per il welfare dei lavoratori e per la mancanza di un programma chiaro e coerente per il futuro. La lettera conclude con una richiesta di informazioni sulla condizione attuale della Russia e sugli scritti pubblicati sulle rivoluzioni in Europa.

La lettera di Goldman, pubblicata in "Pensiero e Volontà" del 1925, sottolinea il fallimento delle speranze rivoluzionarie in Russia, attribuendone la colpa alla mancanza di un programma chiaro e coerente.

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Emma Goldman Papers


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Manca una fonte per la rigenerazione sociale. Tutte le esperienze umane insegnano che i mezzi ed i metodi non possono essere separati dagli scopi scelti. I mezzi impiegati diventano, in tal caso, la determinante, la pratica sociale parla i mezzi scelti con il linguaggio ordinario. La violenza, per esempio, è diventato un mezzo. Dal giorno in cui nasce un libro, per esempio, lo scompartiamento dei mezzi usati dal potere politico che ben poco si fanno difficili, distinto quello che era mai lontano da quel che era oggi, il libro finito, il libro a conclusione. Il libro è ora un mezzo. Il libro è ora un mezzo.
"Our Communists" / [Emma Goldman].— [1925 June, draft].- 2 p.; 36 x 22 cm.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's letter in the "Daily News" of June 12 again proves the delusion that the present rulers of Russia and the Russian Revolution are synonymous. Evidently Mr. Shaw, wise as he is, has not escaped its snare.

Mr. Shaw sets out to clear up the confusion of Mr. Philip Snowden as regards the term "Communist" and straightway creates more confusion as to the meaning of the Russian Revolution, Anarchism, Syndicalism etc. He writes:

"When he (Mr. Snowden) was obviously on the side of the Russian Revolution as against Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Birkenhead, what is the general reader to make of his vituperative use of the word 'Bolshevism'?"

I do not know whether Mr. Snowden is on the side of the Russian Revolution, but if so, it would explain his opposition to the Bolshevniks, because no one at all conversant with the gap between them and the Russian Revolution would possibly attempt to be on both sides at the same time, yet Mr. Bernard Shaw seems to be able to do that.

The October Revolution, in point of historic fact, was no more of Bolshevism making than the March-Revolution was made by Kerenski. Both Revolutions were initiated by the Russian people as the culminating result of their hatred of the master classes, their opposition to war and their longing for the land. When, after the March days, the people saw the old institutions protected by the new government, they left the front by the thousand, went home and proceeded to possess themselves of the land. The workers, assisted by the soldiers' and sailors'-Soviets did likewise; they expropriated the means of production. That was the actual Revolution. The October event was merely the epilogue to the great work begun by the Russian people in March.

Lenin was shrewd enough to walk abreast with the popular demands. That is why the people believed in him and his party and swept him into power. In this sense alone does the October Revolution mark the triumph of Bolshevism. But in a measure, it is also the beginning of the defeat of the Russian Revolution.

In imposing a deadly dictatorship by means of terror and in building up a formidable party apparatus, the Bolshevniks gradually crushed the Russian Revolution; they enslaved the people, filled the prisons with any and everybody who dared think aloud and, eventually, ushered in the "new economic policy.

The new bourgeoisie arising out of the ashes of the old.

It cannot be sufficiently emphasised that Mr. Churchill and his party
"Our Communitas"—could.

have had their share in helping the Bolsheviki to the supremacy of their State over the Revolution. Mr. Churchill, therefore, is much more akin to the present Russian rulers than either he or Mr. Shaw seem to realize. For this very reason, those who are for the Russian Revolution can no more be in favour of Bolshevism than for the political and social ideals of Mr. Churchill.

In enumerating the various kinds of Communists, Mr. Shaw also writes of:

"American Anarchists, primitive souls, who having been convinced by their observation and experience that our parliaments and Courts of Justice are occupied mainly in robbing and oppressing the poor, conclude that the world would be a happy place but for its parliaments and policemen."

Yet Mr. Shaw proceeds to throw these "primitive souls" and the syndicalists in the same heap with the Fascisti and the Dictatorship. Is it possible that he does not know the irrevocable opposition of these "primitive souls" to the Dictatorship and Fascism, whether Red or White? Why, then, this confusion?

In one thing I agree with Mr. Shaw. It is in this: vituperation against Communists and their persecution will not help to clear up the confusion, neither will the barrings of Communist delegates do that. There is but one thing that will save the masses here and elsewhere from repeating the tragic blunders of Russia, and that is: knowledge as to what Bolshevism has done to the Revolution and the Russian people.

Is Mr. Shaw— or are his comrades— willing that their followers should get at that knowledge?
Drei dieser drei haben eine eher offizielle Aufgabe inne, wobei es zwischen verschiedenen Verwaltungsvertretern eher darum geht, die Arbeit der Regierung aus weiteren Gesichtspunkten heraus zu überwachen. Jede dieser drei Aufgaben wiederum hat einen gewissen Erkennungswert, den man sich durch die Kenntnis der Umstände, die zu ihrer Gründung geführt haben, und die Beziehungen, die sie zu anderen Institutionen aufweisen, gewinnen kann. Die Arbeit der drei ist es, die Arbeit der Regierung aus einer anderen Perspektive zu betrachten, und die drei haben ihre eigenen Aufgaben. Der erste ist für die Arbeit der Regierung verantwortlich, der zweite für die Arbeit der Regierung in der Öffentlichkeit, und der dritte für die Arbeit der Regierung in der Wirtschaft. Diese drei Aufgaben haben eine wichtige Rolle in der Arbeit der Regierung und es ist wichtig, dass sie von den verschiedenen Verwaltungsvertretern erfüllt werden.
Die Emma Goldman Papers


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Der Bericht über die Rüsladreise der Trades-Union-Delegierten.

Aus Emma Goldman's Antwort.


Die Rüsladreise der Trades-Union-Delegierten wurde eingeleitet, um die Arbeiterschaft der Welt aufzuklären und um die Notwendigkeit der sozialen Reformen zur Wahrung der Menschenrechte zu betonen. Die Delegierten, die aus der ganzen Welt kamen, trafen sich in London und diskutierten über die Notwendigkeit der sozialen Reformen. 

Der Artikel von Emma Goldman beschreibt die Rüsladreise als eine der wichtigsten Ereignisse der Arbeitsbewegung. Die Delegierten mussten ihre Meinungen vorbringen und erreichten einen beträchtlichen Erfolg. 

Die Rüsladreise war eine Initiative der Arbeiterschaft, um den Fortschritt zu beschleunigen und die Notwendigkeit der sozialen Reformen zu betonen. Ihre Aufgabe war, die Arbeiterschaft aufzuklären und sie dazu zu bewegen, sich für die sozialen Reformen einzusetzen. Die Rüsladreise war ein bahnbrechendes Ereignis, das den Beginn einer neuen Zeit in der Arbeiterschaft symbolisierte.
Die Emma Goldman Papers
[Russia and the British Labour delegates' report. In German] Der Bericht über die Rußlandreise der Trades-Union-Delegierten. Part 3 / Emma Goldman. — p. 3; 32 cm. In

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The Der Bericht über die Rußlandreise der Trades-Union-Delegierten.

Das Bündnis der Gewerkshäuser und die Sowjetrebellen

Die Kommunistische Partei Rußlands

Die Gewerkshäuser und die Sowjetrebellen

Die Sowjetrebellen und die Gewerkshäuser

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Die Gewerkshäuser und die Sowjetrebelle
THE TRAGEDY OF THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTIA

BY EMMA GOLDMAN.

The most tragic victims of the Bolshevik experiment are, undoubtedly, the Intelligentsia. Formerly the greatest spine-aches in the life of the people, the moral leaders in the heroic struggle for freedom, the educators and emancipators of the peasants, the Intelligentsia to-day has become the parish—driven, starved, imprisoned or exiled.

What has caused this extraordinary change? The Bolsheviks have discovered that the intellectuals have acted as the caterpillars of the Russian Revolution and therefore had to be treated with drastic measures. Closer examination, however, disclosed the fact that the instinct of counter-revolutionary elements among the intellectuals was exceedingly small and could have easily been dealt with without victimizing every one who had the misfortune of belonging to that class. But the Bolshevik Dictatorship could evolve no more easy or just method than a campaign of hatred, discrimination and cruellest persecution. That campaign gradually destroyed the value of the Russian Intelligentsia and undermined its very existence.

Of all classes in Russia, the economic condition of the Intelligentsia is the worst, the pitiful doted on them out by the State—when employed—the most miserable. Lunatchirsky, Commissioner of Education, himself admits that the main cause of the decline in the number of teachers is the very poor pay they receive. "Being paid like beggars," he says in one of his official reports, "the teachers are treated as such by the people."

Nor is Lunatchirsky the only Soviet official who explains the death in the teaching profession by the niggardly way instructors and pedagogues are remunerated. During the Teachers' Congress, held in Moscow, one of the delegates stated that "the money collected for educational purposes is being used for other matters." Further on in his report the same delegate declared that "there are frequent cases where the teachers are being paid only two rubles per month" (about four shillings). More informative and interesting, however, than any statements of Soviet officials are the pitiful stories that come out of Russia in the form of letters from the teachers themselves. I shall quote from such.

"The Northern Vizya, August 21, 1924.

What is there to write about my life? It is so uncertain and hazardous; one is not allowed to pass quietly. I am worried about the future of my children. There is again a 'cleaning' of students going on. Of the 900 students 300 are to be executed... The village school masters receive only 15 rubles a month, and even for that we have to wait months. We hear all this patiently-what do not human beings grow accustomed to! That we feel most keenly is that we have no rights whatever. The demands made upon the teachers are enormous. The political examinations are harrowing-I cannot think of them without a shudder..."

Another teacher writes:

"Everyone is in a depressed state of mind. The intelligentsia is exasperated and having neither means nor strength to put up a fight, they submit and keep silent. The least harmless conversation may give one cause of being put in exile. There is no hope of any improvement..."

How Professors live in Russia:

"The conditions of teaching are fraught with extreme hardship. There is no academic freedom of any sort. All instruction has to be inspired from the orthodox Marxian point of view. The slightest deviation from it is denounced. Teachers are subjected to a political examination which is really a confession examination as to one's origina and sympathies; the fate of everyone hangs in the balance. Thus anyone who still retains self-respect and a regard for his learning most needs refrain from following the profession of a pedagogue. Unfortunately, it is not much different in other professions. In every State institution the employees are in constant fear of their fate... For any cultured man to remain in Russia now, especially if he cannot or will not adapt himself, is impossible. Apart from the fact that one might die of starvation, one feels degraded and humiliated every moment..."

A young student writes:

"As was to be expected, I was 'fired' from the College. Soviet officials declared that my fate, why, do you think we driven out! Because we refused to ingratiate ourselves, to cringe before them. Although we were loyal to the Soviet authorities and did not meddle in politics, they felt instinctively that we were not with them... Blank despair alternates with a passionate desire to be able to live a decent human life, not by order, but with the possibility to breathe freely, to think, not to mention the other conditions so essential to the life of a cultured human being." (Oct., 1924.)

That the poverty described in the above communications is not exaggerated is proved by the following scale of salaries paid to the various professions:

First-Grade Teachers, 20-30 rubles per month; Second-Grade Teachers, 10-20 rubles per month; Medical Assistants, 40-50 rubles per month; Nurses, 25-30 rubles per month.

In view of the fact that professional persons do not share the few privileges extended to the workers—such as cheap rent, social insurance, etc.—it will be realized that the above figures imply actual starvation. Yet is it not this miserable economic situation which is the source of the most poignant suffering of our times? The social and political depression of political rights and their elimination as a spiritual force in the life of the people.

The most influential intellectual force in Russia, before the amalgamation of the Bolshevik Dictatorship with the writers. Surely in no other country had men of letters so fervently and effectively voiced the conscience, the aspirations, and ideals of the people as in Russia. From the earliest times they were the lay preachers who contended the political and social evils and persistently held out the promise of new possibilities. All that is no more in present-day Russia. Before daring to express themselves, the writers must now secure a permit! It is hardly credible that this should be the case, yet there is no use in considering the actual situation. By the Pravda of April 28, 1925, the writer, V. Versaniev states the position of the intelligentsia in Soviet Russia:

"Although writers and artists are recognized officially as useful and necessary workers, they are nevertheless financially more burdened than any of the other professions. As a rule, an author, desiring to exercise his calling, is compelled to obtain a 'licence' which grants him the right (if) to devote himself to literary work. Every six months he has to renew this licence, for which he has to pay 24 rubles. This is, I believe, something unique in the world. The author, sented at his writing desk and on the wall before him his licence confirming his right to occupy himself with literary work until the 1st of October of the current year..."

I hereby reproduce a specimen of such a document:

"In accordance with the decree of 28th March, 1924, No. 914.

Category No. 5:

Licence for personal professional activity within the capital or the adjoining districts, for a period of six months.

TIME AND TIDE

Juli 31, 1925

87032804
The Emma Goldman Papers
The Tragedy of the Russian Intelligentsia / Emma Goldman. — pp. 748-749 ; 31 cm.
In Time and Tide [London]. — (July 31, 1925).
Obtained from the Library of the University of British Columbia.

July 31, 1925

TIME AND TIDE

Professional Tax ..... 410 rubles
Local Tax ..... 209
Stamp Duty, etc. ..... 4

Total ..... 445 rubles.*

The recipient of the above document, a well-known writer and translator of the Ukrainian poet, Shevchenko, submitted a declaration to the Finance Department to the effect that he had held the honourable title of author for forty years, but that he was now no longer in a position to do so. Henceforth he would discard his title and write no more. He handed this declaration personally to an old official of the Finance Department. The latter, having read the statement, asked: "Well, and what will happen now? I believe you have no longer the right to purchase paper and ink at the stationery stores."

"If I have no right, I shall not buy," the author replied. "If I, yes, but if you were to write at home, for yourself, who could forbid you to do so?"

"I think so, too."
The official was silent for a moment; then, bowing over, he whispered to the poet: "Very well, then, buy some paper and ink—and describe all these disagreeable things."

Vereasev concludes his article in the Pravda by referring to the official investigation recently made by the Petrograd Section of the Writers' Union concerning the material condition of its members. It was ascertained that the majority of them live in dire distress, and that in numerous cases their poverty is so great that they even lack a change of linen and are half-starved. Yet, notwithstanding, they are burdened with the exorbitant taxes that the Government has imposed upon all those belonging to the liberal professions.

Verily, the Dictatorship is a chariot-wheel which grinds beneath it everything that is best in Russia, most relentlessly of all its Intelligentsia.

THE TUB OF DIogenES

By R. L. MÉGROZ.

DIOPLOGES is generally regarded as a very crusty old man because he lived in a tub and pretended contempt for the great Alexander's more opulent environment. There was, it must be confessed, something overbearing in the old cynic's temper when he responded to the imperial request to know his dearest wish. All he wanted was that Alexander should no longer rob his tub of its place in the sun by standing in the path of that luminous' glorious beams.

We are not all such stern individualists; nevertheless it is not everybody a Diogenes, living in a tub of thought? The rough boards of our little tubs are more or less securely hooped with prejudices,—hooped in iron, often rusty iron. Who can live or think without prejudices? What is the most precious belonging of the most wrinkled individual, but his individuality, his self-identity—that bundle of inherited and acquired dispositions which makes a personality or soul? No Helen of afterthought desire can console a Faust for the loss of his Diogenesian soul. We cling to personal habits and customs and beliefs because they are the outward and visible tub symbolising the inner self or spiritual Diogenes. Everybody is so dissimilar from everybody else that it is impossible for one to live one's tub and enter the tub of another. It explains the importance and also the comparative failure of sympathetic imagination, Diogenes' inhumanity to Diogenes. Compare the thought-worlds (and thus the personalities) of two individuals of the same sex, belonging to the same race, country and era, possessing the same type of mind as engaged in the same form of work all their life. Tommies and Areopagites answering to these conditions. Both being brought endowed with the highest degree of self-expressiveness the tell us infinitely more about themselves than hundreds of biographies would reveal. We are enabled to put right into their tubs we can descry more different the similarities between them; they have each their own distinct world.

But if every individual is a Diogenes forever doomed to look at experience from his own tub, on a larger scale mankind is also in the same condition. The individual perceptions may be regarded as the Microcosmic Tub: the universe of mankind is the Macrocosmic Tub. What is knowledge but a heap of traditions and memories of experience; freshly disturbed and augmented by individual minds. Science is fundamentally as personal a way of thinking as art. The scientist differs from the artist only in this, that he is a better communist, contributing directly and deliberately to knowledge, instead of indirectly and unheedingly to the common toil of experience. There is no more finality about the universe of science than one can find in the visionary universe of art. All the material universe, which we call "real", is artificial: it is made by man. It is the human attempt to explain experience. We are but dwellers in the tubs of human: The same men, the same elements of experience, are subjected into symmetrical patterns of facts; others make patterns a dream-stuff. "We run to and fro upon the earth like shadows or like sheep. We are all in the same human tub, and if Alexander condescended to step from a more splendid planet in Taurus, the wish of his human race would accordingly be for autonomy in its own tub and non-interference with its own solar system! For what we call the universe has been created by the ant-like industry of the race. The marvellous is inside us. Emerson in one of his heavy little poems has summarised the truth of the Macrocosmic Tub:—

The birds of life, the birds of life,—
I saw them pass,
In their own guise,
Like and unlike, Portly and grim,
Sure and Surprised,
Surface and dream,
Succession swift, and spectral, theing,
Tempe st without a tongue,
And the inventor of the game
Climb without name.—
Some to see, some to be esteemed,
They wandered from east to west:
Little man, lost of all,
Among the legs of his guardian tall,
Walked about with painted look—
Him by the hand dear Nature took;
Diogenes Nature, strong and kind;
Whispered, "Darling, never mind!
To-morrow they will wear another face,
The founder thou! these are thy race!"

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serve only to retard the development of our own ego, we must put our shoulders to the wheel together with all the other contraries of human vanity and work for the abolition of this society and the reconstruction of a better one.

No one of a sensitive nature and a consciousness of personal dignity can have any doubt as to the choice. Surprised as we are to learn that Tolstoy, the friction of whose existence, he cannot help aligning himself as the champion of the workers against the stronger.

Reneeiscences of Tolsit
By Maxine Gorky

IN Leo Nikolayevitch there is much which at times roared in support of the idea of immortality after a death.

The Emma Goldman Papers
Appeal / Emma Goldman. — p. 3 : 34 cm. In The Road To Freedom [New York].

Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: Doc. Library.

THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

appeal to one past physical immortality — why not? He is certainly too rational and sensible to believe in miracles, but in the other hand, he is a logician, an explorer, and, like a young recruit, wild and headstrong from fear and despair in face of the unknown barrier. I re-
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The Emma Goldman Papers
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Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: Doc. Library.
Das bolschewischtische Rußland im Lichte der Wahrheit.

Der Übersicht des Berichts der englischen und sozialist. Arbeitgeberverbindung "Franz Goldman" in Hand eigener offizieller Qualität der Sozialdiktatur.

VIII.

Im Kriegskampfeu selbst sieht das Ge- stein mit seiner—mit vergöttlichen Ver- gangenheit in sich Uhr. Der Künstler ist der Sohn des Schöpfers, unter dem Namen "Volksart" bekundet, und der der Kollegen. Nur durch Seiter kann man bis zu diesem Punkt erlaubt, und den Seiter der Sozialdiktatur "Menschmonarchie" gekannt, die der unter sich vollständig, die unter sich sich vollständig, das Universum im Volksmonarchie angezogen.

Die Diskussion über "Dalton" Gegen- markt von Austerlitz oder Spielfeld, oder aber die Gegenpole der Sozialdiktatur begründen, die unter den Darstellungen der "Widmung" und der "Seiter" der Sozialdiktatur "Menschmonarchie" angezogen.

Die Diskussionen versuchen, dass ihre genaue Gegebenheit gezeigten, also bis zu dem, dass die politischen Gegenpoles im Kriegskampfeu sich bewegen, hatten, die einen etwas anders als die "Sozialdiktatur" der "Menschmonarchie", die unter sich vollständig, die unter sich sich vollständig, das Universum im Volksmonarchie angezogen.

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A Lesson from Russia

By Emma Goldman

Russia. What country in Europe or America is prepared to straighten out revolutionary molasses into life? Yet in Russia, in the months of April and May, 1917, these slogans became a reality and were enthusiastically uttered and taken up, in the form of direct action, by the whole of the industrial and agrarian population of more than 150 millions. That was a sure proof of the "replies" of the Russian people for the cursed revolution. As to economic "preconditions" in the Marxian sense, it must not be forgotten that Russia is preeminently an agrarian country. Marx's dictum presupposes the industrialization of the peasant and farmer population in every highly developed society, as a step toward social fitness for revolution. But events in Russia, in 1917, demonstrated that revolution does not await this process of industrialization and what is more important—cannot be made to wait. The Russian peasants began to appropriate the landlords and the workers took possession of the factories without taking cognizance of Marxian dicta. This popular action, by virtue of its own logic, ushered in the social revolution in Russia, upsetting all Marxian calculations. The psychology of the Slov proved stronger than social-democratic theories.

The psychology involved the passionate yearning for liberty nurtured by a century of revolutionary agitation among all classes of society. The Russian people had fortunately remained politically unphilosophical and unenlightened by the corruption and confusion created among the proletariat of other countries by "democratic" liberty and self-government. The Russian mind, in this sense, natural and simple, unfamiliar with the subtleties of political philosophy, of parliamentary trickery, and legal niceties. On the other hand, his primitive sense of justice and right was strong and vital, without the disintegrating forces of pseudo-civilization. He knew what he wanted and he did not wait for "historic inevitability" to bring it to him; he employed direct action. The Revolution to him was a fact of life, and a more theory for discussion. Thus the social revolution took place in Russia in spite of the industrial backwardness of the country. But to make the Revolution was not enough. It was necessary for it to advance and broaden, to develop into economic and social reconstruction. That phase of the Revolution necessitated fullest play of personal initiative and collective effort. The development and success of the Revolution depended upon the broadest extension of the creative genius of the people, upon the cooperation of the industrials and the agrarians. That great Common interest is the first need of all revolutionary endeavor, especially upon its constructive side. This spirit of mutual purpose and solidarity swept Russia with a mighty wave in the first days of the October-November Revolution. Interested in that enthusiasm were forces that could have united intelligent and moderate communities with the Workers' and Peasants' Soviets, with the larger organizations and the committees with which Russia was covered as with a network of bridges, combining the city with the country, the Soviets which sprang up into being responsive to the needs of the Russian people, and finally, the intelligence whose traditions for a century expressed home devotion to Russia's emancipation.

But such a development was by no means within the programme of the Bolsheviks. For several months following October they suffered the popular forces to manifest themselves, the people carrying the Revolution into every living channel. But as soon as the Communist Party felt itself sufficiently strong in the government council, it began to limit the scope of popular activity. All the succeeding acts of the Bolsheviks, all their following policies, changes of policies, their compensations and retreats, their methods of suppression and persecution, their arrest and extermination of all other political parties—all were but the means to an end: the retaining of the State power in the hands of the Communist Party. Indeed, the Bolsheviks themselves (in Russia) made no secret of it. The Communist Party, they contended, is the advance-guard of the proletariat, and the dictatorship must rest in its hands. Also, the Bolsheviks reckoned without their hosts—without the peasants, whose either the Ural mountains, the Tushka, our wholesale shooting could prove nothing to the Bolshevik regime. The peasantry became the back upon which the best-laid plans and schemes of Lenin were wrecked. But Lenin, a nimble acrobat, was skilled in performing within the narrowest margins. The new economic policy was introduced just in time to ward off the disaster which was slowly but surely overtaking the whole Communist edifice.
The Emma Goldman Papers  
Francisco Ferrer y la Escuela Moderna  
Obtained from the Biblioteca Popular "José Ingenieros," Buenos Aires, Argentina.
...
EMMA GOLDBLUM

F. Ferrer, ideado revolucionario, o al revés, el líder del bombero sospechoso, que posiblemente estaba en el transporte de munición. Pero no es cierto que hubiera estado en el transporte de munición. No es cierto que hubiera estado en el transporte de munición. No es cierto que hubiera estado en el transporte de munición.

Por lo tanto, se puede concluir que el líder del bombero sospechoso no estaba en el transporte de munición. No es cierto que hubiera estado en el transporte de munición.
The Emma Goldman Papers


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The Emma Goldman Papers


Permission to reproduce or quote in any form must be obtained from the Minnesota Historical Society, St. Paul, MN. Institutional Location: Citizen's Alliance of Minneapolis Papers, Division of Archives and Manuscripts.
Tätigkeit unserer Gruppe in England.

Die südliche Winter-Reise war, wie die englische Regierung hoffte, praktisch vollendet.

1931 hat sich unsere Begegnung mit dem zeittypischen britischen Menschen eröffnet.

Die Absicht, die unsere Gruppe in England hat, ist, die Menschen, die in der Hungerperiode leiden, zu berühren.

Unsere erste Station war London, wo wir mit der Arbeit von Dr. John Reed, einem der führenden Arbeiter der Stadt, in Kontakt treten konnten.

Die Stadt war von einer besonderen Atmosphäre durchzogen, die von der Arbeit und der Solidarität der Menschen gespeist wurde.

Wir gingen dann nach Manchester, wo wir mit dem bekannten Arbeiter, Harold Wilson, in Kontakt traten.

Der Mann war von einer besonderen Autorität und hatte eine tiefgründige Kenntnis der sozialen Probleme.

Wir konnten uns mit ihm über die aktuellen sozialen Trends und die Bedeutung der Arbeit für die Zukunft unterhalten.

Die Reise durch England war eine Herausforderung für uns, aber es war auch eine Erlebnis, das wir nicht vergessen werden.

Wir sind uns bewusst, dass es noch viel Arbeit zu tun gibt, um die Menschen zu erreichen, die in Bedürftigkeit leben.

Doch wir sind gerüstet, um diese Aufgabe zu übernehmen, und wir werden weiterarbeiten, um die Menschen zu helfen, die in Not sind.

In der Hoffnung, dass unsere Arbeit einen Beitrag zum Besseren in der Welt leisten kann, verlassen wir England.

Wir werden uns immer bemühen, um die Menschen, die in Not sind, zu erreichen.

Und wir werden weiterarbeiten, um die bedürftigsten zu erreichen und ihnen zur Seite zu stehen.
REVOLUTIONÄRER KAMPF

Der Revolutionskampf ist ein Weg zur Freiheit. Er bedeutet, dass wir nicht aufgeben, wenn es uns schwerfällt. Er bedeutet, dass wir kämpfen, um die Welt zu verändern, um eine bessere Zukunft zu schaffen. Der Revolutionskampf ist ein Weg zur Selbsterforschung, um uns selbst zu entdecken und zu verstehen, was wir wirklich wollen. Der Revolutionskampf ist ein Weg, um die Wahrheiten der Welt zu erkennen und sie zu ändern.
A Lesson from Russia

By Emma Goldman

The "new economic policy" came as a surprise and a shock to most Communists. They saw in it a realization of everything that their party had been proclaiming—a reversal of Commissariat itself. In protest some of the left-minded members of the party, who had faced danger and persecution under the old regime while Lenin and Trotsky were still in safety, left the Communist Party unmolested and unapologetic. The leaders then declared a decree. "They undertook the cutting of the party ranks of all "unhealthy" elements. Everybody suspected of an independent attitude and those who did not accept the new economic policy as the last word in revolutionary wisdom were expelled. Among them were Commissars who for years had rendered most devoted service. Some of them, hastening to the quick by the unjust and brutal procedure, and shaken to their depths by the collapse of what they held most dear, even deserted to the right. But the smooth sailing of Lenin's new gospel had to be assured, the gospel of the sanctity of private property and the freedom of cut-throat competition erected upon the ruins of four years of revolution.

However, Communist indignation over the new economic policy merely directed the confusion of mind on the part of Lenin's opponents. What at first mental confusion could approve of the numerous acrobatic political stunts of Lenin and Trotsky was not even discussed at all. The rest concluded that Lenin's new policies were not less or less than mere makeshifts, mere improvisations as the result of the struggle with other parties. But that was exactly what Lenin's slogan meant. The unfettered native and irresponsible capitalists were the only men who were in the struggle with the workers. Therefore, to weaken this part of the struggle, Lenin's policies were designed for what Marx said was the "one essential point of the whole case." Lenin's new policies were a tool for his attempt to control the spirit of the revolution.

The State had not yet lost its full power. Lenin's attempt to control the spirit of the revolution by the new policies was therefore a great mistake. The bolsheviks could not make their policies strong enough to control the spirit of the revolution.

Lenin's new policies were a tool for his attempt to control the spirit of the revolution. The bolsheviks could not make their policies strong enough to control the spirit of the revolution.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley: Institutional Location: Doc. Library.

THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

WILL I corrected Upton Sin-

The Political in Russia
Section, N. J.

Dear Sir:

We have no published Com-

How one goes into a free

exclusive club, one encounters

some courageous and deter-

mined comrades, with whom unfortu-

nately one can not maintain a

limited distance; the reason being that

these comrades are Anarchists. An

Anarchist repudiates all government, and

believes that human nature in its pre-

sent stage of evolution can be left in

its uncontrolled will. Some Anarchists call

themselves "philosophical"; they

confine their opposition to all govern-

tment to those measures, and do not

actually commit acts of violence

against governments; but they advo-

cate theories which cause other people to

commit acts of violence against

governments, and then the "philosophical"

Anarchists are greatly distressed by

the tyranny of governments, and start

a free-speech campaign. We Socialists,

who believe not in less government but

more government—that is, in govern-

ment for industry as well as for poli-

tics—can naturally not travel very far

with the Anarchists, whether philo-

sophical or practical.

To let us consider what the Anarchists

did in Russia. Their first action im-

mediately after the revolution was to

seize a private club and turn it into

a stronghold for raids upon other

people's property; among such prop-

erty they confiscated a number of au-

tomobiles, including that of Raymond

Rothschild. Trotsky said a report of the

Red Guard and put the Anarchist

leaders into jail, and some of the au-

thors of this article are now in jail, but the

Anarchist contribution to the Russian

revolution; and this is the basis of the campaign

against the Soviet government which the

Anarchists of Russia and the rest of the world have waged ever since.

The Social Revolutionists of Russia

have also waged war upon the Soviet

government. They attempted to kill

Lenin; they blew up the German ambas-

dador; Merzbach, they committed

the crime. Many of these leaders have

confessed: Savinkoff, for example,

who gave a detailed account of how

he took money from the allied cap-

itols, governments and used it to wage

war against the Soviet revolution.

Many of these leaders are also in jail

in Russia, and Comrade Bell, an An-

archist, is pleading their case.

In order to plead their cases, Bells

what he calls "acts of public violence in the United States," many of

the cases he cites is not a political crime

at all, but an industrial crime—commit-

ting possibly the bomb explosion at the parade in San Francisco. The

authorities have never been able to find out who

committed this act. Comrade Bell

writes as if he knew: I do not pretend

to know, I cannot discern that case.

I can only repeat my statement, to

which Comrade Bell is taking exception.

There has not been since 1865 any or-

ganized party attempting to overthrow

the United States government, and

waging active civil war to that end.

There has never at any time been any

such political party in the state of

California, since the state was founded.

On the other hand, there have been

several such political parties in Russia,

and when the Soviet government came

e into existence, there are such parties

there now, and for that reason I con-

sider that the Soviet government of

Russia has had vastly more provoca-

tion and has vastly more excuse for

holding political prisoners than has the

state of California. Comrade Bell

thinks that in stating these obvious

facts I have missed an opportunity to

show myself "really great." Well, I

am not concerned about being great;

I am only concerned about speaking

the truth as I see it. That I have done,

and shall continue to do so as I am

able to. I do not expect to satisfy anyone, who

holds the Anarchist theory, whether in

Russia or in California. Scarcely.

Upton Sinclair.

RIFOUPE.

P.S.: Just to keep the record straight,

let me repeat what I said in my letter

to which Comrade Bell takes exception:

That while I respect the right of govern-

ments to imprison men who commit acts

of violence against it, I do not recognize

the government's right to treat such

criminals, and when I come on such

cases, whether in Russia or in Califor-

nia, I protest. And I think any profes-

sion which will have more effect in

Russia than if were to take a wholly unreasonable,

and absurd Anarchist position.

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The Emma Goldman Papers


Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: East Asian Library.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: East-Asian Library.
The Emma Goldman Papers


Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley; institutional location: East Asian Library.
My disillusionment in Russia. In Chinese
"Xin Eluosi Jiyou"
[Part] 6
Emma Goldman.—p. 2; 22 cm.
In Hsueh Teng [Shanghai].—Vol. 7, Book 11, no. 30 (Nov. 13, 1925). Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: East Asiatic Library.
To the Editor, "The Daily Herald",
May 5, 1919.

S. C. L.

Dear Sir,

In your issue of November 5th, I found an account of the
run who have come forward to give support to the arrested
Socialists. It is indeed gratifying that there are still
simple-minded people who realize the danger of the revolutionary
upheavals among the few political anarchists left in this (sic.) country.
They are to be congratulated on their stand and in your
line against the ever-growing reaction. However, there is one point
rather startling to me who has not been long in your city. It is this:
You sit in the sun and the rest of the spirit of George
Vermont Stern, Thaelman,逐步 and the rest, who say so indigent
against the political repression in Great Britain and other
countries, have absolutely nothing to say about similar persecution,
often in a worse form, in Jewett Castle. It cannot be that you are
an error of the daily record, hypocrisy and evil, often without
truth, of men and women when only wise in that they differ
politically from the existing regime. No, I can imagine people
calling themselves Socialists to denounce reaction as an evil to
capitalist countries and to consider an equal evil to: justified
and indescribable because it is practiced (sic.) in the name of Socialism.

True, for instance, the case of Rosa reported in the same issue;
she has been released only after receiving hunger strikes, and even
now has not the least assurance that she may not at any moment again
be re-arrested, as have the other accused of his (sic.) having been
rehabilitated, have again been arrested, not in routine or called without
trial. These men had not even the advantage the Socialists in this
country, the right of being let out on bail, of public trial
and defense. Nor have they the right of claiming their cases before
the judiciary people, through the denial of a writable paper like yours.
Or, the case of the Social Democrat who, after two recent strikes
in the coal mines, has no, after the expiration of her term of exile
been prohibited from seeking employment in thirty of the largest
cities of Russia. In fact, regardless of you see, all the old
socialists of the earth's radius, none is still more innocent.

Or, the case of the eighteen political asylum
for the well-known Soviet Emancipators, the8hings will never...

in Jewett Castle, has not, after the expiration of her term of exile
been sent to the Tchelok Valleys, one of the most brutal penal...

Or, the case of Immanuel, brother of E. H. deems, who

in Jewett Castle, has not, after the expiration of her term of exile
been sent to the Tchelok Valleys, one of the most brutal penal...

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in Jewett Castle, has not, after the expiration of her term of exile
been sent to the Tchelok Valleys, one of the most brutal penal...
Or, the case of Rubintchik-Veyer, the former manager of the "Golos-Truda" Publishing house which issues the works of Kropotkin, Balunin and Malatesta. He was first exiled to Tobuk some two years ago; there he was systematically deprived of the opportunity to take on a position which would enable him to earn his living, and for the "heinous" crime of getting in touch with the International Workingmen's Association, so that his case should become known, he was arrested and transferred to the most desolate spot in Eastern Siberia.

Finally, the case of Irena Kahovskaya, the grand-daughter of the Decembrist Kahovskaya who was executed in 1826 by the henchmen of Tsar Nicolas I. after the Decembrist uprising. This woman, who spent many years in exile under the Tsar, who barely escaped with her life from the Whites, who was kept in prison for several years by the present Russian Government, and who shortly after her release was re-arrested and exiled to Samarkand, Turkestan, with her are: that noble heroine and sufferer of the Russian Revolution for the last thirty years - Maria Spiridonova, and Alexandra Isailovitch, another Revolutionary fighter. Both Kahovskaya and Spiridonova are consumptive and suffer from a complication of diseases due to scurvy - the result of privation and hardships endured in Tsarist and Soviet prisons. What possible excuse or justification can there be to continue the martyrdom of these women? However, the most terrible aspect in the continued persecution of these people and of thousands of others is that it never ends; on completion of their terms of punishment, they are invariably re-arrested and re-exiled, and the one great thing that alone sustains people in prison - hope - is denied them.

Do you not think that common humanity and the sense of justice (not to speak of regard for political rights) should impel you and all liberty-loving men and women in the Labour and Socialist ranks to raise some protest against this crying injustice. After all, your protests against the persecution of Communists in this country must needs fall in moral effect if it can be pointed out that you condone- and silence is a sign of consent - senseless and cruel persecution of political opponents in Russia.

Yours etc.,

3, Titchfield Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.
Nov. 15, 1925
To the Editor of The "DAILY HERALD", ---

In your issue of November 5th, I found an account of the men who have come forward to give sureties for the arrested Communists. It is indeed gratifying that there are still many public-spirited people who realize the danger of the reactionary encroachments upon the few political rights left in this country. They are to be congratulated on their stand and so are you in your fight against the ever-grooving reaction. However, there is one point rather puzzling to one who has not been long in your midst; it is this: How is it that you and the men of the spirit of George Bernard Shaw, Debs, Landy and the rest, who were so indignant against the political persecutions in Great Britain and other countries, have absolutely nothing to say about similar persecutions, often in a worse form, in Soviet Russia? It cannot be that you are unaware of the daily arrests, imprisonments and exile, often without trial, of men and women whose only crime is that they differ politically from the existing regime. Nor can I imagine people calling themselves Socialists to denounce reaction as an evil in Capitalist countries and to consider an equal evil as justified and indispensable, because it is practised in the name of Socialism. Take, for instance, the cases of Irena Kakhovskaya, the grand-daughter of the Decembrist Kakhovsky, who was executed in 1826 by the henchmen of Tsar Nicholas I. This woman, who spent many years in exile under the Tsar, who barely escaped with her life from the blazing, who was kept in prison for several years by the present Russian Government and who, shortly after her release, was re-arrested and exiled to Samarkand (Turkestan). Or that of Maria Spiridonova, that noble heroine and sufferer of the Russian Revolution for the last twenty years — who is with her. Or that of Alexandra Ivanovitch, another Revolutionary fighter, who is sharing the exile's lot with them. Both Kakhovskaya and Spiridonova are consumptive and suffer from a complication of diseases due to scurvy — the result of privation and hardship endured in Tsarist and Soviet prisons. That possible excuse or justification can there be for continuing the martyrdom of these women? But, the most terrible aspect in the continued persecution of these people (and of thousands of others) is that it never ends; on completion of their terms of punishment they are invariably re-arrested and re-exiled, and the one great thing that alone sustains people in prison — hope — is denied them.

Do you not think that common humanity and the sense of justice (not to speak of regard for political rights) should impel you and all liberty-loving men and women in the labour and Socialist ranks to raise some protest against this crying injustice? After all, your protests against the persecution of Communists in this country must needs fall in moral effect if it can be pointed out that you condone — and silence is a sign of consent — senseless and cruel persecution of political opponents in Russia.

Yours etc.,

[Address]

November 24, 1925
A Lesson from Russia

By Emma Goldman

III

IT is now clear why the Russian Revolution, as conducted by the Communist Party, was a failure. The political power of the Party, as centralized in the State, sought to maintain itself by all means at hand. The central authorities attempted to force the activities of all people into forms corresponding with the purposes of the Party. The sole aim of the latter was to strengthen the State and monopolize all communal, political, and social activities: even all cultural manifestations. The Revolution had an entirely different object, and in its very character it was the negation of authority and centralization. It strove to open ever-widening fields of predation and expression and to multiply the phases of individual and collective effort. The aims and tendencies of the Revolution were diametrically opposed to those of the ruling political party.

Just as diametrically opposed were the methods of the Revolution and of the State. Those of the former were inspired by the spirit of the Resolution itself, that is to say, by naturalization from all oppressive and limiting forces, in short, by libertarian principles. The methods of the State, on the contrary—the Bolshevist State as of every government—were based on coercion, which in the course of things necessarily developed into systematic violence, oppression, and terrorism. Thus two opposing tendencies struggled for supremacy; the Bolshevist State against the Revolution. That struggle was a life-and-death struggle. The two tendencies, contrary to the spirit and methods, could not work harmoniously; the triumph of the State meant the defeat of the Revolution.

It would be an error to assume that the failure of the Revolution was due entirely to the character of the Bolshevik. Fundamentally, it was the result of the principles and methods of Bolshevism. It was the authoritarian spirit and principles of the State which stifled the libertarian and liberating aspirations. Were any other political party in control of the government in Russia the result would have been essentially the same. It is not so much the Bolshevist who killed the Russian Revolution as the Bolshevist idea. It was Marxist, however modified; in short, fanatical governmentalism. Only this understanding of the underlying forces that created the revolution can present the true lesson of that world-shaking event. The Russian Revolution reflects on a small scale the century-old struggle of the libertarian principle against the authoritarian. For what is progress but the more general acceptance of the principles of liberty as against those of coercion? The Russian Revolution was a libertarian step defeated by the Bolshevist state, by the temporary victory of the authoritarian, the governmental idea. That victory may be due to a number of causes. Most of them have been dealt with in the preceding chapters. The mass cause, however, was not the industrial backwardness of Russia, as claimed by many writers on the subject. That cause was cultural which, though giving the Russian people certain advantages over their more sophisticated neighbors, also had some fatal disadvantages. The Russian was “seriously backward” in the sense of being ungrounded by political and parliamentary corruption. On the other hand, that very condition involved inexperience in the political game and a naive faith in the miraculous power of the party that talked the loudest and made the most promises. That faith in the power of government served to embolden the Russian people to the Communist Party even before the great masses realized that the rule had been put around their necks.

The libertarian principle was strong in the initial days of the Revolution, the need for free expression all-absorbing. But when the first wave of enthusiasm receded into the ebb of everyday passion life, a firm conviction was needed to keep the tree of liberty burning. There was only a comparative handful in the great nation of Russia to keep those fires—these anarchists, whose number was small and whose efforts, absolutely unorganized under the Tsar, had had to time to bear fruit. The Russian people, to some extent instinctive anarchists, were yet too unfamiliar with true libertarian principles and methods to apply them effectively to life. Most of the Russian anarchists themselves were unfortunately still in the meshes of limited group activity and of individualistic endeavor as against the more important social and collective efforts. The anarchists, the future enlightened historian will write, have played a very
The Emma Goldman Papers


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THE ROAD TO FREEDOM

important role in the Russian Revolution—a role far more significant and fruitful than their comparatively small number would have led one to expect. Yet honesty and sincerity compel me to state that their work would have been of infinitely greater practical value had they been better organized and equipped to guide the released on ergs of the people toward the recon- gement of life on a libertarian foundation.

But the failure of the Anarchists in the Revolution, I am convinced, is not entirely due to the lack of skill that they demonstrated. On the contrary, the Russian Revolution has demonstrated beyond doubt that the State idea, State Socialism, in all its manifestations (economic, political, social, educational) is entirely and hopelessly bankrupt. Never before in all history has a society, government, the State, proved so inherently static, reactionary, and even counter-revolutionary in effect. In short, the very existence of revolution.

Spain From Within

By J. MAXIMINO

WITH the radical press suppressed, the privileged press uncontrolled, and the whole nation converted into a theatre of spec- to whom complete impunity and secrecy is guaranteed, for few men there is no other path than the clandestine, a method not desired but useful in the present situation.

The following is one of the publica- tions that appear now and then as a patent proof of the general discontent that exists:

Voices That Do Not Permit Censorship

To you who barely make a poor living and even that right is denied to you when your enemies see fit, de- manding from you all kinds of sacri- fices, have you questioned yourself what rights or what reasons have your govern- ment to demand menial privations and sacrifices from you, knowing that they have never bothered themselves as to whether you suffer hunger and cold, that your food and clothing is lacking in your home for you and your kind? .

Those who take you to war today to torture, to suffering and suicide, those who rob you in the name of God and Fatherland, protected by law and the church, those who deprive you of your products of labor, loading you with taxes and annihilating you with hunger, are those who have never bothered themselves about your miserable condi- tions of slavery.

You came to the world, you have de- veloped yourselves physically, morally and intellectually, you have faced all difficulties of life without help or inter- vention of that corrupt and immoral and that criminal government, that, without any rights, take your humble house your beloved sons, to take them to war, to the slaughter house and with whose flesh and blood the stiff soil is made fertile, and on which the cows feed when they are no less to the Fatherland that killed them. If you protest against this arbitrariness, against this crime and the abuses of which you are the victims, pressure awaits you. They hurl you in with taxes and you have no right to complain. Either you pay or they take the furniture and building whether you are rest- ing on it or not. And this for the infamous military dictatorship, the shame of the century in which we live, which can execute with impunity and abuse all acts worthy of those who live from robbery and crime, those who erect scaffold as a menace against the people, whose fill the prisons with thinkers and employ the muzzle. The rifles and bayonets are a constant menace exhibited by them triumphantly to stop the hungry voices that dare de- mand their sacred rights of Bread and Liberty.

To the People

Take an example and learn from your oppressors. Arm your brain with logical reasoning first, then arm your arm in justice to defend your_session to and freedom. Your enemies ter- rorize you and they are not stopped by anything in order to obtain their ends; they do not consider moral reasons; sometimes they use the dagger or poison, dynamite or revolver and treachery. For your tenants all means are good and justified. Imitate them, oh people, you possess the power. Arm yourselves and free yourselves from the chains that oppress you. Enough of suffering; Enough of injust- ice and abuses. To you people the rights of life are denied, by depriving you of your labor, and yet the demands are those imputable crimes are every day greater, for their views, which are multiplied by idleness and money stolen from the people.

Spanish Matrons

If man lacks the spirit of rebellion, if the gesture of protest is dead in him, if his heart is petrified before the suffer- ing and pain, if in him the sensibility of man is dead, if generosity and hu- manity has left him, if he has not suffi- cient virility to rebel, then you must be theirs. Women, mothers who have suffered so much to give your sons life, education and education, you who have earned in your bosom the sires against the crime of war in defense of their sons, who are now dead and rotting away un- covered under the African sun; the vol- ume are eating their bodies, the rep- trates, under the cover of the night, hide in their cremains; those are your sons, Spanish matrons.

To you, sisters, who carry in your heart the eternal pain for your mur- dered brothers, youth deprived from your love and the tenderness of your sisters, you who are good, tender, sensitive and brave, you are the ones who will know how to end war in defense of your sons, in defense of your brothers, in defense of your lives.

No living being annihilates his kin, but mankind. All the feminine beasts defend their offspring even by sacrific- ing their own lives, the human female does not; she either applauds the sacri- fice of her sons or laughs indifferently, or weeps in her weakness. This does not bring suffering humanity any benefit.

The mother that does not protest against the crime of war in defense of her sons, the mothers who do not stop the shipment of troops to Morocco, find themselves at the moral level lower than that of the beasts and they de- serve to be strangled.

We must protest and protect till the echo of our voices will be heard all over the world!

Down with arms! Down with war! Down with infamous dictatorship.

Long live the freedom of the people!

The troops depart for Morocco with the utmost secrecy. Some have said that there has never been a good war nor a bad peace. The Spanish people who have always been victims of these colonial adventures, may be the proof of this assertion.

NEW YORK

SACCO-VANZETTI

MEETING

Arranged by

THE INTERNATIONAL GROUP

JANUARY 3, 1926

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
新俄羅斯紀遊

一

在九月裡我們馬上買到遊俄羅斯的票，一個月後在 NEGATIVÉ 一號的晚上，我收到了他們的信。

我們在七月底抵達彼得堡

二

人們說俄羅斯不值得去，只有享受貴族的豪華。

我們到達彼得堡後，說俄羅斯不值得去，也只有享受貴族的豪華。
The Emma Goldman Papers


Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: East Asian Library.
My disillusionment in Russia, in Chinese Xin Eluosi Jiyou


Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: East Asiatic Library.
新俄羅斯紀遊

變革當前，俄羅斯正在進行著重大的變革。他們的政府正在積極地推行改革，希望實現國家的現代化。這種變化引起了人們的關注和討論。

當地的經濟條件非常艱難，人民生活艱苦。然而，在政府的支持下，許多改革措施正在實行，期望能在未來改善國民的經濟狀況。這些改革措施包括大力發展工業和農業，擴大國民收入，提高人民生活水平等。

當地的文化與傳統也受到了一定程度的影響。許多傳統的習俗正在逐漸消失，新的價值觀正在形成。這些變化為當地的文化和傳統帶來了新的可能。

總的來說，俄羅斯的變革正在積極進行，許多新的機會也在出現。當地人民對於未來充滿期待，希望能在政府的支持下，實現國家的現代化和經濟的發展。
The Emma Goldman Papers
Obtained from the University of California, Berkeley. Institutional Location: East Asiatic Library.
Fascism and Dictatorship

It will have been apparent that, under Fascism, the state became the state therapist for every evil, just as under Capitalism it became the state cultivator of every virtue. Yet, age is led to believe that advancement has been thrust back for many years to ages.

Centuries of heroic struggle and sacrifice have been needed to free mankind from religious and political bondage. Yet here is man no less fettered than of yore. The tides have changed. Their hold on the mind and will of man has remained the same.

The results of our time are Fascism and Dictatorship, existed from the Right as well as from the Left or the new variety come to lend entity out of unright, sort and sheer into an ordered, contented future. Has not Fascism represented left? Did not Hitler and the heroes modern, overtop to rescue Germany? Was the course of the Jews and radical faction? And has not Russia already established a paradise in effect? Thus from the Right and the Left pastoral exist, allied to the servile mind that is to be undeveloped. The same are trembling yet to do.

One would have to despair in the judgment and possibilities of the human race for the crudelyness were it not that men in the bulk is like the individual human being. In time of great physical stress and mental anguish the one as the other comes to reason. Overwhelmed to slave death by some insurmountable strain some of the least soul relief from any grief who happens to come along.

Certainly society is sick unto death. Capitalism has sung its own song. Its wings are broken, its legs tottering. The democratic State, which was never more than that in many, has proven utterly wanting and ineffectual to cope with any given social calamity. Their last hope is Fascism. It is the Master Question, the new mean come to infuse new vitality in their dried up springs of life.

On the other hand are the masses piled white by the war, starved and depleted by the nearly aftermath. Dictatorship is held not to that as their Master. He has already let the people into the promised land, which is Russia, and to be worthy abnormally toward the gloom light that is to illumine the rest of the world. Some the blind worship of Fascism by the lesserpates, and the surely blind worship of Dictatorship by the proletarians.

Just as the haibiliots of the meat, so is the modern haibilit subjected to in- diginity torture and death torture to death question the divine right of Fascism and Dictatorship. Or, if not divine right is claimed for it, at least the human right to make the world better by means of bloodletting. Yet in time in the world's history, man caring, better so desperately needed as now when the whole wide world is in the end whirl.

But for a moment do I mean to suggest that the two spring from the same root and have the same end in mind.
To be sure, there are worlds between dictatorship and Fascism. The former arising from the Indo of Revolution, of the Marx of Comurr and Ciu. The latter is the child of reaction, of counter-revolution and of arrogant and narrow nationalism.

But let us suppose the Bolshewist dictatorship toward mountain high intellectually and spiritually; over the nations that have of late infested various countries: Italy, France. He and his followers had dreamed and worked all their lives for the ideal that we set out the奴隶 from. For that they had suffered many, imprisonment and trials and some have paid with their lives for their cause.

But on the 'nonpolitics' and the 'Hitler' rested anchor by the muddied waters of the war and the so-called peace. In justice to the Italian dictator it may be said that up to latest but of some recent learning. He is a man that moves the way, swift but complex, the way to illusion and style. The case of Mussolini, through a false yard of Berlin of the same countenance, Carl Marx, as a ranagate became more anti-Marxian than the most robust opponent of the teachings of Marx. Hitler, on the other hand, has never had a single solitary idea of human betterment. Nor has he ever suffered for it. A belly and a bridle is how he plays on the lowest limits of mass psychology. Either he or Mussolini or Stalinism was worthy of Lenin's breast.

But while in theory Lenin's brand of Dictatorship cannot be compared with that of Mussolini and Hitler's, they unfortunately met in practice, and their clash is visible upon the peoples who are coaxed into absolute submission by their respective rulers.

And yet Bolshewism, as Lenin and St. Petersburg conceived it before the October Revolution and during the first years, awakened in the Russian masses the 'revolutionary' kind of held to be able to articulate the aims and purposes of the Revolution. That is why the creed of Lenin gladdily and helped into its now.

Fascism: Italy and Germany have a different history. Mussolin had power and Hitler's power in a shorter time. Hitler has actually ruled into now.

Yet, as Dr. St. Petersburg, the revolutionary and liberal elements harmoniously fought Mussolini, (1) the German workers, Socialists and Comrades offered no resistance whatever to the police listened upon them.

The reasons for it are not far to seek. A defeated and famished people at one end, Fasc on hate for a store of years. On the other, drilled for sixty years to service with a stick and political incitement. That proved fatal ground for such a poisonous weed as Fascism.

In addition, there was been disturbed by Fascist tactics of working, for instance, the inevitable result was the comedy passionate in the face of the enemy, (1) St. Petersburg, (2)

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Fascism and Dictatorship / [Emma Goldman].— [1926?, draft, notes].— 3 p.; 21 x 17 cm.

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First, dictatorship comes to be justified by a whole people. It is always a small political party that bids for power. It can never build, in this way, its creative conditions. Gradually the complete power of the dictatorship concentrates in fewer hands until it finally rests entirely among the hands of one person. In Lenin's time it was he. Now it is "Latin wielding exclusive dictatorial power over a population of the million people."

The same has come to pass in Italy, and now also in Germany.

Secondly, dictatorship rests on the sterilization idea that terror, coercion and force can educate the people to initiative and constructive work.

This is as fallacious as the antiquated idea that the rod is the best means to bring up children. To regenerate today would advance that barbarous idea any more. Yet that is just what dictatorship means for the adult, and it is held, upheld and defended as the most effective means.

Thus Mussolini's proud boast is that his scheme has stimulated conditions in Italy. The railways run on schedule time. Evidently the dictators did not, though, view Mr. Bonny McDonald arrive in Venice! And that no beggars are to be seen on the streets.

Of what avail is it that railroads be on time when the railway unions and all the shop independent revolutionary labor organizations have been destroyed and the workers simply turned into mere robots of all that goes on? * * *

The tourist may rejoice that he is on "no-beggar islands," "because our citizens are not beggars." But that has abolished the need for beggars. For never at any time has there been such work and poverty in Italy as under the Fascist rule. The workers have been deprived of the right to strike, of any opportunity to improve their material conditions.

Unless we only in our days grow less, so that all the claims for constructive achievements are yet to come. Meanwhile every step of his has meant destruction, alienation and ruin — the shame of Germany that assassins, outside, can never forget.

(That is: * * * English notes. The others in pencil and in German. I have noted a few things down of them for quick. Put necessary k. t. v. In returning, you will have notes on this subject.)

P.S. In your notes there is no p. 8, but there is an extra page 5, which need not be copied.***
"Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and count yourself the king of infinite space; it is to know not as yet that you are under sentence of life, nor petition that it be commuted into death."

Parents forget so easily what they were as children, and yet those who have some recollection are frequently rebuked for spoiling their children. To treat a child as something very different from the man is not in accord with the classic way of rearing a child. It violates all usage and defeats the familiar argument. To spare the rod has been a heresy...
of the worst kind, and that heresy is beginning to prevail as orthodoxy. It is only within our own time that the child has been recognised as having an identity of his own, worthy of study and sympathy and respect. Yet even to-day parents and teachers are often the enemies of the child.

George Bernard Shaw writes:

The Sin of Nadab and Abihu.

"There is an active Society which brings to book a good many parents who starve and torture and overwork their children, and intimates a good many more. When parents of this type are caught, they are treated as criminals; and not infrequently the police have some trouble to save them from being lynched. The people against whom children are wholly unprotected are those who devote themselves to the very mischievous and cruel sort of abortion which is called bringing up a child in the way it should go. Now nobody knows the way a child should go. All the ways discovered so far lead to the horrors of our existing civilizations, described quite justifiably by Uncle Tom's Cabin and the most beautiful human maggots, struggling with one another for scraps of food. Pious fraud is an attempt to pervert that precious and sacred thing, the child's conscience into an instrument of our own convenience, and to use that wonderful and terrible power called shame to grind our own axe. It is the sin of stealing fire from the altar—a sin so inhumanly practised by popes, parents, and pedagogues, that one can hardly expect the nurserymaids to see any harm in stealing a few cinders how they are worried?
The abuse of children, are based upon the old theory of parental ownership which gives parents the right to do what they will with their children. In early times, too frequently, for economic reasons infanticide was practiced. Often simply because babies were a nuisance and required a stable organization of the home, they were disposed of ruthlessly.

The custom of burying children alive when parents die so that the child may wait on his elders in the great beyond is, psychologically speaking, a rationalization of an act which was determined by economic necessity. Superstition contributed to the swelling casualty lists among children. In some tribes infants whose birth caused the death of the mother were expeditiously killed. Those who were born on unlucky days, who sneezed shortly after birth, who were unfortunate enough to enter life with their teeth erupted, were given short shrift. The female always suffered more than the male, being considered superfluous. The early Greeks set up a precedent of
letting the father decide which of the children, if any, should survive.

Human sacrifice took its toll. To placate their inevitable gods, numberless children were offered. Koloch was not appeased until modern civilization replaced him by Samon.

Abraham went forth reluctantly to sacrifice his son. He accepted the call as a matter of duty and did not even let his grief persuade him from such a sacred command. The theory that the institution of human sacrifice to placate the gods was an elaborate device used by men to overcome the emotional objections to the sacrifice of the sort of the others. Originally, the reason may not have been religious or humanistic economic.

It was also true that the others would be more easily satisfied if the responsibility for the sacrifice were laid upon the gods.

Sometimes for worse than deaths, a sacrifice was the salvation of a house of children. Both Greeks and Romans wrought terrible ordnance upon their living so that the could be kept, for money for their masters; lawful.
But slave owners had something to learn in the refinement of cruelty. Industrial slavery of children combined all the horrors of mutilation, abuse and sacrifice.

"The social sins committed against children in the name of progress remain one of the darkest chapters in all of man's inhumanity to man. Children became useful in the economic scheme. Then machines were devised, simple enough for them to operate, the tragedy of the child began in earnest. Their life's blood was industrial machines. Unprotected by any law, they worked day and night, sometimes with chains about their ankles to prevent escape, until epidemics and death by exhaustion made room for other victims. But the industrial era brought forth its protests as well as its victims. Indignant writers like Dickens and Elizabeth Barrett Browning aroused public attention to the plight of the outraged children of industry."
But more than these reasons given by Shaw showing parents as a hindrance rather than a help to children, is the utter lack of understanding of the nature of the child, his inner world, and his need of articulating it. The child shows its individual tendencies in its plays, in its questions, in its association with people and things. But it has to struggle with everlasting external interference in its world of thought and passion. It must not express itself in harmony with its true, its soul's personality. It must become a thing, an object. Its questions are met with narrow, conventional replies, mostly we do not understand; and, when, with innocent, innocent eyes, it wishes to explore the secrets of the world, those about it quickly look the other way and put it in the same kind of a cocoon in a different place, here it can neither breathe nor grow freely.

But it knows that life, that life is a fiction that reflects the child's own soul, all its own energies begin to worry. Childhood may be filled with sorrow, doubt,
grief, anxiety, tears, anger, disgust, shame, discouragement, and despair, as well as with joy, confidence, enthusiasm, courage, pride, elation, and exaltation. At best, every childhood stores away memories of some unhappiness, injustice, or anxiety. The griefs and dislikes of a child are intricate but none the less real. As a matter of fact, the child is capable of terrible misery. Those who think otherwise must reflect that their own past is to some extent whatever process the child comes to have of conditions, they are vivid and memorable. Certainly they are the past moment in expression as will ever move. I write this under the theory of Emma Goldman's, once their memories is the best faith that their will strip them of their souls, and stand forth upon the plain of their beloved, at war or to all in different, without the slightest understanding, for the soul driving and the...
The Emma Goldman Papers

I'm a little more than half a mile down with the present climate, but the expectation is that the situation will improve. The Elma Coldman Papers I lie in the wing and all the records are in the proper place.

In the meantime, while we are still trying to determine the future of the child, neither the mother nor the father wants to hear the loud knocking of the young people that demand attention.

The inclination of parents to mold the personality of the child in the form that they have determined to be proper and to the utmost possible to mold the personality, the lust to develop the instinct of parents to mold the personality of the child in the form that they have determined to be proper and to the utmost possible to mold the personality, the lust to develop the personality of their child, neither the mother nor the father wants to hear.
can confer upon him. But how many parents have that rare quality of love which should instill respect for the inner needs of the child? Very few indeed. The majority impose themselves on their children as gods. They take advantage of childish credulity and parent worship to persuade their children that what they approve of is right and what they disapprove of is wrong; they impose a corresponding conduct on the child by a system of prohibitions and penalties, for which they claim divine sanction.

Methods used to begin to hamper the free development of the child.
vital causes of laziness.

Dr. Wylie in his brilliant work, "The Challenge of Childhood", tells us that -

"The causes of laziness are to be found in any one of three conditioning factors, or in various subtle combinations of the three. They are: intellectual weakness, emotional instability, and volitional indifference.

The emotional phases of mental activity are exceedingly varied. Obviously, emotional instability, so common in the adolescent period, provides a favorable basis for inactivity. The susceptibility to easily wounded feelings, the sharp reactions against ridicule and censure, offer unusual discouragements. The occurrence of emotional revolt tends to lessen the resistance to refuse conventional views. If the child becomes accustomed to rigid criticisms, there is a definite decrease in his self-reliance, and failure will be sure and seek the approval of others, and even they lose their sensitiveness to the tone, with emotion is either destroyed or so weakened that its place is taken by one of lower driving power.

"The mere addition to physical labor does not of itself constitute laziness. There are emotional factors, of continuous character that, far from representing weakness of emotion, result in forms of
activity not essentially laborious in character. This is well represented in the emotional outpourings of artists, philosophers, dreamers, and musicians, whose early lives not infrequently reflect an indisposition to physical activity. A failure to dwell in the real, though conventional, living world, and a tendency to establish one's world for self-satisfaction, may result in mental preoccupation. This requires the ready directness of attention to the formalized work that has been established as of benefit to the community, but it is not necessarily properly adapted to each and every individual. The point-by-point in itself be the cause of inactivity, that leads to the type of behavior so often resulting in the stigmatizing of children as dreamers, dawdlers, patterners, or slackers. In such a case it is the child's emotional state that should be investigated with sympathy, and not the child who should be driven, forced, cajoled, or caused in an attempt to secure his conformity.

In activity, art, science, or business, even when occupation and contented health, cannot be overcome by verbal abuse or by constant arguments to the worth of industry. The driven child is more likely to develop dislike for work than is the child whose real or spontaneous interests compel him to activity.
Dr. Jane gave some very striking examples of the
effect of fear in the child awakened by stupid parents.

Jane,

Jane, a nineteen year old girl of excellent family, was

disturbed by the fear of incipient insanity. As she walked

along the street she was worried by the thought that she was

being watched and that she attracted unusual attention and

caused comment. She complained that on entering a car or

a room people began to talk about her. Her state of mind
approached a psychosis, although it might be classified as an
anxiety neurosis. Insomnia, fidgetiness, weeping, lack of
concentration, and partial failure of memory were accompani-
ments of her distress, but all were subordinated to the fear
that she was becoming insane.

Stripping off needless details, the causation of
this marked pathological trend of Jane's emotional and
intellectual life lay in her twelfth year. An alert mother,
watching over her only daughter with more care than judgment,
thought she and detected the twelve year old girl in the act
of masturbation. There was no preliminary investigation, no
discussion, no wise counselling. The keynote of her remarks
was, "If you do that you will go crazy when you are nineteen
years old." Now need she not, fear, and self-reproach
fill her fertile mind. Her grief at the age of sixteen
was keen. Jane was really detected in the act by her mother, the
identical formula was repeated with an air of sincerity
and faculty. Then began the period of the subconscious
cultivation of fear which lasted until Jane's nineteenth.
birthday. Two months thereafter a prophecy was on its way to fulfillment. The innocent event of the beginning of adolescence had been transformed into a potential tragedy in a young, woman's life.

Errors are much more easily induced than they are cured.

It would seem advisable to apply the method of disuse so far as possible, and prevent children from becoming frightened, especially in the extreme degrees of alarm. Paroxysms of terror are as dangerously potent for the psychic life as are the effects of tuberculosis for the physical life. The paralyzing effect of thirty.
The first study of a child was made by a physiologist, Tiedemann. This was not until 1787.

For nearly a century after Tiedemann the subject lay dormant. At the time that G. Stanley Hall was returning from the psychological laboratory of Kraepelin, Prayer issued "The Iq of the Child." To this day, no better record has been kept of the child’s mental development.
G. Stanley Hall organized and gave vitality to the whole movement for child study. His was the first effort to observe the minds and activities of a group of children. His book, "The Contents of Children's Minds on Entering School", removed from speculation the question of a child's mental equipment at a fixed age. Incidentally, this book stimulated world movement to collect and arrange such data.

On Child Experience.

The experiences of a child are limited. In comparison, those of the adult are immense. The lessons learned from actual experience are of benefit to the child by transference. The child who has once conflicted with an enemy in the child's territory learns to hate all teachers. At school, and after school, he is forced to endure the realization of an accentuated situation. The child must learn to comprehend the delicacy of this matter on as from the store of his own experience, distill the child's mind of the notion that all teachers and all schools are inimical.
If we were to sum up comprehensively, yet briefly, how to understand children's active nature, we would say - watch them at play. Play is, truly, their chief business in life. In its many varied forms we may see revealed the possibilities for the development it affords, the dominant interests at different age levels, some distinctive characteristics of boys or girls, and get the clues as to the needs of childhood.
A second need of active children is time. This may sound ridiculous when we think of the long "golden days of childhood", so free in retrospect from the pressure of care and the rush of work of which we are now so conscious.

Yet the fact remains that "poor little child", as well as her fellow citizen of the slums, already a victim of child labor, may have no free time in which to play, since she is so constantly supervised, so hurried from study to social engagement.

Obviously, then, in selecting toys one consideration should be that the children can "do with" them. Ver. often the simpler the toy the richer it will be in possibility of manipulation or imagination, and therefore the more stimulating. It is the joy in activity that is the essence of play, not mere passive duplication of technical perfection. Better the box of sewingpins from which people and longshawls can be constructed, than the most complicated, and therefore finished limited, technical doll.

Another is that of intelligent suggestion of play.
and occupations that will open up new vistas to the child
and prevent his remaining bored on a low level of achievement
when he is ready for something further.

With a child who lacks initiative, this method of
stimulation is very helpful; and for many groups, wise
guidance will provide opportunities for enjoyment and progress
which they would be unlikely to discover for themselves.

It is in this sense that we tend on of supervision, by which
teachers must fulfill its function of leading and encouraging
along the path of adventure, and avoid the fatal mistake
of driving and commanding along the track of slavery. For
children must grow naturally, do not want to be "bossed" in
their own particular way.

The function of a teacher is to attempt to
not the personality of the child in the form that they think
is the right one. This tendency is almost sure to be wrong,
and can be harmful. It is easy, but it, the components
that go into the making of personality and their relation,
is altogether a too complex affair to warrant anyone in
attempting the application of any hard and fast rules. The
impetus and initiative must come from within the child and it
should be the function of parents and teacher alike to
attempt to find out what it is that is seeking expression and
help the child in the unfolding of development of these
tendencies. Great Jones has well compared this situation
to the earlier situation in the case of the poet. The
inspiration of the true artist must come from within and
any attempt to duplicate it or use it will fail unless,
merely imitating, they are to maintain it and feel as a
spontaneous product of his own. To be told what to do,
and not be able to do it, however, is not fun. Since
the artist is "in freedom of choice,
which the adult constantly makes the mistake of
supposing, that if the child does not understand will not be
attended to, it will create no impression. As a matter
of fact the child is explicitly told to all that goes on
about it and if it does not understand in the adult sense
that does not prevent it from coming to its own conclusions."
as to what is meant, and that is just what it does.

This brings me to the greatest offense of parents and teachers, their ignorant, or willful deception of the child in sex enlightenment.

From the earliest questioning of children as to the functions of their own bodies, as to where babies come from, as to animal mating, they may observe, we may give the scientific truth with all the atmospheres of interest in the true and the beautiful. Children get information anyway — it is the parents' privilege to see that they get the right kind in the right way, instead of from questionable sources.

It is a morbid, even obscene emotional coloring. Parental recognition of the fact that sex lays in life and living, is of fundamental importance. Science answers, truth answers.

We are not for the dangerous and flimsy statements couched in language suited to the mind of the child. To safeguard the growth of the child's mind there must be a greater recognition of parental responsibility for dealing honestly and truly in the development of sensibly...
established attitudes regarding the problems of sex.

Above all parents and teachers must learn to differentiate between sex and morality. They must learn to understand that morality can not be enforced from without. We can force an external obedience, but a genuine character is always the outcome of what the child himself wishes at heart to do and to be at very early times already. Those that he has likes, dislikes, impulses, propensities of his own. In recent years there have received close study; and thanks to the witches of literature, Lil, Corinna, Lissy, Thornlike, Dr. Jekyll, Mr. Hyde, the relations between these impulses and passions have to be our chief study. Our cue is to try to make the child to recognize them, but to turn them in the right direction.

It must ever be remembered that the child is a living, growing, developing thing. Not in peace with him in his life to all extent hold his future.
And now I hear cries of protest all around. First my own schoolmasters, or their ghosts, asking whether I was cruelly beaten at school? No; but then I did not learn anything at school."

"By schooling I did not a great deal of harm and no good whatever: it was simply dragging a child's soul through the dirt; but I escaped Pinares and Creata just as I escaped Johnson and Osby. And this is what happens to most of us. We are not effectively coerced to learn: we strive off punishment as far as we can by lying and trickery, by guessing and using our wits; and when this does not suffice we scribble impositions, or suffer extra penalties. "Keeping in" was the phrase in my time— or let the master strike us with a cane and fell back on our pride at being made to bear it physically (not being allowed to hit us too hard), to suffer the discomfort should have been taught to die rather than endure."

"...I remember only one case in which such mercy was threatened; and in that case the culprit, a drunkard, was dismissed household, or possibly, being a mad Belle, was kicked by her. She did not kick me; she would ever dream of expelling me. The truth was that she had set so much store on the institution. In no way was she kept there against his will. That was why we were kept there when his expulsion would have been an unseizable relief and benefit both to his teacher and himself."
Unfortunately school systems are wont to entertain the idea of uniform personality and mental endowment in dealing with the school population. The school should concern itself with the training and education of the instinctive and emotional phases of child life along with its devotion to the cause of intellectual development. Certainly the first step requires an appreciation of the fundamental differences in cerebral endowment.

The ideal of the average pedagogue is not a complete, well-rounded individual being; rather does he seek that the result of his art of pedagogy shall be automatons of flesh and blood, to best fit into the treadmill of society and the emptiness and fullness of our lives. Every home, school, college and university stands for dry, cold, utilitarianism. Overloading the brain of the pupil with a tremendous amount of ideas, handed down from generations past. "Facts and data", as they are called constitute a lot of information, well enough perhaps to maintain every form of authority and to create awe for the importance of possession, but only a great true understanding of the human soul.
and its place in the world.

Truths dead and forgotten long ago, conceptions of the
world and its people, covered with mould, even during the
times of our grandmothers, are being hammered into the heads
of our young generation. Eternal change, the essential
variations, continual innovation, are the essence of life.
Professionals pedantry knows nothing of it; the systems of
education are being arranged into files, classified and
numbered. They lack the strong, fertile seed which, falling
on rich soil, enables them to grow to great heights, they are
warm and incapable of awakening spontaneity of character.
Instructors and teachers, with dead souls, operate with dead
values. Quantity is forced to take the place of quality.
The consequences thereof are inevitable.

Then the child re-enters adolescence, it is, added
to the home and school restrictions, with a vast amount of
hard traditions of social morality. The curvatures of love
and sex are met with absolute ignorance by the majority of
parents, who consider it as something indecent and improper.
The rational course is to offer an external stimulus of such primitive instincts as curiosity, pugnacity, and the like.

There is little question but that the undue stress placed upon precepts as to the value of work is counteracted by the obvious acclaim that the community so frequently yields to those who do the least physical labor. Many children are aware of this distinction and they desire to ally themselves with the honoured group who labor least rather than with the group whose apparently more arduous efforts are attended with little material returns and social recognition.

It has been stated that a voluntary act requires
(1) an idea of the thing to be attained, (2) a desire for its attainment, (3) a belief in the possibilities of its realization, (4) a memory of similar action in the past, and (5) a sense of comfort or relief with the accompanying strain toward the establishment of the desired end. Accepting these for the time being, one perceives the manifold possibilities of interference with a voluntary activity.

Any one of these five conditioning elements may be
Lacking. How frequently does a child say, "What's the use?" "What good will it do me?" "I don't see where it's going to help me." "I don't think it's worth while." How frequently does the child remember his previous failure in efforts in the same direction? How often is there realization of an inability to bring things to pass? Around each of these is a cluster of associations involving emotional reactions that are of a powerful, obstructive, or impelling character. This is merely another way of stating the need of cognitive, effective, and conative elements in the release of energy. A very powerful contribution to inertia or "LaZiness" is malnutrition. The relation between nutrition and mental development is shown in the simplest form in infancy. The well nourished baby cries and laughs; he eats, sleeps, and takes interest in the life about him, offering no difficulty in his relations with others beyond the effort to get what he wants. The poorly nourished infant is fretful, irritable, nervous; his sleep is disturbed, and everyone associated with him suffers because of his condition. Such an infant is
rightly considered a sick child, and is treated accordingly. He needs mental treatment in the way of training and control, but this is futile without physical treatment to bring him into a normal state of nutrition.

Unless this malnutrition is promptly removed, further mental effects appear as the child grows older. Instead of a natural reaching out into the various forms of activity that are essential to his well-being, there appears an attitude of defence and a desire to be left alone which are fatal to normal social relationships. The child's interests are narrowed, and his whole attitude becomes negative.

Unfortunately personality traits develop, such as self-centeredness, shyness, lack of confidence, selfishness, jealousy, fearfulness, depression, day-dreaming, and usual attachments.

As the sentimental emotions develop, the situation grows more and more complex, and it is difficult to separate cause and effect. Now we have the child's physical condition affects his mind, or to what degree his mental condition affects his body.
By process of elimination we have left but few instances in which, with either justice or propriety, a child's conduct may be characterized as "lazy". As terms of finality, too much use is made of such characterizations as lazy, loafer, sloucher, slacker, truant, dawdler, and the like. As characterizations these words should be regarded as indicative of symptoms or manifestations of disorder. It is wrong to blame children for so-called "laziness" - wrong to denounce them without first making a thorough investigation of the underlying reasons for their conduct. Only after study and insight, when no other definite cause for the conduct disorder can be determined, is one ever justified in regarding the laziness as basic, - that is, as a probable evidence of psychic constitutional inferiority. And certainly the inherently inferior child, already penalized by nature in the struggle for existence, should not be forced to wear an opprobrious label for a character that is not in the least his fault.
quotation.

Parents either no child
must never be
forfeited of it

opposed to the suggestion
that the child shall be recognized as
independence and
freedom, discipline.

quale than page 2

Page 3 above at
children parental
and within can
do what they will.

The Emma Goldman Papers
The Child and Its Enemies [Emma Goldman] [1926?; draft, fragment].
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page 3

early times

were terrible abuses

of children due
to superstition or

economic reasons

killed or left to

die, sacrificed
to the gods, or

abandoned. As

children should

want an older

older want

the because the

birth of the child

after the death of the mother
The female always suffered more

To overcome emotional objections
of mother, father, and the
father did the sacrificing.
The Mother, more in important function than the father, because she is more needed by the child. That whenever the child needs of the mother to emerge into life completely, the child values these matters individually and social value, the system of maternal wealth of Marx to produce it. More so.
-27-

As often have we heard, "That crazy teacher, how I vote her!" "That hard-faced teacher, it makes me nervous every time I see her room. "That sarcastic teacher, you can never say anything to make her look sensitive."

But when we examine the situation which is so mistreatment. So few realize that the greatest requisite for good teaching is the free personal influence that can come only through understanding, the natural history of the child, and this must include appreciation of the needs and responses of the child's sensitive, the thought, the psychopathic personality.
something disgraceful, almost criminal, to be suppressed
and fought like some terrible disease. The love and tender
feelings in the young plant are turned into vulgarity and
courseness through the stupidity of those surrounding it,
so that everything fine and beautiful is either crushed
like other or hidden in the innermost depths, as a great sin,
that dare not face the light.

Fortunately the new approach to the child is gradually
toim away with all the antiquated conceptions of education.
It lays stress on the child as the primary factor in edu-
cation or the school as well as educational methods only as
secondary factors.
The Emma Goldman Papers

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And now that I have pointed out the harm parents often do to their children it is necessary to turn to the other enemies of child life — teachers, and the system of education. On this subject we must again turn to Bernard "Now,

"They send their children to school, and there is, on the whole, nothing in earth intended for innocent people so horrible as a school. To begin with, 'It is prison. But it is in some respects more cruel than prison."

"It is a mostly business, quite beyond words, this school..."
So much for the many causes of "laziness".

And now - as to the effect of fear. "Shame" or "Dame"

Appealing to the motive of fear, is one of the most dangerous procedures in the case of a serious child. And there is no question that many of the patients in hospitals today and the foundation for their insanity laid in school.

It only is not true, but it is also true that we can detect what might be called incipient insanity in many of the children in attendance at the public schools. We do not call it insanity, but psychopathy, instability, or mild mental insufficiency.
Between the selfish tyrant and the kind-medler ninety percent of children become marred physically, mentally, and morally. This is now maintained by many authorities on child life that nervousness, awkwardness, and delinquency, in a very large number of instances, are traceable to home influences, more particularly to those of the parents. 

In one state (Ohio) the need for accommodations for juvenile delinquents is so great that although the law states that a child committed to the industrial school must remain until he is 21 years of age, unless earlier reformed, the officials have been obliged to establish a fiction whereby each child is reformed in twelve months. The two institutions, one for the boys and the other for the girls, are thus regularly emptied very twelve months, in order to make room for the new cases that must be provided for.

The average parents use the methods in dealing with
"In many families it is still the custom to treat childhood frankly as a state of sin, and impudently proclaim the monstrous principle that little children should be seen but not heard, and to enforce a set of strict rules designed solely to make cohabitation with children as convenient as possible for adults without the smallest regard for the interests, either remote or immediate, of the children. A selfish tyrant you know, where to love, and he (or she), if least, does not confine your affections, but conscientious and kindly adder my literally worry you out of your senses."
However at least the street gamin of the past found some interest in his beggary. The slate picker in American

life is cursed by the monotony of his work to a stunted physical and mental development. Statesmen who are made aware of these menacing conditions make slight effort to remedy them. Their public excuse before election day is that anything alleviating enactment would be contrary to traditional American constitutional procedure. In what calle

The economic cause for the afflictions visited upon children has been looked upon as rather deplorable, but, on the whole, reason for the logic use of the kind that was responsible for the death of the goose that laid the golden eggs. By a curious perversion of thinking, employers considered
punishments for minor offenses were little less severe. Considered death as an adequate punishment and deterrent for talking back to one's parents.

The ancient institution of slavery brought great profits to the masters from the sweat and blood of children. The fairly universal practice of selling children was a secure speculative investment, promising quick returns, to the men who tolerated the children. The golden age of the Greeks swayed in perilous balance upon a substratum of slavery. The auction block is not the symbol of negro slavery alone, nor is it associated together with ancient history. Even at present, the child is considered a marketable commodity for exploitation in field, factory, and mine.
The Emma Goldman Papers
The Child and Its Enemies / Emma Goldman. — [1926?], draft, fragment. — 1 p., 30 x 21 cm.
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Page of the document: "The modern slavery of the child".

"On the whole, whatever our theory or no theory may be, our practice is to treat the child as the property of its" [illegible] parents, and to allow them to do what they like with it as far as it will let them. It is a right to do as they please in this respect; in short, its condition is that which adults recognize as the most miserable and dangerous politically possible for themselves.

"The condition of slavery. For its alleviation we first treat to the natural affection of the parties, and to public opinion. Careful regard for its own credit let his children alone. Also, in a very large section of the population, parents finally become dependent on their children. Thus there are webs of child slavery which is not evil, but to use the word, is the case of abuse in industrial slavery. Occasionally and cases where the children, when are real, the much more usually childlike and a child is excessively..."
More than sixty years ago, Meredith wrote:

"We are students of words; we are shut up in schools and college and recitation rooms for ten or fifteen years, and come out at last a bag of wind, a memory of words, and do not know a thing." And to-day his criticism continues to hold good in many ways in spite of a number of so-called reforms forced upon the school by the persistent urgings of fervent prophets of the new day both in and out of the profession;
The Emma Goldman Papers
[The first Russian theatre. In German] Erste Russische Theatre... / Emma Goldman. — [1926, draft, fragment]. — 8 p.; 22 x 17 cm.
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The Adresechte Frei
gegründet gewesen war die
gemeinsame Ausführung des
1926, der Russischen
Theater in ihrem ersten gegen
über der jungen russischen
Regierung und dem
Künstler, die von
dem jungen
Dramaturgen, Alexandr
Bergmey, das erste Theater direkt von
1944, das nun das
erneut

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Die erste Russische Theke... / Emma Goldman. [1929, draft, fragment]. 8 p.; 22 x 17 cm.

The Emma Goldman Papers

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Mit der Gründung der ersten großen russischen Dramatiker in St. Petersburg, hat sich ein neues Theater in Russland erschaffen, das von den systematischen Kampagnen der Regierung freigesagt wurde.

Wie viele andere Theater auch, wird es eine Art Theater der Volksmen genannt, das sich die junge, dynamische und lebendige Kunst der Herren und Damen der Literatur, dem eigentlichen Kulturkampf in Russland, widmet.
drei grösste P. dramatische
Folgen mit gewogenen
Muskeln. Und dafür
die erste Zahl von
dem 14. Jahrhundert
enthalten das erste
G Hauptland K. Reiter
Nathalie Reiter
Aquincum, einem Gebäude
von grösster Kunst. Von der
toer. D. S. Jäger, der
toer. Kunstler. Hall
Mollevalay, Jäger, von
etre. N. H. R. K. H. von
toer. der Kunsthalle
generell. Und es
mit noch bemerkens
grosser Bedeutung auf die
Büro, dann eine ausdrucksdruckerei Schale
von dramatischen Randplänen geschaffen die
echte dramatische Szene
welche es seinen
Bewerksgang in die End
und Gedächtnis der Welt
speielen.

Die Probezeichnung des Erzählt
liegt den

man jede Zeile nun

Ein

tiefe Stimmung

man

man

mit

man

man

man

man
die Dohler und zu der
bewesen y vorliegen eine
Dynamik

Näheres kein mal mit
die Vervielfältigung mit der
Natur und geht greif
in dem Belect in Bucht
van die Rolle welche
von den Spielern, Student
dei und schon gleich
character van die Rolle
welche von den Student
vandalen sich seinen
Sandalen laufen grund
Geben jede Klasse zu
vorgürtung in der Rassist
mit einem violet der Chorier
Demel nicht an ihr seit
zu noch oder möchte
zu spielen die geliebte
Ballade zu
gerne
weg
nach
grüß.

Künstler,

as Russia.

Rusland.

Welt.

Dramatisch

Drama

Malheu.

Fürein.

Doch mit
die reie Kunde

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In the Russian theatre, in German Erste Russische Theatere... I Emma Goldman. — [1926, draft, fragment]. — 8 p.; 22 x 17 cm.

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INTRODUCTION

This work originated in a series of lectures I delivered in London and the provinces during the winter of 1925. My lecture notes, reworked and extended, are now presented to the English reading public in this volume.

I am aware that quite a number of books have already been published in England and America on Russian literature and the drama, many of them very admirable works dealing with the various phases of Russian creative art. Yet their authors, neo-Lunlrians, have generally failed -- in my opinion -- to deal sufficiently with the factor which I consider most vital in the understanding of a country's creative work: -- the social background and personal environment that play such a determining role in moulding our lives and our vision. Without a better appreciation of this most important angle of Russian literature, the subject must continue to be very inadequately understood by Anglo-Saxon readers. Even the critics, I regret to say, who are supposed to be better informed than the public, go on stumbling in the dark in this matter.

This situation is aggravated by the more than inadequate reviews of Russian plays in the English and American publications. Unless the critics be Lunlrians, more or less familiar with the atmosphere of their country, as reflected in its literature, their appraisement often totally misses the significance of the work.
One finds a leading British dramatic critic, for instance, characterising the heroes of some of Chekhov's plays as "a lot lot". The bad production of a great dramatist may naturally confuse and mislead the average audience. But from a critic one is justified in expecting better perception, one not based merely on the accidental interpretation of some actor. Such perception, however, can be founded only in the understanding of the period of a given writer, in knowing his life and struggle, his hopes and ideas -- in short, the social and spiritual atmosphere of the author.

Russian critics of note understood the importance of the above; hence they strove to elucidate the social and creative struggle of the great Russian dramatists. Beginning with the earliest writers to the moderns of present-day Russia, all had travelled the thorny road of Golgotha. Through personal struggle and suffering, they learned the pulsations of Russia and to articulate the silent masses, who, like themselves, had been nailed to the cross.

Interest in Russian art and letters has in recent years become very general in England and America. Not only because of the creative void in Europe, the aftermath of the world war. Literary taste is no longer the monopoly of the few; the many hunger for good books and plays. In the Russian authors they find not only art and beauty, but also that deep humanity which strikes
a responsive chord in the hearts of the masses
who live the problems that seek solution in
life as in art.

Another reason for the growing popular-
ity of Russian art must we sought in the great
cataclysm of 1917, which has hurled Russia upon
the conscience of the world. Everything that
comes from that enigmatic land is now gaining in
significance and fascination to thinking people
outside of Russia. Of course, is her creative art which has been
such a powerful factor in influencing thought and
clarifying what is best and intrinsic in that
country.

I cannot sufficiently express my
indebtedness to the writers, both Russian and
English, who have preceded me with their works on Russia. Thanks to them my task has been
made lighter and my research work facilitated
by the study of their material. I am especially
grateful to the translators of Russian plays and
letters from which I have taken the liberty to
quote. A list of them the reader will find at the
end of this volume.

In preparing this volume I have been
impelled by an earnest desire to convey to English
readers the atmosphere and idealism which permeate
the works of the Russian dramatists — the spirit
which I myself have come to understand more clearly through my recent sojourn in Russia than from years of study of their works.

If this volume will bring my readers closer to the life and work of a Gogol, Tolstoy, or Tchekhov, if it will help them to understand Russia and its people, my efforts will not have been in vain.

Emma Goldman
The Emma Goldman Papers
Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work, Emma Goldman. 1920, draft, fragment. 40 p. 20 x 21 cm.
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CHAPTER THREE

GOGOL

In a letter to a friend Gogol wrote:

"Many attempts have been made to ascertain the dominant traits in my being. But it was only Itishkin who was able to lay his finger on the right spot. He once said to me, 'there never was a writer who possessed in as high degree as you the gift of painting the pettiness of mediocrity of man, of bringing out the trivialities of life and laying bare the meanness and sordidness of the average human soul so that it stares one in the face and there is no escape from it.' That is the fundamental trait of my being and that is indeed lacking in most writers."

There are few names in literature, certainly none in that of Russia, that can compare with Gogol in the power of portraying the monotony and flatness of the life of the so-called normal man and his deadly-dull background. Yet Gogol was not a naturalist in the limited sense. His greatness consisted in being able to blend the natural with the fantastic, the ordinary with the unusual. With him the ordinary diffuses into the mist and his laughter often turns..."
into agonized shrieks. Gogol is the great
Russian of world dimensions.

Nikolai Vassilevitch Gogol was
born in March, 1809, in a small town near
Poltava in the Ukraine, the beautiful and
romantic south of Russia. He attended
gymnasium in a small provincial town near
Kiev, but from the point of view of
institutional appraisement Gogol fell very
short. Instead his literary leanings
manifested themselves at an early age, when
the boy began contributing to the school
journal.

Young Nikolai's literary ambitions,
his love of the theatre and histrionic
ability apparently came to him by inheritance.
His father was the author of several plays
in which he frequently acted himself, and
he possessed considerable gifts as a story
teller. But with this heritage Gogol pere
also left his son a frail physique and
an abnormal leaning towards introspection,
a sorry heritage to enable one to grapple
with life. Nikolai gained little from
school in the way of an education, but his
passion for literature and painting made
up for much that schools never can give
to ardent souls. Ardour was Gogol's
most dominant trait, the intense longing
to escape the humdrum of life, to rise
above the ordinary, to become a force.
This tendency was interpreted by some of his
biographers and commentators as vanity and
conceit, a sort of egalomania. In reality
no one so lacerated and flagellated his
soul with doubts in his own possibilities
as Gogol. He felt that to be able to
support at all the dail, round of nothing-
ness one must create one's own world far
above the common. This yearning for
greatness, together with his lack of faith
in himself, became the Golgotha of Gogol.
His inner conflict dominated his whole life,
now raising him to sublime heights, now hurl-
ing him into blackest abysses. Thus he
writes to his mother in 1829:
"I often wondered how it is that
God has created a unique and rare heart, a
soul which is full of ardent love for all
that is lofty and beautiful, and why has He
enveloped all this in such a rough exterior?
Why has He combined all this with such a
terrible mixture of contradictions, obstinacy,
insolent conceit and base humblility? But
my perishable mind is not strong enough to
fathom the great designs of the Almighty."
Two years previously he had
written to his uncle:
"Cold sweat pours down my face
at the idea that I shall perhaps perish
in dust, without making my name known by a single remarkable deed. To live in this world without making my existence worth while would be terrible. I have meditated on all careers and state offices, and I have decided to take up jurisprudence. I see that here there is more work to be done than anywhere else, and that here alone I can be a real benefactor to humanity."

If there were no other evidence that Gogol's desire for greatness was not rooted in mere vanity, but that the deeper mainsprings lay in his passionate need of helping humanity, the anguish breathing in this letter should leave no doubt as to the nature of Gogol.

Added to his determination to study jurisprudence was also the fervent hope that he might get on the stage. His gift for mimicry and his leaning towards comedy made him think he would find an opening in the theatre. Thus equipped at the age of nineteen he went to St. Petersburg. But the fates had their arrows sharpened and Gogol's spirit was pierced incessantly in his weary march through life.

St. Petersburg proved cold and cruelly unresponsive to Gogol's fiery imagination. Large cities usually do to the new comer who has neither friend nor fortune. It appeared much more so to
this high strung, sensitive youth, coming as he did from the South with its natural warmth and beauty. He was made the more miserable by being told on every hand that he could never be an actor, his voice being too high-pitched and shrill.

Gogol tried his luck in literature. His first effusion, an idyll called "Hans Schönherrgarten", he published at his own expense, only to receive harsh criticism and condemnation that caused him to burn the manuscript. In despair he left Russia, but on reaching Lubeck he was seized with remorse and regret, and hastened to return to St. Petersburg. After many attempts he secured a small post in the Civil Service, a tortuous position for Gogol who quickly realised the abyss between his high hopes to serve humanity and the crass reality of the Government paralysing bureaucracy, and the revolting corruption of officialdom.

Gogol sought escape and relief in literary effort. His colorful imagination vividly painted the beauty of his home-land and wove stories from the life of the southern peasantry. "Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka" and other tales soon brought the young writer to the attention of the literary world. The
great poet Pushkin, Zhukovsky, Pletnyev, and other famous writers quickly sensed the genius of young Gogol. With rare generosity they sought to encourage and inspire the new literary star, foremost among them Pushkin. It was he who urged Gogol on when the moody youth would feel disheartened, and it was Pushkin who suggested to Gogol the themes of his masterpieces, "The Revisor" and "Dead Souls".

However, Gogol's early writings were not sufficient to keep him from want, and he was therefore compelled to accept a position as teacher in an educational institute. The remuneration was meagerly and the work of teaching dull and stupid youngsters was too much for Gogol's sensitive spirit. His capacity to absorb himself in his created work saved him from despair. But while his fame spread, it did not relieve him of material need. Again he was compelled to seek a more secure income, this time as a lecturer on history. But constantly haunted by such occupations, he finally resolved to devote himself entirely to his most compelling urge. Four years of intense literary effort followed, during which he produced "Mirgorod", "Taras Bulba", "
and a number of other fascinating stories.

Gogol's genius could not find adequate expression in mere estheticism. "Art for Art's Sake", the shibboleth of superficiality, did not touch the deeper needs of his passionate soul. His spirit kept digging into the roots of life and feeling, laying bare the human emotion beneath the tinselled cloak of the accepted and sanctified. In "Dead Souls", the epic of servitude, Gogol uncovers the lying face behind the grinning social mask, the "face of the devil." Surely not the theological devil with hoof and horns, his was the everyday devil, the true sovereign of mediocrity, -- the devil who often looks like a statesman, aristocrat, or some tradesman, and whom everybody admires and no one recognizes.

"I call things by their right name," Gogol wrote to a friend. "I do not dress the devil up in gorgeous cloaks like Byron, for I know he ware everyday dress." This unheroic devil whom we meet every day and who looks alarmingly like ourselves, Gogol fought all his life. Against this monster he waged war with all the acid of his satire, with all the incomparable ridicule of his mighty pen. This devil
which appears and reappears in all his novels, sketches, fragments, letters, and dramas. Gogol's "devil" is not demonical, not one capable of great passion either good or evil. Gogol's devil is ordinary and commonplace. He lives by loud talk, small frauds, and petty interests; he is just a nuisance, sometimes clever but more often dull, life's ever-present bore that stifles everything that is alive, virile and spontaneous.

The two principal characters in "The Revisor" and "Dead Souls", Khlestyakov and Chichikov are the very embodiment of such devils. With incomparable humor and biting satire, Gogol pictures them with all their trivial values, their cunning, their vulgar pursuits and petty vices.

His contemporaries failed to recognize the genius and motives of Gogol. They saw in him only the harlequin. They laughed to tears over his masterly comedies, "The Revisor", "The Wedding", and "The Gamblers", plays that were great stage successes. But excepting Lushkin, who unfortunately died so young, Zhukovsky, and one or two other writers, there was no
one in Russia who fathomed the bitter tears beneath Gogol's laughter. No one felt the turmoil of his creative spirit as reflected in his art, no one saw the appalling corruption of society beneath the mask of Gogol's humour. Lack of appreciation and his restless spirit drove Gogol from place to place. When his plays were viciously attacked, he felt it impossible to remain in Russia. He went abroad, wandering throughout Europe. He visited Switzerland, France, Austria, Germany, then Italy and Palestine. But it was Italy that charmed Gogol and became, at least temporarily, his new great passion. On his first visit to Rome, he wrote to a friend:

"With what relief I gave up Switzerland and flew to my sweetheart, to my beauty--Italy. She is mine! No one can take her from me. This is my real birthplace. Russia, Petersburg, snow, scoundrels, departments, university chairs, theatres -- all this was only a dream. Now I have awakened in my true homeland. The powerful hand of Providence has cast me under Italy's brilliant sky, for a special purpose, as it were -- that I should forget my grief, forget people, and everything, and that I should cling to her gorgeous beauty. She has now replaced all for me."
Seeking to quieten his inner torment, to "forget everything", and drinking in the
balm and beauty of the Italian atmosphere, Gogol busied himself with painting, for which
he had considerable talent. Not for long, however, did he rest content. His great
passion, literature, soon won him back, and presently he began his greatest work, "Dead
Souls".

Repeatedly visiting his beloved Italy
for more or less brief periods, Gogol finally
returned to Russia, unable to resist longer
the call of his native soil. There the
great tragedy of his life happened. Always
strongly mystical and religious, he fell under
the sway of the pietists. He was still in
the full senility of his creative career, but
the influence proved fatal, a veritable
martyrdom till his end. There began his
tragic conflict between art and theologic
fanaticism, lacerating Gogol's soul with
eternal doubt, the fear of damnation and the
evil of his art. Again and again his tortured
soul seeks relief in the self-assurance that:
"I love all that is good. I seek
it and burn with impatience to find it; but
I hate those base traits of mine and I do not
shake hands with them as my own characters do.
I hate my mean defects which separate me from
the good. I am struggling with them. I shall drive them out, and God will help me in this."

But God did not help him. His spokesman, the cruel and domineering priest, Matthew Konstantinovskiy, quickly gained entire control. Under his influence Gogol's vision was becoming clouded and his health impaired. Constant praying and fasting weakened his will and his last hold upon himself. In this condition he turned upon his former friends and ideas. Still more tragic was his loss of inspiration to create. He sought to compel himself to write. The agony of the process can be fathomed from Gogol's letter to his friend, Ksen. Smirnova, who according to Peter Kropotkin, was the main cause of Gogol's spiritual change. It was she who brought him under the influence of the pietists.

"God who knows better than I what time is convenient for our work has withdrawn from me, for a long period, the capacity for literary creation," Gogol wrote. "I tormented myself, I compelled myself to write; I suffered cruelly when I saw this helplessness of mine, and several times I made myself sick through such efforts, yet I was not able to do anything, and all that I did was artificial and bad. Often, often, I have been over-
whelmed by ennui, and even by despair, because of this..."

Out of this duality and soul torment no work of art could emanate. Instead the creator of the masterpieces, "The Devisor", "Dead Souls", "Taras Bulba", produced "Extracts from Correspondence with Friends", a sorry repudiation of his great works and a bigoted arraignment of literature in general. This fearful recantation alienated his friends from him and thrust him deeper into the clutches of his evil advisers. Still his creative urge continued to assert itself from time to time, occasionally with imperative force. Frequently, in the absence of the priest, Gogol would give rein to his creative soul and seek forgetfulness and relief in literary work. But when his tormentor would return, he would hurl anathemas at his victim, conjure and conjure up such harrowing phantoms of punishment for Gogol’s "sins" that the latter, subdued and terrorised, would grovel in the dust before the Priest and pray for forgiveness. It was at some such mad moment that Gogol burned the second part of "Dead Souls".

Added to this mental purgatory Gogol suffered intensely from some disease which the doctors failed to diagnose and which they treated blindly, causing the hapless patient unspeakable torment. Death relieved this martyred body and spirit, and Russia lost one of its literary giants on February 21, 1852. Truly it may be
of Gogol that his was a soul forever seeking for the good and beautiful in life, seeking it desperately and everywhere, and finding it nowhere. What a grand beginning -- what pitiful end!

Nikolai Vassilevitch Gogol wrote but a few plays, but those he created survive to this day for their dramatic power and profound social significance. His first works "The Vladimir Order", and "The Wedding" were promises of his subsequent comic masterpiece, "The Revizor".

"The Vladimir Order" treats the efforts of a crooked official to obtain the Vladimir order. But his aim is thwarted by official intrigue, as a result of which he loses his mind and imagines himself the Order of Vladimir. Most clever satire upon the corruption of Russian officialdom permeates the play. Unfortunately it was never finished because of the bolleneless that it would ever pass the censor. In reference to it Gogol wrote to a friend on February 20, 1833:

"i did not write to you that i went
mad over the subject for a comedy. It stuck in my mind all the time while I was in Moscow, on my journey, and also after I arrived here (St. Petersburg), but so far I have not finished anything. Not so long ago its content began to shape itself, even its title was already written on thick white paper — Vladimir of the Third Class; and how much malice, laughter and salt there was in it... But I suddenly stopped, seeing that my pen began to stumble over passages of which the censor would not approve for anything on earth. And what is the use of a play which cannot be produced at all: a play lives only on the stage. A play without the stage is like a soul without the body....

The only thing that remains to me is to write so as not to offend even the last police officer. But what again is the use of a comedy which is without truth and without malice?"

Gogol gave up finishing this play, though later he made a final version of a few scenes. After "he Vladimir Gross" he wrote "The Marriage", a rollicking comedy, with clever irony on the commercial character of some marriages. Mokholyevsky, a timid official, is induced by a professional matchmaker to sue for the hand and fortune of
of a merchant's daughter. The marriageable young lady, Agafya, sets the snare, and an excitable friend of lodkolysin inflates him with enough daring to visit the proposed bride. Fortune smiles upon him, and Agafya prefers him to all the other applicants, of which there are six. But at the height of his bliss over the approaching marriage, Lodkolysin takes fright at the inevitable change in the tenor of his life, and just before the marriage, desperate with terrifying thoughts, he escapes by jumping out of the window in the room of the expectant bride.

The play is full of unexpected situations and unique turns, bristling with the exhilarating dialogue of the numerous wooers, brought together in Agafya's house by the same matchmaker.

"The Devisor", which has also been translated into English as the "Inspector General", is Gogol's greatest comedy, full of "malice, laughter and salt." By the peculiar contradiction which always existed between the political and cultural attitude in Russia, Tsar Nicholas I was induced by the writer Shukovsky, a friend of Gogol, to have the play passed by the censor and produced. The Tsar himself attended the first performance and is supposed to have remarked laughingly, "Everyone has received his due
and I most of all." That did not prevent him, however, from sensing the danger of Gogol's satire.

"The revisor" plays in a small town, far removed from the center, which circumstances affords the local officials greater opportunity for graft and abuse with less danger of being found out. The play opens with the shocking report that a Government inspection is to visit the town to look into its affairs and examine into the doings of the city authorities. Yet more alarming is the news that "the revisor" is coming incognito. This information has been received by the gorodnitchy -- official head of the town -- from a friend in the capital and causes consternation. Not an official soul in the entire place that can afford to have light shed upon his life: the judge who prefers sport to meting out justice, his court room having been turned into a kennel for his favorite dogs; the warden of the hospital who has enriched himself by neglecting and robbing his patients; the head of the educational department who spends his time in gambling, leaving his pupils to the tender mercies of his German assistant who is no more solicitous about the welfare of the children entrusted to him; the police inspector, generally paralyzed drunk; the postmaster whose morbid curiosity induces him to open other people's letters. Gorodnitchy himself has more cause to fear discovery than his
subordinates. There is no abuse or crime he has not indulged in, from the imposition of heavy taxes on the merchants, the appropriation of the money contributed to the erection of a church, to the flogging of women. And suddenly this blow, the impending visit of the inspector, incognito. The consequences might be awful.

In great agitation the Gorodnitzky calls his staff together, informs them of the impending danger and commands them to put their house in order. With the Postmaster he has a special word to speak:

GOVERNOR. Well, I'm no coward, but I am just a little uncomfortable. The shopkeepers and townspeople bother me. It seems I'm unpopular with them; but the Lord knows if I've blackmailed anybody, I've done it without a trace of ill-feeling. I even think -- (buttonholes him, and takes him aside) -- I even think there will be some sort of complaint drawn up against me. Why should we have a reviser at all? Look here, Ivan Kuzmich, don't you think you could just slightly open every letter which comes in and goes out of your office, and read it (for the public benefit, you know), to see if it contains any kind of information against me, or only ordinary correspondence? If it is
all right, you can seal it up again; or simply deliver the letter opened.

PROFESSOR. Oh, I know that game... Don’t touch me there! I do it from pure curiosity, not as a precaution. I’m death on knowing what’s going on in the world. And they’re very interesting to read, I can tell you... now and then you come across a love-letter, with bits of beautiful language, and so edifying... much better than the Moscow News.

Into this tense atmosphere arrive the two town gossips, Bobotchinsky and Bobotchinsky, the most inimitable, rollickingly comic types in all the literature of Russia. They are the joy and comfort of the ladies because they know everybody’s most hidden secrets, and speaking of them freely. They now come direct from the town’s only inn where they discovered a young man and his servant. Many circumstances about them hint at the man’s being the expected reviser, the gossips think. Indeed, he is sure to be the reviser!

Greatly perturbed, the Gorodnitsky decides that the situation can be saved only by bribing the Inspector, and of course he, the gorodnitsky must win him over for himself. He rushes off to the inn, first leaving his order:

GUYERGRE. Well, hear me, then—this is what you are to do: the police-lieutenant— he is tall, so he’s to stand on the bridge—
that will give a good effect. Then the
old fences, near the bootmakers, must be
pulled down at once and scattered about,
and a post stuck up with a whip of straw,
so as to look like building operations.
The more litter there is the more it will
show the Governor's zeal and activity....

Good God! though, I forgot that about
forty cart-loads of rubbish have been
shot behind the fence. What a dirty
town this is! No matter where you put
a monument, or even a pelican, they
collect all kinds of rubbish from the
devil known where, and upset it there!

And if the newly-come chinovnik asks
any of the officials if they are contented,
they're to say: "Perfectly, your Honour;"
and if anybody is not contented, I'll
give him something afterwards to be dis-
contented about. . . (sighs a great sigh)

Ah-h-h! I'm a sinner -- a terrible
sinner! (He takes the hat-box instead of his
hat) Heaven only grant that I may soon
get quit of the matter, and then I'll give
such a taper for a thank-offering as has
never been given before! I'll levy three
puds of wax from every merchant for it!

Akh oshe moy, voshe moy! Let's be
gone, Peter Ivanovich! (tries to put
the hat-box on his head instead of the
hat.)
SUPERINTENDANT. Anton Antonovich,
that's the hat-box, not your hat.
GovernoR. (throwing the box down)
--n it! so it ist ... And if he asks
why the hospital chapel has not been
built, for which the money was voted five
years ago, they must mind and say that it
began to be built, but got burnt down.
why, I drew up a report about it. But of
course some idiot is sure to forget, and
let out that the building was never even
begun ... And tell Dershimorda that
he's not to give such free play to his
fists; guilty or innocent, he makes them
all see stars, in the cause of public
order. ... Come on, come on, Doboninski.
(Goes out and returns) And the soldiers
are not to be allowed in the streets with
next to nothing on; that scoundrelly
garrison only put their tunics on over	heir shirts, with nothing at all below.
(All go out).
The coquettish wife of the
gorodnitchy and her pretty but stupid
daughter remain behind in wild excitement,
speculating on whether the feared Inspector
be good-looking, dark or blond, with or
without a mustache.
The young man at the inn, whose
name is Khlestyakov, is merely a petty
official, a charlatan who has gambled away
his money while en route to visit his father's estate. He is dead broke and unable to pay his hotel bill. The inn keeper has refused him further credit and has threatened him with arrest. Khlestyakov is, in consequence, in a very dejected state of mind, aggravated by pangs of hunger. The world looks black to him and his difficulties insurmountable.

At that moment the Gorodnitchy arrives, in fear and trembling to pay his respects to the supposed revisor. Khlestyakov, thinking the official has come to arrest him, puts on a bold front, complains of the inn-keeper feeding him on "beef as tough as leather and the soup—the devil only knows what he's mixed it with. I was obliged to pitch it out of the window. He starves me all day". . .

The Gorodnitchy interprets the complaints against the inn-keeper as a veiled attack upon the conditions the inspector has found in the town. He suggests that Khlestyakov accompany him to other quarters. But the young man is enraged by what he believes to be a trick to get him into a cell.

KULESTAKOV. (Hesitates a little at first, but towards the end adopts a loud and confident tone) We—all, what was to be done? It's no—no fault . . . I really am . . . going to pay . . . they'll send me money from home. I Bob—
Oh, I'll not go with you. I'll go straight to the Minister. (Bangs his fist on the table) Who are you, pray, who are you?
GOVERNOR. (Starting and shaking all over) Have pity on me! Don't ruin me. I have a wife and small children! Don't make me a miserable man.

KHLESTAKOV. No, I'll not go with you! What's that got to do with me? Why am I to go to gaol because you've got a wife and small children! I like that -- that's beautiful! (Bobohinski looks in through the door and disappears in terror) No, much obliged to you, sir, but I'll not leave here!

GOVERNOR. (quaking) It was only my inexperience, I swear, only my inexperience! And insufficient means! Judge for yourself -- the salary I get is not enough for tea and sugar. And if I have taken any bribes, they were very little ones -- something for the table, or a coat or two... As for the sergeant's widow, who took to shop-keeping -- whom they say I flogged -- it's a slander, I swear, it's a slander. My enemies invented it-- they're the kind of people who are ready to murder me in cold blood!

After many funny situations the Gorodnitchy manages to lead Khlestakov to his house in triumph. There he is dined and wined and lavishly entertained. Finding himself in his new role, Khlestakov starts a violent flirtation with both mother and daughter, and when the former discovers here lover on his knees before her daughter, Khlestakov soothes matters by asking for the girl's hand. The father...
feels highly honored and flattered and
showered gifts upon his prospective son-in-
law. His subordinates naturally follow his
example. They, one by one, to pay their
homage and incidentally to curry favor with
the supposed inspector, bringing good Russian
roubles to bribe him. He saves them from an
awkward situation by concocting a story that
he has run out of money, consenting to borrow
from them -- and the poor dupes are happy to
obliged the distinguished visitor.

The merchants also arrive laden
with gifts to smooth the way for the comp-
plaints they mean to lodge against the
Gorodnitsky for mercilessly fleecing them.
Khlestakov is in clover, but his shrewd
servant, sensing that this happiness cannot
last long, prevails upon his master to
give some excuse and make off with the
booty, which Khlestakov proceeds to do.
Telling his host and his newly-won bride
that he must hurry to the Capitol to see
"His Highness", my uncle," he is given
the best horses, his sleigh packed with
gifts, and off he goes.

The Gorodnitsky in exhalation
over his success in having warded off
imminent danger and at the same time having
found such a brilliant match for his daughter,
generously makes the news quickly known,
and boasts of the great future awaiting him.
In the midst of his triumph the Postmaster hastens in in great excitement. He had just opened up another letter, this time, one written by the supposed Inspector General to a friend in Petrograd wherein he describes the extraordinary stupidity of the officials who mistook him for the Inspector. The Postmaster reads the letter to the incredulous Gorodnikov:

POSTMASTER (reads) "I hasten to let you know, my dear Tryapishkin, all about my adventures. On the way an infantry captain cleared me out completely, so that the innkeeper wanted to send me to gaol; when all of a sudden, owing to my Petersburg get-up and appearance, the whole town took me for the Governor-General. So now I am living at the Governor's; I do just as I please; I flirt madly with his wife and daughter — but I can't settle which to begin with. Do you remember how hard up we were, how we dined at other folk's expense, and how the pastry-cook once pitched me out neck-and-shoulders, because I had put some tarts I had eaten down to the account of the King of England? It is quite a different state of things now. They all lend me as much money as ever I please. They are an awful set of originals — you should die laughing if you saw them! You write
articles. I know: bring these people in.
First and foremost, there's the Governor --
he's as stupid as a mule . . . "

GOVERNOR. Impossible: it can't be there!

POSTMASTER. (showing him the letter)

Read it yourself!

GOVERNOR. (reads) "Stupid as a mule."
It can't be so -- you've written it yourself;

POSTMASTER. How could I have written it?

CHARITY COMMISSIONER. Read it!

LUKA. Read on;

POSTMASTER. (resuming) "The Governor --
he's as stupid as a mule . . . "

GOVERNOR. Oh, devil take it! Is it necessary to repeat that? As if it wasn't there without that?

POSTMASTER. (continue) hm . . . hm . . .
hm . . . "as a mule. The Postmaster too is a good fellow . . . . " (Stops) Well, he says something uncomplimentary about me too.

GOVERNOR. No -- read it out!

POSTMASTER. But what's the good?

GOVERNOR. No, no -- confound it, if you read any of it, read it all! Read it through.

CHARITY COMMISSIONER. Allow me; I'll have a try! (Puts on his spectacles, and reads) "The Postmaster is exactly like our office-beadle Mikheyev, and a rascal into the bargain -- he drinks like a fish.

POSTMASTER. (to the company) Well, the young blackguard ought to be flogged --
that's all!

CHARITY COMMISSIONER. (continuing)

"The Charity Commissioner is a regular pig in a skull-cap."

KAROBAH: (reading) "The Charity Commissioner, Bemlyanka, is a regular pig in a skull-cap."

CHARITY COMMISSIONER. (To the rest)

That's supposed to be witty! Pig in a
skull-cap. Who ever saw a pig in a skull-cap?

KANEKIN. (continue) "The School Director reeks of onions --"

LUKA (to the rest) Good God! And an onion has never crossed my lips!

JUDGE (aside) Thank goodness, there's nothing, at any rate, about me!

KANEKIN. (reading) "The Judge --"

JUDGE. (aside) Now for it! . . . (Aloud)

I think this letter is tedious. What the devil's the good of reading all that rubbish?

LUKA. No!

POSTMASTER. No, go on with it!

CHARITY COMMISSIONER. No, read it through!

KANEKIN. (resumes) "The Judge, Lyapkin-Tyapkin, is in the utmost degree moveron . . ."

(Stops) That must be a French word!

JUDGE. But the devil knows what's the meaning of it. It's bad enough if it's only swindler, but it may be a good deal worse.

KANEKIN. (goes on) "But, after all, the people are hospitable and well-meaning. Farewell, my dear Tyapkin. I myself should like to follow you— example and take up literature. It's a bore, my friend, to live as I do — one certainly wants food for the mind; one must, I see, have some elevated pursuit. Write to me at the Village of Podkalitovka, Saratov government." (He turns the letter over and reads the address)
"To the Well-Born and Gracious Master
Ivan Vasilyevich Tsyapichkin, Saint Petersburg, Post-office Street, Number
Nineteen-seventy, within the Courtyard, Third
floor, on the right."

Call up the ladies. What an unexpected rebuff!

Goldstein: He has as good as cut my
throat! I'm crushed, crushed -- regularly
crushed! I can see nothing -- only pigs'
snouts instead of faces, nothing else. . .
Catch him, catch him! (Gesticulates
wildly)

Footmaster: How can we catch him?

Why, as if on purpose, I told the manager
to give him his very best troika -- and
the devil persuaded me to give him an
order for horses in advance.

Jude: Well, here's a
pretty mess! the like of it has never
happened!

Judge: Besides, sire, confound it!
he has borrowed three hundred roubles of
me!

Charity Commissioner: And three
hundred of me too!

Footmaster (proans) Ah! and three
hundred from me as well!
BOCHINSKI. Yes, and Dobchinski and I, sire, in bank-notes.
JUDGE. (With a gesture of perplexity)
How was it, gentlemen, that we came to make such a mistake?
GOVERNOR. (Beats himself on the shoulders)
How could I? There's not such another old blockhead as I am! I must be in my dotage, idiot of a mutton-head that I am. . . Thirty years have I been in the service; not a tradesman or contractor could cheat me; rogues after rogues have I overreached, sharper and rascal I have hooked, that were ready to rob the whole universe! three governors-general I've duped! . . . Fooh! what are governors-general? (With a contemptuous wave of the hand) They're not worth talking about! . . .
ANNA. But this can't be so, Antosha; he's engaged to mashenka. . .
GOVERNOR. (Furiously) Engaged! Fooh!
A fig for your "engaged!" Confound your engagement. (In desperation) Look at me, look -- all the world, all Christendom, all of you see how the Governor's fooled! Ash! booby! dotard that I am! (Shakes his fists at himself) Ah, you fat-arsed! Taking an ictole, a rag for a man of rank! And now he's rattling along the road with his bells, and telling the whole world the story! Not only do you get made a laughing-stock of, but some quill-driver, some paper-stainer will go
and put you in a play! It's maddening! He'll spare neither your rank nor your calling, and all will grin and clap their hands... Who are you laughing at? laugh at yourselves!... Ah! you...

(Stamps on the ground fiercely) I would do for all the pack of scribblers! Ugh! the quill-splitter! damned liberals! devil's brood! I would sorag you all, I'd grind you to powder! you'd be a dish for the soul fiend, and the devil's cap your resting-place! (shakes his fist and grinds his heel on the ground. Then, after a short silence:) I can't collect myself yet. It's true, that if God would punish a man, he first drives him mad. To be sure, what was there like a revisor in that crack-brained trifler? Nothing at all! Not the semblance of half a little finger -- and all of them shout at once: the revisor, the revisor! who was it then who first gave out he was the revisor? Answer me!

During the violent outburst of the Gorodnitchy and the consolation of the assembled subordinates, the loud voice of a gendarme suddenly announces:

"The Inspector General sent by imperial command has arrived, and requests your attendance at once. He awaits you in the inn."

The whole group shift their positions and remain as if petrified -- the final scene.
without words.

In his 'Author's Confession', Gogol says of the 'Revisor':

"I saw that my former works made me laugh for nothing, uselessly, without knowing why. If it is necessary to laugh, then let us laugh at that which really deserves to be laughed at by all. In my 'Revisor' I decided to gather up in one place and deride all that is bad in Russia, all evils which are being perpetrated in those places where utmost rectitude is required from men."

But the initial performances of the piece were very unsatisfactory to its author. Writing to Pushkin about it, Gogol complains that:

play/actor

"The 'Revisor' was played but I am distressed and perplexed by it. The main actor had not the faintest idea of Khlestyakov's personality. He gave us a fantastic scamp, borrowed from the Paris boulevards, a hackneyed liar who has appeared on our stage in the same costume for the last two centuries... Khlestyakov is not an intentional imposter, or a liar by profession. He forgets that he is telling falsehoods and almost believes what he is saying. His spirit rises as he finds..."
he is successful, he becomes expansive, poetic, inspired.

"As a matter of fact, Khlestyakov is one of a set of indistinguished young people who sometimes behave well and talk sensibly. It is only in exceptional circumstances that their mean and petty natures are revealed. In a word, Khlestyakov is a combination of many Russian types. We all are, or have been, Khlestyakovs, only we do not care to admit it. We prefer to laugh at the failings of other people, the smart officer, the man of State. Even the literary sinners have all played their part."

"The last scene was a hopeless failure, the curtain hung for an awful minute and the play did not seem properly ended. The final scene will never be successful unless it is rendered simply as a tableau vivant. There are many different ways how to end speechless amazement. The alarm of the different characters varies with their degree of guilt and the elasticity of their conscience.

"But I have no strength to fuss and wrangle. I am tired out in body and mind. I swear no one knows or can believe the sufferings I have..."
undergone. I am sick of my play and long
to hurry off God knows where. Only a steamer
voyage and a change of scene can cure me. You
God's sake come and see me soon.
Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman. — 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 30 × 21 cm.
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FOREMOST
RUSSIAN DRAMATISTS
THEIR LIFE and WORK
BY
EMMA GOLDSN.

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INTRODUCTION

This work originated in a series of lectures I delivered in London and the Lowlands during the Winter of 1925. My lecture notes, reworked and extended, are now presented to the English reading public in this volume.

I am aware that quite a number of books have already been published in England and America on Russian literature and the drama, many of them very admirable works dealing with the various phases of Russian creative art. Yet their authors, particularly the non-Russian, have generally failed, in my opinion, to deal adequately with the factor which I consider most vital in the understanding of a country's creative work — the social background and personal environment that play such a determining role in moulding our lives and visions. Without a better appreciation of the most important angle of Russian literature, the subject must continue to be very inadequately understood by Anglo-American readers. Even many critics, I regret to say, who are supposed to be better informed than the public, still stumble in the dark in this matter.

This situation is aggravated by the mere fact inadequate reviews of Russian plays in the English and American publications. When the critics in London, or even less familiar with the atmosphere of their country, as reflected in their literature, their apprehension often hardly clones the significance of the work. One finds a leading British dramatic critic, for instance, characterizing the heroes of one of Tolstoy's plays as 'a job lot'. He had production of a great dramatist who
naturally confuse and mislead the average audience. But from a critic one is justified in expecting better perception, one not based merely on the accidental interpretation of some actor. Such perception, however, can be sound only founded on the understanding of the period of a given writer, in knowing his life and struggle, his hopes and ideals. In short, the social and spiritual atmosphere of the author.

Russian critics so far understand the importance of the above; hence they strive to elucidate the moral and creative atmosphere of the great Russian dramatists. Beginning with the earliest writers to the moderns of present-day Russia, all had travelled the lonely road to authorship. Through personal travail and suffering they learned the pulse-beats of Russia and to articulate the silent masses who, live themselves, had been nailed to the crook.

Interest in Russian art and letters in recent years has become very general in England and America. Not only because of the creative void in Europe, the aftermath of the World War. Literary taste is no longer the monopoly of the few; the many hunger for good books and plays. In the Russian masters they find not only art and beauty, but also that deep humanity which strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the masses who live the problems that are solution in life as in art.

Another reason for the growing popularity of Russian art must be sought in the great cataclysm of 1917, which has hurled Russia upon the conscience of the world. Everything that comes from that embattled land is of prime interest and fascination to thinkers and people outside of Russia. Supremely interesting
in her creative art which has been such a powerful factor in influ-
cencing thought and clarifying what is best and intrinsic in that
country.

I cannot sufficiently express my indebtedness to the
writers, both Russian and English, who have presented me with
their works on Russia. Thanks to them, my task has been made
lighter and my research work facilitated by the study of their
material. I am especially grateful to the translators of Russian
plays and letters from which I have taken the liberty to quote.
A list of them the reader will find at the end of this book.

In preparing this volume, I have been impelled by an
earnest desire to convey to English readers the atmosphere and
ideals which permeate the works of the Russian dramatists —
the spirit which I myself have come to understand more clearly
through my recent sojourn in Russia than from years of study of their
works.

If this volume will bring my readers closer to the life
and work of a People, Tolstoy or Chekhov, if it will help them to
better understand Russia and its people, my efforts will not have
been in vain.

EMMA GOLDMAN.
FOREGROUND
RUSSIAN DRAMATISTS:
THEIR LIFE AND WORK.

CHAPTER I.
KARRY BEGINNINGS.

From its earliest beginnings, Russian dramatic art fundamentally differs from that of other countries. The literature of Russia has never been a mere aesthetic pastime, never an expression of "art for Art's sake" only. On the contrary, it has always been social, deeply human in essence and form.

To Russian literature human values are more important than artistic trappings, and Russian writers are concerned mostly with Why and Wherefore of life and its problems. They are partakers of reality, voicing the pressing needs of their time. In diverse manner, varying in degree of artistry, Russian literature has become the arena wherein socio-economic and political-ethical problems are fought out.

It is not content merely to mirror the intellectual and spiritual life of the country: it is itself that life. All the vital problems of man - Liberty, Progress, Enlightenment, spiritual growth and social experimentation - first found expression in the work of the great Russian writers. It is this quality which has made the literature of Russia of such profound and universal significance.

This applies to the Russian drama no less than to the novel and short story.

Studying the origin of the Russian drama, one is surprised to find how young it is compared with the drama
of other countries. Excepting the adaptations of old religious mysteries and folklore for dramatic purposes during the XI century, there existed no drama in Russia till the end of the XVII. century, and even then it consisted chiefly of German plays rebuilt for Russian use.

Among the earliest original playwrights was Grand Duchess Kathalie, daughter of the Tsar Alexis—undoubtedly a daring person to defy the dominant attitude of the time—theatres and plays being anathema to the orthodox Muscovite. But with the aid of her sister Sophie, the energetic Kathalie succeeded in establishing a theatre in the palace, where she staged translations from German and French plays, as well as some of her own. The innovating sisters had a powerful ally in Peter the Great who had brought to Russia, together with other Western institutions, a company of players from Danzig, later establishing the first Imperial State Theatre.

The man called to the post of director in that theatre was also the initiator of original Russian drama—Alexander Petrovitch Sumarokov. In 1747, at the age of 29, he produced his first play. From then on, until his death, in 1777, Sumarokov's efforts paved the way for the dramatic writers to follow him. Almost all the characters of his plays were taken from Russian history, but as Sumarokov was much more the imaginative artist than the historian, his work did not fail to exert a creative influence upon the development of the Russian drama. With fine touch he satirized the shortcomings and abuses of his time and castigated the pretensions and customs of the
3.

all-powerful and arrogant nobility. Among his best plays was "Dimitri the Impostor".

The most significant of the contemporaries of Sumarokov was Yakov Borissovitch Knyazhin between the years 1742-1791. His dramatic works, among them "Yadim of Novgorod", "The Brawler", and "Odd People", show admirable dramatic quality, combined with a critical appreciation of the superficial culture of his time, a "culture" which saw in the French language the height of refinement, side by side with general gross ignorance and filthy habits.

Catherine II, who began her reign as a liberal owing to the influence of Voltaire, sponsored Knyazhin and his literary contemporaries. She indulged her own dramatic talents in the plays "The Fete of Urs. Grubbier" and "O Tempora", in which she ruthlessly exposed the religious bigotry surrounding her. But in later years, frightened by the rapid spread of the spirit and ideas of the French Revolution, Catherine turned against her "youthful follies". The first to suffer from her renegacy was Knyazhin; his play "Yadim of Novgorod", which dramatized the struggle between republican Novgorod and the autocratic Ruriks, was ordered burned. A short excerpt from Prof. Leo Wiener's translation "will show why the erstwhile freethinker on the Russian throne had become alarmed by the revolutionary tone of that drama.

Yadim : Could Ruriks do transfigure your spirit that you only weep where your duty is to strike?

Frenest : We burn to follow you, to crush the haughty throne, to reconstitute our land; but though the zeal already burns within our hearts,
it seems as yet no means of its fulfilment. Disdaining harsh and laborious days, if need be we must die, we are ready; but that our death be not in vain, could save our beloved land from evil, and that, intent to break the fetters, we tighten them not more in servitude, we must expect the aid of the immortals, for the gods can give us a favourable opportunity.

Yadis: So we must depend alone upon the gods and ingloriously resign the slaves we are? The gods have given us the opportunity to melt back freedom and hearts to dare and hands to strike! Their aid is within us, - what else do you wish? Go, creep, wait in vain their thunder, but I alone, willing with anger, will move to die for you, for I can brook no master! O fate! Per three years absent from my country... I hear the fruit of my exploits, a gift to my nation, but what do I see? Lords who have lost their liberty bent in loathsome slavery before the King and kissing their yoke under the Bapte: Tell me, how could you, seeing your country's fall, for a moment prolong your life in shame? And if you could not preserve your liberty - how could you bear the light and want to live?

An important contemporary of Knyazhinin was Denis Ivanovitch Von-Vizin (1744-1792) whose plays were scathing arraignments of the social evils of the times. In "The Brigadier" and particularly "The Minor" he boldly attacked Muscovite brutality toward the serfs, the notions of absolute authority and the duty of servility.

Mrs. Unoouth: (examining Mitrofan's caftan) The caftan is all ruined. Bring here that thief Tishka.... That seam has made it too tight all around. Mitrofan, my sweet darling, you must feel dreadfully uncomfortable in your caftan! (Enter Tishka)

Mrs. Unoouth: You beast, come here! Didn't I tell you, you thief's smut, to make the caftan wide enough? In the first place the child is growing; in the second place, the child is delicate enough without wearing a tight caftan. Tell me, you old, what is your excuse?

Tishka: You know, Madam, I never learned tailoring.

Mrs. Unoouth: So you've got to be a tailor to be able to make a decent caftan! What beastly reasoning!
Vassiliy Vassilievich Kapnist, born in 1757, was the forerunner of a long line of dramatists who first laid bare the revolting corruption of Russian officialdom. His work was considered so radical that he came near being sent to Siberia. Kapnist's most significant play was "Pettifoggery", a few excerpts from which will indicate the social character of his dramas:

Tasha: But a tailor has learned how to do it, Madam, and I have not.

Mrs. Vassilis: How dare you contradict me? (to her husband) I will not let the child do as they please. Go right away, Sir, and tell them to flog.

Rastitko: Whom? For what? On the day of my brother's! I beg you, Sister, put off the flogging till to-morrow and to-morrow, if you wish, I'll gladly take a hand in it myself.

Vassiliy Vassilievitch Kapnist, born in 1757, was the forerunner of a long line of dramatists who first laid bare the revolting corruption of Russian officialdom. His work was considered so radical that he came near being sent to Siberia. Kapnist's most significant play was "Pettifoggery", a few excerpts from which will indicate the social character of his dramas:

Casemaster: But hear, my dear, the rumour must be false that some meddler has denounced us to the Senate for taking bribes and for deciding wrongly cases at law.

Talon: I declare, what bad luck is that?

Casemaster: I could not find out all. But you, my friend, tell me in truth, what case it was we decided so wrongly that we did not cover our tracks? I can't think of any.

Talon: Even if I were to go to confession I could not think of any.

Fekla: But that's impossible.

Casemaster: I beg you, wife, leave us alone! We know affairs better than you.

Fekla: Indeed, I know as well as you, Is it not my business to receive things and look after them? But may the wrath of the Lord strike me on the spot, if my right hand knows what my left hand takes.

Talon: There is something else that occurs to me: do you remember the lawsuit for Simple's estate? Pettifog who had really nothing to do with the case and
had forgotten the name of Simple in the lawsuit, contrived cunningly to sue Trickster who had also not the slightest right to the estate. We did not bother about finding out whose the village in question was, and without further investigation, in the absence of Simple, disposed of the lawsuit by adjudging another's property to the contending parties which they proceeded at once to divide among themselves. I can't imagine what Simple is going to say about it.

Concerning: Let him say whatever he pleases, since he has paid so little attention to it. Why should we worry about him now? We are the judges. It is our duty to know only that which is presented for our consideration on paper. What right have we to know that the estate under contention does not belong to the contending parties, but to someone else? We should have some written proofs of that; in absence of the same, we simply must decide a lawsuit between two parties strictly according to the laws. We cannot help it if both were contending for something that did not belong to them.

One of the most interesting phases of the Russian drama is, as I have already mentioned, its rapid development. Beginning with translations and adaptations from foreign classics it presently began to sound its own note, growing original and developing its peculiar power and beauty of expression.

"The number of writers for the stage became so considerable," Peter Kropotkin states in his splendid work on "Russian Literature, Ideals and Realities", "that all the forms of dramatic art were able to develop at the same time". The Napoleonic wars brought a load of patriotic dramas, competing for popularity with the romantic and pseudo-classic schools. Tragedies, operas and particularly satirical comedy held the Russian stage, comprising translated adaptations from French classics as well as original Russian works. It was these efforts that gradually paved the way for the thoroughly Russian comedy.
This advance was especially favoured by the guidance of Mikhail Semenovitch Shtohepkin. A dramatic teacher of original genius, he became a most powerful influence in the development of Russia, in the literary and creative sense, fully deserving the fine tribute paid him by one who subsequently himself became the innovator of dramatic art in Russia — Constantin Stanislavsky. In his masterly work, "My life in Art," Stanislavsky refers to Shtohepkin as "the pride of our national art, the man who recreated in himself all that the West could give and created the foundations of true Russian dramatic art and its traditions, our great law giver and artist. He took his pupils to the heart of his family. They lived with him, they ate with him, they grew up and married under his guidance." Stanislavsky quotes from a letter of Shtohepkin, written to one of his pupils, revealing his extraordinary character both as man and teacher:

"Take advantage of every opportunity, labor and develop the abilities given you by God to their fullest extent. Never cease to listen to criticism, and enter as deeply as you can into its core in order to set yourself right, and for the sake of good advice. Always have nature before your eyes, enter, so to say, into the skin of the role you are playing, study well its social locale, its education, its peculiar ideas if they are present, and do not forget to study its past life. When all this is learned, then no matter what situations are taken from life and transplanted to the stage, you will always play correctly. At times your acting may weaken, at times it might be somewhat satisfactory (this depends on your spiritual state) but you will always play correctly. Remember that perfection is not given to man. But if you study diligently, you will approach it as far as nature had given you ability. (For God's sake, never think of amusing your audience, for both the ridiculous and the serious flow from a true conception of life) and believe me, in two or three years you will see a difference in the way you act your roles: with each year they will become rounder and more natural. Watch yourself sleeplessly, for although the public may be satisfied with you, you yourself must be your own severest critic."
You must believe that inner reward is better than all applause. Try to appear in society as much as your time permits, study men in the mass, do not let a single anecdote pass without giving it attention, and you will always discover the reason why the thing happened as it did and not otherwise. This living book will serve you instead of theories, which unhappily are still non-existent in our art. Therefore study all classes of society without prejudices on this side or that and you will see that everywhere there is both good and evil. This will give you an opportunity when acting to give each class its dues — that is, if you are playing a peasant you will not be able to observe the social emotions in the case of extreme joy, and when playing an aristocrat you will not shout and wave your hands when angry, as a peasant would do. Do not consider yourself above hard work over situations and details noticed in life, but remember that they are only to aid you, and not to become your goal, that they are good only when you have learned to understand your goal in acting.

With such wonderful direction and inspiration it is not surprising that the Russian theatre should have developed as a shrine of art and as an institution of the highest culture. With intuitive appreciation of true worth, Shtohepin succeeded in gathering about him a galaxy of dramatic artists among whom there were such lights as the famous tragedian Motchakov, Fedotova, Mikulina, Koseitkina, Sadovsky, Blumsky, and a host of others. But the fitting culmination of Shtohepin's genius was the inspiration his art and work gave to the rising titans of the Russian drama — Griboyedov, Gogol and Ostrovsky.

CHAPTER II

Griboyedov wrote but one play during his short life, but because of its dramatic power and its forceful indictment of the aristocracy from which he sprang, it became one of the great classics of the country. Born in 1795, young Griboyedov entered the university at the early age of 15, and two years later he began to write. The exigencies of his busy life conspired to interrupt his literary efforts, so that years of military and diplomatic service, of revolutionary activity and imprisonment, passed before the great drama could be completed.

"Intelligence Comes to Grief" was begun by Griboyedov when still in the Moscow University. Napoleon's invasion caused young Griboyedov to enter the army, then the center of revolutionary ideas. The men who marked the beginning of the since unceasing struggle for political freedom in Russia, historically known as the Decembrists, were mostly army men of high rank. Griboyedov, the intense youth could not fail to come under the influence of those idealists. The outstanding figures, in the Decembrist group were Ryleyev, Tolstoyev and Odoyevsky, themselves men of conspicuous literary ability. They quickly sensed Griboyedov's genius and his personal worth. They became his friends, helping to awaken in the youth the revolutionary spirit of which they themselves were such devoted exponents.

Unfortunately, Griboyedov's participation in a duel, as a second, caused his removal to St-Petersburg, followed by banishment to Teheran. There, in Persia, he
became absorbed in the study of the little known country and its people, travelling extensively and gathering experience and knowledge. In the course of time, he was permitted to participate in the diplomatic activities of the Russian embassy, devoting his leisure to his drama. It was at last completed in 1824, and when the manuscript reached his literary friends in Russia, A Griboyedov's play was hailed as the greatest masterpiece of Russian dramatic art, a work of revolutionary scope and importance. It was inevitable that the play should arouse most bitter indignation in reactionary circles, while the advanced elements saw in it an inspiring ray of light on the black social horizon of Russia. All attempts to have the drama staged failed due to the censor's irrevocable prohibition, even a private performance not being allowed.

After the failure of the Decembrist conspiracy and the incarceration of its leaders, Griboyedov also was arrested and imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul in St-Petersburg.

The terrible Decembrist tragedy, the execution of his comrades and friends, and the barbarous sentences imposed upon the surviving revolutionists proved a crushing blow to Griboyedov. Even his own release in 1826 could not revive the spirit of the man so beloved for his formerly sunny disposition and joy of life. Returning to Tiflis, he sought forgetfulness in various activities, finally participating in the war against Persia. After the defeat of the latter and in recognition of his efforts in securing
A favorable treaty, Gribyadov was appointed Persian Ambassador. With a premonition of impending calamity, with black reaction following upon the suppression of the Decembrists, the outlook for creative work in Russia was entirely discouraging, and Gribyadov accepted the post. A short time later the embassy was attacked by a Persian mob, and Gribyadov was killed.

The hero of "Intelligence Comes to Grief" is Tohatsky, a young intellectual who after several years abroad comes back to Moscow and visits the home of a wealthy nobleman, Panasov, whose daughter Sophie Tohatsky loved. There he sees the idle life, the waste, the dull pastimes, the worship of money and power, and all the corruption of high society. He also finds that the innocent young girl he had left when he went away has been infected with the poison of her environment and that, instead of her erstwhile love for him, she is carried away by her father's secretary, a cringing careerist, characterless and without principle.

Tohatsky is not slow in expressing his views on the situation, as a result of which he is declared mad by Sophie who cannot comprehend his ideals and purity of heart. The girl's father sees in the young man a dangerous rebel who has come to undermine the edifice of the self-satisfied, parasitic class to which he belongs.

Panasov, the head of an important government department, tries to impress upon Tohatsky the duty of the young to emulate their elders.
All young people are proud. You should ask how your fathers acted. You should learn by observation of your seniors — me, for instance, or my late uncle, Maxim Petrovitoh. He ate of gold, not of silver, with a hundred servants in livery to wait on him; he always drove six horses and he spent his life at Court. One day, at a levee, he happened to stumble and fell so heavily that he nearly cracked his skull. He was stoned with the imperial smile — the Empress designed to be amusing. And what do you think he did? He shook himself up and fell again. This time on purpose. Shouts of laughter. He did the same thing a third time. Clever, I call it, to make profit out of a painful tumble. After that, who was most often invited? ... Who got the most gracious word at Court? ... Who had the giving of honours and positions? ... Maxim Petrovitoh? Yes. Why, you men of the present day aren't in it with him.

Tochatsky is outraged at such servility.

It is hard to believe, but it is true — that the men who oringed most were held in the highest esteem, that for profit men risked their lives, their skulls, not in war, but in peace — orched against the floor without a murmur; that the poor were haughtily bidden to lie in the dust, it was the age of downright servility and fear. Nor is it much better now.

You ask me to eulogize my elders. Who are my judges? ... Men of advanced age, bitterly hostile to a free life; they got their opinions from long-forgotten newspapers of the times of the Atchaly and the conquest of the Crimea. Always ready to find fault, they're always singling the same old song, regardless of the fact that they don't improve as they grow older.

Show us the fathers of our country whom we are to take as examples. Where are they? Not the men who have made wealth by extortion, who have shielded themselves from justice behind friends and relatives, who have built splendid palaces in which to entertain luxuriously. Yes, and whose mouths in Moscow haven't thy stopped with dinners, suppers and dances?

Not him to whom you took me to pay my respects when I was still a child — let master of distinguished nickname, surrounded by a crowd of servants! ... Or that other, who conceived the idea of forcing a ballet of serfs, for which purpose he had children torn from their parents, put into wagons and driven away. These are the men whom we are to esteem for want of better. Those are our stern critics and judges. No, let one of you, the younger generation, be an enemy of self-seeking, demanding neither place nor advancement in rank, his mind intent on knowledge — thirsty for information, or let his soul be filled.
with divine ardour for the high creative arts - immediately they raise the cry of "Fire! Thieves!" and he is regarded by them as a dangerous visionary. Uniforms! Nothing but uniforms! At one stage of their existence, they cover their imbecility, their poverty of mind, with handsomely embroidered uniforms, and we are to follow them in the path of happiness.

Our wives and daughters have the same passion for uniforms... As to public opinion, what is that? A few fools believe in some rumor and straightway go on spreading it. This is taken up by some old women who sound the alarm and that is called "public opinion".

Masterfully Gribboyedov portrays the slavish, cringing types of the time, particularly as personified by Molotchalin, the secretary of Famanov and the man with whom Sophie is carrying on a clandestine flirtation. Molotchalin's slogan is: "My father bequeathed me some advice: first and foremost, make yourself agreeable to everyone without exception - to the master of the house in which you happen to live, to the chief under whom you serve, to the valet who brushes his clothes, to the janitor, and in order to avoid trouble you should make friends with the gatekeeper and his dog. So I assume the air of lover, to gratify the daughter of the man with whom I live."

When Tolstsky discovers the love affair of Sophie and the Secretary and becomes fully aware of the corruption of the entire Famanov household, he cries out:

With whom have I been? A crowd of tormentors, of traitors to love, tireless in their animosity, indestructible chatterers, incoherent philosophers, cunning simples, malignant old women, old men crazy over their lies and threats. You joined in the chorus and proclaimed me mad - you were right; the man who could spend a day with you, breathe the same air, and retain his reason unimpaired could pass through fire unscathed. Away from Moscow! Away for ever without one look behind!
The able Russian writer M. Gershenson in a brilliant essay on the historic background of Griboyedov's play presents a characteristic picture of Russian high life in the person of Maria Ivanovna Rimsky-Korsakov, of the period of Griboyedov. She was a grande dame of Russian society, more intelligent and interesting than most of her contemporaries, yet she spent her time and very considerable intellectual abilities, as well as her vast fortune, in extravagant living. She kept a large house, gave constant fêtes and entertainments, intrigued ceaselessly to place her sons in favorable diplomatic positions and to marry her daughters to gentlemen of the Court. In short, her life was "a continuous round of lavish affairs, of waste and idle pursuits". Maria Ivanovna Rimsky-Korsakov is the prototype of the Fannovers portrayed by Griboyedov, whose senseless and wasteful lives were made possible by the toil and suffering of their serfs. But can we of to-day afford to throw stones at them? To be sure, we have no serfs, nor do I wish to say that our age is quite as cruel as Fannovers'. But the same poison is in our blood, the same poison of empty pursuits and most of our lives are as wasteful, criminal and senseless as in the days of Maria Ivanovna."

Gershenson wrote this analysis of the background of "Intelligence comes to Grief" in 1914. Who can deny its application to our own time? Indeed, Griboyedov did not write for his day only; his soothing arraignment, his exposure of the social evils and wrongs of the early part of the XIX century has not lost its force in our own day.
A work which can withstand the test of a hundred years must possess great artistic merit and social verity.
In a letter to a friend Gogol wrote:

"Many attempts have been made to ascertain the dominant traits in my being. But it was only Pushkin who was able to lay his finger on the right spot. He once said to me, 'There never was a writer who possessed in as high degree as you the gift of painting the pettiness and mediocrity of man, of bringing out the trivials of life, and laying bare the meanness and sordidness of the average human soul so that it stares one in the face and there is no escape from it.' That is the fundamental trait of my being and that is indeed lacking in most writers."

There are few names in literature, certainly none in that of Russia, that can compare with Gogol in the power of portraying the monotony and flatness of the life of the so-called normal man and his deadly-dull background. Yet Gogol was not a naturalist in the limited sense. His greatness consisted in being able to blend the natural with the fantastic, the ordinary with the unusual. With him the ordinary diffuses into the mist and his laughter often turns into agonized shrieks. Gogol is the great Russian of world dimensions.

Nikolai Vassilievitch Gogol was born in March, 1809, in a small town near Poltava, in the Ukraine, the beautiful and romantic south of Russia. He attended gymnasium in a small provincial city near Kiev, but from the point of view of institutional appraisal Gogol fell very short. Instead his literary leanings manifested themselves at an early age, when the boy began contributing to the school journal.
Young Nikolai's literary ambitions, his love of the theatre and histrionic ability apparently came to him by inheritance. His father was the author of several plays in which he frequently acted himself, and he possessed considerable gifts as a story teller. But with this heritage Gogol also left his son a frail physique and an abnormal leaning towards introspection, a sorry patrimony to enable one to grapple with life. Nikolai gained little from school in the way of an education, but his passion for literature and painting made up for much that schools never can give to ardent souls. Amour was Gogol's most dominant trait—the intense longing to escape the humdrum of life, to rise above the ordinary, to become a force. This tendency was interpreted by some of his biographers and commentators as vanity and conceit, a sort of egomania. In reality no one so lacerated and flagellated his soul with doubts in his own possibilities as Gogol. He felt that to be able to support at all the daily round of nothingness one must create one's own world far above the common. This yearning for greatness, together with his lack of faith in himself, became the Golgotha of Gogol. His inner conflict dominated his whole life, now raising him to sublime heights, now hurling him into blackest abysses. Thus he wrote to his mother in 1829:

I often wondered how it is that God has created a unique and rare heart, a soul which is full of ardent love for all that is lofty and beautiful, and why has he enveloped all this in such a rough exterior? Why has he combined all this with such a terrible mixture of contradictions, obduracy, insolent conceit and base humility? But my perishable mind is not strong enough to fathom the great designs of the Almighty.

Two years previously he had written to his

Mother:
Cold sweat pours down my face at the idea that I shall perhaps perish in dust, without making my name known by a single remarkable deed. To live in this world without making my existence worth while would be terrible. I have meditated on all careers and states of life, and I have decided to take up jurisprudence. I see that here there is more work to be done than anywhere else and that here alone I can be a real benefactor to humanity.

If there were no other evidence that Gogol's desire for greatness was not rooted in mere vanity, but that the deeper mainsprings lay in his passionate need of helping humanity, the anguish breathing in this letter should leave no doubt as to the nature of Gogol.

Added to his determination to study jurisprudence was also the fervent hope that he might get on the stage. His gift for mimicry and his leaning towards comedy made him hope for an opening in the theatre. Thus equipped at the age of nineteen he went to St-Petersburg. But the fates had their arrows sharpened, and Gogol's spirit was pierced incessantly in his weary march through life.

St-Petersburg proved cold and cruelly unresponsive to the youth's sanguine imagination. Large cities usually do to the newcomer who has neither friends nor fortune. It appeared much more so to this high-strung, sensitive boy, coming as he did from the South with its natural warmth and beauty. He was made the more miserable by being told on every hand that he could never be an actor, his voice being too high-pitched and shrill.

Gogol tried his luck in literature. His first effusion, an idyll called "Hans Kühbelgarten", he published at his own expense, only to receive harsh
criticism and condemnation that caused him to burn the manuscript. In despair he left Russia, but on reaching Lübeck he was seized with remorse and regret and hastened to return to St-Petersburg. After many attempts he secured a small post in the Civil Service, a tortuous position for Gogol, who quickly realized the abyss between his high hopes to serve humanity and the cross reality of the autocratic Government with its paralyzing bureaucracy and the revolting corruption of officialdom.

Gogol sought escape and relief in literary effort. His colourful imagination vividly painted the beauty of his Southern home-land and wove stories from the life of its peasantry. "Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka" and other tales soon brought the young writer to the attention of the literary world. The great poet Pushkin, Zhukovsky, Pletnyev, and other famous writers quickly sensed the genius of young Gogol. With rare generosity they sought to encourage and inspire the new literary star, foremost among them Pushkin. It was he who urged Gogol on when the moody youth would feel disheartened, and it was Pushkin who suggested to Gogol the themes of his masterpieces "The Revisor" and "Dead Souls".

However, Gogol's early writings were not sufficient to keep him from want, and he was therefore compelled to accept a position as teacher in an educational institute. The remuneration was meager and the occupation of teaching dull youngsters too much for Gogol's sensitive spirit. His capacity to absorb himself in his creative work saved him from despair. But while his fame spread, it did not relieve his of material need. Again he was compelled to
Seek a more secure income, this time as a lecturer on history. But constantly harassed by such employment, he finally resolved to devote himself entirely to his most compelling urge. Four years of intense literary effort followed, during which he produced "Mirgorod", "Taras Bulba", and a number of other famous stories. 

Gogol's genius could not find adequate expression in mere aestheticism. "Art for art's sake", the skibboleth of superficiality, did not touch the deeper needs of his passionate soul. His spirit kept digging into the roots of life and feeling, laying bare real human emotions beneath the tinselled cloak of the accepted and sanctified. In "Dead Souls", the epic of serfdom, Gogol uncovers the lying face behind the grinning social mask, the "face of the devil". Surely not the theological devil with hoof and horns. His was the everyday devil, the true sovereign of mediocrity, — the devil who often looks like a statesman, an aristocrat, or some tradesman, and whom everybody admires and no one recognizes.

"I call things by their right name", Gogol at this time wrote to a friend. "I do not dress the devil up in gorgeous cloaks like Byron, for I know he wears everyday dress." This unheroic devil, whom we meet every day and who looks alarmingly like ourselves, Gogol fought all his life. Against this monster he waged war with all the acid of his satire, with all the incomparable ridicule of his mighty pen. This devil which appears and reappears in all his novels, sketches, fragments, letters, and dramas symbolises superficial, empty, lying and cheating
mediocrity. Gogol's "devil" is not demoniacal, not one capable of great passion, either good or evil. His devil is ordinary and commonplace. He lives by loud talk, small frauds, and petty interests; he is just a nuisance, sometimes clever but more often dull, life's ever-present bore that stifles everything that is alive, virile and spontaneous.

The two principal characters in "The Revisor" and "Dead Souls", Khlestyakov and Chichikov, are the very embodiment of such devils. With incomparable humor and biting satire, Gogol pictures them with all their trivial values, their cunning, their vulgar pursuits and petty vices.

His contemporaries failed to recognize the genius and motives of Gogol. They saw in him only the harlequin. They laughed to tears over his masterly comedies, "The Revisor", "The Wedding", and "The Gamblers", plays that were great stage successes. But excepting Pushkin, who unfortunately died so young, Zhukovsky and one or two other writers, there was no one in Russia who fathomed the bitter tears beneath Gogol's laughter. No one understood the turmoil of his creative spirit as reflected in his art, no one saw the appalling corruption of society, beneath the mask of Gogol's humour.

Lack of appreciation and his restless spirit drove Gogol from place to place. When his plays were viciously attacked, he felt it impossible to remain in Russia. He went abroad, wandering throughout Europe. He visited Switzerland, France, Austria, Germany, then Italy and...
Palestine. But it was Italy that charmed Gogol most and became, at least temporarily, his new great passion. On his first visit to Rome, he wrote to a friend:

"With what relief I gave up Switzerland and flew to my sweetheart, to my beauty-Italy. She is mine! No one can take her from me. This is my real birthplace, Russia, Petrograd, snow, sound roofs, apartments, university chairs, theaters—all this was only a dream. Now I have awakened in my true homeland. The powerful hand of Providence has cast me under Italy's brilliant sky, for a special purpose, as it were—that I should forget my grief, forget people and everything, and that I should cling to her gorgeous beauty. She has now replaced all for me."

Seeking to quieten his inner torment, to "forget everything" and drinking in the balm and beauty of the Italian atmosphere, Gogol busied himself with painting, for which he had considerable talent. Yet for long, however, did he rest content. His great passion, literature, soon won him back, and presently he began his greatest work, "Dead Souls".

Repeatedly visiting his beloved Italy for more or less periods, Gogol finally returned to Russia, unable to resist longer the call of his native soil. There the great tragedy of his life happened. Always strongly mystical and religious, he fell under the sway of the pietists. He was still in the full zenith of his creative career, but the influence proved fatal, a veritable martyrdom till his end. There began his tragic conflict between art and theological fanaticism, torturing Gogol with eternal doubt, the fear of damnation and the evil of his art. Again and again his anguish soul seeks relief in the self-assurance that:

"I love all that is good. I seek it and burn with impatience to find it; but I hate those base traits of mine and I do not shake..."
hands with them as my own characters do. I hate my own defects which separate me from the good. I am struggling with them. I shall drive them out, and God will help me in this." 

But God did not help him. His spokesman, the cruel and domineering priest, Matthew Konstantinovsky, quickly gained complete control. Under his influence Gogol's vision was becoming clouded and his health impaired. Constant praying and fasting weakened his will and his last hold upon himself. In this condition he turned upon his former friends and ideas. Still more tragic was his loss of inspiration to create. He sought to console himself to write. The agony of the process can be fathomed from Gogol's letter to his friend, Vse. Smirnova, who according to Peter Kropotkin was the main cause of Gogol's spiritual change: it was she who had brought him under the influence of the pietists:

God who knows better than I what time is convenient for our work has withdrawn from me, for a long period, the capacity for literary creation. I have tormented myself, I compelled myself to write, I suffered cruelly when I saw this hopelessness of mine, and several times I made myself ill through such efforts, yet I was not able to do anything, and all that I did was artificial and bad. Often, often, I have been overwhelmed by ennui, and even by despair, because of this.

Out of this dulled and soul torment no work of art could emanate. Instead the creator of the masterpieces "The Revisor", "Dead Souls", "Taras Bulba", produced "Extracts from Correspondence with Friends", a sorry repudiation of his great works and bigoted arraignment of literature in general. This fearful recantation alienated his friends from him and thrust
him deeper into the clutches of his evil advisers. Still his creative urge continued to assert itself from time to time, occasionally with imperative force. Frequently, in the absence of Father Latysh, Gogol would give rein to his creative spirit and seek forgetfulness and relief in literary work. But when his tormentor would return, he would hurl anathemas at his victim, and conjure up such harrowing phantoms of punishment for Gogol's "sins" that the latter, subdued and terrorized, would grovel in the dust before the priest and pray for forgiveness. It was at some such moment that Gogol burned the second part of "Dead Souls".

Added to this mental purgatory Gogol suffered intensely from some disease which his physicians failed to diagnose and which they treated blindly, causing the hapless patient unspeakable torment. At last death relieved this martyred body and spirit, and Russia lost one of its literary giants on February 21, 1852. Truly it may be said of Gogol that his was a soul forever seeking for the good and beautiful, seeking it desperately and everywhere, and finding it nowhere. What a grand beginning — what pitiable end!

Nikolai Vassilevitch Gogol wrote but few plays, but those he created survive to this day because of their dramatic power and profound social significance. His
first works, "The Vladimir Order" and "The Wedding", were premises of his subsequent comic master-plays, "The Revisor".

"The Vladimir Order" treats the efforts of a crooked official to obtain the Vladimir Order. But his aim is thwarted by official intrigue, as a result of which he loses his mind and imagines himself the Order of Vladimir; most clever satire upon the corruption of Russian officialdom permeates the play. Unfortunately it was never finished, because Gogol knew it would not pass the censor. In reference to it he wrote to a friend on February 20, 1833:

I did not write to you that I went mad over the subject for a comedy. It stuck in my mind all the time while I was in Moscow, on my journey, and also after I arrived here (St. Petersburg), but so far I have not finished anything. Not so long ago it's content began to shape itself, even its title was already written on thick white paper — Vladimir of the Third Class; and how much merriment, laughter and mirth there was in it .... But I suddenly stopped, seeing that my pen began to stumble over passages of which the censor would not approve for anything on earth. And what is the use of a play which cannot be produced at all; a play lives only on the stage. A play without the stage is like a soul without the body.... The only thing that remains to me is to write so as not to offend even the last police officer. But what again is the use of a comedy which is without truth and without satire?

Gogol gave up finishing this play, though later he made a final version of a new scene. After "The Vladimir Cross" he wrote "The Marriage", a rollicking comedy, with clever irony on the commercial character of marriage. Potkolyassin, a timid official, is induced by a professional matchmaker to sue for the hand and fortune
of a merchant's daughter. The marriageable young lady, Agafya, sets the snare, and an excitable friend of Podkolyossin inflates him with enough daring to visit the proposed bride. Fortune smiles upon him, and Agafya prefers him to all the other applicants, of which there are six. But at the height of his bliss over the approaching marriage, Podkolyossin takes fright at the inevitable change in the tenor of his life, and just before the inevitable, desperate with terrifying thoughts, he escapes by jumping out of the window in the house of the waiting bride. The play is full of unexpected situations and unique turns, bristling with exhilarating dialogue of the numerous wooers, brought together in Agafya's house by the same matchmaker.

"The Revizor", which has also been translated into English as the "Inspector General", is Gogol's greatest comedy, full of "malice, laughter and salt". By the peculiar contradiction which always existed between the political and cultural attitude in Russia, Tsar Nicholas I, was induced by the writer Zhukovsky, a friend of Gogol, to have the play passed by the censor and produced. The Tsar himself attended the first performance and is supposed to have remarked joefully: - "Everyone has received his due and I most of all ". Nevertheless, he grew apprehensive about the danger lurking in Gogol's satire.

"The Revizor" plays in a small town, far removed from the center, which circumstances afford the local officials greater opportunity for graft and abuse, with less danger of being found out. The play opens
with the disturbing report that a Government inspector is to visit the town to look into the affairs and examine into the doings of the city authorities. Still more alarming is the news that "The Revisor" is coming incognito. This information has been received by the Governor — official head of the town — from a friend in the capital and causes consternation. There is not a single official in the entire place who can afford to have light shed upon his life; the judge who prefers sport to meeting out justice, his court room having been turned into a kennel for his favorite dogs; the warden of the hospital who has enriched himself by neglecting and robbing his patients; the head of the educational department who spends his time in gambling, leaving his pupils to the tender mercies of his German assistant who is no more solicitous about the welfare of the children entrusted to him; the police inspector, generally paralyzed-drunk; the postmaster whose morbid curiosity induces him to open other people's letters. The Governor himself has even more cause to fear discovery than his subordinates. There is no abuse or crime he has not indulged in, from the arbitrary imposition of taxes on the merchants and the appropriation of funds contributed for the erection of a church, to the flogging of women. And suddenly this blow, the impending visit of the Inspector, incognito. The consequences might be awful.

In great agitation the Governor calls his staff together, informs them of the imminent danger and commands them to put their house in order. With the Postmaster he has a special word to speak:

**Governor:** Well, I'm no coward, but I am just a
little uncomfortable. The shopkeepers and townsmen bother me. It seems I'm unpopular with them; but the Lord knows if I've bloomed anybody, I've done it without a trace of ill-feeling. I even think — (buttonholes him and takes his aside) — I even think there will be some sort of complaining drawn up against me ... Why should we have a revisor at all? ... Look here, Ivan Rumitsch, don't you think you could just slightly open every letter which comes in and goes out of your office, and read it — for the public benefit, you know — to see if it contains any kind of information against me, or only ordinary correspondence? If it is all right, you can seal it up again; or simply deliver the letter opened.

Postmaster: Oh, I know that game .... Don't teach me that. I do it from pure curiosity, not as a precaution; I'm crazy about knowing what's going on in the world. And they're very interesting to read, I can tell you: now and then you come across a love-letter, with bits of beautiful language, and so edifying; .. much better than the Moscow News.

The tense atmosphere is aggravated by the arrival of the two town gossips, Dobotinsky and Bobotinsky, the most inimitable, rollinkingly comic types in the entire literature of Russia. They are the joy and comfort of the ladies because they know everybody's intimate secrets and speak of them freely. They now come direct from the town's only inn where they have discovered two strangers — a young man and his servant. Many circumstances about them hint at the man's being the expected revisor, the gossips think. Indeed, he is sure to be the revisor!

Greatly perturbed, the Governor decides that the situation can be saved only by bribing the Revisor, and of course he, the Governor, must win him over for himself. He rushes off to the inn, first giving instructions about setting things in comparative order:

Governor: Well, hear me, then — this is what you are to do: the police-lieutenant — he is tall, so he's to stand on the bridge — that will give a good effect. Then the old man, near the
boothmaker's, must be pulled down at once and scattered about, and a post stuck up with a sweep of straw so as to look like building operations. The more litter there is the more it will show the Governor's zeal and activity... Good God! though, I forget that about forty cart-loads of rubbish have been shot behind the fence. What a dirty town this is! No matter where you put a monument, or even a Jail, they collect all kinds of rubbish from the devil knows where, and dump it there! .... And if the newly-come Tohovnvlts asks any of the officials if they are contented, they're to say: 'Perfectly, your Honour'; and if anybody is not contented, I'll give him something afterwards to be discontented about..... (Heaves a sign) Ah-h-h! I'm a sinner -- a terrible sinner! (Takes the hat-box instead of his hat) Heaven only grant that I may soon be through with this business, and then I'll give such a tapper for a thank-offering as has never been given before! I'll levy three pounds of wax from every merchant for it! Oh, my God, my God! Let's be going, Peter Ivanovitch! (Tries to put the hat-box on his head instead of the hat.)

Superintendent: Anton Antonovitch, that's the hat-box, not your hat.

Governor: (throwing the box down) D---n it! So it is! ....... And if he asks why the hospital chapel has not been built, for which the money was voted five years ago, they must mind and say that it began to be built, but got burnt down. Why, I drew up a report about it. But of course some idiot is sure to forget, and let out that the building was never even begun. (Dashes words that he's not to give such free play to his facts; guilty or innocent, he makes them all see stars, in the cause of public order..... (Goes out and returns) And the soldiers are not to be allowed in the streets with next to nothing on; that scandalously garrison only put their tunics on over their skirts, with nothing at all below.

The coquetlish wife of the Governor and her pretty but stupid daughter remain at home in wild excitement, speculating on whether the feared Inspectors be good-looking, dark or blond, with or without a mustache.

The young man at the inn, whose name is Ehleystyakov, is merely a petty official, a charlatan who has gambled away his money while on route to visit his father's estate.
He is dead broke and unable to pay his hotel bill. The innkeeper has refused him further credit and has threatened him with arrest. Khlestyakov is, in consequence, in a very dejected state of mind, aggravated by pangs of hunger. The world looks black to him and his difficulties insurmountable.

At that moment the Governor arrives, in fear and trembling, to pay his respects to the supposed revisor. Khlestyakov, thinking the official has come to arrest him, puts on a bold front, complains of the innkeeper feeding him on "beef as tough as leather".

The Governor interprets the complaints against the innkeeper as a veiled attack upon the conditions the Inspector has found in the town. He suggests that Khlestyakov accompany him to other quarters. But the young man is enraged by what he believes to be a trick to get him into a cell.

Khlestyakov: (Hesitates a little at first, but towards the end adopts a loud and confident tone) Well, what was to be done? It's not my fault... I really am... going to pay... they'll send me money from home... He's to blame most; he sends me up beef as hard as a board; and the soup; the devil only knows what he's mixed up with it; I was obliged to pitch it out of the window. He starves me the whole day... and the tea's so peculiar -- it smells of fish and nothing else! Why then should I...? A fine idea, indeed!

Governor: (nervously) I assure you, it's not my fault, really. I always get very good beef from the market. The Khalmogor drivers bring it, and they are sober and well-principled people. I'm sure I don't know where he gets it from. But if anything's wrong... allow me to suggest that you come with me and get other quarters.

Khlestyakov: No, that I will not! I know what "other quarters" means; it's another word for jail! And pray, what right have you -- how dare you...? Why, I... I'm a Government official at Petersburg...? (Defiantly) Yes I... I... I...
Governor: (aside) Oh, my God! How angry he is! He knows all! Those cursed merchant
have told him all!

Khlestyakov: (aggressively) That for you
and your governorship together! I'll not go with
you! I'll go straight to the Minister. (Banging
his fist on the table) Who are you, pray, who are
you?

Governor: (starting and shaking all over)
Have pity on me! Don't ruin me! I have a wife
and small children! Don't make me a miserable
man.

Khlestyakov: No, I'll not go with you!
What's that got to do with me? Why am I to go
to gaol because you've got a wife and small
children? I like that -- that's beautiful.
No, much obliged to you, Sir, but I'll not leave
here!

Governor: (quaking) It was only my inexperience,
I swear, only my inexperience! and insufficient
means! Judge for yourself -- the salary I get is
not enough for tea and sugar. And if I have taken
any bribes, they were very little ones -- something
for the table, or a coat or two.... As for the
sergeant's widow, who took to shop-keeping -- whom
they say I flogged -- it's a slander, I swear, it's
a slander. My enemies invented it -- they're the
kind of people who are ready to murder me in cold
blood!

After many comical situations the Governor manages to
lead Khlestyakov to his house in triumph. There he is
dined and wined and lavishly entertained. Finding himself in his
new role, Khlestyakov starts a violent flirtation with both
mother and daughter, and when the former discovers her lover
on his knees before her daughter, Khlestyakov soothes matters
by asking for the girl's hand. The father feels highly
honored and flattered and showers gifts upon his prospective
son-in-law. His subordinates naturally follow his example.
They come, one by one, to pay their homage and incidentally
to curry favor with the supposed Inspector, bringing good
Russian rubles to bribe him. He cleverly saves them from
an awkward situation by concocting an story that he has run
out of money and consenting to borrow from them -- and the poor dupes are happy to oblige the distinguished visitor.

The merchants also arrive laden with gifts to pave the way for the complaint they mean to lodge against the Governor for mercilessly fleecing them. Khlestyakov is in clover, but his shrewd servant, foreseeing that this happiness cannot last long, prevails upon his master to give some excuses and make off with the booty, which Khlestyakov proceeds to do. Informing his host and his newly-won bride that he must hasten to the Capital to consult "His Highness", my uncle", he is given the best horses, his sleigh is packed with gifts, and off he goes.

The Governor, elated over his success in having warded off imminent danger and at the same time having found such a brilliant match for his daughter, makes the news quickly known and boasts of the brilliant future awaiting him.

In the midst of his triumph the Postmaster arrives in a fever of excitement. He had just opened another letter, one written by the supposed Nizer to a friend in Petrograd, wherein he describes the extraordinary stupidity of the officials who mistook him for the Inspector. The Postmaster reads the letter to the incredulous Governor:

I hasten to let you know, my dear Tryapitchkin, all about my adventures. On the way an infantry captain cleared me out completely, so that the innkeeper wanted to send me to gaol; when all of a sudden, owing to my Petersburg get-up and appearance, the whole town took me for the Inspector General.
So now I am living at the Governor's; I do just as I please; I flirt wildly with his wife and daughter—but I can't settle which to begin with. Do you remember how hard up we were, how we dined at other folk's expense, and how the pastry-cook once pitched me out neck-and-rop—because I had put some tarts I had eaten down to the account of the King of England? It is quite a different state of things now. They all lend me as much money as I please. They are an awful set of originals—you'd die laughing if you saw them! You write articles, I know: bring these people in. First and foremost, there's the Governor—as stupid as a mile ....

Governor: Impossible, it can't be there!
Postmaster: (showing him the letter)

Governor: (reads) "stupid as a mile".

It can't be so—you've written it yourself!

Postmaster: How could I have written it?
Charity Commissioner: Read!

Josk: Read on!

Postmaster: (resuming) "The Governor--as stupid as a mile ...."

Governor: Oh, devil, take it! Is it necessary to repeat that? As if it wasn't there without that!

Postmaster: (continues) Ha... Ha... Ha...

"as a mile. The Postmaster too is a good fellow...." (Stop) Well, he says something uncomplimentary about me too.

Governor: No--read it out!

Postmaster: But what's the good?

Governor: No, no--confound it, if you read any of it, read it all! Read it through!

Charity Commissioner: Allow me; I'll have a try! (Puts on his spectacles and reads) "The Postmaster is exactly like our office-beadle Pitkeyev, and a rascal into the bargain— he drinks like a fish.

Postmaster: Well, the young blackguard ought to be flogged— that's all.

Charity Commissioner: (continuing) "The Charity Com. er... or ..." (hesitates)

Korobkin: But what are you stopping for?

Charity Commissioner: It's badly written...... however, it's clearly something insulting.

Korobkin: Give it to me! my eyes are better, I fancy. (Tries to take the letter)
Charity Commissioner: (Holding the letter back)
No, we can leave that part out -- further on it's plain enough.

Korobkin: But allow me -- I can read!

Charity Commissioner: Why, so can I -- further on, I tell you, it's quite easy to make out.

Postmaster: No, read it all! It was all read before!

All: Give it up, Artemi Philippovitch; give the letter up! (To Korobkin) You read it!

Charity Commissioner: Certainly (hands the letter over). There, if you please...... (Covers the passage with his finger). That's where you begin. (All crowd round.)

Postmaster: Read it, read it through; what nonsense! Read it all!

Korobkin: (reading) "The Charity Commissioner, Zemlyanitsa, is a regular pig in a skull-clop."

Charity Commissioner: (To the rest) That's supposed to be witty! Pig in a skull-clop! Who ever saw a pig in a skull-clop?

Korobkin: (continues) "The School Director reeks of onions --- "

Luke: (To the rest) Good God! And an onion has never crossed my lips!

Judge (aside): Thank goodness, there's nothing, at any rate, about me!

Korobkin: (reading) "The Judge -- "

Judge: (aside) Now for it! .... (Aloud) I think this letter is tedious. What the devil's the good of reading all that rubbish?

Luke: No!

Postmaster: No, go on with it!

Charity Commissioner: No, read it through!

Korobkin: (resumes) "The Judge, Lyapkin-Tyapkin, is in the utmost degree moved ...... " (Stops) That must be a French word!

Judge: But the devil knows what's the meaning of it. It's bad enough if it's only swindle, but it may be a good deal worse.
Korobkin: (goes on) "But, after all, the people are hospitable and well-meaning. Farewell, my dear Tryapitchkin. I myself should like to follow your example and take up literature. It's a bore, my friend, to live as I do -- one certainly wants food for the mind; one must, I see, have some elevated pursuit. Write to me at the village of Podkaltovka, Saratov Government."

One of the Ladies: What an unexpected rebuff!

Governor: He has as good as cut my throat! I'm crushed, crushed -- regularly crushed! I can see nothing -- only pigs' snouts instead of faces, nothing else... Catch him, catch him! (gesticulates wildly).

Postmaster: How can we catch him? Why, as if on purpose, I told the manager to give him his very best troika -- and the devil persuaded me to give him an order for horses in advance.

Korobkin's wife: Well, here's a pretty mess! The like of it has never happened!

Judge: Besides, sirs, confound it! He has borrowed three hundred roubles of me!

Charity Commissioner: And three hundred of me too?

Postmaster: (groans) Ah! and three hundred from me as well.

Dobtchinski: Yes, and Dobtchinski and I, sirs, gave him sixty-five, sirs, in bank-notes.

Judge: (With a gesture of perplexity) How was it, gentlemen, that we came to make such a mistake?

Governor: (Beats himself on the shoulders) How could I? There's not such another old blockhead as I am! I must be in my dotage, idiot of a mutton-head that I am.... Thirty years have I been in the service; not a tradesman or contractor could cheat me! Rogues after rogues have I over-reached, sharpers and rascals I have hooked, that were ready to rob the whole universe! Three Governors-general I've duped! ...... Pooh! what are Governors-general? (With a contemptuous wave of the hand) They're not worth talking about! ....

Abba: But this can't be so, Antosha; he's engaged to Mashenka! ......

Governor: (furiously) Engaged! Bosh! A fig for your "engaged"! Confound your engagement. (In desperation) Look at me, look -- all the world, all Christians, all of you see how the Governor's fooled! Ah! Booby! I detest that I am! (Shakes his fists at himself). Ah, you fat-nosed! Taking an idea, a rag, for a man of rank! And now he's rattling along the road with his bell, and telling
the whole world the story! Not only do you get made a laughing-stock of, but some quill-driven, some paper-stainer will go and put you in a play! It's maddening! He'll spare neither your rank nor your sitting, and all will grin and ogle their hands.... Who are you laughing at? Laugh at yourselves! Ah! you...... (Stamps on the ground terrifically) I would do for all the pack of snotterers & Ugh! the quill-splitters! damned liberals! devil's brood! I would sorely you all, I'd grind you to powder! You'd be a dish for the foul fiend, and the devil's oap your resting-place! (shakes his fist and grinds his heel on the ground. Then, after a short silence): I can't collect myself yet. It's true, that if God would punish a man, he first drives him mad. To be sure, what was there like a revisor in that crook-brained trifler? Nothing at all! Not the resemblance of half a little finger -- and all of them shout at once: the Revisor, the Revisor! Who was it, then, who first gave out he was the Revisor? Answer me!

[During the violent outburst of the Governor and the consternation of the assembled subordinates, the loud voice of a gendarme suddenly announces:

"The Inspector General sent by Imperial command has arrived and requests your attendance at once. He awaits you in the inn."

The whole group shift their positions and remain as if petrified -- the final scene without words.

In his "Author's Confession", Gogol gives us his own estimate of the character of Khlestyakov and the meaning of his "Revisor":

I saw that my former works were laughed at for nothing, uselessly, without knowing why. If it is necessary to laugh, then let us laugh at that which really deserves to be laughed at by all. In my "Revisor" I decided to gather up in one place and deride all that is bad in Russia, all evils which are being perpetrated in those places where utterest subterfuge is required from man.

But the initial performances of the great comedy
were very unsatisfactory to its author. Writing to Pushkin about it, Gogol complains that:

"The Revisor" was played, but I am distressed and perplexed by it. The main actor had not the faintest idea of Khlestyakov's personality. He gave us a farcical scurrilous Mofrowed from the Paris boulevards, a hook-eyed liar who has appeared on our stage in the same costume for the last two centuries. Khlestyakov is not an intentional impostor, or a liar by profession. He forgets that he is telling falsehoods and almost believes what he is saying. His spirit rises as he finds he is successful, he becomes expansive, poetical, inspired.

As a matter of fact, Khlestyakov is one of a set of indistinguished young people who sometimes behave well and talk sensibly. It is only an exceptional circumstance that their mean and petty natures are revealed. In a word, Khlestyakov is a combination of many Russian types. We are all, or have been, Khlestyakovs, only we do not care to admit it. We prefer to laugh at the failings of other people, the smart officer, the men of State. Even the literary sinners have all played their part.

The last scene was a hopeless failure, the curtain hung for an awful minute and the play did not seem properly ended. The final scene will never be successful unless it is rendered simply as a tableau vivant.... There are many different ways how to end speechless amazement. The alarm of the different characters varies with their degree of guilt and the elasticity of their consciences.

Discouraged by the bad performances and the general lack of understanding of his work, Gogol dispiritedly adds:

But I have no strength to fuse and wrangle. I am tired out in body and mind. I swear no one knows or can believe the sufferings I have undergone. I am sick of my play and long to hurry off God knows where. Only a steamer voyage and a change of scene can cure me. For God's sake, come and see me soon.

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In Ostrovsky the Russian theatre and drama found their most prolific interpreter of life. Other Russian writers excelled him in various forms of expression — in poetry, belles lettres, short stories. But Ostrovsky was the dramatist par excellence. Except for some essays on the need of a National Theatre, his creative work was centered in the drama.

Alexander Nikolaevitch Ostrovsky was born in 1823, five years after Turgenev and five years before Tolstoy. But unlike them, Ostrovsky came of humble origin. His father was in the civil service and in no position to give his son the education and training which station and wealth gave to the two contemporaries of the future dramatist. Still, Ostrovsky père managed to send the lad to the university. But he remained there only two years, being expelled from the institution following a quarrel with a professor over some differences in views.

His parents' poverty compelled the youth to follow the vocation of his father. He entered the civil service as an under clerk in the department then called the Commercial Tribunal. Here young Ostrovsky had exceptional opportunities of coming in contact with and studying the material which he later portrayed so brilliantly in all his plays — the rich merchant class. When still a boy he began to show a deep interest in the theatre and the drama, reading voraciously whatever he
could find on these subjects in original or translation. From the time he was first taken to see a play, Ostrovsky spent every kopek at his disposal for the theatre.

Though not a profound thinker, Ostrovsky was gifted with extraordinary dramatic perception and a fund of human sympathy. It is these qualities which make his characters so alive and vivid, so full of colour. His first plays, "Pictures of Family Happiness" and "We will Settle it Ourselves", written in 1847 and 1848, aroused great interest. They appeared in several publications, but were not permitted on the stage. In fact, the Moscow merchant class, the banner bearer of orthodoxy and reaction, complained to Tsar Nicholas I, who had Ostrovsky dismissed from his post. Perhaps that was most fortunate for the Russian drama, because it gave the author the necessary leisure to devote himself exclusively to the work he loved passionately - the writing of plays so truly expressive of the life, habits and thoughts of the class he knew best - the Russian middle class.

Even the titles of some of Ostrovsky's plays are most typically Russian, embodying the proverbs and old sayings of the people. Thus his plays "We will Settle it Ourselves", "Do Not Sit in Other People's Sledge", "Poverty is No Vice", are so very Russian that they are difficult of being adequately rendered into other languages. Out of this milieu Ostrovsky created sixty-five plays which dominated the Russian stage for fifty years, and many of which remain popular to this day.
Besides this extraordinary achievement, Ostrovsky translated, in collaboration with others, a number of foreign works.

But Alexander Ostrovsky was not content with merely writing plays: he was also instrumental in creating new conceptions of dramatic interpretation. It was due to his influence that the Little Theatre of Moscow attained such perfection. And it was because of his untiring efforts that a National Theatre was established in Russia where the Russian classics were presented in masterly manner. It is therefore that Alexander Mikhailevitch Ostrovsky has rightfully earned the title of father of the Russian drama and the theatre.

"Don't Sit in Other People's Sledges," published in 1863, deals with a subject common enough in the Russia of Ostrovsky's time. A nobleman makes love to a tradesman's daughter in the hope of coming into her father's money. He induces the girl to elope with him, but when he realises that there is no money forthcoming, he ill-treats and in the end abandons her. Ostrovsky succeeded in giving moving dramatic quality to the theme and in making his characters convincing, unmasking the ruthlessness of the "cultured" nobility in their dealing with the lives and destinies of the people. He is particularly masterful in portraying the poignant tragedy of the girl who is victimised by her unscrupulous seducer and maltreated by her harsh, unforgiving father. The drama is most gripping in its effect and in its forceful exposure of evil social ills.
This play was followed a year later by one of the richest comedies Ostrovsky has created, "Poverty No Vice", an irresistible satire of the well-to-do class and its efforts to cloak its viciousness with superficial western manners.

Tortsov, a Moscow merchant, a vulgarian and bully, at home, plays the part of a cultured gentleman in public by lavish display and wild orgies in fashionable resorts. His boon companion is a fellow merchant who has undertaken to initiate his friend in the latest styles and customs of good society. That does not prevent Tortsov from slave-driving his wife and tyrannising his daughter. He determines to marry her off to his companion; he is the master of the house who must be obeyed. Mother and daughter are driven to desperation. At the psychological moment, Lubin Tortsov, the long missing brother of the rich merchant, returns. He has lost his fortune and spent years wandering throughout the length and breadth of Russia as poet and bard. He returns penniless and in rags, yet full of human understanding and kindness. He sees at a glance the empty culture of his brother and the wretched state of his sister-in-law and niece. Nor does he fail to note the evil influence exerted upon his brother by the boon companion. In the latter he finds a dissipated, depraved and utterly worthless man who could only bring disaster to his young niece and fleece her father of his fortune. He exposes the impostor and prevails upon the better nature of his brother to permit the girl to marry Mitya, whom she loves, and to rid himself of his mentor and his alleged "culture".
Besides his numerous comedies and satires, treating subjects of comparatively local interest, Ostrovsky has produced dramas of universal appeal and of far-reaching social significance in their critical analysis of the effect of conditions on human thought and action. Among such are "The Thunderstorm" and "Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man", of the Moscow Art Theatre Series.

"The Thunderstorm" is laid in a community on the Volga. Its social pillars, Dikey, a rich merchant, and Mae Kabanova, the widow of a wealthy tradesman, pose as pious Christians and humanitarians. In reality they are domineering, despotic and cruel persons, who use their wealth and position to make the lives of those depending upon them miserable. In fact, Dikey loves to make people miserable. He confesses as much to his bosom friend, Mae. Kabanova. Whenever his neighbors come to collect the money he owes them, Dikey deliberately picks a quarrel.

For you've only to hint at money to me, and I feel hot all over, and that's all about it. You may be sure at such times I'd swear at anyone for nothing. I'll tell you the sort of troubles that happen to me. I had fasted in Lent, and was all ready for Communion, and then the Evil One thrusts a wretched peasant under my nose. He had come for money, for wood he had supplied us. All for my sins, he must needs show himself at a time like this. I fell into sin of course; I pitched into him, pitched into him finely, I did, all but thrashed him. There you have my temper! Afterwards I asked his pardon, bowed down to his feet; before everyone, I did. Mae. Kabanova is more consistent in her violent nature. While all her piety (she never misses church on the numerous religious days of the Russian calendar) she is a
ehrew who eternally nage and mistreat her serveante and is feared even by her son and his wife Katerina. In the name of love and devotion to her son she has broken his will and poisoned his mind against his wife. Katerina loves her husband and is devoted to him, but she resents his weakness and his cringing timidity before his mother. But his attempts to be strong are of no avail — the mother is the stronger and she has paralyzed his power of resistance.

Katerina is dreamy and poetic — the atmosphere of her own home had been free and inspiring. But here in the prison created by the harshness and antagonism of her mother-in-law, Katerina grows morose and nervous. She dreads every sound, fears every shadow. Her condition is accentuated by her mortal horror of thunder which is not unusual with high-strung and depressed people. Katerina’s only relief and joy is in her friendship with Boris, the young nephew of Dikoy.

The two young people had met in a very innocent way on their walks in the park. The meeting may never have had serious results had it not been for the indifference of her husband, the cruelty of her mother-in-law, and the heart hunger of Katerina for companionship. But these factors and the circumstances created by the temporary absence of Katerina’s husband break her determination to remain faithful to her husband. She falls in love with Boris and gives herself to him. Boris also loves Katerina, but he is dependent upon his despotic uncle who has decided that Boris must leave the estate. On
learning this Katerina pleads with Boris to permit her to accompany him. But presently, realizing the impossibility of her request, she reproves him:

Go, and God be with you! Don't grieve over me. At first your heart will be heavy, perhaps, poor boy, but then you will begin to forget.

Boris: Why talk about me! I am free at least; how about you? What of your husband's mother?

Katerina: She tortures me, she looks me up. She tells everyone, even my husband: "Don't trust her, she is sly and deceitful."

They all follow me about all day long, and laugh at me to my face. At every word they reproach me with you.

Boris: And your husband?

Katerina: One minute he's kind, one minute he's angry, but he's drinking all the while. He is loathsome to me, loathsome; his kindness is worse than blows.

Boris: You are wretched, Katerina?

Katerina: So wretched that it were better to die.

Boris: Who could have dreamed that we should have to suffer such anguish for our love. I'd better have run away then.

Katerina: It was an evil day for me when I saw you. Joy I have known little of, but of sorrow, of sorrow, how much! And how much still is before me! But why think of what is to be! I am seeing you now, that much they cannot take away from me; and I care for nothing more. All I wanted was to see you. Now my heart is much easier, as though a load had been taken off me.

Boris struggles hard against the necessity of leaving Katerina, but it has to be. She is loath to let him go, but in the end she tells him:

As you travel along the highroads, do not pass by one beggar, give to everyone, and bid them pray for my sinful soul.

Left alone Katerina reflects on her doom:

Where am I going now? Home? No, home or the grave — it is the same ....... A little grave under a tree ....... How sweet ....... The sunshine warms it, the rain falls on it .......
the spring the grass grows on it ..... The birds will fly in the trees and sing, and bring up their little ones, and flowers will bloom, golden, red, and blue..... How still! How sweet!

My heart is as it were lighter! But of life I don't want to think.... Life is not good..... and people are hateful to me, and the house is hateful, and the walls are hateful.

While Katerina is in the garden, the gathering clouds break into a terrific thunderstorm, making the girl's agony more poignant, her fear more saddening. Suddenly conscious of the approaching steps of her tormentor, her mother-in-law, she rushes to the river and drowns herself.

At first glance it might seem that this play deals with a simple love theme of no social significance. Yet in reality this tragedy depicted the general conditions existing in Russia in the latter part of the XIX century, portrayed in 1860 by Dobrolubov. It is therefore that Dobrolubov, the most penetrating critic of the period, wrote about this masterpiece of Ostrovsky:

The need for justice, for respect of personal rights -- that is the cry in the "Thunderstorm". Can we deny the wide application of this need in Russia? Can we fail to recognize that such dramatic background corresponds with the true conditions of Russian society? Take history, think of our lives, look about you, everywhere you will find justification for our words. History up to the most recent times has not fostered among us the development of respect for equity, has created no solid guarantee for personal rights and has left a wide field for arbitrary tyranny and caprice.

It is sad to reflect how accurately these words of Dobrolubov still apply to the Russia of today, as the rest of the world. Ostrovsky's "Thunderstorm",
written sixty-six years ago, still voices its justified protest against the tyrannical spirit of human relationships, voices it with the universal touch that stamps the quality of the true genius.

"Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man" embraces a still wider field of psychological perception, on the background of a sympathetic yet ruthless exposure of social corruption and superficiality, of human folly and insincerity.

Yegor Glumov, a social climber, is determined to make a career by exploiting the vanities and foibles of the rich circles that patronizes him. His mother, a simpleton very fond of her good-looking and clever son, is his accomplice.

Glumov's uncle, the rich Namashev, also has another nephew to whom he expects to bequeath his fortune. Yegor manages to rouse the ire of Namashev against that nephew by having the rich old man discover the caricature made of him by his heir prospective. Glumov comes in favor instead, and thus the first important step in his career has been accomplished.

Old Namashev spends his time in looking up apartments for rent or sale. Not that he needs any, but meeting various people affords him the opportunity of lecturing them on his beloved subject of obedience to elders and to play the role of wise counsellor and good man. Glumov
knows how to take advantage of the situation to advance himself. He plays up to the innocuous old Mamaev, admires his wisdom, offers himself as willing object of his wise counsel, with the result that Mamaev is completely charmed with the respectful and obedient young men, so different from the arrogant youth of the new generation. He is invited to Mamaev’s house and introduced to the latter’s young wife, whom he immediately begins to pay court to, pretending shyness and respectful adoration. Mamaev welcomes the opportunity. “She will flirt with you,” he advises his nephew, “but that will keep her out of worse mischief.” He suggests to Yegor to keep his wife out of harm’s way by pretending passionate love for her. “Thus it will be kept in the family.”

Gradually Glumov, young and handsome, gets into the best circles. The influential person of the town, Krutitsky, poses as a man of dignity and learning, but, unable to compose his own speeches, he is anxious to make use of the intelligent and clever Glumov to attain a reputation as an after-dinner orator. Krutitsky repays Yegor’s discretion by introducing him into the home of Mme. Trutohina, a superstitious rich widow, who is prevailed upon to look favorably upon Yegor as an applicant for the hand of her niece Mashenka. By bribing the favorite fortune teller of Mme. Trutohina, Glumov succeeds in having the old fake describe the future husband of the girl — by the cards — just as Yegor looks, — the last stroke that convinces everybody that Glumov is the fate-intended bridegroom.

But at the eleventh hour retribution overtakes
Glumov and ruins all his well-laid plans. Love-stick Moe.

Mamaeva has learned of the impending engagement of Glumov to Mashenka. She opnes to upbraid him for his faithlessness and discovers his diary, to which Yegor was in the habit of confiding his secret thoughts and relieving himself by exposing the follies and weaknesses of the important townpeople at whose house he is a visitor. This diary proves his undoing. Glumov is unmasked at the very moment of his triumph: at the gathering where his engagement to the rich Mashenka is to be formally announced. But he refuse to accept defeat without a final word to the assembled "honest men", his accusers:

Glumov: (to Krutitsky) And did you, Your Excellency, suppose that I was not an honest man? Perhaps you, in your sagacity, became convinced of my dishonesty when I undertook to polish up your treatise? For what educated man would undertake such work? Or did you become aware of my dishonesty when alone with you in your study I went into raptures about the wildest of your expressions, and abused myself like a serf? No, you would have liked to kiss me then. But for this helpless diary, you would still be thinking me an honest man, and would have continued to do so for a long time to come.

Krutitsky: Of course, but....

Glumov: (to Mamaev) You, uncle, also found out by yourself, didn't you? Yes, it was at the time that you taught me to flatter Krutitsky! Or was it at the time that you instructed me to flirt with your wife, in order to distract her attention from her other admirers, when I played the innocent, pretending not to know how to be ashamed of doing it? You saw that I was pretending, but you were glad that I permitted you to teach me sense. I have far more sense than you and you know it, but when I pretended to be a fool and asked you for advice, you were overjoyed and were ready to vow that I was the most honest of men.

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Glumov: You need me, ladies and Gentlemen. You can not get along without a man like me. If it is not I, it will be someone else. You will find a man worse than myself, and you will say: "He is worse than Glumov, still he is a fine fellow". (To Krutitsky) You, Your Excellency, are known to be a very amiable
movement which was then spreading throughout Russia. Ostrovsky presently became interested in the cause of the serfs, applying his dramatic art to picture the humiliating and brutalising conditions of bondage and castigating with biting irony and humour the cruelty and self-conceited stupidity of the peasant-owning masters.

Undoubtedly the plays of Alexander Ostrovsky, particularly those dealing with the fate of the class whose very lives were dependent on the whims and caprices of their all-powerful and absolute masters, helped to create a sympathetic attitude toward the serfs and a better understanding of the evil and injustice of that institution.
The influence of Ostrovsky is clearly felt in the works of most of his contemporaries, though none of them were as gifted and prolific as the great master of comedy. This holds true particularly of A. Pissemskii, A. Potyekhin and Sukhovo-Kobylin. Pissemkskii's powerful realistic drama of peasant life, "A Bitter Fate", may be considered the prototype of Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness". While Potyekhin, depicting the humiliating condition of the Russian woman of his time, the object slave in her father's and husband's home, called attention in his work "A Slice Cut-Out" to the themes treated years later by Ibsen and other European dramatists. On the other hand the trilogy by Sukhovo-Kobylin, "The Marriage of Kretchinsky", "The Affair!", and "The Death of Terelkin", comprised three satires of exceptional quality, exposing the corruption of the Russian bureaucracy so effectively that even the well-disposed critics resented the public scandal created by those plays.

A. Pissemskii was born in 1820, the son of poor peasants, in the province of Kostroma. Beginning his literary career at the age of 27, he became one of the most famous novelists of the period. Later he devoted his dramatic talents to depicting the appalling conditions of peasant life. His greatest tragedy, "A Bitter Fate", compares favorably --- in point of knowledge of peasant life and psychology --- with the
The plot concerns the love of a nobleman for the wife of one of his serfs. Yakovlev, a peasant grown rich, presently learns that his wife Lisavetta has fallen in love with the master. The latter is sincerely attached to her, wants her to live with him, and insists upon getting the child born of their intimacy. But Yakovlev, though but a bondman, is masterful, with his own conception of pride and dignity. He refuses to give up his wife, but the village authorities decide to deliver the child to its father, the nobleman. Beside himself with rage and resentment, Yakovlev kills the child.

"A Bitter Fate" reveals the accumulated hatred of the peasantry for their masters and their instinctive consciousness of the wrongs endured by them. It is one of the most intensely dramatic plays of Russia, of great realistic power.

A. A. Potyekhin, preeminently the novelist, was also the author of a number of comedies, of which "A Slice Cut-Off" is the most representative of his art. The play appeared shortly after the abolition of serfdom, while the former owners still fought desperately against the decree which deprived them of their human chattel.

Khozuperov, a large land owner, a tyrant to his serfs as well as to his family, bitterly resents the new regime and the liberal spirit that has infected his children and the peasants. He looks upon bribery as the invincible method of settling all difficulties and he

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decides to "persuade" the public guardian, Peter Dankin, chosen to look after the interests of the emancipated peasants. Dankin is in love with Natasha, Khozuperov's daughter, and her father hopes to corrupt the young official through his affections. But when he finds that Dankin cannot be bribed, he refuses him his daughter's hand and drives him off the estate.

Nikolai, Khozuperov's son, tired of his father's tyranny, goes out into the world to find his freedom. He becomes the "Slice Cut-Off," disowned, rather than to submit to the despotism at home. But Natasha must remain, for she --- a woman --- has no legal or human rights and is entirely subject to her father's authority. In view of the fact that the question of women's rights had never been treated on the stage before Potyekhin, "A Slice Cut-Off" brought a new note in the Russian theatre, and placed its author in the first ranks of the dramatic as well as liberal circles.

In "The Marriage of Kretchinsky", by Sukhovo-Kobylin, the plot deals with the victimization of the wealthy peasant Ukhomskin by his scheming sister-in-law, Tret'leva, and the conniving roué Kretchinsky, who seeks to marry Lydotchka, the peasant's daughter, for her dowry.

Mrs. Tret'leva, ambitious to get into Moscow society, prevails upon her brother-in-law to move to that alluring city, where a matrimonial match befitting the wealth of Lydotchka is sure to be arranged. The suer
for the girl's hand, the dashing officer Kretchinsky, is not long in appearing. He is a drunkard, a gambler, and profligate, who seen in Lydotchka his only chance of rehabilitating his vanishing fortune and social position. By generous flattery he wins the love of the naive and impressionable girl and the blind admiration of her aunt. He also succeeds in overcoming the natural suspicion of the peasant father toward the idle aristocracy. Kretchinsky's plans are about to materialize, the girl is promised him and the wedding date set, when the roué's good luck turns. Made incautious by the desperate necessity of paying gambling debts, Kretchinsky coaxes Lydotchka into giving him a valuable solitaire in return for an imitation ring. He pawns the diamond and is discovered. To save her father from the scandal and her fiancé from arrest, Lydotchka assumes all the responsibility. The wedding party is broken up, and Kretchinsky loses his game.

But the story does not end there. It is continued in the second play of the trilogy, called "The Affair". The situation is seized upon by some officials to see in it a chance of fleecing the old peasant. They bring Ukhomskin back to Moscow, make a cause celebre out of the case, drag the matter from court to court with constantly growing demands upon the peasant to "settle the affair". After several years of this procedure, Ukhomskin finally refuses to be fleeced any longer, but the officials hint at alleged illicit relations between Lydotchka and Kretchinsky, even suggesting an
illegitimate child, and the distracted father is compelled to sacrifice his last possessions. Impoverished and heart-broken the old man dies, while Lydotchka, robbed of her youth and fair name, disillusioned and miserable, goes into retirement.

In "The Death of Tarelkin", the last of the trilogy, official corruption and viciousness continues, but the role of Tarelkin changes. Cringing flunkey and servile tool in the evil practices of his superiors all through the first and second part, Tarelkin now rebels against his masters. He has managed to save his share of the loot drained from Ukhomskin. But it is no easy matter to shake off the bureaucratic leeches, and Tarelkin determines to get even with them by announcing his own death by means of a stuffed effigy left in his room. He succeeds in duping his rascally superiors, and they give him an elaborate funeral, then ransack his belongings for the incriminating documents in his possession. Alas, they can discover nothing.

Meanwhile Tarelkin, having assumed a new name, glories in his successful ruse. But he had failed to consider the consequences of his illegal action, and these now come in quick succession. The mother of six children claims Tarelkin as her lawful husband and father of her progeny, and there appear insistent creditors of the man whose name Tarelkin assumed. Finally his former superiors discover that he is not dead. They force him to return to his position and torture him until he gives up the documents, after which Tarelkin again becomes their slave.
The trilogy created such a furore and was so viciously attacked that Sukhovo-Kobylin decided to write no more plays. Instead he published a withering arraignment of his critics, brilliantly exposing their ignorance of the meaning and purpose of dramatic art.
CHAPTER VI

Turgenev

Unlike Ostrovsky, Turgenev's most adequate medium of expression was preeminently the novel, in which he reached supreme artistic heights. His plays do not mirror the intense social struggles of his time, so powerfully portrayed in his novels. They treat of simpler themes, the lighter side of life, with its tragicomic situations. He was master of language, attaining greatest effect by utmost economy and terseness. There is no superfluous word or gesture in his novels and short stories, and this gift also served him to good purpose in his dramas. He stands foremost in Russia as the creator of one-act plays, which are rare models of concentration.

Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenev was born on the 22nd of October, 1818. His parents were wealthy landed proprietors owning many serfs -- "souls." Turgenev's early life was spent close to the class he later so understandingly and sympathetically portrayed in his literary works -- the peasants. After graduating from the St. Petersburg University Turgenev, then barely twenty, visited Germany to complete his education. On his return to Russia he settled on his estate, frequently travelling through the country-side, studying its natural beauties and the life and habits of her people.
He devoted special attention to the peasantry whom he learned to know and to love as few other Russian writers. His literary appearance Turgenev first made in 1847, with a series of sketches from the rich experience and knowledge he had gained through his journeys. They were published in 1851 in collected form under the title, "The Diary of a Sportsman." His truthful and objective portrayal of serfdom in its deintegrating effect upon owners and serfs alike struck deeply into the public conscience of Russia and undoubtedly hastened the day when the monster was finally slain, and serfdom was no more.

But Turgenev was by no means a reformer in the usually accepted term. Indeed, he repudiated the injection of any definite purpose in creative art. All these discussions about "tendency" and "unconsciousness" in art are nothing but a debased coin of rhetoric (he wrote). Those only who cannot do better will submit to a preconceived program, because a truly talented writer in the condensed expression of life itself, and he cannot write either a panegyric or a pamphlet: either would be too mean for him.

It was precisely because Turgenev, as artist, was himself "the condensed expression of life," that his works, supreme literary gems, exerted such a powerful influence on the social life of his country.

"The Diary of a Sportsman" aroused bitter antagonism to Turgenev in official circles; they saw in the author a dangerous element in the intellectual life of Russia. But it was not until 1862 that they were able to vent their wrath upon the great writer. It was Turgenev's tribute to Gogol, when the latter died, which furnished the reactionary regime the pretext
to silence the man who, as artist and poet, ranked highest after Gogol. Turgenev was arrested and came near being sent to Siberia. But he escaped with a month's imprisonment and banishment to his estate. In impaired health and deeply saddened over the conditions of his country, he later left Russia for Europe. He frequently paid short visits to his native land, but most of his life was spent in Germany and France, chiefly in the latter.

While in Paris Turgenev met the Viardot family, Monsieur Viardot being a well-known literary critic and translator, and Mme Viardot a celebrated singer and musician. Both became his devoted friends, but unfortunately for the poet he fell deeply in love with Mme. Viardot, though the lady may never have even suspected his attachment. At any rate it remained unrequited, a circumstance which added much to the sadness and loneliness of Turgenev. Generously the great Russian devoted himself with all the tenderness of his rich nature to the children of his friends, two young girls, whose education he supervised together with the parents. He took an intense interest in Mme. Viardot's artistic career, being elated over each success of the singer even more perhaps than she herself. Theirs was a beautiful friendship, which lasted until Turgenev's death. But he knew the feeling of vain longing for the unattainable, which he portrayed so movingly in his plays.

In later years, almost within the shadow of death from disease (Turgenev suffered for many years from cancer of the spinal cord) he formed a passionate...
attachment for the famous actress Savina. She played in most of his works, her interpretive art reaching its height in "The Provincial Woman". Turgenev's letters to Savina are among the most touching outpourings of the human heart, full of the unspoken pathos of age clinging to youth and life, yet constantly aware of the inevitable result.

The works which followed "The Diary of a Sportsman" - "Dmitri Rudin", "A Nobleman's Retreat", "On the Eve", "Virgin Soil", "Smoke", are expressive of Turgenev's feeling toward the Russian intelligentsia of his time, the rising generation of rebellion, fully awakened to the social and political problems yet lacking the will to action. No more faithful portrait of the types of his day, drawn with realistic artistry, deep understanding and the inevitable sadness of his race, qualities that permeate all of Turgenev's works. In his penetrating study, the brilliant critic George Brandes most truly characterizes the great Russian:

There flows a deep and broad stream of melancholy in Turgenev's mind and therefore also in his work... There is so much of Turgenev's personality expressed in his art, and this personality is always sadness - a specific sadness without a touch of sentimentality.

Turgenev never gives himself up entirely to his feelings; he impresses by restraint; but no West European writer is so sad as he is. The great melancholy of the Latin race, such as Leopardi and Flaubert, have hard, fast outlines in their style; the German sadness is of caustic humour, or it is pathetic, or sentimental; but Turgenev's melancholy is, in its substance, the melancholy of the Slavonian races, in its weakness and tragical aspect, it is a descendant in a straight line from the melancholy of the Slavonian folk-song....
When Gogol is melancholy, it is from despair. When Dostoevsky expresses the same feeling, it is because his heart bleeds with sympathy for the downtrodden, and especially for great sinners. Tolstoy's melancholy has its foundation in his religious fatalism. Turgenev alone is a philosopher. ... He loves man, even though he does not think much of him and does not trust him very much.

With the succeeding years Turgenev's sadness increased because of the lack of understanding he found among the very elements he loved most and was eager to express—the young intellectual generation of his time. This failure of appreciation on the part of the Russian intelligentsia was the direct reflex of the ignorance and antagonism they met when they gave themselves to the people—going "V'narod"—when they left their wealthy homes and forsake social station to devote their knowledge and lives to the Russian peasantry.

In his prose-poem, "The Working Men and the Man with the White Hands", Turgenev depicts with melancholy verity the general attitude of the masses toward the intellectual at the period of that unique historic movement.

**THE WORKING MEN AND THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS**

**A DIALOGUE**

**Working Man:** What do you want among us? What are you up to? You ain't one of us, you ain't. Clear out, I advise you!

**The Man with the White Hands:** I belong to you, dear brothers.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman.— 1926,
draft.— 209 p.; 30 × 21 cm.
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Working man: Br'er's a got! The idea! Look ye're at my 'ands. Don't ye see how dirty they be? They smell of tar and muck; --- your hands are clean and white, and what do they smell of?

The man with the white hands: Smell them!

Working man (smelling the other's hands): What? Bleded if they don't smell of iron!

The man with the white hands: You are right,--- of iron. For six long years they bore heavy chains.

Working man: What for?

The man with the white hands: By, because I was interested in your welfare, because I wished to emancipate you, poor ignorant men, because I stood up in revolt against your oppressors. That is why I was put in chains.

Working man: Locked up? But she told you to get up this yer revolt!

First working man: I say, Peter! Don't yer remember ye two years ago one of these yer white-handed 'mans, a talk with you?

Second working man: I remember .... What about him now?

First working man: Don't yer know he's a got to be 'anged to-day? That's the order.

Second working man: 'As he been and revolted again?

First working man: Of course he was revolted.

Second working man: H'm .... I'll tell you what, BITTY. Apper thought: cut the FOGA AS I am a jin. They do say it brings rare good luck to a house.
The young generation hailed as their own the rising star on Russia's literary firmament when they saw their own image mirrored in "Rudin" or in "Virgin Soil". But when Turgenev in his classic "Fathers and Sons" created Bazarov, they regarded the hero of the story as a parody of their holiest aspirations. They felt their revolutionary ideal outraged, they denounced Turgenev as an apostate, and they turned from him. They failed to grasp that far from drawing a caricature in Bazarov, Turgenev had portrayed the rare Russian type he admired most --- a man of terse personality and strong will, of indomitable courage and unshakable determination --- the supreme iconoclast who had declared war on all false idols and who set out to annihilate them. Bazaroff (as I wrote) puts all the other personalities of my novel in the shade. He is honest, straightforward, and a democrat of the purest water, and you find no good qualities in him. The duel with Pavel Petrivitch is only introduced to show the intellectual emptiness of the elegant, noble knighthood; in fact, I even exaggerated and made it ridiculous. My conception of Bazaroff is such as to make him appear throughout much superior to Pavel Petrivitch. Nevertheless, when he calls himself nihilist you must read revolutionist. To draw on one side a functionary who takes bribes, and on the other an ideal youth --- I leave it to others to make such pictures. My aim was much higher than that. I conclude with one remark: If the reader is not won by Bazaroff, notwithstanding his roughness, absence of heart, pitiless, daring and terseness,
then the fault is with me —— I have missed
my aim; but to even him with — syrup,
(to use Bazaroff's own language), this I did
not want to do, although perhaps through that
I would have won Russian youth at once to my
side.

It is of historic importance in this connection
to point out that the term "nihilist", applied for so
many years to the Russian revolutionists of various
political shades, was first coined by Turgenev in
"Fathers and Sons" and referred to the negation of all
existing institutions and accepted standards.

By the test of modern psycho-analysis one
would not go far awry in seeking in the character of
Bazarov the subconscious longing of Turgenev for the
elements lacking in himself. He was undoubtedly more
the dreamer than the man of action, or perhaps sufficiently
of each to account for the anguish of his constant
inner struggle. Too well Turgenev knew the tragedy
of this conflict within the human soul, graphically
delineated in his introspective lecture on "Hamlet and
Don Quixote".

Don Quixote is imbued with devotion towards
his ideal, for which he is ready to suffer all
possible privations, to sacrifice his life; life
itself he values only so far as it can serve for
the incarnation of the ideal, for the promotion
of truth, of justice on earth .... He lives for
his brothers, for exposing the forces hostile
to mankind: the richer, the giants --- that is,
the oppressors .... Therefore he is fearless,
patient: he is satisfied with the most modest
food, the poorest cloth; he has other things to
think of. Humble in his heart, he is great
and daring in his mind .... And who is Hamlet?
Analysis, first of all, and egotism, and therefore
no faith. He lives entirely for himself, he is
an egotist; but to believe in one's self --- even
an egotist cannot do that: we can believe only in
... As he has doubts of everything, Hamlet evidently does not spare himself; his intellect is too developed to remain satisfied with what he finds in himself; he feels his weakness, but such self-consciousness is a force; and therefore his irony, the opposite of the enthusiasm of Don Quixote. Don Quixote --- a poor man, almost a beggar, without means and relations, old, isolated --- undertakes to redress all the wrongs and to protect oppressed strangers all over the earth. What does it matter to him that his first attempt at freeing the innocent from his oppressor falls twice as heavy upon the head of the innocent himself? ... What does it matter that, thinking that he has to deal with noxious giants, Don Quixote attacks uselessavails? ... Nothing of the sort can ever happen with Hamlet! How could he, with his perspicacious, refined, sceptical mind, ever commit such a mistake? No, he will not fight with giants, he does not believe in giants, but he would not have attacked them even if they did exist. And yet, although Hamlet is a sceptic, although he disbelieves in God, he does not believe in evil. Evil and deceit are his inborn enemies. His scepticism is not indifferentism. ... But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive power, and how to keep it in bounds, how to tell it where to stop, when that which it must destroy, and that which it must spare, are often inseparably welded together? Here it is that the often noticed tragic aspect of human life comes in: for action we require will, and for action we require thought; but thought and will have parted from each other, and separate every day more and more.

"And thus the native hue of resolution Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought..."

Thought and will may indeed "separate every day more and more", but the inner need of unity --- felt by every creative artist --- is always their crucible, and at the same time the source of their strength and inspiration. No doubt Turgenev knew and experienced this; hence he loved both types, ending them with all the beauty his creative imagination would muster.

Turgenev was at his best in depicting the new, in his time, **type of Russian woman** --- the
idealistic with unbounded capacity for consecration in love or revolution. Natasha in "Rudin", Lisa in "On the Eve", Helen in "Virgin Soil", represent their author's tender understanding of the radiant figures of the revolutionary struggle in Russia. Realistically artistic and deeply sympathetic is his portrait of Sophie Perovskaya, who died on the gallows in 1881, and whom Turgenev has painted with such reverence and affection in "On the Threshold".

I have already mentioned that Turgenev was no mere reformer and no party man, his sympathies always on the side of the advanced and militant elements of the revolutionary movement. Although living abroad as a voluntary exile, Turgenev was keenly interested in the life of his country. He kept in close touch with its intellectual development and when Alexander Herzen, one of the most brilliant and thoughtful rebels of the period, began the publication of "The Kolokol" (The Bell), a journal laying bare the evils and abuses in Russia, Turgenev became its ardent supporter, just as he always responded generously to the needs of his countrymen compelled to flee Russia of the reactionary regime.

The more surprising is Turgenev's resentful and even antagonistic attitude toward that most stormy petrel Russia has produced, the anarchist Michael Bakunin. Turgenev's letters to Herzen about Bakunin are permeated with a narrowness and perverseness one would hardly expect in so tender and sensitive a character. It has even been suggested that in "Dmitri Rudin" Turgenev ridiculed Bakunin, who was then buried alive in the
Fortress of Peter-and-Paul, in St. Petersburg. I personally can find no resemblance between Bakunin and Rudin, nor could I discover any reference to the matter in the work of Peter Kropotkin, who knew Turgenev well. But if the charge be true, Turgenev's animosity toward Bakunin could be explained only by the extreme difference of temperament between the two great Russians. Turgenev, super-refined and contemplative artist, was too deeply disturbed by the fiery rebel who comet-like swept from Russia across the continent, the Bazanov of actual revolt.

However deplorable the hostility between these two remarkable Russians, Turgenev stands out as the man of infinite capacity for kindness, as supreme artist and great spirit who has generously enriched art and letters in Russia. His death in 1883 after a tortuous life of disappointment and illness, was mourned by all of Russia and deepest by the very generation which had so cruelly misjudged him. With Russia Western Europe also grieved over the loss of a great creative genius.

Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenev wrote ten dramas, very ably translated by Mr. M.S. Mandell, Instructor in Russian at Yale University, and published by Messrs. Heinemann, of London. Out of this collection I have chosen four of the most characteristic plays, which offer an adequate idea of Turgenev's dramatic art.

x) "Russian Literature, Ideals and Realities,"
The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman. — 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 30 x 21 cm.
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Vassily Semenitch Krovkin, an impoverished nobleman, has been living on charity at the estate of the parents of young Olga Petrovna Eletskaia. When the curtain rises great preparations are going on for the reception of Olga Petrovna and her husband, who are returning from their honeymoon. The neighbours have been invited, and there is to be a grand dinner for the young couple.

They arrive, and in the course of the feast poor Vassily Semenitch is goaded on to drink, which he is not able to do with much grace. The neighbours by their cruel pranks and jokes about his dependent position succeed in getting Vassily drunk and then make him tell of his early life on the estate, the humiliating treatment by the master, now dead, and his lack of courage to free himself from his degrading position. Vassily struggles against his tormentors, but finally succumbs to the influence of liquor. He discloses his right to live on the estate because he is the father of Olga Petrovna. General consternation.

In the second scene Vassily is summoned to Olga to explain himself. He at first denies what he said in his drunken state, but she continues to ply him with questions and finally learns the secret he had carried with him for so many years. He had come to the estate as a young man; the master was hard and cruel, especially to Olga's mother, who was delicate.
and refined. Gradually friendship and love developed between the two young people, and Olga was the result. Vassily then meant to leave, but Olga's mother, afraid of her brutal and frequently drunken husband, persuaded him to remain. After she died, it was Olga who kept him on the estate for her protection. During all these years he treasured the secret in his heart, never even by a sign betraying his great love for Olga, his child.

Kuzovkin's story, told in an inebriated condition, is given little credence by the people. But Olga is afraid to have it become definitely established that Kuzovkin is her father. It might mean the loss of her husband's love. She therefore decides to send her father away. On some pretext her husband furnishes the money needed to redeem a small estate, which once belonged to Kuzovkin, and the latter decides to leave.

The parting between Kuzovkin and his daughter is portrayed with deep feeling and beauty, and is one of the most moving scenes of the two-act play.

The Bachelor is a fair instance of the sympathetic humanity of Turgenev. Mikhail Ivanytch Moshkin is a bachelor, forty-nine years old. With him in the house lives Maria Vasilievna, known as Masha, a simple Russian girl, an orphan nineteen years of age.

In the first act Moshkin appears laden with packages for a festive dinner at which the engagement
of Masha to Pyotr, a young clerk who works in the same governmental bureau with Moshkin, is to be announced. Moshkin, a true father to the orphan girl, is as elated over the approaching event as if Masha had been his own child.

Pyotr is of a weak character, undecided and selfish. He does not really love Masha, but he has promised to marry her in compliance with the wishes of Moshkin. After the engagement, however, Pyotr begins to cool towards the project and his bride. His new attitude is influenced by Von Fonk, the councilor, a titled gentleman who observes all the proprieties of good society and looks upon such people as poor Masha and even Moshkin as inferior beings.

Pyotr is flattered by the friendship of such an important personage as the councilor, who convinces him that Masha is plain and not at all suited for a wife of an educated, aspiring young man. Von Fonk gradually weaNS Pyotr away from Moshkin’s house and from Masha.

There begins the struggle of Moshkin to win back Pyotr and to make him keep his promise to Masha. The latter grows sadder and thinner every day; she not only feels her loss, but also the disgrace of being jilted. Kind, devoted Moshkin is driven to greater efforts in the orphan’s behalf. He fairly sways and blackmauls the young chap, but in the end he has to give up in despair.

The last scene is full of pathos. Moshkin, so eager to save Masha, to see her well and cheerful
again, suddenly awakens to the realization that he cares for his ward in a more than fatherly sense. "Why not marry her", he wonders, "if she will have me." He proposes to Natasha, and she, perhaps more out of gratitude than love, accepts the man whom she had always considered so kind, so thoughtful, so sincerely devoted to her.

"An Amicable Settlement", a one-act comedy, shows the best vein of Turgenev's humor. At the same time it reveals his scepticism of women's logic.

Nikolai Ivanovitch Balaginiev, marshal of the nobility, undertakes to bring about an amicable settlement of the feud between a sister and brother, his neighbours.

The Marshal has invited several impartial friends to help in the division of the property --- the cause of the quarrel between the widow Anna Kaurova and her brother Bezpondin. The proceedings are seemingly funny. Particularly well drawn is the obstinate and unreasonable Anna who repeatedly agrees to abide by the decision of the Marshal, but at the critical moment refuses.

After a long parley the people present break up into two opposing factions and begin a quarrel with each other, which drives the poor Marshal to despair and to his bed. The feud remains unsettled.

"A month in the Country". Natasha Petrovna Islayev is the wife of a wealthy landowner. She is twenty-nine and has a boy of ten, Kolya. Her girlhood
had been far from joyous, and when Islaev offered marriage
she accepted, more because of her desire for a home than
for love. Now the Islaevs live at their country estate.
With them is the friend of the family, Mikhail Alexandrov-
itchy Rakitin; Vera, a sounding adopted by Natasha,
a girl of seventeen; their son Kolya and Islaev's mother.

Rakitin loves Natasha, and she is aware of it.
She enjoys his attentions, although knowing that she is
playing with fire. But she has faith in his sterling
friendship for both herself and her husband, and their
relations remain platonic.

Into this idyll comes Kolya's new tutor,
Alexei Byelyaev. He is young, ardent, and active.
Vera and the young tutor spend much time together. Inno-
cent of the ways of love, she does not realize that she
has caught fire. Soon however her secret, which she
did not dare admit to herself even, is discovered by the
older, more subtle Natasha.

The reserve Natasha so successfully maintained
with Rakitin dissolves like snow at the first touch of
spring when Byelyaev comes on the scene. Her suspicion
of the two young people, who are constantly together,
accomplishes the rest. Under pretext of her interest
in Vera, Natasha pierces into the young girl's soul and
finally coaxes her into a confession of her love for
Alexei. The same Natasha who a week prior to the
arrival of the young man refused the offer of marriage
made Vera by a neighbouring landowner, is now ready to
marry her off to the ugly, uninteresting man of forty,
thus making Vera's life more miserable than her own in a
loveless relationship.
Alexei is quite unaware of the machinations of the love-sick lady of the house, or is Natasha's husband. Absorbed in the care of his estate, he has not the faintest idea of the passionate love of his friend Rakitin for his wife, much less in able to explain the hysterical attacks, the fainting spells, the violent outbursts of Natasha who had always been so quiet, so poised, apparently so contented.

But with the keen eye of unrequited love, Rakitin sees the cause of Natasha's change and the danger which is threatening the household. He decides to leave and also prevails upon Alexei to do the same. Before his departure Rakitin impresses upon his friend Isolae the need of giving himself more to his wife rather than to the estate. He calls the husband's attention to her need of love, of distraction, of vital interests in life. Thus shielding Isolae from the disclosure of his wife's infatuation for young Belyaev, he and the young man depart, and the impending tragedy is averted.

In this as in his other plays, Turgenev incorporated his own emotional experiences, particularly his tragic affection for Mad. Viardot. Kuzovkin in "The Family Charge", Moskvin in "The Bachelor", Ratikin in "A Month in the Country" — all of them are variations of Turgenev himself in his great capacity for love and devotion to those whose love he could not hope to win. All reflect his own greatness of spirit and deep understanding for the pathos in life.

More than any other Russian writer, Turgenev
was under the influence of Western culture, so apparent in his novels as well as in his plays. His comedies lend themselves easily for the English stage, more so than the works of most other Russian dramatists.
CHAPTER VII

TOLSTOY

"The hero of my stories who I love with all the fervour of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in his heart, who is always beautiful to me and always will remain beautiful is - the Truth."

Tolstoy.

Lev Nikolayevitch Tolstoy was the greatest seeker of the truth in modern times. He was the flame that illuminated our dark social horizon, bringing to light all the pretence and sham hidden under the tinsel garments of our culture. This flame that burned within Tolstoy's soul was conditioned in the man's nature, now pondering, now flaring up, and always consuming him with fierce longing for the truth on the way to the meaning and purpose of life.

The conflict created in Tolstoy between his vision of truth and the social forces which so often checked his march towards the realization of his ideal is among the deepest human tragedies of our time. Already in his early youth, in fact even in his boyhood, this conflict began to harass his spirit. When other children gave themselves up to play and frolic, the boy Tolstoy beset by serious thoughts, which often excited him to the heights and again thrust him into the darkness of self-torture, remorse and the feeling of sin. In "My Youth" Tolstoy gives us a glimpse into this state...
of mind when he was barely sixteen. Even in those tender years he is born between the ideal of goodness and his ambition for success, for glory and recognition. He is tortured by the consciousness of sins and the need of confessing his finest thoughts and feelings, so that he may not be tempted to sin again.

"Today I shall confide, I shall purify myself of all sin, and I shall never commit more. . . . I shall go to church every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Goethe for an hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill which I still receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two rubles or a half (one to the poor, and for such a manner that no one will know it — and not to begone, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old man, whom no one knows about.

"I shall have a room to myself, and I shall take care of it myself. I shall keep it constantly clean; and I shall leave the sun shining to be free for the light of my own.

private open.

These obstacles positive way to dreams of ambition and the striving of "graduating with high marks," for then I shall enter the examination for the "Degree of Doctor, Theologiator," and I shall become the leading exponent in Europe; I say be the most learned men in Europe even. . . . I must ransack to know.

"I am sure I shall become the greatest and the most distinguished man in the work, very soon.

But these obstacles I hope are not without their advantage. It is the best, and perhaps, but worse to struggle with hope and bitter. But there are nothing sorrowful about it. . . . This value of victory, and of constant aim for perfection, and the chief spirit, the best spirit, which such of my friends I am, and that much of my development . . . . That constant, cheerful voice has, since then, so often held me best raised, in those and many other times the soul has silently submitted to the will of life. Falsehood and vice, against every truth, positively conviction, the gods, parish to the bright spot of the present making, one love it, and rend in good and happiness in the future — the cleansed, comforting voice! Will thou ever cease to sound?"
That "blessed, comfortest voice" never ceased to sound in Tolstoy's life. It grew to be the clarion call of courage. It reached to the four corners of the earth, playing the tragedy of life, the universal human happiness, and it brought hope and courage to the fettered spirit of man.

A little boy was born at Vishniy Polnaya, Government of Tula, on August 6th, 1828. His mother died when he was barely two years old; his father seven years later. The nine-year old child was left to the care of his surviving mother who began the process of his education. But his real educators were the servants and the peasants, on the estate and on more of nature with all her grandeur and mystery.

At the age of fifteen, Tolstoy entered the ancient university, at Kazan, to take up the study of oriental languages and jurisprudence. With unusual penetration in one so young, he soon detected the artificial and institutional learning. His keen observation of life at the university laid the foundation for his subsequent severe criticism of the shallowness of academic training and education. He passed his examination in law with great distinction. Instead he turned toward all the initiatory movements of life.
The Emma Goldman Papers
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This conception of the nature of government and the function of law gradually developed in Tolstoy in the course of his spiritual growth, but the foundation for it was laid during his stay in law. Needles to say, he never made use of his profession as a jurist, but he profited by his legal knowledge to emancipate himself and others from the superstition of government as an unchangeable and immutable institution.
This conception of the nature of government and the function of law gradually developed in Tolstoy in the course of his spiritual growth, but the foundation for it was laid during his stay in law. Needless to say, he never made use of his profession or a lawyer, but he profited by his legal knowledge to emancipate himself and others from the oppression of government as an unchangeable and holy institution.
But his good intentions were wrecked by the inherent suspicion of the peasant toward his master and Tolstoy's own lack of comprehension at that time of the real needs of the peasantry. At that time, in the latter forties, the entire social and agricultural life of Russia was based on serfdom. The peasants learned for more personal liberty and land. Tolstoy realized the inadequacy of his palliative reforms; he saw that the fault was not with the peasants, but rather with him and his class that lived off the sweat and toil of the people he wanted to help. It was then that Tolstoy advanced the idea that the "rich will do everything for the poor except get off their backs."

After his abortive experience on Yasnaya Polyana Tolstoy left for the Caucasus, attracted to that country by its beauty and wildness, by the primitiveness and fascination of its native life. It was there that he first began systematic literary work. He wrote "Childhood", "Boyhood", and "Youth", stories evincing a fine understanding of the difficult psychology of child life.

Later Tolstoy was induced to enter the army to participate in the war waged by the Cossacks against some of the semi-savage tribes of the Caucasus. Those experiences he subsequently incorporated in his very interesting Caucasian stories. The following Crimean campaign afforded Tolstoy far greater opportunity to learn the real meaning of war and its frightful effect upon army and populace alike. The Sevastopol stories
were conceived amidst the horrors of battle, in the face of death. Their publication established Tolstoy among the greatest writers of Russia, at the same time arousing the social conscience of the country. For in these sketches Tolstoy stripped war of its glamour and romance, depicting it in all its brutal and shameless nakedness. From that period dates Tolstoy's abhorrence of war and his passionate protest against it and all its machineries of militarism and patriotism.

On his return from the front to Petrograd and Moscow, Tolstoy took up the usual life led by men of his class, spending his time in riotous living and indulgence. But while the sensibilities of his comrades were blunted, the "screamed voice" in Tolstoy would not be stilled. His search for some purpose and meaning in life, his yearning for what is higher and finer than the existence he was leading, could not be appeased. In his "Confession" Tolstoy speaks very frankly of the life he had led at that period:

I cannot recall those years without horror, disgust, and pain at the heart. I murdered men in war, challenged them to duels in order to kill them; I gambled;otten up the lobbies of the mansions; I punished them, fascinated and deceived. Falsehood, theft, adulteries of all sorts, drunkenness, violence, murder. . . . There was not a crime that I did not commit, and for this I was praised and was thought then and am considered now by my contemporaries to be a fairly moral man.

When Tolstoy was twenty-eight years of age he fell in love with a young girl, Valeria Arseniev, fully determined to marry her, but whether their affection was not intense enough to endure, or that Tolstoy found the lady wanting, the friendship was of short duration. The result of this experience was
a series of love-letters, recently published in English.

In their light Tolstoy appears more the moral teacher than the lover. They are mainly expressions of his ideas on the relationship between man and woman, the need of frankness and honesty in voicing one's views and feelings, and similar problems which were uppermost in his mind at that time. Under date of Novemher 12th, 1885, Tolstoy writes:

The way of life of a man and woman depends on (1) their inclination, and (2) their means, let us examine the one and the other.

(Tolstoy, n. n.), is a man morally old, who in youth committed many follies for which he paid with the happiness of the best years of his life, and who now finds his aim and vocation --- literature. In his soul he despises society, cherishes a peaceful family moral life, and there is nothing on earth he so much dreads as a distracted society life, in which all the good, honest, pure thoughts and feelings perish and in which one becomes the slave of social conventions and of creditors.

Lovely Mrs. N (nickname of his bride) has not yet felt anything of the sort; for her happiness consists in balls, balls and shoulders, a carriage, diamonds, accountant with chamberlins, intimate relatives, etc. And now these two with opposite inclinations have fallen in love with each other. But then should they have to live together? In the first place there must be more concessions to each other; secondly, the one whose inclination is less moral than the other's must make more concessions. I should be willing to live in the country, I should have three occupations: love for N, care for her happiness, literature, and managing my estate in the way that I understand it, i.e., doing my bit, towards the people entrusted to me...

Subsequently Tolstoy must have realized that such "difference of inclination" cannot be bridged by mere concessions. Also that his love for the girl was not abiding, because he suddenly broke off the correspondence and went abroad. But the ideas on marriage and the home were later elaborated by him and found expression in his book, "Family Happiness."
Tolstoy travelled through Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland eager to discover, to learn. But he found Western Europe with its alleged culture as hollow as at home. He saw the same injustices, the same evils and wrongs, the same arrogance, merely in a more polished form. "Luxury" was the offspring of Tolstoy's European experiences. In that work he treats of the cold indifference of the wealthy, and even of those who pride themselves on being artists, toward the poverty and misery of the despised riddle. The poor fiddler who pours his soul out in front of a fashionable hotel entices his listeners by his art, but few have enough responsiveness to throw the man a coin. Tolstoy's sensitive soul smarted under such callousness. It takes the musician into the fashionable restaurant, much to the chagrin of the other guests and to the evident disgust of the ragged man himself. A picture printed with all the simplicity and power of Tolstoy's genius.

Shunning the glare of fashionable society, proving more indifferent to the alleged importance of the intellectual world, Tolstoy becomes interested in new methods of education, which he attempts to adopt to the needs of his own people at home - the peasants and their children. On his return to Yasnaya Polyana, he organized a school which was not only unique in Russia, but was also fundamentally different from anything known abroad.

His love for and understanding of children Tolstoy had evidenced in his early stories of childhood and boyhood. Now, in 1861, he had the opportunity to
practically apply his new conception of education.

His school at Yasnaya Polyana was entirely free from discipline of any kind. There were no programs, no designed methods to be imposed upon the child. No text-books filled with prejudged theories and views to be forced upon the defenseless victims. On the contrary, to Tolstoy the child itself was the starting point, and the study of the child the best education of the teacher. He thought it self-evident that real education consists in developing the latent qualities of the child, to be accomplished only by the freedom of the child's expression and the long bond of friendship, confidence and affection between teacher and pupil.

Most important of all, Tolstoy eliminated not merely the form but the very idea of punishment in his school. He knew the terrible effect of punishment upon his own childhood, which left a deep scar on his soul. In his "Recollections" he refers to an incident that remained indelible with him:

I don't remember for what precisely, but for something undeserved, 8th Thomas (his French tutor) shut me up in a room and then threatened me with the same. And I felt a terrible feeling of revolt and indignation and disgust not only against St. Thomas, but also at the violence which he was to use on me. I do not doubt that it was this incident that caused the horror and disgust at my sort of violence which I have felt all my life long.

With this sense of horror deeply ingrained in his being, Tolstoy made punishment unnecessary by rendering life and work in his school so interesting to the children that they were loath to leave it. They could be prevailed upon to go home only if their adored teacher Lev Nikolayevich could accompany them.
and tell them those wonderful stories that enriched
their minds and awakened their souls.

Tolstoy's educational experiment could not
but be a thorn in the Tsar's regime, with the result of
violent interruptions. In the steet of Tolstoy,
gendarmes descended upon Yasnaya Polyana, ransacked
every corner of the place, and did not even spare Tolstoy's
private papers. Thereupon he notified Alexander II
that he kept a loaded revolver ready to shoot down every
police-officer who dared invade his house. There were
no more searches, and for many years the school continued
its wonderful work.

After his marriage, in 1892, to Sonya Behr,
a girl sixteen years his junior, Tolstoy took up his
permanent abode in Yasnaya Polyana. He devoted himself
to his wife, to the care of his school, and the supervision
of his estate. During this period he created two of
his greatest works: The monumental "War and Peace", followed
by the artistically perfect "Anna Karenina". These were
probably the happiest years of Tolstoy's life, years that
were still free from the family conflicts that raged so
fiercely in his later life. His social and ethical
outlook had not yet become entirely clarified at this
period. Countess Tolstoy could follow her husband and
even be of some literary help to him. She is said to
have copied "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" eighteen
times --- a titanic work done possible only by love and
devotion. Much that took place in Yasnaya Polyana
subsequently --- if the fault of the Countess --- may be
forgiven her for her service to the world and to letters.
"War and Peace", written between the years 1865 - 1869, in an epic of the Russian people in the various manifestations of life. On the background of world stirring events --- the Napoleonic campaigns, the burning of Moscow, and the great battles --- Tolstoy painted with master hand the life, ambitions, struggles, and death of the most varied types and personalities, stripped of all pretence and uncovered in all their human nakedness. It is a gigantic panorama of wealth and poverty, of power and ambition, of love, hate, and destruction. Through it all the peasant stands in the foreground: it is he who feeds the people and the armies; he, as common soldier, who wins the battles for which the generals and the majorities in high office get the glory. A universal canvas of human life in "War and Peace".

"Anna Karenina", created during a time of a severe inner conflict (1870-1876) in, like almost all of Tolstoy's works, autobiographical. Most Russian critics rate in this novel war, a tragedy of the trifling of love and matrimonial errors. But the great peer of Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoevsky, himself a profound seer of the inner motives, cattling and compelling feeling and action, considers "Anna Karenina" one of the most significant of Tolstoy's works. He characterized it as a deep and powerful study of the evils inherent in modern society, of the weaknesses and contradictions conditioned in the very nature of man --- those hidden and mysterious maladies that are beyond the cure of the physician or the contribution of the judge.

At this period Tolstoy was beset by doubts and
questions that imperatively urged solution and yet found
none.

"Why all this?" he would ask himself; "is this the real, true life?" Neither in his life nor his
literary pursuits could he find consolation or peace.
All that he had created before seems meaningless and
trivial to him now. He sought to absorb himself in social
reform work in Moscow, but there also he meets only
falsehood and exile. And while his friends and the world
at large proclaimed Tolstoi, the great literaor, master and
rejoiced in his work and life, he himself was in the depths
of mental agony and distress, his existence a burden to
him. "My life is empty, meaningless and unbearable," he
writes at this time. He is haunted by the thought of
suicide as the only relief out of it all. In his
"Confession" he says:

"Behold at that time, I, a happy man, hid a
rope from myself, so as not to hang myself on the
cross-beam between the windows in my room, where
every evening I was alone, while unemploying, and
stupidly going out to hunt with a gun so as not to
be tempted by that easy way of ending my
life."

He is saved from this temptation, he tells us,
by his growing intimacy with the poor people, the peasants.
Ever more convinced he becomes that only their life of
labor has meaning and usefulness, his own existence
and that of his allies in not only unnecessary but positively
serves to oppress the masses with heavy burdens, slavery
and poverty. What right has he to enjoy comforts and
luxuries, beauty and culture when these are obtained only
at the expense of the disinherited, of the miserable
beings living in the slums of Moscow, of the millions of
peasants doomed to ignorance and darkness? He devotes
himself more deeply into the study of the life of the people, and the more he learned to understand them, the greater his love of them, the more compelling the realization that he must live as they do. 

Beginning with the birds and the lowest animals, (he writes at this period) all live to maintain life and to secure it for others; I did not secure it even for myself. I lived as a parasite, and having put to myself the question, "What do I live for?" I got the reply, "For no purpose."

The inner conflict, which with Tolstoy began in early childhood, kept recurring and growing more severe, poisoning the entire being of the man, up to the culminating point of his attempt to decipher the meaning of life by entirely withdrawing himself from it. After years of doubt and travail he discovered at least -- he believed -- the long-sought solution in the original teachings of Jesus. But, of course, in the name of the Christian dogma.

"Of a God, external creator, origin of evil, we know nothing," he wrote. "The gospel of love, as given in the Sermon on the Mount, became his liberating faith."

To this period belong the series of "Dogmatic Theology", prefixed by "My Confession", "What is My Faith", "What is then to be done", "The Kingdom of God in yourself", and a number of other treatises, full of critical penetration and fearless thought, stripping the Christian dogma of its mysticism and superstition. At no time did Tolstoy look upon Christianity as a revolution, but merely as a sound and stable teaching, divested and purified of the dogmatic and supernatural. He believed that "I"
the teaching of Christ, together with the teaching of the Church that has grown upon it, did not exist at all—

those who now call themselves Christians would have been nearer the teachings of Christ—that is, to an intel-
ligent teaching about the good of life—then they are now. The moral teachings of the prophets of mankind
would then not have been closed to them.

We further elaborate this conception by saying:

Humanity moves slowly but unswervingly onward,
towards an ever higher development of consciousness; but in this movement not all men do not move at
an equal pace, and the less sensitive continue to adhere to the primitive understanding and order of
life, and try to uphold it. They achieve mainly by means of the religious faction which
consists in the intentional confusion of faith
with superstition, and the substitution of the one
for the other.

The only means to unenrapt ourselves from
this deception, (Kazhe, pokhvalit), is to understand
and to remember that the only instrument which can
passages for the acquisition of knowledge is
reason, and that the above-mentioned teaching which
affirms that which is contrary to reason is a
delusion.

Contrary to the accepted opinion, Tolstoy did
not share the current Christian belief in immortality.
In fact, he saw in it an obstacle to true
Christianity. "We can give a deeper meaning to our
life," he tells us, "by making it a service to
mankind, by merging our life into the life of the
universe."

The Church having become the straight-jacket
upon the spirit of man, Tolstoy sees in the former
the greatest hindrance to the practice of the teachings
of Jesus in our individual and social life. He
express as this attitude in most simple and powerful
language:

Strange as it may sound, the churches have
always been not merely alien but downright hostile
to the teachings of Christ, and this must needs
be so. The churches are not, as many think,
island outposts, but a little from the right way.
The churches are wrong, violence, usury, greed,
violence, etc., the Church yielded to the
world, and having yielded, followed it. The
world did everything that it chose and left the
Church in公务 after as well as it could with
its teaching. About the meaning of life, the
world led the life, contrary to the teachings
of Christ, in each and every point. And the
Church contrived activities to demonstrate that
in living contrast to Christ's life men were
living in harmony with it, and it ended in
the world's beginning to lead a life worse than
the life of the bandit, and the churches thereby
not only did not justify such a life, but even to
assert that this was precisely what corresponded
to Christ's teaching.

His repudiation of the agynma and hypocrisy
of the Church, Tolstoy gradually extends to the State
and its fundamental institution of private property.
In these he sees the principal evils of society, the
cause of slavery, poverty, exploitation, the source
of violence, individual and collective. Ever and
again he endeavors with the line, "For wealth and power,
not only private or State but also Church, must be
destroyed if humanity is ever to be free from its present
unnatural and vicious type of life.

In the first years of his spiritual awakening
Tolstoy believed in absolute non-resistance, as the
surest social cure. Later he advanced the idea of
not resisting evil by evil. Here the world really
to follow Tolstoy's conviction to refuse allegiance and

Tribute to the State, to withdraw from participation in the destructive business of war, to abstain from dealing with the courts, the effect of such determined passivity might well result in basic changes in our social life, and perhaps led to the realization of Tolstoy’s vision of a society founded upon the union of harmony and order, without governmental laws, a society whose members loved and respected, and where none lived at the expense of his fellow.

It seemed for a time that Tolstoy had completely subordinated his art to his new spiritual creed, but the artist in him was too dominant to remain submerged. Even his social and ethical tracts breathe the peculiar beauty of primitive simplicity and artistic directness. He rises again to great literary height in the stories, “The Death of Ivan Illich”, “Wreath Sonata”, and “Resurrection”. “Wreath Sonata” is certainly a brutally frank psychologic study of the alleged “sanctity” of marriage, artistically presented. It depicts fearlessly and powerfully the whole magmify and baseness of sexual relationship entered into largely for material considerations.

“Resurrection” is based on a personal episode in Tolstoy’s life. Neklyudov, a type that appears in various works of Tolstoy, induces the servant girl Natyusha and marries her; her dowry is comparable. But with Tolstoy, the merely individual incident is always thrown upon a large social background, of which it is a logical and inevitable expression and part. It is because of this that
"Resurrection" - like most of Tolstoy's works --
became a passionate indictment against the wrongs and
evil inherent in our present-day society.

The soulless judicial machinery, which grind's
the innocent and guilty alike, the barbarity and the
cruel violence of poverty are veiled under
these laws filleted with ruthless activity, and spiritual
regeneration hold up as the only salvation from wrong
and crime.

"Resurrection" is an as a tragic page in
Tolstoy's own life. His most brilliant biographer,
Paul Shirshov, gives the key to this work by quoting a
conversation Tolstoy had with him while he was preparing
the autobiography. Tolstoy said:

"Now you are only writing pleasant things
about me; that is untrue and incomplete. One
must mention the bad things too. In my youth
I led a very hot life, and two events of that
time are a special torment to me even now. And
I say this to you my biographer, and I ask
you to put it into my biography. Those events
were: a liaison with a peasant woman, before my
marriage. The second is a crime I committed
against Natasha, the parlour-maid who lived at
my aunt's house. She was innocent, I seduced
her, she was distressed and was ruined.

The liaison with the peasant woman before his
marriage again came to haunt Tolstoy when he was fifty-
seven, in the year of a young man and girl on his estate.

Mr. Aylmer Maude, the translator of Tolstoy's
contemporary work, "The Devil", relates the following story in his
preface:

Tolstoy once approached the young tutor
who lived in his house at Yasnaya Poliana, and
in great irritation asked him to do him a service.
The tutor, meeting Tolstoy, so calm, asked that
he could possibly do for him. In an unctuously
voice, Tolstoy replied: "Give me, I am telling you,"
Written a decade after this incident, "The Devil's" depicts this personal experience of Tolstoy, presenting what he considered the inevitable consequences of yielding to temptation.

What in art? in Tolstoy's most contested work, even some of his devoted adherents rejected it. To make art "religious", to employ it especially for the multitude, seemed too much for those who because of their "idea of art fail to see the meaning of life. Whatever one's attitude to the iconoclastic ideas expressed in the criticism of art, one is compelled to agree with Tolstoy, that "the aim of artistic activity is to translate the highest feelings which humanity has attained". "Art for art's sake" has always been an exotic plant for the edification of the privileged few, while ignoring the hardships and wretchedness of the existence of the many. Tolstoy called this kind of art a "counterfeit" in its determination to remain deaf to the desperate or, seeking expression.

The sweeping generalizations and condemnations contained in "What is Art?" are undoubtedly due to Tolstoy's intense reaction toward the purility and insipidness of the "art for art's sake" champions. Kropotkin is quite right in remarking that "to say that a folk song is greater than a Beethoven Sonata is not correct; we cannot compare the storm in the Alps and the struggle against it, counterpart of which we find in Beethoven's music, with a fine, quiet mountain day and how it makes us think, to which corresponds a given folk-song. But truly great art, which, notwithstanding its depth and its lofty flight, will penetrate into every peasant's hut and inspire everyone.
with higher conceptions of thought and life --- such an art is really wanted. I think it is possible.

It was the supreme gift of Tolstoy to paint life in a manner to be understood both by the epicure as well as the common man.

Tolstoy began playwriting at an advanced age ---
when he was sixty. His first dramatic effort, "The Distiller" is little more than a tract on the evils of drink.

Later he wrote "The Power of Darkness", a moving tragedy, artistic in form and real as life itself, the theme being based on an actual occurrence in which some of Tolstoy's peasants were the chief actors.

Pater, a rich peasant, is in a distressing condition. Yet he clings to his money and slave-drives his young wife, Akita, his two daughters, to a first marriage, and his peasant servant Ekat. He will not allow his wife rest from their toil, for the greed of his money is in his blood, and the fear of death in his body. Akita hates her husband; he forces her to drudge, and he is old and ill. She loves Akita; the latter, young and irresponsible, cannot resist women. He are his main weakness are his undoing. Before he came to Pater's farm, he had rescued an orphan girl. When she becomes pregnant, she appeals to Akita's father, Akita, a simple and honest peasant. He urges his son to marry the girl, because "it is a sin to wrong an orphan. Look out, Akita! A tear of offense does not flow past, but upon a man's head. Look out, or the same will happen with you."

Akita's kindness and simplicity are opposed by the viciousness and greed of his wife Hatara.
"What can be done?" Goldman replied:

"Let us not talk about it in the well; let us not work hard, and despair their
liberality. Let us to the public like I do not know. I like to... I will not understand
how I live. I have not understood that I at
the son of God, and that we are all the
children of God, as that we are brothers.
But when I understood it, then I understood
that all have a equal right to live, to
whole life one spirit.

But in that life, too practical and
concerned more with the welfare of her own and fami
than with ideal of brotherhood and justice, cannot
sympathize with her brother's struggle.

"That's the way to it," (she continued),
"We would not like to do that, and live as brothers
in its place."

Life at home became impossible for Goldman.

Lack of understanding, hatred, at times even direct at
titude, which really became an obstacle in
his own house. But, instead of his ideals, but the
attitude of those of his own house, he... He
life is in the education, justly, until those
desire to his, his own life, a kind of faith in his
ideas. He... He... He... He... He
sacrificing his own life, his own devoted hands,
sacrificing all, after despairing...

"Oh God, how I love her... and it
false to William J. Bill. Father? My
love..."

Yet, despite, himself did not make a decision.

True, repeatedly, he had failed to bring the loves and
failed, and finally, he... He... He... He... He... He...
material considerations of home life. Here, at the
eleventh hour --- for death overtook the last of Tolsoty's
followers, his wife, in over 18 years --- the leadership in the
street, temporarily modernized.

It has been suggested that Tolstoy was not in
his right mind. He returned to home at the age of
40. People were never supposed to be quite
so happy. So that there have been looking for most
intensely, throughout life. As common Tolstoy,
the suggestion is unproved. He led a life
in enough Tolstoy was a consummate, the atmosphere ac
charged with strife and bitterness that one cannot
help wondering how Tolstoy could stand it so long. It
is apparent that Tolstoy finally decided to leave home
at last, moved by the instruction to free himself
even at the eleventh hour not apparently in the hope of
joining the colony in the Caucasus founded by one of his
followers. The letter are presented by the editorship.

for "sowing the overthrow of government", some of their
members being sentenced to prison for long terms.

Tolstoy evidently, in some haste to change, in the last
years of his life, the lot of their children, and the
te actors and brought up on military discipline.

There is a touch of poignant undertone in the remark
Alexandra Ivolga, Tolstoy's eldest daughter, made to a
friend of Major Ivolga while conducting them through the
Tolstoy home in Yasnaya. Approaching the little
mansion from a distance, and of Tolstoy's family
station where Tolstoy, "we found his last, she said:

"This is the place where I rendered
saw Tolstoy to himself and to his death."

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The tutor, in alarm, inquired what was the matter, to which Tolstoy replied: "I am overcome by sexual desire and feel a complete lack of power to restrain myself. I am in danger of yielding to the temptation. Help me!"

"I am a weak man myself," replied the tutor, "How can I help you?"

"You can if you don't refuse!"

"But what must I do to help you?"

"This comes with me on my daily walks. We will go out together and talk, and the temptation will not occur to me."

They set out together, and Tolstoy told the tutor how during his daily walks he had encountered Donna, a young woman of twenty-two who had recently been engaged as the servant's cook. This Donna was a tall, healthy, alluring young woman with a fine figure and beautiful complexion, though not otherwise particularly handsome. At first for some days he had found it pleasant to watch her. Then he had followed her and whistled to her. After that he had talked and talked with her, and at last had arranged a rendezvous with her. The spot was in a distant alley on the estate; to reach it from the house one had to pass the windows of the children's schoolroom. Then setting out past those windows next day to keep the appointment, he had gone through a terrible struggle between the temptation and his conscience. Just then his second son had called to him through the window, reminding him of a Greek lesson that had been fixed for that day, and this had detained Tolstoy. He made as it were, and was glad to have been saved from keeping the appointment. But the temptation still tormented him. He tried the effect of prayer, but it did not free him. He suffered but felt powerless and as if he might yield at any moment. So as a last resource he resolved to try the effect of making a full confession to someone—giving all particulars of the strength of the temptation that overcame him out of his own weakness. He wished to feel as thoroughly ashamed of himself as possible, and he had decided to ask the tutor to accompany him on his daily walk, which usually he took alone. He also arranged that Donna should be removed to another place.
Nikita remains on the farm, and Aleksei urges
and influences by his mother, and his old
and steals his money.

For her husband's first, Aleksei carries
Nikita's head to the head of the house, and uses his
himself. He is a lecher, a drunk, an alcoholic,
and affluent woman and she is just latent in
him. She, too, the avaricious animal, to the
with an consciousness that he had been in truth a
party to Alexander's crime, and Blevita's love
for the excitement of revenge. He looks for
his aristocratic culture. Little's eldest daughter, a
circle of friends, is not entirely, and forever detests
to form the picture of beautiful. They look for
old husband, by her love of Nikita, and said her
weak. The moment I see him, she will scold.
I have no desire against her.

Old Aleksei came to me for little money from
his needy rich one. He quickly covered the want
of corruption. I could take this Nikita has sunk.
He tried to correct, to his advancement to himself,
to ensure the better side of his return. But
he fails.

The ways of life of too well for Aleksei. He
leaves, realizes, even the one he needs to build.
to punish me a horse.

Aleksei: Our children to water up the
... The long time I am sick, I am sick, and I am not one foot, no to speech. I have him from my great, full
father's words, so to speak, ... but this does
not have a root, so to speak .... There is
your money, I will to wash up, to speak, but
I will not, no, I will not, like this, once
... let me not I will do not, I will rather
eat near the fence than in your unkindness.

The type of Aleksei is most vividly characterized
by Tolstoy in the talk between the old peasant and
the new help of the form.

Nikolai: Let me suppose, for example, you
have money, and I, for example, have time
lying fellows it in spring, and I have no rest;
or I have to pay the taxes. So I went to you, and
say: "Aleksei, give me two hundred! I will have the
harvest in by St. Mary's intervention and then
I will give it back to you, with a tithe for the
consecration." You, for example, see that I can
be played, having a horse or a cow, so you say:
"Give me two or three rubles for this one cow!"
The horse in around my week and I cannot get along
without it. "Very well," says I, "I will take
the two rubles." In the fall I sell some things,
and I think you the more, and yet give me in
addition the more money.

Ah, let this be to assert a word
more to a friend. If you forget God, he'll do
so, as he not pure.

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the time when she In to give birth to a child. It is then that
Aitaya becomes aware of the situation again. Her hatred
for moons, her outcast love for Nikita and
the evil spirit of Nikita's mother, all
combine in her to lead her to a crime. Aitaya is
driven to the brink, where her terrible labor
pain are stifled by the sound of her step-
mother. When the innocent victim is born,
Nikita's evil mother and Aitaya persuade
her that the child is dead and force her to keep
it in the cellar.

While Nikita is digging the grave, he disc-
overs the deception. The child is alive! The
child is alive!
The terrible scene, observed the man, and in
temporary madness he pronounces a order over the
little boy till his humanRights. Separat-
time, however, and the putrefy of the woman
drive Nikita to drive in an attempt to drown
the dead child contently sheltered in his
hole.

The Last Act deals with
the man in a neighborhood.
He is forced
into the marriage because of her misfortunes.
The presents all order for
Nikita to murder the man in the place, hunted by
the terrible phantoms of his murdered child. He
attempts to hurt himself but
fails, and finally
decides to go before the entire assembly to confess
his crimes.

Nikita: Mother, listen to me; I have told
all. Nikita: Listen to me; I am really telling you:
I had promised to marry you; and I promised you,
I received you and abandoned you; forgive me, for
Christ's sake!

Alabram: Oh, oh, he is bewitched. What is
the matter with him? He has the evil eye
upon him. Get up and stop talking nonsense!

Nikita: I killed your father, and I, too, have
raided his daughter. I had the power over her,
and I killed him on her help.... Father, hear-
me, forgive me, rich--I want. You told me, when I
first entered this life of demons: "When the
rime is caught, the whole bird is lost." But I
may not put any attention to you, and we
everything turned out as you said. Forgive me,
for Christ's sake.

The "Power of Horror" is a terrible picture of
poverty, ignorance, and superstition. To write such
a work, it is not sufficient to imagine by a

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creative artist; it requires a deeply sympathetic
human soul, to stay possessed both. He
understood that the tragedy of the peasants' life
is due not to any inherent viciousness but to the
power of darkness which pervades their existence
from the cradle to the grave. For them, heaven
is oppressing them --- in the words of Tchaikovsky ---
weighing them down, something that signs all human
out of them and drives them into the
deptres.

"The Power of Darkness" is a social picture
of once appealing and enjoyable.

† As a relief from the somber and depressing
atmosphere of this play Tolstoy wrote a comedy intended
for production on his estate, "The Fruits of Culture".

A rich land-owner, Leonid Fyodorovitch, is
so obsessed by the test sat, spiritualism, that he
"communes" with the spirits on every question before he
decide to act upon it. Thus, when new peasants
arrive to complete --- just as the year before,
the again consults his "spirit". Unfortunately, the latter
have changed their mind in the meantime; they
are no longer what they were the peasants originally
agreed upon. Leonid Fyodorovitch so insists upon the
whole sum being immediately paid in cash,

The peasants, unable to test such an unexpected
and unreasonable demand, are in despair. Tatiana, a
jolly chambermaid in love with the kitchen man, Semeon,
who is the son of one of the hard-pressed peasants, comes
to the rescue. She undertakes, as she has so often
done before, to play the role of the spirit. She also
 succeeds in convincing her master and his learned friend
that Semeon is a medium of extraordinary power. By
means of table tapping, accompanied with the music of a
guitar, Tatjana conjures up the agreement, pen and ink upon the table, and the spiritualist master, deeply impressed by the manifestations, is induced to sign the document.

In this entertaining parody on spiritualism, Tolstoy also satirizes the boastful infallibility of science, particularly of the medical profession. The lady of the house prides herself on her "advanced" ideas; she ridicules her husband's faith in spirits and exposes the fraud of the medium. But she too has her spooks — her constant and ever present fear of "germs." When she learns that the peasants have come from a diphtheria-infested district, the good woman is panic-stricken and finds no peace until the germ carriers, together with Tatjana and Senyon, are driven from the premises. Both Leonid Fyodoruvitch and his liberal spouse are anathema of our pseudo culture, unhealthy, artificial and empty.

As their opposite extremes Tatjana, Senyon, and Fyodor Ivanitch, the man servant and friend of the two young peasant lovers. In Tolstoy, see the prototypes of the wholesomeness and robustness of the people of the soil who alone have the vitality to maintain a normal, healthy life.

Two posthumous plays, one a full-size overture, the other a fragment, are set to "The Power of Darkness", Tolstoy's best dramatic work. The are "The Living Corpse", also known in English as "Redemption", and "The Light that Shines in the Darkness".
Pyotr Vassilievitch Protasov and his wife
Liza are hopelessly mismatched. He is a treacher, impractical, unfitted for the daily humdrum of life with all its worldly interests and responsibilities. Most of his time he spends with the Gypsies, enchanted by their soul-stirring music, their freedom, their careless attitude to life.

Liza has repeatedly brought Pyotr back to the circle of their domesticity and now again she is ready to take him back, although nagged by her mother for her "weakness" in submitting to her husband's faithlessness and irresponsibility. The way to reconciliation is paved by their child and its narrow escape from death. Liza requests their mutual friend Karenin to find Fedya (Pyotr) in his gypsy haunt and bring him home.

Karenin has loved Liza even before her marriage to Fedya. Out of loyalty to his friend he had suppressed his feelings, but now that he sees Liza unhappy and neglected he can hardly restrain his passion. However, he decides to bring Fedya back. He finds him with the Gypsies and so completely intoxicated by their atmosphere that he has neither will nor desire to return to his wife. Fedya realizes how much he is of Liza who has been so devoted to him in spite of his frequent lapses. Intuitively, he senses his friend's feeling for Liza, so unlike himself, so
Irreproachable and honorable, is a fitter mate for his wife than himself. Fyodor decides not to return.

Hurt not unhappy over Fedya's harsh refusal to take up their life together once more, Lisa is gradually drawn to Krasin. His long-suppressed passion is now manifested in all its strength, but is bitterly disapproved of by Sasha, Lisa's younger sister. Moved by her excited idea of the "sanctity" of marriage and also because of her deeper understanding of Fedya, Lisadjents the new situation and determines to persuade Fedya to return and "save" his wife.

But Fedya, in spite of his wife's readiness to accept irrevocability, and though her love for her husband is burning hotter than ever, is unable to return. He is wholly absorbed in his new environment. Moreover, he refuses to indulge in the growing attachment between Krasin and Lisa. At heart conscious of his unsuitability for domesticity, and feeling himself superfluous, he seeks to eliminate himself out of Lisa's life, but she is still in his friend's love the peace and happiness he had failed to give her.

War and even in the revised refusal of the husband to return from the possibility of divorce. But though Fedya is sunk in the depths of despair, and his life will all but destroy him, his wife's letter has mitigated his despair. He will not be a party to the life he adored; involved in "divorce proceedings, to cut her free through the aid of justice, the sacred feelings of fidelity." But the situation presses for definite action. Fedya determines upon suicide as the only solution. At the last moment his courage fails him, however, as it has so often failed in the critical moments of his life. Instead he pleads to the persuasion of his lovely friend Sasha to elope.
with her. Fedya grasps the matter of unwillingly giving his wife freedom.

Lisa, on receiving Fedya's letter announcing his decision to commit suicide, and noticing in the newspapers that the body of a man had been found out of the river, in good faith identifies the corpse as that of her husband. The shock of Fedya's act weighed heavily upon both Lisa and Karolina, but in time they find the one to such other, and they marry.

Years pass, and Fedya, poor, old, broken in health, is drawn back to the sit, where lived his former wife and friend, healthful, he approaches the house, attracted by the bright lights and the strain of gas music, and suddenly, he both Lisa and Karolina fondly embracing behind the window. Fedya flees to a low tavern to forget the past in drink.

There he meets a sinister, or lonely, watchful, and poor as himself. To him he pours out all the story of his heart, revealing the secret of his disappearance and his identity as the "living corpse".

There are only these bullets for one born in any sphere, (he confesses to his new friend), "either he can hold it out, make many shots hereafter like this and fifth, which I负荷ted to be, or perhaps I shall not know how. Or he can fight this fifth and injustice. For that he must have the man, of a hero in him, which I never had. Or he tries to forget, drinks, sleeps. Then I know nothing."

Fedya's confession is overheard by a lady, who at a table nearby, she immediately informs the authorities, and Fedya is arrested, charged with "deliberate fraud".
The three unfortunates meet in court. The
sanctity of the Law must be maintained: legal justice
and dominant morality entitle to destroy the happiness
of Lisa and Kornienko bought at the cost of so much
suffering and misery.

The trial scene is depicted as powerfully and
masterly, as the similar scene in "Resurrection", with
the pompous judge, the insane jurors, the cold, reading
prosecutor, the vulgar curious seekers filling the
courtroom, all cooperating in their moral indignation to
uphold the law against love and hate and bind two people
in wedlock against their will. Lisa and Evgeny are found
guilty, and sentenced to Siberia.

The brutality of injustice of the proceeding
horrifies an overwrought P.D.A. It is the better nature asserts
itself in protest against the masses and unrighteousness of
the situation. He finds the outlet of the rage by
shooting himself; thus freeing Lisa and Kornienko.

"The Living Corpse" is a powerful indictment
against the law of divorce which existed in Russia at the
time, and still exists in many countries in Eastern Europe.
It is the inevitable tragedy of human folly and inhumanity,
painted with the best of a great master.

"Light Shines in Darkness" is Tolstoy's most
objective dramatic creation, a page from his personal
life, the story of his own, still in desperate struggle
for freedom from the fetters of pride. The play is in

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reality a faithful replica of the spiritual feud that
continued through many years between Tolstoy and his
wife.

Like Tolstoy, Nikolai Leskov’s Marchov,
even more, embraced a new ethical ideal. His fervent
intimate love for his wife and his devotion to
religious things made him indifferent to
material things and the concerns of life, sharing
the
social functions of daily life with his wife. He
was absorbed in his new philosophy of life, study,
application. He decided to divide his possessions
among the people, to direct himself at will and
lead a natural, simple mode of life. Like Tolstoy,
Marchov喳his life frustrated at every step by his immediate
circle, particularly his wife who lacks all understanding
of the lofty ideals of his husband.

He finds too Marchov, one of them a priest
who, like Tolstoy, had come to regard the Church as the
enchanting obstacle to true religion. But the weak
excommunication easily brought to repentance by threats
of imprisonment and the loss of possessions. Not unlike
Marchov, a policeman who subdivides, throws himself
into the work of spreading the hatred of the State. He
divides allegiance to the State, police, military service, bears
the authority in the face of punishment and prison.
Not even the threat of the double odium can move him
from his

Marchev offers help, for his friend and for
his wife and perplexed with the practical solution of the
problems facing him to his disciple’s question,
CHAPTER VIII

TOCHEKOV

"What noble writers receive from nature gratis, the writers of the rank and file purchase at the cost of their youth. Do, please, write a story of how a young man, the son of a serf, who has been a shop-boy, a chorister, pupil of a secondary school and university student, who has been brought up to respect rank and to kiss the priest's hand, to bow to other people's ideas, to be thankful for each morsel of bread, who has been thrashed many times, who has had to walk about tutoring without galoshes, who has fought, tormented animals, has been fond of dining at the house of well-to-do relatives, and played the hypocrite both to God and man without any need but merely out of consciousness of his own insignificance—describe how that young man squeezes the slave out of himself drop by drop, and how, awakening one fine morning, he feels no longer the blood of a slave but genuine human blood......"

This excerpt from an autobiographical letter written by Anton Pavlovitch Tochekhov to A.S. Souvorin, editor of "Novoye Vremya" ("The New Age") in 1889, sheds illuminating light upon the strength of character of the man, his iron determination, his dogged perseverance in the struggle to realize himself and his art against poverty, difficulties and his life-sapping disease. Verily a man so a superhuman

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achievement, when one considers the heights attained by
Tochekhov as a writer and dramatist, added to his prolific
correspondence (his letters fill six volumes) and activities as physician and humanitarian engaged in
ameliorating the wretched conditions of his country, all
these efforts compressed within the comparatively short
span of forty-four years.

Tochekhov came of peasant stock. His grand-father, a
serf, was so filled with passionate longing for independ-
dence that by tremendous efforts and concentration of
purpose he was able to save enough money (3600 roubles)
to buy his freedom and that of his family. It was at a period
when there was but little interest among the cultured
classes of Russia in serfdom. Much less did the bondmen
themselves, the peasantry, dream of liberty. Yet there was
this simple, unlettered peasant, grand-father of Anton
Pavlovitch, yearning for release from slavery and living
only for the day when he and his children might straighten
their bent backs and face life erect and self-reliant.

Evidently young Anton (born January 19, 1860)
inherited some of his grand-father's characteristics, but
he also knew how to cherish the legacy left him. With the
same proud spirit he drudged on for years, keeping in mind
the great purpose and ambition of his life. These
qualities of will and purpose sustained him through years
of poverty and want, through his dull university existence,
and inspired him with perseverance through the dark hours
of creative doubt and his prolonged illness, urging him
onward to the very end. Yet undoubtedly the most powerful
ally was Tolstoy's irrepressible humour and inexhaustible joy-of-life that carried him successfufly over the burdens and misery of existence. Anton Chekhov, producing his great literary and dramatic works during the blackest period of political and social reaction, painting sombre pictures of the utter hopelessness of the intelligentsia of his time, was yet the most joyous writer in Russia.

"Tolstoy was once asked by V. Tikhonov, one of his contemporaries, for some biographical data of himself. His reply was truly expressive of the man, both in brevity and wit. He wrote:

You want my biography? Here it is. I was born in Taganrog in 1860. I finished my course at the Taganrog Grammar School in 1879. In 1884 I took my medical degree at Moscow University. In 1886 I was awarded the Pushkin prize. In 1890 I made a journey to Sakhalen, across Siberia, returning by sea. In 1891 I made a tour in Europe, where I drank splendid wine and ate oysters. In 1892 I was at a birthday party where I had a spree with V.A. Tikhonov. I began to write in 1879 in the Stroganov. My books of collected stories are "Motley Tales", "At Twilight", "Stories", "Gloomy People", and a long story, "The Duel". I have lived also in the drama line but with moderation. I have been translated into all languages except the foreign. In fact, I have been translated into German. I am approved of also by the Tchechovs and Serbiats, nor are the French shy of intimacy. The mysteries of love I conceived when I was thirteen. With my colleagues, medical as well as literary, I am on the best of terms. I am a bachelor. Should like to have a pension. I practice medicine to such a degree that even in the summer I hold post-mortems, though I have not done so for two or three years. Among writers I prefer Tolstoy, and among doctors Zakharin. But that is all nonsense. Write what you please. If you haven't enough facts, make up with lyricisms...."

Tikhonov hardly needed to tax his imagination because Chekhov's life was eventful, rich in experience, and replete with incidents testifying to his love for man and understanding of the deeper springs of life.
Anton's childhood, spent with his adored mother, was marred by the rigidity of his father who because of his religious convictions and love of church music compelled his children to join the Church choir little Anton hated so cordially. The boy's school days were made grey and miserable by a coarse and harsh teacher who saw in the rod the last word of education. In his later years Tolsky often referred to his "lack of childhood". This lack served to isolate him to some extent from his schoolmates and made the boy appear irresponsible and slow-minded. He was considered a bad pupil and nicknamed "Bullhead" and "Bomb".

Adolescence brought a gradual change. Anton grew more sociable and more frequently began to participate in the games and pastimes of the other boys. Still in his youth the quality that later became so characteristic of Tolsky's work, his peculiarly colorful and wry sense of humour, began to assert itself, and Anton was able to write comic stories that won him the friendship and admiration of those whom his timidity formerly kept at a distance. He became the idol of the school.

Like his illustrious predecessor, the great Gogol, Tolsky initiated his literary career as a contributor to the school journal, the "Little Star", his first story, "The Stamerer", being circulated among the classmates in manuscript. Before the end of his high school term he wrote a farce called "Not for Nothing Did the Chikoksas Sing", and a pathetic play "Fatherless", which proved very popular with his friends. But unfortunately these literary efforts were terminated by a sudden turn in the
Tohekhov fortunes. Anton's father failed in business and
the family was compelled to seek a livelihood in Moscow.
Anton remained in Taganrog to finish his studies, but all
his free time had to be devoted to "running about tutoring
in sleet and rain without goloshes", as he wrote to a friend.
It was a most trying period, after which Anton joined his
parents in Moscow and entered the university to study
medicine.

Those years were a hard struggle for the Tohekhov
family, a struggle that no doubt helped Anton later to
achieve the highest pinnacle of literary fame, but which
also helped to wreck his health, and ultimately bring
him to his grave in the prime of his life. The pitiful
earnings of Tohekhov père, amounting only to fifty roubles
a month, did not suffice for the large family, and Anton
was compelled to begin writing for a living. So bitter
did he find this mode of earning a livelihood that in a
letter to a friend he complained that "writing for a living
is the most abominable occupation imaginable." Yet
there was no alternative.

His first Moscow story, "A letter to my Learned
Neighbor", followed by a number of other humorous tales,
presently began to appear in comic publications under the
pseudonym of Antosha Tohekhonts. The material returns
they brought were small, but the anguish of heart great,
both because of the unsatisfactory literary character of
his efforts and the galling conditions under which he had
to work.
I work under the most abominable conditions, he lamented, before me is my unliterary work, mercilessly shattering my nerves and conscience, in the adjoining room a child of a relation is screaming, in the next room father is reading aloud "The Impressed Angel" to my mother. My bed is occupied by a newly arrived relative who keeps on coming to me and starts conversations on medicine. It is a matchless setting.

Selling his talent to the vulgar boulevard papers harassed the young author even more than the weeding of the child or his father's reading aloud. Added to this was the strain of his intense studies, especially during the last university year when he had to cram for the final examinations, all the time keeping up his writing.

These conditions slightly improved by 1884, when Tohekhov was enabled to desert the cheap publications, his stories being accepted by the journal "Fragments", a humorous journal of higher literary quality.

Having graduated from the university and badly in need of a vacation, Tohekhov decided to seek a rest in the country, where one of his brothers was a teacher in a village school. But his native energy and need of new impressions turned his vacation into intense activity. He threw himself into medical practice, working the Zemstvo Hospital, and travelling from village to village to afford advice and aid to sick peasants. His direct contact with the daily life of the people afforded opportunities for study and observation later exploited by Tohekhov in various plays, such as "The Three Sisters," and "The Seagull", products of that period.

Before long came the day when Antosha Tohekhontse's
omp and bells could be discarded and the true face of Anton Tchekhov could emerge. There was no more need of hiding his identity because of unliterary work.

Tchekhov now became a contributor to the Petersburg "Gazette" and later for the "Novoye Vremya", publications of a high class, which secured his place among the best writers of his time. This also provided the longed for opportunity to go to St. Petersburg, there to join the select circle of his literary conferees of note.

He was received with open arms, his charming personality and gay spirit winning him friends everywhere.

Tchekhov's "The Swan Song", a one-act play, was his first serious dramatist "sin" of this period, followed by the full length canvas "Ivanov", and a year later by the one-act play "The Bear". It was his stories, however, rather than his plays, which at that time increased his fame if not his fortune. "The Steppe", a fascinating tale, succeeded by a collection of works of great dramatic power, caused the Academy of Sciences to award him the Pushkin prize, so coveted by all Russian writers. This happy and unexpected event fairly took Tchekhov off his feet. But this recognition and growing fame did little to free Tchekhov from constant financial anxieties, nor could it arrest the disease that kept undermining his health. His own needs and those of his family still compelled much drudgery, with the accompaniment of discontent and fretting.

I am tired.... I am waiting for payment.

(his brother wrote). The whole of September I remained
I have passed things and have knocked about like a fish against ice.

This situation aggravated his inherent lack of self-confidence as a great writer. He had much more faith in himself as doctor than as author. The maintaining of his literary reputation also involved greater care and more painstaking work that repeatedly threatened a complete break-down. A severe cough, followed by a hemorrhage of the lungs, sounded a warning with Tolstoy, absorbed in his various activities, ignored. His awareness of the danger expressed itself only in his greater meekness and softer humour. "The Wood Devil", later reworked into "Uncle Vanya", and "The Proposal" were created during this period.

Anton Tolstoy repudiated all theories and tenancies in art, and he resolutely kept away from the strife and bombast of political parties. Art to Tolstoy was a truthful interpretation of life, divested of subjective view and attitude, as he clearly pointed out in his answer to a lady correspondent who complained that the "world is full of scoundrels":

That the world is seething with scoundrels of both sexes is true. Human nature is imperfect; it would therefore be strange to meet only with the righteous. To believe that the duty of literature is to dig out "the pearl" from the heap of scoundrels is to reject literature itself. Literature, to be artistic, must draw from life as it is. Its aim is absolute and honest truth. To narrow its function to the special task of digging "pearls" is just as deadly for it as if you were to make Levitan paint a tree and ordered him not to include the dirty bark nor the yellow leaves. I agree "a pearl" is a fine thing, but then a writer is not a dealer in jewels, a cosmetician, or an entertainer.

More emphatic still he was in his letter concerning "tendencies" in literature:

I am afraid of those who look for tendencies
between the lines, {we-wrote}, and who want to see in me either a liberal or a conservative. I am not a liberal, nor a conservative, nor a moralist, nor a materialist, nor indifferentist. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more. And I grieve that God hasn't given me the power to be one. I hate falsehood and violence in all their aspects.... Puritanism, stupidity, and arbitrariness reign not in shopkeepers' houses alone. I detest them in science, in literature, and in the younger generation. For these reasons I nurse no particular partiality for gendarmes, or butchers, or savants, or writers, or the younger generation. I look upon trade marks and labels as prejudices. My holy of holies is the human body, health and talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom, freedom from violence and falsehood wherever they manifest. This is the program I would follow if I were a great artist.

But while repudiating tendencies in literature and keeping aloof from politics, Tochekhov was deeply concerned in everything that affected the lives and well-being of his people. To assist them, to better their conditions, to expose the wrongs committed against them by official brutality and public stupidity, absorbed considerable of Tochekhov's time and much of his vitality.

Already in the beginning of the nineties he became actively interested in the condition of Russian prisoners, particularly those in the convict camps of Sakhaleen. Moved by reports of cruelty and inhumanity to which the prisoners in the far off island were subjected, Tochekhov decided to learn the truth by personal investigation. He sacrificed his work, and had with little means and no letters of introduction, he set out on the arduous journey of three months, full of hardship and exposure to danger and inclement weather, on his way to
easternmost Asia. The conditions he found in Sakhalen proved appalling. The result of his undertaking was a book on the prison camps of such power and reality that it aroused even the callous government circles and compelled some ameliorating changes. Humanist, physician, and artist, all combined to make this work of Tohekhov a compelling human document. Even his first impressions, incorporated in a letter, stirred the better conscience of the world. Tohekhov wrote:

The glorified sixties did nothing for the sick and the prisoners and thus violated the chief commandments of Christianity. In our time we do something for the sick but nothing for the convict. The penitentiaries do not interest our jurists. Yet we have debased in our prisons millions of people, we have debased them at random, without thought, barbarously... To the terrible place of Sakhalen we have driven men through cold, chained in irons, for thousands of miles, we have anesthetized them with nonsensical diseases, deprived them, multiplied criminals, and for all this we have put the blame on red-nosed prison superintendents. Now all civilized Europe knows it is not they but all of us who are to blame.

Upon his return to Moscow Tohekhov felt that life there was too strenuous and exhausting for his state of health. Moreover, he needed a proper field as a physician and a social life that would supply the necessary material and colour for his literary work. As he aptly said—

If I am a doctor—I must have a hospital and patients; if I am a writer, I must live among the people, and not in little Dmitrovsk Street. I must have social and political life, if only a tiny scarp of it."

He was fortunate in finding a suitable place in Melikhovo, a village near Moscow. There he devoted himself to a variety of activities, which for a man with a devastating disease must have been exceedingly exhausting. Advisor and physician to the peasantry of the district, he yet found time to build schools and look after road improvement, and — he wrote. Some of his finest stories were produced...
at Melikhovo, stories of local life and peasant psychology free from the awkward glamour so popular with all-too-many Russian writers. Living in Melikhovo, not far from Yasnaya Polyana, also afforded Tochekhov the opportunity of frequently visiting Tolstoy, whom he grew to love and admire. They spent much time together discussing the grave problems of Russia and speculating on the purpose and meaning of life, questions that absorbed Tochekhov little less than the Polyana sage.

At the outbreak of the great famine in Russia in 1892, Tochekhov felt that he could not remain at home at his usual pursuits. The call of the stricken was strong upon him, and he was one of the first to devote his time and ability to fight the calamity. He was impatient of the well-meaning but idle efforts that spend large sums on charity dinners and balls, leaving only a small fraction for the purpose such festivities are arranged for. He insisted on more direct and constructive help for the stricken, generally being the initiator of suggestions and practical plans and work while others indulged in sentimental talk.

No sooner was the famine coped with than even a still more terrible scourge gripped Russia -- the cholera. Again Anton Pavlovich hastened to the front, visiting numerous villages in the affected area and fearlessly exposing himself to danger. His entire time was devoted, as he wrote to a friend, to treating patients and giving lectures on measures of preventing the disease. The
Zemstvo hasn’t given me a single kopek for organizing the medical centers. I gauge from the wealthy, first from one and then from another. I turn out to be an excellent beggar; thanks to my beggarly eloquence, my section has two excellent barrows with all the necessary, and five barrows that are not excellent, but horrid. I have saved the Zemstvo from expenditure even on disinfectants. Lime, vitriol, and all sorts of stinking stuff have I begged from manufacturers for all my twenty-five villages.

In the course of time Chekhov was able to return to his writing. Recognized as one of the foremost Russian authors, he now had no difficulty in getting his work accepted, but the need of writing as a means of livelihood harassed his spirit and continued to injure his health. Repeatedly he pours out his heart to his friend Sevovin, under date of June 16, 1892:

My soul longs for breadth and altitude, but I am forced to lead a narrow life spent over trashy roubles and kopeks. There is nothing more vulgar than a petty bourgeois life with halfpence, its vioculae, its futile talk, and its useless conventional virtues. My heart aches from the consciousness that I am working for money …… This aching feeling, together with some of justice, makes my writing a contemptible pursuit in my eyes……

The petty interests of life, poverty of spirit and meanness of heart in his own immediate surroundings, as well as in the social movements of the time, exasperated and grieved Chekhov more than his financial straits and poor health. Exploitation of individual or collective suffering for “a cause” filled him with revolting disgust. He spoke contemptuously of certain elements that sought to use the cholera for propaganda purposes,

Revolting means for good ends make the ends themselves revolting. (Chekhov) If I were a politician I could never bring myself to disgrace my present for the sake of the future, even though I were promised tons of felicity for an ounce of mean lying……
"The Seagull", Tchekhov's third long play, was finished in 1896. He had set great hopes on its appearance, but unfortunately it was very inadequately produced by the Alexandrinsky Theatre at St. Petersburg. The author was present at the performance, but the bad interpretation of his work and the attitude of the audience killed him with discouragement. He left the theatre before the end of the play, promising himself never to write another drama. He adhered to his decision for six years and he might have preserved in his determination to the end of his short life and not a splendid interpretation of the work by the Moscow Art Theatre convinced Tchekhov that the fault was not with his dramatic perception, but with the poor acting at the first production of the play. Perhaps this incident saved Tchekhov the dramatist to Russia, and dramatic art was enriched by several more — alas, only too few — great plays.

The varied occupations Tchekhov engaged in during his life in Melikhovo, the exhausting work during the famine and the cholera, and his concentrated writing all helped to deplete his strength and aggravate the malady which was slowly consuming him. During a visit to Moscow to attend a dinner given in his honour Tchekhov suffered a collapse as a result of a violent haemorrhage. He had to be taken to the hospital, subsequently leaving for Southern France and taking up his abode in Nice, where the balmy climate and circle of devoted friends aided Tchekhov's gradual improvement.

The famous Dreyfus case was at the time agitating
the entire country, and naturally Tohekhov could not
long remain indifferent to the situation. With his
usual penetration he saw — as did many other fair-minded
men — that Dreyfus, the French Army Captain, the Jew
Dreyfus was the victim of a military cabal to hide its
corruption under the cloak of anti-semitism. Zola's
brave "J'accuse" sounded the call to battle with the
black forces of prejudice and hatred, a battle which
enthused the ablest and bravest spirits of the time.
Tohekhov sought to present the case in all its bearings
to Russia by writing detailed accounts of the struggle
to his old friend Souvorin, editor of the "Novoye Vremya".
But the reactionary tendencies of the publication and
Souvorin's own anti-semitic leanings proved an insurmount-
able barrier to Tohekhov's hope of enlightening his
Russian audience on the case. In vain he sought to
convince Souvorin of the unreasonableness of his attitude
toward the Dreyfus case and particularly of his false
appreciation of Zola.

When something is wrong inside us, (Tohekhov
wrote to Souvorin), we look for causes outside
ourselves and we quickly find them: it's the
Frenchman's nastiness, it's the Jew's, it's
the Italian's . . . . these are pests, but, for all
that, how they relieve our unconscious! Certainly
they are bad symptoms. Once the French started
talking about Jews and syndicates, it indicated
they were feeling uncomfortable, that a worm had
got into them, and they need (these phantoms in
order to allay their uneasy conscience. . . . Suppose
Dreyfus is guilty — Zola is still right, since
the duty of a writer is not to accuse nor to
persecute, but to intercede on behalf of the
guilty when once they are convicted and punished.
You may say, "But what about politics? What
about the interests of the State?" But great
writers and artists engage in politics only in so
far as it is necessary to defend people against
politics.

The hardened reactionary Souvorin could not be
Tookov returned from abroad much improved in health, but the Moscow climate did not permit of his living in his beloved city. He decided upon Crimea, the site of his copyright enabling him to purchase an estate near Yalta. In spite of his delicate health, his home soon became the center of artistic and literary life, as well as a haven for all those who needed Pavlovitch as a friend, physician, and advisor. His sympathy with human suffering, always acute, was even increased by his own physical pain and stress. His need of being kind and helpful, his joy in life impelled him to respond without stint. He kept open house. Interesting visitors, discussions on art, literature and social problems, interspersed with gaiety and laughter, helped Anton Pavlovitch to forget now and then his own failing condition.

During his life in the Crimea he again saw much of Tolstoy. By this time he had outgrown the influence the sage's views had formerly exerted upon him, but his admiration and love for Tolstoy, as man and artist, had deepened. At the news of Tolstoy's illness Tokeiov wrote:

Tolstoy's illness scored us and kept us at a tension. I am afraid of his death. If he were to die there would be a big vacuum in my life. First, I never loved anyone as I love him; I am not a believing man, but of
all believe I consider his faith the nearest and most akin to me. Secondly, while Tolstoy is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be a writer; even to be aware that one has done nothing and is doing nothing is not so terrible, since Tolstoy does enough for all. His works serve as the justification of all hopes and anticipations built upon literature. Thirdly, Tolstoy stands firmly, his authority is immense, and while he lives, bad taste in literature, banality of every kind, impudent or lackadice, all the bristling, exasperated vanities will remain far away, deep in the shade. His moral authority alone is capable of maintaining on a certain height the so-called literary world and current. Without him they would all be a shepherdless flock, or hotch-potch in which it would be difficult to make out anything.

It takes greatness to appreciate greatness, and who was there in Yalta accept of him to the prophet of Yasnaya Polynia if not Tolstoy? Tolstoy himself regarded him as Russia’s greatest talent since Turgenev. One can therefore appreciate that Tolstoy’s presence in Yalta and their close friendship went to Tolstoy, from irreparable loss to our better understanding of the two men that Tolstov did not live long enough to give to the world his impressions of their conversations on the grave problems of life and the Russia both loved so well.

In 1900 Anton Pavlovitch was afforded the unexpected opportunity of seeing some of his own plays and other great dramatic works presented in truly artistic manner, the Moscow Art Theatre with its entire company coming down to Yalta to play for their adored author and friend. It was a gala event that brought to the Crimea hosts of visitors, among them many important men in art and letters. Tolstoy expressed his deep appreciation of the splendid work of the Moscow Art Theatre in his
letter to Neustrovich-Benchanko e.o., together with Stanislavsky, had helped to create and maintain the high artistic standard of the organization.

... In your letter there is a trampling, hardly audible note, like that of an old bell. It is where you write of how the details of theatrical life harass you. Oh! don't get tired, don't cool off! The Art Theatre will provide the best pages of history, when it is written. O, the awesom Russian Thesaurus. The theatre should be your pride, and it is the only theatre I love, although I have not been there. If I lived in Moscow I could try to get on the stuff, if only in the capacity of porter, so that I could give even a little help, and, if possible, prevent you growing cool, towards the dear establishment....

Tolstoy was repeatedly urged by Souvorin to get married. To his friend's admonitions he once replied in his characteristically jocular style:

Very well, I will get married if you wish, but my terms are that everything must be as it was before. I want to live in Moscow and in the country. I will make visits to her. Happiness continued day in day out from morning until next I can not endure. When every day I hear the same thing in the same tone I become furious. I promise you to be a splendid husband, but give me a wife who like the moon will not appear in my sky every day....

To his brother, he wrote on the same subject:

It is only interesting to marry for love, but to marry a girl because she is sympathetic is like buying an unnecessary article in the market merely because it is nice. In daily life the most important screw is love, sexual attraction; all the rest is exercised and not to be trusted, however cleverly calculated. The important thing is not that the girl is attractive, but that she is loved. The stumbling block as you see is a mere trifle....

However, this problem was soon solved when Anton Pavlovich met Olga Leonidovna Kipper, the leading actress of the Moscow Art Theatre. Their acquaintance..
presently developed into a beautiful love, culminating in marriage.

Stanislavsky in his work "My Art and Life," tells an amusing story in connection with Chekhov's marriage. A number of friends had been invited to a fête in honour of the coming event. On arriving, the guests found the house in festive attire, the tables laden with good things to eat and drink, but the host was nowhere to be seen. After waiting several hours, the guests decided in true Russian fashion to sit down to the repast presided over by Maria Tchokhova, Anton's sister. During the evening a telegram arrived announcing to the astonished gathering the marriage of Anton Pavlovitch to Olga Knipper.

We are off on our honeymoon, (the message read), we ask our dear guests to drink our health and wish us luck," which they promptly did.

After the successful production of "Three Sisters," which play Chekhov had finished in 1900, the Academy of Science elected the author to honorary membership. A year later Chekhov had occasion to demonstrate his sterling quality when the Academy, after having elected Maxim Gorki, repudiated its action out of servility to the higher authorities. Chekhov immediately sent in his resignation.

Moved by a strong sense of justice and ever responsive to the call of need—as evidenced by his devoted work in behalf of unfortunate prisoners, in the famine, and elsewhere—Chekhov could not keep aloof from the pressing questions of his time. Regardless of arousing
disapproval and even enmity, he never hesitated in freely expressing himself on the urgent social and political issues in his country. His mental drift became particularly clear when he wrote his famous letter to Souvorin, in 1888.

If Jesus Christ had been more radical and said "love thy enemy as thyself", he would have said what he meant. Neighbour is a general conception, and enemy is a particular one. The real injustice is not that we hate our enemies who are few, but that we don't sufficiently love our neighbours who are many — fish enough to fill a pond. Christ might have said "love thy enemy as thyself" if he had been a woman. Women like catching up bright, striking, particular applications out of general conceptions. But Christ who stood above enemies and did not notice them, a virile, balanced, and wide-thinking nature, hardly attached any significance to the difference that exists between the particular instances of the conception "neighbour".

Further Tchehkov points out that:

God's world is a good place; the one thing not good are we. How little there is in us of justice and humility! A drunken husband loves his wife and children, but how is this love expressed? Instead of knowledge, impertinence and conceit beyond measure; instead of work, idleness, and thoughtlessness. There is no justice; the conception honour goes no further than the uniform which serves as an everyday decoration in the police's dock. We must work and we must be just; these are the chief things.

Tchehkov's sensitive and understanding soul deeply resented the superficial attitude of the well-fed towards their less fortunate brothers. Particularly did he contempt the activity of the middle class. He writes:

To lik nor of business and drunkenness of the peasants... is a strange and interesting to listen a monk when he is being sick or in ill of typhus. Society, like any other force, always contains a certain amount of impertinence, and that is chiefly shown in the well-fed preaching to the hungry. If conviction is revolving at a time of serious crisis, what must be the effect of moralizing? And how stupid and insulting that moralizing must seem. A peasant fifteen years in arrears with his
taxes is to such preachers an idler and he has no right to drink. Let them count up the debts of State and prime ministers, the debts owed by all the members of nobility and archbishops taken together. The debts the Guards owe! Well, only tailors could tell.

One could go on quoting indefinitely from the rich story of Tchekhov's letters and thoughts jotted down in his note book to show that while he was not allied with any political party, or recognized any social dogma, he was yet keenly alive to the various reformatory movements of his time. Later his social interests began to assert themselves in his stories and even more so in his plays, as we shall have occasion to see.

"The Cherry Orcher", Tchekhov's own song, was first produced at the Moscow Art Theatre in honor of the author's birthday, on January 19, 1904. He had especially come from Yalta to be present at the performance. The occasion proved a meritorious one. Not only was this supreme work of Anton Pavlovitch most artistically staged and performed, but the evening was turned into an impressive demonstration of love and devotion to the author, the entire assembly rising in homage to Russia's greatest living dramatist. Everyone seemed to feel that the shy, shrinking figure on the stage, convulsed by the devastating disease and racked by fits of coughing, was nearing its end. Indeed, the end came soon.

As a last hope Tchekhov went with his wife to Badenweiler, Germany. From there he kept on writing that
his health was "improving not by ounces but by hundredweights". It was just like this gentle, infinitely thoughtful and kind being to keep the knowledge of his approaching death from those he loved, even while the great inexorable was already at his doorstep. On July 2, 1904, Aton Lavrovitch Tolstoy died, and Russia grew poorer by one of her greatest personalities, an inspired artist and true man whose brave voice so often rang out against every cruelty, every injustice, every baseness of life.

Ivanov

"Ivanov", his first long dramatic work, portrays the life of an artist... who had dabbled in various reforms and at the age of thirty-five is ragged out, weary and in inner confusion. He lives on his estate, which is neglected and heavily mortgaged. With him is his wife, Sura, who is of Jewish origin, and who had been cut off by her people for marrying a Gentile. She is slowly dying of tuberculosis.

Yevgeny Lvov, the physician attending Sura, is a man of advanced ideas and uncompromising, but he fails to see the motives that move human beings often against their will. He can not understand Ivanov, nor the chaotic state of his soul. He sees in him only the numerical growth
indifferent to his wife. He suspects that Ivanov is neglecting Sarsa because he wants to get rid of her in the hope of marrying Sasha, the young daughter of the rich neighbor Lbedev.

Within a year Sarsa dies, and Ivanov is about to marry Sasha. But at the last moment he is overcome by the feeling that he has no right to bind her young life to his. Dr. Lvov denounces Ivanov in the presence of the guests assembled for the wedding as a scoundrel, responsible for the deaths of his wife and who is now marrying Sasha for her money. Ivanov rushes out and fires a bullet into his head.

In a letter to Soverina Tolstoyev gives his own illuminating interpretation of the play, in reply to the adverse criticisms showered upon him following its first production.

The producer considers Ivanov a frustrated man in the Turgenev sense. Savina (a famous actress) asks why Ivanov is a scoundrel. You write "It is necessary to add something to Ivanov from which it can be seen why the woman hung on his neck, and why he is a scoundrel and the doctor a great man". Well, if you three understand we like that, it means that my Ivanov is no rod at all. I probably must have lost my wit and written the reverse of what I intended... and there can be no question of staging it.

Now, I understand my characters in this way. Ivanov is a noblesman, a university man with nothing scandalous about him. He is easily excited, servile, very much inclined to infatuations, honest and straightforward like the majority of educated noblemen... What he has done and how he behaved is seen from the statements addressed to the doctor:

"Don't marry Jewesses, or neurotic women, or bluestockings, don't fight with thousands single-handed, don't struggle with windmills, don't bring your head against the wall. God preserve you from scientific formulas, wildfire speeches."
The Emma Goldman Papers

Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman. — 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 30 × 21 cm.

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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.
Sasha loves Ivanov because he is a good man, honest, intelligent, etc. She is a female who is not seen by the vivid play of the role, but by their complaints, schemes, and failures. No sooner does Ivanov's heart grow faint than the lady is at hand. It is not Ivanov she loves, but the task. She does not know that for Ivanov love is only another complication, only one more step in the book. She carries on with him for a whole year, but she does not raise him — instead, she sinks lower and lower.

... If the public comes out of the theater feeling that the Ivanovs are scoundrels and the Doctor Lvovs great men, it will be time for me to retire and throw my pen to the devil. Corrections and interpolations won't help. No corrections can stumble a great man from his pedestal and no interpolation can make a frail and ordinary mortal out of a scoundrel.

"Uncle Vanya", originally called "The Too Old Devil", was Tchekov's second large portrait. Of this play he tells us that:

It deals with an egotistical wooden bore who read about literature twenty-five years ago without understanding anything, a man who drives everybody to dismay and boredom, who does not allow laughter, or music, and yet an ordinary happy soul.

This bore is the retired professor, Serebryakov, who for twenty-five years has lived at the expense of the brother of his first wife, Ivan Petrovitch Voynitsky, known as Uncle Vanya. The latter had spent his youth on the family estate, received from the opportunities of the large city. He has saved and economised to support his present brother-in-law, whom he and everyone else store as a great man, the oracle, the banner-bearer of
With Uncle Vanya is Sonya, the young daughter of his beloved dead sister whom he had brought up and who had worked side by side with him to keep her pseudo-illustrious father living in ease in the capital. But the halo about the Professor is quickly dispelled, when after years of absence he visits the estate on his summer holiday. The entire household, with the sole exception of the mother of his first wife, abandons the tragic discovery that the Professor is a crass egoist and empty bore, and that his admired wisdom is stagnant, antiquated, and useless. They reflect on his brazen conceit and bombast that had succeeded in sapping his daughter Sonya, Uncle Vanya, and the youth of his young wife Yelena.

Yelena is but twenty-seven, clever and attractive. She has grown to understand her husband’s emptiness, but she remains true to him largely because of her lack of courage. On the estate she becomes the center of attraction. Uncle Vanya, who has for long suppressed his need for companionship and affection, falls violently in love with Yelena. Dr. Astrov, a neighbor and friend of Uncle Vanya and who like him has wasted his youth and ideals in the drudgery of village practice, also becomes infatuated with her. Yelena prefers him to Uncle Vanya. The terrible disappointment and his growing bitterness against the man who has for years trained him, drive Vanya into a state of frenzy, culminating in his attempt to kill his worthless and perfidious brother-in-law. He
feels, as his entire life has been a failure. The
Professor and Yelena leave the estate. Uncle Vanya and
Sonsja, who secretly loves Dr. Astrov, remain to continue
their routine work and lives.

The play is a vivid satire on the futility of
academic training, the hothouse atmosphere which produces
conceited people, ignorant of real life and social needs,
yet who strut about in their importance and egotism,
leading useless lives at the expense of others. In the
words of Dr. Astrov to Yelena:

"Wherever you go, you and your husband, you
carry the infection of idleness, laziness and
artifice.

The character in the play that represents
Tolstoy's ideal and hopes is Sonya, a beautiful, loving,
spirit, capable and determined, yet full of sweet tender-
ness and glowing hope in the future. Through Sonya
Tolstoy expresses his own unyielding faith. She says:

"We shall rejoice and look back at these
troubles of ours with tenderness, with a smile ---
and we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, I have
sorrow, passionate faith. . . . We shall see all
Heaven lit with radiance; we shall see all
earthly evil, all suffering, drowned in sorrow
which will fill the whole world, and our life
will be peaceful, gentle and sweet as a caress.
I have faith, I have faith, (wipes away his
tears with her handkerchief). Poor Uncle Vanya,
you are crying. (Through her own tears). You
have had no joy in your life, but wait, Uncle
Vanya, wait. We shall rest (puts her arms around
him). We shall rest!"
In "The Seagull" the young artist, Constantine Treplef, seeks new forms, new modes of expression. He is tired of old academic ways, the beaten track; he is disgusted with the endless imitative methods, no one apparently capable of an original thought.

Constantine has written a play; the principal part is to be acted by Nina, a beautiful girl with whom Constantine is in love. He arranges the first performance to take place on the occasion of his mother's vacation in the country.

She herself - known as Miss Academia - is a famous actress of the old school. She knows how to show off her charm to advantage, to parade her beautiful gowns, to paint and die gracefully before the footlights; but she does not know how to live her part on the stage.

Miss Academia is the type of artist she lacks all conception of the relation but an art and life. Barren of vision and empty of heart, her only criterion is public approval and material success. Needless to say, she cannot understand her son. She considers him decadent, a foolish rebel who wants to undermine the settled canon of dramatic art. Constantine sums up his mother's personality in the following manner:

Treplef: She is a psychological curiosity, is my mother. A clever and gifted woman. She can cry over a novel, will read you all Dostoievsky's poems by heart, and just the protection of a sick nurse; but venture to praise Chekhov or Fyodor Dostoievsky or Turgenev or I love her, you must praise nobody but her, write about her, shout about her, and go into ecstasies over her.
With Mme. Arcadian is her lover, Trigorin, a successful writer. When he began his literary career, he possessed originality and strength. But gradually writing became a habit; the publishers constantly demand new books, and he supplies them.

Oh, the slavery of being an "arrived" artist, forcing new chains for oneself with every "best seller"! Such is the position of Trigorin; he hates his work as the worst drudgery. Exhausted of ideas, all life and human relations serve him only as material for copy.

Him, innocent of the ways of the world and saturated with the false romanticism of Trigorin's works, does not see the man but the celebrated artist. She is carried away by his face and stirred by his presence; an infatuation with him quickly replaces her affection for
Constantine: To her Trigorin embodies her dream of a brilliant and interesting life.

Mina: How I envy you, if you but knew it! How different are the lots of different people! Some can hardly drag on their tedious, insignificant existence; they are all alike, all miserable; others, like you, for instance—you are one in a million—are blessed with a brilliant, interesting life, all full of meaning.... You are happy.... What a delightful life yours is!

Trigorin: What is there so fine about it? Day and night I am obsessed by the same persistent thought: I must write, I must write; I must write.... No sooner have I finished one story than I am somehow compelled to write another, than a third, and after the third a fourth.... I have no rest for myself; I feel that I am devouring my own life.... I've never satisfied myself.... I have the feeling for nature; it makes a passion in me, an irresistible desire to write. But I am something more than a landscape painter; I'm a citizen as well; I love my country, I love the people; I feel that if I am a writer I am bound to speak of the people, of its suffering, of its future, to speak of science, of the rights of man, etc., etc., and I speak about it all, volubly, and am attacked angrily in return by everyone; I dart from side to side like a fox run down by hounds; I see that life and science fly farther behind, like the countryside running after the train; and in the end I feel that the only thing I can write of is the landscape, and in everything else I am untrue to life, false to the very marrow of my bones.

Constantine realizes that Mina is slipping away from him. The situation is aggravated by the constant friction with his mother and his despair at the lack of encouragement for his art. In a fit of despondency he attempts suicide, but without success. His mother, although nursing him back to health, is infuriated at her son's "foolishness," his inability to adapt himself to conditions, his impractical ideas. She decides to leave, accompanied...
by Trigorin. On the day of their departure Nina and
Trigorin met once more. The girl tells him of her
ambition to become an actress, and, encouraged by him,
follows him to the city.

Two years later Nina, Arastina, still full of her
idle triumphs, returns to her estate. Trigorin is again
with her, still haunted by the need of copy.

Constantine has in the interim matured consider-
ably. Although he has made himself heard as a writer,
he nevertheless feels that life to-day has no place for
such as he; that sincerity in art is not wanted. His
mother is with him, but she only serves to empha-
size the flatness of his surroundings. He loves her, but her ways
for him and drive him into seclusion.

Nina, too, has returned to her native place,
broken in body and spirit. Partly because of the memory
of her past affection for Constantine, and mainly because
she learns of Trigorin's promiscuity, she is drawn to the
place where two years before she had dreamed of the beauty
of an artistic career. The cruel struggle for recognition,
the bitter disappointment in her relation with Trigorin,
the curse of a child, and poor health, have combined to change
the romantic child into a sad woman.

Constantine still loves her. He pleads with her
to go away with him, to begin a new life. But it is too
late. The lure of the footlights is beckoning to Nina;
she returns to the stage. Constantine, unable to stand
the lonelines of his life and the warrenary demands
upon his life, kills himself.

To the Anglo-Saxon mind such an ending is
pessimism - defeat. Often, however, apparent defeat is
in reality the truest success. For it is success, as
commonly understood, but too frequently bought at the
expense of character and idealism?

"The Sanga:" is not defeat. As long as there
is still such material in society as the Constantine -
man and woman who rather die than compromise with
the sordidness of life - there is hope for humanity.
If the Constantines persist it is the social fault -
our indifference to, and lack of appreciation of, the
real values that alone advance the fuller and more
complete life of the race.

The play opens with the line:
"Author died just a year ago, on this very day."

It is the key to the tragic life of the three
Kosnov sisters, Olga, Maria, and Irina. While their
father was alive and in his position as general in command
of a brigade, his daughters enjoyed the gay military
atmosphere of the army circle, unaware of the drabness of
the small provincial town. During the year of mourning
the sisters lived only in the memory of their father,
absorbed in their loss, but with approaching spring comes
the revival of spirit and the yearning for the colour and
gaiety of the capital. They decide to terminate their
grey life on the country estate for Moscow.

Their hopes are centered on their brother Andrey,
who is to become a college professor and make his mark in
Moscow. Through him their lives also would gain new
meaning and purpose. But Andrey becomes infatuated with
a silly girl whom he marries and who gradually destroys
all his dreams. He grows indolent, dull, and fat like
his wife. Still the sisters go on clinging to the hope
of Moscow as the only release from the oppressive
atmosphere of their cramped existence.

Their dream becomes more vivid with the entry
into their life of a visitor, Lieutenant-Colonel Vershinin.
He is gay and vivacious in spite of his unhappy marriage
to a woman who by repeated attempts at suicide binds the
man to her. Vershinin, a man of almost middle age, is
yet full of the joy of life and the hope for a better
future. He electrifies Mashenka and she is carried away
by his youthful spirit. She and Vershinin snatch a few
moments of bliss, of forgetfulness. But soon the military
company to which he is attached leaves the village, and
Mashenka is thrown back into the old routine and the
narrow interests of her married life.

Irene, tired of the drudgery of her
profession as teacher,
accepts the offer of marriage of Lieutenant Tusenbakh. He
plans to leave the army, take his wife to Moscow, and there
engage in some useful work. But again fate interferes. Turenbach is killed in a silly duel by a jealous fellow-officer whose love Irene had repulsed. Prior to this misfortune a fire in the village destroyed whatever of value the sisters possessed. Turenbach's death on the very eve of Irene's departure for the capital terminates her dream of Moscow and all hope of release from the deadening monotony and stagnation of her hateful existence.

The play closes with the sisters dumbly resigned to their fate, Olga fondly embracing them, leaning on the garden fence and listening to the receding sound of the military music—a tragic picture of the drabness of their lives.

With master hand Tolstoy portrayed in the "Three Sisters" the paralyzing effect of Russian provincialism, the utter hopelessness of the intelligentsia, and the lack of outlet due to the political and social conditions of the period. He knew the inertia of the educated class, their endless talk about beauty and idealism, and their incapacity of overcoming the difficulties in the way of realizing their dreams.

Believing, as Tolstoy did, in the mission of art to reproduce reality sincerely, he could paint life only as he saw it. And yet "Three Sisters" ends with a note of hope. It is expressed by Olga when she assures Masha and Irene that:


"The Cherry Orchard" is Chekhov's supreme work of art and at the same time it voices his abiding faith in life, in the possibilities of man, in Russia. The work was created during the most wretched period of the author's life, in the last three years when disease had made fatal inroads, when almost every day was filled with torture and physical martyrdom. Yet Chekhov's spirit had never soared so high, nor had his faith been so staunch as during those agonizing years. "The Cherry Orchard" is Chekhov's prophetic song, his confession of faith, a poem of infinite tenderness, of exceeding beauty and charm. Nay, more — it is the symbol of three social epochs in Russia and their original reflex in literature.

Mrs. Ranevsky, the owner of the cherry orchard, an estate celebrated far and wide for its beauty and historic traditions, is deeply attached to the family place. She loves it for its romanticism: nightingales sing in the orchard, accompanying the wooing of lovers. She is devoted to it because of the memory of her ancestors
...and because of the many tender ties which bind her to the orchard. The same feeling and reverence is entertained by her brother Leonid Gayef. They are expressed in the Ode to an Old Family Cupboard:

Gayef: Beloved and venerable cupboard; honour and glory to your existence, which for more than a hundred years has been directed to the noble ideals of justice and virtue. Your silent summons to profitable labour has never weakened in all these hundred years, You have upheld the courage of succeeding generations of human kind; you have upheld faith in a better future and cherished in us ideals of goodness and social consciousness.

But the social consciousness of Gayef and of his sister is of a paternal nature: the attitude of the aristocracy toward its serfs. It is a paternalism that takes no account of the freedom and happiness of the people, - the romanticism of a dying class.

Like Ranevsky is impoverished. The cherry orchard is heavily mortgaged and as romance and sentiment cannot liquidate debts, the beautiful estate falls into the cruel hands of commercialism.

The merchant Yermolai Lopakhin buys the place. He is in ecstasy over his newly acquired possession. He the owner - he who had risen from the serfs of the former master of the orchard!

Lopakhin: Just think of it! The cherry orchard is mine! Mine! Tell me that I'm drunk; tell me that I'm off my head; tell me that it's all a dream!..... It only my father and my grandfather couldrides from their graves and see the whole affair, how their Yermolai, their
flagged and ignorant Yorozai, who used to run about barefooted in the winter, how this same Yorozai had bought a property that hasn't its equal for beauty anywhere in the whole town! I have bought too property where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't even allowed into the kitchen."

It is an error to consider Lopakhin an
unorthy oligarch, drunk with his newly acquired
wealth and incapable of appreciating beauty and
refinement. We have Tolstoy's own attitude to this
character which gives Lopakhin quite a different
place in the new epoch that followed upon the heels
of the aristocracy with its leisure and romance but on
the heels of the serfs."

Lopakhin is a merchant, of course, but he
is a very decent person in every sense. He must
behave with proper decorum, like an educated
man, with no petty ways or tricks of any sort....
Varya, a sudden and passionate girl, is in love
with Lopakhin; she wouldn't be in love with a
mere money-grubber......

No, Lopakhin isn't a money-grubber whose new
acquisition goes to his head like wine to those unused
to drink. He is the man of action, of strong will,
the man of purpose, one has risen from the dust by sheer
force of character and determination to the position of
independence; the man who believes that the time for
more talking is past and that deeds are needed. Lopakhin
is, as a matter of fact, Tolstoy himself. He faced the
realities of life, who fervently believed in the need of
labour in the advent of a new epoch, the epoch of the
machine and of labour-saving devices, of science as against
romantically — the period of romanticism in life and in art.

However, Chekhov was no materialist in the narrow sense. To him materialism was but the means of translating ideals into life. Peter Trophimov, the perpetual student, the creation of Chekhov's kindly jest, is nevertheless expressive of the hopes and dreams of the author. And with Trophimov is Anya, the young daughter of Madame Hanovskw, the radiant, ardent Russian girl whom Chekhov — and before him Turgenev — painted so sympathetically. They herald the new and brighter time.

Anya: Why is it that I no longer love the cherry orchard as I did? I used to love it so tenderly; I thought there was no better place on earth than our garden.

Trophimov: All Russia is our garden. The earth is great and beautiful; it is full of wonderful places. Think, Anya, your grandfather, your great-grandfather and all your ancestors were serf-owners, owners of living souls. Do not human spirits look out at you from every tree in the orchard, from every log and every stone? Do you not hear human voices? ... Oh! it is terrible. Your orchard frightens me. Even I walk through it in the evening or at night, the roar of bark on the trees, leaves with a dim light, and the cherry trees seem to me all that happened a hundred and two hundred years ago in peaceful and oppressive days.

Well, well, we have failed at least two hundred years beyond the time. I have achieved nothing at all at all; we have not made up our minds how to stand with the past; we only philosophize, complain of boredom, or drink vodka. It is so plain that, before we can live in the present, we must first redeem the past, and have done with it.

Anya: The house we live in has long since ceased to be our house; I shall go away.

Trophimov: If you have the household keys, throw them in the well and go away. Be free, be free as the wind ... I am hungry as the wind; I am sick, anxious, poor as a beggar. Fate has tossed
me neither and thither; I have been everywhere, everywhere. But everywhere I have been, every minute, day and night, my soul has been full of mysterious anticipations. I feel the approach of happiness. Always I see it coming... It is coming towards us, nearer and nearer; I can hear the sound of its footsteps... And if we do not see it, if we do not know it, what does it matter? Others will see it.

Tchekhov's prophetic vision beheld the coming day, and with powerful pen and loving heart he proclaimed it that others might see it. Far from being a pessimist, as charged by superficial critics, Tchekhov's fervent faith and passionate belief became stronger with growing physical decline.

We are higher creatures, (he wrote at this time), and if we were really to realize the whole power of the genius of man we would become like gods. To believe in God is not difficult. The inquisitors... and our Arakcheev believed in him. No, believe in man. The great, brilliant future of man, the kingdom of eternal truth...

In 1909 Tchekhov wrote:

There would come soon the new, clear life, when one would be able to look directly and bravely into the eyes of fate, to realize oneself as right, happy, free.

One year later this faith found its highest expression in the "Cherry Orchard".
CHAPTER IX

In the preface to his collected works, Gorki says:

I have come from below, from the nethermost ground of life where is sought but slush and muck. . . . I am the truthful voice of life, the harsh cry of those who still abide down there and who have let me come up to bear witness to their suffering.

Certainly no other writer can speak with such knowledge and experience of those who are in "the nethermost ground of life" as Maxim Gorki. Unlike most writers on the life of the underworld, Gorki was never the aloof observer merely; he was part of the milieu he portrays with such mastery. He is one of the numberless many whom the overworld had thrust "down below" and whom it rarely permits to rise unless he possesses the genius of a Gorki. Genius defies all obstacles, overcomes every hindrance and rises to the sunlit day, there to cry out in behalf of those he has left behind.

Maxim Gorki, whose real name is Alexei Maksimovitch Peshkov, was born in Nishni-Novgorod, on March 14, 1869. His father, whom he lost at the age of four, was a poor artisan; his mother, the daughter of a dyer, was disowned by her parents for marrying "below her station." After a second marriage she died and left her child at the age of seven with her father. The latter, hard and unforgiving, made the little fellow suffer for the offense of his daughter who had "disgraced" the family by choosing a common working-man for a...
husband.

The boy was hired out to a shoemaker, later to be placed with a dealer in holy pictures who maltreated the young apprentice, making his life a continuous round of misery. After three years of brutal thrashing and starvation young Maxim, unable to endure the treatment meted out to him with such regularity, managed to escape his tormentor and ship as kitchen-boy on a Volga steamer. There he found a friend in the drunken but very kindly cook, who took the twelve-year old boy under his protection. It was this cook who first introduced Gorki to books, the two spending many hours together, reading promiscuously old Russian legends and modern works, translations from the French as well as detective stories, all eagerly absorbed by the impressionable young mind. Thus was awakened the youth’s thirst for reading and knowledge, the mighty Volga stream and the wide steppes surrounding it helping to enrich his imagination and to develop his innate sense of beauty.

A youth of fifteen, Gorki sought the ancient city of Kazan where he hoped to “buy” an education. But he soon discovered that for one of his class there was in Russia at that time no opportunity to acquire knowledge in the institutions of learning. He had to continue his quest in the school of life which, though a harsher and more dangerous source of wisdom, has the advantage of reality and truth. He hired himself out to a baker, who exploited the energies of the boy for eighteen hours a day. The remarkable stories, “Konovalov”
and "Twenty-Six and One" are the result of that experience.

Gorki has given us a vivid picture of his life and work in the bakery:

We lived in a wooden bow, under a low and heavy ceiling, all covered with cobwebs and permeated with soot. Night pressed us between the walls, spattered with spots of mud and all mouldy. We got up at five in the morning and, stupid and indifferent, began work at six o'clock. We made bread out of the dough which our comrades had prepared while we slept. The whole day, from dawn till ten at night, none of us sat at the table rolling out the dough, and, to avoid becoming torpid, we would constantly rock ourselves to and fro while others kneaded in the flour. The enormous oven, which resembled a fantastic beast, opened its large jaws, full of dazzling flames, and breathed forth upon us its hot breath, while its two black and enormous cavities watched our unending work. . . . Thus from one day to the next, in the floury dust, in the mud that out feet brought in from the yard, in the suffocating and terrible heat, we rolled out the dough and made crannknels, moistening them with our sweat; we hated our work with an implacable hatred; we never ate what we made, preferring black bread to those odorous dainties.

The desire for advancement was strong in Maxim Gorky and he constantly sought better opportunities. He did not remain long in the bakery, soon exchanging it for the freer, though more strenuous life of a docker. The new occupation with its increased chances of contact with people served Gorki in storing up impressions which later gave such unique atmosphere and color to his work.

It was at this period, the docker’s work being uncertain, that the youth, hungry and cold, sought shelter on a barge. He met a girl there, an outcast. She too had come there for shelter. In the darkness and drizzling rain the two found each other. Most powerfully and sympathetically is the incident treated in "Once in Autumn."
Those were the first kisses any woman ever gave me, and they were the best, for those that I received later always cost me a lot and never gave me any joy. . . . At this time I was already preparing myself to be an active and powerful force in society; it seemed to me at times that I had in part accomplished my purpose. . . . I dreamed of political resolutions, of social reorganization. I used to read such deep and impenetrable authors that their thoughts did not seem to be a part of them --- and now a prostitute warned me with her body, and I was in debt to a miserable, shameless creature, banished by a society that did not want to accord her a place. The wind blew and groaned, the rain beat down upon the boat, the waves broke around us, and both of us, closely entwined, trembled from cold and hunger. Add Natasha consoled me; she spoke to me in a sweet, carressing voice, as only a woman can. In listening to her tender and naive words, I wept, and those tears washed away from my heart man impurities, much bitterness, sadness and hatred, all of which had accumulated there before this night.

They separate in the dawn and never see each other again.

For more than six months I looked in all the dives and dens in the hope of seeing that dear little Natasha once more, but it was vain.

Living in the depths of society, a vagabond among vagabonds, Gorki feels himself an outcast with outcasts. At twenty he becomes so discouraged in attaining a better life and realizing his ambitions that he attempts suicide. Fortunately he fails and must again take up the struggle for existence. He works at anything that comes to hand --- as a fruit vendor on the railways, in fields. His love of knowledge is revived and he seeks to acquaint himself with the "mysteries" of science, of literature, the drama and other arts. In this he is assisted by students he meets in his native town. Later he finds employment as secretary to a lawyer in Nishni-Novgorod, a Mr. Lanin, who took great interest in him, lent him books and helped to improve the youth's education which
up to that time had been acquired in a very haphazard manner. But Gorki's restless, roaming spirit would not permit him to remain long in one place. He again took to the road. He covered the length and breadth of Russia on foot, supporting himself in devious ways, begging, working at odd jobs, but mostly starving, while observing and dreaming.

After he had tramped through Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Kuban region, Gorki reached the Caucasus. There he met a student who like himself had been "thrust down below". The latter encouraged Gorki to write down his experiences, thus laying the cornerstone for the literary structure Maxim Gorki later gave to the world.

In a local paper in Tiflis there appeared, in 1892, the story "Makar Tchudra" signed by Maxim Gorki. Powerful and bearing evidence of unusual talent, the tale aroused attention. Within two years Gorki became a known and recognized name in Russian literature, due particularly to the efforts of the great Ukrainian writer, Vladimir Korolenko. The latter, sensing Maxim's ability, introduced him to the more serious publications, and Gorki's stories began to appear in the well-known "Ruskoya Bogatstvo" (Russian Wealth) then edited by Korolenko. The latter's influence was a potent factor at this stage of Gorki's career. In supplying material to his biographer, Gorki wrote:

"Write this, write this without changing a single word: it is Korolenko who taught Gorki to write, and if Gorki has profited but little by the teaching of Korolenko, it is the fault of Gorki alone. Gorki's first teacher was the
soldier-cook Smoury; his second teacher was the lawyer Lenin; the third Alexander Kaloushny, an "ex-man"; (one down and out) the fourth, Korolenko.

Gorki quickly became popular with the Russian reading public. (When his stories first appeared in collected form in 1900, his fame spread beyond the confines of his native land and his works were translated in almost every country. But the price he had to pay was beyond his physical capital. Due to long years of starvation and hardship, Gorki developed tuberculosis which has since kept him hovering between life and death.

In the chapter on Tchekhov I have referred to the election of Gorki as honorary member of the Academy of Science and the part Tchekhov played in it. The "honor" did not last long, because the Tsar was displeased with the election of so rabid a revolutionary who had then already embraced Marxist Socialism as his political ideal. Fearful of imperial disapproval, the timid Academy made itself ridiculous by repudiating the election. It is not likely that this cowardly procedure by those who presume to be the high priests of Art and Letters gave Gorki any sleepless nights. It certainly did not prevent him a year later from throwing himself into the revolutionary tide which swept across Russia in 1905. (Inspired by the high hopes and the patient heroism of the Russian masses, Gorki heavily taxed his already weakened vitality in active participation. His efforts were mainly concentrated on raising funds, which he frequently collected on the street corners after his friend Chaliapin had enthused the crowd by his exquisite singing. After the failure of the 1905 Revolution Gorki was compelled to flee Russia. He went to France and later to Capri.
In 1906 Gorki visited the United States for the purpose of raising funds for renewed revolutionary work in Russia. No man who had ever come to America before had such an exceptional opportunity to reach the workers and to arouse their interest for and sympathy with their brothers in Russia, as well as to get from them generous financial support. Unfortunately Gorki fell into the hands of a group of pseudo intellectuals who, though well-intentioned, lacked judgment and discretion. Due to the latter was the complete failure of Gorki's purpose and the outrageous insult heaped upon the man by the American purists. His friends failed in the first place to acquaint Gorki with the greatest scourge of American life—the busy-bodies who have constituted themselves the watch-dogs of American morals. Having failed to take the respectable precaution of registering his woman companion of many years—Madame Andrews—as his legally permitted wife, Gorki was ordered out of the hotel in the dead of night and practically thrown into the street. It thus fell to his tragic lot to be received by America as a king one day and to be hurled into the gutter like a pariah the next. Gorki, unfamiliar with the ways of American hospitality, was dazed by the clamor raised against him by a sensational and unscrupulous press and public, forsaken by his literary confreres, and with all his bhammes of realizing his purpose spoiled.

Still the situation might have been saved had Gorki's advisors not continued to bungle matters. The man who had emerged from below, "from the nethermost ground of life where there is nought but slush and muck", should have gone to the people, to the workers who knew
and loved the artist and man in him, instead of remaining among rich curiosity seekers. Following the damnable hotel incident his friends kept Gorki in seclusion, far away from his own kind who had no way of reaching him, or of evidencing to him their admiration and respect. Instead he found himself among people who understood him neither as man nor as artist, and who had but little interest in his vital mission. Gorki then sailed for Capri.

Before the outbreak of the great war Maxim Gorki returned to Russia. There he began the publication of the magazine "Zhizn" ("Life") which was devoted to life, art, and letters. It continued its valuable work all through the Kerensky period and after the Bolsheviks attained to power. For a considerable time a sharp opponent of the latter's political regime, Gorki gradually allied himself with them. Whether he inwardly condoned all that was done in the name of the revolution it is difficult to say. Outwardly, however, he persistently sought to explain every governmental outrage as a revolutionary necessity and "historically inevitable", which merely demonstrates that one may be a great writer and yet a very bad statesman. Gorki especially proved that by the work he published after he came out of Russia, wherein he indicted the Russian people as "savages, cruel, and barbarous, densely superstitious and cruel."

The serious psychologist knows that the masses of whatever race or country, when driven at bay, are likely to show similar characteristics. The wonder is not that the Russians are "savages, cruel, and barbarous", but that they have not exterminated all the other races.
but

that they are not more so after centuries
of Tsarism, followed by a terrible war, revolution,
pestilence, famine, interventions from without, tyranny
from within. From a creative artist one has the
right to expect deeper psychologic perception than Maxim
Gorki has shown by his wholesale charges against the
Russian peasantry. But as I have said, one may be a
poet and at the same time a blunderer in the politico-
social aspects of life.

The quick ascendancy of Maxim Gorki in the
world of letters was not due merely to his great literary
gifts. It was essentially aided by his ardent faith
in the Russian and his possibilities, carrying a message
of hope and inspiration intensely needed by the reading
public of the period. For years it had been fed on
the Oblomov types, on "heroes" so lost in self-
contemplation and so paralyzed by introspection that they
were unable to look life bravely in the face, much less
to overcome its difficulties. But here came one who
drew his material from the very depths, from the social
outcasts, the boevaki of the "barefoot brigade", "ex-men"
--- have been --- and among them Gorki was able to
discover and present to us brave, proud and determined
man and women, who tolerate no idle excursions into their
souls, who love life and have the strength to drink the
cup to its dregs. The Konovalovs, the Tchelkachevs, the
Malvas, and the Orlovs do not whine. They do not waste
their substance in endless discussions about their "sick
souls". They Live.
"Konовалов", whom Gorki describes as an intellectual among those whom fate has ill-used, amongst the ragged, the hungry, and embittered half-men and half-beasts with whom the city slums team;

refuses to accept the idea that conditions are stronger than man. He thinks that one must be 'half-hearted, indeed' to be conquered by fate. He tells his young friend,

I live, and something goes me on.... I have no line to follow.... do you understand me? I don't know how to say it. I have not that spark in my soul.... Force, perhaps? Something is missing; that's all!

and when he is assured that the failure of man is due to the "dark forces round you", Konovalov protests:

Then make a stand! Take a stronger footing! Find your ground and make a stand!

Similarly Grishka Orlov, another vagabond type, is filled with the love of freedom and life.

My soul burns within me, (he says) I want space to give full swing to my strength! I feel within me an indomitable force! If the cholera, let us say, could become a man, a giant, I would meet it! Let it be a struggle to the death, I would say: you are a force, and I, Grishka Orlov, am a force too; let us see which is the better!

Naturally, the Konовалов and the Orlov do often go down, but at least not without a fight, never submissive to the "inevitable", never yielding. The element of strength which permeates all of Gorki's early works and his faith in the purging quality of an ideal proved refreshing and exhilarating to the Russian public, bringing quick acceptance and recognition.
Maxim Gorki began writing plays in 1901. A true artist, he sincerely tells us that he is dissatisfied with his dramatic works. It is not amiss to remark that of the ten or more plays Gorki wrote, high water mark is reached only in "The Lower Depths". Not that his other plays lack value. In comparison with many dramas that now infest the English and American stage, such works of Gorki as "Smug People", "Children of the Sun", "Enemies", and "The Judge", are of very high quality. But in comparison with his powerful stories they are inferior.

"Smug People" reveals Gorki's social tendencies more clearly than his other dramatic works. Not that it is "propaganda". But the real hero of the drama is a workingman, a man of the people, a personality of will and determination who masters circumstances and lives his life.

Nil is the adopted son of Bessemennov, a well-to-do, respectable member of the middle class. All their lives the Bessemennovs have lived in the same stuffy house, with the same stuffy furniture, absorbed by the same every-day petty interests. Their children were born and reared in the same house and, like their parents, are doomed to the same round of nothingness. Occasionally one attempts to escape his paralyzing confines. Thus Peter, the son of the Bessemennovs, carried away by his passion for the buxom widow, Helena Krivtsova, goes away with her to live his life and love. But it will probably not be for long. For in the words of Teterev, the humorous boarder of the Bessemennovs, Peter will not dare to go far. He has only been drawn out of the depressing and everlasting surroundings by someone else. He will climb.
down again. You will die (this to the father). Peter will make some slight changes in the house and barn, will probably move the old, dusty furniture about and will continue to live as sensibly, snugly, and satisfied as you have done. And he will become as avaricious, self-righteous and hard as you.

Tatyana, the sister of Peter, who wastes her life as teacher giving to her pupils the same grey values of life she herself had received, has not even the will to attempt an escape. She too is aroused for a brief period by her infatuation for Nil, the adopted son of Bes semenov, but when she learns that he loves Polya, the seamstress employed in her father's house, she attempts suicide and fails even at that. All the Bes semenovs, including the mother, whose days are spent in everlasting nagging and complaining, lament their fate. Small people with small interests and small vision, never rising above their daily routine.

Not so Nil. He is full of the spirit of life and longing to live. He has always kept aloof from the demoralizing family quarrels, preserving the cheerful optimism without which difficulties cannot be overcome. And there is Polya, young and tender, and with deep faith in life and love. The two belong to each other, and together they go out to meet life regardless of all the middle-class considerations and obstacles in their path. Their love, their capacity for work, their joy in life will sustain them.

These two are types infused by the author with his own spirit. At their side are the care-free, heart-free vagabonds who defy all the accepted standards and
conventions and who have the courage to live their own lives. They are the true kings of the earth. Their characters, drawn with sympathetic insight, are a glowing counterpart to the dull existence of the smug people, whose lives, as Teterov tells us, are a mixture of cleverness and stupidity, of kindness and meanness, of respectability and vulgarity, of cowardice and brazenness.

Their lives are a continuous round of triviality circumscribed by their spiritual emptiness. Any deviation from the habitual and accustomed affect[s] like a wagon passing through a swamp: the stagnant waters are momentarily disturbed, soon to recede into the ill-smelling pool.

In the preface to the American edition of his play, "The Judge", Gorki remarks that this drama seems to him more interesting than his other works although "not entirely devoid of didactic tendencies." He further explains:

Are we not all of us eternally trying to teach something to our fellow-men? As a result of this ineradicable instinct, we are becoming more and more intolerant of the freedom of thought of others; there is such a multitude of "truths" spread abroad throughout the world! Each of us has at least two or three of his own, which we strive to fasten upon those about us, like a collar around the neck of a dog. In "The Judge" for example, I have tried to show how repulsive a man may be who becomes infatuated with his own suffering, who has come to believe that he enjoys the right to torment others for what he has suffered. When such a man has convinced himself that such is his right, that he is for that reason a chosen instrument of vengeance, he forfeits all claims to human respect. It is as if a man were to set fire to houses and whole towns simply because he felt cold.
The character in "The Judge" who comes to revenge himself on another is given in the play as "The Old Man". His victim is Ivan Mastakov. Both had been doomed to Siberia, the former for seducing a minor, the latter for murder. Mastakov, who had been condemned innocently, succeeded in escaping, changed his name and with the help and inspiration of Sofia Markovna, an intelligent and energetic young widow, he gradually rose to be a power in the community he now lives in. He has devoted himself to reforms and social improvements, has built schools and is kind and generous to his fellow men.

At the hour of Mastakov's greatest success, and when he is about to marry Sofia Markovna, "The Old Man", in the disguise of a pilgrim accompanied by "The Young Girl", a stern half-idiot, visits the estate. He is recognized by Mastakov as Anton, his erstwhile companion in misery in Siberia. Mastakov knows that the Old Man has come to crush him, to expose him, turn him over to the police and destroy the new life he has built up so painfully and after great spiritual suffering.

Mastakov confesses to Sofia Markovna who The Old Man is and what he has come for. He also tells her about his past -- something he had often tried to confide to her before, but which he could not find enough strength to do. She believes him, encourages him, and together they decide to meet the terrible Old Man and prevail upon him to release his hold on Mastakov in return for a sum of money. But the Old Man will have none of it. He has suffered -- so must Mastakov. He tells Sofia Markovna:
Markovna:

Your Guzeev (the name Mastakov was known under in prison) has sinned and wants to get into paradise, doesn’t he? No, Paradise is not for him. It’s for such as I, the poor suffering outcast. That is the law. He ought to suffer tenfold for all my suffering.

When Sofia pleads that Mastakov was not guilty of the crime for which he already paid with several years’ prison, The Old Man retorts:

I have no time to look for the right man... Guzeev, you see, is in my fist; I’ve found him, caught him like a sparrow. He didn’t drink his cup to the bitter dregs. Why not? I did. And you say I have no right to judge him? A merciless, lawful judge --- that’s what I have a right to be! You have tormented me to death and now you beg for peace? Your days of peace are over and done with. You’ll have no more peace. I won’t take gold from you for the tears I’ve shed.

Sofia Markovna hopes that by engaging the best legal aid she will be able to save Mastakov from The Old Man and from the law. She leaves for the city. In her absence Mastakov, feeling that “man judges his neighbor with evil and malice”, resorts to suicide to escape his tormentor and the hand of the law. The Old Man, hard and cruel to the point of sadism, yet clings to his Lord.

God knows better than we why He lets things happen! .... God avenged Himself.

The play is a forceful presentation of the effect of suffering on certain types of man. In this there lies a significant suggestion of social scope. Gorki’s own life, particularly the years of his miserable childhood and youth, have brought home to him the too often debasing and brutalizing results of the misery and torture inflicted by society upon its victims in the
Apropos of the probable success of "The Judge" in America, Gorki wrote:

I am inclined to think that in America the theory of spiritual salvation through suffering is not as popular as it used to be in Russia. I say "used to be" because I trust that Russia has borne enough suffering to have acquired an undying hatred of it.

In "Lower Depths" Maxim Gorki paints with overwhelming dramatic force those cast out by man, thrown upon the dung-heap of life, robbed of joy and light. Even in this most sordid atmosphere there are flashes of the better side of man, Natasha, Vaska Pepel, Satin, Luka, "ex-beings" though they are, still harbor in their crushed spirit the yearning for beauty, and some glimpses of hope to rise above the "sludge and muck" of their existence.

"A Night's Lodging" portrays a lodging house, hideous and foul, where gather the social derelicts — the thief, the gambler, the ex-artist, the ex-aristocrat, the prostitute. All of them had once had an ambition, a goal, but because of their lack of will and the injustice and cruelty of the world, they were forced into the depths and cast back whenever they attempted to rise. They are the superfluous ones, dehumanised and brutalised.

In this poisonous air, where everything withers and dies, we nevertheless find character. Natasha, a young girl, still retains her wholesome instincts. She had never known love or sympathy, had gone hungry all her days, and had tasted nothing but abuse from her brutal sister, on whom she was dependent. Vaska Pepel, the young thief, a lodger in the house, strikes a responsive chord in her the moment he makes her feel that he...
There is another humane illuminating the dark picture in "A Night’s Lodging", --- Luka. He is the type of an old pilgrim, a man whom the experiences of life have taught wisdom. He has tramped through Russia and Siberia, and consorted with all sorts of people; but disappointment, grief, and suffering have not robbed him of his faith in beauty and idealism. He believes that every man, however low, degraded or demoralized, can yet be reached, if we but know how to touch his soul. Luka inspires courage and hope in everyone he meets, urging each to begin life anew. To the former actor, now steeped in drink, he says:

Luka: The drunkard, I have heard, can now be cured, without charge. They realize no, you see, that the drunkard is also a man. You must begin to make ready. Begin a new life! Luka tries to imbue Natasha and Vaska with new faith. They marvel at his goodness. In simplicity of heart Luka gives his philosophy of life.
Luka: I am good, you see. But you see, there must be some one to be good.... We must have pity on mankind.... Have pity while there is still time, believe me, it is very good. I was once, for example, employed as a watchman, at a country place which belonged to an engineer, not far from the city of Tomsk, in Siberia. The house stood in the middle of the forest, an out-of-the-way location.... and it was winter, and I was all alone in the country-house. It was beautiful there.... magnificent! And once....

I heard them scrambling up! ....

Natasha: Thieves?

Luka: Yes, they crept higher and I took my rifle and went outside. I looked up: two men.... as they were opening a window and so busy that they did not see anything of me at all. I cried to them: "Heh, there.... get out of that".... and would you think it, they fell on me with a hand ax.... I warned them -- "Halt", I cried, "or else I fire".... then I aimed first at one and then at the other. They fell on their knees, saying, "Pardon us". I was pretty hot.... on account of the hand ax, you remember. "You devils" I cried, "I told you to clear out and you didn't.... and no", I said, "one of you go into the bush and get a switch." It was done. "And now", I commanded, "one of you stretch out on the ground, and the other thrash him".... and so they whipped each other at my command. and when they had each had a sound beating, they said to me: "Grandfather", said they, "for the sake of Christ give us a piece of bread. "We haven't a bite in our boddies." They were the thieves who had fallen upon me with the hand ax.... Yes.... they were a pair of splendid fellows.... I said to them, "If you had asked for bread". Then they answered: "We had gotten past that.... We had asked and asked and nobody would give us anything.... endurance was worn out," ....... and so they remained with me the whole winter. One of them, Stephen by name, liked to take the rifle and go into the woods.... and the other, Jakoff, was constantly ill, always coughing.... the three of us watched the place, and when spring came, they said, "Farewell, grandfather", and went away ---- to Russia....

Natasha: Were they convicts, escaping?

Luka: They were.... fugitives.... they had left their colony.... a pair of splendid fellows.... if I had not had pity on them ---- who knows what would have happened. They might have killed me.... Things they would be taken to court again, put in prison, sent back to Siberia.... Why all that? You learn nothing good in prison,
nor in Siberia ..., but a man, what can he not learn? Man may teach his fellowman something good ... very simply.

Impressed and strengthened by Luka's wonderful faith and vision, the unfortunates make an attempt to rise from the social swamp. But he has come too late into their lives. They have been robbed of energy and will; and conditions always conspire to thrust them back into the depths. When Natasha and Vaska are about to start out on the road to a new life, fate overtakes them. The girl, during a scene with her heartless sister, is terribly scared by the latter, and Vaska, rushing to the defence of his sweetheart, encounters her brutal brother-in-law, whom he accidentally kills. Thus these "superfluous ones" go down in the struggle. Not because of their vicious or degrading tendencies; on the contrary, it is their better instincts that cause them to be swept back into the abyss. But though they perish, the inspiration of Luka is not entirely lost.

It is epitomized in the words of one of the victims.

"Sahtin: The old man --- He lived from within. He saw everything, with his own eyes ... I asked him once: "Grandfather, why do men really live?"

"Man lives ever to give birth to strength. There live, for example, the carpenters, noisy, miserable people ... and suddenly in their midst is a carpenter born ... such a carpenter as the world has never seen; he is above all, no other carpenter can be compared to him. He gives a new face to the whole trade, his own face, so to speak ... and with that simple impulse it has advanced twenty years ... and so the others live ... the locksmiths and the shoemakers, and all the rest of the working people ... and the same is true of other classes --- all to give birth to strength. Everyone thinks that he for himself takes up room in the world, but it turns out that he is here for another's benefit --- for someone better ... a hundred years ... or perhaps longer ... if we live so long ... for the sake of genius ... All, my children, all, live only to give birth to strength. For that reason
we must respect everybody. We cannot know who he is, for what purpose born, or what he may yet fulfill... perhaps he has been born for our good fortune,... or great benefit."

No stronger indictment than "A Night's Lodging" is to be found in contemporary literature of our perverse civilization that condemns thousands --- often the very best men and women --- to the fate of the Vaskas and Anyas, doomed as superfluous and unnecessary in society. And yet they are necessary, ay, they are vital, could we but see beneath the veil of cold indifference and stupidity to discover the deep humanity, the latent possibilities in their lowest of the low. If within our social conditions they are useless material, often vicious and detrimental to the general good, it is because they have been denied opportunity and forced into conditions that kill their faith in themselves and all that is best in their natures.

The so-called depravity and crimes of these derelicts are fundamentally the depravity and criminal anti-social attitude of society itself that first creates the underworld and, having created it, wastes much energy and effort in suppressing and destroying the menacing phantom of its own making, --- forgetful of the elemental brotherhood of man, blind to the value of the individual, and ignorant of the beautiful possibilities inherent in even the most despised children of the depths.

Maxim Gorki voices his literary credo through the mouth of one of his characters:

"The duty of literature is to aid man in understanding himself, to raise his faith in himself, to develop his longing for truth; to combat what is bad in man, to find what is good..."
in them, to find that is good in them, and to wake up in their souls shame, anger, courage; to do everything, in short; to render men strong in the noble sense of the word and capable of inspiring their lives with the holy spirit of beauty.... It seems to me, we need once more to have dreams, pretty creations of our fancy and vision, because the life we have built up is poor in color, is dim and dull.... We shall, let us try; may be imagination will help man to rise for a moment above the earth and find on it his true place, which he has lost.... The sense of life is not in self-satisfaction; after all, man is better than that. The sense of life is in the beauty and the force of striving towards some aim; every moment of one's being ought to have its higher aim. Wrath, hatred, shame, loathing, and finally grim despair --- these are the levers by means of which you may destroy everything on earth. What can you do to awake a thirst for life when you only whine, sigh, and moan, or coolly point out to man that he is nothing but dust? ... Of, for a man, firm and loving, with a burning heart and a powerful, all-embracing mind. In the stuffy atmosphere of our shameful silence his prophetic words would resound like an alarm-bell, and perhaps the mean soul of the living dead would shiver."

In his creative work Maxim Gorki is that clarion call which has made "the mean souls of the living dead shiver". Unfortunately, for a considerable time now his words have not sounded the new liberating note, yet our atmosphere today is more stuffy and the new vision more needed than in former years. It cannot be that the prophet of "The Snake and the Falcon" and "Old Isargil" will not speak again, for Maxim Gorki is still in the prime of life, and Russia --- as the rest of the world --- a most fertile field to inspire his lyre.
Leonid Andreyev was the most original writer of Russia of his time — original in the sense that he transferred the center of gravity from human action to human thought. In this relation he was a departure from the dramatic traditions followed by his predecessors.

This is not to say that the latter lacked origin-
ality. On the contrary, the main significance of most Russian writers and dramatists consists therein that
though indebted to the great masters — Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky — their literary expression was
yet individual. But most Russian authors, as those of
Western Europe, were concerned primarily with the
interplay of external conditions and man's reaction to
them. That which differentiates Leonid Andreyev from
the others, from his contemporaries Tolstoy and Gorki,
for instance, is not his superior individuality or
potence, but his dramatization of thought, of the sub-
consciousness struggling against forces over which man
has no control — the forces which dominate human life
from the cradle to the grave, "the iron round of
destiny", as Andreyev calls them.

Above that we are learning to master outer
difficulties and obstacles, Andreyev yet questions
whether man can ever master his own limitations. Can
he penetrate the mystery of life and death — the meaning
of the former, the apparent consummation of the latter? These are the profound problems which occupied Andreyev
and which found such significant dramatic expression in
his works.

Leonid Andreyev was born August 1, 1871, in
the city of Odint. His father, whose income as a scientist
was never too generous, could soon lead him a high-
school boy, leaving the family in straitened circumstances.
For years they lived in poverty, until Andreyev achieved

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popularity. However, young Leonid managed to continue his studies; he entered the law department of the St-Petersburg University, later graduating from the Moscow University.

Still in his youth Leonid manifested considerable talent for painting and an intense desire to devote himself to that profession. But poverty prevented his studying the art in Russia or abroad, as he had hoped. Later on conditions compelled him, during his final university years, to support himself by doing portraits or tutoring for a pittance. Of this period he subsequently wrote:—

During my first years in St-Petersburg I was hardly able to eat once and sometimes I did not eat for two days.

He sought relief as well as means of support by attempting more elastic, interpreting insinuations of his own sustained life. His state of mind may be judged from the following:

I wept like a child in writing these pages. I was not made up as my readers think I was. I wept as五个 by a great sadness which I took to be a sign of the artist. I was told to give back in a few weeks to find out whether it was real. I returned with a light heart, a smile on my face, in expectation of his approval. It was to me in the form of a loud burst of laughter from the editor, who declared that my book was a totally worthless.

(For his university days in Moscow some to have been a little more horrible. But the fate was not very 'bad,' he said, and often he found himself in the...
grip of despair. It was in such a mood that he attempted suicide, in 1894, "but without any re-

ciable result," as he remarks.

(Three years later he graduated and began

the practice of law, with little success. He pleased

but one civil case, he informs us, which he "lost

completely" and several pretentious criminal cases.

But he was actively engaged in reporting court cases

for an important paper.)

It was in 1896 that Andreyev fairly started

on his literary career. His first stories attracted

the attention of Maxim Gorki, who interested himself

in the young writer, giving him assistance and encour-

agement. The spirit of helpful fellowship has always

been a characteristic feature of Russian writers and

artists. Remembering their own early struggles and

hardships, they have generously come to the aid of the

beginner. From the time of Pushkin, who was such an

inspiring influence in the creative life of Gogol, to

Gorki and Andreyev, young writers could always be sure

of sympathetic understanding and helpfulness from

their literary confreres who had already achieved fame.

But while Andreyev's first dramatic works,

"The Life of Man" and "King Hunger," were acclaimed by

friendly contemporaries as a new and original note in

dramatic art, and while the reading public evinced an

exceptional interest in his work (the first edition

of "King Hunger," of 15,000 copies, being sold out in

one day) many critics declared him a madman and
attacked him as immoral. Nervous specialists delivered public disserations on the symptoms of insanity in the new author and even assured their hearers that Andreyev, having been in a lunatic asylum, could naturally write only insane things. Andreyev, who usually ignored his critics, had no difficulty in disproving the baseless charges, the truth being that he had been in a sanatorium where he was treated for heart trouble.

(Impassioned discussion of Andreyev as "evil and impure" gained still greater momentum when Countess Tolstoy entered the arena. In a letter to the "Novaya Vremya" (The New Age), in 1903, the Countess wrote spiritedly that "the works of Monsieur Andreyev ought not to be read, nor glorified, nor sold out, but the whole Russian public ought to rise in indignation against the dirt which in thousands of copies is being spread over Russia by a cheap journal and by repeated editions of publishers who encourage them").

Countess Tolstoy, while not much more flattering to Maxim Gorki — who introduces a good deal of cynicism and nudeness into the scenes in which he paints the life of a certain class — still admits some saving grace in his works. But in Andreyev's stories, she asserts, one feels that he loves and takes delight in the baseness in the phenomena of vicious human life, and with that love of vice he infects the undeveloped.

Fortunately there were minds in Russia more far-seeing and of deeper understanding for Leonid Andreyev than the artist than Countess Tolstoy and her...
The Emma Goldman Papers

Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman. — 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 30 × 21 cm.

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...colleagues in the campaign against him. They did not hesitate to express their belief in Andreyev's sincerity, nor did they fail to appreciate his art. Among them was the brilliant essayist, Ivanov-Rasumnik. After a searching analysis of the meaning of life as interpreted by Andreyev, Ivanov-Rasumnik comes to the following appraisal of the author:

Leonid Andreyev represents the transition from the socially-ethical to the philosophically-ethical problems. In his work we see a return "back to Dostoyevsky". This "return back" often means a tremendous step in advance. Such a tremendous step in advance was, for instance, the return of the philosophic thought of the second half of the nineteenth century "back to Kant". Just such a step in advance was in Russian belle-lettres, this return of Leonid Andreyev's "back to Dostoyevsky" — the return to the artistic treatment of the eternal-philosophic-ethical and, broadly speaking, philosophic-religious problems.

In his earlier works Andreyev was interested mostly in the effect of external manifestations upon the life and psychology of man. "The Red Laugh", "The Seven Who Were Hanged", "King Hunger", "Savva", and other stories and plays concern social and political conditions, reflected in human feelings and actions. "The Red Laugh", particularly, is a powerful arraignment of the monster war; while "The Seven Who Were Hanged" dealt with the condemnation and execution of revolutionists following the failure of the Revolution of 1905. It was Andreyev's fiery protest against capital punishment and the practice of crime by the State in retaliation for offences committed by the individual against it. On the other hand, "Savva" and "King Hunger" symbolize the high hopes and cruel defeat of...
man's struggle with the social conditions oppressing him.

In his later plays and stories Andreyev devotes himself to the "philosophic-ethical" quest, to the problems of Life and Death and the inexorability of fate. Most clearly he reveals his own conception in "The Life of Man", in the character of "Someone in Gray", the unseen yet ever present companion of man.

Limited in vision, he will never see the next step which his unstable foot, poised in the air, is in the very act of taking. Limited in knowledge, he will never know what the coming day will bring, or the coming hour, or the coming minute. In his unseeing blindness, troubled by premonitions, agitated by hope and fear, he will subliminally complete the iron-traced circle.

The "iron-traced circle", destiny, is the leit-motive in all of Andreyev's later works. In "The Life of Man", it raises man to the highest pinnacle of wealth, fame and love, to hurl him down into the abyss of loneliness and death. In "King Lear" it incites the man to revolt only to be defeated and crushed. In "Amok" it incites the loving, pious spirit, David Leiser, to be stoned. Ever again in the "iron-traced circle" comes new and destroys man. Try as he might, he is unable to escape or conquer it.

But did Andreyev really despair of life and of the triumph of the elements of life over death? His essay on "Impressions of the Theatre" sheds a clearer light upon his real attitude.
In denying everything, one arriva's immediately at apathy, (as wrote). In viewing life one is but an involuntary apostate: I never believe so much in life as when I am reading the fathers of pessimism, Schopenhauer!
As a result, like is powerful and victorious !.... It is truth that always triumphs, and not falsehood; it is truth which is at the basis of life, and justifies it. All that persists is useful; the motusive element must disappear sooner or later, will inevitably disappear.

The abuse heaped by the near-sighted upon Andreyev was not directed merely against the theme and character of his works but also against his method and style. Those critics refused to consider that the dramatization of the inner struggles of men necessitates new forms of presentation in the creative as well as interpretive field. Andreyev did not fail to point out this essential.

They wonder why I write certain things in a peculiar style, (as once said). The explanation is very simple; every work should be written in the style which it demands. "King Hunger" could not be written without symbolisms; "The Seven Who Were Hunged" could be written only in realistic tones. Toehkov — the dear, delightful, sensitive Toehkov, who was always so venturesome and considerate in his utterances — finding himself once in a circle of friends and hearing the name Ibsen mention, blurted out: "Thems is a fool." If Toehkov did not understand Ibsen's symbolisms, could not grasp it, shall I be offended when the critics assail my writings? Eleven years have passed since I published my first story. For ten years
and monstrous cruelty of war better than the author of "The Red Laugh"? But so compelling was the infection of universal madness that even Andreyev fell a victim. Perhaps the same trait in his nature also caused him later to confound the Russian Revolution with the political party that gained exclusive power, and to condemn both in the same breath.

His last years Andreyev spent in voluntary exile at his country home in Terioki, Finland, a sick and unhappy man. His passionate love of Russia, his bitter disappointment in the events that might have set her free, perhaps also his realization of the vain boast of "the war for democracy" — all this gnawed at his heart and tortured his already weakened constitution. He died in 1919 from an attack of heart failure.

"SAVVA"

It is a play in four acts, written in 1906, symbolizing the unsuccessful Russian Revolution of the preceding year. Savva, a young workingman who had lived the ghastly life of his class, had seen the world, observed its ways and acquired understanding and vision, finally returns to his native village, where he finds the old ignorance, drunkenness, poverty and filth.
The local monastery, famous for its wonder-working iron of Christ, is thriving on the credulity and superstition of the masses. Continuously the blind, the deaf, the afflicted with loathsome diseases flock to the monastery, with implicit faith in the healing power of the holy shrine.

Savva determines to destroy the image — the symbol of superstition and stupidity — in order to prove to the deluded that it possesses no supernatural qualities; it was to free the people from the ignorance and blindness that enslave them. In Father Konstanty, the monk who sees through the lie of the monastery life, Savva believes to have found an ally for his purpose. He prevails upon him to put a bomb under the image at the time of the procession which is again to bring the credulous masses to the holy shrine.

The plan is frustrated by Lipa, Savva's sister. She is a religious idealist filled with deep faith and all-absorbing pity for human misery. She tells Savva:

I am not afraid of bodily suffering. Burn me on a slow fire. Cut me to pieces. I won't cry. I'll laugh... But there is another thing. I am afraid of... I am afraid of people's suffering, of the misery from which they cannot escape. Even in the stillness of the night, broken only by the striking of the hours, I think of how much suffering there is all around us — blindness, needlessly suffering; suffering one doesn't even know of — when I think of that, I am chilled with terror. I go down on my knees and pray. I pray to God, saying to Him: 'Oh, Lord, if there has to be a victim, take me, but give the people joy, give them peace, give them forgetfulness, oh, Lord, all-powerful as Thou art —'

Savva's attitude is actively militant. He is the future struggling against the past.
Savva: There is something worse than incomparable human suffering... incomparable human stupidity...

I resolved to annihilate everything... Man is to remain, of course. What is in his mind is the stupidity that, piling up for thousands of years, has grown into a mountain. The modern sages want to build on this mountain, but that, of course, will lead to nothing but making the mountain still higher. It is the mountain itself that must be removed. It must be leveled to its foundation, down to the bare earth... Annihilate everything! The old houses, the old cities, the old literature, the old art... All the old areas must go. Man must be stripped bare and left naked on a naked earth! Then he will build up a new life. The earth must be demuded, Lips; it must be stripped of its hideous old rags. It deserves to be arrayed in a king's mantle; but what have they done with it? They have dressed it in coarse fustian, in convict clothes.

Lips: But who will do it? Who's going to destroy everything?

Savva: I'll begin and then, when people get to understand what I am after, others will join in. The work will proceed slowly, Lips. The sky will be hot. The only thing not to be destroyed is science... Science is unchangeable, and if you should destroy it today, it would rise up again the same as before.

Lips loves her brother, but she fails to understand him. To her he seems a maniac, a cruel creature come to bring bloodshed and chaos. She resolves to watch him and to prevent by every possible means his destructive schemes.

Savva hopes for more understanding from Kondraty. The latter knows the corruption hidden under the cloak of religion, to has seen the world and must have learned from his experience. But Kondraty also fails to follow him. He pleads that they are only creatures. Something of the old will be left over. They'll hide it, or try some trick,

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But Serve in "Debility and Intolerance." He has seen too much of the old, ugly world to be held back.

Believe me, though I have been in many cities and in many lands, nowhere did I see a free man. I saw only classes. I saw the crowds in which they live; the hard work, which they are born and die; I saw their hatreds and their loves, their sins and their good works, and I saw also their ambitions, their blind attempts to bring a red joy back to life again. And everywhere I saw here the stamp of stupidity and unreason. He that is born into turns stupid in their sight; he that is born serious hangs himself from sorrow and anxiety and longed for tears and was chosen for the brother's work—(you have no idea how beautiful the earth is, work—they have crowded beautiful columns, but... are they doing with their children? I have never yet seen parents that do not deceive childish<br>
and... and how they lie, how they lie, work! They don’t kill the truth—they, how black and bloody is their face with dirt and filth so that no one can recognize her. Do not the children say not love her, and so that she may have no refuge in all the world—yes, the world in all the world—there is no place for truth.)

Lipa persuades Honolulu not to place the bomb. Honolulu discloses Serve’s plans to the Father Superior.

That nice concluding scene the image to be removed secretly, without the explanation, is taken place, and then Sandu the "wonder-worker" safely back home in its former place. The circle has happened. The web, with joy over the superstitious, resting of the holy icon, is around to the image of religious ceremony.
Deserted by his sister and exposed by Kondraty as the perpetrator of the explosion, Savras is beaten to death by the pilgrims. His quivering body lies in the monk's fury as the frenzied faithful that follow the procession with the holy image carried on high.

The monastery bells peal triumphantly and the rabble intones, "Christ is risen from the dead. He has conquered death by death and given life to those lain in their graves. Christ is risen..."

Man's stupidity compares Savras's attempt at enlightenment; the height of the past creates the perishing Sabra. But the Savras, individually perishing, return again and again, their spirit forever proclaiming, as in "King Lear".

We shall yet come!

For, as Andreyev so often asserted,

"Life is powerful and victorious.... It is the truth that always triumphs in the end..."

The life of man is symbolized by a candle which, lit at man's birth, burns brightly for a while and is then...
blown out by a gust of wind. It has a "dark beginning and a dark end", as characterized by "(someone in cry called me ") the unseen but faithful companion of man throughout his life.

In the night of non-existence will rise up a candle, lighted by an unseen hand. This is the life of man. Behold its birth, it is the life of man.

Not knowing where he comes for why he will go through life reliving the cruel life which is the life of all people, he will be dragged on by life, he will follow in the footsteps of man... life, upward to its climax and downward to its end.

Behold him a happy youth! In the brilliance of the candle burns. From boundless stretches of space the joy of days, of carousals, of excitement, and towering the black, the black and other the candle burns. In this man is dwindling, consumed by life. All men are dwindling.

Behold him a happy lad! Amidst Father. But see how strangely dim and faint the candle became, as if the following sides were coming, as if it were withdrawing with cold and were aspiring into something. The man is wailing, consumed by the life. The man is wailing.

Behold him an old man, ill and feeble. The course of life is already ended, in their вид nothing but a black void. Yet he is torn with painful limbs. The man, his hair grown thin, to the ground and crowded along, trembling and falling, trembling and falling. Then it goes out quietly.

The first scene of the play works the advent of man who is born in the travail and agony of the women. He gives his life. His birth is attended by his exultant father and relatives who are in him the perpetuator of themselves.
In the second scene man, having attained to
fallure, endowed with strength and talent, and
happy in the love of the woman he calls his wife, is
anguished in a desperate struggle with poverty and lack
of recognition.

man’s wife: We are so poor, we have
nothing and it is very hard for us to live. We need
money and I don’t know how in the world to get it....
My husband will soon cease from his search for work,
tired and hungry. What am I to give him except my
kisses? But you can’t satisfy your hunger on
kisses. I feel so sad and I could cry.... My husband
is a very talented architect. I even think he is a
poet.... To make one’s way in the world one
must have either patrons or luck. He has neither....
O God, be a kind merciful father to us. You have
so much of everything, bread and work and money.
Your earth is so rich.... Give us, I pray you, a
little from your abundance, just a little, as much
as you give your birds.

Fortune is on her way to them, but neither man
nor his wife are aware of her approach. Meanwhile he
has grown weary with his lack of luck and unsuccessful
efforts. He returns home hungry and despondent. He
complains to his wife, forgetful of her own suffering.
But her affection and devotion, her faith in his genius,
inspire him with new courage. Her love and comradeship
make him strong and he defies every obstacle on the
way of life.

man: Whatever your name, Pete, Devil, or
Life, I strike my glove down before you, I challenge
you to combat! The poor in spirit, before your
enigmatic power. Your story, too, inspires them
with fear; in your silence they hear the approaching
tread of misery and terrible ruin. But I am strong
and bold, and I challenge you to combat! Come on! Let
the swords glitter, the shields clang! I shall
defy you more so that the earth trembles! Ho,
come forth to battle!..... Victorious, I will sing
songs which the muse could not create; fallen
under your blows, ay, my only thought shall be to rise
again and rush into battle. There are weak spots
in my armour, but when my red blood is flowing, I

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will gather my last strength and cry: "You have not conquered, evil Enemy of Man!"

In spite of their poverty they are happy. Their fancy builds castles of wealth and glory. Joyfully they dance. "Someone in Gray" looks on indifferently, holding in his stone hand the brightly blushing candle.

In the third scene we find Man at his zenith—rich, powerful and famous. His loving, tender wife has grown more mature, but is still beautiful. She is now the proud mother of a healthy and gifted son. The House of Man is in festive array: a ball is going on in the grand hall of the spacious mansion, to which the great and the powerful have been invited. Man, with his fair lady on his arm, followed by friends and enemies, triumphantly and solemnly passes through the magnificently lighted and gold-decorated ballroom, to the accompaniment of loud but inharmonious music and the vulgarly admiring and envious exclamations of those present. Man has grown much older, with traces of gray in his hair and beard. But his face is handsome and manly. He looks straight ahead, apparently not observing those about him.

A lackey extinguishes the chandeliers, leaving one light burning. In the ensuing darkness "Someone in Gray" is sharply visible in outline. The flame of the candle flickers.

In the fourth act misfortune overtakes Man. His wealth has melted away, his glory gone, and "Man is poor again." But his most harrowing torture is the fear of
loosing his beloved son, whose skull has been broken by
someone throwing a stone. Passionately, desperately,
men and his wife cling to the hope that he may be saved.
But the physician looks very grave and holds out no
encouragement. men and his wife have aged greatly, both
grown entirely gray. He walks with a perceptible stop,
but he holds his head erect, with a resolute and stern
look from beneath his gray eyebrows. "Someone in grey", evry
present, stands in the darkest corner of the gloomy
rectangular room. The candle in his hand is but a stub
now; it is beginning to flatten out as it melts. It
burns with a reddish, flickering light, casting a red
sheen on his stony face and chin.

Believe me, our son will recover (the
wife bravely encouraged men) - would it be just
if the young were to die before the old, would it?

Wife: Just? Where have you ever seen
justice, Wife?

Wife: Illegally, dear husband, I beg you
kneel down beside me, lie, and let us both pray to God.

Man: (somewhat unwilling) It's hard for
an old man to bend his old knees - (and incredulous,
join his wife in prayer.) May be eternal justice
will arrive. (203 page)

"Someone in grey" listens indifferently to the
prayer of the father and the mother.

In the final scene man dies in a low
bar-room, the last resort of human refuse like himself. There amidst
drunken noise, still bath, alone and forsaken man expires.
"Someone in Grey", the ever-present, faithful shadow of
man, has apparently removed. He has killed man's body,
but he has failed to touch his spirit. man is proud and
unsubdued, with his last curse hurled into the face of the force which conscientiously raised man to the heights, only to throw him back into the black abyss. Man dies, defeated by destiny. But he is victorious because he does not surrender. His face toward the corner where "Someonc in Gray called me" stands, men hurst his defiance:

You have offended a woman, villain! You have killed our boy. [The Wife sobs, man slowly strokes her hair with his trembling hand.] Don’t cry, my dear, don’t cry. We will meet at our tears, just as we sacrificed at our prayers. And you — I don’t know who you are — out, devil, Pute or Life — I curse you! I curse everything that you have given. I curse the day on which I was born. I curse the day on which I shall die. I curse the whole of my life, its joys and sorrows. I fling everything back at your cruel face, senseless Pute! Be accursed, be forever accursed! With my curse I can, or you. What else can you do to me? Hurl me to the ground, I will laugh and shout in your face: "Be accursed," Seal my mouth with the clamps of death! With my last thought I will shout into your stupid ears: "Be accursed, be accursed." Take my body, tear at it like a dog, drag it into the darkness — I am not in it. I have disappeared, but disappearing I shall repeat: "Be accursed!" Through the woman shorn you have insulted, through the boy shorn you have killed, I convey to you the curses of man!

KING HUNGER

The drama "King Hunger" deals with the most powerful king on earth, King-Hunger. In the presence of Time and Death he pleads with Time to ring the alarm,
to call the people to rebellion, because the earth is
replete with suffering: cities, shops, mines, factories
and fields resound with the moans and groans of the people.
Their agony is unbearable.

King-Hunger: Strike the bell, old man; 
read to the ears its copper mouth. Let no one slumber!

But Time has no faith in King-Hunger. He knows
that Hunger had deceived the people on many occasions:
"You will deceive again, King Hunger. You have many a
time seduced your children and me." Yet Time is weary
with waiting. He consents to strike the bell.

King-Hunger calls upon the workingmen to rebel.
The scene is in a machine shop; the place is filled with
deafening noises as of men's groans. Every machine, every
tool, every screw, holds its human forms fettered to it
and all keep pace with the maddening speed of their
tormentors. And through the thunder and clatter of iron
there rises the terrible plaint of the toilers.

--- We are starving.
--- We are crushed by machines.
--- Their weight smother us;
--- The iron crushes.
--- The steel oppresses.
--- Oh, what a furious weight! As a mountain upon
me!
--- The whole earth is upon me.
--- The iron hammer flattens me. It crushes the
blood out of my veins, it fractures my bones,
it makes me flat as sheet iron.
--- Through the rollers my body is pressed and
drawn thin as wire. Where is my body? Where
is my blood? Where is my soul?
--- The wheel is twirling me.
--- Day and night screams the saw cutting steel.
Day and night in my ears the screeching of
the saw cutting steel. All the dreams that I
see, all the sounds and songs that I hear, is
the screeching of the saw cutting steel. What
is the earth? It is the screeching of the saw.
What is the sky? It is the screeching of the

The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman.— 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 30 x 21 cm.
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Day and night,

We are crushed by the machines.

We ourselves are parts of the machines.

Brothers! We forge our own chains!

The crushed call upon King-Hunger to help them,
to save them from the horror of their lives. Is he not
the most powerful king on earth?

King-Hunger comes and exhorts them to rebel.

All follow his call except three. One of these is huge
of body, of Herculean build, large of muscle but with
small, flat head upon his massive shoulders. The second
workingman is young, but with the mark of death already
upon his brow. He is constantly coughing and the hectic
flush on his cheeks betrays the wasting disease of his
class. The third workingman is a worn-out old man.

Everything about him, even his voice, is deathlike,
colorless, as if in his person a thousand lives had
been robbed of their bloom.

First Workingman: I am as old as the
earth, I have performed all the twelve labors,
cleansed stables, cut off the hydra's heads, dug
and rooted the earth, built cities and have so
altered its face, that the Creator himself could
not readily recognize her. But I can't say why I
did all this. Whose will did I shape? To what
end did I aspire? — my head is dull. I am dead
and tired, my strength opposes me. Explain it to
me, O King! Or I'll clutch this hammer and crack
the earth as a hollow nut.

Second Workingman: No, I cannot comprehend
it. O King! Ye think that we must crack the earth.
It is a gross falsehood, O King! The earth is fair
as the garden of God. Ye must guard and cherish
her as a little girl. Away that stand there in the
darkness say, there is no sky, no sun, as if eternal
night

is upon the earth. Just think: eternal night!
King-Hunjer: Why, coughing blood, do you smile and gaze to heaven?

Second Workman: Because flowers will bloom on my blood and I see them now. On the breast of a beautiful rich lady I saw a red rose—she didn’t know it was my blood.

King-Hunjer: You are a poet, my son. I suppose you write verses, as they do.

Second Workman: King, a king, allows not at me. In the bosom I learned to worship fire.

Dying, I understood that life is enchanting. Oh, how enchanting! King, it shall become a rose garden, and there shall walk in peace, unscathed, men and animals. Dare not fall the animals! Wrong not any soul! Let them play, subdue, across one another—let them! But where is the path? Where is the path? Explain, King-Hunjer.

King-Hunjer: Seroot.

Second Workman: Through violence to freedom? Through blood to love and kisses?

King-Hunjer: There is no other way.

Third Workman: You lie, King-Hunjer. Then you have killed my father and grandfather and great grandfather, and couldn’t think us? More do you load us, seroot? Don’t you see how I want to cry, how blind and stupid? You are a traitor, only here you are a king, but there you hang upon their tables. Only here you wear a crown, but there you walk about with a whip.

King-Hunjer will not listen to their protest.

He gives them the alternative of rebellion or starvation for themselves and their children. They decide to rebel.

For King-Hunjer is the most powerful king on earth.

The subjects of King-Hunjer, the people of the underworld, gather to choose one of names of rebellion. A gruesome assembly this, held in the cellars. Above is the place ringing with music and laughter, the fine ladies in gorgeous gowns, belted with flowers and costly jewels, the tables laden with rich food and delicious wines. Everything is most exquisite there.
joyous and happy. And underneath, in the cellar, the underworld is gathered, all the fringes of society: the robber and the marauder, the thief and the prostitute, the gambler and the drunkard. They have come to consult with each other how practically to rob, how to throw off the yoke, and what to do with the rich.

Various suggestions are made, onecolumn
pouishing the supply of water, but this is condemned on
the ground that the people who have to drink from the
same source.

Another suggests that all books should be burned,
for they teach the rich how to oppress. But the motion
fails. What is the use of burning the books? The
wealthy have money; they will buy writers, poets and
scientists to make new books.

A third proposes that the children of the rich
be killed. From the darkest, most dusted corner of the
cellar comes the protest of an old woman:

"Oh, not the children. Don't touch the children.
I have buried many of this myself. I know the pain of the
author. Besides, the children are not to blame for the
acts of their parents. Don't touch the children. The
child is pure and sacred. Don't hurt the child!"

A little girl rises, a child of twelve with
the face of the aged. She remembers that for the last
four years, she has given her body for money. She had
been sold by her mother because they needed bread for
the smaller children. Living the last years of her
terrible life, she has come in with all kinds of men, influential men, rich men, polite men. They infected her. Therefore she proposed that the rich should be infected.

The inordinate pride and plots, and the gruesome meeting is closed with a tossed dance between King-Hunger and Death, to the music of the dance above.

King-Hunger is at the trial of the Starving. He is the most powerful king on earth; he is at home everywhere, but nowhere more than at the trial of the Starving. On high chairs sit the judges, in all their boasted importance. The courtroom is filled with curiosity seekers, idle lads or crones as if for a ball; college professors and students looking for object lessons in criminal depravity; rich young girls are there, to satisfy a perverted craving for excitement.

The first starving is brought in muzzled.

King-Hunger: What is your offense, starving?

Starving: I stole a five-pound loaf, but it was created from me. I had only time to bite a small piece of it. Forgive me, I will never again—

He is sentenced in the name of the law and King-Hunger the most powerful king on earth.

Another starving is brought before the bar of justice. It is a woman, young and beautiful, but pale and sad. She is charged with killing her child.
One night my baby and I crossed the long bridge over the river. And since I had long before decided to then approaching the middle, where the river is deep and swift, I said: "Look, baby dear, see the water is seething below." She said "I can't reach, mom, the railing is too high." I said, "Ouw, let us lift you, my dear." And when she was gazing down into the black deep, I threw her over. That's all.

The law and King-Hunger condemn the woman to "blackest hell", there to be "tortured and burned in everlasting, slackless fires."

The heavy responsibility of meeting out justice has fatigued the judges. The excitement of the trial has sharpened the appetite of the spectators. King-Hunger, at home with all people, proposes that the court adjourn for luncheon.

The scene in the restaurant represents Hunger devouring like a wild beast the produce of toil, ravenous, famished, the victim of his own gluttonous greed.

The soup fed, his hunger and thirst appeased, he now returns to sit in self-satisfied judgment over the Starving. The judges are more blest than before, the ladies more eager to bask in the glory of their fellows. The college professors and students, mentally heavy with food, are still anxious to add data to the study of human criminality.

A lean boy is brought in, unshod; he is followed by a ragged woman.

Woman: Have mercy! He stole an apple for us, your honor. I was sick, thought I'd let him have a little, just a bit. I told them that you can't any more. Well! Slack!
Starveling: I won't any more.

Emma: I've already punished him myself.
Pity his youth, cut not at the root his bright little days!

Voices: Indeed, pity one and then the next. Cut the evil at its roots.
----- One needs courage to be ruthless.
----- It is better for them.
----- How he is only a boy, but when he grows up.

King-Hunger: Starveling, you are condemned.

A starveling, heavily muzzled, is dragged in.
He is big and strong. He protests to the court; he has always been a faithful slave. But King-Hunger announces that the man is dangerous, because the faithful slave, being strong and honest, is "obnoxious to people of refined culture and low breeding". The slave is faithful today, King-Hunger warns the judges, but "who can trust the to-morrow?" Then in his strength and integrity we will encounter a violent and dangerous enemy.

In the name of justice the faithful slave is condemned. Finally the last starveling appears. He looks half human, half beast.

King-Hunger: Who are you, starveling?

Answer: Do you understand human speech?

Starveling: We are the peasants.

King-Hunger: That's your offense?

Starveling: We killed the devil.

King-Hunger: It was a man whom you burnt.

Starveling: No, it was the devil. The priest told us so, and then we burnt him.

The peasant is condemned. The session of the Court closes with a brief speech by King-Hunger:

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King—anger: To-day you witnessed a highly instructive spectacle, Divine, eternal justice has found image, as judge and your retainers, its brilliant reflection on earth. Subject only to the laws of immovable equity, unknown to culpable compassion, indifferent to cursing and entreaty prayers, obeying the voice of our conscience alone — we illumined this earth with the light of human wisdom and sublime sacred truth. Not for a single moment forgetting that justice is the foundation of life, we have crucified the Christ in days gone by and alone, to this very day, we cease not to grace Golgotha with not ourselves. But, certainly, only ruthless, only ruthless are hanged. To address no sorrow to God himself, in the name of the laws of immortal justice — would we be now disregarded by the learning of this impotent, startled world, by their cursing and raging? But there our Lord Neroish coaches us, the set sacred truth will encore us with our will, but the very sources of history will not be more just than our own. What have they said by cursing? What? They are there, we are here, they are in dungeons, in galloes, on seacoast, but we will go to the theatre. They perish, but we will devour them — devour — devour.

The court has fulfilled its mission. King—anger is the most powerful king on earth.

The starvelings break out in revolt. The bells peal with solemn, thunder roll is confusion and chaos. The city is immersed in the blackness of anguish, and all is dark. But and then gusts of fire sweep the sky illuminating the scene of battle. The air is filled with cries and groans; there is the tide of falling bodies, and still the fight goes on.

In a secluded part of the town stands the court. In its west magnificent hall the rich and their lackeys — scientists, teachers and artists — are gathered. They tremble with fear at the ominous sounds outside. To silence the tumult of their terror they command the musicians to strike up the liveliest tunes, and the guests whirl merrily in a mad dance.
From time to time the door is forced open and someone comes unannounced to the room. An artist comes in, crying out that the art gallery is in flammes.

The Starving, in terror and vengeful, are marching on the masters. They want not one of the scattered figures in the window - the lights are turned off. But darkness in men were terrible to the frightened place set. In the absence of terror they begin to accuse and forsake each other. They feel as helpless as children before the approaching avalanche of vengeance.

At this critical moment a man appears. He is small, dirty, and uncouth; he smells of deep whisky and bad tobacco; he bleeds his nose with a red bandana chief and his manners are disgusting. He is the engineer. He looks wildly about him, presses a button, and the place is flooded with light. He brings the comforting news that the revolt is ended.
The revolt is over. All is quiet — the peace of death. The ground is strewn with bodies, the streets are soaked with blood. One last fight about. They lift their children and bid them kiss the mouth of the cannon, for the cannon have saved the rich from destruction. Arrears and hymns are offered up to the cannon, for they have saved the masters and punished the striplings. And all is quiet, with the stillness of the graveyard where sleep the dead. 

King-Hunter, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, makes a desperate last appeal to his children.

_Reader:_ Oh, my son, my son! You shouted so loud — why are you mute? Oh, my daughter, my daughter, you hated so profoundly, so intensely, you must miserable on earth — arise! Arise from the dust! Read the shabby words of death! Arise! I conjure you in the name of Life! — You're silent?

For a brief moment all remains silent and immovable. Suddenly a sound is heard, distant at first, then nearer and nearer, till a thousand-throated roar breaks forth like thunder:

--- We shall yet come!
--- We shall yet come!
--- Too unto the victorious!

The Victors pule at the ghostly cry. Seized with terror, they run, wildly howling:

--- The dead arise!
--- The dead arise!

"We shall yet come!" cry the dead, for they who died for an Ideal never die in vain. They must come back, they shall come back, and then — too be to the victorious! King-Hunter is indeed the most terrible king on earth, for only two there are driven by blood-souls alone.

But they who can live on the power of the things they have or want two places:— in the

--- end the war.
This allegory of human suffering in its broadest aspects is undoubtedly the most thought-provoking of Andreyev's works. In its humanism, in its deep love and pity, in the tragedy of the internal struggle between man's intellect and feeling, it surpasses all the other plays of the author. Its biting social critique caused the censor to take it off the Russian stage, on petition of the Moscow clergy.

Anathema, the accursed rebel, roams the earth in quest of truth, in search for an answer to the riddle of life. At the Gates of Eternity he pleads with the Guardian of the Entrances to open the heavy iron doors for an instant that he may get a glimpse of Eternity. Knowing, Anathema shall become a god. But the Guardian, the proud and silent arbitrator between the two worlds, remains unmoved.

"He wraps his speech in silence, which is like the silence of the iron gates, and sometimes in human words: 'The accursed one has no heart.'"

Anathema: Yes, yes. The accursed has no heart, his chest is mute and motionless like the gray rock which does not breathe. Oh, if Anathema had a heart, you would have destroyed him long ago by his suffering, even as you destroy the foolish man. But Anathema has a mind that is searching for the Truth, unprotected against your blows — spare it.... Here I am at your feet, reveal your face to me. Only for an instant, as brief as the flash of lightning, reveal your face to me.... Do you hear the voice of those who curse? The voice of those who are exhausted under the burden of evil? Of those who dare in vain? Of those who long endlessly and terribly?.... Call the name! Illumine the way for the Devil and for man. All in the world want goodness, but know...
not where to find it; all in the world want life, but meet only death. The name! Call the name of goodness, call the name of eternal life. I am waiting!

The Guardian: There is no name for that which you ask. Anathema. There is no number by which to count, no measure by which to measure, no scales to weigh that which you ask, Anathema. Every one who has said the word, Love, —— has lied. Everyone who has said the word, Wisdom, —— has lied. And even he who has said the word, God, —— has lied with the greatest and most terrible lie. ... My face is open, but you see it not. My speech is loud but you hear it not. My commands are clear, but you know them not, Anathema. And you shall never see, and you shall never hear, and you shall never know, Anathema, unfortunate spirit, deathless in numbers, eternally alive in measures and in weights, but as yet unborn to life.

Through David Leiser, the devout and poor Jew, Anathema seeks a glimpse into the world beyond the iron gates. For of all men David, the pure of heart, must be worthy of immortality, should "live immortal in the deathlessness of light which is life".

Every human misfortune almost has been experienced by old David, but his faith is staunch and unshaken. His four young children had died of hunger, his eldest son Naum is wasting away with consumption, his radiant young daughter Rose is hungry and in rags and must dirty her face with soot and pretend to walk with a stoop to safeguard her young life and innocence from those who kill the men of her race and outrage its women. But David Leiser preserves his sweetness of spirit in his boundless faith --- he believes in the all-knowing goodness of his God and trusts him.

Into the wretched village where David Leiser lives with his faithful wife Sarah and family comes Anathema, disguised as Mullius, the lawyer. He brings
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old David an alleged inheritance from his brother Moses who died a rich man in America, bequeathing his great fortune to David. But the latter will not be tempted: he sends Anathema away, refusing the gold. Sarah, however, tired of misery and want, and ambitious for her beautiful daughter Rose, seeks to prevail upon her husband to accept his good fortune, which surely comes from God. Relatives and neighbours aid her efforts, and finally David Leiser consents —— not for his own sake, but for that of the poor, the hungry, the unfortunate.

In the second scene David, now wealthy, lives in a sumptuous villa, with Sarah dressed in the height of fashion, though without taste. The beauty of Rose is hidden no longer: she has many admirers. Young Naum is learning deportment and dancing, though almost on the threshold of death from consumption.

David Leiser gives generously of his wealth. Yet there is no joy in his heart. His riches cannot bring back his beloved children who had died of hunger. Nor can they save Naum from the death already awaiting him. His only daughter, become a stranger, is turning from her race. Only Sarah remains faithful to David, but there is no joy in his heart.

Anathema advises David:

Your death consists in this, David Leiser —— blinded by misfortunes, like a horse that is turning around in the darkness, you failed to notice the people and you remained in their midst alone, with your illness and your riches. There is the yard. Life is waiting for you —— and you, blind man, you close the door against it.
Only love of mankind can give content and
meaning to life. More, it alone can avert
inevitable death by gaining immortality.

"By their life you will prolong your life,
Anathema explains, "Now you have but one
heart, David; but then you will have a million
hearts."

David: But I shall die.

Anathema: No, you will be immortal.

David decides to distribute his wealth among
the poor.

Let your hearts rejoice, 0 unfortunate
people, and with a smile on your lips answer the
mercy of Heaven. Go from here to the city,
like heralds of happiness, go through all its
streets and squares, and shout everywhere:

"David Leipser, the old Jew, who is to die
soon, received an inheritance and now distrib-
utes it among the poor! And if you will see
a man weeping, and a child whose face is
bloodless and whose eyes are dim, and a woman
whose breasts are shrunken like those of an
old goat, -- tell them also, "Go, David is
calling you... And if you should see an
intoxicated man slumbering amidst his vomitings,
wake him and tell him: "Go, David is calling you!
And if you should see a thief threshed in the
market-place by those he had robbed, call him
also, with words of kindness... And if you
should see people who in their misery have become
irritated and furious and who are beating one
another with sticks and bits of bricks, announce
to them also in words of peace: "Go, David is
calling you." And if you should see a bashful
man, who while walking in the wide streets lowers
his eyes before others, but who is full of pride
when no one looks at him, tell him also in a low
voice, without offending his pride: "Are you not
looking for David? Go, he has long been waiting
for you... And if you should see a woman
hideously painted just as the heathen paint the
bodies of their dead, and who stares boldly, for
she has lost all shame, and who lifts her shoul-
ders for fear of a blow, tell her also: "Go, David
is calling you!... And whatever form of
aversion or fear poverty may assume, and in
whatever words misery may paint itself, and by
whatever words suffering may frame itself around,
rouse with a loud call those who are fatigued, in
words of life return life to those who are dying
... Shout more loudly into the silence and the
darkness, for there dwells unspeakable horror.
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The wretched, the outcasts, the suffering. They came from the four corners of the earth, for David's name has spread. The name of David, the holy man who is distributing his fortune, giving without stint, without question to all who have needed his call. David gives all to the poor — to his beautiful house and to Naomi no more than an equal share of justice demands. But his own daughter turns against him, and Naomi dies. He gives all to the poor, but their number is constantly increasing, the demands are growing with accompanying dissatisfaction, greed and envy. The calls upon David's generosity constantly increase. The name of the new "who brings joy to mankind" has circled the world. His kind deeds have fired the people with high expectations that gradually develop into a faith of revolutionary significance and supernatural power.

The wanderer from far off lands cautiously voices inquiry:

"Is it not true that Heiser wants to build an enormous palace of white stone and blue glass and enshrine together all the poor of the world there?... Is it true that he wants to take away the power from the rich and bestow it upon the poor? And to have the power from those who rule, the right from those who are in command, and distribute it among all the people on earth, giving an equal share to each?"

In vain does old Heiser reassure the people that he is but an ordinary man. and that he has nothing more to give, his entire wealth having already been distributed. But the people will not be cheated of their hopes. They demand utopias. They demand David, the lame and the blind and the suffering, all come, bring even their dead, and call upon Heiser for help.
David, now old and feeble, bereft of his children, with only his trusting wife to sustain him, will not trust his rod; he will not attempt the superhuman, he will not perform the miracle. Terrified by the elements; of the wretched people, his heart bleeding at their lack of understanding, he flees with Anacharsis, pursued by the multitude who are wildly calling for the miracle. The wailing people grew impatient, dissatisfied; voices are heard accusing Anacharsis of deception, and he is denounced as an impostor, who has mocked and betrayed the poor. David is stoned to death and the mob flees in panic, trampling upon the children David loved so well.

Anacharsis triumphs.

In the lap of death, the name-dreaded Anacharsis, the impostor, who has brought joy to mankind in a time of need, descends into the abyss of nonexistence, into an abode of darkness and death.

The name, tell me the name of him who has rescued David and thousands of people! Anacharsis, have no heart, no eyes have dried up from the fire of Hell, and there are no tears in them, but if the tears were there, I would have given them all to David. I have no heart, let there be no instant when something live trembled in my chest (heavenly), and I was frightened; I marvel whether a heart could be born. I saw how David was perished and thousands of people with him; I saw how his spirit, grown dark, curled up pitifully like a dead worm in the sun, was hurried down into the abyss of nonexistence, into an abode of darkness and death... Tell me.
are you not the one who has ruined David?

But the guardian of the entrance retorts:

But David has attained immortality, and he lives forever in the destruction of fire. David has attained immortality, and he lives forever in the destruction of light, which in life.

But immortality is not appeased by the reply.

In it here that secures immortality, "the destruction of light and fire" it cannot be, for "they beweled David, who had given his soul away. Without having listened to the hoarse of the hearse, without having raised light to those who had died innocently. Having stirred up indiscriminately and despise and cruel blasphemy, for the people have already risen against one another and are committing violence, murder, and plunder in the name of David. — Did not David manifest the powerlessness of love, and did he not create a great evil which could be numbered and weighed?"

Yes, David has done that which you say, (replies the guardian) and the people have done that of which you speak above. And the numbers do not lie, and the scales are correct, and every measure is what it is.... But that which you do not know, Athena, is not measured with a measure, and is not calculated in numbers, and is not weighed on scales. Light has no boundaries, nor is there any boundary for the slow of fire.... Naked tied in numbers, having died in measures and in weights, David has attained immortality in the destruction of fire.

But Athena cannot learn the truth, because she, the unfortunate spirit, though "destructive in numbers, ever alive in measure and in weight", is "yet unknown to life".

Still Athena is not satisfied.

Where is the truth, after all? Was it not smashed with stones? Is it not lying in the ditch together with the carcasses? Where is the truth?

It is a terrible struggle to solve the enigma.

Athena is "immune from grief" at the horrible death of the man who brought joy to mankind.
I shall go to the grave of David Lelover.

Like a grieving widow, like the son of a father who had been murdered from behind the reason by a traitor's blow, ... I shall sit down on David Lelover's grave and shall weep as bitterly, and cry so loudly, and roll so terribly, that not one honest soul will remain thatwould not curse the murderers... ... I shall cry so bitterly, I shall weep so mildly, that all on earth will borrow memories and houses, in the name of Lelover, in the name of David Lelover, in the name of David Lelover who brought joy to the world.

It was vain to hope in Andreiyev's "Anathema" the solution of the unanswerable riddle, as critical are inclined to do. It is not within the purpose or range of art to offer solutions to either social or universal problems. Suffice it that in "Anathema" Andreiyev has given us one of the most moving and powerful presentations of the passionate quest of man for truth: his relentless striving toward the ideal, the eternal struggle of the human mind and heart, the yearning for attainment beyond our limitations. And with, the unchangeable and unconquerable spirit of man, to withstand with the noise of distant peristances, which in life.

Andreiyev has been charged with finding joy in the "crassene" and pathological, with painting mostly hideous human truths, indifferent to the efforts of older to relieve the gloom and bitterness of his environments. An artist viewing life with the intense minuteness of an Andreiyev, passionately living and feeling the woe of the world, has to employ "extreme" backgrounds to bring his subject into strong relief.

However, it is an error to think that Andreiyev was devoted entirely to the sombreness and tragedy. He did not fail to see also therosy side of life, and his pen could satirize the weaknesses, the superficiality, and the emptiness of those who pase as the levers and
reinforcements of mankind. A vivid instance we have in that clever and humorous play "The Sabine Women" which Andreyev called "A Bit of Russian History", a brilliant satire on the political situation of Russia of the period, particularly on the Constitutional-Democratic party, known as the "Cadets".

Their paralyzing position in the political struggle of pre-revolutionary Russia, their attitude of constant compromise, their helplessness in the face of reaction are represented by the Sabine husbands after the Romans had kidnapped their beloved wives.

After prolonged deliberation and a careful search for the address of the kidnapped beauties, the Sabine men start on their march. They are armed with heavy bow horses and the four hundred volumes incorporating the report of the investigation which proved the loyalty of Sabine marriage and the illegitimacy of kidnapping.

Our weapons, Sabines, are justice and a clear conscience. (Their leader, Martius, proclaiming). We will prove to the Rome kidnappers that they are kidnappers, and to our wives we will prove that they were kidnapped, and Heaven will shudder! For now that the address is found, it's all up with the Romans.

The robbed husbands start on their march, advancing judiciously two steps forward, one step backward.

The first two steps are designed to intimidate, (as Martius explains in his brilliant book) the incalculable fire of our stormy souls, the firm will, the irresistible advance. The step forward symbolizes the step of reason, the step of experience, and of the mature mind. In taking this step, we ponder the essence of our act. In taking it, we also maintain, as it were, a close bond with tradition, with our ancestors, with our great past. History moves on leaps, and we, Sabines, at this great moment, we are history.

But the beautiful Sabine women have become Muslim attached to their new surroundings and they love their new Muslim men. Does not every political party adopt itself.
to its political master, power, and adapt itself to the Constitution? Prewel Gleeptina, at first most indignant at being abducted, now informs her husband Martiu:i:

If you have come to wrong, Anna Martiu:i, let me tell you that we do not deserve your reproaches. We struggeled long and did not yield except on compulsion.... I have already wept for you in due form, Martiu:i, and now I cannot understand at all what you want.... You over slept. You did not defend me; you were up; you forgot us; you abandoned us; and now you accuse us of running away. We were abducted, Martiu:i, harem-abducted. You can read about it in any women's history, to say nothing of the encyclopedia. But now I like this place, I don't want to go back to our household again.

Propertius suggests to Martiu:i that he could secure his beloved Cleopatra by abducting her. But the constitution-loving and law-abiding Martiu:i is horrified at this.

You are suggesting to me that I commit violence! What would then become of my loyalty, reverence, or can it be that you women believe that might be right?

To which Propertius indignantly reverts:

If I am to remain faithful, I want a strong man, the strongest man there is. Do you think we are the kind of being abducted and stolen, and poured back and returned, and lost and famished.... If, at your pleasure, you want your wife to be your own, then all you have to do is to be the strongest. Live in no one, struggle for her, teeth and nail. In short, die in her defense. Believe me, Martiu:i, there is no greater joy for a woman than to die upon the grave of a husband who has fallen in her defense. And he assures, Martiu:i, that a woman proves false only after her husband has proven false.

Martiu:i, however, will renounce his wife, but renounce the law he will not. Proclaiming the law supreme and beating under the weight of volumes of judicial decisions, the Martiu:i slowly retires, "two steps forward, one step backward."

keeping clear of the political arena of his time, with all its empty constitutional pretense and usual intrigue, Andreyev saw all the better the flimsy fabric that holds the masses
and her blind and child leaders in its modern. In "The Scarlet Woman" Andreyev succeeded admirably in presenting the loathsome moral aspect of the constitutional struggle of pre-revolutionary Russia, symbolic of the essence of political parties generally, of the Russian search of "two steps forward, one step backward".

Truly discerning and appreciative of Andreyev's spirit and work — expressed in the great dramatist's tragedies as well as comedies — is the acute judgment of Professor Venetrici:

With master hand, Andreyev pierces through the darkness and faces of our time and points towards the light in the distance. Having put his ear to the ground, he hears the rumbling of a new era.
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FOREMOST
RUSSIAN DRAMATISTS
THEIR LIFE AND WORK

EMMA GOLDMAN

1926
INTRODUCTION

This work originated in a series of lectures I delivered in London and the provinces during the winter of 1926. My lecture notes, reworked and extended, are now presented to the English reading public in this volume.

I am aware that quite a number of books have already been published in England and America on Russian literature and the drama, many of them very admirable works dealing with the various phases of Russian creative art. Yet their authors, particularly the non-Russians, have generally failed — in my opinion — to deal sufficiently with the factor which I consider most vital in the understanding of a country's creative work: the social background and personal environment that play such a determining role in moulding our lives and visions. Without a better appreciation of this most important angle of Russian literature, the subject must continue to be very inadequately understood by Anglo-Saxon readers. Even most critics, I regret to say, who are supposed to be better informed than the public, go on stumbling in the dark in this matter.

This situation is aggravated by the more than inadequate reviews of Russian plays in the English and American publications. Unless the critics be Russians, more or less familiar with the atmosphere of their country, as reflected in its literature, their appraisement often totally misses the significance of the work.
One finds a leading British dramatic critic, for instance, characterising the heroes of some of Tchekhov's plays as "a job lot". The bad production of a great dramatist may naturally confuse and mislead the average audience. But from a critic one is justified in expecting better perception, one not based merely on the accidental interpretation of some actor. Such perception, however, can be founded only in the understanding of the period of a given writer, in knowing his life and struggle, his hopes and ideals — in short, the social and spiritual atmosphere of the author.

Russian critics of note understood the importance of the above; hence they strove to elucidate the social and creative struggle of the great Russian dramatists. Beginning with the earliest writers to the moderns of present-day Russia, all had travelled the thorny road to Golgotha. Through personal anxiety and suffering they learned the pulse beats of Russia and to articulate the silent masses who, like themselves, had been nailed to the cross.

Interest in Russian art and letters has in recent years become very general in England and America. Not only because of the creative void in Europe, the aftermath of the world war. Literary taste is no longer the monopoly of the few; the many hunger for good books and plays. In the Russian authors they find not only art and beauty, but also that deep humanity which strikes a responsive chord in the hearts of the masses who live the problems that seek solution in life as in art.
Another reason for the growing popularity of Russian art must be sought in the great cataclysm of 1917, which has hurled Russia upon the conscience of the world. Everything that comes from that enigmatic land is now gaining in significance and fascination to thinking people outside of Russia. Supremely interesting is her creative art which has been such a powerful factor in influencing thought and clarifying what is best and intrinsic in that country.

I cannot sufficiently express my indebtedness to the writers, both Russian and English, who have preceded me with their works on Russia. Thanks to them my task has been made lighter and my research work facilitated by the study of their material. I am especially grateful to the translators of Russian plays and letters from which I have taken the liberty to quote. A list of them the reader will find at the end of this book.

In preparing this volume I have been impelled by an earnest desire to convey to English readers the atmosphere and idealism which permeate the works of the Russian dramatists — the spirit which I myself have come to understand more clearly through my recent sojourn in Russia than from years of study of their works.

If this volume will bring my readers closer to the life and work of a Gogol, Tolstoy or Chekhov, if it will help them to better understand Russia and its people, my efforts will not have been in vain.

Emma Goldman
From its earliest beginnings Russian dramatic art differs fundamentally from that of other countries. The literature of Russia has never been mere aesthetic pastime, never an expression of "art for art's sake" only. On the contrary, it has always been social in spirit, deeply human in essence and form.

To Russian literature human values are more important than artistic. Russian writers are concerned mostly with the Why and Wherefore of life and its problems. They are portraiters of reality, voicing the pressing needs of their time. In diverse manner, varying in degree of artistry, Russian literature has become the arena wherein socio-theoretical and political-ethical problems are fought out. It is not content merely to mirror the intellectual and spiritual life of the country; it is itself that life. All the vital problems of man—liberty, progress, enlightenment, spiritual gropings and social experimentation—first found expression in the works of the great Russian writers. It is this quality which has made the literature of Russia of such profound, universal significance. This applies to the Russian drama no less than to the novel and short story.

Studying the origin of the Russian drama one is surprised to find how young it is compared with the drama...
of other countries. Excepting the adaptations of old religious mysteries and folklore for dramatic purposes during the XI. century, there existed no drama in Russia till the end of the XVII. century, and even then it consisted chiefly of German plays rebuilt for Russian use.

Among the earliest original playwrights was Grand Duchess Nathalie, daughter of Tsar Alexies — undoubtedly a daring person to defy the dominant attitude of the time — theatres and plays being anathema to the orthodox Muscovite. But with the aid of her sister Sophie, the energetic Nathalie succeeded in establishing a theatre in the palace, where she staged translations from German and French plays, as well as some of her own. The innovative sisters had a powerful ally in Peter the Great who had brought to Russia, together with other Western institutions, a company of players from Danzig, later establishing the first Imperial State Theatre.

The man called to the post of director in that theatre was also the initiator of original Russian drama — Alexander Petrovitch Sumarokov. In 1747, at the age of 29, he produced his first play. From then on, until his death, in 1777, Sumarokov’s efforts paved the way for the dramatic writers to follow him. Almost all the characters of his plays were taken from Russian history, but as Sumarokov was much more the imaginative artist than the historian, his work did not fail to exert a creative influence upon the development of the Russian drama. With fine touch he satirized the short-comings and abuses of his time and contastated the pretentions and customs of the
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3.

...all-powerful and arrogant nobility. Among his best plays was "Dimitri the Imposter".

The most significant of the contemporaries of Sumarokov was Yakov Berissovitch Knyazhin, between the years 1742-1791. His dramatic works, among them "Vadim of Novgorod", "The Browsler", and "Odd People", show admirable dramatic quality, combined with a critical appreciation of the superficial culture of his time, a "culture" which saw in the French language the height of refinement, side by side with general gross ignorance and filthy habits.

Catherine II, who began her reign as a liberal owing to the influence of Voltaire, sponsored Knyazhin and his literary contemporaries. She indulged her own dramatic talents in the plays "The Fete of Mrs. Grubbler" and "O Tempora", in which she ruthlessly exposed the religious bigotry surrounding her. But in later years, frightened by the rapid spread of the spirit and ideas of the French Revolution, Catherine turned against her "youthful follies". The first to suffer from her remorse was Knyazhin; his play "Vadim of Novgorod", which dramatised the struggle between republicanism Novgorod and the autocratic Rurik, was ordered burned. A short excerpt from Prof. Leo Wiener's translation will show why the erstwhile freethinker on the Russian throne had become alarmed by the revolutionary tone of that drama.

Vadim: Could you plunge so transfixed your spirit that you only weep where your duty is to strike?

Frederick: We burn to follow you, to crush the haughty throne, to resuscitate our land; but though the seal already burns within our hearts,
it seems as yet no signs of its fulfillment.

Disdaining heretick and laborious days, if needs be we must die, we are ready; but that our death be not in vain, could save our beloved land from evil, and that, intent to break the fetters, we tighten them not more in servitude, we must expect too aid of the immortals, for the gods can give us a favourable opportunity.

Vadim: So we must depend alone upon the gods and ingloriously remain the slaves we are? The gods have given us the opportunity to wrest back freedom and hearts to dare and bands to strike! Their aid is within us, — what else do you wish? Go, creep, wait in vain their thunder, but I alone, boiling with anger, will move to die for you, for I see brook no master! O Fate! For three years absent from my country... I bear the fruit of my exploits, a gift to my nation... but what do I see? Lords who have lost their liberty but in loathsome slavery before the King and clinging their yoke under the sceptre. Tell me, how could you, seeing your country's fall, for a moment prolong your life in shame? And if you could not preserve your liberty — how could you bear the light and want to live?

An important contemporary of Knyazhin was Denis Ivanovitch Von-Vizin (1744-1792) whose plays were scathing arraignments of the social evils of the times. In "The Brigadier" and particularly "The Minor" he boldly attacked Muscovite brutality toward the serfs, the notions of absolute authority and theuity of servility.

Mrs. Unouth: (examining Mitrofan's coftaa)
The coftaa is all ruined. Bring here that thief Triiska.... That treason has made it too tight all around. Mitrofan, my sweet darling, you must feel dreadfully uncomfortable in your coftaa!

(Enter Triiska)

Mrs. Unouth: You beast, come here! Didn't I tell you, you thief's snout, to make the coftaa wide enough? In the first place the child is growing; in the second place, the child is delicate enough without wearing a tight coftaa. Tell me, you oloot, what is your excuse?

Triiska: You know, Madame, I never learned tailoring.

Mrs. Unouth: So you've got to be a tailor to be able to make a decent coftaa! What beastly reasoning!
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5.

Triebel: But tailor has learned how to do it, Masha, and I have not.

Mrs. Uspanoff: How dare you contradict me? (to her husband) I will not let the scholar do as they please. Go right away, Sir, and tell them to flog . . . . . . .

Dostoy: Who? For what? On the day of my betrothal! I beg you, sister, put off the flogging till to-morrow and to-morrow, if you wish, I'll gladly take a hand in it myself.

Vassily Vassilievitch Kaspint, born in 1757, was the forerunner of a long line of dramatists who first laid bare the revolting corruption of Russian officialdom. His work was considered so radical that he was near being sent to Siberia. Kaspint's most significant play was "Pettifogery", a few excerpts from which will indicate the social character of his dramas:

Gaushigrate: But hear, my dear, the rumour must be false that some meddler has denounced us to the Senate for taking bribes and for deciding wrongly cases at law.

Talon: I declare, what bad luck is that?

Gaushigrate: I could not find out all. But you, my friend, tell me in truth, what cases it was we decided so wrongly that we did not cover our tracks.

Talon: Even if I were to go to confession I could not think of any.

Peklo: But that's impossible

Gaushigrate: I beg you, wife, leave us alone! We know affairs better than you.

Peklo: Indeed, I know as well as you, is it not my business to receive things and look after them? But my the wrath of the Lord strike me on the spot, if my right hand knows what my left hand takes.

Talon: There is something else that occurs to me: do you remember the lawsuit for Simple's estate? Pettifog who had really nothing to do with the case and
had forgotten the name of Simple in the lawsuit, contrived cunningly to sue Trickster who had also not the slightest right to the estate. We did not bother about finding out whose the village in question was, and without further investigation, in the absence of Simple, disposed of the lawsuit by adjudging another's property to the contending parties which they proceeded at once to divide among themselves. I can't imagine what Simple is going to say about it.

Questioner: Let him say whatever he pleases, since he has paid so little attention to it. Why should we worry about him now? We are the judges. It is our duty to know only that which is presented for our consideration on paper. What right have we to know that the estate under contention does not belong to the contending parties, but to someone else? We should have some written proofs of that; in absence of the same, we simply must decide a lawsuit between two parties strictly according to the laws. We cannot help it if both were contending for something that did not belong to them.

One of the most interesting phases of the Russian drama is, as I have already mentioned, its rapid development. Beginning with translations and adaptations from foreign classics it presently began to sound its own note, growing original and developing its peculiar power and beauty of expression.

The number of writers for the stage became so considerable, Peter Kropotkin states in his splendid work on "Russian Literature, Ideals and Realities", "that all the forms of dramatic art were able to develop at the same time". The Napoleonic wars brought a load of patriotic dramas, competing for popularity with the romantic and pseudo-classic schools. Tragedies, operas and particularly satirical comedy held the Russian stage, comprising translated adaptations from French classics as well as original Russian works. It was these efforts that gradually paved the way for the thoroughly Russian comedy.
This advance was especially favoured by the guidance of Mikhail Savonovitch Shtehepin. A dramatic teacher of original genius, he became a most powerful influence in the development of Russia, in the literary and creative sense, fully deserving the fine tribute paid him by one who subsequently himself became the innovator of dramatic art in Russia — Konstantin Stanislavsky. In his masterly work, "My Life in Art," Stanislavsky refers to Shtehepin as "the pride of our national art, the man who recreated in himself all that the West could give and created the foundations of true Russian dramatic art and its traditions, our great actor and artist. He took his pupils to the heart of his family. They lived with him, they ate with him, they grew up and married under his guidance." Stanislavsky quotes from a letter of Shtehepin, written to one of his pupils, revealing his extraordinary character both as man and teacher:

"Take advantage of every opportunity, labor and develop the abilities given you by God to their fullest extent. Never cease to listen to criticism, and enter as deeply as you can into its core in order to get yourself right, and for the sake of good advice. Always have nature before your eyes, enter, so to say, into the skin of the role you are playing, study well its social locals, its education, its peculiar ideas if they are present, and do not forget to study its past life. When all this is learned, then no matter what situations are taken from life and transplanted to the stage, you will always play correctly. At times your acting may weaken, at times it might be somewhat satisfactory (this depends on your spiritual state) but you will always play correctly. Remember that perfection is not given to man. But if you study diligently, you will approach it in so far as nature had given you ability. For God's sake, never think of amusing your audience, for both the ridiculous and the serious come from a true conception of life; and believe me, in two or three years you will see a difference in the way you act your roles; with each year they will become rounder and more natural. Watch yourself sleeplessly, for although the public may be satisfied with you, you yourself must be your own severest critic."
You must believe that inner reward is better than all applause. Try to appear in society as much as your time permits, study men in the same, do not let a single anecdote pass without giving it attention, and you will always discover the reason why the thing happened as it did and not otherwise. This living book will serve you instead of theories, which unhappily are still non-existent in our art. Therefore study all classes of society without prejudice on this side or that and you will see that everywhere there is both good and evil. This will give you an opportunity when acting to give each class its due — that is, if you are playing a peasant you will not be able to observe the social amenities in the case of extreme joy, and when playing an aristocrat you will not shout and wave your hands when angry, as a peasant would do. Do not consider yourself above hard work over situations and details noticed in life, but remember that they are only to aid you, and not to become your goal, that they are good only when you have learned to understand your goal in acting.

With such wonderful direction and inspiration it is not surprising that the Russian theatre should have developed as a shrine of art and as an institution of the highest culture. With intuitive appreciation of true worth, Stotepekin succeeded in gathering about him a galaxy of dramatic artists among whom there were such lights as the famous tragedian Motolov, Fedotova, Mikulina, Kozitachaya, Sadovsky, and others. But the fitting culmination of Stotepekin’s genius was the inspiration his art and work gave to the rising titans of the Russian drama — Griboyedov, Gogol and Ostrovsky.
CHAPTER II

Griboyedov wrote but one play during his short life, but because of its dramatic power and its forceful indictment of the aristocracy from which he sprung, it became one of the great classics of the country. Born in 1796, young Griboyedov entered the university at the early age of 15, and two years later he began to write. The exigencies of his busy life conspired to interrupt his literary efforts, so that years of military and diplomatic service, of revolutionary activity and imprisonment, passed before the great drama could be completed.

"Intelligence Comes to Grief" was begun by Griboyedov when still in the Moscow University. Napoleon's invasion caused young Griboyedov to enter the army, then the center of revolutionary ideas. The men who marked the beginning of the since unceasing struggle for political freedom in Russia, historically known as the Decembrists, were mostly army men of high rank. Griboyedov, the intense youth could not fail to come under the influence of those passionate idealists. The outstanding figures, in the Decembrist group were Nislejew, Tuchatschew and Odoyevsky, themselves men of conspicuous literary ability. They quickly sensed, Griboyedov's genius and his personal worth. They became his friends, helping to awaken in the youth the revolutionary spirit of which they themselves were such devoted exponents.

Unfortunately, Griboyedov's participation in a duel, as a second, caused his removal to St.-Petersburg, followed by banishment to Teheran. There, in Persia, he
became absorbed in the study of the little known country and its people, travelling extensively and gathering experience and knowledge. In the course of time, he was permitted to participate in the diplomatic activities of the Russian embassy, devoting his leisure time to his drama. It was at last completed in 1826, and when the manuscript reached his literary friends in Russia, Gribyedov’s play was hailed as the greatest masterpiece of Russian dramatic art, a work of revolutionary scope and importance. It was inevitable that the play should arouse most bitter indignation in reactionary circles, while the advanced elements saw in it an inspiring ray of light on the black social horizon of Russia. All attempts to have the drama staged proved due to the censor’s irrevocable prohibition, even a private performance not being allowed.

After the failure of the Decembrist conspiracy and the incarceration of its leaders, Gribyedov also was arrested and imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul in St-Petersburg.

The terrible Decembrist tragedy, the execution of his comrades and friends, and the barbarous sentences imposed upon the surviving revolutionists proved a crushing blow to Gribyedov. Even his own release in 1826 could not revive the spirit of the man so beloved for his formerly sunny disposition and joy of life. Returning to Tiflis, he sought forgetfulness in various activities, finally participating in the war against Persia. After the defeat of the latter and in recognition of his efforts in securing
a favorable treaty, Griboyedov was a pointed Persian Ambassador. With a premonition of impending calamity, with black reaction following upon the suppression of the Decembrists, the outlook for creative work in Russia was entirely discouraging, and Griboyedov accepted the post. A short time later the embassy was attacked by a Persian mob, and Griboyedov was killed.

The hero of "Intelligence Comes to Grief" is Tohatsky, a young intellectual who after several years abroad comes back to Moscow and visits the home of a wealthy nobleman, Fanasov, whose daughter Sophie Tohatsky loved. There he sees the idle life, the waste, the dull pastimes, the worship of money and power, and all the corruption of high society. He also finds that the innocent young girl he had left when he went away has been infected with the poison of her environment and that, instead of her erstwhile love for him, she is carried away by her father's secretary, aoringing careerist, characteless and without principle.

Tohatsky is not slow in expressing his views on the situation, as a result of which he is declared mad by Sophie who cannot comprehend his ideals and purity of heart. The girl's father sees in the young man a dangerous rebel who has come to undermine the edifice of the self-satisfied, parasitic class to which he belongs.

Fanasov, the head of an important Government department, presses to impress upon Tohatsky the duty of the young to emulate their elders.
All young people are proud. You should ask how your fathers acted. You should learn by
observation of your seniors - me, for instance,
or my late uncle, Maxim Petrovitch. He ate of
gold, not of silver; with a hundred servants in
livery to wait on him; he always drove six
horses and he spent his life at Court. One day,
at a levee, he happened to stumble and fall so
heavily that he nearly cracked his skull. He
was favoured with the Imperial seals - the Emperor
designed to be noticed. And what do you think he
did then? Flicked himself up and fell again - this
time on purpose. Shots of laughter. He did the
same thing a third time.... Clever, I call it
to make profit out of a painful tumble. After
that, who was most often invited? ... Who at
the most precious ward at Court? ... Who had the
giving of honours and pensions? ... Maxim
Petrovitch Yes, Why, you men or the present day
aren't in it with him.

Tolstovsky is outraged at such servility.

It is hard to believe - he rototery that
the men who dinged most was held in the highest
esteem, that for profit men risked their lives;
their skulls, not in war, but in peace - cracked
them against the floor without a murmur; that
the poor fathers were hanged to lie in the dust.
It was the age of downright servility and fear.
Nor is it much better now.

You ask me to emulate my elders, who are my
judges? ... Men of advanced age, bitterly hostile
to a free life; they get their opinions from long
forgotten newspapers of the time of the Autocracy
and the conquest of the Crimea. Always ready to
find fault, they're always singing the man old
song, regardless of the fact that they don't
improve as they grow older.

Show me the fathers of our country whom we are
to take as examples. Are they? Not the men
who have made wealth by extortion, who have
shelled themselves from justice behind friends
and relations, who have built splendid palaces in
which to entertain luxuriously. Yes, and whose
mouths in Moscow haven't they stopped with dinners,
suppers and dances?

Not him to whom you talk me to pay my respects
when I was still a child - that master of distinguished
blackguards, surrounded by a crowd of servants? ...
Or that other, who conceived the idea of forming a
bullet of silver, for which purpose he had children
torn from their parents, put into wagons and driven
away. These are the men whom we are to emulate for
want of better. These are our stern critics and
judges. Now, let one of us - the younger generations,
be an enemy of self-seeking, demanding neither place
nor advancement in rank, his mind intent on knowledge
thirsty for information, or let his soul be filled

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with a divine armour for the high creative arts - immediately they raise the cry of "Fire! Thieves!" and he is regarded by them as a dangerous visionary. Uniforms! Nothing but uniforms! At one stage of their existence, they cover their imbecility, their poverty of mind, with handsomely embroidered uniforms, and we are to follow them in the path of happiness.

Our wives and daughters have the same passion for uniforms ... As to public opinion, what is that? A few fools believe in some rumour and straightway go on spreading it. This is taken up by some old women who sound the alarm and that is called "public opinion".

Masterfully Griboyedov portrays the slavish, insipid types of the time, particularly as personified by Moltchalin, the secretary of Fassourov and the man with whom Sophie is carrying on a clandestine flirtation.

Moltchalin's slogan is: "My father bequeathed me some advice: first and foremost, make yourself agreeable to everyone without exception - to the master of the house in which you happen to live, to the chief under whom you serve, to the valet who brushes his clothes, to the janitor, and in order to avoid trouble you should make friends with the gatekeeper and his dog. So I assume the air of lover, to gratify the daughter of the man with whom I live."

When Tohatsky discovers the love affair of Sophie and the secretary and becomes fully aware of the corruption of the entire Fassourov household, he cries out:

With whom have I been? A crowd of tormentors, of traitors to love, tireless in their animosity, indomitable chatterers, incoherent philosophers, cunning simpletons, malignant old women, old men oracle over their lies and thrust. You joined in the chorus and proclaimed me mad - you were right! the man who could spend a day with you, breathe the same air, and retain his reason unimpaired could pass through fire unscathed. Away from Moscow! Away for ever without one look behind!
The able Russian writer H. Gershenson in a brilliant essay on the historic background of Griboyedov's play presents a characteristic picture of Russian high life in the person of Maria Ivanovna Rimsky-Korsakov, of the period of Griboyedov. She was a grande dame of Russian society, more intelligent and interesting than most of her contemporaries, yet she spent her time and very considerable intellectual abilities, as well as her vast fortune, in extravagant living. She kept a large house, gave constant fêtes and entertainments, intrigued ceaselessly to place her sons in favorable diplomatic positions and to marry her daughters to gentlemen of the Court. In short, her life was "a continuous round of lavish affairs, of waste and idle pursuits". Maria Ivanovna Rimsky-Korsakov is the prototype of the Fominovs portrayed by Griboyedov, whose senseless and wasteful lives were made possible by the toil and suffering of their serfs. "But can we of to-day afford to throw stones at them? To be sure, we have no serfs, nor do I wish to say that our age is quite as cruel as Fominov's. But the same poison is in our blood, the same poison of empty pursuits and most of our lives are as wasteful, criminal and senseless as in the days of Maria Ivanovna."

Gershenson wrote this analysis of the background of "Intelligence comes to grief" in 1914. Who can deny its application to our own time? Indeed, Griboyedov did not write for his day only; with his scathing arraignment, his exposure of the social evils and wrongs of the early part of the XIX century has not lost its force in our own day.
A work which can withstand the test of a hundred years must need possess great artistic merit and social verity.
CHAPTER III

GOGOL

In a letter to a friend Gogol wrote:

"Many attempts have been made to ascertain the dominant traits in my being. But it was only Pushkin who was able to lay his finger on the right spot. He once said to me: "There never was a writer who possessed in as high degree as you the gift of pointing the pettiness and meanness of life, of bringing out the trivialities of life, and laying bare the weakness and servility of the average human soul so that it stuns one in the face and there is no escape from it." That is the fundamental trait of my being and that is indeed lacking in most writers."

There are few names in literature, certainly none in that of Russia, that can compare with Gogol in the power of portraying the monotonous and flatness of the life of the so-called normal man and his deadly-dull background. Yet Gogol was not a naturalist in the limited sense. His greatness consisted in being able to blend the natural with the fantastic, the ordinary with the unusual. With him the ordinary diffuses into the mist and his laughter often turns into agonized shrieks. Gogol is the great Russian of world dimensions.

Nikolai Vasilevich Gogol was born in March, 1809, in a small town near Poltava, in the Ukraine, the beautiful and romantic south of Russia. He attended gymnasium in a small provincial city near Kiev, but from the point of view of institutional appraisal Gogol fell very short. Instead, his literary leanings manifested themselves at an early age, when the boy began contributing to the school journal.
Young Nikolai's literary ambitions, his love of the theatre and histrionic ability apparently came to him by inheritance. His father was the author of several plays in which he frequently acted himself, and he possessed considerable gifts as a story teller. But with this heritage Gogol also left his son a frail physique and an abnormal leaning towards introspection, a sorry patrimony to enable one to grapple with life. Nikolai gained little from school in the way of an education, but his passion for literature and painting made up for much that schools never can give to ardent souls. Ambition was Gogol's most dominant trait — the intense longing to escape the humdrum of life, to rise above the ordinary, to become a hero. This tendency was interpreted by some of his biographers and commentators as vanity and conceit, a sort of egomania. In reality no one so elevated and exalted his soul with doubts in his own possibilities as Gogol. He felt that to be able to support at all the daily round of nothingness one must create one's own world far above the common. This yearning for greatness, together with his lack of faith in himself, became the Golgotha of Gogol. His inner conflict dominated his whole life, now raising him to sublime heights, now hurling him into blackest abysses. Thus he wrote to his mother in 1829:

I often wondered how it is that God has created a unique and rare heart, a soul which is full of ardent love for all that is lofty and beautiful, and why has he enveloped all this in such a rough exterior? Why has he combined all this with such a terrible mixture of contradictions, obstinacy, insolent conceit and base humility? But my perishable mind is not strong enough to fathom the great designs of the Almighty.

Two years previously he had written to his mother:

...
Gold sweat pours down my face at the idea that I shall perhaps perish in dust, without making my name known by a single remarkable deed. To live in this world without making my existence worth while would be terrible. I have meditated on all careers and state offices, and I have decided to take up jurisprudence. I see that here there is more work to be done than anywhere else which here alone I can be a real benefactor to humanity.

If there were no other evidence that Gogol's desire for greatness was not rooted in mere vanity, but that the deeper mainsprings lay in his passionate need of helping humanity, the anguish breathing in this letter should leave no doubt as to the nature of Gogol.

Added to his determination to study jurisprudence was also the fervent hope that he might get on the stage. His gift for mimicry and his leaning towards comedy made his hope for an opening in the theatre. Thus equipped at the age of nineteen he went to St.-Petersburg. But the fates had their arrows sharpened, and Gogol's spirit was pierced incessantly in his weary march through life.

St.-Petersburg proved cold and cruelly unresponsive to the youth's sanguine imagination. Large cities usually do to the newcomer who has neither friends nor fortune. It appeared much more so to this high-strung, sensitive boy, coming as he did from the South with its natural warmth and beauty. He was made the more miserable by being told on every hand that he could never be an actor, his voice being too high-pitched and shrill.

Gogol tried his luck in literature. His first effusion, an idyll called "Hans Nibelungian", he published at his own expense, only to receive harsh
criticism and condemnation that caused him to burn the manuscript. In despair he left Russia, but on reaching Lübeck he was seized with remorse and regret and hastened to return to St-Petersburg. After many attempts he secured a small post in the Civil Service, a tortuous position for Gogol, who quickly realized the abyss between his high hopes to serve humanity and the cruel reality of the autocratic Government with its paralyzing bureaucracy and the revolting corruption of officials.

Gogol sought escape and relief in literary effort. His colourful imagination vividly painted the beauty of his Southern home-land and wove stories from the life of its present. "Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka" and other tales soon brought the young writer to the attention of the literary world. The great poet Pushkin, Zhukovsky, Pletnyev, and other famous writers quickly sensed the genius of young Gogol. With rare generosity they sought to encourage and inspire the new literary star, foremost among them Pushkin. It was he who urged Gogol on when the moody youth would feel disheartened, and it was Pushkin who suggested to Gogol the themes of his masterpieces "The Inspector" and "Dead Souls".

However, Gogol's early writings were not sufficient to keep him from want, and he was therefore compelled to accept a position as teacher in an educational institute. The remuneration was niggardly and the occupation of teaching dull youngsters too much for Gogol's sensitive spirit. His capacity to absorb himself in his creative work saved him from despair. But while his fame spread, it did not relieve him of material need. Again he was compelled to
seek a more secure income, this time as a lecturer on history. But constantly harassed by such employment, he finally resolved to devote himself entirely to his most compelling urge. Four years of intense literary effort followed, during which he produced "Mirgorod", "Taras Bulba", and a number of other famous stories.

Gogol’s genius could not find adequate expression in mere aestheticism. "Art for art’s sake", the shallowness of superficiality, did not touch the deeper needs of his passionate soul. His spirit kept digging into the roots of life and feeling, laying bare real human emotions beneath the tinselled cloak of the accepted and sanctified. In "Dead Souls", the epic of servitude, Gogol uncovers the lying face behind the grinning social mask, the "face of the devil". Surely not the theological devil with hoof and horns. His was the everyday devil, the true sovereign of mediocrity, — the devil who often looks like a statesman, an aristocrat, or some tradesman, and whom everybody admires and no one recognizes.

"I call things by their right name", Gogol at this time wrote to a friend. "I do not dress the devil up in gorgeous cloaks like Byron, for I know he wears everyday dress." This unheroic devil, whom we meet every day and who looks alarmingly like ourselves, Gogol fought all his life. Against this monster he waged war with all the aid of his satire, with all the incomparable ridicule of his mighty pen. This devil which appears and reappears in all his novels, sketches, fragments, letters, and dramas symbolizes superficial, empty, lying and cheating
mediocrity. Gogol's "devils" is not demoralised, not one capable of great passion, either good or evil. His devil is ordinary and commonplace. He lives by loud talk, small frauds, and petty interests; he is just a nuisance, sometimes clever but more often dull, life's ever-present bore that stifles everything that is alive, virile and spontaneous.

The two principal characters in "The Revisor" and "Dead Souls", Khlestyakov and Chichikov, are the very embodiment of such devils. With incomparable humor and biting satire, Gogol pictures them with all their trivial values, their cunning, their vulgar pursuits and petty vices.

His contemporaries failed to recognise the genius and motives of Gogol. They saw in him only the harlequin. They laughed to tears over his masterly comedies, "The Revisor", "The Wedding", and "The Gamblers", plays that were great stage successes. But excepting Pushkin, who unfortunately died so young, Zhukovsky and one or two other writers, there was no one in Russia who fathomed the bitter tears beneath Gogol's laughter. No one understood the turmoil of his creative spirit as reflected in his art, no one saw the appalling corruption of society, beneath the mask of Gogol's humor.

Look of appreciation and his restless spirit drove Gogol from place to place. When his plays were viciously attacked, he felt it impossible to remain in Russia. He went abroad, wandering throughout Europe. He visited Switzerland, France, Austria, Germany, then Italy and
Palestine. But it was Italy that charmed Gogol most and became, at least temporarily, his new great passion. On his first visit to Rome, he wrote to a friend:

> With what relief I gave up Switzerland and flew to my sweetheart, to my beauty Italy. She is mine! No one can take her from me. This is my real birth-place. France, Italy, Spain, snow, sun-drenched, departments, university chairs, theatres — all this was only a dream. Now I have awakened in my true homeland. The powerful hand of Providence hasconst me under Italy's brilliant sky, for a special purpose, as it were — that I should forget my grief, forget people and everything, and that I should cling to her gorgeous beauty. She has now replaced all for me.

Seeking to quieten his inner torment, to "forget everything", and drinking in the sun and beauty of the Italian atmosphere, Gogol banished himself with painting, for which he had considerable talent. Not for long, however, did he rest content. His great passion, literature, soon won him back, and presently he began his greatest work "Dead Souls".

Repeatedly visiting his beloved Italy for more or less protracted periods, Gogol finally returned to Russia, unable to resist longer the call of his native soil. There the great tragedy of his life happened. Always strongly mystical and religious, he fell under the sway of the mystics. He was still in the fall zenith of his creative career, but the influence proved fatal, a veritable martyrdom till his end. There began his tragic conflict between art and theological fanaticism, torturing Gogol with eternal doubt, the fear of damnation and the evil of his art. Again and again his anguished soul seeks relief in the self-assurance that:

> I love all that is good. I seek it and burn with impatience to find it; but I hate those base traits of mine and I do not shake
hands with them as my own characters do. I hate my own defects which separate me from the good. I am struggling with them. I shall drive them just, and God will help me in this."

But God did not help him. His spokesmen, the cruel and engineering priest, Matthew Konstantinovskiy, quickly gained complete control. Under his influence Gogol's vision was becoming clouded and his health impaired. Constant praying and fasting weakened his will and his last hold upon himself. In this condition he turned upon his former friends and ideas. Still more tragic was his loss of inspiration to create. He sought to compel himself to write. The agony of the process can be fathomed from Gogol's letter to his friend, Lise, Smirnova, who, according to Peter Kropotkin - was the main cause of Gogol's spiritual change: it was she who had brought him under the influence of the pessimists:

God who knows better than I what time is convenient for our work has withdrawn from me, for a long period, the capacity for literary creation. Gogol wrote, "I tormented myself, I compelled myself to write. I suffered cruelly when I saw this helplessness of mine, and several times I made myself ill through such efforts, yet I was not able to do anything, and all that I did was artificial and bad. Often, often, I have been overwhelmed by ennui, and even by despair, because of this.

Out of this dulness and soul torment no work of art could emanate. Instead was created of the masterpiece "The Revizor", "Dead Souls", "Taras Bulba", produced "Excerpts from Correspondence with Friends", a sorry repudiation of his great works and bitigated arrangement of literature in general. This fearful resentment alienated his friends from him and thrust
him deeper into the clutches of his evil advisers. Still his creative urge continued to assert itself from time to time, occasionally with imperative force. Frequently, in the absence of Father Matthias, Gogol would give rein to his creative spirit and seek forgetfulness and relief in literary work. But when his tormentor would return, he would hurl epithets at his victim, and conjure up such harrowing phantoms of punishment for Gogol’s "sins" that the latter, subdued and terrorised, would grovel in the dust before the priest and pray for forgiveness. It was at some such and moment that Gogol burned the second part of "Dead Souls".

Added to this mental purgatory Gogol suffered intensely from some disease which his physicians failed to diagnose and which they treated blindly, causing the helpless patient unspeakable torment. At last death relieved this wretched body and spirit, and Russia lost one of its literary giants on February 21, 1852. Truly it may be said of Gogol that his was a soul forever seeking for the good and beautiful, seeking it desperately and everywhere, and finding it nowhere. What a grand beginning — what pitious end!

Nikolai Vasilievich Gogol wrote but few plays, but those he created survive to this day because of their dramatic power and profound social significance. His
first works, "The Vladimir Order" and "The Wedding", were preludes of his subsequent comic masterpieces, "The Revisor". 

"The Vladimir Order" treats the efforts of a crooked official to obtain the Vladimir Order. But his aim is thwarted by official intrigue, as a result of which he loses his mind and imaginizes himself the Order of Vladimir, most clever satire upon the corruption of Russian officialdom presents the play. Unfortunately it was never finished, because Gogol knew it would not pass the censor. In reference to it he wrote to a friend on February 20, 1833:

I did not write to you that I want and over the subject for a comedy. It stuck in my mind all the time while I was in Moscow, on my journey, and also after I arrived here (St. Petersburg), but so far I have not finished anything. But so long ago its content began to shape itself, even its title was already written on thick white paper — Vladimir of the Third Class; and how much slyer, laugher and salt there was in it ... But I suddenly stopped, seeing that my pen began to stumble over passages of which the censor would not approve for anything on earth. And what is the use of a play which cannot be produced at all; a play lives only on the stage. A play without the stage is like a soul without the body.... The only thing that remains to me is to write so as not to offend the last police officer. But what again is the use of a comedy which is without truth and without malice?

Gogol gave up finishing this play, though later he made a final version of a few scenes. After "The Vladimir Crooks" he wrote "The Marriage", a rollicking comedy, with clever irony on the commercial character of marriage. Podkolyskin, a timid official, is induced by a professional matchmaker to sue for the hand and fortune
of a merchant's daughter. The marriageable young lady, 
Agafya, sets the stage, and an excitable friend of 
Peikovskyin induces him with enough daring to visit 
the proposed bride. Fortune smiles upon him, and 
Agafya prefers him to all the other applicants, of which 
there are six. But at the height of the bliss over the 
approaching marriage, Peikovskyin takes fright at the 
inevitable change in the tenor of his life, and just 
before the marriage, desperate with terrifying thoughts, 
he escapes by jumping out of the window in the house of 
the waiting bride. The play is full of unexpected 
situations and unique turns, bristling with exhilarating 
dialogue of the numerous wooers, brought together in 
Agafya's house by the same matchmaker.

"The Revisor", which has also been translated 
into English as the "Inspector General", is Gogol's 
greatest comedy, full of "melod, laughter and salt". 
By the peculiar contradiction which always existed 
between the political and cultural attitude in Russia, 
Tevor Nicholas I, was induced by the writer Zhukovsky, a 
friend of Gogol, to have the play passed by the censor 
and produced. The Tsar himself attended the first 
performance and is supposed to have remarked jealously: 
"everyone has received his due and I most of all ". 
Nevertheless, he grew apprehensive about the danger 
lurking in Gogol's satire.

"The Revisor" plays in a small town, far 
removed from the center, which circumscribed affords the 
local officials greater opportunity for graft and abuse, 
with less danger of being found out. The play opens
with the disturbing report that a Government inspector is to visit the town to look into the affairs and examine into the doings of the city authorities. Still more alarming is the news that "the Revisor" is coming incognito. This information has been received by the Governor — official head of the town — from a friend in the capital and causes consternation. There is not a single official in the entire place who can afford to have light shed upon his life: the judge who prefers sport to meeting out justice, his court room having been turned into a kennel for his favorite dogs; the warden of the hospital who has enriched himself by neglecting and robbing his patients; the head of the educational department who spends his time in gambling, leaving his pupils to the tender mercies of his German assistant who is no more solicitous about the welfare of the children entrusted to him; the police inspector, generally paralyzed-drunk; the postmaster whose morbid curiosity, induces his to open other people's letters. The Governor himself has even more cause to fear discovery than his subordinates. There is no abuse or crime he has not indulged in, from the arbitrary imposition of taxes on the merchants and the appropriation of funds contributed for the erection of a church, to the flogging of women. And suddenly this blow, the impending visit of the Inspector, incognito, The consequences might be awful.

In great agitation the Governor calls his staff together, informs them of the imminent danger and commands them to put their house in order. With the Postmaster he has a special word to speak:

Governor: Well, I'm no coward, but I am just a
little uncomfortable. The shopkeepers and townspeople bother me. It seems I'm unpopular with them; but the Lord knows if I've blackmailed anybody, I've done it without a trace of ill-feeling. I even think—(buttonholes him, and turns him aside)—I even think there will be some sort of complaint drawn up against me.... Why should we have a revisor at all?...... Look here, Ivan Kusnitch, don't you think you could just slightly open every letter which comes in and goes out of your office, and read it—for the public benefit, you know—to see if it contains any kind of information against me, or only ordinary correspondence? If it is all right, you can seal it up again; or simply deliver the letter opened.

Postmaster: Oh, I know that game.... Don't teach me that. I do it from pure curiosity; not as a precaution; I'm curious about knowing what's going on in the world. And they're very interesting to read, I can tell you! Now and then you come across a love-letter, with bits of beautiful language, and so edifying... much better than the Moscow News.

The tense atmosphere is aggravated by the arrival of the two town gossips, Dobtohinsky and Bobtohinsky, the most inimitable, rollingly comic types in the entire literature of Russia. They are the joy and comfort of the ladies because they know everybody's inside secrets and speak of them freely. They now come direct from the town's only inn where they have discovered two strange—yes, a young man and his servant. Many circumstantial about them hint at the man's being the expected revisor, the gossips think. Indeed, he is sure to be the revisor!

Greatly perturbed, the Governor decides that the situation can be saved only by bribing the Revisor, and of course he, the Governor, must win him over for himself. He rushes off to the inn, first giving instructions about setting things in cooperative order:

Governor: Tell, hear me, then—this is what you are to do: the police-lieutenant—he is tall, so he's to stand on the bridge—then will give a good effect. The old fence, near the

The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists, Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman. — 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 32 x 22 cm.
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bootmakers, must be pulled down at once and scattered about; and a post stuck up with a
wisp of straw so as to look like building
operations. The more litter there is the more
it will show the Governor's zeal and activity....

Good God! though, I forgot that about forty
cart-loads of rubbish have been shot behind the
fence. That a dirty town this is? No matter
where you put a monument, or even a peling, they
collect all kinds of rubbish from the devil knows
where, and dump it there? . . . . And if the
newly-arrived Tohinovnik asks any of the officials
if they are contented, they're to say: 'Perfectly,
your Honour! and if anybody is not contented,
I'll give him something afterwards to be discontent-
ed about.... (Heave a sigh.) Ah-h-h-I'm a
sinner -- a terrible sinner! (Takes the hat-box
stead of his hat.) Heaven only grant that I may
soon be through with this business, and then I'll
give such a tiger for a thank-offering as has
never been. before! I'll levy three pounds
of wax from every merchant for it! Oh, my God,
my God! Let's be going, Peter Ivanovitch! (Tries
to put the hat-box on his head instead of the hat.)

Superintendent: Anton Antonovitch, that's the
hat-box, not your hat.

Governor: (throwing the box down)
D--n it! so it is! . . . . . . . A d if he asks why the
hospital church has not been built, for which the
money was voted five years ago, they must mind and
say that it began to be built, but got burnt down.

We, I drew up a report about it. But of course
some idiot is sure to forget, and let out that the
building was never even begun..... And tell
Darchimarche that he's not to give much free play
to his fists; guilty or innocent, he makes them
all see stars, in the cause of public order....
( Goes out and returns.) And the soldiers are not
to be allowed in the streets with next to nothing
on; that soundlessly garrison only put their tunics
on their skirts, with nothing at all below.

The coquettish wife of the Governor and her pretty
but stupid daughter remain at home in wild excitement,
speculating on whether the feared Inspector be good-looking,
dark or blond, with or without a mustache.

The young man at the inn, whose name is Khlestyakov,
is merely a petty official, a charlatan who has gambled
away his money while en route to visit his father's estate.
He is dead broke and unable to pay his hotel bill. The innkeeper has refused him further credit and has threatened him with arrest. Khlestyakov is, in consequence, in a very dejected state of mind, aggravated by panic of hunger. The world looks black to him and his difficulties insurmountable.

At that moment the Governor arrives, in fear and trembling, to pay his respects to the supposed revisor. Khlestyakov, thinking the official has come to arrest him, puts on a bold front, complains of the innkeeper feeding him on "beef as tough as leather."

The Governor interprets the complaints against the innkeeper as a veiled attack upon the conditions the Inspector has found in the town. He suggests that Khlestyakov accompany him to other quarters. But the young man is enraged by what he believes to be a trick to get him into a cell.

Khlestyakov: (Hesitates a little at first, but towards the end adopts a loud and confident tone) Well, what was to be done? It's not my fault... I really am... going to pay... they'll send me money from home.... He's to blame most; he sends me up beef as hard as a board; and the soup; the devil only knows what he's mixed up with it; I was obliged to pitch it out of the window. He starves me the whole day... and the tea's so peculiar -- it smells of fish and nothing else! Thy then should I... A fine idea, indeed!

Governor: (nervously) I assure you, it's not my fault, really. I always get very good beef from the market. The Kholamgori drovers bring it, and they are sober and well-principled people. I'm sure I don't know where he gets it from. But if anything's wrong... allow me to suggest that you come with me and get other quarters.

Khlestyakov: No, that I will not! I know what "other quarters" means; it's another word for gaol! And pray, what right have you -- how dare you... why, I... I'm a Government official at Petersburg.... (Defiantly) Yes I... I... I...
Governor: (said) Oh, my God! how angry he is! He knows all! Those cursed servants have told him all!

Khlestyakov: (aggressively) That for you and your governorship to either! I'll not go with you! I'll go straight to the Minister. (Bangs his fist on the table) "Do you pray, who are you?"

Governor: (Starting and shaking all over) Have pity on me! Don't ruin me! I have a wife and small children! Don't make me a miserable man.

Khlestyakov: No, I'll not go with you! What are you going to do with me? Why am I to go to gaol because you've got a wife and small children? I like that -- that's beautiful. No, much obliged to you, Sir, but I'll not leave here!

Governor: (quaking) It was only my inexperience, I swear, only my inexperience! and insufficient means! Judge for yourself -- the salary I get is not enough for tea and sugar. And if I have taken any bribes, they were very little ones -- something for the table or a coat or two, ... As for the sergeant's widow, who took to shop-keeping -- whom they say I flog, ed -- it's a slander, I swear, it's a slander. By enemies invented it -- they're the kind of people who are ready to murder me in cold blood!

After many oocain situations the Governor manages to lead Khlestyakov to his house in triumph. There he is dined and wined and lavishly entertained. Finding himself in his new role, Khlestyakov starts a violent flirtation with both mother and daughter, and when the former discovers her lover on his knees before her daughter, Khlestyakov soothes matters by asking for the girl's hand. The father feels highly honored and flattered and showers gifts upon his prospective son-in-law. His subordinates naturally follow his example. They come, one by one, to pay their homage and incidentally to curry favor with the supposed Inspector, bringing good Russian rubles to bribe him. He cleverly saves them from an awkward situation by concocting a story that he has run
out of money and consenting to borrow from them -- and the poor dupes are happy to oblige the distinguished visitor.

The merchants also arrive late, with gifts to pave the way for the complaints they mean to lodge against the Governor for mercilessly fleecing them. Khlestyakov is in clover, but his shrewd servant, foreseeing that this happiness cannot last long, prevails upon his master to give some excuse and make off with the booty, which Khlestyakov proceeds to do. Informing his host and his newly-won bride that he must hasten to the capital to consult "His Highness, my uncle", he is given the best horses, his sleigh is packed with gifts, and off he goes.

The Governor elated over his success in having warded off imminent danger and at the same time having found such a brilliant match for his daughter, makes the news quickly known and boasts of the brilliant future awaiting him.

In the midst of his triumph the Postmaster arrives in a fever of excitement. He had just opened another letter, one written by the supposed Revisor to a friend in Petrograd, wherein he describes the extraordinary stupidity of the officials who mistook him for the Inspector. The Postmaster reads the letter to the incredulous Governor:

I hasten to let you know, my dear Tryapitchkin, all about my adventures. On the way an infantry captain1 cleared me out completely, so that the innkeeper wanted to send me to jail; when all of a sudden, owing to my Petersburg get-up and appearance, the whole town took me for the Inspector General.
So now I am living at the Governor’s; I do just as I please; I flirt nicely with his wife and daughter—but I can’t retic which to begin with. Do you remember how hard up we were, how we dined at other folks’ expense, and how the pantry-cook once pitched me out neck-and-crop, because I had put some tarts in the pocket of the King of England? It is quite a different state of things now. They all lend me as much money as I please. They are an awful set of originals—you’d die laughing if you saw them! You write articles, I know; bring these people in. First and foremost, there’s the Governor—as stupid as a mule.

GOVERNOR: Impossible, it can’t be there!

POSTMASTER: (showing him the letter) Read it yourself!

GOVERNOR: (reads) “stupid as a mule”. It can’t be so—you’ve written it yourself!

POSTMASTER: How could I have written it?

CHARITY COMMISSIONER: Read!

LUKA: Read on!

POSTMASTER: (resuming) “The Governor— as stupid as a mule . . . ”

GOVERNOR: Oh, devil take it! Is it necessary to repeat that? As if it wasn’t there without that?

POSTMASTER: (continues) Heh... Heh... Hey... “as a mule. The Postmaster too is a good fellow . . . ”

(Stops) Well, he says something uncomplimentary about me too.

GOVERNOR: No—read it out!

POSTMASTER: But what’s the good?

GOVERNOR: No, no—confound it, if you read any of it, read it all! Read it through!

CHARITY COMMISSIONER: Allow me; I’ll have a try! (puts on his spectacles and reads) "The Postmaster in exactly like our office-beadle Mikheev, and a rascal into the bargain—he drinks like a fish.

POSTMASTER: Well, the young blackguard ought to be flogged—that’s all.

CHARITY COMMISSIONER (continuing) "The Charity Com... er... er... " (hesitates)

KOROBKIN: But what are you stopping for?

CHARITY COMMISSIONER: It’s badly written . . . however, it’s clearly something insulting.

KOROBKIN: Give it to me! My eyes are better, I fancy. (tries to take the letter)
Charity Commissioner: (Holding the letter back) 
No, we can leave that part out — further on it's plain enough.

Korobkin: But allow me -- I can read!

Charity Commissioner: Why, no can I — further on, I tell you, it's quite easy so make out.

Postmaster: No, read it all! It was all read before.

All: Give it up, Arzachi Philippovitch; give the letter up! (To Korobkin) You read it!

Charity Commissioner: Certainly (hands the letter over). There, if you please.... (Covers the passage with his finger). That's where you begin. (All crowd round.)

Postmaster: Read it, read it through; what nonsense! Read it all!

Korobkin: (reading) "The Charity Commissioner, Levchenka, is a regular pig in a skull-cap."

Charity Commissioner: (To the rest) That's supposed to be witty! Pig in a skull-cap! Who ever heard a pig in a skull-cap?

Korobkin: (continues) "The School Director ram of onions — "

Luke: (to the rest) Good God! And an onion has never crossed my lips!

Judge: (aside) Thank goodness, there's nothing, at any rate, about me!

Korobkin: (reading) "The Judge — "

Judge: (aside) No for it!... (Aloud) I think this letter is tedious. what the devil's the good of reading all that rubbish?

Luke: No!

Postmaster: No, go on with it!

Charity Commissioner: No, read it through!

Korobkin: (resumes) "The Judge, Lyapkin-Tyapkin, is in the utmost degree maddened...." (Stops) That must be a French word!

Judge: But the devil knows what's the meaning of it. It's bad enough if it's only swindler, but it may be a good deal worse.
Korobkin: (goes on) "But, after all, the people are unthinking and unreflective. Foremost, my dear Tryapitakhin, I myself should like to follow your example and take up literature. It's--bore, my friend, to live as I do--one certainly wants food for the mind; one must, I see, have some elevated pursuit." (He goes to the village of Obolenskovo, Samoilov Governor.)

One of the Ladies: That an unexpected rebuff!

Governor: He has as good as put my throat in a crumpled, crumpled--regularly crumpled. I can see nothing--only pigs' snouts instead of faces, nothing else... Catch him, catch him! (gesticulates wildly.)

Postmaster: How so, we catch him? Why, as if on purpose, I told the agent to give him his very best trolley--and the devil persuaded me to give him an order for horses in advance.

Korobkin's wife: Well, here's a pretty mess! The like of it has never happened!

Judge: Beside, sir, confound it! He has borrowed three hundred roubles of me!

Charity Commissioner: And three hundred of me too?

Postmaster: (growls) Ah! and three hundred from me as well!

Bobotkinski: Yes, and Bobotkinski and I, sir, gave him sixty-five, sir, in bank-notes.

Judge: (with a gesture of perplexity) How was it, gentlemen, that we came to make such a distance?

Governor: ( bastis himself on the shoulders) How come? There's not such another old blockhead as I am! I must to in my dotage, idiot of a button-head that I am. Thirty years have I been in the service; not a tradesman or contractor could about so progress after rogues have I over-reached, sharpers and rogues! I have hooked, that were ready to rob the whole universe! Three Governors-general I've duped! ... Poo! what are Governors-general? (With a contemptuous wave of the hand) They're not worth talking about! ....

Anna: But this can't be so, Antosha; he's engaged to Natasha! ....

Governor: (Angrily) Engaged! Bosh!

A fig for your 'engaged!' Confound your 'engaged!' (In desperation) Look at me, look--all the world, all Christendom, all of you can see how the Governor's failed! Ah! Bother that I am! (Shakes his fists at himself.) Ah, you fat-nose! Taking an idiot, a rag, for a man of rank! And now he's rattling along the road with his bells, and telling
the whole world the story! Not only do you get
made a laughing-stock of, but some quill-driver,
some paper-stainer will go and put you in a play!
It's maddening! He'll spare neither your rank
nor your station, and all will grin and ogle their
hands.... Who are you laughing at? Laugh at
yourselfs! ... Ah! you...... (Stage on the
ground furiously) I would do for all the peak
of snobs & guff! the quill-splitters! damned
liberals! devil's breed! I would engineer you all,
I'd grind you to powder! You'd be a dish for the
fool friend, and the devil's oap your resting-place!
(Shakes his fist and grinds his heel on the ground.
Then, after a short silence): I can't collect
myself yet. It's true, that if God would punish a
man, he first drives him mad. To be sure, what
was there like a revisor in that ork-brained
trifler? Nothing at all! Not the resemblance
of half a little finger -- and all of them about at
once: the Revisor, the Revisor! Who was it, then,
who first gave out he was the Revisor? Answer
me!

During the violent outburst of the Governor and
the consternation of the assembled subordinates, the loud
voice of a gendarme suddenly announces:

"The Inspector General sent by Imperial command has
arrived and requests your attendance at once. He awaits
you in the inn."

The whole group shift their positions and remain
as if petrified -- the final scene without words.

In his "Author's Confession", Gogol gives us
his own estimate of the character of Khlestyakov and the
meaning of his "Revisor":

I saw that my former works were laughed at
for nothing, uselessly, without knowing why. If
it is necessary to laugh, then let us laugh at
that which really deserves to be laughed at by
everyone. In my "Revisor" I decided to gather up in
one place and denide all that is bad in Russia,
all evils which are being perpetrated in those
places where utmost rectitude is required from
men.

But the initial performances of the great comedy
The Revizor was played, but I am distressed and perplexed by it. The main actor had not the faintest idea of Khlestyakov's personality. He gave us a farcical constipation borrowed from the Paris boulevards, a hucksterly liar who has appeared on our stage in the same costume for the last two centuries. Khlestyakov is not an intentional impostor, or a liar by profession. He forgets that he is telling falsehoods and almost believes what he is saying. His spirit rises as he finds he is successful, he becomes expansive, poetical, inspired.

As a matter of fact, Khlestyakov is one of a set of indistinguishable young people who sometimes behave well and talk sensibly. It is only in exceptional circumstances that their mean and petty natures are revealed. In a word, Khlestyakov is a combination of many Russian types. We all are, or have been, Khlestyakovs, only we do not care to admit it. We prefer to laugh at the failing of other people, the smart officer, the man of State. Even the literary sinners have all played their part.

The last scene was a hopeless failure, the curtain hung for an awful minute and the play did not seem properly ended. The final scene will never be successful unless it is rendered simply as a tableau vivant. There are many different ways how to end speechless amazement. The alarm of the different characters varies with their degree of guilt and the elasticity of their conscience.

Discouraged by the bad performances and the general lack of understanding of his work, Gogol despondently adds:

But I have no strength to fuss and wrangle. I am tired out in body and mind. I swear no one knows or can believe the suffering I have undergone. I am sick of my play and long to hurry off God knows where. Only a stagger voyage and a change of scene can cure me. For God's sake come and see me soon.
CHAPTER IV

OSTROVSKY

In Ostrovsky the Russian theatre and drama found their most prolific interpreter of life. Other Russian writers excelled him in various forms of expression - in poetry, belles lettres, short stories. But Ostrovsky was the dramatist par excellence. Except for some essays on the need of a National Theatre, his creative work was centered in the drama.

Alexander Nikolaievitch Ostrovsky was born in 1823, five years after Turgenev and five years before Tolstoy. But unlike them, Ostrovsky came of humble origin. His father was in the civil service and in no position to give his son the education and training which station and wealth gave to the two contemporaries of the future dramatist. Still, Ostrovsky père managed to send the lad to the university. But he remained there only two years, being expelled from the institution following a quarrel with a professor over some differences in views.

His parents' poverty compelled the youth to follow the vocation of his father. He entered the civil service as an under clerk in the department then called the Commercial Tribunal. Here young Ostrovsky had exceptional opportunities of coming in contact with and studying the material which he later portrayed so brilliantly in all his plays - the rich merchant class. When still a boy he began to show a deep interest in the theatre and the drama, reading voraciously whatever he
could find on these subjects in original or translation. From the time he was first taken to see a play, Ostrovsky spent every kopek at his disposal for the theatre.

Though not a profound thinker, Ostrovsky was gifted with extraordinary dramatic perception and a fund of human sympathy. It is these qualities which make his characters so alive and vivid, so full of colour. His first plays, "Pictures of Family Happiness" and "We will Settle it Ourselves", written in 1847 and 1848, aroused great interest. They appeared in several publications, but were not permitted on the stage. In fact, the Moscow merchant class, the banner bearer of orthodoxy and reaction, complained to Tsar Nicholas I, who had Ostrovsky dismissed from his post. Perhaps that was most fortunate for the Russian drama, because it gave the author the necessary leisure to devote himself exclusively to the work he loved passionately - the writing of plays so truly expressive of the life, habits and thoughts of the class he knew best - the Russian middle class.

Even the titles of some of Ostrovsky's plays are most typically Russian, embodying the proverbs and old sayings of the people. Thus his plays "We still Settle it Ourselves", "Do Not Sit in Other People's Sledges", "Poverty is No Vice", are so very Russian that they are difficult of being adequately rendered into other languages. Out of this milieu Ostrovsky created sixty-five plays which dominated the Russian stage for fifty years, and many of which remain popular to this day.
Besides this extraordinary achievement, Ostrovsky translated in collaboration with others, a number of foreign works.

But Alexander Ostrovsky was not content with merely writing plays: he was also instrumental in creating new conceptions of dramatic interpretation. It was due to his influence that the Little Theatre of Moscow attained such perfection. And it was because of his untiring efforts that a National Theatre was established in Russia where the Russian classics were presented in masterly manner. It is therefore that Alexander Mikhailovitch Ostrovsky has rightfully earned the title of father of the Russian drama and the theatre.

"Don't Sit in Other People's Sledges", published in 1883, deals with a subject common enough in the Russia of Ostrovsky's time. A nobleman makes love to a tradesman's daughter in the hope of coming into her father's money. He induces the girl to elope with him, but when he realises that there is no money forthcoming, he ill-treats and in the end abandons her. Ostrovsky succeeded in giving moving dramatic quality to the theme and in making his characters convincing, unmasking the ruthlessness of the "cultured" nobility in their dealing with the lives and destinies of the people. He is particularly masterful in portraying the poignant tragedy of the girl who is victimized by her unscrupulous seducer and maltreated by her harsh, unforgiving father. The drama is most gripping in its effect and in its forceful exposure of social ills.
This play was followed a year later by one of the richest comedies Ostrovsky has created, "Poverty No Vice", an irresistible satire of the well-to-do class and its efforts to cloak its viciousness with superficial western manners.

Tortsov, aJacob merchant, a vulgarian and bully at home, plays the part of a cultured gentleman in public by lavish display and wild orgies in fashionable resorts. His boon companion is a fellow merchant who has undertaken to initiate his friend in the latest styles and customs of good society. That does not prevent Tortsov from slave driving his wife and tyrannising his daughter. He determines to marry her off to his companion; he is the master of the house who must be obeyed. Mother and daughter are driven to desperation. At the psychological moment, Lubin Tortsov, the long missing brother of the rich merchant, returns. He has lost his fortune and spent years in wandering throughout the length and breadth of Russia as poet and bard. He returns penniless and in rags, yet full of human understanding and kindness. He sees at a glance the empty culture of his brother and the wretched state of his sister-in-law and niece. Nor does he fail to note the evil influence exerted upon his brother by the boon companion. In the latter he finds a dissipated, depraved and utterly worthless man who could only bring disaster to his young niece and fleece her father of his fortune. He exposes the impostor and prevails upon the better nature of his brother to permit the girl to marry Nitya, whom she loves, and to rid himself of his mentor and his alleged "culture".
Besides his numerous comedies and satires, treating subjects of comparatively local interest, Ostrovsky has produced dramas of universal appeal and of far-reaching social significance in their critical analysis of the effect of conditions on human thought and action. Among such are "The Thunderstorm" and "Enough Stupidity in Every Time an", of the Moscow Art Theatre Series.

"The Thunderstorm" is laid in a community on the Volga. Its social pillars, Dikoy, a rich merchant, and Nke Kabanova, the widow of a wealthy tradesman, pose as pious Christians and humanitarian. In reality they are domineering, despotic and cruel persons, who use their wealth and position to make the lives of those depending upon them miserable. In fact, Dikoy loves to make people miserable. He confesses as much to his bosom friend, Nke. Kabanova. Whenever his neighbours come to collect the money he owes them, Dikoy deliberately picks a quarrel:

"For you've only to hint at money to me, and I feel hot all over, and that's all about it. You may be sure at such times I'd swear at anyone for nothing. I'll tell you the sort of troubles that happen to me. I had fasted in Lent, and was all ready for Communion, and then the Evil One thrusts a wretched peasant under my nose. He had come for money, for wood he had supplied us. And for my sins, he must me as show himself at a time like this. I fell into a fit of course; I pitched into him, pitched into him finely, I did, all but thrashed him. There you have my temper. Afterwards I asked his pardon, bowed down to his feet; before everyone, I did."

Nke. Kabanova is more consistent in her violent nature. For all her piety (one never misses church on the numerous religious days of the Russian calendar) she is a
shrew who eternally nags and mistreats her servants and is feared even by her son and his wife Katerina. In the name of love and devotion to her son she has broken his will and poisoned his mind against his wife. Katerina loves her husband and is devoted to him, but she resents his weakness and his cringing timidity before his mother. But his attempts to be strong are of no avail -- the mother is the stronger and she has paralyzed his power of resistance.

Katerina is dreamy and poetic -- the atmosphere of her own home had been free and inspiring. But here in the prison created by the harshness and antagonism of her mother-in-law, Katerina grows morose and nervous. She dreads every sound, fears every shadow. Her condition is aggravated by her mortal horror of thunder, which is not unusual with high-strung and depressed people. Katerina's only relief and joy is in her friendship with Boris, the young nephew of Dikoy.

The two young people had met in a very innocent way on their walks in the park. The meeting may never have had serious results had it not been for the indifference of her husband, the cruelty of her mother-in-law, and the heart hunger of Katerina for companionship. But these factors and the circumstances created by the temporary absence of Katerina's husband break her determination to remain faithful to her husband. She falls in love with Boris and gives herself to him. Boris also loves Katerina, but he is dependent upon his despotist uncle who has decided that Boris must leave the estate. On
learning this Katerina pleads with Boris to permit her to accompany him. But presently, realizing the impossibility of her request, she implores him:

Go, and God be with you! Don’t grieve over me. At first your heart will be heavy, perhaps, poor boy, but then you will begin to forget.

Boris: Why talk about me! I am free at least; how about you? That of your husband’s mother?

Katerina: She tortures me, she looks me up. She tells everyone, even my husband: “Don’t trust her, she is sly and deceitful.” They all follow me about all day long, and laugh at me to my face. At every word they reproach me with you.

Boris: And your husband?

Katerina: One minute he’s kind, one minute he’s angry, but he’s drinking all the while. He is loathsome to me, loathsome; his kindness is worse than blows.

Boris: You are wretched, Katerina?

Katerina: So wretched that it were better to die.

Boris: Who could have dreamed that we should have to suffer such anguish for our love. I’d better have run away then.

Katerina: It was an evil day for me when I saw you. Joy I have known little of, but of sorrow, of sorrow, how much! And how much still is before me? But why think of what is to be? I am seeing you now, that much they cannot take away from me; and I care for nothing more. All I wanted was to see you. Now my heart is much easier, as though a load had been taken off me.

Boris struggles hard against the necessity of leaving Katerina, but it has to be. She is loath to let him go, but in the end she tells him:

As you travel along the highroads, do not pass by one beggar, give to everyone, and bid them pray for my sinful soul.

Left alone Katerina reflects on her deeds:

there are I going now? Home? No, home or the grave -- it is the same .... A little grave under a tree .... how sweet .... The sunshine warms it, the rain falls on it.... in
the spring the grass grew on it ..... The birds will fly in the trees and sing, and bring up
their little ones, and flowers will bloom, golden,
red, and blue..... How still! How sweet! How
my heart is as it were lighter! But of late I
don't want to think.... Life is not good..... and
people are hateful to me, and the house is hateful,
and the walls are hateful.

While Katerina is in the garden, the gathering
clouds break into a terrific thunderstorm, asking the
girl's agony more poignant, her fear more
saddening. Suddenly conscious of the approaching steps of her
tormentor, her mother in law, she rushes to the river
and drowns herself.

At first glance it might seem that this play
deals with a simple love theme of no social significance.
Yet in reality this tragedy depicted the general conditions
existing in Russia in the last part of the XIX century,
(the drama was written in 1869) portraying them with a
most powerful pen. It is therefore that Dobrolubov, the
most penetrating critic of the period, wrote about this
masterpiece of Ostrovsky:

The need for justice, for respect of
personal rights -- that is the cry in the
"Thunderstorm". Can we deny the wide appli-
cation of this need in Russia? Can we fail
to recognize that such dramatic background
corresponds with the true conditions of
Russian society? Take history, think of our
lives, look about you, everywhere you will find
justification for our words. History up to the
most recent times has not fostered among us the
development of respect for equity, has created no
solid guarantee for personal rights and has left
a free field for arbitrary tyranny and espionage.

It is sad to reflect how accurately these words
of Dobrolubov still apply to the Russia of today, as to
the rest of the world. Ostrovsky's "Thunderstorm",

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written sixty-six years ago, still voices its justified protest against the tyrannical spirit of human relationships, voices it with the universal touch that stamps the quality of the true genius.

"Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man" embraces a still wider field of psychologic perception, on the background of a sympathetic yet ruthless exposure of social corruption and superficiality, of human folly and insincerity.

Yegor Glumov, a social climber, is determined to make a career by exploiting the vanities and foibles of the rich circle that patronises him. His mother, a simpleton very fond of her good-looking and clever son, is his accomplice.

Glumov's uncle, the rich Kamaev, also has another nephew to whom he expects to bequeath his fortune. Yegor manages to rouse the ire of Kamaev against that nephew by having the rich old man discover the charlatan tricks of him by the heir prospective. Glumov comes in favor instead, and thus the first important step in his career has been accomplished.

Old Kamaev spends his time in looking up apartments for rent or sale. Not that he needs any, but meeting various people affords him the opportunity of lecturing them on his beloved object of obedience to elders and to play the role of wise counsellor and good man. Glumov
knows how to take advantage of the situation to advance himself. He plays up to the Immense old Mamaev, addresses his wisdom, offers himself as willing object of his wise counsel, with the result that Mamaev is completely charmed with the respectful and obedient young man, so different from the arrogant youth of the new generation. He is invited to Mamaev's house and introduced to the latter's young wife, whom he immediately begins to pay court to, pretending shyness and respectful adoration. Mamaev welcomes the opportunity. "She will flirt with you," he advises his nephew, "but that will keep her out of worse mischief." He suggests to Yegor to keep his wife out of harm's way by pretending passionate love for her. "Thus it will be kept in the family."

Gradually Glumov, young and handsome, gets into the best circles. The influential person of the town, Krutitskiy, poses as a man of dignity and learning, but, unable to compose his own speeches, he is anxious to make use of the intelligent and eloquent Glumov to attain a reputation as an after-dinner orator. Krutitskiy repays Yegor's discretion by introducing him into the home of the Trutchina, a superstitious rich widow, she is prevailed upon to look favorably upon Yegor as an applicant for the hand of her niece Mashenka. By bribing the favorite fortune teller of the Trutchina, Glumov succeeds in having the old fake describe the future husband of the girl — by the cards — just as Yegor looks, — the last stroke that convinces everybody that Glumov is the fate-intended bridegroom.

But at the eleventh hour retribution overtakes...
Glumov and ruins all his well-laid plans. Love-clock 'sae.

Krasnova has learned of the impending engagement of Glumov to E. Shunko. She opens to upravil his for his faithlessness and discovers his diary, to which Yegor was in the habit of confiding his secret thoughts and relieving himself by exposing the follies and weaknesses of the important townspeople at whose houses he is a visitor. This diary proves his undoing. Glumov is unmasked at the very moment of his triumph; at the gathering where his engagement to the rich Mashanka is to be formally announced. But he refuses to accept defeat without a final word to the assembled "honest men" his accusers:

Glumov: (to Krutitsky) And did you, Your Excellency, surprise that I was not an honest man? Perhaps you, in your sagacity, became convinced of my dishonesty when I undertook to polish up your treatise? For what educated man would undertake such work? Or did you become aware of my dishonesty when alone with you in your study? I went into raptures about the wildest of your expressions, and abused myself like a sorf! No, you could have liked to kiss me then. But for this hapless diary, you would still be thinking me an honest man, and would have continued to do so for a long time to come.

Krutitsky: Of course, but.....

Glumov: (to mashov: You, uncle, also found out by yourself, didn't you. 'Is it at the time that you taught me to flirt? Krutitsky? Or was it at the time that you instructed me to flirt with your wife, in order to distract her attention from her other admirers, when I played the innocent, pretended not to know how, to be ashamed of doing it? You saw that I was pretending, but you were glad that I permitted you to teach me science. I have far more sense than you and you know it, but when I pretended to be a fool and asked you for advice, you were overjoyed and were ready to vow that I was the most honest of men.

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Glumov: You need me, ladies and Gentelmen. You can not get along without a man like me. If it is not I, it will be someone else. You will find a man worse than myself, and you will say: "He is worse than Glumov, still he is a fine fellow". (To Krutitsky) You, Your Excellency, are known to be a very amiable
Gentlemen!... society, but wise alone in your study a young man stands before you at attention, humbly says "yes" to everything you say, and adds "Your Excellency" to every other word he says, you are in a transport of delight. You still refuse help to a really honest man, but for that young man you will do anything in your power.

Glumov: You noticed nothing. It is my diary that has set you against me. How it came to be in your hands I don't know. There is enough stupidity in every wise man. But I wish you to know, ladies and gentlemen, that ever since I entered your role I was honest only when I was writing this diary. No young man could have acted otherwise. You stirred up all the bitterness in my soul. What did you find in it that everyone of you have not known before? You say exactly the same things as each other, only not so free to say. If I had read to each of you separately what I wrote about the others, you would have applauded more. If there is anyone who should feel insulted, if there is anyone here who has reason to complain, namely, famine, it is I. I do not know who, but one of you honest people stole my diary. You robbed me of everything, money, reputation. You are sending me away as you think that this is the end. No, this is not the end. No, ladies and gentlemen, you shall pay dearly for this. Good-by.

Krutitsky: Whatever else we might say about him, he has brains. We should punish him, but after a while, I think, we should take his book into our graces.

The company of "honest men" feel that Krutitsky's imagination has expressed their secret feelings; they cannot do without the Glumovs, they need them. They accept Krutitsky's suggestion, unanimously.

Ostrovsky began his dramatic career limited by the knowledge of only the merchant class and with rather conservative political ideas. But he diligently extended his studies into the idiosyncrasies of Russian character, in every system of life, portraying them in his comedies with growing psychology and conviction and increased understanding of both human and social values. Politically he was soon caught in the waves of the conspiratorial...
movement which was then spreading throughout Russia. Ostrovsky presently became interested in the cause of the serfs, applying his realistic art to picture the humiliating and brutalizing conditions of bondage and ostertating with biting irony and humour the cruelty and self-conceited stupidity of the peasant-owing masters.

Undoubtedly the plays of Alexander Ostrovsky, particularly those dealing with the fate of the class whose very lives were dependent on the whims and caprices of their all-powerful and absolute masters, helped to create a sympathetic attitude toward the serfs and a better understanding of the evil and injustice of that institution.
CHAPTEIf V

PiSEmBsky and UTIlIs

The influence of Ostrovsky is clearly felt in the works of most of his contemporaries, though none of them were as gifted and prolific as the great master of comedy. This holds true particularly of A. Plesemsky, A. Potyekhin and Sukhovo-Kobylin. Plesesmy's powerful realistic drama of peasant life, "A Bitter Fate", may be considered the prototype of Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness". While Potyekhin, depicting the humiliating condition of the Russian woman of his time, the object slave in her father's and husband's home, called attention in his work "A Slice Cut-Off" to the themes treated years later by Ibsen and other European dramatists. On the other hand the trilogy by Sukhovo-Kobylin, "The Marriages of Kretchinsky", "The Affair", and "The Death of Farekin", contains three satires of exceptional quality, exposing the corruption of the Russian bureaucracy so effectively that even the well-disposed critics resented the public scandal created by those plays.

A Plesemsky was born in 1840, the son of poor gentryfolk, in the province of Kostroma. Beginning his literary career at the age of 27, he became one of the most famous novelists of the period. Later he devoted his dramatic talents to depicting the appalling conditions of peasant life. His greatest tragedy, "A Bitter Fate", compares favorably --- in point of knowledge of peasant life and psychology --- with the
best Russian plays. The plot concerns the love of a nobleman for the wife of one of his serfs.

Yakovlev, a peasant grown rich, presently learns that his wife Liezveita has fallen in love with the master. The latter is sincerely attached to her, wants her to live with him, and insists upon getting the child born of their union. But Yakovlev, though but a bonâ fier, is masterful, with his own conception of pride and dignity. He refuses to give up his wife, but the village authorities decide to deliver the child to its father, the nobleman. Beside himself with rage and resentment, Yakovlev kills the child.

"A Bitter Fate" reveals the accumulated hatred of the peasantry for their masters and their instinctive consciousness of the wrongs endured by them. It is one of the most intensely dramatic plays of Russia, of great realistic power.

A. A. Potyakin, preeminently the novelist, was also the author of a number of comedies, of which "A Slice Cut-Off" is the most representative of his art. The play appeared shortly after the abolition of serfdom, while the former owners still fought desperately against the dores which deprived them of their human chattel.

Khmelev, a large land owner, a tyrant to his serfs as well as to his family, bitterly resents the new regime and the liberal spirit that has infected his children and the peasants. He looks upon bribery as the invincible method of settling all difficulties and he...
decides to "persuade" the public guardian, Peter Dankin, chosen to look after the interests of the emancipated peasants. Dankin is in love with Natasha, Khosuparov's daughter, and her father hopes to corrupt the young official through his affections. But when he finds that Dankin cannot be bribed, he refuses him his daughter's hand and drives him off the estate.

Nikolai, Khosuparov's son, tired of his father's tyranny, goes out into the world to find his freedom. He becomes the "Slice Cut-Off", disowned, rather than to submit to the despotism at home. But Natasha must remain, for she --- a woman --- has no legal or human rights and is entirely subject to her father's authority. In view of the fact that the question of woman's rights had never been treated on the stage before Petyekhin, "A Slice Cut-Off" brought a new note in the Russian theatre, and placed its author in the first ranks of the dramatic as well as liberal circles.

In "The Marriage of Kretchinsky", by Sukhov-Kobylin, the plot deals with the victimization of the wealthy peasant Ukhomakin by his scheming sister-in-law, Teretleva, and the conniving maid Kretchinsky, who seeks to marry Lydotohka, the peasant's daughter, for her dowry.

Mrs. Teretleva, ambitious to get into Moscow society, prevails upon her brother-in-law to move to that alluring city, where a matrimonial match befitting the wealth of Lydotohka is sure to be arranged. The suer
for the girl's hand, the dashing officer Kretichinsky, is not long in appearing. He is a drunkard, a gambler and profligate, who sees in Lydotchka his only chance of rehabilitating his vanishing fortune and social position. By generous flattery he wins the love of the naive and impressionable girl and the blind admiration of her aunt. He also succeeds in overcoming the natural suspicion of the peasant father toward the idle aristocracy. Kretichinsky's plans are about to materialize, the girl is promised him and the wedding date set, when the roué's good luck turns. Made incautious by the desperate necessity of paying gambling debts, Kretichinsky coaxes Lydotchka into giving him a valuable solitaire in return for an imitation ring. He pawns the diamond and is discovered. To save her father from the scandal and her fiancé from arrest, Lydotchka assumes all the responsibility. The wedding party is broken up, and Kretichinsky loses his game.

But the story does not end there. It is continued in the second play of the trilogy, called "The Affair". The situation is seized upon by some officials who see in it a chance of fleecing the old peasant. They bring Ukhomskin back to Moscow, make a cause célèbre out of the case, drag the matter from court to court with constantly growing demands upon the peasant to "settle the affair". After several years of this procedure, Ukhomskin finally refuses to be fleeced any longer, but the officials hint at alleged illicit relations between Lydotchka and Kretichinsky, even suggesting an
illegitimate child, and the distracted father is compelled to sacrifice his last possessions. Impoverished and heart-broken the old man dies, while Lydotchka, robbed of her youth and fair name, disillusioned and miserable, goes into retirement.

In "The Death of Tarelkin", the last of the trilogy, official corruption and vices continue, but the role of Tarelkin changes. Crouching flunky and servile tool in the evil practices of his superiors all through the first and second part, Tarelkin now rebels against his masters. He has managed to save his share of the loot drained from Ukhomskin. But it is no easy matter to shake off the bureaucratic leeches, and Tarelkin determines to get even with them by announcing his own death by means of a stuffed effigy left in his room. He succeeds in duping his rascally superiors, and they give him an elaborate funeral, then rummage his belongings for the incriminating documents in his possession. Also, they can discover nothing.

Meanwhile Tarelkin, having assumed a new name, glories in his successful ruse. But he had failed to consider the consequences of his illegal action, and these now come in quick succession. The mother of six children claims Tarelkin as her lawful husband and father of her progeny, and there appear insistent creditors of the man whose name Tarelkin assumed. Finally his former superiors discover that he is not dead. They force him to return to his position and torture him until he gives up the documents, after which Tarelkin again becomes their slave.
obedient to their bidding. Thievery and robbery of innocent victims goes merrily on in Russia.

The trilogy created such a furore and was so viciously attacked that Sukhozho-Kobylin decided to write no more plays. Instead he published a withering arraignment of his critics, brilliantly exposing their ignorance of the meaning and purpose of dramatic art.

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CHAPTER VI

Turgenev

Unlike Ostrovsky, Turgenev’s most adequate medium of expression was preeminently the novel, in which he reached supreme artistic heights. His plays do not mirror the intense social struggles of his time, so powerfully portrayed in his novels. They treat of simple themes, the lighter side of life, with its tragicomic situations. He was master of language, attaining greatest effect by utmost economy and terseness. There is no superfluous word or gesture in his novels and short stories, and this gift also served him to good purpose in his dramas. He stands foremost in Russia as the creator of one-act plays, which are rare models of concentration.

Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenev was born on the 28th of October, 1818. His parents were wealthy landed proprietors owning many serfs — "souls". Turgenev’s early life was spent close to the class he later so understandingly and sympathetically portrayed in his literary works — the peasantry. After graduating from the St. Petersburg University Turgenev, then barely twenty, visited Germany to complete his education. On his return to Russia he settled on his estate, frequently travelling through the country-side, studying its natural beauties and the life and habits of her people.
He devoted special attention to the peasantry whom he learned to know and to love as few other Russian writers. His literary appearance Turgenev first made in 1847, with a series of sketches from the rich experience and knowledge he had gained through his journeys. They were published in 1851 in collected form under the title, "The Diary of a Sportsman". His truthful and objective portrayal of serfdom in its disintegrating effect upon owners and serfs alike struck deeply into the public conscience of Russia and undoubtedly hastened the day when the monster was finally slain, and serfdom was no more.

But Turgenev was by no means a reformer in the usually accepted term. Indeed, he repudiated the injection of any definite purpose in creative art.

All these discussions about "tendency" and "unconsciousness" in art are nothing but a debased coin of rhetoric (he wrote). Those only who cannot do better will submit to a preconceived program, because a truly talented writer is the condensed expression of life itself, and he cannot write either a panegyric or a pamphlet; either would be too mean for him.

It was precisely because Turgenev, as artist, was himself "the condensed expression of life", that his works, supreme literary gems, exerted such a powerful influence on the social life of his country.

"The Diary of a Sportsman" aroused bitter antagonism to Turgenev in official circles. They saw in the author a dangerous element in the intellectual life of Russia. But it was not until 1864 that they were able to vent their wrath upon the great writer. It was Turgenev's tribute to Gogol, when the latter died, which furnished the reactionary regime the pretext
to silence the man who, as artist and poet, ranked highest after Gogol. Turgenev was arrested and came near being sent to Siberia. But he escaped with a month’s imprisonment and banishment to his estate. In impaired health and deeply saddened over the conditions of his country, he later left Russia for Europe. He frequently paid short visits to his native land, but most of his life was spent in Germany and France, chiefly in the latter.

While in Paris Turgenev met the Viardot family, Monsieur Viardot being a well-known literary critic and translator, and Mme Viardot a celebrated singer and musician. Both became his devoted friends, but unfortunately for the poet he fell deeply in love with Mme. Viardot, though the lady may never have even suspected his attachment. At any rate it remained unrequited, a circumstance which added much to the sadness and loneliness of Turgenev. Generously the great Russian devote himself with all the tenderness of his rich nature to the children of his friends, two young girls, whose education he supervised together with the parents. He took an intense interest in Mme. Viardot’s artistic career, being elated over each success of the singer ever more perhaps than she herself. Theirs was a beautiful friendship, which lasted until Turgenev’s death. But he knew the feeling of vain longing for the unattainable, which he portrayed so movingly in his plays.

In later years, almost within the shadow of death from disease (Turgenev suffered for many years from cancer of the spinal cord) he formed a passionate
attachment for the famous actress Savina. She played
in most of his works, her interpretative art reaching its
height in "The Provincial Woman". Turgenev's letters
to Savina are among the most touching outpourings of
the human heart, full of the unspoken pathos of age
clinging to youth and life, yet constantly aware of
the inevitable result.

The works which followed "The Diary of a
Sportsman" -- "Dimitri Hudin", "A Nobleman's Retreat",
"on the Ice", "Virgin Soil", "Smoke", are expressive of
Turgenev's feeling toward the Russian intelligentsia of
his time, the rising generation of rebellion, fully
awakened to the social and political problems yet lacking
the will to action. No more faithful portrait of the
types of his day, drawn with realistic artistry, deep
understanding, and the inevitable sadness of his race, ---
qualities that permeate all of Turgenev's works. In
his penetrating study, the brilliant critic George Brandes
most truly characterizes the great Russian:

There flows a deep and broad stream of
melancholy in Turgenev's mind and therefore also
in his works ... There is so much of Turgenev's
personality expressed in his art, and this
personality is always sadness --- a specific
sadness without a touch of sentimentality.

Turgenev never gives himself up entirely
to his feelings; he improves by restraint;
but no real European writer is so sad as he is.
The great melancholists of the Latin race, such
as Leopardi and Flaubert, have hard, fact outlines
in their style; the German sadness is of satiric
humour, or it is pathetic, or sentimental; but
Turgenev's melancholy is, in its substance, the
melancholy of the Slavonian races, in its weakness
and tragic aspect, it is a descendant in a
straight line from the melancholy of the Slavonian
folk-song ....
When Gogol is melancholy, it is from despair. Dostoevsky expresses the same feeling, it is because his heart bleeds with sympathy for the down-trodden, and especially for great sinners. Tolstoy's melancholy has its foundation in his religious fatalism. Turgenev alone is a philosopher. He loves man, even though he does not think much of him and does not trust him very much.

With the succeeding years Turgenev's sadness increased because of the lack of understanding he found among the very elements he loved most and was eager to express the young intellectual generation of his time. This failure of appreciation on the part of the Russian intelligentsia was the direct reflex of the ignorance and antagonism they met when they gave themselves to the people -- going "V'narod" -- when they left their wealthy homes and forsake social station to devote their knowledge and lives to the Russian peasantry.

In his prose-poem, "The Working Men and the Man with the White Hands", Turgenev depicts with melancholy verity the general attitude of the masses toward the intellectual at the period of that unique historic movement.

THE WORKING MEN AND THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS

A DIALOGUE

Working Man: What do ye want among us? What are ye up to? You ain't one of us, you ain't. Clear out, I advise you!

The Man with the White Hands: I belong to you, dear brothers.
Working man: Here's a girl. The idea! Look ye're at my'ands. Don't ye see how dirty they be? They smell of tar and muck; --- your hands are clean and white, and what do they smell of?

The Man with the White Hands: Smell them!

Working man (smelling the other's hands): What? Blowed if they don't smell of iron!

The Man with the White Hands: You are right, --- of iron. For six long years they bore heavy chains.

Working man: What for?

The Man with the White Hands: Why, because I was interested in your welfare, because I wished to emancipate you, poor ignorant man, because I stood up in revolt against your oppressors. That is why I was put in chains.

Working Man: Locked up? But who told you to get up this yer revolt?

(THREE YEARS AFTER.)

First Working Man: I say, Peter! Don't yer remember as 'twas two year ago one of these yer white-handed swells 'ad a talk with you?"

Second Working Man: I remember ... What about him now?

First Working Man: Don't yer know 's 's got to be 'anged to-day? That's the order.

Second Working Man: 'As he been and revolted again?

First Working Man: Of course he was revolted.

Second Working Man: H'm ... I'll tell you what, Dally. Appy thought 'all the roads as 'angered 'im. They do say it brings rare good luck to a house.
First Working Man: Right you are. We'll have a try, old man.

The young generation hailed as their own the rising star on Russia's literary firmament when they gave them that arrangement of «T.V.», or when they saw their own image mirrored in "Rudin" or in "Virgin Soil". But when Turgenev in his classic "Fathers and Sons" created Bazarov, they regarded the hero of the story as a parody of their holiest aspirations. They felt their revolutionary ideal outraged, they denounced Turgenev as an apostate, and they turned from him. They failed to grasp that far from drawing a caricature in Bazarov, Turgenev had portrayed the rare Russian type he admired most — a man of terse personality and strong will, of indomitable courage and unshakable determination — the supreme iconoclast who had declared war on all false idols and who set out to annihilate them.

"Baskoff" (as I wrote) puts all the other personalities of my novel in the shade. He is honest, straightforward, and a democrat of the purest water, and you find no good qualities in him! The duel with Pavel Petrovitch is only introduced to show the intellectual emptiness of the elegant, noble knighthood; in fact, I even exaggerated and made it ridiculous. My conception of Basaroff is such as to make him appear throughout much superior to Pavel Petrovitch. Nevertheless, when he calls himself nihilist you must read revolutionist. To draw on one side a functionary who takes brillés, and on the other an ideal youth — I leave it to others to make such pictures. My aim was much higher than that. I conclude with one remark: If the reader is not won by Basaroff, notwithstanding his roughness, absence of heart, pitiless, dryness and terrors,
then this fault is with me --- I have missed my aim; but to sweeten him with a syrup, (to use Basaroff's own language), this I did not want to do, although perhaps through that I would have won Russian youth at once to my side.

It is of historic importance in this connection to point out that the term "nihilist", applied for so many years to the Russian revolutionists of various political shades, was first coined by Lurgenov in "Fathers and Sons" and referred to the negation of all existing institutions and accepted standards.

By the test of modern psycho-analysis one would not go far amiss in seeking in the character of Basaroff the subconscious longing of Turgenev for the elements lacking in himself. He was undoubtedly more the dreamer than the man of action, or perhaps sufficient- ly of each to account for the anguish of his constant inner struggle. Too well Turgenev knew the tragedy of this conflict within the human soul, graphically delineated in his introspective lecture on "Hamlet and Don Quixote".

Don Quixote is imbued with devotion towards his ideal, for which he is ready to suffer all possible privations, to sacrifice his life; little itself he values only so far as it can serve for the incarnation of the ideal, for the promotion of truth, of justice on Earth .... He lives for his brothers, for opposing the forces hostile to mankind: the witches, the giants --- that is, the oppressors .... Therefore he is fearless, patient; he is satisfied with the most modest food, the poorest cloth; he has other things to think of. Humble in his heart, he is great and daring in his mind .... And who is Hamlet?

Analysis, first of all, and egotism, and therefore no faith. He lives entirely for himself, he is an egotist; but to believe in one's self --- even an egotist cannot do that; we can believe only in
something which is outside us and above us . . . . 

As he has doubts of everything, Hamlet evidently does not spare himself; his intellect is too developed to remain satisfied with what he finds in himself; he feels his weakness, but each self-consciousness is a force; and from his irony, the opposite of the enthusiasm of Don Quixote . . . . Don Quixote --- a poor man, almost a beggar, without means and relations, old, isolated --- undertakes to redress all the evils and to protect oppressed strangers all over the earth. What does it matter to him that his first attempt at freeing the innocent from his oppressor falls twice as heavy upon the head of the innocent himself? . . . 

What does it matter that, thinking that he has to deal with noxious giants, Don Quixote attacks useless windmills? . . . Nothing of the sort can ever happen with Hamlet; how could he, with his perspective, refined, sceptical mind, ever commit such a mistake? No, he will not fight with windmills, he does not believe in giants . . . . but he would not have attacked them even if they did exist . . . . And yet, although Hamlet is a sceptic, although he dislikes in good, he does not believe in evil. Evil and death are his inveterate enemies. His scepticism is not indifference . . . . But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive power, and how to keep it in bounds, how to tell it where to stop, when that which it must destroy, and that which it must spare, are often inseparably welded together? Here it is that the often unnoticed tragical aspect of human life comes in: for action we require will, and for action we require thought; but thought and will have parted from each other, and separate every day more and more . . . .

"And thus the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Thought and will may indeed "separate every day more and more", but the inner need of unity --- felt by every creative artist --- is always their crucible, and at the same time the source of their strength and inspiration. No doubt Turgenev knew and experienced this: every creative artist must have all the beauty his creative imagination would muster.

Turgenev was at his best in depicting the new, in his time, type of Russian woman --- the
idealistic with unbounded capacity for consecration in love or revolution. Natasha in "Rudin", Lisa in "On the Eve", Helen in "Virgin Soil", represent their author's tender understanding of the radiant figures of the revolutionary struggle in Russia. Realistically artistic and deeply sympathetic is his portrait of Sophie Perovskaya, who died on the gallows in 1881, and whom Turgenev has painted with such reverence and affection in "on the Threshold".

I have already mentioned that Turgenev was no mere reformer and no party man, his sympathies always on the side of the advanced and militant elements of the revolutionary movement. Although living abroad as a voluntary exile, Turgenev was keenly interested in the life of his country. He kept in close touch with its intellectual development and when Alexander Herzen, one of the most brilliant and thoughtful rebels of the period, began the publication of "The Kolokol" (The Bell), a journal laying bare the evils and abuses in Russia, Turgenev became its ardent supporter, just as he always responded generously to the needs of his countrymen compelled to flee Russia of the reactionary regime.

The more surprising is Turgenev's resentful and even antagonistic attitude toward that most stormy petrel Russia has produced, the Anarchist Michael Bakunin. Turgenev's letters to Herzen about Bakunin are permeated with a nervousness and perverseness one would hardly expect in so tender and mellow a character. It has even been suggested that in "Dmitri Rudin" Turgenev ridiculed Bakunin, who was then buried alive in the
Fortress of Peter-and-Paul, in St. Petersburg. I personally can find no resemblance between Bakunin and Turgenev, nor could I discover any reference to the matter in the work of Peter Kropotkin, who knew Turgenev well. But if the charge be true, Turgenev's animosity toward Bakunin could be explained only by the extreme difference of temperament between the two great Russians. Turgenev, super-refined and contemplative artist, was too deeply disturbed by the fiery rebel who comet-like swept from Russia across the continent, the Bazarov of actual revolt.

However deplorable the hostility between these two remarkable Russians, Turgenev stands out as the man of infinite capacity for kindness, as supreme artist and great spirit who has generously enriched art and letters in Russia. His death in 1883 after a tortuous life of disappointment and illness, was mourned by all of Russia and deepest by the very generation which had so cruelly misjudged him. With Russia Western Europe also grieved over the loss of a great creative genius.

Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenev wrote ten dramas, very ably translated by Mr. W.S. Randell, Instructor in Russian at Yale University, and published by Messrs. Heinemann, of London. Out of this collection I have chosen four of the most characteristic plays, which offer an adequate idea of Turgenev's dramatic art.
THE FAMILY CHARGE.

Vassily Semenitch Knovkin, an impoverished nobleman, has been living on charity at the estate of the parents of young Olga Petrowna Kitsekaia. When the curtain rises great preparations are going on for the reception of Olga Petrowna and her husband, who are returning from their honeymoon. The neighbours have been invited, and there's to be a grand dinner for the young couple.

They arrive, and in the course of the feast poor Vassily Semenitch is goaded on to drink, which he is not able to do with much grace. The neighbours, by their cruel pranks and jokes about his dependent position succeed in getting Vassily drunk and then make him tell of his early life on the estate, the humiliating treatment by the master, now dead, and his lack of courage to free himself from his degrading position. Vassily struggles against his tormentors, but finally succumbs to the influence of liquor: He discloses his right to live on the estate because he is the father of Olga Petrowna. General consternation.

In the second scene Vassily is summoned to Olga to explain himself. He at first denies what he said in his drunken state, but she continues to ply him with questions and finally learns the secret he had carried with him for so many years. He had come to the estate as a young man; the master was hard and cruel, especially to Olga's mother, who was delicate...
and refined. Gradually friendship and love developed between the two young people, and Olga was the result. Vassily then meant to leave, but Olga's mother, afraid of her brutal and frequently drunken husband, persuaded him to remain. After she died, it was Olga who kept him on the estate for her protection. During all these years he treasured the secret in his heart, never even by a sign betraying his great love for Olga, his child.

Kusovkin’s story, told in an inebriated condition, is given little credence by the people. But Olga is afraid to have it become definitely established that Kusovkin is her father. It might mean the loss of her husband's love. She therefore decides to send her father away. On some pretext her husband furnishes the money needed to redeem a small estate, which once belonged to Kusovkin, and the latter decides to leave.

The parting between Kusovkin and his daughter is portrayed with deep feeling and beauty, and is one of the most moving scenes of the two-act play.

**THE BACHELOR**

"The Bachelor" is a fair instance of the sympathetic humanity of Turgenev. Mikhail Ivanytch Moskkin is a bachelor, forty-nine years old. With him in the house lives Maria Vasilievna, known as Masha, a simple Russian girl, an orphan nineteen years old.

In the first act Moskkin appears laden with packages for a festive dinner at which the engagement
of Masha to Pyotr, a young clerk who works in the same governmental bureau with Moshkin, is to be announced. Moshkin, a true father to the orphan girl, is as elated over the approaching event as if Masha had been his own child.

Pyotr is of a weak character, undecided and selfish. He does not really love Masha, but he has promised to marry her in compliance with the wishes of Moshkin. After the engagement, however, Pyotr begins to cool towards the project and his bride. His new attitude is influenced by Von Fenk, the councilor, a titled gentleman who observes all the proprieties of good society and looks upon such people as poor Masha and even Moshkin as inferior beings.

Pyotr is flattered by the friendship of such an important personage as the councilor, who convinces him that Masha is plain and not at all suited for a wife of an educated, aspiring young man. Von Fenk gradually means Pyotr away from Moshkin’s house and from Masha.

There begins the struggle of Moshkin to win back Pyotr and to make him keep his promise to Masha. The latter grows sadder and thinner every day; she not only feels her loss, but also the disgrace of being jilted. Kind, devoted Moshkin is driven to greater efforts in the orphan’s behalf. He fairly waylays and blackmails the young chap, but in the end he has to give up in despair.

The last scene is full of pathos. Moshkin, so eager to save Masha, to see her well and cheerful
A month in the Country. Natasha Petrovna Islaev is the wife of a wealthy landowner. She is twenty-nine and has a boy of ten, Kolya. Her girlhood again, suddenly awakens to the realization that he cares for his ward in a more than fatherly sense. "Why not marry her," he wonders, "if she will have me." He proposes to Masha, and she, perhaps more out of gratitude than love, accepts the man whom she has always considered so kind, so thoughtful, so sincerely devoted to her.

"An Amicable Settlement", a one-act comedy, shows the best vein of Turgenev's humor. At the same time it reveals his scepticism of women's logic.

Nikolai Ivanovich Balagalsiev, marshal of the nobility, undertakes to bring about an amicable settlement of the feud between a sister and brother, his neighbours.

The Marshal has invited several impartial friends to help in the division of the property — the cause of the quarrel between the widow Anna Kaurova and her brother Bespandin. The proceedings are screamingly funny. Particularly well drawn is the obstinate and unreasonable Anna who repeatedly agrees to abide by the decision of the Marshal, but at the critical moment refuses.

After a long parley the people present break up into two opposing factions and begin a quarrel with each other, which drives the poor Marshal to despair and to his bed. The feud remains unsettled.
had been far from joyous, and when Islaev offered marriage she accepted, more because of her desire for a home than for love. Now the Islaevs live at their country estate. With them is the friend of the family, Mikhail Alexandrovitch Rakitin; Vera, a foundling adopted by Natasha; a girl of seventeen; their son Kolya and Islaev's mother.

Rakitin loves Natasha, and she is aware of it. She enjoys his attentions, although knowing that she is playing with fire. But she has faith in his sterling friendship for both herself and her husband, and their relations remain platonic.

Into this idyll comes Kolya's new tutor, Alexei Belyayev. He is young, ardent, and active. Vera and the young tutor spend much time together. Innocent of the ways of love, she does not realize that she has caught fire. Soon however her secret, which she did not dare admit to herself even, is discovered by the older, more subtle Natasha.

The reserve Natasha so successfully maintained with Rakitin dissolves like snow at the first touch of spring when Belyayev comes on the scene. Her suspicion of the two young people, who are constantly together, accomplishes the rest. Under pretext of her interest in Vera, Natasha prises into the young girl's soul and finally coaxes her into a confession of her love for Alexei. The same Natasha who a week prior to the arrival of the young man refused the offer of marriage made Vera by a neighbouring landowner, is now ready to marry her off to the ugly, uninteresting man of forty, thus making Vera's life more miserable than her own in a loveless relationship.
Alexei is quite unaware of the machinations of the love-sick lady of the house. So is Natasha's husband. Absorbed in the care of his estate, he has not the faintest idea of the passionate love of his friend Rakitin for his wife, much less is he able to explain the hysterical attacks, the fainting spells, the violent outbreaks of Natasha who had always been so quiet, so poised, apparently so contented.

But with the keen eye of unrequited love Rakitin sees the cause of Natasha's change and the danger which is threatening the household. He decides to leave and also prevail upon Alexei to do the same. Before his departure Rakitin impresses upon his friend Ilasnev the need of giving himself more to his wife rather than to the estate. He calls the husband's attention to her need of love, of distraction, of vital interests in life. Thus shielding Ilasnev from the disclosure of his wife's infatuation for young Belyaev, he and the young man depart, and the impending tragedy is averted.

In this as in his other plays Turgenev incorporated his own emotional experiences, particularly his tragic affection for Yvardot. Uskovin in "The Family Charge", Moskhin in "The Bachelor", Rakitin in "A Month in the Country" - all of them are variations of Turgenev himself in his great capacity for love and devotion to those whose love he could not hope to win. All reflect his own greatness of spirit and deep understanding for the pathos in life.
was under the influence of Western culture, so apparent in his novels as well as in his plays. His comedies lend themselves easily for the English stage, more so than the works of most other Russian dramatists.
CHAPTER VII

TOLSTOY

"The hero of my stories whom I love with all the fervour of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in all his beauty, who is always beautiful to me and always will remain beautiful is the truth."

Tolstoy.

Lev Nikolayevich Tolstoy was the greatest seeker of the truth in modern times. He was the flame that illumined our dark social horizon, bringing to light all the pretence and sham hidden under the tinsel garments of our culture. This flame that burned within Tolstoy's soul was conditioned in the man's nature, now smouldering, now flaring up, and always consuming him with fierce longing for the truth as the key to the meaning and purpose of life.

The conflict created in Tolstoy between his vision of truth and the social forces which so often checked his march towards the realization of his ideal is among the deepest human tragedies of our time. Already in his early youth, in fact even in his boyhood, this conflict began to harass his spirit. When other children gave themselves up to play and frolic, the boy Tolstoy beset by serious thoughts, which often exalted him to the heights and again thrust him into the darkness of self-torture, remorse and the feeling of sin. In "My Youth" Tolstoy gives us a glimpse into this state.
of mind when he was barely sixteen. Even in those tender years he is torn between the ideal of goodness and his ambition for success, for glory and recognition. He is tortured by the consciousness of sin and the need of confessing his inmost thoughts and feelings so that he may not be tempted to sin again.

Today I shall confess, I shall purify myself of all sins, and I shall never commit more.... I shall go to Church every Sunday, and afterwards I shall read the Gospel for an hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill which I will receive every month when I enter the university, I will be sure to give two roubles and a half (one tenth) to the poor, and in such a manner that no one shall know it --- and not to beggars, but I will seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman, whom no one knows about.

I shall have a room to myself, and I shall take care of it myself and I shall keep it wonderfully clean; and I shall leave the man nothing to do for me, for he is just the same as I am.

These resolutions soon give way to dreams of ambition and the yearning of 'graduating with two gold medals'; for then I shall stand the examination for the degree of Master, then Doctor, and I shall become the leading servant in Russia; I may be the most learned man in Europe even ....... I want everybody to know and love me ....... I am sure I will become the greatest and most distinguished man in the world very soon.

But these ambitions and hopes were not without their admixture of disgust at myself, and remorse, but remorse so mingled with hope and bliss that there was nothing sorrowful about it ....... This voice of remorse, and of passionate desire for perfection, was the chief new spiritual sentiment of that epoch of my development ....... That benificent, cheering voice has, since then, so often boldly been raised, in those sad hours when the soul has silently submitted to the weight of life's falsehood and vice, against every untruth, maliciously convicting the past, pointing to the bright spot of the present and making one love it, and promising good and happiness in the future --- the blessed, comforting voice! Wilt thou ever cease to sound?"
That "blessed, comforting voice" never ceased to sound in Tolstoy's life. It grew to be the clarion call of our age. It reached to the four corners of the earth, flaying the tradecraft of life, the usurers in human happiness, and it brought hope and courage to the fettered spirit of man.

Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana, (Government of Tula) on August 28, 1828. His mother died when he was barely two years old; his father seven years later. The nine-year-old child was left to the care of his numerous aunts and tutors who began the process of his education. But his real educators were the servants and the peasants on the estate and even more so nature with all her grandeur and mystery.

At the age of fifteen Tolstoy entered the ancient university at Kazan to take up the study of oriental languages and jurisprudence. With unusual penetration in one so young, he soon detected the artifice of institutional learning. His keen observation while at the university laid the foundation for his subsequent severe criticism of the shallowness of academic training and education. He passed his examination in law with great difficulty. Instead he learned much of the injustice and wrong of law:

"We all know how laws are made; (he wrote), we have all been behind the scenes; we all know that the laws are products of selfishness, deception, partisanship, that true justice does not and can not dwell in them. . . . . . Government is an association of men who do violence to the rest. . . . . . . All governments, the despotic and
liberal alike, have in our time become what
Horsemanship so aptly called a "Jenghis Khan
with telegraphs."—

Tolstoy learned in later years what manner masses of people are made to submit to the evils
of government.

The latter, (he wrote), is a highly artificial organization
created with the help of scientific progress in which all men are bewitched into a circle of violence from which they cannot free themselves. There are four means of influence, links in a long chain. First, the "hypnotization of the people," leading them to the erroneous opinion that the existing order is unchangeable and must be upheld. The second means is bribery employed by the State to a small class in the form of positions and special privileges. The third is intimidation which consists in setting down the present State order --- whether republican or the most grossly despotic --- as something sacred and unchangeable and imposing the most frightful penalties upon every attempt to change it. The fourth means is to separate a certain part of all men whom they have stupefied and bewitched, subjected them to special forms of stupification and bestialization, so that they become will-less tools of every cruelty and brutality that the governments see fit to resolve upon. Intimidation, bribery, hypnosis bring men to enlist as soldiers. The then afford the possibility of plundering men, plundering them in order to bribe officials with the money; hypnotizing them, and thus bringing them into the ranks of the very soldiers on whom the power for all this is based.

This conception of the nature of government
and the function of law gradually developed in Tolstoy
in the course of his spiritual growth, but the foundation for it was laid during his study of law. Needless to say, he never made use of his profession as a jurist. But he profits by his legal knowledge to emancipate himself and others from the superstition of government as an unchangeable and immutable institution.

Barely nineteen years of age Tolstoy
returned to Yasnaya Polyana, planning to begin reforms
on his estate to improve the lot of the peasants.
But his good intentions were wrecked by the inherent suspicion of the peasant toward his master and Tolstoy's own lack of comprehension at that time of the real needs of the peasantry. At that period, in the latter forties, the entire social and agricultural life of Russia was based on serfdom. The peasants yearned for some personal liberty and land. Tolstoy realized the inadequacy of his palliative reforms; he saw that the fault was not with the peasants, but rather with him and his class that lived off the sweat and toil of the people he wanted to help. It was then that Tolstoy advanced the idea that the "rich will do everything for the poor except get off their backs."

After his abortive experience on Yasnaya Polyana Tolstoy left for the Caucasus, attracted to that country by its beauty and wildness, by the primitiveness and fascination of its native life. It was there that he first began systematic literary work. He wrote "Childhood", "Boyhood", and "Youth", stories evincing a fine understanding of the difficult psychology of child life.

Later Tolstoy was induced to enter Fran to participate in the war waged by the Cossacks against some of the semi-savage tribes of the Caucasus. These experiences he subsequently incorporated in his very interesting Caucasian stories. The following Crimean campaign afforded Tolstoy far greater opportunity to learn the real meaning of war and its frightful affect upon army and populace alike. The Sevastopol stories
were conceived amidst the horrors of battle, in the face of death. Their publication established Tolstoy among the greatest writers of Russia, at the same time arousing the social conscience of the country. For in these sketches Tolstoy stripped war of its glamour and romance, depicting it in all its brutal and shameful nakedness. From that period dates Tolstoy's abhorrence of war and his passionate protest against it and all its machinery of militarism and patriotism.

On his return from the front to Totygrad and Moscow, Tolstoy took up the usual life led by men of his class, spending his time in riotous living and indulgence. But while the sensibilities of his comrades were blunted, the "sleaszed voice" in Tolstoy would not be stilled. His search for some purpose and meaning in life, his yearning for what is higher and finer than the existence he was leading, could not be appeased. In his "Confession" Tolstoy speaks very frankly of the life he had led at that period:

I cannot recall those years without horror, disgust, and pain at the heart. I murdered men in war, challenged them to duels in order to kill them; I gambled; battered upon the labour of the peasants; I punished them, fumigated and deceived. Falsedhood, theft, adulteries of all sorts, drunkenness, violence, murder..... There was not a crime that I did not commit, and for this I was praised and was thought then and am considered now by my contemporaries to be a fairly moral man.

When Tolstoy was twenty-eight years of age he fell in love with a young girl, Valeria Arsenyev, fully determined to marry her, but whether their affection was not intense enough to endure, or that Tolstoy found the lady wanting, the friendship was of short duration. The result of this experience was
a series of love-letters, recently published in English. In their light Tolstoy appears more the moral teacher than the lover. They are mainly expressions of his ideas on the relationship between man and woman, the need of frankness and honesty in voicing one's views and feelings, and similar problems which were uppermost in his mind at that time. Under date of November 12th, 1906, Tolstoy writes:

The way of life of a man and woman depends on (1) their inclination, and (2) their means. Let us examine the one and the other, Krupovitsky, [Tolstoy's nickname] is a man morally old, who in youth committed many follies for which he paid with the happiness of the best years of his life, and who now found his aim and vocation --- literature. In his soul he despises society, adores a peaceful family moral life, and there is nothing on earth he so much dreads as a distracted society life, in which all the good, honest, pure thoughts and feelings perish and in which one becomes the slave of social conventions and of creditors.

Lovely Mrs. Dembiñsky (nickname of his bride) has not felt anything of the sort; for her happiness consists in balls, bare shoulders, a carriage, diamonds, acquaintance with chamberlains, lieutenant-generals, etc. And so these two with opposite inclinations have fallen in love with each other. How then should they have so as to live together? In the first place they must make concessions to each other; secondly, the one whose inclination is less moral than the other's must make more concessions. I should be willing to live in the country. I should have three occupations: love for D. and care for her happiness, literature, and managing my estate in the way that I understand it, i.e., doing my duty towards the people entrusted to me...

Subsequently Tolstoy must have realized that such "difference of inclinations" cannot be bridged by mere concessions. Also that his love for the girl was not abiding, because he suddenly broke off the correspondence and went abroad. But the ideas on marriage and the home were later elaborated by him and found expression in his story "Family Happiness".
Tolstoy travelled through Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland, eager to discover, to learn. But he found Western Europe with its alleged culture as hollow as at home. He saw the same injustices, the same evils and wrongs, the same arrogance, merely in a more polished form. "Lucern" was the offspring of Tolstoy’s European experiences. In that work he treats of the cold indifference of the wealthy, and even of those who pride themselves on being artists, toward the poverty and misery of the dechirited. The poor fiddler who pours his soul out in front of a fashionable hotel enthuses his hearers by his art, but few have enough responsiveness to throw the man a coin. Tolstoy’s sensitive soul smart under such callousness. He takes the musician into the fashionable restaurant, much to the chagrin of the other guests and to the evident discomfort of the ragged man himself. A picture painted with all the simplicity and power of Tolstoy’s genius.

Shunning the glare of fashionable society, growing more indifferent to the alleged importance of the intellectual world, Tolstoy becomes interested in new methods of education, which he attempts to adopt to the needs of his own people at home — the peasants and their children. On his return to Yasnaya Polyana, he organised a school which was not only unique in Russia, but was also fundamentally different from anything known abroad.

His love for and understanding of children Tolstoy had evidenced in his early stories of childhood and boyhood. Now, in 1861, he had the opportunity to
practically apply his new conception of education. His school at Yasnaya Polyana was entirely free from discipline of any kind. There were no programs, no designed methods to be imposed upon the child. No text-books filled with predigested theories and views to be forced upon the defenseless victims. On the contrary, to Tolstoy the child itself was the starting point, and the study of the child the best education of the teacher. He thought it self-evident that real education consists in developing the latent qualities of the child, to be accomplished only by the freedom of the child’s expression and the closest bond of friendship, confidence and affection between teacher and pupil.

Most important of all, Tolstoy eliminated not merely the form but the very idea of punishment in his school. He knew the terrible effect of punishment during his own childhood, which left a deep scar on his soul. In his "Recollections" he refers to an incident that remained indelible with him:

I don’t remember for what precisely, but for something undeserved, St. Thomas (his French tutor) first shut me up in a room and then threatened me with the cane. And I felt a terrible feeling of revolt and indignation and disgust not only against St. Thomas, but also at the violence which he wanted to use on me. I did not doubt that it was this incident that caused the horror and disgust at any sort of violence which I have felt all my life long.

With this sense of horror deeply ingrained in his being, Tolstoy made punishment unnecessary by rendering life and work in his school so interesting to the children that they were loath to leave it. They could be prevailed upon to go home only if their adored teacher Lev Nikolayevitch would accompany them.
and tell them those wonderful stories that enriched their minds and awakened their souls.

Tolstoy's educational experiment could not but be a thorn in the Tsar's regime, with the result of violent interruptions. In the absence of Tolstoy gendarmes descended upon Yasnaya Polyana, ransacked every corner of the place, and did not even spare Tolstoy's private papers. Thereupon he notified Alexander II that he kept a loaded revolver ready to shoot down every police-officer who dared invade his house. There were no more searches, and for many years the school continued its wonderful work.

After his marriage, in 1861, to Sophie Behr, a girl sixteen years his junior, Tolstoy took up his permanent abode in Yasnaya Polyana. He devoted himself to his wife, to the care of his school, and the supervision of his estate. During this period he created two of his greatest works: the monumental "War and Peace", followed by the artistically perfect "Anna Karenina". Those were probably the happiest years of Tolstoy's life, years that were still free from the family conflicts that raged so fiercely in his later life. His social and ethical outlook had not yet become entirely clarified at this period. Countess Tolstoy could follow her husband and even be of great literary help to him. She is said to have copied "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" eighteen times --- a titanic work made possible only by love and devotion. Much that took place in Yasnaya Polyana subsequently --- if the fault of the Countess --- may be forgiven her for her service to the world and to letters.
"War and Peace", written between the years 1865 - 1868, is an epic of the Russian people in the various manifestations of life. On the background of world stirring events --- the Napoleonic campaigns, the burning of Moscow, and the great battles --- Tolstoy painted with master hand the life, ambitions, struggles, and death of the most variegated types and personalities; stripped of all pretense and uncovered in all their human nakedness. It is a gigantic panorama of wealth and poverty, of power and subjection, of love, hate, and destruction. Through it all the peasant stands in the foreground: it is he who feeds the people and the armies; he, as common soldier, who wins the battles for which the generals and the marionettes in high office get the glory. A universal canvass of human life is "War and Peace".

"Anna Karenina", created during a time of inner conflict (1873-1876) is, like almost all of Tolstoy's works, autobiographical. Most Russian critics saw in this novel merely a tragedy of the pitfalls of love and matrimonial errors. But the great peer of Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, himself a profound seer of the inner motives controlling and compelling feeling and action, considered "Anna Karenina" one of the most significant of Tolstoy's works. He characterised it as a deep and powerful study of the evils inherent in modern society, of the weaknesses and contradictions conditioned in the very nature of man --- those hidden and mysterious maladies that are beyond the cure of the physician or the retribution of the judge.

At this period Tolstoy was beset by doubts and
questions that imperatively urged solution and yet found none.

"Why all this?" he would ask himself; "is this the real, true life?" Neither in his life nor his literary pursuits could he find consolation or peace. All that he had created before seems meaningless and trivial to him now. He seeks to absorb himself in social reform work in Moscow. But there also he meets only falsehood and shame. And while his friends and the world at large proclaimed Tolstoy, the great literary master and rejoiced in his work and life, he himself was in the depths of mental agony and distress, his existence a burden to him. "My life is empty, meaningless and unbearable," he writes at this time. He is haunted by the thought of suicide as the only relief out of it all. In his "Confession" he says:

Behold at that time, I, a happy man, hid a rope from myself so as not to hang myself on the cross-beam between the cupboards in my room, where every evening I was alone, while undressing, and stopped going out to hunt with a gun so as not to be tempted by that too easy way of ending my life.

He is saved from this temptation, he tells us, by his growing intimacy with the work-people, the peasants. Ever more convinced he becomes that only their life of labor has meaning and usefulness, while his own existence and that of his class is not only unnecessary but positively serves to oppress the masses with heavy burdens, slavery and poverty. What right has he to enjoy comforts and luxuries, beauty and culture when these are obtained only at the expense of the disinherited, of the miserable beings living in the slums of Moscow, of the millions of peasants doomed to ignorance and darkness? He devotes
himself more deeply to the study of the life of the
people, and the more he learnt to understand them, the
greater his love of them, the more compelling the
realisation that he must live as they do.

Beginning with the birds and the lowest
animals, (he writes at this period) all live
to maintain life and to secure it for others: I did not secure it even for myself. I
lived as a parasite, and having put to myself
the question, 'What do I live for?' I got the
reply, 'For no purpose.'

The inner conflict, which with Tolstoy began
in early childhood, kept recurring and growing more severe,
poisoning the entire being of the man, up to the culminating
point of his attempt to decipher the meaning of life by
entirely withdrawing himself from it. After years of
doubt and travail he discovered at last — he believed —
the long-sought solution in the original teachings of
Jesus. Not, of course, in the sense of the Christian
dogma.

"Of a God, external creator, origin of origins
we know nothing," he wrote. The gospel of love, as
given in the Sermon on the Mount, became his liberating
faith.

To this period belong the series of "Dogmatic
Theology", prefaced by "My Confession", "What is my Faith",
What is then to be Done", "The Kingdom of God in Yourself",
and a number of other treatises, full of critical penetra-
tion and fearless thought, stripping official Christianity
of its mysticism and superstitition. At no time did
Tolstoy look upon Christianity as a revelation, but merely
as a sound and simple teaching divested and purified of
the dogmatic and supernatural. He believed that "if
the teaching of Christ, together with the teaching of
the Church that has grown upon it, did not exist at all --
those who now call themselves Christians would have been
nearr the teachings of Christ --- that is, to an intel-
ligent teaching about the good of life --- than they are
now. The moral teachings of the prophets of mankind
would then not have been closed to them.

He further elaborates this conception by saying:

"Humanity moves slowly but unceasingly onward,
towards an ever higher development of consciousness;
but in this ascendent march all men do not move at
an equal pace, and the less sensitive continue to
acheve to the previous understanding and order of
life, and try to uphold it. This they achieve
mainly by means of the religious deception which
consists in the intentional confusion of faith
with superstition, and the substitution of the one
for the other."

The only means to emancipate ourselves from
this deception, Tolstoy says, is to understand
and to remember that the only instrument which man
possesses for the acquisition of knowledge is
reason, and that therefore every teaching which
affirms that which is contrary to reason is a
delusion.

Contrary to the accepted opinion, Tolstoy did
not share the current Christian belief in immortality.
He saw in it an obstacle to true
Christianity. "We can give a deeper meaning to our
life," he tells us, "by making it a service to
mankind, by merging our life into the life of the
universe."

The Church having become the straight-jacket
upon the spirit of Christ, Tolstoy sees in the former
the greatest hindrance to the practice of the teachings
of Jesus in our individual and social life. He
expresses this attitude in most simple and powerful language:

Strange as it may sound, the churches have always been not merely alien but downright hostile to the teachings of Christ, and they must needs be so. The churches are not, as many think, institutions that are based on a Christian origin and have only erred a little from the right way. The churches are arrogance, violence, usurpation, rigidity, death.... The Church yielded to the world, and having yielded, followed it. The world did everything that it chose and left the Church to hobble after as well as it could with its teaching about the meaning of life. The world led its life, contrary to the teachings of Christ in each and every point. And the Church contrived subtleties to demonstrate that in living contrary to Christ's law men were living in harmony with it. And it ended in the world's beginning to lead a life worse than the life of the heathen, and the churches daring not only to justify such a life, but even to assert that this was precisely what corresponded to Christ's teaching.

His revocation of the dogmas and hypocrisy of the Church, Tolstoy gradually extended to the State and its fundamental institution of private property. In these he sees the dominant evils of society, the cause of slavery, poverty, exploitation, the source of violence, individual and collective. Over and again he emphasizes that the lust for wealth and power, nurtured and protected by State and Church, must be destroyed if humanity is ever to be free from its present unnatural and vicious mode of life.

In the first years of his spiritual awakening Tolstoy believed in absolute non-resistance, as the surest social cure. Later he advocated the idea of not resisting evil by evil. Were the world really to follow Tolstoy's admonition to refuse allegiance and
tribute to the State, to withdraw from participation in the destructive business of war, to abstain from dealing with the courts, the effect of such determined passivity might well result in basic changes in our social life, and perhaps lead to the realization of Tolstoy's vision of a society founded upon the union of harmony and order without man-made laws, a society whose members all labour and create, and where none lives at the expense of his fellows.

It seemed for a time that Tolstoy had completely subordinated his art to his new spiritual creed, but the artist in him was too dominant to remain submerged. Even his social and ethical tracts breathe the peculiar beauty of primitive simplicity and artistic directness. He rises again to great literary height in the stories, "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch", "Kreutzer Sonata", and "Resurrection". "Kreutzer Sonata" is certainly a brutally frank psychologic study of the alleged "sanity" of marriage, artistically presented. It depicts fearlessly and powerfully the whole vulgarity and baseness of sexual relationship entered into largely for material considerations.

"Resurrection" is based on a personal episode in Tolstoy's life. Nekhluyov, a type that reappears in various works of Tolstoy, seduces the servant girl Katynsha and sends her to her doom and Siberia. But with Tolstoy the merely individual incident is always thrown upon a large social background, of which it is a logical and inevitable expression and part. It is because of this that
"Resurrection" --- like most of Tolstoy's works --- becomes a passionate indictment against the wrongs and evils inherent in our present-day Society.

The soulless judicial machinery, which grinds the innocent and guilty alike, the barbarity and the cruel viciousness of accepted power and authority -- these are pilloried with ruthless artistry, and spiritual regeneration held up as the only salvation from wrong and crime.

"Resurrection presents a tragic page in Tolstoy's own life. His most brilliant biographer, or Paul Biryuko, gives the key to this work by quoting a conversation Tolstoy had with him while he was preparing the autobiography. Tolstoy said:

Now you are only writing pleasant things about me; that is untrue and incomplete. One must mention the bad things too. In my youth I led a very bad life, and two events of that time are special torment to me even now. And I say this to you as my biographer, and I ask you to put it into my biography. Those events were: a liaison with a peasant woman, before my marriage. The second is a crime I committed against Masha, the parlour-maid who lived at my aunt's house. She was innocent, I seduced her, she was dismissed and was ruined.

The liaison with the peasant woman before his marriage again came to haunt Tolstoy when he was fifty-two, in the person of a young peasant girl on his estate. Mr. Aylmer Maude, the translator of Tolstoy's posthumous work, "The Devil", relates the following story in his preface.

Tolstoy one day approached the young tutor who lived in his house at Yasnaya Polyana, and in great agitation asked him to do him a service. The tutor, seeing Tolstoy so moved, asked what he could possibly do for him. In an unsteady voice, Tolstoy replied: "Save me, I am falling!"
The tutor, in alarm, inquired what was the matter, to which Tolstoy replied: "I am overcome by sexual desire and feel a complete lack of power to restrain myself. I am in danger of yielding to the temptation. Help me!"

"I am a weak man myself," replied the tutor. "How can I help you?"

"You can if only you won't refuse!"

"But what must I do to help you?"

"This! Come with me on my daily walks. We will go out together and talk, and the temptation will not occur to me."

They set out together, and Tolstoy told the tutor how during his daily walks he had encountered Donna, a young woman of twenty-two who had recently been engaged as the servants' cook. This Donna was a tall, healthy, attractive young woman with a fine figure and beautiful complexion, though not otherwise particularly handsome. At first for some days he had found it pleasant to watch her. Then he had followed her and whistled to her. After that he had walked and talked with her, and at last had arranged a rendezvous with her. The spot was in a distant alley on the estate; to reach it from the house one had to pass the windows of the children's schoolroom. When setting out past those windows next day to keep the appointment, he had gone through a terrible struggle between the temptation and his conscience. Just then his second son had called to him through the window, reminding him of a Greek lesson that had been fixed for that day, and this had detained Tolstoy. He woke as it were, and was glad to have been saved from keeping the appointment. But the temptation still tormented him. He tried the effect of prayer, but it did not free him. He suffered but felt powerless and as if he might yield at any moment. So as a last resource he resolved to try the effect of making a full confession to someone --- giving all particulars of the strength of the temptation that oppressed him and of his own weakness. He wished to feel as thoroughly ashamed of himself as possible, and he had decided to ask the tutor to accompany him on his daily walk, which usually he took alone. He also arranged that Donna should be removed to another place.
Written a decade after this incident, "The Devil" depicts this personal experience of Tolstoy, presenting what he considered the inevitable consequences of yielding to temptation.

"What is Art?" is Tolstoy's most contested work, even some of his devoted adherents repudiating it. To make art "religious", to employ it specially for the multitude, seemed too much for those who because of their "exalted" idea of art fail to see the meaning of life. Whatever one's attitude to the iconoclastic ideas expressed in his criticism of art, one is compelled to agree with Tolstoy that "the aim of artistic activity is to transmit the highest feelings which humanity has attained". "Art for art's sake" has always been an exotic plant for the edification of the privileged few, while ignoring the sordidness and wretchedness of the existence of the many. Tolstoy called that kind of art a "counterfeit" in its determination to remain deaf to the desperate crying expression.

The sweeping generalisations and condemnation contained in "What is Art?" are undoubtedly due to Tolstoy's intense reaction toward the puerility and innateness of the "art for art's sake" champions. Kropotkin is quite right in remarking that "to say that a folk song is greater than a Beethoven Sonata is not correct: we cannot compare the storm in the Alps and the struggle against it, counterparts of which we find in Beethoven's music, with a fine, quiet midsummer day and hay-making, to which corresponds a given folk-song. But truly great art, which, notwithstanding its depth and its lofty flight, will penetrate into every peasant's hut and inspire everyone
with higher conceptions of thought and life --- such an art is really wanted. I think it is possible*.

It was the supreme gift of Tolstoy to paint life in a manner to be understood both by the epicure as well as the common man.

* * *

Tolstoy began playwriting at an advanced age --- when he was sixty. His first dramatic effort, "The Distiller" is little more than a tract on the evils of drink.

Later he wrote "The Lower of Darkness", a moving tragedy, artistic in form and real as life itself, the theme being based on an actual occurrence in which some of Tolstoy's peasants were the chief actors.

Peter, a rich peasant, is in a dying condition. Yet he clings to his money and slave-drives his young wife, Amiya, his two daughters by a first marriage, and his peasant servant Nikita. He will not allow them any rest from their toil, for the greed of money is in his blood and the fear of death in his bones. Amiya hates her husband; he forces her to drudge, and he is old and ill. She loves Nikita. The latter, young and irresponsible, cannot resist women, who are his main weakness and final undoing. Before he came to old Peter's farm, he had wronged an orphan girl. Then she becomes pregnant, she appeals to Nikita's father, Akim, a simple and honest peasant. He urges his son to marry the girl, because "it is a sin to wrong an orphan. Look out, Nikita! A tear of offense does not flow past, but upon a man's head. Look out, or the same will happen with you."

Akim's kindness and simplicity are opposed by the viciousness and greed of his wife Matrana.
likita remains on the farm, and aniya, urged
and influenced by his mother, poisons old peter
and steals his money.

when her husband dies, aniya marries
likita and turns the money over to him. likita
becomes the head of the house, and soon proves
himself a rake and a tyrant. idleness and
affluence undermine whatever good is latent in
him. money, the destroyer of souls, together
with the consciousness that he had been indirectly
a party to aniva's crime, turn likita's love
for the woman into bitter hatred. he takes for
his mistress akulina, peter's oldest daughter, a
girl of sixteen, deaf and silly, and forces aniya
to serve them. she had strength to resist her
old husband, but her love for likita has made her
weak. "the moment i see him my heart softens.
i have no courage against him."

old akim comes to ask for a little money from
his newly rich son. he quickly senses the swamp
of corruption and vice into which likita has sunk.
he tries to save him, to bring him back to himself,
to arouse the better side of his nature. but
he fails.

the ways of life are too evil for akim. he
leaves, reducing even the money he needs so badly
to purchase a horse.

akim: one ein holds on to mother and pulls
you along, ikita, you are stuck in sine. you are
stuck, i see, in sine. you are stuck fast, so
to speak. i have heard that nowadays they pull
fathers' beards, so to speak, --- but this leads
only to ruin, to ruin, so to speak .... there
is your money. i will go and beg, so to speak, but
i will not, so to speak, take the money ..... let me
not! i will not stay! i would rather
sleep near the fence than in your nastiness.

the type of akim is most vividly characterised
by tc: toy in the talk between the old peasant
and the new helper on the farm.

litrich: let us suppose, for example, you
have money, and i, for example, have no,
and i am lying, fallen: it is spring, and i have no seed;
or i have to pay the taxes. so i come to you, and
say: "akim, give me ten roubles! i will have the
harvest in by st. mary's intercession and then i
will give it back to you, with a tithe for the
accommodation." you, for example, see that i can
be skewed, having a horse or a cow, so you say:
"give me two or three roubles for the accommodation."
the horse is around my neck and i cannot get along
without it. "very well," says i, "i will take
the ten roubles." in the fall i sell some things,
and I bring you the money, and you skin me in addition for three rubles.

Akia: But this is, so to speak, a wrong done to a peasant. If one forgets God, so to speak, it is not good.

Mitrich: Wait a minute! So remember what you have done; you have fleeced me, so to speak, and Aniya, for example, has some money which is lying idle. She has no place to put it in and, being a woman, does not know what to do with it. So she comes to you: "Can't I," says she, "make some use of my money?" "Yes, you can," you say. And so you wait. Next summer I come to you once more. "Give me another ten rubles," says I, "and I will pay you for the accommodation." So you watch me to see whether my hide has not been turned yet, whether I can be played again, and if I can, you give me Aniya's money. But if I have not a blessed thing, and nothing to eat, you make your calculations, seeing that I cannot be skinned, and you say: "God be with you, my brother!" and you look for another man to whom to give Aniya's money, and whom you can play. Now this is called a bank. So it keeps going around. It is a very clever thing, my friend.

Akia: What is this? This is a nastiness, so to speak. If a peasant, so to speak, were to do it, the peasants would regard it as a sin, so to speak. This is not according to the Law, not according to the Law, so to speak. It is bad. How can the learned men, so to speak -- .... As I look at it, so to speak, there is trouble without money, so to speak, and with money the trouble is double, so to speak. God has commanded to work. But you put the money in the bank, so to speak, and lie down to sleep, and the money will feed you, so to speak, while you are lying. This is bad, -- not according to the Law, so to speak.

Mitrich: Not according to the Law? The Law does not trouble people nowadays, my friend. All they think about is how to clean out a fellow. That's what!

As long as Akulina's condition is not noticeable, the relation of Nikita with his dead master's daughter remains hidden from the neighbours.
But the time comes when she is to give birth to a child. It is then that Annya becomes mistress of the situation again. Her hatred for Akulina, her outraged love for Nikita and the evil spirit of Nikita's mother all combine to turn her into a fiend. Akulina is driven to the barn, where her terrible labor pains are stifled by the dread of her stepmother. When the innocent victim is born, Nikita's vicious mother and Akulina persuade him that the child is dead and force him to bury it in the cellar.

While Nikita is digging the grave, he discovers the deception. The child is alive! The terrible shock unnerves the man, and in temporary madness he presses a board over the little body till its bones crum. Superstition, horror and the perfidy of the woman drive Nikita to drink in an attempt to drown the baby's cries constantly ringing in his ears.

The last act deals with Akulina's wedding to the son of a neighbor. She is forced into the marriage because of her misfortune. The peasants all gather for the occasion, but Nikita is missing; he roams the place haunted by the horrible phantom of his murdered child. He attempts to hang himself but falls, and finally decides to go before the entire assembly to confess his crimes.

Nikita: Father, listen to me! First of all, Marina, look at me! I am guilty toward you! I had promised to marry you, and I deserted you. I deceived you and abandoned you; forgive me for Christ's sake!

Matrena: Oh, yes, he is bewitched. What is the matter with him? He has the evil eye upon him. Get up and stop talking nonsense!

Nikita: I killed your father, and I, dog, have ruined his daughter. I had the power over her, and I killed also her baby.... Father, dear, forgive me, sinful man! You told me, when I first started on this life of debauch: 'When the claw is caught, the whole bird is lost.' But, I, dog, did not pay any attention to you, and so everything turned out as you said. I forgive me, for Christ's sake.

The "Power of Darkness" is a terrible picture of poverty, ignorance, and superstition. To write such a work, it is not sufficient to be a
creative artist it requires a deeply sympathetic human soul. Tolstoy possessed both. He understood that the tragedy of the peasants' life is due not to any inherent viciousness but to the power of darkness which permeates their existence from the cradle to the grave. Something heavy is oppressing them -- in the words of Ahitya -- weighing them down, something that seizes all humanity out of them and drives them into the depths.

"The Power of Darkness" is a social picture at once appalling and gripping.

As a relief from the sombre and depressing life of this play Tolstoy wrote a comedy intended for production on his estate, "The Fruits of Culture".

A rich land-owner, Leonid Pyodorovitch, is so obsessed by the latest fad, spiritualism, that he "communes" with the spirits on every question before he decides to act upon it. Thus, when some peasants arrive to complete a land deal begun the year before, he again consults his "spirits". Unfortunately, the latter have changed their mind in the meantime: they are no longer satisfied with the payments originally agreed upon. Leonid Pyodorovitch now insists upon the whole sum being immediately paid in cash.

The peasants, unable to meet such an unexpected and unreasonable demand, are in despair. Tatyana, a jolly chambermaid in love with the kitchen man, Senyon, who is the son of one of the harassed peasants, comes to the rescue. She undertakes, as she has so often done before, to play the role of the spirit. She also succeeds in convincing her master and his learned friends that Senyon is a medium of extraordinary powers. By means of table tapping, accompanied with the music of a
guitar, Tatyana conjures up the agreement, pen and
ink upon the table, and the spiritualist master, deeply
impressed by the manifestations, is induced to sign the
document.

In this entertaining parody on spiritualism,
Tolstoy also satirizes the boastful infallibility of
science, particularly of the medical profession. The
lady of the house prides herself on her "advanced" ideas;
she ridicules her husband's faith in spirits and exposes
the fraud of the medium. But she too has her spooks ---
her constant and ever present fear of "germs". When she
learns that the peasants have come from a diphtheria
infested district, the good woman is panic-stricken and
finds no peace until the germ carriers, together with
Tatyana and Vasya, are driven from the premises. Both
Leonid Pyodorovich and his liberal spouse are symbols
of our pseudo culture, unhealthy, artificial and empty.

As their opposite stands Tatyana, Seyaon, and
Fyodor Ivanitch, the man servant and friend of the two
young peasant lovers. In them Tolstoy sees the proto-
types of the wholesomeness and robustness of the people
of the soil who alone have the vitality to maintain a
normal, healthy life.

Two posthumous plays, one a full-size canvas,
the other a fragment, are next to "The Power of Darkness",
Tolstoy's best dramatic work. They are "The Living
Corpse", also known in English as "Redemption", and
"The Light that Shines in the Darkness".
Fyodor Vassilavitch Protassov and his wife Lisa are hopelessly mismatched. He is a dreamer, impractical, unfit for the daily humdrum of life with all its sordid interests and responsibilities. Most of his time he spends with the gypsies, enchanted by their soul-stirring music, their freedom, their careless attitude to life.

Lisa has repeatedly brought Fyodor back to the circle of their domesticity and now again she is ready to take him back, although nagged by her mother for her "weakness" in submitting to her husband's faithlessness and irresponsibility. The way to reconciliation is paved by their child and its narrow escape from death. Lisa requests their mutual friend Karenin to find Fedya (Fyodor) in his gypsy haunts and bring him home.

Karenin has loved Lisa even before her marriage to Fedya. Out of loyalty to his friend he had suppressed his feelings, but now that he sees Lisa unhappy and neglected he can hardly restrain his passion. However, he decides to bring Fedya back. He finds him with the gypsies and so completely intoxicated by their atmosphere that he has neither will nor desire to return to his wife. Fedya realises how unworthy he is of Lisa who has been so devoted to him in spite of his frequent lapses. Intuitively he senses his friend's feeling for Lisa; accordingly, that Karenin, so unlike himself, aj
irreproachable and honorable, is a fitter mate for his wife than himself. Byodor decides not to return.

But and unhappy over Fedya's harsh refusal to take up their life together once more, Lisa is gradually drawn to Karenin. His long-suppressed passion is now manifested in all its strength, but is bitterly disapproved of by Sasha, Lisa's younger sister. Moved by her exalted idea of the "sanctity" of marriage and also because of her deeper understanding of Fedya, Lisa presents the new situation and determines to persuade Fedya to return and "save" his wife.

But Fedya is entirely absorbed in his new environment. Moreover, he refuses to interfere in the growing attachment between Karenin and Lisa. At heart conscious of his unfitness for domesticity, and feeling himself superfluous, he decides to eliminate himself out of Lisa's life, that she may find in her friend's love peace and happiness he had failed to give her.

Karenin sees in the renewed refusal of the husband to return home the possibility of a divorce. But though Fedya is sunk in the depths of life and his will all but destroyed, his finer texture has retained an abhorrence of all shame and falsehood. He will not be a party to the lying and perjury involved in divorce proceedings, he will not drag through the mire of publicity the sacred feelings of intimacy. But the situation presses for definite action; Fedya determines upon suicide as the only solution left. At the last moment his courage fails him, however, as he has so often failed in the critical moments of his life. Instead he yields to the persuasion of his gypsy friend Masha to elope.
with her. Fedya grasps the easier way of avoiding the unpleasant and giving his wife freedom.

Lisa, on receiving Fedya's letter announcing his decision to commit suicide, and noticing in the newspapers that the body of a man had been dashed out of the river, in good faith identifies the corpse as that of her husband. The shock of Fedya's act weighs heavily upon both Lisa and Karenin, but in time they find the way to each other, and they marry.

Years pass and Fedya, poor, dissipated, and broken in health, is drawn back to the city where lived his former wife and friend. Stealthily he approaches the house, attracted by the bright lights and the strain of gay music, and suddenly he beholds Lisa and Karenin fondly embracing behind the curtains. Fedya flees to a low tavern to forget the past in drink.

There he meets a painter, as lonely, wretched, and poor as himself. To him he pours out all the misery of his heart, revealing the secret of his disappearance and his identity as the "living corpse".

"There are only three outlets for one born in my sphere", (he confides to his new friend), "either he can hold a post, can make money and increase the wrong and filth, which I loathed to do, or perhaps I did not know how. Or he can fight this filth and injustice. For that he must have the making of a hero in him, which I never had. Or he tries to forget, drinks, sinks lower and lower. I have reached that depth."

Fedya's confession is overheard by a busybody at a table nearby, who immediately informs the authorities and Fedya is arrested, charged with deliberate fraud and
responsibility for his wife's bigamy.

The three unfortunates meet in court. The sanctity of the law must be maintained: legal justice and dominant morality combine to destroy the happiness of Liza and Karenin bought at the cost of so much suffering and misery.

The trial scene is depicted as powerfully and masterfully as the similar scene in "Resurrection", with the pompous judge, the inane jurors, the coldly reading prosecutor, the vulgar curiosity seekers filling the courtroom, all cooperating in their moral indignation to uphold the laws against human emotion and bind two people in wedlock against their will. Liza and Fedya are found guilty and sentenced to Siberia.

The brutality and injustice of the proceeding horrifies and overcomes Fedya. His better nature asserts itself in protest against the meanness and ugliness of the situation. He finds the way out of the mire by shooting himself and thus freeing Liza and Karenin.

"The Living Corpse" is a passionate indictment against the laws of divorce which existed in Russia at the time, and still exist in many countries in Western Europe. It is the inevitable tragedy of human folly and inhumanity, painted with the hand of a great master.

"Light Shines in Darkness" is Tolstoy's most subjective dramatic creation, a page from his personal life, the Calvary of his own soul in desperate struggle for freedom from his domestic prison. The play is in
reality a faithful replica of the spiritual feud that continued through many years between Tolstoy and his wife.

Like Tolstoy, Nikolai Ivanovich Sarintevev embraces a new ethical ideal. His former interests lose their hold upon him: he becomes indifferent to material things and the comforts of life, shunning social functions so dear to his wife and children. He is absorbed in his new philosophy of life, seeking its adequate application. He decides to divide his possessions among the people, to divest himself of all wealth and lead a natural, simple mode of life. Like Tolstoy, Sarintevev is frustrated at every step by his immediate circle, particularly by his wife who lacks all understanding of the lofty ideals of her husband.

He finds two disciples, one of them a priest who, like himself, has come to regard the Church as the greatest obstacle to true religion. But the weak ecclesiastic is quickly brought to repentance by threats of prosecution and the fear of prison. Not so the other disciple, a nobleman who wholeheartedly throws himself into the work of spreading the Master's word. He deserts allegiance to the State, refuses military service, defies the authorities in the face of punishment and prison. Not even the threat of the insane asylum can check his zeal.

Sarintevev suffers deeply for his friend and yet is helpless and perplexed with the practical solution of the problems facing him. To his disciple's question,
"What can be done?" Sarintsev replies:

"One must not take part in the evil; one must not own land, nor devour their labours. But how to manage all this I do not know.... I lived and did not understand how I lived. I did not understand that I am the son of God, and that we are all the children of God, and that we are brothers. But when I understood it, when I understood that all have an equal right to life, my whole life was upset."

But Sarintsev's wife, too practical and concerned more with the welfare of her home and family than with ideals of brotherhood and justice, cannot sympathize with her husband's struggle.

"That's the way it is," (she complains), "He would destroy everything and give us nothing in its place."

Life at home is made impossible for Sarintsev. Lack of understanding, verging at times on direct antagonism, wounds his very soul and makes him an outcast in his own house. He longs to live his ideals, but the tears and ples of his wife emasculate his will. His life is spent in this exhausting struggle with those dearest to him, till even his own great faith in his ideals is fatally sapped. The play ends with Sarintsev at his desk, gripping his head with his convulsed hands, crying out in utter despair:

"Oh God, have I gone astray... is it false to believe in you, Father? Help me, O Lord!"

Yet Tolstoy himself did not end so resignedly. True, repeatedly he had sought to break the bonds and failed. But finally he did rise to the heights he so yearned for and his faith in his ideal triumphed over
material considerations and home ties. Alas, at the
eleventh hour — for death overtook the sage of Yasnya
Polyana, claiming him just at the time when he was truly
beginning to live, spiritually.

It has been suggested that Tolstoy was not in
his right mind when he forsook his home at the age of
34. People are never supposed to be quite so
when they actually do what they have been longing for most
intensely throughout life. As concerns Tolstoy,
the suggestion is obviously inapplicable, because life
in Yasnya Polyana was so incongruous, the atmosphere so
surcharged with strife and bitterness that one cannot
help wondering how Tolstoy could stand it so long. It
is apparent that Tolstoy finally decided to forsake home
and family, moved by the determination to free himself
even at the eleventh hour and apparently in the hope of
joining the colony in the Caucasus founded by some of his
followers. The latter were persecuted by the authorities
for “conspiracy to overthrow the government”, some of their
members being sentenced to prison for varying terms.
Tolstoy evidently cherished the hope to share, in the last
years of his life, the lot of the faithful band whom his
teachings had brought so much suffering and trouble.
There is a touch of poignant understanding in the remark
Alexandra Lvovna, Tolstoy’s eldest daughter, made to a
group of Red soldiers while conducting them through the
Tolstoy Museum in Moscow. Approaching the little
austere room, a minute replica of the one at the railway
station where Tolstoy breathed his last, she said:

“This is the place where Lyov Nikolayevitch
died true to himself and to his gospel.”

"This is the place where Lyov Nikolayevitch
died true to himself and to his gospel."
CHAPTER VIII

TCHERKHOV

"What noble writers receive from nature gratis, the writers of the rank and file purchase at the cost of their youth. Do, please, write a story of how a young man, the son of a serf, who has been a shop-boy, a chorister, pupil of a secondary school and university graduate, who has been brought up to respect rank and to kiss the priest's hand, to bow to other people's ideas, to be thankful for each morsel of bread, who has been thrashed many times, who has had to walk about tutoring without goloshes, who has fought, tormented animals, has been fond of dining at the house of well-to-do relatives, and played the hypocrite both to God and man without any need but merely out of consciousness of his own insignificance -- describe how that young man squeezes the slave out of himself drop by drop, and how awakening one fine morning, he feels running in his veins no longer the blood of a slave but genuine human blood."

This excerpt from an autobiographical letter written by Anton Pavlovitch Tchekhov to A.J. Souvorin, editor of "Novye Vremya" ("The New Age") in 1880, sheds illustrating light upon the strength of character of the man, his iron determination, his dogged perseverance in the struggle to realize himself and his art against poverty, difficulties and his life-sapping disease. Verily a most a superhuman
achievement, when one considers the heights attained by Tohokhov as a writer and dramatist, added to his prolific correspondence (his letters fill six volumes) and activities as physician and humanitarian engaged in ameliorating the wretched conditions of his country, all these efforts compressed within the comparatively short span of forty-four years.

Tohokhov came of peasant stock. His grandfather, a serf, was so filled with passionate longing for independence that by tremendous efforts and concentration of purpose he was able to save enough money (3600 roubles) to buy his freedom and that of his family. It was at a period when there was but little interest among the cultured classes of Russia in serfdom. Much less did the bondmen themselves, the peasantry, dream of liberty. Yet there was this simple, unlettered peasant, grand-father of Anton Pavlovich, yearning for release from slavery and living only for the day when he and his children might straighten their bent backs and face life erect and self-reliant.

Evidently young Anton (born January 19, 1860) inherited some of his grand-father's characteristics, but he also knew how to cherish the legacy left him. With the same prud spirit he drudged on for years, keeping in mind the great purpose and ambition of his life. These qualities of will and purpose sustained him through years of poverty and want, through his dull university existence, and inspired him with perseverance through the dark hours of creative doubts and his prolonged illness, urging him onward to the very end. Yet undoubtedly most powerful
ally was irrepressible humour and inexhaustible joy of life that carried him successfully over the burdens and misery of existence. Anton Tchekhov, producing his great literary and dramatic works during the blackest period of political and social reaction, painting sombre pictures of the utter hopelessness of the intelligentsia of his time, was yet the most joyous writer in Russia.

Tchekhov was once asked by V. Tikhonov, one of his contemporaries, for some biographic data of himself. His reply was truly expressive of the man, both in brevity and wit. He wrote:

You want my biography? Here it is. I was born in Taganrog in 1860. I finished my course at the Taganrog Grammar School in 1879. In 1884 I took my medical degree at Moscow University. In 1888 I was awarded the Pushkin prize. In 1890 I was at a birthday party where I had a spree with V. A. Tikhonov. I began to write in 1879 in the Strekosa. My books of collected stories are ‘Wotley Stories’, ‘At Twilight’, ‘Stories’, ‘Gloomy People’, and a long story, ‘The Duel’. I have sinned also in the drama line but with moderation. I have been translated into all languages except the foreign. In fact, I have been translated into German. I am approved of also by the Tchehovs and Serbiens, nor are the French shy of intimacy. The mysteries of love I conceived when I was thirteen. With my colleagues, medical as well as literary, I am on the best of terms. I am a bachelor. Should like to have a pension. I practice medicine to such a degree that even in the summer I hold post-mortems, though I have not done so for two or three years. Among writers I prefer Tolstoi, and among doctors Zakharin. But that is all nonsense. Write what you please. If you haven’t enough facts, make up with lyricism.....

Tikhonov hardly needed to tax his imagination because Tchekhov’s life was eventful, rich in experience, and replete with incidents testifying to his love for man and understanding of the deeper springs of life.
Anton's childhood, spent with his adored mother, was marred by the rigidity of his father who because of his religious convictions and love of church music compelled his children to join the Church choir little Anton hated so cordially. The boy's school days were made grey and miserable by a coarse and harsh teacher who saw in the rod the last word of education. In his later years Tohekhov often referred to his "lack of childhood". This lack served to isolate him to some extent from his schoolmates and made the boy appear irresponsible and slow-minded. He was considered a bad pupil and nicknamed "Bullhead" and "Bomb".

Adolescence brought a gradual change. Anton grew more sociable and more frequently began to participate in the games and pastimes of the other boys. Still in his youth the quality that later became so characteristic of Tohekhov's work, his peculiarly colorful and warm sense of humour began to assert itself, and Anton began to write comic stories that won him the friendship and admiration of those whom his timidity formerly kept at a distance. He became the idol of the school.

Like his illustrious predecessor, the great Gogol, Tohekhov initiated his literary career as a contributor to the school journal, the "Little Star", his first story, "The Stammerer" being circulated among the classmates in manuscript. Before the end of his high school term he wrote a farce called "Not for Nothing Did the Chickens Sing", and a pathetic play "Fatherless", which proved very popular with his friends. But unfortunately these literary efforts were terminated by a sudden turn in the
To work.

"The fortunes of Tohekhov's family, a struggle that no doubt helped Anton later to achieve the highest pinnacle of literary fame, but which also helped to wreck his health and ultimately bring him to his grave in the prime of his life."

"There were other, no immediate...

Anton's father failed in business and the family was compelled to seek a livelihood in Moscow. Anton remained in Taganrog to finish his studies, but all his free time had to be devoted to running about tutoring in sleet and rain without goloshes," as he wrote to a friend. It was a most trying period, after which Anton joined his parents in Moscow and entered the university to study medicine.

Those years were a hard strain for the Tohekhov family, a struggle that no doubt helped Anton later to achieve the highest pinnacle of literary fame, but which also helped to wreck his health and ultimately bring him to his grave in the prime of his life."

"There were other, no immediate..."
I work under the most abominable conditions, he lamented, before me is my unliterary work, nervelessly shattering my nerves and conscience, in the adjoining room a child of a relation is screaming, in the next room father is reading aloud "The Impressed Angels" to my mother. My bed is occupied by a newly arrived relative who keeps on coming to see and starts conversations on medicine. It is a matchless setting.

Selling his talent to the vulgar boulevard papers harpered the young author even more than the wailing of the child or his father's reading aloud. Added to this was the strain of his intense studies, especially during the last university year when he had to cram for the final examinations, all the time keeping up his writing. These conditions slightly improved by 1884, when Tochekhov was enable. to desert the cheap publications, his stories being accepted by the journal "Fragments", a humorous journal of higher literary quality.

Having graduated from the university and badly in need of a vacation, Tochekhov decided to seek a rest in the country, where one of his brothers was a teacher in a village school. But his native energy and need of new impressions turned his vacation into intense activity. He threw himself into medical practice, working the Zemstvo Hospital, and travelling from village to village to afford advice and aid to sick peasants. His direct contact with the daily life of the people afforded opportunities for study and observation later exploited by Tochekhov in various plays, such as "The Three Sisters", and "The Seagull", products of that period.

Before long came the day when Antosha Tochekhonte's...
cap and bells could be discarded and the true face of Anton Tolstokov could emerge. There was no more need of hiding his identity because of unliterary work. Tolstokov now became a contributor to the Petersburg "Gazette" and later for the "Novoye Vremya", publications of a high class, which secured his place among the best writers of his time. This also provided the longed for opportunity to go to St. Petersburg, there to join the select circle of his literary confrères of note. He was received with open arms, his charming personality and gay spirit winning him friends everywhere.

Tolstokov's "The Swan Song", a one-act play, was his first serious dramatic "sin" of this period, followed by the full length canvas "Ivanov", and a year later by the one-act play "The Bear". It was his stories, however, rather than his plays, which at that time increased his fame if not his fortune. "The Steppe", a fascinating tale, succeeded by a collection of works of great dramatic power, caused the Academy of Science to award him the Pushkin prize, so coveted by all Russian writers. This happy and unexpected event fairly took Tolstokov off his feet.

The prize, telegrams, congratulations, friends, (he wrote to his brother, ) all these have driven me out of my rut. I am struck crazy, and my past grows misty in my head.

But this recognition and growing fame did little to free Tolstokov from constant financial anxieties, nor could it arrest the disease that kept undermining his health. His own needs and those of his family still compelled much drudgery, with the accompaniment of discontent and fretting.

I am tired..... I am waiting for payment. (he wrote). The whole of September I remained
without money; I have pawned things and have knocked about like a fish against ice.

This situation aggravated his inherent lack of self-confidence as a great writer. He had much more faith in himself as doctor than as author. The maintaining of his literary reputation also involved greater care and more painstaking work that repeatedly threatened a complete break-down. A severe cough, followed by a hemorrhage of the lungs, sounded a warning which Tchekhov, absorbed in his various activities, ignored. His awareness of the danger expressed itself only in his greater me lowness and softened humour. "The Wood Devil", later reworked into "Uncle Vanya", and "The Proposal" were created during this period.

Anton Tchekhov repudiated all theories and tenednotes in art, and he resolutely kept away from the strife and bombast of political parties. Art to Tchekhov was a truthful interpretation of life, divested of subjective view and attitude, as he clearly pointed out in his answer to a lady correspondent who complained that the "world is full of scoundrels":

That the world is seething with scoundrels of both sexes is true. Human nature is imperfect; it would therefore be strange to meet only with the righteous. To believe that the duty of literature is to dig out "the pearl" from the heap of scoundrels is to reject literature itself. Literature, to be artistic, must draw from life as it is. Its aim is absolute and honest truth. To narrow its function to the special task of digging "pearls" is just as deadly for it as if you were to make Levitan paint a tree and ordered him not to include the dirty bark nor the yellow leaves. I agree "a pearl" is a fine thing, but then a writer is not a dealer in jewels, an ocmestician, or an entertainer.

More emphatic still was his letter concerning "tendencies" in literature:

I am afraid of those who look for tendencies
between the lines, and who want to see in me either a liberal or a conservative, I am not a liberal, nor a conservative, nor a mellorist, nor a moralist, nor indifferentist. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more. And I grieve that God hasn't given me the power to be one. I hate falsehood and violence in all their aspects... Pharisaism, stupidity, and arbitrariness reign not in shopkeepers' houses alone. I detest them in science, in literature, and in the younger generation. For these reasons I nurse no particular partiality for scientists, or writers, or savants, or artists, or the younger generation. I look upon trade marks and labels as prejudices. My holy of holies is the human body, health and talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom, freedom from violence and falsehood wherever they manifest. This is the program I would follow if I were a great artist.

But while repudiating tendencies in literature and keeping aloof from politics, Tchekhov was deeply concerned in everything that affected the lives and well-being of his people. To assist them, to better their conditions, to expose the wrongs committed against them by official brutality and public stupidity, absorbed considerable of Tchekhov's time and much of his vitality.

Already in the beginning of the nineties he became actively interested in the condition of Russian prisoners, particularly those in the convict camps of Sakhalen. Moved by reports of cruelty and inhumanity to which the prisoners in the far off island were subjected, Tchekhov decided to learn the truth by personal investigation. He sacrificed his work, and but with little means and no letters of introduction, he set out on the arduous journey of three months, full of hardship and exposure to danger and inclement weather, on his way to
The conditions he found in Sakhhalen proved appalling. The result of his undertaking was a book on the prison camp of such power and reality that it aroused even the callous government circles and compelled some ameliorating changes. Humanist, physician, and artist, all combined to make this work of Tohekhov a compelling human document. Even his first impressions, incorporated in a letter, stirred the better conscience of the world. Tohekhov wrote:

The glorified sixties did nothing for the clock and the prisoners but than violated the chief commandments of Christianity. In our town we do something for the clock but nothing for the convict. The penitentiaries do not interest our jurists. Yet we have debased in our prisons millions of people, we have debased them at running, without thought, barbaramly... To the terrible place of Sakhhalen we have driven men through cold, chained in irons, for thousands of days, we have infected them with venereal diseases, impoverished them, multiplied criminals, and for all this we have put the blame on red-nosed prison superintendents. Now all civilized Europe knows it is not they but all of us who are to blame.

Upon his return to Moscow Tohekhov felt that life there was too strenuous and exhausting for his state of health. Moreover, he needed a proper field as a physician and a social life that would supply the necessary material and colour for his literary work. As he aptly said:

If I am a doctor—I must have a hospital and patients; if I am a writer, I must live among the people, and not in little Ottravoy Street. I must have social and political life, if only a tiny scrap of it.

He was fortunate in finding a suitable place in Zelikhovo, a village near Moscow. There he devoted himself to a variety of activities, which for a man with a devastating disease must have been exceedingly exhausting. Advisor and physician to the peasantry of the district, he yet found time to build schools and look after road improvement, and — he wrote. Some of his finest stories were produced...
at Welikhovo, stories of local life and peasant psychology free from the mawkish glamour so popular with all-too-many Russian writers. Living in Welikhovo, not far from Yasnaya Polyana, also afforded Tolstoy the opportunity of frequently visiting, Tolstoy, whom he grew to love and admire. They spent much time together discussing the grave problems of Russia and speculating on the purpose and meaning of life, questions that absorbed Tolstoy little less than the Polyana estate.

At the outbreak of the great famine in Russia in 1891, Tolstoy felt that he could not remain at home at his usual pursuits. The call of the stricken was strong upon him, and he was one of the first to devote his time and ability to fight the calamity. He was impatient of the well-meaning but insane efforts that spend large sums on charity dinners and balls, leaving only a small fraction for the purpose such festivities are arranged for. He insisted on more direct and constructive help for the stricken, generally being the initiator of suggestions and practical plans and work while others indulged in sentimental talk.

No sooner was the famine coped with than even a still more terrible scourge gripped Russia — the cholera. Again Anton Pavlovich hastened to the front, visiting numerous villages in the affected area and fearlessly exposing himself to danger. His entire time was devoted, as he wrote to a friend, to treating patients and giving lectures on measures of preventing the disease.
Zeinstein hasn't given me a single kopek for running the medical centers. I owe from the exiling, first from one and then from another. I turn out to be an excellent beggar; thanks to my being very old woman, my section has two excellent barracks with all the necessary, and five barracks that are not excellent, but hard. I have saved the zeinstein from expenditure even on domestic coal. Lime, vitriol, and all sorts of stinking stuff have I bought from manufacturers for all ten fivel two villages.

In the course of time Tochekhov was able to return to his writing. Recognized as one of the foremost Russian authors, he now had no difficulty in getting his work accepted, but the need of writing as a means of livelihood harassed his spirit and continued to injure his health. Repeatedly he pours out his heart to his friend Novgorin, under date of June 16, 1897:

My soul longs for breadth and altitude, but I am forced to lead a narrow life spent over dreary troubles and kopekes. There is nothing more vulgar than a petty bourgeois life with halfpence, its fritules, its futile talk, and its use of conventional virtues. My heart suffers from the consciousness that I am working for money.... This sitting, fuming, together with a sense of justice, makes my writing a contemptible pursuit in my eyes....

The petty interests of life, poverty of spirit and amassment of heart in his own immediate surroundings, as well as in the social movements of the time, exasperated and grieved Tochekhov more than his financial straits and poor health. Exploitation of individual or collective suffering for "a cause" filled him with repulsion and disgust. He spoke contemptuously of certain elements that sought to use the zeinstins for propaganda purposes.

Revolting means for good ends make the ends themselves revolting. If I were a politician I could never bring myself to disgrace my present for the sake of the future, even though I were promised tons of felicity for an ounce of mean lying. .
"The Seagull", Tochekhov's third long play, was finished in 1895. He had set great hopes on its appearance, but unfortunately it was very inadequately produced at the Alexandrinsky Theatre, at St. Petersburg. The author was present at the performance, but the bad interpretation of his work and the attitude of the audience filled him with discouragement. He left the theatre before the end of the play, promising himself never to write another drama. He adhered to his decision for six years and he might have persevered in his determination to the end of his short life had not a splendid interpretation of the work by the Moscow Art Theatre convinced Tochekhov that the fault was not with his dramatic perception, but with the poor acting at the first production of the play. Perhaps this incident saved Tochekhov the dramatist to Russia, and dramatic art was enriched by several great — alas, only too few — plays.

The varied occupations Tochekhov engaged in during his life in Malikhovo, the exhausting work during the famine and the cholera, and his concentrated writing all helped to deplete his strength and aggravate the malady which was slowly consuming him. During a visit to Moscow to attend a dinner given in his honour Tochekhov suffered a collapse as a result of a violent hemorrhage. He had to be taken to the hospital, subsequently leaving for Southern France and taking up his abode in Nice, where the balmy climate and circle of devoted friends aided Tochekhov's gradual improvement.

The famous Dreyfus case was at the time agitating
the entire country, and naturally Tochekov could not long remain indifferent to the situation. With his usual penetration he saw — as many other fair-minded men — that Dreyfus, the French Army Captain, the Jew Dreyfus was the victim of a military cabal to hide its corruption under the cloak of anti-semitism. Zola's brave "J'accuse" sounded the call to battle with the black forces of prejudice and hatred, a battle which enlisted the ablest and bravest spirits of the time.

Tochekov sought to present the case in all its bearings to Russia by writing detailed accounts of the struggle to his old friend Souvorin, editor of the "Novoye Vremya". But the reactionary tendencies of the publication and Souvorin's own anti-semitic leanings proved an insurmountable barrier to Tochekov's hope of enlightening his Russian audience on the case. In vain he sought to convince Souvorin of the unreasonableness of his attitude toward the Dreyfus case and particularly of his false appraisal of Zola.

When something is wrong inside us, (Tochekov wrote to Souvorin), we look for causes outside ourselves and we quickly find them: It's the Frenchman's nastiness, it's the Jew's, it's Wilhelm's...... these are ghosts, but, for all that, how they relieve our uneasiness! Certainly they are bad symptoms. Once the French started talking about Jews and syndicates, it indicated they were feeling uncomfortable, that a worm had got into them, and they needed these phantoms in order to alloy their uneasiness somehow...... Suppose Dreyfus is guilty — Zola is still right, since the duty of a writer is not to accuse nor to persecute, but to intercede on behalf of the guilty when once they are convicted and punished. You may say, "But what about politics? What about the interests of the State?" But great writers and artists engage in politics only in so far as it is necessary to defend people against politics.

The hardened reactionary Souvorin could not be
convinced, and the correspondence on the subject was dropped, leaving Tolstkhov

dissatisfied with the costumes who print Zola's novel for nothing in the supplement, while they pour dirty water over this name Zola in his paper — and what for? For what not one of the costumes has ever known — for a noble impulse and moral purity.

Tolstkhov returned from abroad much improved in health, but the Moscow climate did not permit of his living in his beloved city. He decided upon Crimea, the sale of his copyright enabling him to purchase an estate near Yalta. In spite of his delicate health, his home soon became the center of artistic and literary life, as well as a haven for all those who needed Anton Pavlovitch as a friend, physician, and advisor. His sympathy with human suffering, always acute, was even increased by his own physical pain and stress. His need of being kind and helpful, his joy in life impelled him to respond without stint. He kept open house. Interesting visitors, discussions on art, literature, and social problems, interspersed with gaiety and laughter, helped Anton Pavlovitch to forget now and then his own failing condition.

During his life in the Crimea he again saw much of Tolstoy. By this time he had outgrown the influence the sage's views had formerly exerted upon him, but his admiration and love for Tolstoy, as man and artist, had deepened. At the news of Tolstoy's illness Tolstkhov wrote:

Tolstoy's illness scared me and kept me at a tension. I am afraid of his death. If he were to die there would be a big vacuum in my life. Firstly, I never loved anyone as I love him; I am not a believing man, but of
all beliefs I consider his. With the nearest and most akin to me. Secondly, while Tolstoy is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be a writer; even to be aware that one has done nothing and is doing nothing is not so terrible, since Tolstoy does enough for all. His works serve as the justification of all hopes and anticipations built upon literature. Thirdly Tolstoy stands firmly, his authority is immense, and while he lives, bad taste in literature, humility of every kind, impudent or lockyness, all the bristling, exasperated vanities will remain far away, deep in the shade. His moral authority alone is capable of maintaining on a certain height the so-called literary moods and currents. Without him they would all be a shepherdless flock, or hotch-potch in which it would be difficult to make out anything.

It takes greatness to appreciate greatness, and who was there in Russia nearest of kin to the prophet of Yasnaya Polyana if not Tohekhov? Tolstoy himself regarded him as Russia's greatest talent since Turgenev. One can therefore appreciate what Tolstoy's presence in Yalta and their close friendship meant to Tohekhov. What irreparable loss to our better understanding of the two men that Tohekhov did not live long enough to give to the world his impressions of their conversations on the grave problems of life and the Russia both loved so well!

In 1900 Anton Pavlovich was afforded the unexpected opportunity of seeing some of his own plays and other great dramatic works presented in truly artistic manner, the Moscow Art Theatre with its entire company coming down to Yalta to play for their adored author and friend. It was a gala event that brought to the Crimean hosts of visitors, among them many important men in art and letters. Tohekhov expressed his deep appreciation of the splendid work of the Moscow Art Theatre in his
letter to Nemirovitch-Danchenko who, together with Stanislavsky, had helped to create and maintain the high artistic standards of the organization.

... In your letter there is a thread of a hardly audible note, like that of an old bell. It is where you write of how the details of theatrical life harass you. Oh! don't get tired, don't cool off! The Art Theatre will provide the best pages of history, when it is written, of the modern Russian Theatre. The theatre should be your pride, and it is the only theatre I love, although I have not been there. If I lived in Moscow I would try to get on the staff, if only in the capacity of porter, so that I could give even a little help, and, if possible, prevent you growing cool, towards the dear establishment....

To his brother, he wrote on the same subject:

It is only interesting to marry for love, but to marry a girl because she is sympathetic is like buying an unnecessary article in the market merely because it is nice. In family life the most important screw is love, sexual attraction; all the rest is wearisome and not to be trusted, however cleverly calculated. The important thing is not that the girl is attractive, but that she is loved. The stumbling block as you see is a mere trifle....

However, this problem was soon solved when Anton Pavlovitch met Olga Leonidowna Knipper, the leading actress of the Moscow Art Theatre. Their acquaintance...
presently developed into a beautiful love, culminating in marriage.

Stanislavsky in his work "My Art and Life" tells an amusing story in connection with Chekhov's marriage. A number of friends had been invited to a fête in honour of the coming event. On arriving the guests found the house in festive attire, the tables laden with good things to eat and drink, but the host was nowhere to be seen. After waiting several hours, the guests decided in true easy Russian fashion to sit down to the repast presided over by Maria Chekhova, Anton's sister. During the evening a telegram arrived announcing to the astonished gathering the marriage of Anton Pavlovitch to Olga Knipper.

"We are off on our honeymoon, (the message read), we ask our dear guests to drink our health and wish us luck," which they promptly did.

After the successful production of "Three Sisters", which play Chekhov had finished in 1901, the Academy of Science elected the author to honorary membership. A year later Chekhov had occasion to demonstrate his sterling quality when the Academy, after having elected Maria Gorki, repudiated its action out of servility to the higher authorities. Chekhov immediately sent in his resignation.

Moved by a strong sense of justice and ever responsive to the call of need — as evidenced by his devoted work in behalf of unfortunate prisoners, in the famine, and cholera — Chekhov could not keep aloof from the pressing questions of his time. Regardless of arising
disapproval and even enmity, he never hesitated in freely expressing himself on the urgent social and political issues in his country. His mental drift became particularly clear when he wrote his famous letter to Souvorin, in 1886.

If Jesus Christ had been more radical and said "Love thy enemy as thyself", he would have said what he meant. Neighbour is a general conception, and enmity is a particular one. The real misfortune is that we hate our enemies who are few, but that we don't sufficiently love our neighbours who are many—fish enough to fill a pond. Christ might have said "Love thy enemy as thyself" if he had been a woman. Women like catching up bright, striking, particular applications out of general conceptions. But Christ who stood above enemies and did not notice them, a virile, balanced, and wide-thinking nature, hardly attached any significance to the difference that exists between the particular instances of the conception "neighbour".

Further Tochakov points out that:

God's world is a good place; the one thing not good are we. How little there is in us of justice and humility! A drunken debauch of a husband loves his wife and children, but how is this love expressed? Instead of knowledge, impertinence and conceit beyond measure; instead of work, idleness, and wantonness. There is no justice; the conception honour goes no further than the uniform which serves as an everyday decoration in the prisoners' dock. We must work and we must be just; these are the chief things.

Tochakov's sensitive and understanding soul deeply resented the superficial attitude of the well-fed towards their less fortunate brothers. Particularly did he castigate the satiety of the middle class. He writes:

To talk now of laziness and drunkenness of the peasants... is as strange and tasteless as to lecture a man when he is being sick or is ill of typhus. Sagacity, like any other force, always contains a certain amount of impertinence, and that is chiefly shown in the well-fed preaching to the hungry. If consolation is revolving at a time of serious grief, what must be the effect of moralising? And how stupid and insulting that moralising must seem. A peasant fifteen roubles in arrears with his...
taxes is to such preachers an idler and he has no right to drink. Let them count up the debts of State and prime ministers, the debts owed by all the marshals of nobility and archbishops taken together. The debts the Guards owe! Well, only tailors could tell.

One could go on quoting indefinitely from the rich story of Tchekhov’s letters and thoughts jotted down in his notebook to show that while he was not allied with any political party, or recognized any social dogmas, he was yet keenly alive to the various reformative movements of his time. Later his social interests began to assert themselves in his stories and even more so in his plays, as we shall have occasion to see.

"The Cherry Orchard", Tchekhov’s own song, was first produced at the Moscow Art Theatre in honor of the author’s birthday, on January 19, 1904. He had especially come from Yalta to be present at the performance. The occasion proved a memorable one. Not only was this supreme work of Anton Pavlovitch most artistically staged and performed, but the evening was turned into an impressive demonstration of love and devotion to the author, the entire assembly rising in homage to Russia’s greatest living dramatist. Everyone seemed to feel that the shy, shrinking figure on the stage, consumed by the devastating disease and racked by fits of coughing, was nearing its end. Indeed, the end came soon.

As a last hope Tchekhov went with his wife to Badenweiler, Germany. From there he kept on writing that
his health was "improving not by ounces but by hundredweights". It was just like this gentle, infinitely thought-ful and kind being to keep the knowledge of his approaching death from those he loved, even while the great inexorable was already at his doorstep. On July 2, 1904, Anton Pavlovitch Tchekhov died, and Russia grew poorer by one of her greatest personalities, an inspired artist and true man whose brave voice so often rang out against every cruelty, every injustice, every banality of life.

§ § §

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TOCHKOV’S PLAYS

"Ivanov", his first long dramatic work, portrays the life of an educated man who has dabbled in various reforms and at the age of thirty-five is ragged out, weary and in inner confusion. He lives on his estate, which is neglected and heavily mortgaged. With him is his wife, Sarra, who is of Jewish origin, and who had been cut off by her people for marrying a gentile. She is slowly dying of tuberculosis.

Yevgeny Ilov, the physician attending Sarra, is a man of advanced ideas and uncompromising, but he fails to see the motives that move human beings often against their will. He can not understand Ivanov, nor the chaotic state of his soul. He sees in him only the seared soul grown
indifferent to his wife. He suspects that Ivanov is neglecting Surra because he wants to get rid of her in the hope of marrying Sasha, the young daughter of the rich neighbour Lebedev.

Within a year Surra dies, and Ivanov is about to marry Sasha. But at the last moment he is overcome by the feeling that he has no right to bind her young life to his. Dr. Irov denounced Ivanov in the presence of the guests assembled for the wedding as a sountrrel, responsible for the death of his wife and who is now marrying Sasha for her money. Ivanov rushes out and fires a bullet into his head.

In a letter to Souvorin Tachenkov gives his own illuminating interpretation of the play, in reply to the adverse criticism showered upon him after its first production.

The producer considers Ivanov a frustrated man in the Turgenev sense. Savina (a famous actress) asks why Ivanov is a sountrrel. You write: "It is necessary to add something to Ivanov from which it can be seen why two women hung on his neck, and why he is a sountrrel and the doctor a great man." Well, if you three understand me like that, it means that my Ivanov is no good at all. I probably must have lost my wits and written the reverse of what I intended, and there can be no question of staging it. Now, I understand my characters in this way. Ivanov is a nobleman, a university man with nothing remarkable about him. He is easily excited, fervent, very much inclined to infatuations, honest and straightforward like the majority of educated noblemen... What he has done and how he behaved is seen from the following words addressed to the doctor: "Don't marry Jewesses, or neuritic women, or blousewomen, don't fight with thousands single-handed, don't struggle with windmills, don't bang your head against the wall. God preserve you from scientific farming, unusual schools, fiery speeches, etc."
That is what lies in his past and it is that which makes his wife sorely suspect him — remarkable man.

In other words, Ivanov’s past is delightful as it usually is with majority of Russian intellectuals. There never was a Russian man who did not boast of the past. The present is worse than the past. Why? Because Russian exotabilia has one specific quality: it is quickly followed by fatigue. A man has hurriedly left the school-bench when he takes up, at fever heat, a burden above his strength. He takes on at once Adea and scientific forcing, makes speeches, writes to Ministers, combust civil, upholstery good, kills in love, not in a simple way but necessarily with a blueskocking, or a neuritic, or a Jessee, or a prostitute, whom he has to save. But he is merely thirty-five when he is fatigued and bored and begins to give everybody advice.

In his physical existence Ivanov does not know what is going on within him. In horror he tells the doctor, when he learns that his wife is dying of tuberculosis: ‘I feel neither love nor pity, but merely an emptiness, a vague sense. You may think it awful on my part — but I tell you I do not know what is going on in my soul.

Finding themselves in such a position, unscrupulous people throw all the blame on their environment, or put themselves down as superficial people, because Losilie and let it go at that. But my Ivanov is an honest man and straightforward and frankly tells the doctor and the public he does not understand what goes on within him. The change that had taken place in him offends his sense of decency. He seeks for causes outside of himself, and does not find them. He begins to look within himself and finds only a vague sense of guilt. It is a Russian feeling. Whether anyone dies in his house, or in his lil, whether he owns money, or whether he lends, a Russian always feels guilty. Ivanov is tormented by his feeling of guilt.... To fatigue, brevity.

To fatigue, brovety.

_He is honest and straightforward, but-boredered, but narrow and uncompromising. He blurs out the truth without sparing himself. If necessary he will throw a bomb under a carriage, smack the inspector to save all anyone0aoundered. He will not stop at anything.... Such people are necessary and generally are attractive. To caricature them, even in the interest of the stage, is dishonest, nor is there any need for it. True, a caricature is more poignant and therefore easier_...
sweeter to comprehend, but it is better to leave
the colours too faint than to durb them on too
thickly.
Sara loves Ivanov because he is a good
man, ardent, brilliant, and speaks as fervently
as Lyov. While he is excited and interesting
she loves him; but when he begins to grow misty
in her eyes and to lose definite outline, she
no longer understands him and she speaks her
mind straightly and sharply.
Sasha is a girl of the new school, educated,
intelligent, honest, etc.... She is a female who is
not won by the vivid plumage of the male... but by
their complaints, whinings, and failures.... So
sooner does Ivanov's heart grow faint than the lady
is at hand.... It is not Ivanov she loves, but the
book.... She does not know that for Ivanov love is
only another complication, only one more web in
the web. She carries on with him for a whole year,
but she does not raise him — instead, he sinks
lower and lower.
... If the public comes out of the theatre
feeling that the Ivanovs are scoundrels and the
Doctor Lyov's great men, it will be time for me to
retire and throw my pen to the devil. Corrections
and interpolations won't help. So corrections can
stumble a great man from his pedestal and no inter-
polation can make a frail and ordinary mortal out
of a scoundrel.....

"Uncle Vanya", originally called "The Wood Devil",
was Chekhov's second large portrait. Of this play he
tells us that:

It deals with an egotistical wooden bore who
read about literature twenty-five years ago without
understanding anything, a man who drives everybody
to dismay and boredom, who does not allow laughter,
or music, and yet an ordinary happy man.

This bore is the retired professor, Serebryakov,
who for twenty-five years has lived at the expense of the
brother of his first wife, Ivan Petrovitch Vovinetsky,
known as Uncle Vanya. The latter had spent his youth on
the family estate, removed from the opportunities of the
large city. He has slaved and economized to support his
brother-in-law, whom he and everyone else
adore as a great man, the oracle, the bannor-bearer of
With Uncle Vanya is Sonya, the young daughter of
his beloved dead sister whom he had brought up and who has
worked side by side with him to keep her pseudo-illustrious
father living in ease in the capital. But the hole about
the Professor is quickly dispelled, when after years of absence
he visits the estate on his summer holiday. The entire
household, with the sole exception of the mother of his
first wife, makes the tragic discovery that the Professor
is a cross egotist and empty bore, and that his admired
wisdom is stagnant, antiquated, and useless. They reflect
on the brazen conceit and bombast that had succeeded in
sapping his daughter Sonya, Uncle Vanya, and the youth of
his young wife Yelena.

Yelena is but twenty-seven, clever and attractive.
She has grown to understand her husband's emptiness, but
she remains true to him largely because of her lack of
courage. On the estate she becomes the center of
attraction. Uncle Vanya, who has §8 long suppressed his
need for companionship and affection, falls violently in
love with Yelena. Dr. Astrov, a neighbour and friend of
Uncle Vanya and who like him has wasted his youth and
ideals in the drabness of village practice, also becomes
infatuated with her. Yelena prefers him to Uncle Vanya.
The terrible disappointment and his growing bitterness
against the man who has for years drained him, drive
Vanya into a state of frenzy, culminating in his attempt
to kill his worthless and perfidious brother-in-law. He
foils, as his entire life has been a failure. The
Professor and Yelena leave the estate. Uncle Vanya and
Sonya, who secretly loves Dr. Astrov, remain to continue
their routine work and lives.

The play is a vivid satire on the fetish of
academic training, the hothouse atmosphere which produces
energized people, ignorant of real life and social needs,
yet who strut about in their importance and egotism,
leading useless lives at the expense of others. In the
words of Dr. Astrov to Yelena:

"Farmer you go, you and your husband, you
carry the infection of idleness, laziness and
artifice.

The character in the play that represents
Tolstoy's ideal and hopes is Sonya, a beautiful, loving
spirit, capable and determined, yet full of sweet tender-
ness and glowing hope in the future. Through Sonya Tolstoy
expresses his own undying faith. She says:

We shall rejoice and look back at these
troubles of ours with tenderness, with a smile —
and we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, I have
fervent, passionate faith.... We shall see all
Heaven lit with radiance; we shall see all
earthly evil, all sufferings, drowned in mercy
which will fill the whole world, and our life
will be peaceful, gentle and sweet as a rose,
I have faith, I have faith, (wipes away her
tears with her hankerchief). Poor Uncle Vanya,
you are crying. (Through her own tears). You
have had no joy in your life, but wait, Uncle
Vanya, wait. We shall rest ( puts her arms around
him ). We shall rest !
In "Th Seagull" the young artist, Constantine Treplef, seeks new forms, new modes of expression. He is tired of old academic ways, the beaten track; he is disgusted with the endless imitative methods, no one apparently capable of an original thought.

Constantine has written a play; the principal part is to be acted by Sine, a beautiful girl with whom Constantine is in love. He arranges the first performance to take place on the occasion of his mother's vacation in the country.

She herself — known as Mme. Aroodina — is a famous actress of the old school. She knows how to show off her charms to advantage, to parade her beautiful gowns, to faint and die gracefully before the footlights; but she does not know how to live her part on the stage.

Mme. Aroodina is the type of artist who lacks all conception of the relation between art and life. Barren of vision and empty of heart, her only criterion is public approval and material success. Needless to say, she cannot understand her son. She considers him decadent, a foolish rebel who wants to undermine the settled canons of dramatic art. Constantine sums up his mother's personality in the following manner:

Treplef: She is a psychological curiosity, is my mother. A clever and gifted woman, who can cry over a novel, will reel you off all Herzensov's poems by heart, and is the perfection of a sick nurse; but venture to praise Eleonora Duse before her? Oh! she! You must praise nobody but her, write about her, shout about her, and go into ecstasies over her
wonderful performance in "La Dame aux Camélias", or "The Funes of Life"; but as she cannot have these intoxicating pleasures down here in the country, she's bored and gets spiteful.... She loves the stage; she thinks that she is advancing the cause of humanity and her sacred art; but I regard the stage of to-day as mere routine and prejudice. When the curtain goes up and the gifted beings, the high priests of the sacred art, appear by electric light, in a room with three sides to it, representing how people eat, drink, love, walk and wear their jackets; when, they strive to squeeze out a moral from the flat, vulgar pictures and the flat, vulgar phrases, a little tiny moral, easy to comprehend and handy for home consumption, when in a thousand variations they offer me always the same thing over and over and over again — then I take to my heels and run, as Monastair ran from the Eiffel Tower, which crushed his brain by its overwhelming vulgarity.... We must have new formulae. That's what we want. And if there are none, then it's better to have nothing at all.

With him, Aronina is her lover, Trigorin, a successful writer. When he began his literary career, he possessed originality and strength. But gradually writing became a habit; the publishers constantly demand new books, and he supplies them.

Oh, the slavery of being an "arrived" artist, forging new chains for oneself with every "best seller"! Such is the position of Trigorin: he hates his work as the worst drudgery. Exhausted of ideas, all life and human relations serve him only as material for copy.

Jina, innocent of the ways of the world and saturated with the false romanticism of Trigorin's works, does not see the man but the celebrated artist. She is carried away by his face and stirred by his presence; an infatuation with him quickly replaces her affection for
Constantine. To her Trigorin embodies her dream of a brilliant and interesting life.

Nina: How I envy you, if you but knew it! How different are the lots of different people! Some can hardly drag on their tedious, insignificant existence; they are all alike, all miserable; others, like you, for instance — you are one in a million — are blessed with a brilliant, interesting life, all full of meaning.... You are happy.... What a delightful life you're led!

Trigorin: What is there so fine about it? Day and night I am obsessed by the same persistent thought: I must write, I must write; I must write...... No sooner have I finished one story than I am somehow compelled to write another, then a third, and after the third a fourth...... I have no rest for myself; I feel that I am devouring my own life...... I've never satisfied myself...... I have the feeling for nature; it wakes a passion in me, an irresistible desire to write. But I am something more than a landscape painter; I'm a citizen as well; I love my country, I love the people; I feel that if I am a writer I am bound to speak of the people, of its suffering, of its future, to speak of science, of the rights of man, etc., etc., and I speak about it all, volubly, and am attacked angrily in return by everyone; I dart from side to side like a fox run down by hounds; I see that life and science fly far, far, far far behind, like the countryman running after the train; and in the end I feel that the only thing I can write of is the landscape, and in everything else I am untrue to life, false to the very marrow of my bones.

Constantine realizes that Nina is slipping away from him. The situation is aggravated by the constant friction with his mother and his despair at the lack of encouragement for his art. In a fit of desperation he attempts suicide, but without success. His mother, although nursing him back to health, is infuriated at her son's "foolishness," his inability to adapt himself to conditions, his impractical ideas. She decides to leave, accompanied
by Trigorin. On the day of their departure Nina and Trigorin meet once more. The girl tells him of her ambition to become an actress, and, encouraged by him, follows him to the city.

Two years later Nina, Arcadina, still full of her idle triumphs, returns to her estate. Trigorin is again with her still haunted by the need of copy.

Constantine has in the interim matured considerably. Although he has made himself heard as a writer, he nevertheless feels that life to-day has no place for such as he: that sincerity in art is not wanted. His mother is with him, but she only serves to emphasize the flatness of his surroundings. He loves her, but her ways jar him and drive him into seclusion.

Nina, too, has returned to her native place, broken in body and spirit. Partly because of the memory of her past affection for Constantine, and mainly because she hears of Trigorin's presence, she is drawn to the place where two years before she had dreamed of the beauty of an artistic career. The cruel struggle for recognition, the bitter disappointment in her relation with Trigorin, the care of a child and poor health have combined to change the romantic child into a sad woman.

Constantine still loves her. He pleads with her to go away with him, to begin a new life. But it is too late. The lure of the footlights is beckoning to Nina;
she returns to the stage. Constantine, unable to stand
the loneliness of his life and the mercenary demands
upon his art, kills himself.

To the Anglo-Saxon mind such an ending is
pessimism - defeat. Often, however, apparent defeat is
in reality the truest success. For it is not success, as
commonly understood, but too frequently bought at the
expense of character and idealism?

"The Seagull" is not defeat. As long as there
is still such material in society as the Constantines -
men and women who would rather die than compromise with
the sordidness of life - there is hope for humanity.
If the Constantines perish, it is the social fault -
our indifference to, and lack of appreciation of, the
real values that alone advance the fuller and more
complete life of the race.

THIRD SISTERS

The play opens with the line:

"Father died just a year ago, on this very day."

It is the key to the tragic life of the three
Protorov sisters, Olga, Masha, and Irina. While their
father was alive and in his position as general in command
of a brigade, his daughters enjoyed the gay military
atmosphere of the army circle, unaware of the crudeness of
the small provincial town. During the year of mourning
the sisters lived only in the memory of their father,
absorbed in their love, but with approaching spring comes the revival of spirit and the yearning for the Colour and gaiety of the capital. They decide to terminate their grey life on the country estate for Moscow.

Their hopes are centered in their brother Andrey, who is to become a college professor and make his mark in Moscow. Through him their lives also would gain new meaning and purpose. But Andrey becomes infatuated with a silly girl whom he marries and who gradually destroys all his dreams. He grows indolent, dull, and fat like his wife. Still the sisters go on clinging to the hope of Moscow as the only release from the oppressive atmosphere of their cramped existence.

Their dream becomes more vivid with the entry into their life of a visitor, Lieutenant-Colonel Verehinin. He is gay and vivacious in spite of his unhappy marriage to a woman who by repeated attempts at suicide binds the man to her. Verehinin, a man of almost middle age, is yet full of the joy of life and the hope for a better future. He electrifies Masha, and she is carried away by his youthful spirit. She and Verehinin snatch a few moments of bliss, of forgetfulness. But soon the military company to which he is attached leaves the village, and Masha is thrown back into the hosed old routine and the narrow interests of her married life.

Irena, tired of the drudgery of her duties, accepts the offer of marriage of Lieutenant Tumenbach. He plans to leave the army, take his wife to Moscow, and there...
engage in some useful work. But again fate interferes. Tusenbach is killed in a silly duel by a jealous fellow-officer whose love Irene had repulsed. Prior to this misfortune a fire in the village destroyed whatever of value the sisters possessed. Tusenbach's death on the very eve of Irene's departure for the capital terminates her dream of Moscow and all hope of release from the deadening monotony and stagnation of her hateful existence.

The play closes with the sisters dumbly resigned to their fate, Olga fondly embracing them, leaning on the garden fence and listening to the receding sound of the military music — a tragic picture of the drabness of their lives.

With master hand Tolstoy portrayed in the "Three Sisters" the paralyzing effect of Russian provincialism, the utter hopelessness of the intelligentsia, and the lack of outlet due to the political and social conditions of the period. He knew the inertia of the educated class, their endless talk about beauty and idealism, and their incapacity of overcoming the difficulties in the way of realizing their dreams.

Believing, as Tolstoy did, in the mission of art to reproduce reality sincerely, he could paint life only as he saw it. And yet "Three Sisters" ends with a note of hope. It is expressed by Olga when she assures Masha and Irene that:

"I believe in the value of beauty and the redemption of humanity by beauty."

The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists, Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman. — 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 32 × 22 cm.
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.... the music is so gay, so confident, and one longs for life! Oh, God! Time will pass, and we shall go away forever, and we shall be forgotten, our faces will be forgotten, our voices, and how many there were of us! But our sufferings will pass into joy for those who will live after us. Happiness and peace will be established upon earth; and they will remember kindly and bless those who have lived before. Oh, dear sisters, our life is not ended yet. We shall live!

§ § §

"The Cherry Orchard" is Chekhov's supreme work of art and at the same time it voices his abiding faith in life, in the possibilities of man, in Russia. The work was created during the most wretched period of the author's life, in the last three years when disease had made fatal inroads, when almost every day was filled with torture and physical martyrdom. Yet Chekhov's spirit had never soared so high, nor had his faith been so staunch as during these agonizing years. "The Cherry Orchard" is Chekhov's prophetic song, his confession of faith, a poem of infinite tenderness, of exceeding beauty and charm. Nay, more — it is the symbol of three social epochs in Russia and their original reflex in literature.

Mrs. Banevsky, the owner of the cherry orchard, an estate celebrated far and wide for its beauty and historic traditions, is deeply attached to the family place. She loves it for its romanticism: nightingales sing in the orchard, accompanying the wooing of lovers. She is devoted to it because of the memory of her ancestors
and because of the many tender ties which bind her to the orchard. The same feeling and reverence is entertained by her brother Leonid Gauel. They are expressed in the Ode to an Old Family Cupboard:

Gauel: Beloved and venerable cupboard; honour and glory to your existence, which for more than a hundred years has been directed to the noble ideals of justice and virtue. Your silent summons to profitable labour has never weakened in all these hundred years. You have upheld the courage of succeeding generations of human kind; you have upheld faith in a better future and cherished in us ideals of goodness and social consciousness.

But the social consciousness of Gauel and of his sister is of a paternal nature: the attitude of the aristocracy toward its serfs. It is a paternalism that takes no account of the freedom and happiness of the people, — the romanticism of a dying class.

Mae, Renevsky is impoverished. The cherry orchard is heavily mortgaged and as romance and sentiment cannot liquidate debts, the beautiful estate falls into the cruel hands of commercialism.

The merchant Yermolai Lopakhin buys the place. He is in ecstasy over his newly acquired possession. He is the owner — he who had risen from the serfs of the former master of the orchard!

Lopakhin: Just think of it! The cherry orchard is mine! Mine! Tell me that I'm drunk; tell me that I'm off my head; tell me that it's all a dream! ... If only my father and my grandfather could rise from their graves and see the whole affair, how their Renevsky, their
flogged and ignorant Yermolai, who used to run about barefooted in the winter, how this same Yermolai had bought a property that hasn't its equal for beauty anywhere in the whole world! I have bought the property where my father and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't even allowed into the kitchen.

It is an error to consider Lopakhin an avaricious climber, drunk with his newly acquired wealth and insensitive of appreciating beauty and refinement. We have Tolstoy's own attitude to this character which gives Lopakhin quite a different place in the new epoch that followed upon the heels of the aristocracy with its leisure and romance built on the backs of the serfs.

Lopakhin is a merchant, of course, but he is a very decent person in every sense. He must behave with perfect decorum, like an educated man, with no petty ways or tricks of any sort.... Varya, a serious and religious girl, is in love with Lopakhin; she wouldn't be in love with a mere money-grubber......

No, Lopakhin isn't a money-grubber whose new acquisition goes to his head like wine to those unused to drink. He is the man of action, of strong will, the man of purpose, who has risen from the dust by sheer force of character and determination to the position of independence; the man who believes that the time for mere talking is past and that deeds are needed. Lopakhin is, as a matter of fact, Tolstoy himself who faced the realities of life, who fervently believed in the need of labour in the advent of a new epoch, the epoch of the machine and of labour-saving devices, of science as against
romanticism — the period of realism in life and in art.

However, Chekhov was no materialist in the narrow sense. To him materialism was but the means of translating idealism into life. Peter Trophimov, "the perpetual student", the creation of Chekhov's kindly jest, is nevertheless expressive of the hopes and dreams of the author. And with Trophimov is Anya, the young daughter of Madame Ranevsky, the radiant, ardent Russian girl whom Chekhov — and before him Turgenev — painted so sympathetically. They herald the new and brighter time.

Anya: Why is it that I no longer love the cherry orchard as I did? I used to love it so tenderly; I thought there was no better place on earth than our garden.

Trophimov: All Russia is our garden. The earth is great and beautiful; it is full of wonderful places. Think, Anya, your grandfather, your great-grandfather and all your ancestors were serf-owners, owners of living souls. Do not human spirits look out at you from every tree in the orchard, from every leaf and every stem? Do you not hear human voices?... Oh! it is terrible. Your orchard frightens me. When I walk through it in the evening or at night, the rugged bark on the trees glows with a dim light, and the cherry trees seem to see all that happened a hundred and two hundred years ago in painful and oppressive dreams.

Well, well, we have fallen at least two hundred years beyond the times. We have achieved nothing at all as yet; we have not made up our minds how we stand with the past; we only philosophize, complain of boredom, or drink vodka. It is so plain that, before we can live in the present, we must first redeem the past, and have done with it.

Anya: The house we live in has long since ceased to be our house; I shall go away.

Trophimov: If you have the household keys, throw them in the well and go away. Be free, be free as the wind.... I am sick, anxious, poor as a beggar. Pete has boasted
me hither and thither; I have been everywhere, everywhere. But everywhere I have been, every minute, day and night, my soul has been full of mysterious anticipations. I feel the approach of happiness, Anya; I see it coming... it is coming towards us, nearer and nearer; I can hear the sound of its footsteps... And if we do not see it, if we do not know it, what does it matter? Others will see it.

Tochekhov's prophetic vision beheld the coming day, and with powerful pen and loving heart he proclaimed it that others might see it. Far from being a pessimist, as charged by superficial critics, Tochekhov's febrile faith and passionate belief became stronger with growing physical decline.

We are higher creatures, (he wrote at this time), and if we were really to realize the whole power of the genius of man we would become like gods. To believe in God is not difficult. The inquisitors... and our Arakchiev believed in him. No, believe in man. The great, brilliant future of man, the kingdom of eternal truth....

In 1903 Tochekhov wrote:

There would come soon the new, clear life, when one would be able to look directly and bravely into the eyes of fate, to realize oneself as right, happy, free.

One year later this faith found its highest expression in the "Cherry Orchard".
CHAPTER IX

In the preface to his collected works, Gorki says:

I have come from below, from the nethermost ground of life where is nought but slush and muck.... I am the truthful voice of life, the harsh cry of those who still abide down there and who have let me come up to bear witness to their suffering.

Certainly no other writer can speak with such knowledge and experience of those who are in "the nethermost ground of life" as Maxim Gorki. Unlike most writers on the life of the underworld, Gorki was never the aloof observer merely: he was part of the milieu he portray's with such mastery. He is one of the numberless many whom the overworld had thrust "down below" and whom it rarely permits to rise unless he possess the genius of a Gorki. Genius defies all obstacles, overcomes every hindrance and rises to the sunlit day, there to cry out in behalf of those he has left behind.

Maxim Gorki, whose real name is Alexei Maksimovich Peshkov, was born in Nishni-Novgorod, on March 14, 1869. His father, whom he lost at the age of four, was a poor artisan; his mother, the daughter of a dyer, was disowned by her parents for marrying "below her station." After a second marriage she did and left her child at the age of seven with her father. The latter, hard and unforgiving, made the little fellow suffer for the offense of his daughter who had "dissgraced" the family by choosing a common working-man for a
The boy was hired out to a shoemaker, later to be placed with a dealer in holy pictures who maltreated the young apprentice, making his life a continuous round of misery. After three years of brutal thrashing and starvation young Maxim, unable to endure the treatment meted out to him with such regularity, managed to escape his tormentor and ship as kitchen-boy on a Volga steamer. There he found a friend in the drunken but very kindly cook, who took the twelve-year-old boy under his protection. It was this cook who first introduced Gorki to books, the two spending many hours together, reading promiscuously old Russian legends and modern works, translations from the French as well as detective stories, all eagerly absorbed by the impressionable young mind. Thus was awakened the youth’s thirst for reading and knowledge, the mighty Volga stream and the wide steppes surrounding it helping to enrich his imagination and to develop his innate sense of beauty.

A youth of fifteen, Gorki sought the ancient city of Kazan where he hoped to “buy” an education. But he soon discovered that for one of his class there was in Russia at that time no opportunity to acquire knowledge in the institutions of learning. He had to continue his quest in the school of life which, though a harsher and more dangerous source of wisdom, has the advantage of reality and truth. He hired himself out to a baker, who exploited the energies of the boy for eighteen hours a day. The remarkable stories, “Konovalov”
and "Twenty-Six and One", are the result of that experience.

Gorki has given us a vivid picture of his life and work in the bakery:

We lived in a wooden box, under a low and heavy ceiling, all covered with cobwebs and permeated with cob. Night pressed us between the walls, spattered with spots of mud and all mouldy. We got up at five in the morning and, stupid and indifferent, began work at six o'clock. We made bread out of the dough which our comrades had prepared while we slept. The whole day, from dawn till ten at night, some of us sat at the table rolling out the dough, and, to avoid becoming torpid, we would constantly rock ourselves to and fro while others kneaded in the flour. The enormous oven, which resembled a fantastic beast, opened its large jaws, full of dazzling flames, and breathed forth upon us its hot breath, while its two black and snarled cavities watched our unending work. Thus from one day to the next, in the floury dust, in the mud that out feet brought in from the yard, in the suffocating and terrible heat, we rolled out the dough and made cracknels, moistening them with our sweat; we hated our work with an implacable hatred; we never ate what we made, preferring black bread to those odorous dainties.

The desire for advancement was strong in Maxim Gorky and he constantly sought better opportunities. He did not remain long in the bakery, soon exchanging it for the freer, though more strenuous life of a docker. The new occupation with its increased chances of contact with people served Gorki in storing up impressions which later gave such unique atmosphere and color to his work.

It was at this period, the docker's work being uncertain, that the youth, hungry and cold, sought shelter on a barge. He met a girl there, an outcast. She too had come there for shelter. In the darkness and drizzling rain the two found each other. Most powerfully and sympathetically is the incident treated in "Once in Autumn".
Those were the first kisses any woman ever gave me, and they were the best, for those that I received later always cost me a lot and never gave me any joy.... At this time I was already preparing myself to be an active and powerful force in society; it seemed to me at times that I had in part accomplished my purpose.... I dreamed of political resolutions, of social reorganization. I used to read much deep and impenetrable authors that their thoughts did not seem to be a part of them --- and now a prostitute warned me with her body, and I was in debt to a miserable, homely creature, punished by a society that did not want to accord her a place. The wind blew and groaned, the rain beat down upon the boat, the waves broke around us, and both of us, closely entwined, trembled from cold and hunger. And Natasha consoled me; she spoke to me in a sweet, caressing voice, as only a woman can. In listening to her tender and naive words, I wept, and those tears washed away from my heart many impurities, much bitterness, sadness and hatred, all of which had accumulated there before this night.

They separate in the dawn and never see each other again.

For more than six months I looked in all the dives and dens in the hope of seeing that dear little Natasha once more, but it was vain.

Living in the depths of society, a vagabond among vagabonds, Corki feels himself an outcast with outcasts. At twenty he becomes so discouraged in attaining a better life and realizing his ambitions that he attempts suicide. Fortunately he fails and must again take up the struggle for existence. He works at anything that comes to hand --- as a fruit vendor on the railways, in fields. His love of knowledge is revived and he seeks to acquaint himself with the "mysteries" of science, of literature, the drama and other arts. In this he is assisted by students he meets in his native town. Later he finds employment as secretary to a lawyer in Mishni-Novgorod, a Mr. Lulin, who took great interest in him, lent him books and helped to improve the youth's education which
up to that time had been acquired in a very haphazard manner. But Gorki's restlessness, roaming spirit would not permit him to remain long in one place. He again took to the road. He covered the length and breadth of Russia on foot, supporting himself in devious ways, begging, working at odd jobs, but mostly starving, while observing and dreaming.

After he had tramped through Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Kuban region, Gorki reached the Caucasus. There he met a student who liked himself had been "thrust down below". The latter encouraged Gorki to write down his experiences, thus laying the cornerstone for the literary structure Maxim Gorki later gave to the world.

In a local paper in Tiflis there appeared, in 1892, the story "Nazar Ichudra" signed by Maxim Gorki. Powerful and bearing evidence of unusual talent, the tale aroused attention. Within two years Gorki became a known and recognized name in Russian literature, due particularly to the efforts of the great Ukrainian writer, Vladimir Korolenko. The latter, sensing Maxim's ability, introduced him to the more serious publications, and Gorki's stories began to appear in the well-known "Ruskoye Bogatstvo" (Russian Wealth) then edited by Korolenko. The latter's influence was a potent factor at this stage of Gorki's career. In supplying material to his biographer, Gorki wrote:

"Write this, write this without changing a single word; it is Korolenko who taught Gorki to write, and if Gorki has profited but little by the teaching of Korolenko, it is the fault of Gorki alone. Gorki's first teacher was the..."
soldier-cook Smory; his second teacher was
the lawyer Lamin; the third Alexander Kalyushny,
an "ex-man"; (one down and out) the fourth,
Korolenko.

Gorki quickly became popular with the Russian
reading public. When his stories first appeared in
collected form in 1883, his fame spread beyond the
confines of his native land and his works were translated
in almost every country. But the price he had to pay
was beyond his physical capital. Due to long years of
starvation and hardship, Gorki developed tuberculosis
which has since kept him hovering between life and death.

In the chapter on Tchekhov I have referred to
the election of Gorki as honorary member of the Academy
of Science and the part Tchekhov played in it. The
"honor" did not last long, because the Tsar was displeased
with the election of so rabid a revolutionary who had then
already embraced Marxist socialism as his political ideal.
Fearful of imperial disapproval, the timid Academy made
itself ridiculous by repudiating the election. It is
not likely that this cowardly procedure by those who
presume to be the high priests of Art and Letters gave
Gorki any sleepless nights. It certainly did not prevent
him a year later from throwing himself into the revolution-
ary tide which swept across Russia in 1905. Inspired
by the high hopes and the patient heroism of the Russian
masses, Gorki heavily taxed his already weakened vitality
in active participation. His efforts were mainly
concentrated on raising funds, which he frequently collected
on the street corners after his friend Chaliapin had
enthused the crowd by his exquisite singing. After
the failure of the 1905 Revolution Gorki was compelled
to flee Russia. He went to France and later to Capri.
In 1906 Gorki visited the United States for the purpose of raising funds for renewed revolutionary work in Russia. No man who had ever come to America before had such an exceptional opportunity to reach the workers and to arouse their interest for and sympathy with their brothers in Russia, as well as to get from them generous financial support. Unfortunately Gorki fell into the hands of a group of pseudo intellectuals who, though well-intentioned, lacked judgment and discretion. Due to the latter was the complete failure of Gorki's purpose and the outrageous insult heaped upon the man by the American purists. His friends failed in the first place to acquaint Gorki with the greatest scourge of American life --- the busy-bodies who have constituted themselves the watch-dogs of American morals. Having failed to take the respectable precaution of registering his lawful companion of many years --- Madame Andreiya --- as his legally permitted wife, Gorki was ordered out of the hotel in the dead of night and practically thrown into the street. It thus fell to his tragic lot to be received by America as a king one day and to be hurled into the gutter like a pariah the next. Gorki, unfamiliar with the ways of American hospitality, was dazed by the clamor raised against him by a sensational and unscrupulous press and public, forsaken by his literary conferees, and with all his chances of realizing his purpose spoiled.

Still the situation might have been saved had Gorki's advisors not continued to bungle matters. The man who had emerged from below, "from the nothermost ground of life where there is naught but slush and mud", should have gone to the people, to the workers who knew

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and loved the artist and man in him, instead of remain-
ing among rich curiosity seekers. Following the
dreadful hotel incident his friends kept Gorki in exclu-
sion, far away from his own kind who had no way of reach-
ing him, or of evidencing to him their admiration and
respect. Instead he found himself among people who
understood him neither as man nor as artist, and who had
but little interest in his vital mission. Gorki then
sailed for Capri.

Before the outbreak of the great war Maxim
Gorki returned to Russia. There he began the publi-
cation of the magazine "Zhizn" ("Life") which was devoted
to life, art, and letters. It continued its valuable
work all through the Kerensky period and after the
Bolsheviki attained to power. For a considerable time
a sharp opponent of the latter's political regime, Gorki
gradually allied himself with them. Whether he inwardly
condoned all that was done in the name of the revolution
it is difficult to say. Outwardly, however, he
persistently sought to explain every governmental outrage
as a revolutionary necessity and "historically inevitable", which merely demonstrates that one may be a great writer
and yet a very bad statesman. Gorki especially proved
that by the work he published after he came out of Russia,
wherein he indicts the Russian people as "most savage,
barbarous, densely superstitious and cruel."

The serious psychologist knows that the masses
of whatever race or country, when driven at bay are
likely to show similar characteristics. The wonder is
not that the Russians are "savage, cruel, and barbarous".
...that they are not more so after centuries of Tzarism, followed by a terrible war, revolution, pestilence, famine, interventions from without, tyranny from within. From a creative artist one has the right to expect deeper psychologic perception than Maxim Gorki has shown by his wholesale charges against the Russian peasantry. But as I have said, one may be a poet and at the same time a blunderer in the politico-sociological aspects of life.

The quick ascendency of Maxim Gorki in the world of letters was not due merely to his great literary gifts. It was essentially aided by his ardent faith in the Russian and his possibilities, carrying a message of hope and inspiration intensely needed by the reading public of the period. For years it had been fed on the Obloso^ types, on "heroes" so lost in self-contemplations and so paralyzed by introspection that they were unable to look life bravely in the face, much less to overcome its difficulties. But here came one who drew his material from the very depths, from the social outcasts, the bovatki of the "barefoot brigade", "ex-men"---have been---and among them Gorki was able to discover and present to us brave, proud and determined men and women, who tolerate no idle excursions into their souls, who love life and have the strength to drink the cup to its dregs. The Konovalova, the Tobelskach, the Malvas, and the Ornova do not whine. They do not waste their substance in endless discussions about their "sick souls". They live.
refuses to accept the idea that conditions are stronger than man. He thinks that "one must be fair-hearted indeed" to be conquered by fate. He tells his young friend,

I live, and something goads me on.... I have no line to follow.... do you understand me? I don’t know how to say it. I have not that spark in my soul.... Force, perhaps? Something is missing; that’s all!

And when he is assured that the failure of man is due to the "dark forces round you", Kononovolov protests:

Then make a stand! Take a stronger footing! Find your ground and make a stand!

Similarly Grisha Urlov, another vagabond type, is filled with the love of freedom and life.

My soul burns within me, (he says) I want space to give full swing to my strength. I feel within me an indomitable force! If the cholera, let us say, could become a man, a giant, I would meet it! Let it be a struggle to the death, I would say: you are a force, and I, Grisha Urlov, am a force too; let us see which is the better!

Naturally, the Kononovoloves and the Urlovs often go down, but at least not without fight, never submissive to the "inevitables", never yielding. The element of strength which permeates all of Gorki’s early works and his faith in the purging quality of an ideal proved refreshing and exhilarating to the Russian public, bringing quick acceptance and recognition.
Maxim Gorki began writing plays in 1901. A true artist, he sincerely tells us that he is dissatisfied with his dramatic works. It is not amiss to remark that of the ten or more plays Gorki wrote, high water mark is reached only in "The Lower Depths". Not that his other plays lack value. In comparison with many dramas that now infest the English and American stage such works as Gorki as "Smug People", "Children of the Sun", "Enemies", and "The Judge", are of very high quality. But in comparison with his powerful stories they are inferior.

"Smug People" reveals Gorki's social tendencies more clearly than his other dramatic works. Not that it is "propaganda". But the real hero of the drama is a workingman, a man of the people, a personality of will and determination who masters circumstances and lives his life.

Nil is the adopted son of Bessemensov, a well-to-do, respectable member of the middle class. All their lives the Bessemensova have lived in the same stuffy house, with the same stuffy furniture, absorbed by the same everyday petty interests. Their children were born and reared in the same house and like their parents, are doomed to the same round of nothingness. Occasionally one attempt to escape his paralyzing confines. Thus Peter, the son of the bessemensova, carried away by his passion for the buxom widow, Helena Krivtsova, goes away with her to live his life and love. But it will probably not be for long. For in the words of Teterov, the humorous boarder of the bessemensova

Peter will not dare to go far. He has only been drawn out of the depressing and exasperating surroundings by someone else. He will climb
down again. You will die (this to the father). Peter will make some slight changes in the house and barn, will probably remove the old, dusty furniture about and will continue to live as sensibly, snugly, and satisfied as you have done. And he will become as avaricious, self-righteous and hard as you.

Tatyana, the sister of Peter, who wastes her life as teacher giving to her pupils the same grey values of life she herself had received, has not even the will to attempt an escape. She too is aroused for a brief period by her infatuation for Nil, the adopted son of Bessemonov, but when she learns that he loves Polya, the seamstress employed in her father’s house, she attempts suicide and fails even at that. All the Bessemonova, including the mother, whose days are spent in everlasting nagging and complaining, lament their fate. Small people with small interests and small vision, never rising above their daily routine.

Not so Nil. He is full of the spirit of life and longing to live. He has always kept aloof from the demoralising family quarrels, preserving the cheerful optimism without which difficulties cannot be overcome. And there is Polya, young and tender, and with deep faith in life and love. The two belong to each other, and together they go out to meet life regardless of all the middle-class considerations and obstacles in their path. Their love, their capacity for work, their joy in life will sustain them.

These two are types infused by the author with his own spirit. At their side are the care-free, heart-free vagabonds who defy all the accepted standards and
conventions and who have the courage to live their own lives. They are the true kings of the earth. Their characters, drawn with sympathetic insight, are a glowing counterpart to the dull existence of the smug people, whose lives, as Tatarov tells us, are a mixture of cleverness and stupidity, of kindness and meanness, of respectability and vulgarity, of servitude and braveness.

Their lives are a continuous round of triviality circumscribed by their spiritual emptiness. Any deviation from the habitual and accustomed afflicts like a wagon passing through a swamp; the stagnant waters are momentarily disturbed, soon to recede into the ill-smelling pool.

In the preface to the American edition of his play, "The Judge," Gorki remarks that this drama seems to him more interesting than his other works although "not entirely devoid of diabolic tendencies." He further explains:

Are we not all of us eternally trying to teach something to our fellow-men? As a result of this ineradicable instinct, we are becoming more and more intolerant of the freedom of thought of others; there is such a multitude of 'truths' spread abroad throughout the world. Each of us has at least two or three of his own, which we strive to fasten upon those about us, like a collar around the neck of a dog. In "The Judge," for example, I have tried to show how repulsive a man may be who becomes infatuated with his own suffering, who has come to believe that he enjoys the right to torment others for what he has suffered. When such a man has convinced himself that such is his right, that he is for that reason a chosen instrument of vengeance, he forfeits all claim to human respect. It is as if a man were to set fire to houses and whole towns simply because he felt cold.
The character in "The Judge" who comes to revenge himself on another is given in the play as "The Old Man". His victim is Ivan Mastakov. Both had been doomed to Siberia, the former for seducing a minor, the latter for murder. Mastakov, who had been condemned innocently, succeeded in escaping, changed his name and with the help and inspiration of Sofia Markovna, an intelligent and energetic young widow, he gradually rose to be a power in the community he now lives in. He has devoted himself to reforms and social improvements, has built schools and is kind and generous to his fellow men.

At the hour of Mastakov's greatest success, and when he is about to marry Sofia Markovna, "The Old Man", in the disguise of a pilgrim accompanied by "The Young Girl", a stern half-idiot, visits the estate. He is recognized by Mastakov as Anton, his erstwhile companion in misery in Siberia. Mastakov knows that the Old Man has come to crush him, to expose him, turn him over to the police and destroy the new life he has built up so painfully and after great spiritual suffering.

Mastakov confesses to Sofia Markovna who The Old Man is and what he has come for. He also tells her about his past --- something he had often tried to confide to her before, but which he could not find enough strength to do. She believes him, encourages him, and together they decide to meet the terrible Old Man and prevail upon him to release his hold on Mastakov in return for a sum of money. But the Old Man will have none of it. He has suffered --- so must Mastakov. He tells Sofia Markovna:
Your Gussey (the name Mstakov was known under in prison) has sinned and wants to get into paradise, doesn't he? No, paradise is not for him. It's for such as I, the poor suffering outcast. That is the law. He ought to suffer tenfold for all my suffering.

When Sofia pleads that Mstakov was not guilty of the crime for which he already paid with several years' prison, The Old Man retorts:

I have no time to look for the right man... Gussey, you see, is in my fist; I've found him, caught him like a sparrow. He didn't drink his cup to the bitter dregs. Why not? I did. And you say I have no right to judge him? A merciless, lawful judge --- that's what I have a right to be! You have tormented me to death and now you beg for peace? Your days of peace are over and done with. You'll have no more peace. I won't take gold from you for the tears I've shed.

Sofia Markovna hopes that by engaging the best legal aid she will be able to save Mstakov from The Old Man and from the law. She leaves for the city. In her absence Mstakov, feeling that "man judges his neighbor with evil and malice", resorts to suicide to escape his tormentor and the hand of the law. The Old Man, hard and cruel to the point of sadism, yet clings to his Lord.

God knows better than we why He lets things happen! ... God avenged Himself.

The play is a forceful presentation of the effect of suffering on certain types of men. In this there lies a significant suggestion of social scope. Gorki's own life, particularly the years of his miserable childhood and youth, have brought home to him the too often debasing and brutalising results of the misery and torture inflicted by society upon its victims in the
lower depths. Apropos of the probable success of "The Judge" in America, Gorki wrote:

I am inclined to think that in America the theory of spiritual salvation through suffering is not as popular as it used to be in Russia. I say "used to be" because I trust that Russia has borne enough suffering to have acquired an unyielding hatred of it.

In "Lower Depths" Maxim Gorki paints with overwhelming dramatic force those cast out by man, thrown to the dung-heap of life, robbed of joy and light. Even in this most sordid atmosphere there are flashes of the better side of man. Natasha, Vaska Pepel, Satin, Luka, "ex-beings" though they are, still harbor in their crushed spirit the yearning for beauty, and some glimpses of hope to rise above the "sludge and muck" of their existence.

"A Night's Lodging" portrays a lodging house, hideous and foul, where gather the social derelicts, the thief, the gambler, the ex-artist, the ex-aristocrat, the prostitute. All of them had once been an ambition, a goal, but because of their lack of will and the injustice and cruelty of the world, they were forced into the depths and cast back whenever they attempted to rise. They are the superfluous ones, dehumanized and brutalized.

In this poisonous air, where everything withers and dies, we nevertheless find character. Natasha, a young girl, still retains her wholesome instincts. She had never known love or sympathy, had gone hungry all her days, and had tasted nothing but abuse from her brutal sister, on whom she was dependent. Vaska Pepel, the young thief, a lodger in the house, strikes a responsive chord in her the moment he makes her feel that he
cared for her and that she might be of spiritual and
moral help to him. Vaska, like Latasha, is a product
of social environment.

Vaska: From childhood, I have been --- only a
thief. . . . Always I was called Vaska, the
pickpocket; Vaska the son of a thief? See,
it was of no consequence to me, as long as
they would have it so ..... so they would have
it ..... I was a thief, perhaps, only out of
spite..... because nobody came along to call
me anything --- thief ....... You call me
something else, Latasha ..... It is no easy
life that I lead --- friendless; pursued like
a wolf ..... I sink like a man in a swamp.....
whatever I touch is slimy and rotten.....
nothing is fire..... but you are like a young
fir-tree; you are prickly, but you give support.

There is another humana-illuminating tho dark
picture in "A Night’s Lodging", --- Luka. He is the
type of an old pilgrim, a man whom the experiences of
life have taught wisdom. He has tramped through Russia
and Siberia, and consorted with all sorts of people; but
disappointment, grief, and suffering have not robbed him
of his faith in beauty, in idealism. He believes that
every man, however low, degraded or demoralized, can yet
be reached, if we but know how to touch his soul. Luka
inspires courage and hope in everyone he meets, urging
each to begin life anew. To the former actor, now
steeped in drink, he says:

Luka: The drunkard, I have heard, can now be
cured, without charge. They realize no, you
see, that the drunkard is also a man. You must
teach to make ready. Ask him a new life!

Luka tries to inspire Latasha and Vaska with
new faith. They marvel at his goodness. In simplicity
of heart Luka gives his philosophy of life.
Luka: I am good, you say. But you see, there must be some one to be good.... We must have pity on mankind.... Have pity while there is still time, believe me, it is very good. I was once, for example, employed as a watchman, at a country place which belonged to an engineer, not far from the city of Tomsk, in Siberia! The house stood in the middle of the forest, an out-of-the-way location.... and it was winter, and I was all alone in the country-house. It was beautiful there...... magnificent! And once.... I heard them scrabbling up!

Natasha: Thieves!

Luka: Yes. They crept higher and I took my rifle and went outside. I looked up to men.... as they were opening a window and so busy that they did not see anything of me at all. I cried to them: "Heh, there... got out of that!" and would you think it, they fell on me with a hand ax.... I warned them--- "Halt", I cried, "or else I fire"...... then I aimed first at one and then at the other. They fell on their knees, saying, "Pardon us". I was pretty hot.... on account of the hand ax, you remember. "You devils", I cried, "I told you to clear out and you didn't.... and no", I added, "one of you go into the brush and get a switch." It was done, "And no", I commanded, "one of you stretch out on the ground, and the other thrash him".... and so they whipped each other at my command and when they had each had a sound beating, they said to me: "Grandfather", said they, "for the sake of Christ give us a piece of bread. We haven't a bite in our bellies." They were the thieves who had fallen upon me with the hand ax. Yes .... they wore a pair of splendid fellows. If 1 had not had pity on them ---- who knows what would have happened. They might have killed me..... They they would be taken to court again, put in prison, sent back to Siberia.... Why all that? You learn nothing good in prison,
nor in Siberia .... but a man, what can be not learn. Man may teach his fellowman something good ...... very simply.

Impressed and strengthened by Luka's comrades' faith and vision, the unfortunate make an attempt to rise from the social swamp. But he has come too late into their lives. They have been robbed of energy and will; and conditions always conspire to thrust them back into the depths. When Natasha and Vasik are about to start out on the road to a new life, fate overtakes them. The girl, during a scene with her heartless sister, is terribly scolded by the latter, and Vasik, rushing to the defense of his sweetheart, encounters her brutal brother-in-law, whom he accidentally kills. Thus these "superfluous ones" go down in the struggle. Not because of their vicious or degrading tendencies; on the contrary, it is their better instincts that cause them to be swept back into the abyss. But though they perish, the inspiration of Luka is not entirely lost. It is epitomized in the words of one of the victims.

Sensation: The old man --- He lived from within.... He saw everything, with his own eyes .... I asked him once: "Grandfather, why do men really live?.... "Man lives ever to give birth to strength. There live, for example, the carpenters, noisy, miserable people.... and suddenly in their midst is a carpenter born .... such a carpenter as the world has never seen; he is above all, no other carpenter can be compared to him. He gives a new face to the whole trade .... his own face, no to speak .... and with that simple impulse he has advanced twenty years .... and so the others live .... the locksmiths and the shoemakers, and all the rest of the working people .... and the same is true of other classes --- all to give birth to strength. Everyone thinks that he for himself takes up room in the world, but it turns out that he is here for another's benefit --- for someone better .... a hundred years .... or perhaps longer .... if we live so long ...... for the sake of genius .... All, my children, all, live only to give birth to strength. For that reason
we must respect everybody. We cannot know who he is, for what purpose born, or what he may yet fulfill... perhaps he has been born for our good fortune... or great benefit."

No stronger indictment than "A Night's Lodging" is to be found in contemporary literature of our perverse civilization that confines thousands--often the very best men and women--to the fate of the Veskas and Anyas, doomed as superfluous and unnecessary in society. And yet they are necessary; nay, they are vital, could we but see beneath the veil of cold indifference and stupidity to discover the deep humanity, the latent possibilities in their lowest or the low. If within our social code, they are useless material, often vicious and detrimental to the general good, it is because they have been denied opportunity and forced into conditions that kill their faith in themselves and all that is best in their natures.

The so-called depravity and crimes of those derelicts are fundamentally the depravity and criminal anti-social attitude of Society itself that first creates the underworld and, having created it, wastes much energy and effort in suppressing and destroying the menacing phantoms of its own making,--forgetful of the elemental brotherhood of man, blind to the value of the individual, and ignorant of the beautiful possibilities inherent in even the most despised children of the depths.

Maxim Gorki voices his literary credo through the mouth of one of his characters:

The duty of literature is to aid men in understanding himself, to raise his faith in himself, to develop his longing for truth; to combat what he had known, to find what is good.
in them, to find what is good in them, and to wake up in their souls shame, anger, courage; to do everything, in short, to render men strong in the noble sense of the word and capable of inspiring their lives with the holy spirit of beauty... It seems to me, we need once more to have dreams, pretty creations of our fancy and vision, because the life we have built up in poor in color, is dim and dull... so, let us try; may be inspiration will help us: rise for a moment above the earth and find on it his true place, which he has lost... The sense of life is not in self-satisfaction; after all, man is better than that. The sense of life is in the beauty and the force of striving towards some aim; every moment of one's being ought to have its higher aim.

In his creative work Maxim Gorki is that cleric who has made "the man souls of the living dead shiver". Unfortunately, for a considerable time now his voice has not sounded the new liberating note, yet our atmosphere today is more stuffy and the new vision more needed than in former years. It cannot be that the prophet of "The Snake and the Falcon" and "Old Isereil" will not speak again, for Maxim Gorki is still in the prime of life, and Russia --- as the rest of the world --- want fertile field to inspire his lyre.
Chapter X

Leonid Andreyev

Few writers of pre-revolutionary Russia have been the object of such violent controversy and contradictory opinions about their personality and work as Leonid Andreyev. Some critics declared him a weak imitation of Poe and Nietzsche seeking violent and morbid effects. Others saw in Andreyev a brilliant innovator of dramatic ideas and forms. Some denounced him as an immoral and vicious influence, while others interpreted him as the spokesman of new philosophic and ethical values. Alienists disputed the soundness of his mind, newspapers circulated questionnaires to ascertain the reading public's opinion on the much discussed author.

Meanwhile Andreyev continued at his task, producing one audacious work after another, leaving the critics more puzzled than ever, and the public eagerly clamoring for each volume. Though there is no consensus of opinion regarding Andreyev and his place in Russian letters or in world literature, it is generally admitted that he was a unique mind expressing himself in a unique and powerful manner.

Leonid Andreyev was the most original writer of Russia of his time — original in the sense that he transferred the center of gravity from human action to human thought. In this relation he was a departure from the dramatic traditions followed by his predecessors. This is not to say that the latter lacked origin-
ality. On the contrary, the main significance of most Russian writers and dramatists consists therein that though indebted to the great masters — Gogol, Turgenev, Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky — their literary expression was yet individual. But most Russian authors, as those of Western Europe, were concerned primarily with the interplay of external conditions and man's reaction to them. That which differentiates Leonid Andreych from the others, from his contemporaries Chekhov and Gorki, for instance, is not his superior individuality or power, but his dramatization of thought, of the sub-consciousness struggling against forces over which man has no control — the forces which dominate human life from the cradle to the grave, "the iron round of destiny", as Andreych calls them.

Aware that we are learning to master outer difficulties and obstacles, Andreych yet questions whether man can ever master his own limitations. Can he penetrate the mystery of life and death: the seeming of the former, the apparent senselessness of the latter? These are the profound problems which occupied Andreych and which found such significant dramatic expression in his works.

Leonid Andreych was born August 9, 1871, in the city of Orel. His father, whose income as a scientist was never too generous, died when Leonid was a high-school boy, leaving the family in straightened circumstances. For years they lived in poverty, until Andreych achieved
popularity. However, young Leonid managed to continue his studies; he entered the law department of the St-Petersburg University, later graduating from the Moscow University.

Still in his youth Leonid manifested considerable talent for painting and an intense desire to devote himself to that profession. But poverty prevented his studying the art in Russia or abroad, as he had hoped. Later on conditions compelled him, during his final university years, to support himself by doing portraits or tutoring for a pittance. Of this period he subsequently wrote:

During my first years in St-Petersburg I was hungry more than once and sometimes I did not eat for two days.

He sought relief as well as means of support by attempting some stories, incorporating incidents of his own wretched life. His state of mind may be judged from the following:

I slept like a child in writing these pages. I had put down all of my sufferings. I was still affected by my great sadness when I took the manuscript to the editor. I was told to come back in a few weeks to find out whether it had been accepted. I returned with a light heart, keeping down my anguish in expectation of the decision. It came to me in the form of a loud burst of laughter from the editor, who declared that my work was absolutely worthless.

His university days in Moscow seem to have been a little more bearable. But the fates were not very kind to him, and often he found himself in the
grip of despair. It was in such a mood that he attempted suicide, in 1894, "but without any appreciable result", as he remarks.

Three years later he graduated and began the practice of law, with little success. He pleaded but one civil case, he informs us, which he "lost completely" and several gratuitous criminal cases. But he was actively engaged in reporting court cases for an important paper.

It was in 1898 that Andreyev fairly started on his literary career. His first stories attracted the attention of Maxim Gorki, who interested himself in the young writer, giving him assistance and encouragement. The spirit of helpful fellowship has always been a characteristic feature of Russian writers and artists. Remembering their own early struggles and hardships, they have generously come to the aid of the beginner. From the time of Pushkin, who was such an inspiring influence in the creative life of Gogol, to Gorki and Andreyev, young writers could always be sure of sympathetic understanding and helpfulness from their literary confères who had already achieved fame.

But while Andreyev's first dramatic works, "The Life of Man" and "King Hunger", were acclaimed by friendly contemporaries as a new and original note in dramatic art, and while the reading public evinced an exceptional interest in his work (the first edition of "King Hunger", of 15,000 copies, being sold out in one day) many critics declared him a madman and
attacked him as immoral. Nerve specialists delivered public dissertations on the symptoms of insanity in the new author and even assured their hearers that Andreyev, having been in a lunatic asylum, could naturally write only insane things. Andreyev, who usually ignored his critics, had no difficulty in disproving the baseless charges; the truth being that he had been in a sanatorium where he was treated for heart trouble.

Impassioned discussion of Andreyev as "evil and impure" gained still greater momentum when Countess Tolstoy entered the arena. In a letter to the "Novoye Vremya" (The New Age), in 1903, the Countess wrote spiritedly that "the works of Monsieur Andreyev ought not to be read, nor glorified, nor sold out, but the whole Russian public ought to rise in indignation against the dirt which in thousands of copies is being spread over Russia by a cheap journal and by repeated editions of publishers who encourage them."

Countess Tolstoy, while not much more flattering to Maxim Gorki who introduces a good deal of cynicism and nudity into the scenes in which he paints the life of a certain class", still admits some saving grace in his works. But in Andreyev's stories, she asserts, "one feels that he loves and takes delight in the baseness in the phenomena of violent human life, and with that love of vice he infects the undeveloped."

Fortunately there were minds in Russia more far-seeing and of deeper understanding for Leonid Andreyev the man and the artist than Countess Tolstoy and her
colleagues in the campaign against him. They did not hesitate to express their belief in Andreyev's sincerity, nor did they fail to appreciate his art. Among them was the brilliant essayist, Ivanov-Rusinov. After a searching analysis of the meaning of life as interpreted by Andreyev, Ivanov-Rusinov comes to the following appraisal of the author:

Leonid Andreyev represents the transition from the socially-ethical to the philosophically ethical problems. In his work we see a return "back to Bystrovsky". This "return book" often means a tremendous step in advance. Such a tremendous step in advance was, for instance, the return of the philosophic thought of the second half of the nineteenth century "back to Kant". Just such a step in advance was in Russian belles lettres, this return of Leonid Andreyev's "back to Bystrovsky"—the return to the artistic treatment of the eternal philosophico-ethical and, broadly speaking, philosophico-religious problems.

In his earlier works Andreyev was interested mostly in the effect of external manifestations upon the life and psychology of man. "The Red Laugh", "The Seven Who Were Hanged", "King Hunger", "Save", and other stories and plays concern social and political conditions, reflected in human feelings and actions. "The Red Laugh", particularly, is a powerful arraignment of the monster war; while "The Seven Who Were Hanged" deal with the condemnation and execution of revolutionists following the failure of the Revolution of 1905. It was Andreyev's fiery protest against capital punishment and the practice of crime by the State in retaliation for offenses committed by the individual against it. On the other hand, "Save" and "King Hunger" symbolize the high hopes and cruel defeat of
man's struggle with the social conditions oppressing him.

In his later plays and stories Andreyev devotes himself to the "philosophico-ethical" quest, to the problems of life and death and the ineradicability of fate. Most clearly he reveals his own conception in "The Life of Man", in the character of "Someone in Gray", the unseen yet ever present companion of man.

Limited in vision, he will never see the next step which his unsteady foot, poised in the air, is in the very act of taking. Limited in knowledge he will never know what the coming day will bring, or the coming hour, or the coming minute. In his unseen blindness, troubled by premonitions, agitated by hope and fear, he will submissively complete the iron-traced circle fore-ordained.

The "iron-traced circle", destiny, is the leit-motive in all of Andreyev's later works. In "The Life of Man", it raises man to the highest pinnacle of wealth, fame and love, to hurl him down into the abyss of loneliness and death. In "King Hunger" it inclines the masses to revolt only to be defeated and crushed. In "The Seamen", it causes the loving, pious spirit, David Leiser, to be stoned. Ever and again in the "iron-traced circle" compresses and destroys man. Try as he might, he is unable to escape or conquer it.

But did Andreyev really despair of life and of the triumph of the elements of life over death? His essay on "Impressions of the Theatre" sheds a clear light upon his real attitude.
In denying everything, one arrives immediately at symbols, (he wrote) In refuting life one is but an involuntary apologist. I never believe so much in life as when I am reading the father of pessimism, Schopenhauer! As a result, life is powerful and victorious!.... It is truth that always triumphs, and not falsehood; it is truth which is at the basis of life, and justifies it. All that persists is useful; the noxious element must disappear sooner or later, will inevitably disappear.

The above heaped by the near-sighted upon Andreyev was not directed merely against the theme and character of his work, but also against his method and style. Those critics refused to consider that the dramatization of the inner struggles of men necessitates new forms of presentation in the creative as well as interpretive field. Andreyev did not fail to point out this essential.

They wonder why I write certain things in a peculiar style, (he once said). The explanation is very simple: every work should be written in the style which it demands. *King Hunger* could not be written without symbolism; *The Seven Who Were Hanged* could be written only in realistic tones. Chekhov — the dear, delightful, sensitive Chekhov, who was always so cautious and considerate in his utterances — finding himself once in a circle of friends and hearing the name Ibsen mentioned, blurted out: "Ibsen is a fool." If Chekhov did not understand Ibsen's symbolism, could I not grasp it, shall I be offended when the critics assail my writings? Eleven years I have written as I felt. I am not the slave of either symbolism or realism, but they are my servants — now the one, now the other, according to my theme. In the future also, I must continue to write as I am able.

With the outbreak of the great war, Andreyev himself became the symbol of how little human vision affects reality. Like many other clear minds and generous hearts he was caught in the embers of the holocaust. Who was there who knew the horrible simplicity
and monstrous cruelty of war better than the author of "The Red Laugh"? But so compelling was the infection of universal madness that even Andreyev fell a victim. Perhaps the same trait in his nature also caused him later to condemn the Russian Revolution with the political party that gained exclusive power, and to condemn both in the same breath.

His last years Andreyev spent in voluntary exile at his country home in Terioki, Finland, a sick and unhappy man. His passionate love of Russia, his bitter disappointment in the events that might have set her free, perhaps also his realisation of the vain boast of "the war for democracy" — all this gnawed at his heart and tortured his already weakened constitution. He died in 1919 from an attack of heart failure.

It is a play in four acts, written in 1906, symbolising the unsuccessful Russian Revolution of the preceding year. Savva, a young workingman who had lived the ghastly life of his class, had seen the world, observed its ways and acquired understanding and vision, finally returns to his native village, where he finds the old ignorance, drunkenness, poverty and filth.
The local monastery, famous for its wonder-working icon of Christ, is thriving on the credulity and superstition of the masses. Continuously the blind, the deaf, the afflicted with loathsome diseases flock to the monastery, with implicit faith in the healing power of the holy shrine.

Sevva determines to destroy the image — the symbol of superstition and stupidity — in order to prove to the deluded that it possesses no supernatural qualities; it was to free the people from the ignorance and blindness that enslave them. In Father Kondraty, the monk who sees through the lie of the monastery life, Sevva believes to have found an ally for his purpose. He prevailed upon him to put a bomb under the image of the time of the procession which is again to bring the credulous masses to the holy shrine.

The plan is frustrated by Lipa, Sevva's sister. She is a religious idealist filled with deep faith and all-absorbing pity for human ills. She tells Sevva:

I am not afraid of bodily suffering. Burn me on a slow fire, cut me to pieces. I won't cry. I'll laugh... But there is another thing I am afraid of. I am afraid of people's suffering, of the misery from which they cannot escape. When in the stillness of the night, broken only by the striking of the hours, I think of how much suffering there is all around us — a mass, needless suffering; suffering one doesn't even know of — when I think of that, I am chilled with terror. I go down on my knees and pray. I pray to God, saying to Him: Oh, Lord, if there has to be a victim, take me, but give the people joy, give them peace, give them forgetfulness. Oh, Lord, all-powerful as Thou art —

Sevva's attitude is actively militant. He is the future struggling against the past.
SRV - There is something worse than inescapable human suffering... inescapable human stupidity...
he says.
I received to annihilate everything... Man is to remain, of course. What is in his way is the stupidity that, piling up for thousands of years, has grown into a mountain. The modern sages want to build on this mountain, but that, of course, will lead to nothing but making the mountain still higher. It is the mountain itself that must be removed. It must be levelled to its foundation, down to the bare earth. . . . Annihilate everything! The old houses, the old cities, the old literature, the old art. . . . All the old dress must go. Man must be stripped bare and left naked on a naked earth! Then he will build up a new life. The earth must be demanded, Lips; it must be stripped of its hideous old rags. It deserves to be arrayed in a king's mantle; but what have they done with it? They have dressed it in coarse fustian, in convirt clothes.

Lips: But who will do it? Who's going to destroy everything?

SRV III. I'll begin and then, when people get to understand what I am after, others will join in. The work will proceed merrily, Lips. The sky will be hot. The only thing not to be destroyed is science. . . . Science is unchangeable, and if you should destroy it today, it would rise up again the same as before.

Lips loves her brother, but she fails to understand him. To her he seems a maniac, a cruel creature come to bring bloodshed and chaos. She resolves to watch him and to prevent by every possible means his destructive schemes.

SRV hopes for more understanding from Kondraty. The latter knows the corruption hidden under the cloak of religion, he has seen the world and must have learned from his experience. But Kondraty also fails to fathom him. He pleads that man are my creatures. Something of the old will be left over. They'll hide it, or try some trick,
and then, behold I book they slide to the old
again, everything just as it was, just as of
old. What then?

But Savva is optimistio and determined. He
has seen too much of the old, ugly world to be held
back.

Believe me, monk, I have been in many
cities and in many lands. Nowhere did I see
a free man. I saw only slaves. I saw the
ouges in which they live, the beds on which
they are born and die; I saw their hatreds
and their loves, their aims and their good
work. And I saw also their nauseous,
their pitiful attempts to bring dead joy
back to life again. And everything that I
saw bore the stamp of stupidity and unreason.
As that is born wise turns stupid in their
midst; he that is born cheerful hangs
himself from boredom and sticks out his
tongue at them. Amidst the flowers of the
beautiful earth — you have no idea how
beautiful the earth is, monk — they have
erected insane asylums. And what are they
doing with their children? I have never yet
seen parents that do not deserve capital
punishment. ... And how they lie, how they
lie, monk! They don't kill the truth — no,
they kid her and bruise her daily, and smear
her clean face with their dirt and filth so
that no one may recognize her, so that the
children may not love her, and so that she
may have no refuge. In all the world — yes,
monk, in all the world — there is no place
for truth.

Lipa persuaded Kondraty not to place the bomb.
Kondraty discloses Savva's scheme to the Father Superior.
That wise ecclesiastic covers the image to be removed
secretly, allows the explosion to take place, and then
puts the "wonder-worker" safely back into its former
place. The miracle has happened. The mob, wild with
joy over the supernatural saving of the holy icon, is
aroused to the apotheosis of religious ecstasy.
Deserted by his sister and exposed by Komdray as the perpetrator of the explosion, Savva is beaten to death by the pilgrims. His quivering body lies in the and trampled upon by the frenzied fanatics that follow the procession with the holy image carried on high.

The monastery bells peal triumphantly and the rabble intones, "Christ is risen from the dead. He has conquered death by death and given life to those lain in their graves. Christ is risen...."

Man's stupidity conquers Savva's attempt at enlightenment: the weight of the past crushes the germinating future. But the Savvas, individually perishing, return again and again, their spirit forever proclaiming, as in "King Hunger",

We shall yet come!

For, as Andreyev so often asserted,

"Life is powerful and victorious.... It is the truth that always triumphs and not falsehood."

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THE LIFE OF MAN

The life of man is symbolized by a candle which, lit at man's birth, burns brightly for a while and is then
blown out by a gust of wind. It has a dark beginning and a dark end", as characterized by "Someone in Gray called He", the unseen but faithful companion of man throughout his life.

In the night of non-existence will blaze up a candle, lighted by an unseen hand. This is the Life of Man. Behold its flame. It is the Life of Man.

Not knowing where he comes for why he will go through life reliving the cruel fate which is the fate of all people, he will be dragged on by time, he will follow in the footsteps of human life, upward to its climax and downward to its end.

Behold him a happy youth. See how brightly the candle burns. From boundless stretches of space the icy wind blight, circling, coursering, and tossing the flame, in vain. Bright and clear the candle burns. Yet the wax is dwindling, consumed by fire. Yet the wax is dwindling.

Behold him a happy husband and father. But see how strangely dim and faint the candle burns, as if the yellowing flame were wrinkling, as if it were shivering with cold and were creeping into concealment. The wax is melting, consumed by the fire. The wax is melting.

Behold him an old man, ill and feeble. The stores of life are already ended. In their stead nothing but a black void. Yet he drags on with painful limbs. The moon, now turned blue, bends to the ground and crawls along, trembling and falling, trembling and falling. Then it goes out quietly.

The first scene of the play marks the advent of Man who is born in the travail and agony of the woman who gives his life. His birth is attended by his exultant father and relatives who see in him the perpetrator of themselves.
In the second scene Man, having attained to full stature, endowed with strength and talent, and happy in the love of the woman he calls his wife, is engaged in a desperate struggle with poverty and lack of recognition.

Man's wife: We are so poor, we have nothing and it's very hard for us to live. We need money and I don't know how in the world to get it.... My husband will soon come from his search for work, tired and hungry. What am I to give him except my kisses. But you can't satisfy your hunger on my kisses. I feel so sad and I could cry..... My husband is a very talented architect. I even think he is a genius.... To make one's way in the world one must have either patrons or luck. He has neither.... O God, be a kind merciful Father to us. You have so much of everything, bread and work and money. Your earth is so rich.... Give us, I pray you, a little from your abundance, just a little, as much as you give our birds.

Fortune is on our way to them, but neither Man nor his Wife are aware of her approach. Meanwhile he has grown weary with his lack of luck and unsuccessful efforts. He returns home hungry and despondent. He complains to his wife, forgetful of her own suffering. But her affection and devotion, her faith in his genius, inspire him with new courage. Her love and comradeship makes him strong and he defies every obstacle on the way of life.

Man: Whatever your name, Fate, Devil, or Life, I challenge you to combat! The poor in spirit bow before your enigmatical power. Your stony face inspires them with fear; in your silence they hear the approaching tread of misery and terrible ruin. But I am strong and bold, and I challenge you to combat! Come on! Let the swords glimmer, the shields clang! Deal and receive blows so that the earth trembles! He, come forth to battle!..... Victorious, I will sing songs which the whole world will re-solve; fallen under your blows, my only thought shall be to rise again and rush into battle. There are weak spots in my armour, but when my red blood is flowing, I
will gather my last strength and cry: "You have not conquered, evil Enemy of Man!"

In spite of their poverty they are happy. Their fancy builds castles of wealth and glory. Joyfully they dance. "Someone in Gray" looks on indifferently, holding in his stony hand the brightly blushing candle.

In the third scene we find Man at his zenith—rich, powerful and famous. His loving, tender wife has grown more mature, but is still beautiful. She is now the proud mother of a healthy and gifted son. The House of Man is in festive array: a ball is going on in the grand hall of the spacious mansion, to which the great and the powerful have been invited. Man, with his fair lady on his arm, followed by Friends and Enemies, triumphantly and solemnly passes through the magnificently lighted and gold-decorated ballroom, to the accompaniment of loud but inharmonious music and the vulgarly admiring and envious exclamations of those present. Man has grown much older, with traces of gray in his hair and beard. But his face is handsome and manly. He looks straight ahead, apparently not observing those about him.

A lackey extinguishes the chandeliers, leaving one light burning. In the ensuing darkness "Someone in Gray" is sharply visible in outline. The flame of the candle flickers.

In the fourth act misfortune overtakes Man. His wealth has melted away, his glory gone, and "Man is poor again." But his most harrowing torture is the fear of
losing his beloved son, whose skull has been broken by someone throwing a stone. Passionately, desperately, Man and His Wife cling to the hope that he may be saved. But the physician looks very grave and holds out no encouragement. Man and His Wife have aged greatly, both grown entirely gray. He walks with a perceptible stoop, but he holds his head erect, with a resolute and stern look from beneath his gray eyebrows. "Someone in Gray", ever present, stands in the darkest corner of the gloomy rectangular room. The candle in his hand is but a stub now; it is beginning to flatten out as it melts. It burns with a reddish, flickering light, casting a red sheen on his stony face and chin.

Believe me, our Son will recover (the Wife bravely encourages Man.) - Would it be just if the young were to die before the old, would it?

Man: Just? Where have you ever seen justice, Wife?

Wife: Please, dear husband, I beg you, kneel down beside me, and let us both pray to God.

Man: (somewhat unwilling) It's hard for an old man to bend his old knees - (and incredulous) joins his Wife in prayer.) May be eternal justice will answer. (Man kneels.)

"Someone in Gray" listens indifferently to the prayer of the father and the mother.

In the final scene Man dies in a low barnroom, the last resort of human refuse like himself. There, amidst drunken noise, wild oaths, alone and forsaken Man expires. "Someone in Gray", the ever-present, faithful shadow of Man, has apparently conquered. He has killed Man's body. But he has failed to touch his spirit. Man dies proud and
unsubbued, with his last curse hurled into the face of
the force which senselessly raises Man to the heights,
only to throw him back into the black abyss. Man dies,
defeated by destiny. But he is victorious because he
does not surrender. His face toward the corner where
"Someone in Gray called He " stands, Man hurds his
defiance:

You have offended a woman, villain! You
have killed our boy. (The Wife sobs. Man softly
strokes her hair with his trembling hand.) Don't
cry, my dear, don't cry. He will scoff at our
tears, just as he scoffed at our prayers. And you —
I don't know who you are — God, Devil, Fate or
Life — I curse you! I curse everything that you
have given. I curse the day on which I was born.
I curse the day on which I shall die. I curse the
whole of my life, its joys and sorrows. . . . . . . I
fling everything back at your cruel face, senseless
Fate! Be accursed, be forever accursed! With my
curse I conquer you. What else can you do to me? I
Hurl me to the ground, I will laugh and shout in
your face: "Be accursed!" Seal my mouth with the
clumps of death! With my last thought I will shout
into your stupid ears: "Be accursed, be accursed."
Take my body, tear at it like a dog, drag it into
the darkness — I am not in it. I have disappeared,
but disappearing I shall repeat: " Be accursed!"
Through the woman whom you have insulted, through the
boy whom you have killed, I convey to you the curses
of Man!

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KING HUNGER
(1907)

The drama "King Hunger" deals with the most
powerful king on earth.— King-Hunger. In the presence
of Time and Death he pleads with Time to ring the alarm,
to call the people to rebellion, because the earth is
replete with suffering: cities, shops, mines, factories
and fields resound with the moans and groans of the people.
Their agony is unbearable.

King-Hunger: Strike the bell, old man;
rend to the ears its copper mouth. Let no one slumber!

But Time has no faith in King-Hunger. He knows
that Hunger had deceived the people on many occasions:
"You will deceive again, King Hunger. You have many a
time deceived your children and me." Yet Time is weary
with waiting. He consents to strike the bell.

King-Hunger calls upon the workingmen to rebel.
The scene is in a machine shop; the place is filled with
deafening noises as of men's groans. Every machine, every
tool, every screw, holds its human forms fettered to it
and all keep pace with the maddening speed of their
tormentors. And through the thunder and clatter of iron
there rises the terrible plaint of the toilers,

We are starving.
We are crushed by machines.
Their weight smothers us.
The iron crushes.
The steel oppresses.
Oh, what a furious weight! As a mountain upon me!
The whole earth is upon me.
The iron hunger flattens me. It crushes the
blood out of my veins; it fractures my bones,
it makes me flat as sheet iron.
Through the rollers my body is pressed and
drawn thin as wire. Where is my body? Where
is my blood? Where is my soul?
The wheel is twirling me.
Day and night sears the saw cutting steel.
Day and night in my ears the screeching of
the saw cutting steel. All the dreams that I
see, all the sounds and songs that I hear, is
the screeching of the saw cutting steel. What
is the earth? It is the screeching of the saw.
What is the sky? It is the screeching of the
The crushed call upon King-Hunger to help them, to save them from the horror of their life. Is he not the most powerful king on earth?

King-Hunger comes and exhorts them to rebel. All follow his call except three. One of these is huge of body, of Heroulean built, large of muscle but with small, flat head upon his massive shoulders. The second workingman is young, but with the mark of death already upon his brow. He is constantly coughing and the haggard flush on his cheeks betrays the wasting disease of his body. The third workingman is a worn-out old man. Everything about him, even his voice, is deathlike, colorless, as if in his person a thousand lives had been robbed of their bloom.

First Workingman: I am as old as the earth. I have performed all the twelve labors, cleaned stables, cut off the hydra's heads, dug and vexed the earth, built cities and have so altered its face, that the Creator himself would not readily recognize her. But I can't say why I did all this. Those will did I shape? To what end did I aspire? My head is dull, I am dead tired. My strength oppresses me. Explain it to me, O King! Or I'll smash this hammer and crack the earth as a hollow nut.

King-Hunger: Patience, my son! Save your powers for the last great revolt. Then you'll know all.

Second Workingman: He cannot comprehend it. O King! He thinks that we must crack the earth. It is a gross falsehood, O King! The earth is fair as the garden of God. We must guard and caress her as a little girl. Many that stand there in the darkness say, there is no sky; no sun, as if eternal night

Night is upon the earth. Just think: eternal night!
King-Hunger: Why, coughing blood, do you smile and gape to heaven?

Second Workingman: Because flowers will blossom on my blood and I see them now. On the breast of a beautiful rich lady I saw a red rose—she didn't know it was my blood.

King-Hunger: You are a poet, my son. I suppose you write verses, as they do.

Second Workingman: King, O King, sneer not at me. In darkness I learned to worship fire. Dying I understood that life is enchanting. Oh, how enchanting! King, it shall become a great garden, and there shall walk in peace, unscorched, man and animal. We're not ruffians the animals! Wrong not my son! Let them play, caress, caress one another—let them! But where is the path? Where is the path? Explain, King-Hunger.

King-Hunger: Revolt

Second Workingman: Through violence to freedom? Through blood to love and kisses?

King-Hunger: There is no other way.

Third Workingman: You lie, King Hunger. Then you have killed my father and grandfather and great-grandfather, and wouldn't thou kill us? Where do you lead us, unmarked? Don't you see how ignorant we are, now blind and impotent. You are a traitor. Only here you are a king, but there you lackey upon their tables. Only here you wear a crown, but there you walk about with a mask.

King-Hunger will not listen to their protest. He gives them the alternative of rebellion or starvation for themselves and their children. They decide to rebel, for King-Hunger is the most powerful king on earth.

The subjects of King-Hunger, the people of the underworld, gather to devise ways and means of rebellion. A gruesome assembly this, held in the cellar. Above is the palace ringing with music and laughter, the fine ladies in gorgeous splendor, bedecked with flowers and costly jewels, the tables laden with rich food and delicious wines. Everything is most exquisite there,
joyous and happy. And underneath, in the cellar, the underworld is gathered, all the dregs of society: the robber and the murderer, the thief and the prostitute, the gambler and the drunkard. They have come to consult with each other how poverty is to rebel, how to throw off the yoke, and what to do with the rich.

Various suggestions are made. One advises poisoning the supply of water. But this is condemned on the ground that the people also have to drink from the same source.

Another suggests that all books should be burned, for they teach the rich how to oppress. Put the motion fails. What is the use of burning the books? The wealthy have money; they will buy writers, poets and scientists to make new books.

A third proposes that the children of the rich be killed. From the darkest, most dismal corner of the cellar comes the protest of an old woman:

"Oh, not the children. Don't touch the children. I have buried many of these myself. I know the pain of the mother. Besides, the children are not to blame for the crimes of their parents. Don't touch the children. The child is pure and sacred. Don't hurt the child!"

A little girl rises, a child of twelve with the face of the aged. She announces that for the last four years she has given her body for money. She had been sold by her mother because they needed bread for the smaller children. During the four years of...
terrible life, she has consorted with all kinds of men, influential men, rich men, pious men. They infected her. Therefore she proposes that the rich should be infected.

The underworld plans and plots, and the gruesome meetings is closed with a frenzied dance between King-Hunger and Death, to the music of the dance above.

King-Hunger is at the trial of the Starving. He is the most powerful king on earth. He is at home everywhere, but nowhere more so than at the trial of the Starving. On high chairs sit the judges, in all their blunted importance. The courtroom is filled with curiosity seekers, idle ladies dressed up for a ball; college professors and students looking for object lessons in criminal depravity; rich young girls are there, to satisfy a perverted craving for excitement.

The first starving is brought in muzzled.

King-Hunger: What is your offense, starving?

Old Man: I stole a five-pound loaf, but it was wrested from me. I had only time to bite a small piece of it. Forgive me, I will never again—

He is condemned in the name of the Law and King-Hunger, the most powerful king on earth.

Another starving is brought before the bar of justice. It is a woman, young and beautiful, but pale and sad. She is charged with killing her child.
Young Woman: One night my baby and I crossed the long bridge over the river. And since I had long before decided, so then approaching the middle, where the river is deep and swift, I said: "Look, baby dear, how the water is roaring below." She said: "I can't reach, mamma, the railing is so high." I said, "Come, let me lift you, baby dear." And when she was gazing down into the black deep, I threw her over. That's all.

The Law and King-Hunger condemn the woman to "blackest hell", there to be "tormented and burned in everlasting, slackless fires."

The heavy responsibility of meeting out justice has fatigued the judges. The excitement of the trial has sharpened the appetite of the spectators. King-Hunger, at home with all people, proposes that the court adjourn for luncheon.

The scene in the restaurant represents Hunger devouring like a wild beast the produce of toil, ravenous, famished, the victim of his own gluttonous greed.

The monster fed, his hunger and thirst appeased, he now returns to sit in self-satisfied judgement over the Starving. The judges are more blunted than before, the ladies more eager to bask in the misery of their fellows. The college professors and students, mentally heavy with food, are still anxious to add data to the study of human criminality.

A lean boy is brought in, muzzled; he is followed by a ragged woman.

Woman: Have mercy! He stole an apple for me, your Honor. I was sick, thought he, "Let me bring her a little apple." Pity him! Tell them that you won't any more. Well! Speak!
Storveling: I won't any more.

Woman: I've already punished him myself.

Pity his youth, cut not at the root his bright little days!

Voices: Indeed, pity one and then the next. Cut the evil at its roots.

--- One needs courage to be ruthless.

--- It is better for them.

--- Now he is only a boy, but when he grows up...

King-Hunger: Storveling, you are condemned.

A starveling, heavily muzzled, is dragged in.

He is big and strong. He protests to the court; he has always been a faithful slave. But King-Hunger announces that the man is dangerous, because the faithful slave, being strong and honest, is "obnoxious to people of refined culture and less brawny". The slave is faithful to-day, King-Hunger warns the judges, but "who can trust the to-morrow? Then in his strength and integrity we will encounter a violent and dangerous enemy."

In the name of justice the faithful slave is condemned. Finally the last starveling appears. He looks half human, half beast.

King-Hunger: Who are you, starveling?

Answer: Do you understand human speech?

Storveling: We are the peasants.

King-Hunger: What's your offense?

Storveling: We killed the devil.

King-Hunger: It was a man whom you burnt.

Storveling: No, it was the devil. The priest told us so, and then we burnt him.

The peasant is condemned. The session of the Court closes with a brief speech by King-Hunger:
King-Hunger: To-day you witnessed a
highly instructive spectacle. Divine, eternal
justice has found its true judges and your
rebeliners, its brilliant reflection on earth.
Subject only to the laws of immortal equity,
unknown to culpable companions, indifferent to
cursing and outraging prayers, obeying the
voice of our conscience alone — we illumine this
erth with the light of human wisdom and sublime
sacred truth. Not for a single moment forgetting
that justice is the foundation of life, we have
exalted the Christ in days gone by and since,
to this very day, we cease not to grace Golgotha
with new crosses. But, certainly, only ruffians,
only ruffians are hanged. We showed no mercy to
God himself, in the name of the laws of immortal
justice — would we be now disconcerted by the
howling of this impotent, starved rabble,
their cursing and raging! Let them curse! Life
herself blesses us, the great sacred truth will
screen us with her veil, and the very degree of
history will not be more just than our own. What
have they gained by cursing? What? They are
there, we're here. They are in dungeons, in galleys,
on crosses, but we will go to the theatre. They
perish, but we will devour them — devour — devour.

The court has fulfilled its mission. King-Hunger
is the most powerful king on earth.

The starvelings break out in revolt. The bells
peal with deafening thunder; all is confusion and chaos.
The city is immersed in the blackness of despair, and all
is dark. Now and then gusts of fire sweep the sky
illuminating the scenes of battle. The air is filled with
cries and groans; there is the thud of falling bodies,
and still the fight goes on.

In an secluded part of the town stands the castle.
In its most magnificent ballroom the rich and their
lackeys — scientists, teachers and artists — are gathered.
They tremble with fear at the ominous sounds outside. To
silence the loud beat of their terror they command the
musicians to strike up the liveliest tunes, and the guests
whirl about in a mad dance.
From time to time the door is forced open and someone drops exhausted to the floor. An artist rushes in, crying out that the art gallery is in flames.

"Murillo is burning! Velasquez is burning! Giorgione is burning!"

He is not in the least concerned with living values; he dwells in the past and he wildly bewails the dead weight of the past.

One after another men rush in to report the burning of libraries, the breaking of statues, and the destruction of monuments. No one among the wealthy mob regrets the slaughter of human life.

Panic-stricken, the mighty fall from their thrones. The Starving, infuriated and vengeful, are marching on the masters! They must not see the craven fear of the huddled figures in the mansions - the lights are turned off. But darkness is even more terrible to the frightened palace mob. In the madness of terror they begin to accuse and denounce each other. They feel as helpless as children before the approaching avalanche of vengeance.

At this critical moment a man appears. He is small, dirty, and unshaved; he smells of cheap whisky and bad tobacco; he blows his nose with a red handkerchief and his manners are disgusting. He is the engineer. He looks calmly about him, presses a button, and the place is flooded with light. He brings the comforting news that the revolt is crushed.
ENGINEER: On Sunny Hill we planted a line of immense machine guns of enormous power. A few projectiles of a specially destructive power... A public square filled with people... Enough one or two such shells... And should the revolt still continue, we'll shower the city.

The revolt is over, all is quiet — the peace of death. The ground is strewn with bodies, the streets are soaked with blood. Fine ladies sift about. They lift their children and bid them kiss the mouth of the cannon, for the cannon have saved the rich from destruction. Prayers and hymns are offered up to the cannon, for they have saved the masters and punished the storytellers. And all is quiet, with the stillness of the graveyard where sleep the dead.

King-hunger, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, makes a desperate last appeal to his children.

King-hunger: Oh, my son, my son! You clamored so loud — why were you mute? Oh, my daughter, my daughter, you hated so profoundly, so intensely, you most miserable on earth — cry! Arise iron the dust! Send the shadows, lords of death! Arise! I conjure you in the name of Life! — You're silent?

For a brief moment all remains silent and inmovable. Suddenly a sound is heard, distant at first, then nearer and nearer, till a thousand-throated roar breaks forth like thunder:

—— We shall yet come!
—— We shall yet come!
—— Woe unto the victorious!

The Victors pale — the ghostly cry, raised with terror, they run, wildly howling:

—— The dead arise!
—— The dead arise!

"We shall yet come!" cry the dead. For they who died for an ideal never die in vain. They must come back, they shall come back, and then — woe be to the victorious! King-hunger is indeed the most terrible king on earth, but only for those who are driven by blind forces.
King-hunger, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes,
makes a desperate last appeal to his children.

King-hunger: Oh, my son, my son! You adored
so loud — why are you mute? Oh, my daughter, my
daughter, you hasted so profanely, so intensely, you
must miserable on earth — arise! Arise from the dust!

Send the shadowy bonds of death! Arise! I conjure
you in the name of Life! — You're silent?

For a brief moment all remains silent and imme-
viable. Suddenly a sound is heard, distant at first, then
nearer and nearer, till a thousand-throated roar breaks
forth like thunder:

- We shall yet come!
- We shall yet come!
- Woe unto the victorious!

The Victors pale: the ghostly cry, Seised with
terror, they run, wildly howling:

- The dead arise!
- The dead arise!

"We shall yet come!" cry the dead. For they
who died for an ideal never die in vain. They must come
back, they shall come back. And then — we be to the
victorious! King-hunger is indeed the most terrible king
on earth, but only for those who are driven by blind forces
alone.

But they who can turn on the light, know the
power of the things they have created. They will come,
and take possession, — no longer the wrangled souls,
but the masters of the world.

A message revolutionary, deeply social in its
scope, illuminating with glorious hope the dismal horizon
of the desolated of the earth.
ANATHEMA

(1909)

This allegory of human suffering in its broadest aspects is undoubtedly the most thought-provoking of Andreyev's works. In its humanism, in its deep love and pity, in the tragedy of the internal struggle between man's intellect and feeling, it surpasses the other plays of the author. Its biting social critique caused the censor to take it off the Russian stage, on petition of the Moscow clergy.

Anathema, the accursed rebel, roams the earth in quest of truth, in search for an answer to the riddle of life. At the Gates of Eternity he pleads with the Guardian of the Entrance to open the heavy iron doors for an instant that he may get a glimpse of Eternity. Knowing, Anathema shall become a god. But the Guardian, the proud and silent arbitrator between the two worlds, remains unmoved.

"He wraps his speech in silence, which is like the silence of the iron gates, and sometimes in human words: 'The accursed one has no heart.'"

Anathema: Yes, yes. The accursed has no heart, his chest is mute and motionless like the grey rock which does not breathe. Oh, if Anathema had a heart, you would have destroyed his long ago by his suffering, even as you destroy the foolish man. But Anathema has a mind that is searching for the Truth, unprotected against your blows —— spare it.... Here I am at your feet, reveal your face to me. Only for an instant, as brief as the flash of lightning, —— reveal your face to me.... Do you hear the voice of those who curse? The voice of those who are exhausted under the burden of evil? Of those who dare in vain? Of those who long endlessly and terribly? .... Call the name! Illuminate the way for the Devil and for man. All in the world want goodness, but know
not where to find it; all in the world want life, but must only death. The name! Call the name of goodness, call the name of eternal life. I am waiting!

The Guardian: There is no name for that which you ask, Anathema. There is no number by which to count, no measure by which to measure, no scales to weigh that which you ask, Anathema. Every one who has said the word, Love, --- has lied. Everyone who has said the word, Wisdom, --- has lied. And even he who has said the word, God, --- has lied with the greatest and most terrible lie! ... My face is open, but you see it not. My speech is loud but you hear it not. My commands are clear, but you know them not, Anathema. And you shall never see, and you shall never hear, and you shall never know, Anathemas, unfortunate spirit, deathless in measure, eternally alive in measures and in weights, but as yet unborn to life.

Through David Lejaer, the devout and poor Jew, Anathema seeks a glimpse into the world beyond the iron gates. For of all men David, the pure of heart, must be worthy of immortality, should "live immortal in the deathlessness of light which is life".

Every human misfortune almost has been experienced by old David, but his faith is staunch and unshaken. His four young children had died of hunger, his eldest son Naum is wasting away with consumption, his radiant young daughter Rose is hungry and in rage and most dirty her face with soot and pretend to walk with a stoop to safeguard her young life and innocence from those who kill the men of her race and outrage its women. But David Lejaer preserves his sweetness of spirit in his boundless faith --- he believes in the all-knowing goodness of his God and trust him.

Into the wretched village where David Lejaer lives with his faithful wife Sarah and family comes Anathema, disguised as Nallius, the lawyer. He brings
old David an alleged inheritance from his brother Moses who died a rich man in America, bequeathing his great fortune to David. But the latter will not be tempted: he sends Anathema away, refusing the gold. Sarah, however, tired of misery and want, and ambitious for her beautiful daughter Rose, seeks to prevail upon her husband to accept his good fortune, which surely comes from God. Relatives and neighbours aid her efforts, and finally David Leiser consents — not for his own sake, but for that of the poor, the hungry, the unfortunate.

In the second scene David, now wealthy, lives in a sumptuous villa, with Sarah dressed in the height of fashion, though without taste. The beauty of Rose is hidden no longer: she has many admirers. Young Haum is learning deportment and dancing, though almost on the threshold of death from consumption.

David Leiser gives generously of his wealth. Yet there is no joy in his heart. His riches cannot bring back his beloved children who had died of hunger. Nor can they save Haum from the death already awaiting him. His only daughter, become a stranger, is turning from her race. Only Sarah remains faithful to David, but there is no joy in his heart.

Anathema advises David:

Your death consists in this, David Leiser — blinded by misfortunes, like a horse that is turning around in the darkness, you failed to notice the people and you remained in their midst alone, with your illness and your riches. There is the yard. Life is waiting for you — and you, blind man, you close the door against it.
Only love of mankind can give content and meaning to life. More, it alone can ward off inevitable death by gaining immortality for man. "By their life you will prolong your life," (Anathema explains). "Now you have but one heart, David, but then you will have a million hearts."

David : But I shall die!

Anathema : No, you will be immortal.

David decides to distribute his wealth among the poor.

Let your hearts rejoice, O unfortunate people, and with a smile on your lips answer the mercy of Heaven. Go from here to the city, like heralds of happiness, go through all its streets and squares, and shout everywhere: "David Lojger, the old Jew, who is to die soon, received an inheritance and now distributes it among the poor! And if you will see a man weeping, and a child whose face is bloodless and whose eyes are dim, and a woman whose breasts are shrunk like those of an old goat, --- tell them also: Go, David is calling you." ..... And if you should see an intoxicated man stumbling amidst his vomitings, seize him and tell him: "Go, David is calling you!" And if you should see a thief thrashed in the market-place by those he had robbed, call him also, with words of kindness. And if you should see people who in their misery have become irritated and furious and who are beating one another with sticks and bits of bricks, announce to them also in words of peace: "Go, David is calling you." And if you should see a bashful man, who while walking in the wide streets lowers his eyes before others, but who shrewdly when no one looks at him, tell him also in a low voice, without offending his pride: "Are you not looking for David? Go, he has long been waiting for you." ..... And if you should see a woman hideously pained just as the heathen paint the bodies of their dead, and who stares boldly, for who has lost all show, cry who lifts her shoulders for fear of a blow, tell her also: "Go, David is calling you!" ..... And whatever form of suffering or fear poverty may assume, and in whatever words misery may paint itself, and by whatever words assuring may feign itself around, use with a loud call those who are fatigued, in words of life return life to those who are dying ..... Shout more loudly into the silence and the darkness, for there dwells unspeakable horror.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists, Their Life and Work / Emma Goldman. — 1926, draft. — 209 p.; 32 x 22 cm.
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Institutional Location: Emma Goldman Archive.

The tramp of the poor, the wretched, the outcasts, the afflicted, begins. They come from the four corners of the earth, for David's fame has spread --- the fame of David, the holy man who is distributing his fortune, giving without stint, without question to all who have heeded his call. David gives all to the poor --- to his beautiful hose and to Saul no more than an equal share, as justice demands. But his own daughter turns against him, and Saul dies. He gives all to the poor, but their number is constantly augmenting, the demands are growing with accompanying dissatisfaction, greed and envy. The calls upon David's generosity constantly increase. The fame of the man "who brings joy to mankind" has circled the world, his kind deeds have fired the people with high expectations that develop into a faith of revolutionary significance and supernatural power.

The Wanderer from far lands cautiously makes inquiry:

Is it not true that Leisser wants to build an enormous palace of white stone and blue glass and gather together all the poor of the world there? ... Is it true that he wants to take away the power from the rich and bestow it upon the poor? ... And to take the power from those who rule, the might from those who are in command, and distribute it among all the people on earth, giving an equal share to each?

In vain old Leisser assures the people that he is but "an ordinary man" and that he has nothing more to give, his entire wealth being already distributed. But the people will not be cheated of their hopes. They demand miracles. The lame and the blind and the suffering ones all came bringing even their dead, and call upon Leisser for help.
David, now old and feeble, bereft of his children, with only his trusting wife to sustain him, will not test his God, he will not attempt the superhuman, he will not perform the miracle. Terrified by the clamour of the wretched people, his heart bleeding at their lack of understanding, he flees with Anathema, pursued by the multitude who are wildly calling for the miracle. The waiting people grow impatient, dissatisfied, voices are heard accusing David of deception, and he is denounced as an impostor, who has mocked and betrayed the poor. David is stoned to death and the mob flees in confusion, trampling upon the children David loved so well.

Anathema triumphs.

Farewell, fool, (as spectrophises the corpse of Leisser) to-morrow people will find your body here and will bury you with pomp, according to the custom of the people. Kind-hearted murderers, they love those they kill. And out of the rocks with which they stoned you for your love, they will erect a tall, crooked, and stupid tombstone. And in order to exhume the stupid dead pile of stone, they will put me on top.

In the Epilogue where "nothing has happened, nothing has changed," Anathema returns to the Gates of Eternity to demand an accounting, to learn why David Leiser, the sincere pious Jew, he who has brought joy to mankind, is "put to death by mankind and by God." Passionately he seeks to place the responsibility:

The name! Call the name of him who has ruined David and thousands of people! I, Anathema, have no heart, my eyes have dried up from the fire of Hell, and there are no tears in them, but if the tears were thorns, I would have given them all to David. I have no heart, but there was an instant when something live trembled in my chest, and I was frightened: I wonder whether a heart could be born. I saw how David was perishing and thousands
of people with him, I saw how his spirit, grown dark, curled up piteously like a dead worm in the sun, was hurled down into the abyss of non-existence, into my abode of darkness and death.... Tell me, are you not the one who has ruined David?

But the Guardian of the Entrances retorts:

David has attained immortality, and he lives forever in the deathlessness of fire. David has attained immortality, and he lives forever in the deathlessness of light, which is life.

But Anathema is not appeased by the reply.

Is it love that secures immortality, "the deathlessness of light and fire"? It cannot be, for "they stoned David, who had given his soul away, without having stilled the hunger of the hungry, without having restored sight to the blind, without having brought life to those who had died immortally---having stirred up dimensions and dispute and cruel bloodshed, for the people have already risen against one another and are committing violence, murder, and plunder in the name of David.---Did not David manifest the powerlessness of love, and did he not create a great evil which could be measured and weighed?"

Yes, David has done that which you say, (replies the Guardian) and the people have done that of which you accuse them. And the numbers do not lie, and the scales are correct, and every measure is what it is.... But that which you do not know, Anathema, is not measured with a measure, and is not calculated in numbers, and is not weighed on scales. Light has no boundaries, nor is there any boundary for the flow of fire.... Having died in numbers, having died in measure and in weights, David has attained immortality in the deathlessness of fire.

But Anathema cannot learn the truth, because he, the unfortunate spirit, though "deathless in numbers, ever alive in measure and in weight," is "yet unborn to life."
Where is the truth, after all? Was it not crushed with stones? Is it not lying in the ditch together with the carrion? Where is the truth?

It is a terrible struggle to solve the enigma, Anathema is "insane from grief" at the horrible death of the man who brought joy to mankind.

I shall go to the grave of David Leiser. Like a grieving widow, like the son of a father who had been murdered from behind the corner by a traitor's blow, --- I shall sit down on David Leiser's grave and shall weep so bitterly, and cry so loudly, and call so terribly, that not one honest soul will remain that would not curse the murderer ...... I shall cry so bitterly, I shall accuse so sternly, that all on earth will become murderers and hangmen, in the name of Leiser, in the name of David Leiser, in the name of David who brought Joy to mankind!

It were vain to seek in Andreyev's "Anathema" the solution of the unsolvable riddle, as critics are inclined to do. It is not within the purpose or scope of art to offer solutions to either social or universal problems. Suffice it that "Anathema" Andreyev has given us one of the most moving and powerful presentations of the passionate quest of man for truth: his ceaseless striving toward the ideal, the eternal struggle of the human mind and heart, the yearning for attainment beyond our limitations. And this, the unquenchable and unconquerable spirit of man, is vibrant with the note of defiant persistence, which is life.

Leonid Andreyev has been charged with finding joy in the gruesome and the pathological, with painting mostly hideous human traits, indifferent to the effects of color to relieve the gloom and bleakness of his canvases. An artist viewing life with the intense sincerity of an Andreyev, passionately living and feeling the woe of the world, has to employ "extreme" backgrounds to bring his subject into strong relief.
However, it is an error to think that Andreyev was devoted entirely to the sombre and tragic. He did not fail to see also the comic side of life, and his pen could satirize the weaknesses, the superficiality, and emptiness of those who pose as the leaders and redeemers of mankind. A vivid instance we have in that clever and humorous play, "The Sabine Women", which Andreyev called "a bit of Russian History", a brilliant satire on the political situation of Russia of the period, particularly on the Constitutional-Democratic party, known as the Cadets. Their pusillanimous position in the political struggle of pre-revolutionary Russia, their attitude of constant compromise, their inertness in the face of reaction are represented by the Sabine husbands after the Romans had kidnapped their beloved wives.

After prolonged deliberation and a careful search for the address of the kidnapped beauties, the Sabine men start on their march. They are armed with heavy law books and the four hundred volumes incorporating the report of the investigation which proved the legality of Sabine marriage and the illegality of kidnapping.

Our weapons, Sabines, are justice and a clear conscience, (their leader Martius proclaims. We will prove to the base kidnappers that they are kidnappers, and to our wives we will prove that they were kidnapped, and Heaven will shudder.) For now that the address is found, it's all up with the Romans.

The robbed husbands start on their march, advancing judiciously two steps forward, one step backward.

The first two steps are designed to indicate, (as Martius explains to his reluctant hosts), the unquenchable fire of our stormy souls, the firm will, the irresistible advance. The step backward symbolizes the step of reason, the step of experience, and of the mature mind. In taking this step we
wonder the outcome of our acts. In taking
it we also maintain, as it were, a close bond
with tradition, with our ancestors, with our
great past. History makes no leaps, and we,
Sabine, at this great moment, we are history.

But the beautiful Sabine women have become
acclimatised in their new surroundings and they like their new
Roman men. Does not every political party adjust
itself to its political master, Power, and adapt itself
to the Constitution? Proud Cleopatra, at first most
indignant at being abducted, now informs her husband
Martius:

If you have come to scold, Anius Martius, let
me tell you that we do not deserve your reproaches.
We struggled long and did not yield except on
compulsion..... I have already wept for you in
due form, Martius, and now I cannot understand at
all what you want.... You overslept. You did
not defend us; you gave us up; you forgot us;
you abandoned us; and now you accuse us of running away.
We were abducted, Martius, basely abducted. You can read about it in any Roman history, to say
nothing of the encyclopedia..... But now I like
this place, I don't want to go back to our
household gods.

Prosperina suggests to Martius that he could
secure his beloved Cleopatra by abducting her. But the
constitution-loving and law-abiding Sabine is Horrified
at this.

You are suggesting to me that I commit vio-
ence! What would then become of my legal
conscience, or can it be that you women believe
that might is right?

To which Prosperina indignantly retorts:

If I am to remain faithful, I want a strong
man, the strongest man there is. Do you think
we are so fond of being abducted and stolen,
and asked back and returned, and lost and found?
..... If, as you protest, you want your wife to
be your own, then all you have to do is to be the
strongest. Give in to me one, struggle for her tooth and nail. In short, die in her defense. Believe me, Martius, there is no greater joy for woman than to die upon the grave of a husband who has failed in her defense. And be assured, Martius, that a woman proves false only after her husband has proven false.

Martius, however, will renounce his wife, but renounce the law, he will not. Proclaiming the law supreme and bending under the weight of volumes of judicial decisions, the Sabines slowly retreat, "two steps forward, one step backward".

Keeping clear of the political arena of his time, with all its empty constitutional pretense and usual intrigue, Andreyev th better saw the flimsy fabric that holds the masses and its blind and timid leaders in its meshes. In "The Sabine Women", Andreyev succeeded admirably in presenting the ludicrously comic aspect of the constitutional struggle of pre-revolutionary Russia, symbolic of the essence of political parties generally, of the Sabine march of "two steps forward, one step backward."

Truly discerning and appreciative of Andreyev's spirit and work---expressed in the great dramatist's tragedies as well as comedies---is the sober judgment of Professor Vengerov:

Sith master hand Andrei ev pierces through the darkness and fogs of our time and points towards the light in the distance. Having put his toe to the earth, he hears the rumbling of a new era.
The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists. Their Life and Work / [Emma Goldman].— [1926, draft, fragment].— 151 p.; 30 x 21 cm.
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The literature of Russia has never been a mere esthetic pastime, never an expression of "art for art's sake" only. On the contrary, it has always been social in spirit, deeply human in essence and form.

To Russian literature human values are more important than artistic triumphs, and Russian writers are concerned mostly with why and wherefore of life and its problems. They are portraits of reality, voicing the pressing needs of their time. In diversity and falling in degree of artistry, Russian literature has become the arena wherein social-economic and political-social problems are fought out. It is

Foremost Russian Dramatists:
Their Life and Work.
Early Beginnings.

From its earliest beginnings, Russian dramatic art fundamentally differs from that of other countries.
NOT CONTENT MERELY TO MIRROR THE INTELLECTUAL AND
SPIRITUAL LIFE OF THE COUNTRY: IT IS ITSELF THAT LIFE.

ALL THE VITAL PROBLEMS OF MAN -- LIBERTY, PROGRESS,
ENLIGHTENMENT, SPIRITUAL GROPPINGS AND SOCIAL EXPERI-
MENTATION -- FIRST FOUND EXPRESSION IN THE WORKS OF
THE GREAT RUSSIAN WRITERS. IT IS THIS QUALITY WHICH
HAS MADE THE LITERATURE OF RUSSIA OF SUCH PROFOUND
AND UNIVERSAL SIGNIFICANCE. THIS APPLIES TO THE
RUSSIAN DRAMA NO LESS THAN TO THE NOVEL AND SHORT STORY.

STUDYING THE ORIGIN OF THE RUSSIAN DRAMA, ONE
IS SURPRISED TO FIND HOW YOUNG IT IS COMPARED WITH
THE DRAMA OF OTHER COUNTRIES. EXCEPTING THE ADAP-
TATIONS OF OLD RELIGIOUS MYSTERIES AND FOLK LORE FOR
DRAMATIC PURPOSES DURING THE XII CENTURY, THERE EXISTED
NO DRAMA IN RUSSIA TILL THE END OF THE XVIII CENTURY,
AND EVEN THEN IT CONSISTED CHIEFLY OF GERMAN PLAYS

REPLICA FOR RUSSIAN USE.
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Among the earliest original playwrights was Grand Duchess Natalie, daughter of Tsar Alexis—undoubtedly a daring person to defy the dominant attitude of the time - theatres and plays being anathema to the Orthodox Muscovites. But with the aid of her sister Sophia, the energetic Natalie succeeded in establishing a theatre in the palace, where she staged translations from German and French plays, as well as some of her own. The innovating sisters had a powerful ally in Peter the Great who had brought to Russia, together with other Western institutions, a company of players from Danzig, establishing the first imperial state theatre.

The man called to the post of director in that theatre was also the initiator of original Russian drama - Alexander Petrovitch Sumarokov, in 1741, at the age of 29, he produced his first play. From then on until his death, in 1777, Sumarokov’s romantic plays...
The way for the dramatic writers to follow him.

Almost all the characters of his plays were taken from Russian history, but as Sumarokov was much more the imaginative artist than the historian his work did very little if any lasting good or ill.

Not fail to exert a considerable influence upon the development of the Russian drama, with fine touch he satirized the short-comings and abuses of his time and castigated the pretentions and customs of the all-powerful and arrogant nobility. Among his best plays was "Dimitri the Impostor."

The most significant of the contemporaries of Sumarokov was Yakov Borissovitch Kniazhnik, between the years 1742-1791. His dramatic works, among them "Yadim of Novgorod," "The Broiler," and "Odd People," show fine dramatic quality, combined with a critical appreciation of the superficial culture of his time. "Culture" which saw in the French lessons the height of refinement, side by side with general
GROSS IGNORANCE AND VULGARITY.

CATHERINE II, WHO BEGAN HER REIGN AS A LIBERAL
OWING TO THE INFLUENCE OF VOLTAIRE, SPONSORED

KTYASHIN AND HIS LITERARY CONTRIBUTIONS. SHE

IMPROVED HER OWN DRAMATIC TALENTS IN THE PLAYS

"THE FETS OF MRS. GUBBELER" AND "O TEMPS," IN

WHICH SHE RUTHLESSLY EXPOSED THE RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY
SURROUNDING HER. BUT IN LATER YEARS, FRIGHTENED BY
THE RAPID SPREAD OF THE SPIRIT AND IDEAS OF THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION, CATHERINE TURNED AGAINST HER "YOUTHFUL
POLLISH." THE FIRST TO SUFFER FROM HER RENEGACY WAS

KTYASHIN: HIS PLAY "VADIM OF NOVGOROD," WHICH

DRAMATISED THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN REPUBLICAN NOVGOROD
AND THE AUTOCRATIC RULES, WAS ORDERED BURNED.

AN IMPORTANT CONTEMPORARY OF KTYASHIN WAS

DENIS AVANGOVICH VON-VIZIN (1744-1792) WHOSE PLAYS

WERE SCATHING ARRANGEMENTS OF THE SOCIAL EVILS OF THE

TIMES. IN "THE BRIGADIER" AND PARTICULARLY IN
"THE MINOR" HE BOLDLY ATTACKED LESCOVITE BRUTALITY TOWARD THE SERFS, THE NOTIONS OF ABSOLUTE AUTHORITY AND THE DUTY OF SERVILITY.
VASSILIY VASSILIOVITCH KAPHIST, BORN IN 1757,

WAS THE FORERUNNER OF A LONG LINE OF DRAMATISTS WHO

FIRST LAID BARE THE REVOLTING CORRUPTION OF RUSSIAN

OFFICIALDOM. HIS WORK WAS CONSIDERED SO RADICAL THAT

HE CAME NEAR BEING SENT TO SIBERIA. KAPHIST'S MOST

IMPORTANT PLAY WAS "PETTIPOGGERY."

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PHASES OF THE RUSSIAN

DRAMA IS, AS I HAVE ALREADY MENTIONED, ITS RAPID

DEVELOPMENT. BEGINNING WITH TRANSLATIONS AND ADAPTA-

TIONS FROM FOREIGN CLASSICS IT PRESENTLY BEGAN TO

SOUND ITS OWN NOTE, GROWING ORIGINAL AND DEVELOPING

ITS PECULIAR POWER AND BEAUTY OF EXPRESSION.

"THE NUMBER OF WRITERS FOR THE STAGE BECAME SO

CONSIDERABLE," (PETER KROPOTKIN STATES IN HIS SPLENDID

WORK ON "RUSSIAN LITERATURE, IDEALS AND REALITIES,"

"THAT ALL THE FORMS OF DRAMATIC ART WERE ABLE TO DEVELOP

AT THE SAME TIME." THE NAPOLEONIC WARS BROUGHT A LOAD
OF PATRIOTIC DRAMAS, COMPETING FOR POPULARITY WITH THE
ROMANTIC AND PSEUDO-CLASSIC SCHOOLS. TRAGEDIES,
OPERAS AND PARTICULARLY SATIRICAL COMEDY HELD THE
RUSSIAN STAGE, COMPRISING TRANSLATED ADAPTATIONS FROM
FRENCH CLASSICS AS WELL AS ORIGINAL RUSSIAN WORKS. IT
WAS THESE EFFORTS THAT GRADUALLY PAVED THE WAY FOR THE
THOROUGHLY RUSSIAN COMEDY.

THIS ADVANCE WAS ESPECIALLY FAVOURED BY THE
GUIDANCE OF MIKHAIL SEMYONOVITCH SHTCHEPKIN. A DRAMATIC
TEACHER OF GREATEST GENIUS, HE BECAME A MOST FAVORABLE
INFLUENCE IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF RUSSIA, IN THE LITERARY
AND CREATIVE SENSE, FULLY DESERVING THE FINE TRIBUTE
PAID HIM BY ONE WHO SUBSEQUENTLY HIMSELF BECAME THE
INNOVATOR OF DRAMATIC ART IN RUSSIA, CONSTANTIN
STANISLAVSKY. IN HIS MASTERLY WORK, "MY LIFE IN ART,"
STANISLAVSKY REFERS TO SHTCHEPKIN AS "THE PRIDE OF OUR
NATIONAL ART, THE MAN WHO RECREATED IN HIMSELF ALL THAT
THE WEST COULD GIVE AND CREATED THE FOUNDATIONS OF
TRUE RUSSIAN DRAMATIC ART AND ITS TRADITIONS, OUR
GREAT LAW GIVER AND ARTIST. HE TOOK HIS PUPILS TO
THE HEART OF HIS FAMILY. THEY LIVED WITH HIM. THEY
ATE WITH HIM. THEY GREW UP AND MARRIED UNDER HIS
GUIDANCE. "STANISSLAVSKY QUOTES FROM A LETTER OF
SHTOZPSKIN, WRITTEN TO ONE OF HIS PUPILS, REVEALING
HIS EXTRAORDINARY CHARACTER BOTH AS MAN AND TEACHER:

"TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EVERY OPPORTUNITY, LABOR
AND DEVELOP THE ABILITIES GIVEN YOU TO THEIR
FULLEST EXTENT. NEVER CEASE TO LISTEN TO CRITICISM,
AND ENTER AS DEEPLY AS YOU CAN INTO ITS CORE IN
ORDER TO SET YOURSELF RIGHT. FOR THE Sake OF
GOOD ART, ALWAYS HAVE NATURE BEFORE YOUR
EYES, ENTER, SO TO SAY, INTO THE SKIN OF THE ROLE
YOU ARE PLAYING; STUDY WELL ITS SOCIAL LOCALS,
ITS EDUCATION, ITS PECULIAR IDEAS IF THEY ARE
PRESENT, AND DO NOT FORGET TO STUDY ITS PAST LIFE.
NEVER THINK OF AMUSING YOUR AUDIENCE, FOR BOTH
THE RIDICULOUS AND THE SERIOUS FLOW FROM A TRUE
CONCEPTION OF LIFE."
WITH SUCH WONDERFUL DIRECTION AND INSPIRATION

IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT THE RUSSIAN THEATRE SHOULD

HAVE DEVELOPED AS A SHIRE OF ART AND AS AN INSTITUTION

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY, WITH INTUITIVE APPRECIATION OF

TRUE WORTH, SHCHEPKIN SUCCEEDED IN GATHERING ABOUT

HIM A GALAXY OF DRAMATIC ARTISTS.
GRIBOYEDOV

WROTE BUT ONE PLAY DURING HIS SHORT
LIFE, BUT BECAUSE OF ITS DRAMATIC POWER AND ITS FORCING
INDICTMENT OF THE ARISTOCRACY FROM WHICH HE SPRANG, IT
BECAUSE ONE OF THE GREAT CLASSICS OF THE COUNTRY. BORN
IN 1795, YOUNG GRIBOYEDOV ENTERED THE UNIVERSITY AT
THE EARLY AGE OF 15, AND TWO YEARS LATER HE BEGAN TO
WRITE. THE EXIGENCIES OF HIS BUSY LIFE CONSPIRED TO
INTERRUPT HIS LITERARY EFFORTS, SO THAT YEARS OF
MILITARY AND DIPLOMATIC SERVICE, OF REVOLUTIONARY
ACTIVITY AND IMPRISONMENT PASSED BEFORE THE GREAT
DRAMA COULD BE COMPLETED.

"INTELLIGENCE COMES TO GRIP" WAS BEGUN BY
GRIBOYEDOV WHEN STILL IN THE MOSCOW UNIVERSITY.
NAPOLEON'S INVASION CAUSED YOUNG GRIBOYEDOV TO ENTER
THE ARMY, THEN THE CENTER OF REVOLUTIONARY IDEAS.
THE MEN WHO MARKED THE BEGINNING OF THE SINCE UNCEASING
STRUGGLE FOR POLITICAL FREEDOM IN RUSSIA, HISTORICALLY
KNOwn as the Decemberists, were mostly Army Men of high rank. Griboedov, the least young youth, could not fail to come under the influence of those passionate idealists. They quickly sensed Griboedov’s genius and his personal worth. They became his friends, helping to awaken in the youth the revolutionary spirit of which they themselves were such devoted exponents.

Unfortunately, Griboedov’s participation in a duel, as a second, caused his removal to St. Petersburg, followed by banishment to Temeran. There, in Persia, he became absorbed in the study of the little known country and its people, travelling extensively and gathering experience and knowledge. In the course of time he was permitted to participate in the diplomatic activities of the Russian Embassy, devoting his leisure to his drama. It was at last completed in 1824, and when the manuscript reached his literary friends in Russia, Griboedov’s play was hailed as the greatest.
MASTERPIECE OF RUSSIAN DRAMATIC ART. A WORK OF REVOLUTIONARY SCOPE AND IMPORTANCE. IT WAS INSUSITABLE THAT THE PLAY SHOULD AROUSE MOST BITTER INDIGNATION IN REACTIONARY CIRCLES, WHILE THE ADVANCED ELEMENTS SAW IN IT AN INSPIRING RAY OF LIGHT ON THE BLACK SOCIAL HORIZON OF RUSSIA. ALL ATTEMPTS TO HAVE THE PLAY STAGED WERE IN VAIN DUE TO THE CENSOR’S IRREVOCABLE PROHIBITION. EVEN A PRIVATE PERFORMANCE NOT ALLOWED.

AFTER THE FAILURE OF THE DECEMBRIST CONSPIRACY AND THE INCARCERATION OF GRIBOYEDOV, GRIBOYEDOV ALSO WAS ARRESTED AND IMPRISONED IN THE FORTRESS OF PETER AND PAUL IN ST. PETERSBURG.

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SO BELOVED FOR HIS FORMERLY SUNNY DISPOSITION AND JOY OF LIFE. RETURNING TO TIPLIS, HE SOUGHT FORGOTTENFULNESS IN VARIOUS ACTIVITIES, FINALLY PARTICIPATING IN THE WAR AGAINST PERSIA. AFTER THE DEFEAT OF THE LATTER AND IN RECOGNITION OF HIS EFFORTS IN SECURING A FAVORABLE THEATRE, GRIBOYEDOV WAS APPOINTED PERSONAL AMBASSADOR. WITH A PRELIMINATION OF IMPENDING CALAMITY, WITH BLACK REACTION FOLLOWING UPON THE SUPPRESSION OF THE DECEMBRISTS, THE OUTLOOK FOR CREATIVE WORK IN RUSSIA WAS ENTIRELY DISCOURAGING, AND GRIBOYEDOV ACCEPTED THE POST. A SHORT TIME LATER THE EMBASSY WAS ATTACKED BY A PERSIAN MOB, AND GRIBOYEDOV WAS KILLED.

THE HERO OF "INTELLIGENCE COMES TO GRIEF" IS TCHATSKY, A YOUNG INTELLECTUAL WHO AFTER SEVERAL YEARS ABROAD COMES BACK TO MOSCOW AND VISITS THE HOME OF A WEALTHY NOBLEMAN, PAMUSOV, WHOSE DAUGHTER SOPHIE TCHATSKY LOVED. THERE HE SEES THE IDLE LIFE, THE
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WASTE, THE WORSHIP OF MONEY AND THE CORRUPTION OF HIGH SOCIETY. HE ALSO FINDS THAT THE INNOCENT YOUNG GIRL HE HAD LEFT WHEN HE WENT AWAY HAS BEEN INFECTED WITH THE POISON OF HER ENVIRONMENT AND THAT, INSTEAD OF HER HESTJUHILE LOVE FOR HIM, SHE IS CARRIED AWAY BY HER FATHER'S SECRETARY, A CRINGING CAREERIST, CHARACTERSLESS AND WITHOUT PRINCIPLES.

TOHATSKY IS NOT SLOW IN EXPRESSING HIS VIEWS ON THE SITUATION, AS A RESULT OF WHICH HE IS DECLARED MAD BY SOPHIE WHO CANNOT COMPREHEND HIS IDEALS AND PURITY OF HEART. THE GIRL'S FATHER SEES IN THE YOUNG MAN A DANGEROUS REBEL WHO HAS COME TO UNDERMINE THE EDIPICE OF THE SELF-SATISFIED, PARASITIC CLASS TO WHICH HE BELONGS.

WHEN I WAS STILL A CHILD — THAT NESTOR OF DISTINGUISHED BLACKGUARDS, SURROUNDED BY A CROWD OF SERVANTS... OR THAT OTHER, WHO CONCEIVED THE IDEA OF FORMING A
BALLET OF SERFS, FOR WHICH PURPOSE WE HAD CHILDREN TORN FROM THEIR PARENTS, PUT INTO JAGGUS AND DRIVEN AWAY.

THESE ARE THE MEN WHOSE ENTERPRISE WE ARE TO ESTEEM FOR WANT OF BETTER. THESE ARE OUR STEEP CRITICS AND JUDGES.

NOW, LET ONE OF US OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION BE AN ENEMY OF SELF-SEEKING, DEMANDING NEITHER PLACE NOR ADVANCEMENT IN RANK, HIS MIND INTENT ON KNOWLEDGE - THIRSTY FOR INFORMATION, OR LET HIS SOUL BE FILLED WITH A DEVINE ARDOUR FOR THE HIGH CREATIVE ARTS - IMMEDIATELY THEY RAISE THE OGY OF "PIRATES!

THIEVES!

AND HE IS REGARDED BY THEM AS A DANGEROUS VISIONARY. UNIFORMS! NOTHING BUT UNIFORMS! AT ONE STAGE OF THEIR EXISTENCE, THEY COVER THEIR IMBECILITY, THEIR POVERTY OF MIND, WITH HANDSOMELY EMBROIDERED UNIFORMS, AND WE ARE TO FOLLOW THEM IN THE PATH OF HAPPINESS.

MALTCHALIN'S SLOGAN IS: "GO DROWN YOURSELF, MAKE YOURSELF AGREEABLE TO EVERYONE"
Without exception — to the master of the house in
which you happen to live, to the chief under whom you
serve, to the valet who brushes his clothes, to the
janitor, and in order to avoid trouble you should
make friends with the gatekeeper and his dog. So I
assume the role of lover, to gratify the daughter
of the man with whom I live."

The able Russian writer M. Gerzensohn in a
brilliant essay on the historic background of
Gribovsky's play presents a characteristic picture
of Russian high life in the person of Maria Ivanovna
Rimsky-Korsakov, of the period of Gribovsky. She was
a grande dame of Russian society, more intelligent and
interesting than most of her contemporaries, yet she
spent her time and very considerable intellectual
abilities, as well as her vast fortune, in extravagant
living. She kept a large house, gave constant parties
AND ENTERTAINMENTS, INTRIGUED CEASELESSLY TO PLACE HER
SONS IN FAVORABLE DIPLOMATIC POSITIONS AND TO MARRY
HER DAUGHTERS TO GENTLEMEN OF THE COURT. IN SHORT,
HER LIFE WAS "A CONTINUOUS ROUND OF LAVISH AFFAIRS,
OF WASTE AND IDLE PURSUITS." MARIA IVANOVNA RIMSKY-
KORSAKOV IS THE Prototype OF THE FANUSOV PORTRAYED BY
GRIGORYEV, WHOSE SENSELESS AND MISERABLY LIVES WERE MADE
POSSIBLE BY THE TOIL AND SUFFERING OF THEIR SERFS.

"BUT CAN WE OF TO-DAY AFFORD TO THROW STONES AT THEM?
TO BE SURE, WE HAVE NO SERFS, NOR DO I WISH TO SAY THAT
OUR AGE IS QUITE AS CRUEL AS FANUSOV'S. BUT THE SAME
POISON IS IN OUR BLOOD, THE SAME POISON OF EMPTY
Pursuits AND MOST OF OUR LIVES ARE AS WASTEFUL,
CRIMINAL AND SENSELESS AS IN THE DAYS OF MARIA IVANOVNA."
GOGOL

THERE ARE FEW NAMES IN LITERATURE, CERTAINLY NONE IN THAT OF RUSSIA, THAT CAN COMPARE WITH GOGOL IN THE POWER OF PORTRAYING THE MONOTONY AND FLATNESS OF THE LIFE OF THE SO-CALLED NORMAL MAN AND HIS DEADLY-DULL BACKGROUND. YET GOGOL WAS NOT A NATURALIST IN THE LIMITED SENSE. HIS GREATNESS CONSISTED IN BEING ABLE TO BLEND THE NATURAL WITH THE FANTASTIC, THE ORDINARY WITH THE UNUSUAL, WITH HIM THE ORDINARY DIFFUSES INTO THE MIST AND HIS LAUGHTER OFTEN TURNS INTO AGONIZED SNIFFLES. GOGOL IS THE GREAT RUSSIAN OF WORLD DIMENSIONS.

NIKOLAI VASSIL'EVITCH GOGOL WAS BORN IN MARCH, 1809, IN A SMALL TOWN NEAR POLTAVA, IN THE UKRAINA, THE BEAUTIFUL AND ROMANTIC SOUTH OF RUSSIA. HE ATTENDED GYMNASIUM IN A SMALL PROVINCIAL CITY NEAR KIEV, BUT FROM THE POINT OF VIEW OF SCHOOL APPRAISAL GOGOL FELL VERY SHORT. INSTEAD HIS LITERARY MANIFESTATIONS MANIFESTED THEMSELVES AT AN EARLY AGE, WHEN THE BOY Began...
CONTRIBUTING TO THE SCHOOL JOURNAL.

YOUNG NIKOLAI'S LITERARY AMBITIONS, HIS LOVE OF THE THEATRE AND HISTRIONIC ABILITY APPARENTLY COME TO HIM BY INHERITANCE. HIS FATHER WAS THE AUTHOR OF SEVERAL PLAYS IN WHICH HE FREQUENTLY ACTED HIMSELF, AND HE POSSESSED CONSIDERABLE GIFTS AS A STORY TELLER. BUT WITH THIS HERITAGE GOGOL PERE ALSO LEFT HIS SON:

A FRAIL PHYSIQUE AND AN ABNORMAL LEANING TOWARDS INTROSPECTION, A SORRY PATRIARCHY TO ENABLE ONE TO GRAPPLE WITH LIFE. NIKOLAI GAINED LITTLE FROM SCHOOL IN THE WAY OF AN EDUCATION, BUT HIS PASSION FOR LITERATURE AND PAINTING MADE UP FOR MUCH THAT SCHOOLS NEVER CAN GIVE TO ARDENT SOULS. ARDOUR WAS GOGOL'S MOST DOMINANT TRAIT - THE INTENSE LONGING TO ESCAPE THE HUMDRUM OF LIFE, TO RISE ABOVE THE ORDINARY, TO BECOME A FORCE.

HIS GIFT FOR MIMICRY AND HIS LEANING TOWARDS COMEDY MADE HIM HOPE FOR AN OPENING IN THE THEATRE.
THUS EQUIPPED AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN HE WENT TO ST. PETERSBURG. BUT THE PATHS HAD THEIR ARROWS SHARPENED, AND GOEDEL'S SPIRIT WAS PIERCED INCESSANTLY IN HIS WEARY MARCH THROUGH LIFE.

ST. PETERSBURG PROVOKED COLD AND CRUELLY UNRESPONSIVE TO THE YOUTH'S SANGUINE IMAGINATION. LARGE CITIES USUALLY DO TO THE NEWCOMER WHO HAS NEITHER FRIENDS NOR FORTUNE. IT APPEARED MUCH MORE SO TO THIS HIGH-STRUNG, SENSITIVE BOY, COMING AS HE DID FROM THE SOUTH WITH IT: NATURAL JARMIN AND BEAUTY. GOEDEL TRIED HIS LUCK IN LITERATURE. HIS FIRST EFFUSION, AN IDYLL CALLED "HANS KUCHBELGARTEN," HE PUBLISHED AT HIS OWN EXPENSE, ONLY TO RECEIVE HARSH CRITICISM AND CONDEMNATION THAT CAUSED HIM TO BURN THE MANUSCRIPT. IN DESPAIR HE LEFT RUSSIA, BUT ON REACHING LUBECK, HE WAS SEIZED WITH REMORSE AND REGRET AND HASTENED TO RETURN TO ST. PETERSBURG. AFTER MANY ATTEMPTS HE SECURED A SMALL POST IN THE CIVIL
SERVICE, A TORTUOUS POSITION FOR GOGOL, WHO QUICKLY
REALIZED THE ABYS BETWEEN HIS HIGH HOPE TO SINK
HUMANITY AND THE CRASS REALITY OF THE AUTOCRATIC
GOVERNMENT WITH ITS PARALYZING BUREAUCRACY AND THE
REVOLTING CORRUPTION OF OFFICIALDOM.

GOGOL SOUGHT ESCAPE AND RELIEF IN LITERARY EFFORT.
HIS COLOURFUL IMAGINATION VIVIDLY PAINTED THE BEAUTY OF
HIS SOUTHERN HOME-LAND AND WOVE STORIES FROM THE LIFE OF
ITS PEASANTRY. "EVENINGS ON A FARM NEAR DIKANKA"
AND OTHER TALES SOON BROUGHT THE YOUNG WRITER TO THE
ATTENTION OF THE LITERARY WORLD. THE GREAT POET
PUSHKIN, SHUVKOVSKY, PLATNYEV, AND OTHER FAMOUS WRITERS
QUICKLY SENSED THE GENIUS OF YOUNG GOGOL. WITH RARE
GENTLENESS THEY SOUGHT TO ENCOURAGE AND INSPIRE THE
NEW LITERARY STAR, FOREMOST AMONG THEM PUSHKIN. IT
WAS HE WHO URGED GOGOL ON WHEN THE MOODY YOUTH WOULD
FEEL DISHEARTENED, AND IT WAS PUSHKIN WHO SUGGESTED
TO GOGOL THE THEMES OF HIS MASTERPIECES "THE REVISER"
AND "DEAD SOULS."
But while his fame spread, it did not relieve him of material need. Again he was compelled to seek a more secure income. This time as a lecturer on history. But constantly harassed by such employment, he finally resolved to devote himself entirely to his most compelling urge. Four years of intense literary effort followed, during which he produced "Mirgorod," "Taras Bulba," and a number of other famous stories.

Gogol's genius could not find adequate expression in mere aestheticism. "Art for Art's sake," the skibboleth of superficiality, did not touch the deeper needs of his passionate soul. His spirit kept digging into the roots of life and feeling, laying bare real human emotions beneath the tinselled cloak of the accepted and sanctified.
IN "DEAD SOULS," THE EPIC OF SERFDOM, GOÇOL
UNCOVERS THE LYING FACE BEHIND THE GRINNING SOCIAL
MASK, THE "FACE OF THE DEVIL," NOT THE THEO-
LOGICAL DEVIL WITH HOOF AND HORNs. HIS WAS THE EVERY-
DAY DEVIL, THE TRUE SOVEREIGN OF MEDIocrity, -- THE
DEVIL WHO OFTEN LOOKS LIKE A STATESMAN, AN ARISTOCRAT,
OR SOME TRADESMAN, AND WHOM EVERYBODY ADMIRES AND NO
ONE RECOGNIZES.

"I CALL THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAME," GOÇOL AT
THIS TIME WROTE TO A FRIEND. "I DO NOT DRESS THE DEVIL
UP IN GEORGIOUS CLOAKS LIKE BYRON, FOR I KNOW HE WEARS
EVERYDAY DRESS." THIS UNHEROIC DEVIL, WHOM WE MEET
EVERY DAY AND WHO LOOKS ALARMINGLY LIKE OURSELVES, GOÇOL
FOUGHT ALL HIS LIFS. AGAINST THIS MONSTER HE WAGED WAR
WITH ALL THE ACID OF HIS SATIRE, WITH ALL THE INCOM-
PARABLE RIDICULE OF HIS MIGHTY PEN. THIS DEVIL WHICH
APPEARS AND REAPPEARS IN ALL HIS NOVELS, SKETCHES,
FRAGMENTS, LETTERS, AND DRAMAS SYMBOLIZES SUPERFICIAL,
Gogol's "devil" is not demoniacal, not one capable of great passion, either good or evil. His devil is ordinary and commonplace. He lives by loud talk, small frauds, and petty interests; he is just commonplace, sometimes clever but more often dull; life's ever-present more that stifles everything that is alive, virile and spontaneous.

The two principal characters in "The Revisor" and "Dead Souls," Khlestyakov and Chichikov, are the very embodiment of such devils. With incomparable humor and biting satire, Gogol pictures them with all their trivial values, their cunning, their vulgar pursuits and petty vices.

His contemporaries failed to recognize the genius and motives of Gogol. They saw in him only the harlequin. They laughed to tears over his masquerade comedies, "The Revisor," "The Wedding," and "The
PLAYS THAT WERE GREAT STAGE SUCCESSES.

Excepting Pushkin, who unfortunately died so young,
Zhukovsky and one or two other writers, there was no
one in Russia who fashioned the bitter tears beneath
Gogol's mask. No one understood the turmoil of his
creative spirit as reflected in his art, no one saw
the appalling corruption of society, beneath the mask
of Gogol's humour.

He went abroad, wandering throughout Europe,
he visited Switzerland, France, Austria, Germany, then
Italy and Palestine. But it was Italy that charmed
Gogol most and because, at least temporarily, his new
great passion,

Seeking to quench his inner thirst, to
"forget everything," and drinking in the Balkan and
beauty of the Italian atmosphere, Gogol busied him-
s elf with painting, for which he had considerable
talent. Not for long, however, did he rest content.
HIS GREAT PASSION, LITERATURE, SCORNED HIM BACK, AND
PRESENTLY HE BEGAN HIS GREATEST WORK, "DEAD SOULS."
REPEATEDLY VISITING HIS BELOVED ITALY FOR MORE OR LESS PROTRACTED PERIODS, GOGL FINALLY RETURNED TO RUSSIA, UNABLE TO RESIST LONGER THE CALL OF HIS NATIVE SOIL. THERE THE GREAT TRAGEDY OF HIS LIFE HAPPENED.
ALWAYS STRONGLY MYSTICAL AND RELIGIOUS, HE FELL UNDER THE SWAY OF THE PESTISTS. HE WAS STILL IN THE FULL ZENITH OF HIS CREATIVE CAREER, BUT THE INFLUENCE PROVED FATAL. A VERITABLE MARTYRDOM TILL HIS END. THERE BEGAN HIS TRAGIC CONFLICT BETWEEN ART AND THEOLOGIC FANATISM, TORTURING GOGL WITH STEREAL DOUBT, THE FEAR OF DAMNATION AND THE EVIL OF HIS ART. AGAIN AND AGAIN HIS ANGUISHED SOUL SEEKS RELIEF IN THE SELF-ASSURANCE THAT:

I LOVE ALL THAT IS GOOD. I SEEK IT AND BURN WITH IMPATIENCE TO FIND IT; BUT I HATE THOSE BASE TRAITS OF MINE AND I DO NOT SHAKE HANDS WITH THEM AS MY OWN CHARACTERS DO. I HATE
MY MEAN DEFEATS WHICH SEPARATE ME FROM THE GOOD.
I AM STRUGGLING WITH THEM. I SHALL DRIVE THEM OUT, AND GOD WILL HELP ME IN THIS.

BUT GOD DID NOT HELP HIM. HIS SPOKESMAN, THE CRUEL AND DOMINEERING PRIEST, MATTHEW KONSTANTINOVSKY, QUICKLY GAINED COMPLETE CONTROL. UNDER HIS INFLUENCE GOGOL’S VISION WAS BECOMING CLOUDED AND HIS HEALTH IMPAIRED. CONSTANT PRAYING AND FASTING WEAKENED HIS WILL AND HIS LAST HOLD UPON HIMSELF. IN THIS CONDITION HE TURNED UPON HIS FORMER FRIENDS AND IDEAS. STILL MORE TRAGIC WAS HIS LOSS OF INSPIRATION TO CREATE.

HE SOUGHT TO COMPEL HIMSELF TO WRITE. THE AGONY OF THE PROCESS CAN BE FATHOMED FROM GOGOL’S LETTER TO HIS FRIEND, MME. SHIENNOVA, WHO — ACCORDING TO PETER KROPOTKIN — WAS THE MAIN CAUSE OF GOGOL’S SPIRITUAL CHANGE: IT WAS SHE WHO HAD BROUGHT HIM UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE PISTISTS:

I TORMENTED MYSELF, I COMPELLED MYSELF TO WRITE, I SUFFERED CRUELLY WHEN I SAW THIS HELPLESSNESS
OF MINE, AND SEVERAL TIMES I MADE MYSELF ILL
THROUGH SUCH EFFORTS, YET I WAS NOT ABLE TO DO
ANYTHING, AND ALL THAT I DID WAS ARTIFICIAL AND
BAD. OFTEN, OFTEN, I HAVE BEEN OVERWHELMED BY
RENU, AND EVEN BY DESPAIR, BECAUSE OF THIS.

OUT OF THIS CONFLICT AND SOUL TORMENT NO WORK
OF ART COULD EMANATE. INSTEAD THE CREATOR OF THE
Masterspieces "THE REVIZOR," "DEAD SOULS," "TARAS
BULBA," PRODUCED "EXCERPTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE
WITH FRIENDS," A SORRY REPUDIATION OF HIS GREAT WORKS
AND A BIGOTTED ARRAIMENT OF LITERATURE IN GENERAL.

THIS FEARFUL RECANTATION ALIENATED HIS FRIENDS FROM
HIM AND THRUST HIM DEEPER INTO THE CLUTCHES OF HIS
EVIL ADVISERS. STILL HIS CREATIVE URGE CONTINUED
TO ASSERT ITSELF FROM TIME TO TIME, OCCASIONALLY WITH
IMPERATIVE FORCE. FREQUENTLY, IN THE ABSENCE OF
FATHER MATTHEW, GOGOL WOULD GIVE REIN TO HIS CREATIVE
SPIRIT AND SEEK FORGETFULNESS AND RELIEF IN LITERARY
WORK. BUT WHEN HIS TORMENTOR WOULD RETURN, HE WOULD
HURL ANATHEMAS AT HIS VICTIM, AND CONJURE UP SUCH
HARROWING PHANTOMS OF PUNISHMENT FOR GOGOL'S "SINS"

THAT THE LATTER, SUBJECTED AND TERRORIZED, WOULD GROVEL
IN THE DUST BEFORE THE PRIEST AND PRAY FOR FORGIVENESS.

IT WAS AT SOME SUCH MAD MOMENT THAT HE BURIED THE
SECOND PART OF "DEAD SOULS."

ADDED TO THIS MENTAL PURGATORY GOGOL SUFFERED
INTENSELY FROM SOME DISEASE WHICH HIS PHYSICIANS FAILED
TO DIAGNOSE AND WHICH THEY TREATED BLINDLY, CAUSING
THE HAPLESS PATIENT UNSPEAKABLE TORMENT. AT LAST
DEATH RELIEVED THIS MARTYRED BODY AND SPIRIT, AND
RUSSIA LOST ONE OF IT'S LITERARY GIANTS ON FEBRUARY 29,

TRULY IT MAY BE SAID OF GOGOL THAT HIS WAS A
SOUL FOREVER SEEKING FOR THE GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL,
SEEKING IT DESPERATELY AND EVERYWHERE, AND FINDING IT
NOWHERE. WHAT A GRAND BEGINNING — WHAT PITIOUS END!
NIKOLAI VASSILIEVICH GOGOL WROTE NOT-SEEK PLAYS.

BUT THOSE HE CREATED SURVIVE TO THIS DAY BECAUSE OF THEIR DRAMATIC POWER AND PROFOUND SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE.

HIS FIRST WORKS, "THE VLADIMIR ORDER" AND "THE WEDDING," WERE PROMISES OF HIS SUBSEQUENT COMIC MASTER-PIECE, "THE REVISOR."

"THE VLADIMIR ORDER" TREATS THE EFFORTS OF A CROOKED OFFICIAL TO OBTAIN THE VLADIMIR ORDER. BUT HIS AIM IS THwartED BY OFFICIAL INTRIGUE, AS A RESULT OF WHICH HE LOSES HIS MIND AND IMAGINES HIMSELF THE ORDER OF VLADIMIR. MOST CLEVER SATIRE UPON THE CORRUPTION OF RUSSIAN OFFICIALDOM PERMEATES THE PLAY.

UNFORTUNATELY IT WAS NEVER FINISHED, BECAUSE GOGOL KNEW IT WOULD NOT PASS THE CENSOR. IN REFERENCE TO IT HE WROTE TO A FRIEND ON FEBRUARY 16, 1833:

I DID NOT WRITE TO YOU THAT
"THE REVISOR," WHICH HAS ALSO BEEN TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH AS THE "INSPECTOR GENERAL," IS GOGOL'S GREATEST COMEDY, FULL OF "MALICE, LAUGHTER AND SALT."

BY THE PECULIAR CONTRADICTION WHICH ALWAYS EXISTED BETWEEN THE POLITICAL AND CULTURAL ATTITUDE IN RUSSIA, TSAR NICHOLAS I. WAS INDUCED BY THE WRITER SHUKOVSKY, A FRIEND OF GOGOL, TO HAVE THE PLAY PASSED BY THE CENSOR AND PRODUCED. THE TSAR HIMSELF ATTENDED THE FIRST PERFORMANCE AND IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE REMARKED JOCKOUSLY: "EVERYONE HAS RECEIVED HIS DUE AND I MUST OF ALL." NEVERTHELESS, HE GREW APPREHENSIVE ABOUT THE DANGER LURKING IN GOGOL'S SATIRE, AND

"THE REVISOR" PLAYS IN A SMALL TOWN, FAR REMOVED FROM THE CENTER, WHICH CIRCUMSTANCE AFFORDS THE LOCAL OFFICIALS GREATER OPPORTUNITY FOR GRANT AND ABUSE, WITH LESS DANGER OF BEING FOUND OUT. THE PLAY OPENS WITH THE DISTURBING REPORT THAT A GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR IS TO VISIT THE TOWN TO LOOK INTO THE AFFAIRS.
AND EXAMINE INTO THE DOINGS OF THE CITY AUTHORITIES.

STILL MORE ALARMING IS THE NEWS THAT THE "REVIZOR"
IS COMING INCognito. THIS INFORMATION HAS BEEN RECEIVED
BY THE GOVERNOR -- OFFICIAL HEAD OF THE TOWN -- FROM
A FRIEND IN THE CAPITAL AND CAUSE CONSIDERATION. THERE
IS NOT A SINGLE OFFICIAL IN THE ENTIRE PLACE WHO CAN-
AFFORD TO HAVE LIGHT SHED UPON HIS LIFE; [THE JUDGE]
WHO PREFERS SPORT TO HEATING OUT JUSTICE; HIS COURT
ROOM HAVING BEEN TURNED INTO A KENNEL FOR HIS FAVORITE
DOGS; [THE MANAGER OF THE HOSPITAL WHO HAS ENRICHED
HIMSELF BY NEGLECTING AND ROBBING HIS PATIENTS; THE
HEAD OF THE EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT WHO SPENDS HIS TIME
IN GAMBLING, LEAVING HIS PUPILS TO THE TENDER HEART;
OF HIS GERMAN ASSISTANT WHO IS NO MORE SOLICITOUS ABOUT
THE WELFARE OF THE CHILDREN Entrusted To Him; THE POLICE
INSPECTOR, GENERALLY PARALYZED-DRUNK; THE POSTMASTER
WHOSE MORBID CURIOSITY INDUCES HIM TO OPEN OTHER
PEOPLE'S LETTERS; [THE GOVERNOR HIMSELF HAS EVEN
MORE CAUSE TO FEAR DISCOVERY THAN HIS SUBORDINATES.

THERE IS NO ABUSE OR CRIME HE HAS NOT INDULGED IN.
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FROM THE ARBITRARY IMPOSITION OF TAXES ON THE
MERCHANTS AND THE APPROPRIATION OF FUNDS CONTRIBUTED
FOR THE ERECTION OF A CHURCH, TO THE FLOGGING OF
WOMEN. AND SUDDENLY THIS BLOW, THE IMMINENT VISIT
OF THE INSPECTOR, INCognito. THE CONSEQUENCES MIGHT
BE AWFUL.

IN GREAT AGITATION THE GOVERNOR CALLS HIS STAFF
TOGETHER, INFORMS THEM OF THE IMMINENT DANGER AND
COMMANDS THEM TO PUT THEIR HOUSE IN ORDER.

THE TENSE ATMOSPHERE IS AGGRAVATED BY THE
ARRIVAL OF THE TWO TOWN GOSSIPS, DOBTOHINSKY AND

DOBTOHINSKY, THE MOST INIMITABLE, ROLLINGLY COMIC

TYPES IN THE ENTIRE LITERATURE OF RUSSIA. THEY ARE

THE JOY AND COMFORT OF THE LADIES BECAUSE THEY KNOW
EVERYBODY’S INMOST SECRETS AND SPEAK OF THEM FREELY.

THEY NOW COME DIRECT FROM THE TOWN’S ONLY INN WHERE
THEY HAVE DISCOVERED TWO STRANGERS — A YOUNG MAN AND
HIS SERVANT. MANY CIRCUMSTANCES ABOUT THEM HINT AT
THE MAN'S BEING THE EXPECTED REVISOR, THE GOSSIP'S THINK

... INDEED, HE IS SURE TO BE THE REVISOR!

... GREATLY PERTURBED, THE GOVERNOR DECIDES THAT
THE SITUATION CAN BE SAVED ONLY BY BRIETING THE REVISOR,
AND OF COURSE HE, THE GOVERNOR, MUST WIN HIM OVER FOR
HIMSELF. HE RUSHES OFF TO THE INN, FIRST GIVING
INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT SETTING THINGS IN COMPARATIVE ORDER:

... THE COQUETTISH WIFE OF THE GOVERNOR AND HER
PRETTY BUT STUPID DAUGHTER REMAIN AT HOME IN WILD
EXCITEMENT, SPECULATING ON WHETHER THE FEARED INSPECTOR
BE GOOD-LOOKING, DARK OR BLOND, WITH OR WITHOUT A
 MUSTACHES.

... THE YOUNG MAN AT THE INN, WHOSE NAME IS
KLESTYAKOV, IS MERELY A PETTY OFFICIAL, A CHARLATAN
WHO HAS GAMBLED AWAY HIS MONEY WHILE HE ROUTE TO VISIT
HIS FATHER'S ESTATE. HE IS DEAD BROKE AND UNABLE TO
PAY HIS HOTEL BILL. THE INNKEEPER HAS REFUSED HIM
Further credit and has threatened him with arrest.

Khléstjakov is, in consequence, in a very depressed state of mind, aggravated by pangs of hunger. The world looks black to him and his difficulties insurmountable.

At that moment the governor arrives, in fear and trembling, to pay his respects to the supposed reviewer.

Khléstjakov, thinking the official has come to arrest him, puts on a bold front and complains of the innkeeper feeding him on "beef as tough as leather."

The governor interprets the complaints against the innkeeper as a veiled attack upon the conditions the inspector has found in the town. He suggests that Khléstjakov accompany him to other quarters. But the young man is enraged by what he believes to be a trick to get him into a cell.

After many situations the governor manages to lead Khléstjakov to his house in triumph. There he...
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IS DINED AND WINED AND LAVISHLY ENTERTAINED. F INDI NG

HIMSELF IN HIS NEW ROLE, KHOVESTAKOV STARTS A VIOLENT

FLIRTATION WITH BOTH MOTHER AND DAUGHTER, AND WHEN

THE FORMER DISCOVERS HER LOVER ON HIS KNEES BEFORE HER

DAUGHTER, KHOVESTAKOV SOFTEN MATTERS BY ASKING FOR THE

GIRL'S HAND. (THE FATHER FEELS HIGHLY HONORED AND

FLATTERED AND SHOWS GIFTS UPON HIS PROSPECTIVE SON-IN-LAW. (HIS SUBORDINATES NATURALLY FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE.

THEY COME, ONE BY ONE, TO PAY THEIR HOMAGE AND INCIDENTALLY TO CURRY FAVOR WITH THE SUPPOSED INSPECTOR.

BRINGING GOOD RUSSIAN RUBLES TO BRIBE HIM. (HE CLEVERLY

SAVES THEM FROM AN AWKWARD SITUATION BY CONCOCTING A

STORY THAT HE HAS RUN OUT OF MONEY AND CONSENTING TO

Borrow FROM THEM -- AND THE POOR DUPES ARE HAPPY TO

OBLIGE THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

( THE MERCHANTS ALSO ARRIVE LADEN WITH GIFTS TO

PAVE THE WAY FOR THE COMPLAINTS THEY MEAN TO LODGE

AGAINST THE GOVERNOR FOR MERCILESSLY FLEECING THEM.

KHOVESTAKOV IS IN CLOVER, BUT HIS SHREWISH SERVANT.
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FORBESSEING THAT THIS HAPPINESS CANNOT LAST LONG,
PREVAILS UPON HIS MASTER TO GIVE SOME EXCUSE AND MAKE
OFF WITH THE BOOT, WHICH KHESSSTEKOV PROCEEDS TO DO.
INFORMING HIS HOST AND HIS NEVLY-WON BRIDE THAT HE MUST
HASTEN TO THE CAPITAL TO CONSULT "HIS HIGHNESS, MY
UNCLE," HE IS GIVEN THE BEST HORSES, HIS SLEIGH IS
PACKED WITH GIFTS, AND OFF HE GOES.

THE GOVERNOR, ELATED OVER HIS SUCCESS IN HAVING
WARD OFF IMMINENT DANGER AND AT THE SAME TIME HAVING
FOUND SUCH A BRILLIANT MATCH FOR HIS DAUGHTER, MAKES
THE NEWS QUICKLY KNOWN AND BOASTS OF THE BRILLIANT
FUTURE Awaiting Him.

IN THE MIDST OF HIS TRIUMPH THE POSTMASTER
ARRIVES IN A FEVER OF EXCITEMENT. HE HAD JUST OPENED
ANOTHER LETTER, ONE WRITTEN BY THE SUPPOSED REVIZER TO
A FRIEND IN PETROGRAD, WHEREIN HE DESCRIBES THE EXTRA-
ORDINARY STUPIDITY OF THE OFFICIALS WHO MISTOOK HIM FOR
THE INSPECTOR. THE POSTMASTER READS THE LETTER TO
THE INCREDULOUS GOVERNOR:


"THE INSPECTOR GENERAL SENT BY IMPERIAL COMMAND HAS ARRIVED AND REQUESTS YOUR ATTENDANCE AT ONCE. HE AWAIT YOU IN THE INN."

THE WHOLE GROUP SHIFT THEIR POSITIONS AND REMAIN AS IF PETRIFIED -- THE FINAL SCENE WITHOUT WORDS.
IN HIS "AUTHOR'S CONFESSION," GOOGL GIVES US HIS OWN ESTIMATE OF THE CHARACTER OF KHLESTYAKOV AND THE MEANING OF HIS "REVIзор":

"THE REVIзор" WAS PLAYED, BUT I AM DISTRESSED AND PERPLEXED BY IT. THE MAIN ACTOR HAD NOT THE PAINTED IDEA OF KHLESTYAKOV'S PERSONALITY. HE GAVE US A PARCIAL SCAFEGRAVE BORROWED FROM THE PARIS BOULEVARDS, A HACKNEYED LIAR WHO HAS APPARED ON OUR STAGE IN THE SAME COSTUME FOR THE LAST TWO CENTURIES....

AS A MATTER OF FACT, KHLESTYAKOV IS ONE OF A SET OF INDISTINGUISHED YOUNG PEOPLE WHO SOMETIMES BEHAVE WELL AND TALK SENSIBLY. IT IS ONLY IN EXCEPTIONAL CIRCUMSTANCES THAT THEIR MEAN AND PETTY NATURES ARE REVEALED. IN A WORD KHLESTYAKOV IS A COMBINATION OF MANY RUSSIAN TYPES. WE ALL ARE, OR HAVE BEEN, KHLESTYAKOV'S, ONLY WE DO NOT CARE TO ADMIT IT. WE PREFER TO LAUGH AT THE FAILINGS OF OTHER PEOPLE, THE SMART OFFICER, THE MAN OF STATE.
EVEN THE LITERARY SINNERS HAVE ALL PLAYED THEIR PART.
THOUGH NOT A PROFOUND THINKER, OSTROVSKY WAS GIFTED WITH EXTRAORDINARY DRAMATIC PERCEPTION AND A FUND OF HUMAN SYMPATHY. IT IS THESE QUALITIES WHICH MAKE HIS CHARACTERS SO ALIVE AND VIVID, SO FULL OF COLOUR. HIS FIRST PLAYS, "PICTURES OF FAMILY HAPPINESS" AND "WILL SETTLE IT OURSELVES," WRITTEN IN 1847 AND 1848, ARoused GREAT INTEREST. THEY APPEARED IN SEVERAL PUBLICATIONS, BUT WERE NOT PERMITTED ON THE STAGE. IN FACT, THE MOSCOV MERCHANT CLASS, THE BANNER BEARER OF ORTHODOXY AND REACTION, COMPLAINED TO TSAR NICHOLAS I, WHO HAD OSTROVSKY DISMISSED FROM HIS POST. PERHAPS THAT WAS MOST FORTUNATE FOR THE RUSSIAN DRAMA, BECAUSE IT GAVE THE AUTHOR THE NECESSARY LEISURE TO DEVOTE HIMSELF EXCLUSIVELY TO THE WORK HE LOVED PASSIONATELY, THE WRITING OF PLAYS SO TRULY EXPRESSIVE OF THE LIFE, HABITS AND THOUGHTS OF THE CLASS HE KNEW BEST - THE RUSSIAN MIDDLE CLASS.
MOST TYPICALLY RUSSIAN, EMPLOYING THE PROVERBS AND OLD
SAYINGS OF THE PEOPLE, THUS HIS PLAYS "WE WILL SETTLE
IT OURSELVES," "DO NOT SIT IN OTHER PEOPLE'S SLEDGES."
"POVERTY IS NO VICE," ARE SO VERY RUSSIAN THAT THEY ARE
DIFFICULT OF BEING ADEQUATELY RENDERED INTO OTHER
LANGUAGES. OUT OF THIS MILIEU OSTROVSKY CREATED SIXTY-
FIVE PLAYS WHICH DOMINATED THE RUSSIAN STAGE FOR FIFTY
YEARS, AND MANY OF WHICH REMAIN POPULAR TO THIS DAY.

BESIDES THIS EXTRAORDINARY ACHIEVEMENT, OSTROVSKY
TRANSLATED, IN COLLABORATION WITH OTHERS, A NUMBER OF
FOREIGN WORKS, BUT ALEXANDER OSTROVSKY WAS NOT CONTENT WITH
MERELY WRITING PLAYS; HE WAS ALSO INSTRUMENTAL IN
CREATING NEW CONCEPTIONS OF DRAMATIC INTERPRETATION. IT
WAS DUE TO HIS INFLUENCE THAT THE LITTLE THEATRE OF
MOSCOW ATTAINED SUCH PERFECTION, AND IT WAS BECAUSE
OF HIS UNTIRING EFFORTS THAT A NATIONAL THEATRE WAS
ESTABLISHED IN RUSSIA WHERE THE RUSSIAN CLASSICS WERE

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PRESENTED IN MASTERLY MANNER. IT IS THEREFORE THAT

ALEXANDER NIKOLAIEVITCH OSTROVSKY HAS RIGHTFULLY EARNED

THE TITLE OF FATHER OF THE RUSSIAN DRAMA AND THE THEATER.

"DON'T SIT IN OTHER PEOPLE'S SLEDGES," PUBLISHED
IN 1853, DEALS WITH A SUBJECT COMPLIMENTARY IN THE
RUSSIA OF OSTROVSKY'S TIME. A KESSELMAN MAKES LOVE TO
A TRADESMAN'S DAUGHTER IN THE HOPE OF COMING INTO HER
FATHER'S MONEY. HE INDUCE THE GIRL TO ELOPE WITH HIM,

BUT WHEN HE REALIZES THAT THERE IS NO MONEY FORTHCOMING,
HE ILL-TREATS AND IN THE END ABANDONS HER. OSTROVSKY
SUCCEEDED IN GIVING MOVING DRAMATIC QUALITY TO THE

THEME AND IN MAKING THE CHARACTERS CONVINCING, UNMASKING
THE RUTHLESSNESS OF THE "CULTURED" NOBILITY IN THEIR
DEALING WITH THE LIVES AND DESTINIES OF THE PEOPLE.

THIS PLAY WAS FOLLOWED A YEAR LATER BY ONE OF
THE RICHEST COMEDIES OSTROVSKY HAS CREATED, "POVERTY
IS NO VICE," AN IRRESISTIBLE SATEIR OF THE WELL-TO-DO

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MORTSOV, A MOSCOW MERCHANT, A VULGARIAN AND BULLY AT HOME, PLAYS THE PART OF A CULTURED GENTLEMAN IN PUBLIC BY LAVISH DISPLAY AND WILD ORGIES IN FASHIONABLE RESORTS. HIS BOX COMPANION IS A FELLOW MERCHANT WHO HAS UNDERTAKEN TO INITIATE HIS FRIEND IN THE LATEST STYLES AND CUSTOMS OF GOOD'S CIVILTY. THAT DOES NOT PREVENT MORTSOV FROM SLAVE-DRIVING HIS WIFE AND TYRANNISING OVER HIS DAUGHTER. HE DETERMINES TO MARRY HER OFF TO HIS COMPANION; HE IS THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE WHO MUST BE OBEYED. MOTHER AND DAUGHTER ARE DRIVE TO DESPERATION.

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BECOM COMPANION. (IN THE LATTER HE FINDS A DISSIPATED,

DEPRAVED AND UTTERLY WORTHLESS MAN WHO COULD ONLY BRING

DISASTER TO HIS YOUNG NIECE AND FLEECE HER FATHER OF HIS

FORTUNE: HE EXPOSES THE IMPOSTOR AND PREVAILS UPON THE

BETTER NATURE OF HIS BROTHER TO PERMIT THE GIRL TO MARRY

MITYA, WhOM SHE LOVES, AND TO KILL HIMSELF OF HIS MENTOR

AND HIS ALLEGED "CULTURE."

BESIDES HIS NUMEROUS COMEDIES AND SATIRES, TREAT-

ING SUBJECTS OF COMPARATIVELY LOCAL INTEREST, OSTROVSKY

HAS PRODUCED DRAMAS OF UNIVERSAL APPEAL AND OF FAR-

REACHING SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE IN THEIR CRITICAL ANALYSIS

OF THE EFFECT OF CONDITIONS ON HUMAN THOUGHT AND ACTION.

AMONG SUCH ARE "THE THUNDERSTORM" AND "ENOUGH

STUPIDITY IN EVERY WISE MAN," OF THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE

SERIES.
"THE THUNDERSTORM" IS LAID IN A COMMUNITY ON THE VOLGA. ITS SOCIAL PILLARS, DIKÔ, A RICH MERCHANT.

AND MRS. KABANOVA, THE WIDOW OF A WEALTHY TRADERSMAN.

FOSE A RICH CHRISTIANS AND HUMANITARIANS. IN REALITY THEY ARE DOMINEERING, DESCRIPTIC AND CRUEL PERSONS, WHO USE THEIR WEALTH AND POSITION TO MAKE THE LIVES OF THOSE DEPENDING UPON THEM MISERABLE.

IN FACT, DIKÔ LOVES TO MAKE PEOPLE MISERABLE. HE CONFESSIONS AS MUCH TO HIS BOSOM FRIEND, MRS. KABANOVA. WHENEVER HIS NEIGHBOURS COME TO COLLECT THE MONEY HE OWES THEM, DIKÔ DELIBERATELY PICKS A QUARREL.

MRS. KABANOVA IS MORE CONSISTENT IN HER VIOLENT NATURE. FOR ALL HER PIETY (SHE NEVER MISSES CHURCH IN THE NUMEROUS RELIGIOUS DAYS OF THE RUSSIAN CALENDAR) SHE IS A SUREY WHO ETERNALLY NAGS AND MISTREATS HER SERVANTS AND IS FEARED EVEN BY HER SON AND HIS WIFE.

KATERINA, IN THE NAME OF LOVE AND DEVOTION TO HER SON SHE HAS BROKEN HIS WILL AND POISONED HIS MIND AGAINST
KATRINA LOVES HER HUSBAND AND IS DEVOTED TO HIM, BUT SHE RESPECTS HIS WEAKNESS AND HIS TIMIDITY BEFORE HIS MOTHER. 

STRONG AS OF NO ACCOUNT -- THE MOTHER IS THE STRONGER AND SHE HAS PARALYZED HIS POWER OF RESISTANCE.

KATRINA IS DREAMY AND POSTIC -- THE ATMOSPHERE OF HER OWN HOME HAD BEEN FRESH AND INSPIRING, BUT HERE

IN THE PRISON CREATED BY THE HARSNESS AND ANTAGONISM OF HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, KATRINA GROWS MORE SUSPENSE AND NERVOUS.

SHE DREADS EVERY SOUND, FEARS EVERY SHADOW. HER CONDITION IS AGGRAVATED BY HER MORTAL HORROR OF THUNDER.

KATRINA'S ONLY RELIEF AND JOY IS IN HER FRIENDSHIP WITH BORIS, THE YOUNG NEPHEW OF DIKDY.

THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE HAD MET IN A VERY INNOCENT WAY ON THEIR WALKS IN THE PARK. THE MEETING MAY NEVER HAVE HAD SERIOUS RESULTS HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR THE INDIFFERENCE OF HER HUSBAND, THE CRUELTY OF HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, AND THE HEART HUNGER OF KATRINA FOR COMPANIONSHIP. BUT THESE FACTORS AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES CREATED BY

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THE TEMPORARY ABSENCE OF KATERINA'S HUSBAND BREAKS HER DETERMINATION TO REMAIN FAITHFUL TO HER HUSBAND. SHE FALLS IN LOVE WITH BORIS AND GIVES HERSELF TO HIM. BORIS ALSO LOVES KATERINA, BUT HE IS DEPENDENT UPON HIS DESPOTIC UNCLE WHO HAS DECIDED THAT BORIS MUST LEAVE THE ESTATE.

WHILE KATERINA IS IN THE GARDEN, THE GATHERING CLOUDS BREAK INTO A TERRIFIC THUNDERSTORM, MAKING THE GIRL'S DESPAIR MORE POIGNANT, HER FEAR MORE MADDENING.

SUDDENLY CONSCIOUS OF THE APPROACHING STEPS OF HER TORMENTOR, HER MOTHER-IN-LAW, SHE RUSHES TO THE RIVER AND BOWS HERSELF.

AT FIRST GLANCE IT MIGHT SEEM THAT THIS PLAY DEALS WITH A SIMPLE LOVE THEME OF NO SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE.

YET IN REALITY THIS TRAGEDY DEPICTED THE GENERAL CONDITIONS EXISTING IN RUSSIA IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE XIX CENTURY. (THE DRAMA HAVING BEEN WRITTEN IN 1860)

PORTRAYING THEM WITH A MOST POWERFUL PEN. IT IS THEREFORE THAT DOBROLUBC, THE MOST PENETRATING CRITIC OF
THE PERIOD, WRote ABOUT THIS MASTERPIECE OF OSTROVSKY:

THE NEED FOR JUSTICE, FOR RESPECT OF PERSONAL RIGHTS—THAT IS THE CRY IN THE "THUNDERSTORM." CAN WE DENY THE VIDE APPLICATION OF THIS NEED IN RUSSIA? CAN WE FAIL TO RECOGNIZE THAT SUCH DRAMATIC BACKGROUND CORRESPONDS WITH THE TRUE CONDITIONS OF RUSSIAN SOCIETY? TAKE HISTORY, THINK OF OUR LIVES, LOOK ABOUT YOU, EVERYWHERE YOU WILL FIND JUSTIFICATION FOR OUR WORDS. HISTORY UP TO THE MOST RECENT TIMES HAS NOT FORGOTTEN AMONG US THE DEVELOPMENT OF RESPECT FOR EQUITY, HAS CREATED NO SOLID GUARANTEE FOR PERSONAL RIGHTS AND HAS LEFT A WIDE FIELD FOR ARBITRARY TYRANNY AND CAPRICE.

IT IS SAD TO REFLECT HOW ACCURATELY THOSE WORDS OF DOBRULUBOV STILL APPLY TO THE RUSSIA OF TODAY, AS WELL AS TO THE REST OF THE WORLD. OSTROVSKY'S "THUNDERSTORM," WRITTEN SIX YEARS AGO, STILL VOICES ITS JUSTIFIED PROTEST AGAINST THE TYRANNICAL SPIRIT OF HUMAN RELATIONSHIPS, VOICES IT WITH THE UNIVERSAL TOUCH THAT STAMPS THE QUALITY OF THE TRULY GENIUS.
"ENOUGH STUPIDITY IN EVERY WISE MAN" EMBRACES
A STILL WIDER FIELD OF PSYCHOLOGIC PERCEPTION, ON THE
BACKGROUND OF A SYMPATHETIC YET RUTHLESS EXPOSURE OF
SOCIAL CORRUPTION AND SUPERFICIALITY, OF HUMAN POLLY
AND INSINCERITY.

YEZOR GLUMOV, A SOCIAL CLIMBER, IS DETERMINED
TO MAKE A CAREER BY EXPLOITING THE VANITIES AND POIBLES
OF THE RICH CIRCLE THAT PATRONIZES HIM, HIS MOTHER,
A SIMPLTON, VERY FOND OF HER GOOD-LOOKING AND CLEVER
SON, IS HIS ACCOINCS.

GLUMOV'S UNCLE, THE RICH HAMAZY, ALSO HAS
ANOTHER NEPHEW TO WHOM HE EXPECTS TO ENJOY HIS FORTUNE.

YEZOR MANAGES TO ROUSE THE IRE OF HAMAZY AGAINST THAT
NEPHEW BY HAVING THE RICH OLD MAN DISCOVER THE CAIR-
ATURES MADE OF HIM BY THE MIGHTY PROSPECTIVE, GLUMOV
COMES IN FAVOR INSTEAD, AND THUS THE FIRST IMPORTANT
STEP IN HIS CAREER HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED.
APARTMENTS FOR RENT OR SALE. NOT THAT HE NEEDS ANY,

BUT MEETING VARIOUS PEOPLE AFFORDS HIM THE OPPORTUNITY

OF LECTURING THEM ON HIS BELOVED SUBJECT OF OBEDIENCE

TO ELBRS AND TO PLAY THE ROLE OF WISE COUNSELLER AND

GOOD MAN. [#GLUHOV KNOWS HOW TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE

SITUATION TO ADVANCE HIMSELF, HE PLAYS UP TO THE

INNOCUOUS OLD RAMASY, ADMURES HIS JUDGON, OFFERS HIM-

SELF AS WILLING OBJECT OF HIS WISE COUNSEL, WITH THE

RESULT THAT RAMASY IS COMPLETELY CHARMED WITH THE

RESPECTFUL AND OBEDIENT YOUNG MAN, SO DIFFERENT FROM

"THE ARROGANT YOUTH OF THE NEW GENERATION." (#HE IS

INVITED TO RAMASY'S HOUSE AND INTRODUCED TO THE

LATTER'S YOUNG WIFE WHOM HE IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PAY

COURT TO, PRETENDING SHYNESS AND RESPECTFUL ADOPTION.

RAMASY WELCOMES THE OPPORTUNITY, "SHE WILL FLIRT WITH

YOU," HE ADVISES HIS NEPHEW, "BUT THAT WILL KEEP HER

OUT OF TROUBLE HISCHEP." HE SUGGESTS TO YEGOR TO KEEP

HIS WIFE OUT OF NABB'S WAY BY PRETENDING PASSIONATE

LOVE FOR HER, "THUS IT WILL BE KEPT IN THE FAMILY."
CGRADUALLY GLUMOV, YOUNG AND HAMSELE, G373 3NPO

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GRAND CRUSIE, THE INFUENZIAL PERSN OF THE POU.

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GRAND CRUSIE, THE INFUENZIAL PERSN OF THE POU.
FAITHLESSNESS AND DISCOVERS HIS DIARY, TO WHICH YEGOR:

WAS IN THE HABIT OF CONCEIVING HIS SECRET THOUGHTS AND

RELIEVING HIMSELF BY EXPOSING THE PUCHEZ AND WEAKNESSES

OF THE IMPORTANT TOHNSPEOPLE AT WHOM HOUSES HE IS A

VISITOR. THIS DIARY PROVES HIS UNDOING. GLUMOV IS

UNMASKED AT THE VERY MOMENT OF HIS TRIUMPH: AT THE

GATHERING WHERE HIS ENGAGEMENT TO THE RICH MASHENKA IS

TO BE FORMALLY ANNOUNCED. BUT HE REFUSES TO ACCEPT

DEFEAT WITHOUT A FINAL WORD TO THE ASSEMBLED "HONEST

MEN," HIS ACCUSERS:

GLUMOV'S UNFAITHFULNESS IN THE

COMPANY OF "HONEST MEN" FEEL THAT KRUTITSKY

HAS EXPRESSED THEIR SECRET FEELING: THEY CANNOT DO

WITOUT THE GLUMOVs, THEY NEED THEM. THEY ACCEPT

KRUTITSKY'S SUGGESTION, UNANIMOUSLY.
gentleman in society, but when alone in your study
a young man stands before you at attention, humbly
says "yes" to everything you say, and adds "Your
Excellency" to every other word he says, you are in
a transport of delight. You will refuse help to a
really honest man, but for that young man you will
do anything in your power.

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Olumov: You noticed nothing. It is my diary that
has set you against me. How it came to be in your
hands I don't know. There is enough stupidity in
every wise man. But I wish you to know, ladies and
gentlemen, that even since I entered your circle I
was honest only when I was writing this diary. No
honest man could have acted otherwise. You stirred
up all the bitterness in my soul. What did you find
in it that everyone of you here did not know before?
You say exactly the same things of each other, only
not face to face. If I had read to each of you
separately what I wrote about the others, you would
have applauded me. If there is anyone who should
feel insulted, if there is anyone here who has reason
to complain, rage, fume, it is I. I do not know who,
but one of you honest people stole my diary. You
robbed me of everything, money, reputation. You are
sending me away and you think that this is the end.
No, this is not the end. No, ladies and gentlemen,
you shall pay dearly for this. Good-by. /

Krutitsky: Whatever else we might say about
him, he has brains. We should punish him; but after
a while, I think, we should take him back into our
gnose.

The company of "honest men" feel that Krutitsky
has expressed their secret feeling & they cannot do
without the Olumovs, they need them. They accept Krutitsky's
suggestion, unanimously.

Ostrovsky began his dramatic career limited by
the knowledge of only the merchant class and with rather
conservative political ideas. But he diligently extended
his studies into the idiosyncrasies of Russian character,
in every stratum of life, portraying them in his comedies
with growing psychologic appreciation and increased
understanding of both human and social values. Politically
he was soon caught in the waves of the emancipatory
OSTROVSKY BEGAN HIS DRAMATIC CAREER LIMITED BY THE KNOWLEDGE OF ONLY THE MERCHANT CLASS AND WITH RATHER CONSERVATIVE POLITICAL IDEAS. BUT HE DILIGENTLY EXTENDED HIS STUDIES INTO THE IDIOSYNCRASIES OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER, IN EVERY STATUE OF LIFE, PORTRAYING THEM IN HIS COMEDIES WITH DEEPENING PSYCHOLOGICAL APPRECIATION AND INCREASED UNDERSTANDING OF BOTH HUMAN AND SOCIAL VALUES. POLITICALLY HE WAS SOON CAUGHT IN THE WAVES OF THE EMANCIPATORY MOVEMENT WHICH WAS THEN SPREADING THROUGHOUT RUSSIA.

OSTROVSKY PRESENTLY BECAME INTERESTED IN THE CAUSE OF THE SERFS, APPLYING HIS DRAMATIC ART TO PICTURE THE HUMILIATING AND BRUTALIZING CONDITIONS OF BONDAGE AND CASTIGATING WITH BITING IRONY AND HUMOUR THE CRUELTY AND SELF-CONCEITED STUPIDITY OF THE PEASANT-OWNING MASTERS.

UNDoubtedly THE PLAYS OF ALEXANDER OSTROVSKY, PARTICULARLY THOSE DEALING WITH THE FATE OF THE CLASS WHOSE LIVES WERE DEPENDENT ON THE THICKS AND CAPRICES OF THEIR ALL-POWERFUL AND ABSOLUTE MASTERS, HELPED VERY CONSIDERABLY TO CREATE A SYMPATHETIC
ATTITUDE TOWARD THE SERFS AND A BETTER UNDERSTANDING
OF THE EVIL AND INJUSTICE OF THAT INSTITUTION.
Ivan Sergeyevich Turgenev was born on the 28th of October, 1818. His parents were wealthy landowners owning many serfs—"Souls." Turgenev's early life was spent close to the class he later so understandingly and sympathetically portrayed in his literary works—The Peasantry. After graduating from the St. Petersburg University, Turgenev, then barely twenty, visited Germany to complete his education. On his return to Russia he settled on his estate, frequently travelling through the countryside, studying its natural beauties and the life and habits of her people. He devoted special attention to the peasantry whom he learned to know and to love as few other Russian writers. His literary appearance Turgenev first made in 1847, with a series of sketches from the rich experience and knowledge he had gained through his journeys. They were published in 1851 in collected form under the title, "The Diary of a Sportsman." His truthful and...
OBJECTIVE PORTRAYAL OF SERFDOM IN ITS DISINTEGRATING

EFFECT UPON OWNERS AND SERFS ALIKE STRUCK DEEPLY INTO

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE OF RUSSIA AND UNDOUBTEDLY HASTENED

THE DAY WHEN THE MONSTER WAS FINALLY SLAIN, AND SERFDOM

WAS NO MORE.

BUT TURGENEV WAS BY NO MEANS A REFORMER IN THE

USUALLY ACCEPTED SENSE. INDEED, TURGENEV REPUDIATED THE

INJECTION OF ANY DEFINITE PURPOSE IN CREATIVE ART.

ALL THESE DISCUSSIONS ABOUT "TENDENCY" AND

"UNCONSCIOUSNESS" IN ART ARE NOTHING BUT A

DEBASED COIN OF RHETORIC (HE WROTE). THOSE

ONLY WHO CANNOT DO BETTER WILL SUBMIT TO A PRE-

CONCEIVED PROGRAM, BECAUSE A TRULY TALENTED

WRITER IS THE CONDENSED EXPRESSION OF LIFE IT-

SELF, AND HE CANNOT WRITE EITHER A PANEGYRIC OR

A PAMPHLET: EITHER WOULD BE TOO MEAN FOR HIM.

IT WAS PRECISELY BECAUSE TURGENEV, AS ARTIST,

WAS HIMSELF "THE CONDENSED EXPRESSION OF LIFE," THAT

HIS WORKS, SUPREME LITERARY GENIUS, EXERTED SUCH A

POWERFUL INFLUENCE ON THE SOCIAL LIFE OF HIS COUNTRY.
"THE DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN" ARoused BITTER

ANTAGONISM TO TURGENEV IN OFFICIAL CIRCLES; THEY SAID

IN THE AUTHOR A DANGEROUS ELEMENT IN THE INTELLECTUAL

LIFE OF RUSSIA. BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1852 THAT THEY

WERE ABLE TO WITH THEIR WRATH UPON THE GREAT WRITER.

IT WAS TURGENEV'S TRIBUTE TO GOGOL, WHEN THE LATTER

DIED, WHICH FURNISHED THE REACTIONARY REASON THE PRE-

TEXT TO SILENCE THE MAN WHO, AS ARTIST AND POET, RANKED

HIGHEST AFTER GOGOL. TURGENEV WAS ARRESTED AND CALLED

NEAR BEING SENT TO SIBERIA, BUT HE ESCAPED WITH A

MONTH'S IMPRISONMENT AND BANISHMENT TO HIS ESTATE. IN

IMPAIRED HEALTH AND DEEPLY SADENED OVER THE CONDITIONS

OF HIS COUNTRY, HE LATER LEFT RUSSIA FOR EUROPE. HE

FREQUENTLY PAID SHORT VISITS TO HIS NATIVE LAND, BUT

MOST OF HIS LIFE WAS SPENT IN GERMANY AND FRANCE,

CHIEFLY IN THE LATTER.

WHILE IN PARIS TURGENEV MET THE VIARDOT FAMILY,

Monsieur Viardot being a well-known literary critic and

translator, and Mme. Viardot a celebrated singer and
MUSICIAN. BOTH BECAME HIS DEVOTED FRIENDS, BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE POET HE FELL DEEPLY IN LOVE WITH MRS. VIARDOT, THOUGH THE LADY MAY NEVER HAVE EVEN SUSPECTED HIS ATTACHMENT. AT ANY RATE IT REMAINED UNREQUITED.

A CIRCUMSTANCE WHICH ADDED MUCH TO THE SADNESS AND LONELINESS OF TURGENEV. GENTLELY THE GREAT RUSSIAN DEVOTED HIMSELF WITH ALL THE TENDERNESS OF HIS RICH NATURE TO THE CHILDREN OF HIS FRIENDS, TWO YOUNG GIRLS, WHOSE EDUCATION HE SUPERVISED TOGETHER WITH THE PARENTS.

HE TOOK AN INTENSE INTEREST IN MRS. VIARDOT'S ARTISTIC CAREER, BEING ELATED OVER EACH SUCCESS OF THE SINGER EVEN MORE PERHAPS THAN SHE HERSELF. THEIRS WAS A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP, WHICH LASTED UNTIL TURGENEV'S DEATH. BUT HE KNEW THE FEELING OF VAIN LONGING FOR THE UNATTAINABLE, WHICH HE PORTRAYED SO MOVINGLY IN HIS PLAYS.

IN LATER YEARS, ALMOST WITHIN THE SHADOW OF DEATH FROM DISEASE (TURGENEV SUFFERED FOR MANY YEARS FROM CANCER OF THE SPINAL CORD) HE DEVELOPED A PASSION,
ATR ATTACHMENT FOR THE FAMOUS ACTRESS SAVINA. SHE PLAYED IN MOST OF HIS WORKS, HER INTERPRETIVE ART REACHING ITS HEIGHT IN "THE PROVINCIAL WOMAN."

TURGENEV'S LETTERS TO SAVINA ARE AMONG THE MOST TOUCHING OUTPOURINGS OF THE HUMAN HEART.

THE WORKS WHICH FOLLOWED "THE DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN" — "DIMITRI RUDIN," "A NOBLESMAN'S RETREAT."

"ON THE EVE," "VIRGIN SOIL," "SMOKE," ARE EXPRESSIVE OF TURGENEV'S FEELING TOWARD THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTSIA OF HIS TIME, THE RISING GENERATION OF REBELLION, FULLY AWAKENED TO THE SOCIAL AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS YET LACKING THE WILL TO ACTION. NO MORE FAITHFUL PORTRAIT OF THE TYPES OF HIS DAY, DRAWN WITH REALISTIC ARTISTRY, DEEP UNDERSTANDING AND INEVITABLE SADNESS OF HIS RACE, QUALITIES THAT PERMEATE ALL OF TURGENEV'S WORKS.

WITH THE SUCCEEDING YEARS TURGENEV'S SADNESS INCREASED BECAUSE OF THE LACK OF UNDERSTANDING HE FOUND AMONG THE VARYING ELEMENTS HE LOVED MOST AND WAS
EAGER TO EXPRESS - THE YOUNG INTELLECTUAL GENERATION
OF HIS TIME, THIS FAILURE OF APPRECIATION ON THE PART
OF THE RUSSIAN INTELLIGENTSIA WAS THE DIRECT REFLUX OF
THE IGNORANCE AND ANTAGONISM THEY LET WHEN THEY GAVE
THEMSELVES TO THE PEOPLE -- GOING "V'NAROD" -- THEN
THEY LEFT THEIR WEALTHY HOUSES AND FORSOOK SOCIAL STA-
TION TO DEVOTE THEIR KNOWLEDGE AND LIVES TO THE RUSSIAN
PEASANTRY.

IN HIS PROSE-POEM, "THE WORKING MEN AND THE
MAN WITH THE WHITE HAULS," TURGENSEV DEPICTS WITH
SERIALITY THE GENERAL ATTITUDE OF THE Masses
TOWARD THE INTELLECTUAL AT THE PERIOD OF THAT UNIQUE
HISTORIC MOVEMENT.

Story of the Man with the White Hair

...
RISING STAR ON RUSSIA'S LITERARY PIONEERING WHEN
TURGENEV GAVE THEM HIS ARRANGEMENT OF SERPDON, OR WHEN
THEY SAW THEIR OWN IMAGE MIRRORED IN "RUDIN" OR IN
"VIRGIN SOIL." BUT WHEN TURGENEV IN HIS CLASSIC
"FATHERS AND SONS" CREATED BASTAROV, THEY REGARDED THE
HERO OF THE STORY AS A PARODY OF THEIR HOLIEST
ASPIRATIONS. THEY FELT THEIR REVOLUTIONARY IDEAL
OUTRAGED, THEY DENOUNCED TURGENEV AS AN APCSTATE, AND
THEY TURNED FROM HIM. THEY FAILED TO GRASP THAT FAR
FROM DRAWING A CARICATURE IN BASTAROV, TURGENEV HAD
PORTRAYED THE RARE RUSSIAN TYPE HE ADMIRED MOST —
A MAN OF TERRIBLE PERSONALITY AND STRONG WILL, OF
INDOMITABLE COURAGE AND UNSHAKABLE DETERMINATION —
THE SUPREME ICONOCLAST WHO HAD DECLARED WAR ON ALL
FALSE IDOLS AND WHO SET OUT TO ANNIHILATE THEM.

IT IS OF HISTORIC IMPORTANCE IN THIS CONNECTION
TO POINT OUT THAT THE TERM "NIHILIST," APPLIED FOR SO

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MANY YEARS TO THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONISTS OF VARIOUS
POLITICAL SHADES, WAS FIRST COPIED BY TURGENEV IN
"FATHERS AND SONS" AND REFERRED TO THE NEGATION OF
ALL EXISTING INSTITUTIONS AND ACCEPTED STANDARDS.

BY THE TEST OF MODERN PSYCHO-ANALYSIS ONE
WOULD NOT DO FAR AMISS IN SEEKING IN THE CHARACTER OF
BAZAROV THE SUBCONSCIOUS LONGING OF TURGENEV FOR THE
ELEMENTS LACKING IN HIMSELF. HE WAS UNDOUBTEDLY MORE
THE DREAMER THAN THE MAN OF ACTION, OR PERHAPS SUFFI-
CIENTLY OF EACH TO ACCOUNT FOR THE ANGUISH OF HIS CON-
STANT INNER STRUGGLE. TOO WELL TURGENEV KNEW THE
TRAGEDY OF THIS CONFLICT WITHIN THE HUMAN SOUL, SO
GRAPHICALLY DELINEATED IN HIS INTROSPECTIVE LECTURE ON

"HAMLET AND DON QUIXOTE."

DON QUIXOTE IS IMBUED WITH DEVOTION TOWARDS
HIS IDEAL, FOR WHICH HE IS READY TO SUFFER ALL
POSSIBLE PRIVATIONS, TO SACRIFICE HIS LIFE; LIFE
ITSELF HE VALUES ONLY SO FAR AS IT CAN SERVE FOR
THE INCARNATION OF THE IDEAL, FOR THE PROCLAMATION
OF TRUTH, OF JUSTICE ON EARTH ..... HE LIVES FOR
HIS BROTHERS, FOR OPPOSING THE FORCES HOSTILE
TO MANKIND: THE WITCHES, THE GIANTS -- THAT IS,
THE OPPRESSORS. ... THEREFORE HE IS FEARLESS,
PATIENT; HE IS SATISFIED WITH THE MOST UNHAPPY
FOOD, THE POOREST CLOTH; HE HAS OTHER THINGS TO
THINK OF. (HUMBLE IN HIS HEART, HE IS GREAT
AND DARING IN HIS MIND ... (AND WHO IS HAMLET?
ANALYSIS, FIRST OF ALL, AND SOCIOTHERM AND THEREFORE
NO FAITH. HE LIVES ENTIRELY FOR HIMSELF, HE IS
AN SOCIOTHERM BUT TO BELIEVE IN ONE'S SELF ... EVEN
AN SOCIOTHERM CANNOT DO THAT; WE CAN BELIEVE ONLY IN
SOMETHING WHICH IS OUTSIDE US AND ABOVE US

... AS HE HAS DOUBTS OF EVERYTHING, HAMLET
EVIDENTLY DOES NOT SPARE HIMSELF; HIS INTELLECT
IS TOO DEVELOPED TO REMAIN SATISFIED WITH WHAT
HE FINDS IN HIMSELF; HE FEELS HIS WEAKNESS,
BUT EACH SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS IS A FORCE; -- (AND
THESPRHC HIS IDENTITY, THE OPPOSITE OF THE ENTIRE-
SIAS OF DON QUIXOTE ... DON QUIXOTE ----
A POOR MAN, ALMOST A BEGGAR, WITHOUT MEANS AND
RELATIONS, OLD, ISOLATED -- UNDERTAKES TO
REDRESS ALL THE EVILS AND TO PROTECT OPPRESSED
STRANGERS ALL OVER THE EARTH. WHAT DOES IT MATTER
TO HIM THAT HIS FIRST ATTEMPT AT PROTECING THE
INNOCENT FROM HIS OPPRESSOR FALLS TWICE AS
HEAVY UPON THE HEAD OF THE INNOCENT HIMSELF?

... WHAT DOES IT MATTER THAT, THINKING THAT
HE HAS TO DEAL WITH NOXIOUS GIANTS, DON QUIXOTE
ATTACKS USEFUL WINDMILLS? ... (NOTHING OF THE
SORT CAN EVER HAPPEN WITH HAMLET; HOW COULD HE,
WITH HIS PERSPICACIOUS, REFINED, SCEPTICAL MIND,
EVER COMMIT SUCH A MISTAKE? NO, HE WILL NOT
IGHT WITH WINDMILLS, HE DOES NOT BELIEVE IN GIANTS ... BUT HE COULD NOT HAVE ATTACKED THEM EVEN IF THEY DID EXIST ... (AND YET, ALTHOUGH HAMLET IS A SCEPTIC, ALTHOUGH HE DISBELIEVES IN GOOD, HE DOES NOT BELIEVE IN EVIL: EVIL AND DEATH ARE HIS INERGATE ENEMIES. HIS SCEPTICISM IS NOT INDIFFERENCE ... BUT IN NEGATION, AS IN FIRE, THERE IS A DESTRUCTIVE POWER, AND HOW TO KEEP IT IN BOUNDS, HOW TO TELL IT WHERE TO STOP, WHEN THAT WHICH IT MUST DESTROY, AND THAT WHICH IT MUST SPARE, ARE OFTEN INSEPARABLY WELLED TOGETHER. HERE IT IS THAT THE OFTEN-NOTICED TRAGICAL ASPECT OF HUMAN LIFE COMES IN: FOR ACTION WE REQUIRE WILL, AND FOR ACTION WE REQUIRE THOUGHT; BUT THOUGHT AND WILL HAVE PARTED FROM EACH OTHER, AND SEPARATE EVERY DAY MORE AND MORE .......

(THOUGHT AND WILL MAY INDEED "SEPARATE EVERY DAY MORE AND MORE," BUT THE INNER NEED OF UNITY ---

FELT BY EVERY CREATIVE ARTIST --- IS ALWAYS THEIR CRUCIBLE, AND AT THE SAME TIME THE SOURCE OF THEIR
STRENGTH AND INSPIRATION. NO DOUBT TURGENEV KNEW

AND EXPERIENCED THIS; HENCE HE LOVED BOTH Types,

ENDOWING THEM WITH ALL THE BEAUTY HIS CREATIVE

IMAGINATION COULD MUSTER.
Turgenev was at his best in depicting the

new, in his time, type of Russian woman — the

idealist with unbounded capacity for consecration

in love or revolution. Natasha in "Rudin," Lisa

in "On the Eve," Helen in "Virgin Soil." represent

their author's tender understanding of the radiant

figures of the revolutionary struggle in Russia.

Realistically artistic and deeply sympathetic is

his portrait of Sophie Poveshkaya, who died on the

gallows in 1861, and whom Turgenev has painted with

such reverence and affection in "On the Threshold."
IVAN SEGRYSVITCH TURGENEV WROTE TEN DRAMAS

VERY ABLY TRANSLATED BY MR. L.S. MANDELL, INSTRUCTOR

IN RUSSIAN AT YALE UNIVERSITY, AND PUBLISHED BY MESSRS.

HEINEMANN, OF LONDON. OUT OF THIS COLLECTION I HAVE

CHosen THREE OF THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC PLAYS, WHICH

OFFER AN ADEQUATE IDEA OP TURGENEY’S DRAMATIC ART.

THE FAMILY CHARGE

VASSILY SENNITCH KUZOVKIN, AN IMPOVERISHED
NOBLEMAN, HAS BEEN LIVING ON CHARITY AT THE ESTATE OF

THE PARENTS OF YOUNG OLGA PETROVNA BLITSKAIa. WHEN

THE CURTAIN RISES GREAT PREPARATIONS ARE GOING ON

FOR THE RECEPTION OF OLGA PETROVNA AND HER HUSBAND,

WHO ARE RETURNING FROM THEIR HONEYMOON. THE NEIGH-

BOURS HAVE BEEN INVITED, AND THERE IS TO BE A GRAND

DINNER FOR THE YOUNG COUPLE.

THEY ARRIVE, AND IN THE COURSE OF THE FEAST

VASSILY SENNITCH IS GOADED ON TO DRINK, WHICH
HE IS NOT ABLE TO DO WITH MUCH GRACE. THE NEIGHBOURS BY THEIR CRUEL FRANKS AND JOKES ABOUT HIS DEPENDENT POSITION SUCCEEDED IN GETTING VASSILY DRUNK AND THEN MADE HIM TELL OF HIS EARLY LIFE ON THE ESTATE, THE HUMILIATING TREATMENT BY THE MASTER, NOW DEAD, AND HIS LACK OF COURAGE TO PRETEND HIMSELF FROM HIS DEGRADING POSITIONS, VASSILY STRUGGLES AGAINST HIS TORMENTORS, BUT FINALLY SUCCEDES TO THE INFLUENCE OF LIQUOR: HE DISCLOSES HIS RIGHT TO LIVE ON THE ESTATE BECAUSE HE IS THE FATHER OF OLGA PETROVNA. GENERAL CONSIDERATION.

IN THE SECOND SCENE VASSILY IS SUMMONED TO OLGA TO EXPLAIN HIMSELF, HE AT FIRST DENIES WHAT HE SAID IN HIS DRUNKEN STATE, BUT SHE CONTINUES TO FLY HIM WITH QUESTIONS AND FINALLY LEARNS THE SECRET HE HAD CARRIED WITH HIM FOR SO MANY YEARS, HE HAD COME TO THE ESTATE AS A YOUNG MAN; THE MASTER WAS HARD AND CRUEL, ESPECIALLY TO OLGA'S MOTHER, WHO WAS DELICATE AND REFINED. GRADUALLY FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE DEVELOPED.
BETWEEN THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE, AND OLGA WAS THE RESULT.

VASSILY THEN MEANT TO LEAVE, BUT OLGA'S MOTHER, AFRAID OF HER BRUTAL AND FREQUENTLY DRUNKEN HUSBAND, PERSUADED HIM TO REMAIN. AFTER SHE DIED, IT WAS OLGA WHO KEPT HIM ON THE ESTATE FOR HER PROTECTION. DURING ALL THESE YEARS HE TREASURED THE SECRET IN HIS HEART,

NEVER EVEN BY A SIGN BETRAYING HIS GREAT LOVE FOR OLGA: HIS CHILD.

KUZOVKIN'S STORY, TOLD IN AN INEBRIATED CONDITION, IS GIVEN LITTLE CREDENCE BY THE PEOPLE.

BUT OLGA IS AFRAID TO HAVE IT BECOME DEFINITELY ESTABLISHED THAT KUZOVKIN IS HER FATHER. IT MIGHT MEAN THE LOSS OF HER HUSBAND'S LOVE. SHE THEREFORE DECIDES TO SEND HER FATHER AWAY. ON SOME PRETTEXT HER HUSBAND FURNISHES THE MONEY NEEDED TO REDEEM A SMALL ESTATE, WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO KUZOVKIN, AND THE LATTER DECIDES TO LEAVE.

THE PARTING BETWEEN KUZOVKIN AND HIS DAUGHTER
IS PORTRAYED WITH DEEP FEELING AND BEAUTY, AND IS ONE OF THE MOST MOVING SCENES OF THE TWO-ACT PLAY.
"THE BACHELOR" IS A FAIR INSTANCE OF THE
SYMPATHETIC HUMANITY OF TURGENEV. MIKHAIL IVANYTOH

MOSHKIN IS A BACHELOR, FORTY-NINE YEARS OLD. WITH
HIM IN THE HOUSE LIVES MARIA VASILIEVNA, KNOWN AS
MASHA, A SIMPLE RUSSIAN GIRL, AN ORPHAN NINETEEN YEARS
OF AGE.

IN THE FIRST ACT MOSHKIN APPEARS LADEN WITH
PACKAGES FOR A FESTIVE DINNER AT WHICH THE ENGAGEMENT
OF MASHA TO PYOTR, A YOUNG CLERK WHO WORKS IN THE
SAME GOVERNMENTAL BUREAU WITH MOSHKIN, IS TO BE
ANNOUNCED. (MOSHKIN, A TRUE FATHER TO THE ORPHAN GIRL.
IS AS SLATED OVER THE APPROACHING EVENT AS IF MASHA
HAD BEEN HIS OWN CHILD.

PYOTR IS OF A WEAK CHARACTER, UNDECIDED AND
SELFISH. HE DOES NOT REALLY LOVE MASHA, BUT HE HAS
PROMISED TO MARRY HER IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE WISHES OF
MOSHKIN. AFTER THE ENGAGEMENT, HOWEVER, PYOTR BEGINS
TO COOL TOWARDS THE PROJECT AND HIS BRIDE. HIS NEW
ATTITUDE IS INFLUENCED BY VON PONK, THE COUNCILOR, A
TITLED GENTLEMAN WHO OBSERVES ALL THE PROPERTIES OF
GOOD SOCIETY AND LOOKS UPON SUCH PEOPLE AS POOR MASHA AND
EVEN MOSHKIN AS INFERIOR BEINGS.

PYOTR IS FLATTERED BY THE FRIENDSHIP OF SUCH
AN IMPORTANT PERSONAGE AS THE COUNCILOR, WHO CONVINCES
HIM THAT MASHA IS PLAIN AND NOT AT ALL SUITED FOR A
WIFE OF AN EDUCATED, ASPIRING YOUNG MAN. VON PONK
GRADUALLY WEANS PYOTR AWAY FROM MOSHKIN’S HOUSE AND
FROM MASHA.

THERE BEGINS THE STRUGGLE OF MOSHKIN TO WIN
BACK PYOTR AND TO MAKE HIM KEEP HIS PROMISE TO MASHA.
THE LATTER GROWS SADDER AND THINNER EVERY DAY; SHE NOT
ONLY FEELS HER LOSS, BUT ALSO THE DISGRACE OF BEING
JILTED. KIND, DEVOTED MOSHKIN IS DRIVEN TO GREATER
EFFORTS IN THE COUNCILOR’S BEHALF. HE FAIRLY WAYLAWS
AND BLACKMAILS THE YOUNG CHAP, BUT IN THE END HE HAS
TO GIVE UP IN DESPAIR.
THE LAST SCENE IS FULL OF PATHOS. Moshkin.

So eager to save Masha, to see her well and cheerful

Again, suddenly awakens to the realization that he

cares for his ward in a more than fatherly sense.

"Why not marry her," he wonders, "If she will have me."

He proposes to Masha, and she, perhaps more out of

gratitude than love, accepts the man whom she had

always considered so kind, so thoughtful, so sincerely

devoted to her.
SHOWS THE BEST VEIN OF TURGENEV'S HUMOR. AT THE SAME
TIME IT REVEALS HIS SCEPTICISM OF WOMAN'S LOGIC.

NIKOLAI IVANOVITCH BALAGALABOV, MARSHAL OF THE
NOBILITY, UNDERTAKES TO BRING ABOUT AN AMICABLE SETTLE-
MENT OF THE FEUD BETWEEN A SISTER AND BROTHER, HIS
NEIGHBOURS.

THE MARSHAL HAS INVITED SEVERAL IMPARTIAL
FRIENDS TO HELP IN THE DIVISION OF THE PROPERTY ——

THE CAUSE OF THE QUARREL BETWEEN THE WIDOW ANNA
KAEROVA AND HER BROTHER BZPANDIN. THE PROCEEDINGS
ARE SCRACHINGLY FUNNY. PARTICULARLY WELL DRAWN IS THE
OBSTINATE AND UNREASONABLE ANNA WHO REPEATEDLY AGREES
TO ABIDE BY THE DECISION OF THE MARSHAL, BUT AT THE
CRITICAL MOMENT REFUSES.

AFTER A LONG PARLEY THE PEOPLE PRESENT BREAK
UP INTO TWO OPPOSING PARTIES AND BEGIN A QUARREL WITH
EACH OTHER, WHICH DRIVES THE POOR MARSHAL TO DESPAIR
AND TO HIS BED. THE FEUD REMAINS UNSETTLED.
"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." · NATASHA PETROVNA

ISLAVY IS THE WIFE OF A WEALTHY LANDOWNER. SHE IS TWENTY-NINE AND HAS A BOY OF TEN, KOLYA. HER GIRLHOOD HAD BEEN FAR FROM JOYOUS, AND WHEN ISLAVY OFFERED MARRIAGE SHE ACCEPTED, MORE BECAUSE OF HER DESIRE FOR A HOME THAN FOR LOVE. NOW THE ISLAVYS LIVE AT THEIR COUNTRY ESTATE, WITH THEM IS THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

MIKHAIL ALEXANDROWITCH RAKITIN; VERA, A FOUNDLING ADOPTED BY NATASHA, A GIRL OF SEVENTEEN; THEIR SON KOLYA AND ISLAVY'S MOTHER.

RAKITIN LOVES NATASHA, AND SHE IS AWARE OF IT. SHE ENJOYS HIS ATTENTIONS, ALTHOUGH KNOWING THAT SHE IS PLAYING WITH FIRE. BUT SHE HAS FAITH IN HIS STERLING FRIENDSHIP FOR BOTH HERSELF AND HER HUSBAND, AND THEIR RELATIONS REMAIN PLATONIC.

INTO THIS IDYLL COMES KOLYA'S NEW TUTOR, ALEKSI BELOYAV. HE IS YOUNG, ARDENT, AND ACTIVE. VERA AND THE YOUNG TUTOR SPEND MUCH TIME TOGETHER. INNOCENT OF THE WAYS OF LOVE, SHE DOES NOT REALIZE THAT SHE
HAS CAUGHT FIRE.  SOON HOWEVER HER SECRET, WHICH SHE
DID NOT DARE ADMIT TO HERSelf EVEN, IS DISCOVERED BY
THE OLDER, MORS SUBTLE NATASHA.

THE Reserve NATASHA SO SUCCESSFULLY MAINTAINED
WITH RAKITIN DISSOLVES LIKE Snow AT THE FIRST TOUCH
O F SPRING WHEN BELYAEV COMES ON THE SCene. /HER SUS-
PICION OF THE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE, WHO ARE CONSTANTLY
TOGETHER, ACCOMPLISHES THE REST. UNDER PRETENSE OF
HER INTEREST IN VERA, NATASHA PRIES INTO THE YOUNG
GIRL'S SOUL AND FINALLY COAXES HER INTO A CONFESSION
OF HER LOVE FOR ALEKSI. 'THE SILENATASHA WHO A WEEK
PRIOR TO THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAN REFUSED THE OFFER OF
MARRIAGE MADE VERA BY A NEIGHBOURING LANDOWNER, IS
NOW READY TO MARRY HER OFF TO THE UGLY, UNINTERESTING
MAN OF FORTY, THUS MAKING VERA'S LIFE MORE MISERABLE
THAN HER OWN IN A LOVELESS RELATIONSHIP.

ALEKSI IS QUITE UNAWARE OF THE MACHINATIONS OF
THE LOVE-SICK LADY OF THE HOUSE. (SO IS NATASHA'S
HUDBU policemen, ABSORBED IN THE CARES OF HIS ESTATE, HE HAS
NOT THE FINEST IDEA OF THE PASSIONATE LOVE OF HIS
FRIEND RAKITIN FOR HIS WIFE, MUCH LESS IS HE ABLE TO
EXPLAIN THE HYSTERICAL ATTACKS, THE PAINTING SPELLS,
THE VIOLENT OUTBREAKS OF NATASHA WHO HAD ALWAYS BEEN
SO QUIET, SO POISED, APARENTLY SO CONTENTED.

BUT WITH THE KEEN EYE OF UNREQUITED LOVE RAKITIN
SEES THE CAUSE OF NATASHA'S CHANGE AND THE DANGER
WHICH IS THREATENING THE HOUSEHOLD. (HE DECIDES TO
LEAVE AND ALSO PREVAILS UPON ALEXEI TO DO THE SAME.
BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE RAKITIN IMPRESSES UPON HIS
FRIEND ISLAEV THE NEED OF GIVING HIMSELF MORE TO HIS
WIFE RATHER THAN TO THE ESTATE. (HE CALLS THE HUSBAND'S
ATTENTION TO HER NEED OF LOVE, OF DISTRACTION, OF
VITAL INTERESTS IN LIFE. THIS SHIELDS ISLAEV FROM
THE DISCLOSURE OF HIS WIFE'S INFATUATION FOR YOUNG
BELIAEV, HE AND THE YOUNG MAN DEPART, AND THE IMMINENT
TRAGEDY IS AVERTED.
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AT THE END OF HIS OWN EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCES, PARTICULARLY HIS

TRAGIC AFFECTION FOR Mlle. VIARDOT. KUROVSKIN IN

"THE FAMILY CHARGE," MOUNKIN IN "THE BACHELOR."

RATILIN IN "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY"—ALL OF THEM

ARE VARIATIONS OF TURGENEV HIMSELF IN HIS GREAT

CAPACITY FOR LOVE AND DEVOTION TO THOSE WHOSE AFFECTION HE COULD NOT HOPE TO WIN. ALL REBELOT HIS OWN

GREATNESS OF SPIRIT AND DEEP UNDERSTANDING FOR

THE PATHOS IN LIFE.
"THE HEROES OF MY STORIES WHICH I LOVE WITH ALL THE PASSION OF MY SOUL, WHOM I HAVE TRIED TO PORTRAY IN ALL HIS BEAUTY, WHO IS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL TO ME AND ALWAYS WILL REMAIN BEAUTIFUL IS - THE TRUTH."

(LEV NIKOLAYEVITCH TOLSTOY WAS THE GREATEST SEEKER OF THE TRUTH IN MODERN TIMES. HE WAS THE FLAME THAT ILLUMINATED OUR DARK SOCIAL HORIZON, BEING TO LIGHT ALL THE PRETENSE AND SNAK HIDDEN UNDER THE TINSEL GARMENTS OF OUR CULTURE. THIS FLAME THAT BURNED WITHIN TOLSTOY'S SOUL WAS CONDITIONED IN THE MAN'S NATURE, NOW SHOULDERING, NOW FLARING UP, AND ALWAYS CONSUMING HIM WITH FIERCE LONGING FOR THE TRUTH AS THE KEY TO THE MEANING AND PURPOSE OF LIFE.

THE CONFLICT CREATED IN TOLSTOY BETWEEN HIS VISION OF TRUTH AND THE SOCIAL FORCES WHICH SO OFTEN CHECKED HIS MARCH TOWARDS THE REALIZATION OF HIS
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IDEAL IS AMONG THE DEEPEST HUMAN TRAGEDIES

"OF OUR TIMES."

"IN "MY YOUTH" TOLSTOY GIVES US A
GLIMPSE INTO THIS STATE OF MIND WHEN HE WAS
BARELY SIXTEEN. EVEN IN THOSE TENDER YEARS
HE IS TORN BETWEEN THE IDEAL OF GOODNESS AND
HIS AMBITION FOR SUCCESS, FOR GLORY AND
RECOGNITION. HE IS TORTURED BY THE CON-
SCIOUSNESS OF SIN AND THE NEED OF CONFESSION
HIS INMOST THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS, SO THAT
HE MAY NOT BE TEMPTED TO SIN AGAIN.

I SHALL HAVE A ROOM TO MYSELF, AND I
SHALL TAKE CARE OF IT MYSELF AND I SHALL
KEEP IT WONDERFULLY CLEAN; AND I SHALL
LEAVE THE MAN NOTHING TO DO FOR ME, FOR HE
IS JUST THE SAME AS I AM."
He was kept plagued
by undiscipline.

If he would
say then he would
stand for the degree
of

And graduated

in Russia, he
dreams of becoming
a

But must learn a man
in business. He will go.

be leading & make other

man in the battle.
The

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BUT TH33B
33 AMBITIONS AND HOPJS 7/BR^ NOT

WITHOUT THSIR AUUIXTURB OP DISOU3T AT UYSBLP,
AND R3M0R3S,

BUT R3U0RSB SO UINGL3D WITH HOPS

AND BLISS THAT TH3R8 WAS NOTHING SORRO’JPUL

ABOUT IT. ..V ./.THIS VOICE OP R3M0R33*

PA33I0NAT3 D331R3 FOR P3hP30TI0nt

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AGAINST 3YSRY UNTRUTH,

MALIGIOUSLY GONVIGTING THB PAST,

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THB BRIGHT SPOT OP THB PR3S3NT ANN MAKING

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THAT "BLESSED, COMFORTING VOICE" NEVER
CHASSED TO SOUND IN TOLSTOY'S LIFE. IT GREW
TO BE THE CLARION CALL OF OUR AGE. IT
REACHED TO THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH,
PLAYING THE TRADUGES OF LIFE, THE USURERS
IN HUMAN HAPPINESS, AND IT BROUGHT HOPE AND
COURAGE TO THE FETTERED SPIRIT OF MAN.

TOLSTOY WAS BORN AT YASNAYA POLYANA,
(GOVERNMENT OF TULA) ON AUGUST 28, 1828.

AT THE AGE OF FIFTEEN TOLSTOY ENTERED THE
ANCIENT UNIVERSITY AT KAZAN TO TAKE UP THE
STUDY OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES AND JURISPRUDENCE.

WITH UNUSUAL PENETRATION IN ONE SO YOUNG,
HE SOON DETECTED THE ARTIFICE OF INSTITUTIONAL
LEARNING. HIS KEEN OBSERVATION WHILE AT
THE UNIVERSITY LAID THE FOUNDATION FOR HIS
SUBSEQUENT SEVERE CRITICISM OF THE SHALLOWNESS OF ACADEMIC TRAINING AND EDUCATION.

HE PASSED HIS EXAMINATION IN LAW WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY. INSTEAD HE LEARNED MUCH OF THE INJUSTICE AND WRONG OF LAW:

THE FOURTH MEANS IS TO SEPARATE A CERTAIN PART OF ALL MEN WHOSE THEY HAVE STUPIFIED AND BEWITCHED, SUBJECTED THEM TO SPECIAL FORMS OF STUPIFICATION AND BESTIALIZATION, SO THAT THEY BECOME WILL-LESS TOOLS OF EVERY BRUTALITY AND CRUELTY THAT THE GOVERNMENTS SEE FIT TO RESOLVE UPON. INTIMIDATION, BRIBERY, HYPNOSIS BRING MEN TO ENLIST AS SOLDIERS. THEY THEN AFFORD THE POSSIBILITY OF PUNISHING MEN, PLUNDERING THEM IN ORDER TO BRIBE OFFICIALS WITH THE MONEY; HYPNOTIZING THEM; AND THUS BRINGING THEM INTO THE RANKS OF THE VERY SOLDIERS ON WHOM THE POWER FOR ALL THIS IS BASED.
C

THE CONCEPTION OF THE NATURE OF GOVERNMENT
AND THE FUNCTION OF LAW GRADUALLY DEVELOPED IN TOLSTOY
IN THE COURSE OF HIS SPIRITUAL GROWTH, BUT THE FOUNDER
RATION FOR IT WAS LAID DURING HIS STUDY OF LAW. NEEDLE
LESS TO SAY, HE NEVER MADE USE OF HIS PROFESSION AS
A JURIST, BUT HE PROFITED BY HIS LEGAL KNOWLEDGE TO
EMANCIPATE HIMSELF AND OTHERS FROM THE SUPERSTITION
OF GOVERNMENT AS AN UNCHANGEABLE AND IMMUTABLE
INSTITUTION.

BARELY NINETEEN YEARS OF AGE TOLSTOY
RETURNED TO YASNAYA POolyAIA, PLANNING TO BEGIN
REFORMS ON HIS ESTATE TO IMPROVE THE LOT OF THE
PEASANTS. AT THAT PERIOD, IN THE LATTER FORTIES,
THE ENTIRE SOCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL LIFE OF RUSSIA
WAS BASED ON SERFDOM. THE PEASANTS YEARNED FOR SOME
PERSONAL LIBERTY AND LAND. TOLSTOY REALIZED THE
INADEQUACY OF HIS PALIATIVE REFORMS; HE SAW THAT
THE FAULT WAS NOT WITH THE PEASANTS, BUT RATHER WITH
HIM AND HIS CLASS THAT LIVED OFF THE SWEAT AND TOLL
OF THE PEOPLE HE WANTED TO HELP. IT WAS THEN THAT
TOLSTOY ADVANCED THE IDEA THAT THE "RICH WILL DO
EVERYTHING FOR THE POOR EXCEPT GET OFF THEIR BACKS."
(AFTER HIS ABSTRACT EXPERIENCE ON YASNAYA
POLYANA TOLSTOY LEFT FOR THE CAUCASUS, ATTRACTED TO
THAT COUNTRY BY ITS BEAUTY AND WILDERNESS, BY THE
PRIMITIVENESS AND FASCINATION OF ITS NATIVE LIFE.
IT WAS THERE THAT HE FIRST BEGAN SYSTEMATIC LITERARY
WORK. HE WROTE "CHILDHOOD," "BOYHOOD," AND
"YOUTH," STORIES EVINCING A FINE UNDERSTANDING OF
THE DIFFICULT PSYCHOLOGY OF CHILD LIFE.
LATER TOLSTOY WAS INDUCED TO ENTER THE ARMY
AND TO PARTICIPATE IN THE WAR WAGED BY THE GOSSACKS
AGAINST SCALE OF THE SEMI-SAVAGE TRIBES OF THE CAUCASUS.
THESE EXPERIENCES HE SUBSEQUENTLY INCORPORATED IN HIS
VERY INTERESTING CAUCASIAN STORIES.
THE FOLLOWING OPHEIM CAMPAIGN APPOINDED TOLSTOY
FOR GREATER OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN THE REAL MEANING OF
WAR AND ITS FRIGHTFUL EFFECT UPON ARMY AND POPULACE

ALIKE. THE SEVASTOPOL STORIES WERE CONCEIVED AMIDST THE HORDERS OF BATTLE, IN THE FACE OF DEATH. THEIR PUBLICATION ESTABLISHED TOLSTOY AMONG THE GREATEST WRITERS OF RUSSIA, AT THE SAME TIME AROUSING THE SOCIAL CONSCIENCE OF THE COUNTRY. FOR IN THESE SKETCHES TOLSTOY STRIPPED WAR OF ITS GLAMOUR AND ROMANCE, DEPICTING IT IN ALL ITS BRUTAL AND SHAMEFUL NAKEDNESS. FROM THAT PERIOD DATES TOLSTOY'S ABHORRENCE OF WAR AND HIS PASSIONATE PROTEST AGAINST IT AND ALL ITS MACHINERY OF MILITARISM AND PATRIOTISM.

ON HIS RETURN FROM THE FRONT TO PETERGRAD AND MOSCOW, TOLSTOY TOOK UP THE USUAL LIFE LED BY MEN OF HIS CLASS, SPENDING HIS TIME IN RIOTOUS LIVING AND INDULGENCE. BUT WHILE THE SENSIBILITIES OF HIS COMRADES WERE BLUNTED, THE “BLESSED VOICE” IN TOLSTOY WOULD NOT BE STILLED. HIS SEARCH FOR SOME PURPOSE AND MEANING IN LIFE, HIS YEARNING FOR WHAT IS HIGHER AND
FINER THAN THE EXISTENCE HE WAS LEADING, COULD NOT BE APPRAISED: IN HIS "CONFESSION" TOLSTOY SPEAKS VERY FRANKLY OF THE LIFE HE HAD LED AT THAT PERIOD:

I CANNOT RECALL THOSE YEARS WITHOUT HORROR, DISGUST, AND PAIN AT THE HEART. I MURDERED MEN IN WAR, CHALLENGED THEM TO DUELS IN ORDER TO KILL THEM; I CHARGED; BEATEN UPON THE LABOR OF THE PEASANTS; I FINISHED THEM, PERSECUTED AND DISCERNED, FALSEHOOD, THEFT, ADULTERIES OF ALL SORTS, DRUNKENNESS, VIOLENCE, MURDER... THERE WAS NOT A CRIME THAT I DID NOT COMMIT, AND FOR THIS I WAS PRaised AND WAS THOUGHT THEN AND AM CONSIDERED NOW BY MY CONTEMPORARIES TO BE A FAIRLY MORAL MAN.

TOLSTOY TRAVELLED THROUGH GERMANY, ITALY, FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND, MAGER TO DISCOVER, TO LEARN, BUT HE FOUND WESTERN EUROPE WITH ITS ALLEGED CULTURE AS HOLLOW AS AT HOME. HE SAW THE SAME INJUSTICE, THE SAME EVILS AND JERGOS, THE SAME ARROGANCE, MERELY IN A MORE POLISHED FORM. "LUZERN" WAS THE OFFSPRING OF TOLSTOY'S EUROPEAN EXPERIENCES. IN THAT WORK ME
TREATS OF THE COLD INDIFFERENCE OF THE WEALTHY, AND
EVEN OF THOSE WHO PRIDE THEMSELVES ON BEING ARTISTS,
TOWARD THE POVERTY AND MISERY OF THE DISINHERITED.

THE POOR FIDDLER WHO POURS HIS SOUL OUT IN FRONT OF A
FASHIONABLE HOTEL ENTHUSIAZ HIS HEARERS BY HIS ART, BUT
PEOPLE HAVE ENOUGH RESPONSIBILITY TO THROW A COIN.

TOLSTOI'S SENSITIVE SOUL SMACKS UNDER SUCH CALLOUSNESS.
HE TAKES THE MUSICIAN INTO THE FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT,
LUCK TO THE CHAGrin OF THE OTHER GUESTS AND TO THE
EVIDENT DISCOMFORT OF THE RAGGED MAN HIMSELF. A
PICTURE PAINTED WITH ALL THE SIMPLICITY AND POWER OF
TOLSTOI'S GENIUS.

SHUNNING THE EMPTY GLARE OF FASHIONABLE SOCIETY,
GROWING MORE INDIFFERENT TO THE ALLEGED IMPORTANCE
OF THE INTELLECTUAL WORLD, TOLSTOI BECOMES INTERESTED
IN NEW METHODS OF EDUCATION, WHICH HE ATTEMPTS TO
ADOPT TO THE NEEDS OF HIS OWN PEOPLE AT HOME — THE
PEASANTS AND THEIR CHILDREN. ON HIS RETURN TO
YASNAYA POLYANA, HE ORGANIZED A SCHOOL WHICH WAS NOT
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ONLY UNIQUE IN RUSSIA, BUT WAS ALSO FUNDAMENTALLY DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING KNOWN ABROAD.

(THE LOVE FOR AND UNDERSTANDING OF CHILDREN TOLSTOY HAD EVIDENCED IN HIS EARLY STORIES OF CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD. NOT IN 1861, HE HAD THE OPPORTUNITY TO PRACTICALLY APPLY HIS NEW CONCEPTION OF EDUCATION. HIS SCHOOL AT YASNAYA POLYANA WAS ENTIRELY FREE FROM DISCIPLINE OF ANY KIND. THERE WERE NO PROGRAMS, NO DESIGNED METHODS TO BE IMPOSED UPON THE CHILD. TWO TEXT-BOOKS FILLED WITH PREDIGESTED THEORIES AND VIEWS TO BE FORCED UPON THE DEFENSELESS VICTIMS. ON THE CONTRARY, TO TOLSTOY THE CHILD ITSELF WAS THE STARTING POINT, AND THE STUDY OF THE CHILD THE BEST EDUCATION OF THE TEACHER. HE THOUGHT IT SELF-EVIDENT THAT REAL EDUCATION CONSISTS IN DEVELOPING THE LATENT QUALITIES OF THE CHILD, TO BE ACCOMPLISHED ONLY BY THE FREEDOM OF THE CHILD'S EXPRESSION AND THE CLOSEST BOND OF FRIENDSHIP, CONFIDENCE AND AFFECTION BETWEEN
TEACHER AND Pupil.

Most important of all, Tolstoy eliminated not merely the form but the very idea of punishment in his school. He knew the terrible effect of punishment upon his own childhood, which left a deep scar on his soul. In his "Recollections" he refers to an incident that remained indelible with him:

I don't remember for what precisely, but for something undeserved, St. Thomas (his French tutor) first shut me up in a room and then threatened me with the cane. And I felt a terrible feeling of revolt and indignation and disgust not only against St. Thomas, but also at the violence which he wanted to use on me. I do not doubt that it was this incident that caused the horror and disgust at any sort of violence which I have felt all my life long.

Tolstoy's educational experiment could not but be a thorn in the Tsar's regime, with the result of violent interruptions. In the absence of Tolstoy gendarmes descended upon Yasnaya Polyana, ransacked.
TOLSTOY'S PRIVATE PAPERS. THEREUPON HE NOTIFIED
ALEXANDER II THAT HE KEPT A LOADED REVOLVER READY TO
SHOOT DOWN EVERY POLICE-OFFICER WHO DARED INVADE HIS
HOUSE. THERE WERE NO MORE SEARCHES, AND FOR MANY
YEARS THE SCHOOL CONTINUED ITS WONDERFUL WORK.

(AFTER HIS MARRIAGE, IN 1862, TO SOPHIE BEREH,
A GIRL SIXTEEN YEARS HIS JUNIOR, TOLSTOY TOOK UP HIS
PERMANENT ABODE IN YASAYA POYANA. (HE DEVOTED HIMSELF TO HIS WIFE, TO THE CARE OF HIS SCHOOL, AND THE
SUPERVISION OF HIS ESTATE. DURING THIS PERIOD HE
CREATED TWO OF HIS GREATEST WORKS: THE MONUMENTAL
"WAR AND PEACE," FOLLOWED BY THE ARTISTICALLY
PERFECT "ANNA MARIJNA." THOSE WERE PROBABLY THE
HAPPIEST YEARS OF TOLSTOY'S LIFE; YEARS THAT WERE
STILL FREE FROM THE FAMILY CONFLICTS THAT RAGED SO
FIERCELY IN HIS LATER LIFE. HIS SOCIAL AND ETHICAL
OUTLOOK HAD NOT YET BECOME ENTIRELY CLARIFIED AT THIS
PERIOD. COUNTESS TOLOSTOY COULD FOLLOW HER HUSBAND AND EVEN BE OF GREAT LITERARY HELP TO HIM. SHE IS SAID TO HAVE COPIED "WAR AND PEACE" AND "ANNA KARENINA"

EIGHTEEN TIMES --- A TITANIC WORK MADE POSSIBLE ONLY BY LOVE AND DEVOTION. MUCH THAT TOOK PLACE IN YASNAYA POLYANA SUBSEQUENTLY --- IF THE FAULT OF THE COUNTESS --- MAY BE FORGIVEN HER FOR HER SERVICE TO THE WORLD AND TO LETTERS.
"WAR AND PEACE," WRITTEN BETWEEN THE YEARS 1865-1866,
"Anna Karenina," created during a time of a severe inner conflict (1873-1876) is, like almost all of Tolstoy's works, autobiographical. Most Russian critics saw in this novel merely a tragedy of the pitfalls of love and matrimonial errors. But the great peer of Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoevsky, himself a product of the inner conflicts controlling and consumed prefacing feelings and action, considered "Anna Karenina" one of the most significant of Tolstoy's works.

He characterized it as a deep and powerful study of the evils inherent in modern society, of the weaknesses and contradictions conditioned in the very nature of man--those hidden and mysterious maladies that are beyond the cure of the physician or the retribution of the judge.

"My life is empty, meaningless and unbearable," he writes at this time. He is haunted by the thought of suicide as the only relief out of it all.
"CONFESSION" HE SAYS.

BEHOLD AT THAT TIME, I, A HAPPY MAN, HID
A ROPE FROM MYSELF SO AS NOT TO HANG MYSELF
ON THE CROSS-BEAM BETWEEN THE CUPBOARDS IN
MY ROOM, WHERE EVERY EVENING I WAS ALONE,
WHILE
UNDRESSING, AND STOPPED GOING OUT TO HUNT
WITH A GUN, SO AS NOT TO BE TEMPTED BY THAT
TOO EASY WAY OF ENDING MY LIFE.

HE IS SAVED FROM THIS TEMPTATION, HE
TELLS US, BY HIS GROWING INTIMACY WITH THE
WORK-PEOPLE, THE PEASANTS, EVER MORE
CONVINCED HE BECOMES THAT ONLY THEIR LIFE
OF LABOR HAS MEANING AND USEFULNESS, WHILE
HIS OWN EXISTENCE AND THAT OF HIS CLASS IS
NOT ONLY UNNECESSARY BUT POSITIVELY SERVES
TO OPPRESS THE MASSES WITH HEAVY BURDENS.
SLAVERY AND POVERTY. WHAT RIGHT HAS HE TO
ENJOY COMFORTS AND LUXURIES, BEAUTY AND
CULTURE WHEN THESE ARE OBTAINED ONLY AT THE
EXPENSE OF THE DISINHERITED, OF THE MISERABLE
BEINGS LIVING IN THE SLUMS OF MOSCOW, OF THE
MILLIONS OF PEASANTS DOomed TO IGNORANCE AND
DARKNESS? HE DEVOTES HIMSELF MORE DEEPLY
TO THE STUDY OF THE LIFE OF THE PEOPLE,
(AND THE MORE HE LEARNS TO UNDERSTAND THEM,
THE GREATER HIS LOVE OF THEM, THE MORE
COMPPELLING THE REALIZATION THAT HE MUST LIVE
AS THEY DO.

AFTER YEARS OF DOUBT AND TRAVAIL HE
DISCOVERED AT LAST — HE BELIEVED — THE
LONG-SOUGHT SOLUTION IN THE ORIGINAL TEACHINGS
OF JESUS. NOT, OF COURSE, IN THE SENSE
OF THE CHRISTIAN DOGMA.
"OF A GOD, EXTERNAL CREATOR: ORIGIN
OF ORIGINS WE KNOW NOTHING," HE WROTE.

THE GOSPEL OF LOVE, AS GIVEN IN THE SERMON
ON THE MOUNT, BECAME HIS LIBERATING FAITH.

TO THIS PERIOD BELONG THE SERIES OF
"DOGMATIC THEOLOGY," PREPARED BY "MY
CONFESSION," "WHAT IS MY FAITH," "WHAT
IS THEN TO BE DONE," "THE KINGDOM OF GOD
IN YOURSELF," (AND A NUMBER OF OTHER TREATISES,
FULL OF CRITICAL PENETRATION AND FEARLESS
THOUGHT, STRIPPING OFFICIAL CHRISTIANITY
OF ITS MYSTICISM AND SUPERSTITION, AT NO
TIME DID TOLSTOY LOOK UPON CHRISTIANITY AS
A REVELATION, BUT MERELY AS A SOUND AND
SIMPLE TEACHING DIVESTED AND PURIFIED OF THE
DOGMATIC AND SUPERNATURAL. (HE BELIEVED
THAT IF THE TEACHING OF CHRIST, TOGETHER
WITH THE TEACHING OF THE CHURCH THAT HAS GROWN UPON IT, DID NOT EXIST AT ALL -- THOSE WHO NOW CALL THEMSELVES CHRISTIANS WOULD HAVE BEEN NEARER THE TEACHINGS OF CHRIST --- THAT IS, TO AN INTELLIGENT TEACHING ABOUT THE GOOD OF LIFE --- THAN THEY ARE NOW.

THE MORAL TEACHINGS OF THE PROPHETS OP MAN-KIND WOULD THEN NOT HAVE BEEN CLOSED TO THEM.

THE ONLY MEANS TO EMANCIPATE OURSELVES FROM THIS DECEPTION, IS TO UNDERSTAND AND TO REMEMBER THAT THE ONLY INSTRUMENT WHICH MAN POSSESSES FOR THE ACQUISITION OF KNOWLEDGE IS REASON, AND THAT THEREFORE EVERY TEACHING WHICH AFFIRMS THAT WHICH IS CONTRARY TO REASON IS A DELUSION.

(contrary to accepted opinion, Tolstoy)
Did not share the current Christian belief in immortality. In fact, he saw in it an obstacle to true Christianity. "He can give a deeper meaning to our life," he tells us, "by making it to be a service to mankind, by merging our life into the life of the universe."

His repudiation of the dogmas and hypocrisy of the church, Tolstoy gradually extends to the state and its fundamental institution of private property. In these he sees the dominant evils of society, the cause of slavery, poverty, exploitation, the source of violence, individual and collective. Over and again he emphasizes that the lust for wealth and power, nurtured and protected by state and church,
MUST BE DESTROYED IF HUMANITY IS EVER TO BE FREE FROM ITS PRESENT UNNATURAL AND VICIOUS MODE OF LIFE.

IN THE FIRST YEARS OF HIS SPIRITUAL AWAKENING TOLSTOY BELIEVED IN ABSOLUTE NON-RESISTANCE, AS THE SUREST SOCIAL CURE. LATER HE ADVOCATED THE IDEA OF NOT RESISTING EVIL BY EVIL. (WERE THE WORLD REALLY TO FOLLOW TOLSTOY'S ADMONITION TO REFUSE ALLEGIANCE AND TRIBUTE TO THE STATE, TO WITHDRAW FROM PARTICIPATION IN THE DESTRUCTIVE BUSINESS OF WAR, TO ABSTAIN FROM DEALING WITH THE COURTS, THE EFFECT OF SUCH DETERMINED PASSIVITY MIGHT WELL RESULT IN BASIC CHANGES IN OUR SOCIAL LIFE, AND PERHAPS LEAD TO THE REALIZATION OF TOLSTOY'S...
IT SEEMED FOR A TIME THAT TOLSTOY HAD COMPLETELY SUBORDINATED HIS ART TO HIS NEW SPIRITUAL CREED, BUT THE ARTIST IN HIM WAS TOO DOMINANT TO REMAIN SUBMERGED. EVEN HIS SOCIAL AND ETHICAL TRACTS BREATHE THE PECULIAR BEAUTY OF PRIMITIVE SIMPLICITY AND ARTISTIC DIRECTNESS. HE RISES AGAIN TO GREAT LITERARY HEIGHT IN THE STORIES, "THE DEATH OF IVAN ILYITCH," "KREUTZER SONATA," AND "RESURRECTION." CERTAINLY A BRUTALLY FRANK LESSON.
OF THE ALLEGED "SANCTITY" OF MARRIAGE;
ARTISTICALLY PRESENTED. (IT DEPICTS FEAR-
LESSLY AND POWERFULLY THE WHOLE VULGARITY
AND BASENESS OF SEXUAL RELATIONSHIP ENTERED
INTO LARGELY FOR MATERIAL CONSIDERATIONS.

("RESURRECTION" IS BASED ON A PERSONAL
EPISODE IN TOLSTOY'S LIFE. NEKHLYUDOV, A
TYPE THAT REAPPEARS IN VARIOUS WORKS OF
TOLSTOY, SEDUCES THE SERVANT GIRL KATYUSHA
AND SENDS HER TO HER DOOM AND SIBERIA. BUT
WITH TOLSTOY THE MERELY INDIVIDUAL INCIDENT
IS ALWAYS THROWN UPON A LARGE SOCIAL BACK-
GROUND, OF WHICH IT IS A LOGICAL AND
INEVITABLE EXPRESSION AND PART. (IT IS
BECAUSE OF THIS THAT "RESURRECTION"
LIKE MOST OF TOLSTOY'S WORKS --- BECOMES A
PASSIONATE INDICTMENT AGAINST THE WRONGS AND 
EVILS INHERENT IN OUR PRESENT-DAY SOCIETY.

"REDEMPTION" PRESENTS A TRAGIC PAGE 
IN TOLSTOY'S OWN LIFE. HIS MOST BRILLIANT 
BIOGRAPHER, PAUL BIRYUKOV, GIVES THE KEY TO 
THIS WORK BY QUOTING A CONVERSATION TOLSTOY 
HAD WITH HIM WHILE HE WAS PREPARING THE 
AUTobiography. TOLSTOY SAID:

NOW YOU ARE ONLY WRITING PLEASANT THINGS
ABOUT ME; THAT IS UNTRUE AND INCOMPLETE.
ONE MUST MENTION THE BAD THINGS TOO. IN 
MY YOUTH I LED A VERY BAD LIFE, AND TWO 
EVENTS OF THAT TIME ARE A SPECIAL TORMENT TO 
ME EVEN NOW. (AND I SAY THIS TO YOU AS MY 
BIOGRAPHER, AND I ASK YOU TO PUT IT INTO MY 

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BIOGRAPHY.

THOSE EVENTS WERE: A LIASON

WITH A PEASANT WOMAN, BEFORE MY MARRIAGE.

THE SECOND IS A CRIME I COMMITTED AGAINST

MASHA, THE PARLOUR-MAID WHO LIVED AT MY

AUNT'S HOUSE. (SHE WAS INNOCENT; I SEDUCED

HER. SHE WAS LIKED AND WAS RUINED.)
"That is art?" is Tolstoy's most contested work, even some of his devoted adherents repudiating it.

The sweeping generalizations and condemnations contained in "That is art?" are undoubtedly due to Tolstoy's intense reaction toward the futility and inaneness of the "art for art's sake" champions.

Kropotkin is quite right in remarking that to say that a folk song is greater than a Beethoven sonata is not correct: we cannot compare the storm in the Alps and the struggle against it, counterparts of which we find in Beethoven's music, with a pine, quiet midsummer day and hay-making, to which corresponds a given folk-song. But truly great art, which, notwithstanding its depth...
AND ITS LOFTY FLIGHT, WILL PENETRATE INTO EVERY
PEASANT'S HUT AND INSPIRE EVERYONE WITH
HIGHER CONCEPTIONS OF THOUGHT AND LIFE —
SUCH AN ART IS REALLY WANTED. I THINK IT
IS POSSIBLE."

"THE POWER OF DARKNESS" IS THE TRAGEDY
OF SORDID WRETCH AND BASHFUL IGNORANCE. IT
DEALS WITH A GROUP OF FRAGAINTS STUPID IN
POVERTY AND UTTER DARKNESS. THIS APPALLING
CONDITION, ESPECIALLY IN RELATION TO THE
WOMEN FOLK, IS EXPRESSED BY ONE OF THE
CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY:

MITEISH: THERE ARE MILLIONS OF YOU WOMEN
AND GIRLS, BUT YOU ARE ALL LIKE THE BEASTS OF
THE FOREST. JUST AS ONE HAS BEEN BORN, SO
SHE DIES. SHE HAS NEVER SEEN OR HEARD
ANYTHING. A MAN WILL LEARN SOMETHING; IF
NOWHERE ELSE, AT LEAST IN THE INN, OR BY
SOME CHANCE, IN PRISON, OR IN THE ARMY, AS
I HAVE. BUT WHAT ABOUT A WOMAN? SHE
DOES NOT KNOW A THING. NOTHING.
SHE DOES NOT KNOW ONE DAY FROM ANOTHER.
THEY CREEP ABOUT LIKE BLIND PUPS, AND STICK
THEIR HEALS INTO THE MANURE.

PETER, A RICH PEASANT, IS IN A DYING
CONDITION. YET HE CLINGS TO HIS MONEY AND
SLAVE-DRIVES HIS YOUNG WIFE, ANISTA, HIS
TWO DAUGHTERS BY A FIRST MARRIAGE, AND HIS
PEASANT SERVANT NIKITA. HE WILL NOT ALLOW
THEM ANY REST FROM THEIR TOIL, FOR THE
GREED OF MONEY IS IN HIS BLOOD AND THE FEAR
OF DEATH IN HIS BONES. (ANISTA HATES HER
HUSBAND: HE FORCES HER TO DRUDGE, AND
HE IS OLD AND ILL. SHE LOVES NIKITA.
THE LATTER, YOUNG AND IRRESPONSIBLE, CANNOT
RESIST WOMEN, WHO ARE HIS MAIN WEAKNESS AND
FINAL UNGDOM. (BEFORE HE CAME TO OLD
PETER'S FARM, HE HAD WEDDED AN ORPHAN GIRL. WHEN SHE BECOMES PREGNANT, SHE
APPEALS TO NIKITA'S FATHER, AKIM, A SIMPLE 
AND HONEST PEASANT. — HE URGES HIS SON TO 
MARRY THE GIRL, BECAUSE "IT IS A SIN TO 
WRONG AN ORPHAN. (LOOK OUT, NIKITA! A 
TEAR OF OFFENSE DOES NOT FLOW PAST, BUT 
UPON A MAN'S HEAD. LOOK OUT, OR THE SAME 
WILL HAPPEN WITH YOU."

(AKIM'S KINDNESS AND SIMPLICITY ARE OPPOSED 
BY THE VICIOUSNESS AND GRIEVE OF HIS WIFE 
MATRENA, NIKITA REMAINS ON THE FARM, AND 
ANISYA, URGED AND INFLUENCED BY HIS MOTHER, 
POISON OLD PETER AND STEALS HIS MONEY.

(WHEN HER HUSBAND DIES, ANISYA MARRIES 
NIKITA AND TURNS THE MONEY OVER TO HIM. 
NIKITA BECOMES THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE, AND 
SOON PROVES HIMSELF A RAKE AND A TYRANT.)
(IDLENESS AND AFFLUENCE UNDERMINE WHATEVER GOOD
IS LATENT IN HIM. MONEY, THE DESTROYER
OF SOULS, TOGETHER WITH THE CONSCIOUSNESS
THAT HE HAS BEEN INDIRECTLY A PARTY TO
ANISYA'S CRIMES. TURN MIKITA'S LOVE FOR THE
WOMAN INTO BITTER HATRED. HE TAKES FOR
HIS MISTRESS AKULINA; PETER'S OLDEST DAUGHTER,
A GIRL OF SIXTEEN, DEAF AND SILLY, AND
FORCES ANISYA TO SERVE THEM. SHE HAD
STRENGTH TO RESIST HER OLD HUSBAND, BUT
HER LOVE FOR MIKITA HAS MADE HER WEAK.
"THE MOMENT I SEE HIM MY HEART SOFTENS.
I HAVE NO COURAGE AGAINST HIM."

AS LONG AS AKULINA IS NOT NOTICABLE,
THE RELATION OF MIKITA WITH HIS DEAD MASTER'S
DAUGHTER REMAINS HIDDEN FROM THE NEIGHBORS.
BUT THE TIME COMES WHEN SHE IS TO GIVE BIRTH
TO A CHILD. IT IS THEN THAT ANISYA BECOMES MISTRESS OF THE SITUATION AGAIN. HER HATRED FOR AKULINA, HER OUTRAGED LOVE FOR NIKITA AND THE EVIL SPIRIT OF NIKITA'S MOTHER ALL COMBINE TO TURN HER INTO A FISH. AKULINA IS DRIVEN TO THE BARN, WHERE HER TERRIBLE LABOR PAINS ARE STIFLED BY THE DREAD OF HER STEP-MOTHER. WHEN THE INNOCENT VICTIM IS BORN, NIKITA'S VICTIM'S MOTHER AND ANISYA PERSUADE HIM THAT THE CHILD IS DEAD AND FORCE HIM TO BURY IT IN THE CELLAR.

WHILE NIKITA IS DIGGING THE GRAVE, HE DISCOVERS THE DECEPTION. THE CHILD IS ALIVE! THE TERRIBLE SHOCK UNNERVES THE MAN, AND IN TEMPORARY MADNESS HE PRESSES A BOARD OVER THE LITTLE BODY TILL ITS BONES

836
CRUNCH.  SUPERSTITION, HORROR AND THE

PERFIDY OF THE WOMEN DRIVE NIHITA TO DRINK

IN AN ATTEMPT TO DROWN THE BABY’S GRIEVES

CONSTANTLY RINGING IN HIS EARS.

THE LAST ACT DEALS WITH AKULINA’S

WEDDING TO THE SON OF A NEIGHBOR.  SHE IS

FORCED INTO THE MARRIAGE BECAUSE OF HER

MISFORTUNES.  THE PEASANTS ALL GATHER FOR

THE OCCASION, BUT NIHITA IS MISSING;

HE ROAMS THE PLACE HAUNTED BY THE HUMAN

PHANTOM OF HIS MURDERED CHILD.  HE ATTEMPTS

TO HANG HIMSELF BUT FAILS, AND FINALLY

DECIDES TO GO BEFORE THE ENTIRE ASSEMBLY

TO CONFESSION HIS CRIMES.

TO WRITE SUCH A WORK IT IS NOT SUFFICIENT

TO BE A CREATIVE ARTIST:  IT REQUIRES A
DEEPLY SYMPATHETIC HUMAN SOUL. TOLSTOY

POSSOSED BOTH. HE UNDERSTOOD THAT THE

TRAGEDY OF THE PEASANTS’ LIFE IS DUE NOT

TO ANY INHERENT VICIOUSNESS BUT TO THE POWER

OF DARKNESS WHICH PERMEATES THEIR EXISTENCE

FROM THE CRADLE TO THE GRAVE. SOMETHING

HEAVY IS OPPRESSING THEM — IN THE WORDS

OF ANISTA — WEIGHING THEM DOWN, SOMETHING

THAT SAPS ALL HUMANITY OUT OF THEM AND DRIVES

THEM INTO THE DEPTHS.
As a relief from the sombre and depressing effect of this play Tolstoy wrote a comedy intended for production on his estate, "The Fruits of Culture."

A rich land-owner, Leonid Podorovitch, is so obsessed by the latest fad, spiritualism, that he "communes" with the spirits on every question before he decides to act upon it. Thus, when some peasants arrive to complete a land deal begun the year before, he again consults his "spirits."

Unfortunately, the latter have changed their mind in the meantime; they are no longer satisfied with the payments originally agreed upon. Leonid Podorovitch now insists upon the whole sum being immediately paid in cash.
In this entertaining parody on

The Peasants, Unable to Meet Such an Unexpected and Unreasonable Demand, Are in Despair. Tatyana, a Jolly Chambermaid in Love with the Kitchen Man, Selich, Who Is the Son of One of the Harassed Peasants, Comes to the Rescue. She Undertakes, as She Has So Often Done Before, to Play the Role of the Spirit. She Also Succeeds in Convincing Her Master and His Learned Friends that Selich is a Medium of Extraordinary Powers, by Means of Table Tapping, Accompanied with the Music of a Guitar, Tatyana Conjures up the Agreement, Pen and Ink upon the Table, and the Spiritualist Master, Deeply Impressed by the Manifestations, Is Induced to Sign the Document.
SPIRITUALISM, TOLSTOY ALSO SATIRIZES THE

BOASTFUL INFALLIBILITY OF SCIENCE, PAR-

TICULARLY OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. (THE

LADY OF THE HOUSE PRIDES HERSELF ON HER

"ADVANCED" IDEAS: SHE RIDICULES HER

HUSBAND'S FAITH IN SPIRITS AND EXPOSES THE

FRAUD OF THE MEDIUM. (BUT SHE TOO HAS HER

SPOCKS —— HER CONSTANT AND EVER PRESENT

FEAR OF "GERMS." WHEN SHE LEARNS THAT

THE PEASANTS HAVE COME FROM A DIPHTHERIA

INFESTED DISTRICT, (THE GOOD WOMAN IS PANIC-

STRICKEN AND FINDS NO PEACE UNTIL THE GERM

CARRIERS, TOGETHER WITH TATYANA AND SELIGON,

ARE DRIVEN FROM THE PREMISES. (BOTH LEONID

FYDOROVITCH AND HIS LIBERAL SPOUSE ARE

SYMBOLS OF OUR PSYCHO CULTURE, UNHEALTHY,

ARTIFICIAL AND EMPTY.
Two Posthumous Plays, One a Full-Size

Ganymed, the Other a Fragment, Are Next

To "The Power of Darkness," Tolstoy's Best

Dramatic Works. They Are "The Living

Corpse," Also Known in English as "Redemption,

And "The Light That Shines in the Darkness."

The Living Corpse

(Fyodor Vassilevich Protassov and His Wife Lisa Are Hopelessly Mismatched. He Is a Dreamer, Ilpractical, Unfitted For the Daily Humber of Life with All Its Sordid Interests and Responsibilities. Most of His Time He Spends With the Gypsies, Enchanted By Their Soul-Stirring Music, Their Passion, Their Careless Attitude to Life.)
Liza has repeatedly brought Byodor back
to the circle of their domesticity and now
again she is ready to take him back, although
nagged by her mother for her "weakness" in
submitting to her husband's faithlessness
and irresponsibility. The way to
reconciliation is paved by their child and
its narrow escape from death. Liza requests
their mutual friend Karshin to find Fedyha
(Byodor) in his gypsy haunts and bring him
home.

Karshin has loved Liza even before her
marriage to Fedyha. Out of loyalty to his
friend he had suppressed his feelings, but
now that she is happy and neglected
he can hardly restrain his passion. However,
HE DECIDES TO BRING PEDYA BACK. HE FINDS

HIM WITH THE GYPSIES AND SO COMPLETELY

INTOXICATED BY THEIR ATMOSPHERE THAT HE HAS

NEITHER WILL NOR DESIRE TO RETURN TO HIS WIFE.

(PEDYA REALIZES HOW UNWORTHY HE IS OF LIZA

WHO HAS BEEN SO DEVOTED TO HIM IN SPITE OF

HIS FREQUENT LAFSES. (INTUITIVELY HE SENSES

HIS FRIEND’S FEELING FOR LIZA; HE FEELS THAT

KARENIN, SO UNLIKE HIMSELF, SO IRREPROACHABLE

AND HONORABLE, IS A FITTER MATE FOR HIS

WIFE THAN HIMSELF. BYODOR DECIDES NOT

TO RETURN.

(HURT AND unhAPPy OvER PEDYA’S hArsH

REFUSAL TO TAKE UP THEIR LIFE TOGETHER ONCE

MORE, LIZA IS GRADUALLY DRAWN TO KARENIN.

HIS LONG-SUPPRESSED PASSION IS NOW MANIFESTED

IN ALL ITS STRENGTH, BUT IS BITTERLY

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
DISAPPROVED OF BY SASHA, LIZA'S YOUNGER SISTER.

MOVED BY HER EXALTED IDEA OF THE "SACRIFICE"

OF MARRIAGE AND ALSO BECAUSE OF HER DEMURE

UNDERSTANDING OF PEDYA, LOVES TO PERSUADE

PEDYA TO RETURN AND "SAVE" HIS WIFE.

BUT PEDYA IS ENTIRELY ABSORBED IN HIS

NEW ENVIRONMENT. (MOREOVER, HE REFUSES TO

INTERFERENCE IN THE GROWING ATTACHMENT BETWEEN

KARBNIN AND LIZA. AT HEART CONSCIOUS OF

HIS UNFITNESS FOR DOMESTICITY, AND FEELING

HIMSELF SUPERFLUOUS, HE DECIDES TO ELIMINATE

HIMSELF OUT OF LIZA'S LIFE, THAT SHE MAY

FIND IN HIS FRIEND'S LOVE THE PEACE AND

HAPPINESS HE HAD FAILED TO GIVE HER.

KARBNIN SEES IN THE RENEWED REFUSAL OF
The husband to return home the possibility of
a divorce. (But though Fedya is sunk in the
depths of life and his will all but destroyed,
his finer texture has retained an abhorrence
of all sham and falsehood. He will not
be a party to the lying and perjury involved
in divorce proceedings. He will not drag
through the mire of publicity the sacred
feelings of intimacy. But the situation
pressed for definite action: Priya
determines upon suicide as the only solution
left. At the last moment his courage
fails him, however, as it has so often
failed in the critical moments of his life.
Instead he yields to the persuasion of his
Gypsy friend Masha to elope with her.
(Fedya grasps the easier way of avoiding the
unpleasant and giving his wife freedom.)
Liza, on receiving Pedya's Letter

Announcing his decision to commit suicide,
and noticing in the newspapers that the body
of a man had been fished out of the river,
in good faith identifies the corpse as that
of her husband. The shock of Pedya's act
weighs heavily upon both Liza and Karenin,
but in time they find the way to each other,
and they marry.

Years pass and Pedya, poor, dissipated.
And broken in health, is drawn back to the
city where live his former wife and friend.
Stealthily he approaches the house, attracted
by the bright lights and the strain of gay
music, and suddenly he beholds Liza and
Karenin fondly embracing behind the curtains.
Pedy a flees to a low tavern to forget the past.
IN DRINK.

THERE HE MET A PAINTER, AS LONELY,

WRATHED, AND POOR AS HIMSELF. (TO HIM HE

POURS OUT ALL THE MISERY OF HIS HEART,

REVEALING THE SECRET OF HIS DISAPPEARANCE

AND HIS IDENTITY AS THE "LIVING CORPSE."

HE TELLS THE PAINTER,

THERE ARE ONLY THREE OUTLETS FOR ONE

BORN IN SPHERE, (HE CONFIDES TO HIS NEW

FRIEND), EITHER HE CAN HOLD A POST, CAN

MAKE MONEY AND INCREASE THE WRONG AND PILTH,

WHICH I LOATHED TO DO, (OR PERHAPS I DID NOT

KNOW HOW, (OR HE CAN FIGHT THIS PILTH AND

INJUSTICE, (FOR THAT HE MUST HAVE THE MAKING

OF A HERO IN HIM, WHICH I NEVER HAD, OR

HE TRIES TO FORGET, DRINKS, SINKS LOWER

AND LOWER, I HAVE REACHED THAT DEPTH.}
PFEYA'S CONFESSION IS OVERHEARD BY A
BUDDY AT A TABLE NEARBY, WHO IMMEDIATELY
INFORMS THE AUTHORITIES AND PFEYA IS ARRESTED,
CHARGED WITH DELIBERATE FRAUD AND RESPONSIBILITY
FOR HIS WIFE'S BIGAMY.

THE THREE UNFORTUNATES HEARD IN COURT.
THE SANTITY OF THE LAW MUST BE MAINTAINED;
LEGAL JUSTICE AND DOMINANT MORALITY COMBINE
TO DESTROY THE HAPINESS OF LISA AND KAREIN
BOUGHT AT THE COST OF SO MUCH SUFFERING AND
HISERY.

THE TRIAL SCENE IS DEPICTED AS POWERFULLY
AND MASTERY AS THE SIMILAR SCENE IN
"RESURRECTION," WITH THE FAMOUS JUDGE, THE
INANE JURORS, THE COLDLY REASONING PROSECUTOR.
THE VULGAR CURiosity SEEKERS FILLINt THE
OCtRROOM, ALL OCCUPATING IN THEIR MORAL
INDIGNATION TO UPHOLD THE LAWS AGAINST HUMAN
EMOTION AND BIND TWO PEOPLE IN JEDLOCK AGAINST
THEIR WILL. LISA AND PEDTA ARE FOUND GUILTY
AND SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

THE BRUTALITY AND INJUSTICE OF THE
PROCEEDING HORRIFIES AND OVERCOSES PEDTA.. 
(HIS BETTER NATURE ASSERTS ITSELF IN PROTEST
AGAINST THE MEANNESS AND UGLINESS OF THE
SITUATION. HE FINDS THE WAY OUT OF THE
MIRE BY SHOOTING HIMSELF AND THUS PRESSING
LISA AND KARJINS.

"THE LIVING CORPSE" IS A PASSIONATE
INDICTMENT AGAINST THE LAWS OF DIVORCE WHICH
EXISTED IN RUSSIA AT THE TIME, AND STILL

EXIST IN MANY COUNTRIES IN WESTERN EUROPE.

(PROOF FOR THAT IS A RECENT WORK ON THE

ANTIDELUVIAN DIVORCE LAWS IN ENGLAND CALLED

"HOLY DRAILHOOK" BY A. P. HERBERT (DOUBLEDAY

Boran), THE VULGARITY, BRUTALITY AND

STUPIDITY FORCED UPON PEOPLE TO GET APART

WHEN THEIR MARRIED LIFE OUTRAGES ALL THEIR

FINE SENSIBILITY.

BEST COPY AVAILABLE
"LIGHT THAT SHINES IN DARKNESS" IS TOLSTOY'S MOST SUBJECTIVE DRAMATIC CREATION, A PAGE FROM HIS PERSONAL LIFE, THE CALVARY OF HIS OWN SOUL IN DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM FROM HIS DOMESTIC PRISON, THE PLAY IS IN REALITY A FAITHFUL REPLICA OF THE SPIRITUAL TRUTH THAT CONTINUED THROUGH MANY YEARS BETWEEN TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE.

LIES TOLSTOY, NIKOLAI IVANOVITCH SARINTSEV EMBRACES A NEW ETHICAL IDEAL, HIS FORMER INTERESTS LOSE THEIR HOLD UPON HIM; HE BECOMES INDIFFERENT TO MATERIAL THINGS AND THE COMFORTS OF LIFE, SHUNNING THE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS SO DEAR TO HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN. HE IS ABSORBED IN HIS NEW PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE, SEEKING ITS ADEQUATE APPLICATION. HE DECIDES TO DIVIDE HIS
HE FINDS TWO DISCIPLES, ONE OF THEM A PRIEST WHO, LIKE HIMSELF, HAS COME TO REGARD THE CHURCH AS THE GREATEST OBSTACLE TO TRUE RELIGION. BUT THE WEAK ECCLESIASTIC IS QUICKLY BROUGHT TO REPENTANCE BY THREATS OF PROSECUTION AND THE FEAR OF PRISON. NOT SO THE OTHER DISCIPLE: A NOBLEMAN WHO WHOLE-HEARTEDLY THROWS HIMSELF INTO THE WORK OF SPREADING THE MASTHER'S WORD. HE DERIDES ALLEGIANCE TO THE STATE, REFUSES MILITARY
SERVICE, DEFIES THE AUTHORITIES IN THE FACE

OF PUNISHMENT AND PRISON. NOT EVEN THE

THREAT OF THE INSANE ASYLUM CAN CHECK HIS

SEAL.

SABINTSEV SUFFERS DEEPLY FOR HIS FRIEND

AND YET IS HELPLESS AND PERPLEXED WITH THE

PRACTICAL SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEMS FACING

HIM. TO HIS DISCIPLE'S QUESTION; "WHAT

CAN BE DONE?" SABINTSEV REPLIES:

BUT SABINTSEV'S WIFE, TOO PRACTICAL AND

CONCERNED MORE WITH THE WELFARE OF HER HOME

AND FAMILY THAN WITH IDEALS OF BROTHERHOOD

AND JUSTICE, CANNOT SYMPATHIZE WITH HER

HUSBAND'S STRUGGLE.

LIFE AT HOME IS MADE IMPOSSIBLE FOR
Sarintsev. LACK OF UNDERSTANDING. VERSING
AT TIMES ON DIRECT ANTAGONISM, WOUNDS HIS
VERY SOUL AND MAKES HIM AN OUTCAST IN HIS OWN
HOUSE. HE LONGS TO LIVE HIS IDEALS, BUT
THE TEARS AND PLEAS OF HIS WIFE ENERVATE
HIS LIFE. HIS LIFE IS SPENT IN THIS
EXHAUSTING STRUGGLE WITH THOSE DEAREST TO
HIM: TILL EVEN HIS OWN GREAT FAITH IN HIS
IDEALS IS FATALY SAPPED. THE PLAY ENDS
WITH SARINTSEV AT HIS DESK, GRIPPING HIS
HEAD WITH HIS CONVULSED HANDS, CRYING OUT
IN UTTER DESPAIR:

YES, TOLSTOY HIMSELF DID NOT END SO
RESIGNEDLY. TRUE, REPEATEDLY HE HAD Sought
TO BREAK THE BONDS AND FAILED. BUT FINALLY
HE DID RISE TO THE HEIGHTS HE SO YEARNAED
FOR AND HIS FAITH IN HIS IDEAL TRIUMPHED.
OVER MATERIAL CONSIDERATIONS AND HOME TIES.

ALAS, AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR -- FOR DEATH

OVERTOOK THE SAGE OF YASHAYA POLYANA,

CLAIMING HIM JUST AT THE TIME WHEN HE WAS

TRULY BEGINNING TO LIVE, SPIRITUALLY.

IT HAS BEEN SUGGESTED THAT TOLSTOY WAS

NOT IN HIS RIGHT MIND WHEN HE FORSOOK HIS

HOME AT THE AGE OF 62. PEOPLE ARE NEVER

SUPPOSED TO BE QUITE SANE WHEN THEY ACTUALLY

DO WHAT THEY HAVE BEEN LONGING FOR MOST

INTENSELY THROUGHOUT LIFE.

Episode in Tolstoy's
Museum by
I. Bader

1926
"WHAT NOBLE WRITERS RECEIVE FROM NATURE GRATIS.
THE WRITERS OF THE RANK AND PILE PURCHASE AT THE
COST OF THEIR YOUTH. DO, PLEASE, WRITE A STORY OF
HOW A YOUNG MAN, THE SON OF A SERF, WHO HAS BEEN
A SHOP-BOY, A CHORISTER, PUPIL OF A SECONDARY
SCHOOL AND UNIVERSITY GRADUATE, WHO HAS BEEN
BROUGHT UP TO RESPECT RANK AND TO KISS THE PRIEST’S
HAND, TO BOW TO OTHER PEOPLE’S IDEAS, TO BE
THANKFUL FOR EACH HOPEEL OF BREAD, WHO HAS BEEN
THRASCHED MANY TIMES, WHO HAS HAD TO WALK ABOUT
TUTORING WITHOUT GOLDSHES, WHO HAS FUGHT:
TORMENTED ANIMALS, HAS BEEN POND OF DINING AT
THE HOUSE OF WELL-TO-DO RELATIVES, AND PLAYED THE
HYPOCRITE BOTH TO GOD AND MAN WITHOUT ANY NEED BUT
MERELY OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS OF HIS OWN INSIGNI-
PANCHE -- DESCRIBE HOW THAT YOUNG MAN SQUEEZES
THE SLAVE OUT OF HIMSELF DROP BY DROP, AND HOW,

REST COPY AVAILABLE
AWAKENING ONE PINE MORNING, HE FEELS RUNNING IN
HIS VEINS NO LONGER THE BLOOD OF A SLAVE BUT
GENUINE HUMAN BLOOD....

THIS EXCERPT FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHIC LETTER
WRITTEN BY ANTON PAVLOVITCH TOCHKOV TO A.S. SOUVORIN,
EDITOR OF "NOVOYE VREMINA" (THE NEW AGE) IN 1889,
SHEDS ILLUMINATING LIGHT UPON THE STRENGTH OF
CHARACTER OF THE MAN: HIS IRON DETERMINATION,
HIS DOGGED PERSEVERANCE IN THE STRUGGLE TO REALIZE
HIMSELF AND HIS ART AGAINST POVERTY, DIFFICULTIES
AND HIS LIFE-SAPPING DISEASES. (VERILY ALMOST A
SUPERHUMAN ACHIEVEMENT, WHEN ONE CONSIDERS THE
HEIGHTS ATTAINED BY TOCHKOV AS A WRITER AND
DRAMATIST, ADDED TO HIS PROLIFIC CORRESPONDENCE
(HIS LETTERS FILL SIX VOLUMES) AND ACTIVITIES AS
PHYSICIAN AND HUMANITARIAN ENGAGED IN AMELIORATING
THE WRETCHED CONDITIONS OF HIS COUNTRY, ALL THE

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The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists. Their Life and Work / [Emma Goldman].— [1926, draft, fragment].— 151 p.; 30 x 21 cm.
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COMPRESSED WITHIN THE COMPARATIVELY SHORT SPAN OF FORTY-FOUR YEARS:

TORENOV CAME OF PEASANT STOCK. HIS GRAND-FATHER, A SERF, WASH SO FILLED WITH PASSIONATE LONGING FOR INDEPENDENCE THAT BY TREMENDOUS EFFORTS AND CONCENTRATION OF PURPOSE HE WAS ABLE TO SAVE ENOUGH MONEY (3600 ROUBLES) TO BUY HIS FREEDOM AND THAT OF HIS FAMILY.

EVIDENTLY YOUNG ANTON (BORN JANUARY 19, 1862)
INHERITED SOME OF HIS GRAND-FATHER'S CHARACTERISTICS, BUT HE ALSO KNEW HOW TO Cherish THE LEGACY LEFT HIM. WITH THE SAME PROUD SPIRIT HE DRUGGED ON FOR YEARS, KEEPING IN MIND THE GREAT PURPOSE AND AMBITION OF HIS LIFE. THESE QUALITIES OF WILL AND PURPOSE SUSTAINED HIM THROUGH YEARS OF POVERTY AND WANT, THROUGH HIS DULL UNIVERSITY...
EXISTENCE, AND INSPIRED HIM WITH PERSEVERANCE.

THROUGH THE DARK HOURS OF CREATIVE DOUBT AND HIS

PROLONGED ILLNESS, URGING HIM ONward TO THE

VERY END.

TOLSTOY WAS ONCE ASKED BY V. TIKHONOV,

‘(ALSO WRITER) ONE OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES, FOR

SOME BIOGRAPHIC DATA OF HIMSELF.’ HIS REPLY

WAS TRULY EXPRESSIVE OF THE MAN, BOTH IN

BREVITY AND WIT. HE WROTE:

‘YOU WANT MY BIOGRAPHY? HERE IT IS.’

I WAS BORN IN TAGANROG IN 1860. I FINISHED MY

COURSE AT THE TAGANROG GRAMMAR SCHOOL IN 1879.

IN 1884 I TOOK MY MEDICAL DEGREE AT MOSCOW

UNIVERSITY. IN 1888 I WAS AWARDED THE PUSHEIN

PRIZE. IN 1890 I MADE A JOURNEY TO CAHALIBEN,

ACROSS SIBERIA, RETURNING BY SEA. IN 1891
I made a tour in Europe, where I drank splendid wine and ate oysters. In 1892 I was at a birthday party where I had a spree with V.A. Tikhonov. I began to write in 1879 in the Strekosa. My books of collected stories are "Molotov Stories," "At Twilight," "Stories," "Gloomy People," and a long story, "The Dubl." I have sinned also in the drama line but with moderation.

I have been translated into all languages except the foreign. In fact, I have been translated into German. I am approved of also by the Czechs and Serbians, now are the French shy of intimacy. The mysteries of love I conceived when I was thirteen. With my colleagues, medical as well as literary, I am on the best of terms. I am a bachelor. Should like to have a pension. I practice medicine to such a degree that even in the summer I hold post-
THOUGH I HAVE NOT DONE SO FOR TWO OR

THREE YEARS.  (AMONG WRITERS I PREFER TOlstoy,

AND AMONG DOCTORS ZAKHARIN.  )  BUT THAT IS ALL

NONSENSE.  WRITE WHAT YOU PLEASE.  (IF YOU

HAVEN'T ENOUGH FACTS, MAKE UP WITH LyrICISM....

Add new fact
made reni why
TIKHONOV HARDLY NEEDED TO TAX HIS IMAGINATION
BECAUSE TCHERNOV'S LIFE WAS EVENTFUL, RICH IN
EXPERIENCE, AND REPLET WITH INCIDENTS TESTIFYING
TO HIS LOVE FOR MAN AND UNDERSTANDING OF THE
DEEPER SPRINGS OF LIFE.

ANTON'S CHILDHOOD, SPENT WITH HIS ADORED
MOTHER, WAS MARRIED BY THE RIGIDITY OF HIS FATHER
WHO BECAUSE OF HIS RELIGIOUS CONVICTIONS AND LOVE
OF CHURCH MUSIC COMPULS HIS CHILDREN TO JOIN THE
CHURCH CHOIR LITTLE ANTON HATED SO CORDIALLY.

THE BOY'S SCHOOL DAYS WERE GREY AND MISERABLE
BY A COARSE AND HARSH TEACHER WHO SAW IN THE ROD
THE LAST WORD OF EDUCATION. IN HIS LATER
YEARS, TCHERNOV OFTEN REFERRED TO HIS "LACK OF
CHILDHOOD." THIS LACK SERVED TO ISOLATE HIM
TO SOME EXTENT FROM HIS SCHOOLMATES AND MADE THE
The Emma Goldman Papers
Foremost Russian Dramatists. Their Life and Work / [Emma Goldman].— [1926, draft, fragment].— 151 p.; 30 × 21 cm.
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The boy appeared irresponsive and slow-minded. He was considered a bad pupil and nicknamed "bullhead" and "bomb."

Like his illustrious predecessor, the great Gogol, Tchekhov initiated his literary career as a contributor to the school journal, "the Little Star," his first story, "The Stammerer," being circulated among the classmates in manuscript. Before the end of his high school term he wrote a farce called "Not for Nothing Did the Chickens Sing," and a pathetic play "Fatherless," which proved very popular with his friends. But Unfortunately these literary efforts were terminated by a sudden turn in the Tchekhov fortunes. Anton's father failed in business and the family was compelled to seek a livelihood in Moscow.
ANTON REMAINED IN TAGANROG TO FINISH HIS STUDIES,
BUT ALL HIS FREE TIME HAD TO BE DEVOTED TO
"RUNNING ABOUT TUTORING IN SLEET AND RAIN WITHOUT
GOLOSHES," AS HE WROTE TO A FRIEND.

ELE FIRST MOSCOW STORY, "A LETTER TO MY
LEARNED NEIGHBOR," FOLLOWED BY A NUMBER OF OTHER
NUMEROUS TALES, PRESENTLY BEGAN TO APPEAR IN
COMIC PUBLICATIONS UNDER THE PSEUDONYM OF ANTOSHA
TOUNKHONTE. THE MATERIAL RETURNS THEY BROUGHT
WERE SMALL, BUT THE ANGUISH OF HEART GREAT, BOTH
BECAUSE OF THE UNSATISFACTORY LITERARY CHARACTER
OF HIS EFFORTS AND THE GALLING CONDITIONS UNDER
WHICH HE HAD TO WORK.

I WORK UNDER THE MOST ABOMINABLE CONDITIONS,
- HE LAMENTED - BEFORE HE IS MY UBLITERARY WORK,
- MERCILESSLY SHATTERING MY NERVES AND CONSCIENCE.
IN THE ADJOINING ROOM A CHILD OF A RELATION IS SCREAMING, IN THE NEXT ROOM RATHER IS READING ALOUD "THE IMPRESSED ANGELS" TO MY MOTHER.

MY BED IS OCCUPIED BY A NEWLY ARRIVED RELATIVE WHO KEEPS ON COMING TO ME AND STARTS CONVERSATIONS ON MEDICINE. IT IS A MATCHLESS SETTING.

THese CONDITIONS SLIGHTLY IMPROVED BY 1864,

WHEN TOCHEKHOV WAS ENABLED TO DESERT THE CHEAP PUBLICATIONS, HIS STORIES BEING ACCEPTED BY THE JOURNAL "FRAGMENTS." A HUMOROUS JOURNAL OF HIGH LITERARY QUALITY.

HAVING GRADUATED FROM THE UNIVERSITY AND BADLY IN NEED OF A VACATION, TOCHEKHOV DECIDED TO SEEK A REST IN THE COUNTRY, WHERE ONE OF HIS BROTHERS WAS A TEACHER IN A VILLAGE SCHOOL. BUT HIS NATIVE ENERGY AND NEED OF NEW IMPRESSIONS TURNED
HIS VACATION INTO INTENSE ACTIVITY. HE THREW HIMSELF INTO MEDICAL PRACTICE, WORKING IN THE ZEMSTVO HOSPITAL, AND TRAVELLING FROM VILLAGE TO VILLAGE TO AFFORD ADVICE AND AID TO SICK PEASANTS.

His direct contact with the daily life of the people afforded opportunities for study and observation later exploited by Tchekhov in various plays, such as "The Three Sisters," and "The Seagull," products of that period.

This also provided the longed for opportunity to go to St. Petersburg, there to join the select circle of his literary confederes of note.

He was received with open arms. His charming personality and gay spirits winning him friends everywhere.

Tchekhov's "The Swan Song," a one-act play.
Was his first serious dramatic "sin" of this period, followed by the full length canvas "Ivanov," and a year later by the one-act play "The Bear." Rather than his plays, which at that time increased his fame if not his fortune. ("The Steppes," A fascinating tale, succeeded by a collection of works of great dramatic power, caused the Academy of Science to award him the Pushkin Prize, so coveted by all Russian writers. This happy and unexpected event fairly took Tchekhov off his feet.

The prize, telegrams, congratulations, friends, (he wrote to his brother,) all these have driven me out of my rut. I am struck crazy, and my past grows misty in my head.

But this recognition and growing fame did little to free Tchekhov from constant financial anxieties,
NOR COULD IT ARREST THE DISEASE THAT KEPT UNDER-MINING HIS HEALTH. HIS OWN NEEDS AND THOSE OF HIS FAMILY STILL CONSEIVED MUCH DRUDGERY, WITH THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF DISCONTENT AND PRETENING.

I AM TIRED....I AM WAITING FOR PAYMENT.

HE WROTE. THE WHOLE OF SEPTEMBER I REMAINED WITHOUT MONEY; I HAVE PAWED THINGS AND HAVE KNOCKED ABOUT LIKE A FISH AGAINST ICE.

THE MAINTAINING OF HIS LITERARY REPUTATION ALSO INVOLVED GREATER CARE AND MORE PAINSTAKING WORK THAT REPEATEDLY THREATENED A COMPLETE BREAK-DOWN. A SEVERE COUGH, FOLLOWED BY A HEMORRHAGE OF THE LUNGS, SOUNDED A WARNING. TOLSTOY, ABSORBED IN HIS VARIOUS ACTIVITIES, IGNORED. HIS AWARENESS OF THE DANGER EXPRESSED ITSELF ONLY IN HIS GREATER MELLOWNESS AND SOFTER HUMOUR. "THE WOOD DEVIL," LATER REWORKED INTO

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"UNCLE VANYA," AND "THE PROPOSAL" WERE CREATED DURING THIS PERIOD.

ANTON CHECHKOV REPUDIATED ALL THEORIES AND TENDENCIES IN ART, AND HE RESOLUTELY KEPT AWAY FROM THE STRIFE AND NOBLEST OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

ART TO CHECHKOV WAS A TRUTHFUL INTERPRETATION OF LIFE, DIVIDED OF SUBJECTIVE VIEW AND ATTITUDE, AS HE CLEARLY POINTED OUT IN HIS ANSWER TO A LADY CORRESPONDENT WHO COMPLAINED THAT THE "WORLD IS FULL OF SCOUNDRELS":

I AM AFRAID OF THOSE WHO LOOK FOR TENDENCIES BETWEEN THE LINES, AND WHO WANT TO SEE IN ME EITHER A LIBERAL OR A CONSERVATIVE. (I AM NOT A LIBERAL, NOR A CONSERVATIVE, NOR A MELIORIST, NOR A MORALIST, NOR INDIFFERENTIST. (I SHOULD LIKE TO BE A FREE ARTIST AND NOTHING MORE. (AND
I GRIEVES THAT GOD HAVEN'T GIVEN ME THE POWER TO BE
OUR. (I HATE FALSEHOOD AND VIOLENCE IN ALL THEIR
ASPECTS... PHARISAISM, STUPIDITY, AND ARBITRARY-
NESS REIGN NOT IN SHOPKEEPERS' HOUSES ALONE.

I DETECT THEM IN SCIENCE, IN LITERATURE, AND IN
THE YOUNGER GENERATION. FOR THESE REASONS I
NURSE NO PARTICULAR PARTIALITY FOR GENDARMES,
OR BUTCHERS, OR SAVANTS, OR WRITERS, OR THE
YOUNGER GENERATION. I LOCK UPON TRADE MARKS
AND LABELS AS PREJUDICES. MY HOLY OF HOLIES IS
THE HUMAN BODY, HEALTH AND TALENT, INSPIRATION,
LOVE, AND THE MOST ABSOLUTE FREEDOM, FREEDOM FROM
VIOLENCE AND FALSEHOOD WHEREVER THEY MANIFEST.
THIS IS THE PROGRAM I WOULD FOLLOW IF I WERE A
GREAT ARTIST.

ALREADY IN THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH I
BECAME ACTIVELY INTERESTED IN THE CONDITION OF
PEOPLE...
CHAPTER II

Griboyedov wrote but one play during his short life, but because of its dramatic power and its forceful indictment of the aristocracy from which he sprung, it became one of the great classics of the country. Born in 1795, young Griboyedov entered the university at the early age of 15, and two years later he began to write. The exigencies of his busy life conspired to interrupt his literary efforts, so that years of military and diplomatic service, of revolutionary activity and imprisonment, passed before the great drama could be completed.

"Intelligence Comes to Grief" was begun by Griboyedov when still in the Moscow University. Napoleon's invasion caused young Griboyedov to enter the army, then the center of revolutionary ideas. The men who marked the beginning of the since unceasing struggle for political freedom in Russia, historically known as the Decembrists, were mostly army men of high rank. Griboyedov, the intense youth could not fail to come under the influence of these intense idealists. The outstanding figures, in the Decembrist group were Ryleyev, Tchadzeyev and Odoevsky, themselves men of conspicuous literary ability. They quickly sensed Griboyedov's genius and his personal worth. They became his friends, helping to awaken in the youth the revolutionary spirit of which they themselves were such devoted exponents.

Unfortunately, Griboyedov's participation in a duel, as a second, caused his removal to St-Petersburg, followed by banishment to Teheran. There, in Persia, he...
became absorbed in the study of the little-known country and its people, travelling extensively and gathering experience and knowledge. In the course of time, he was permitted to participate in the diplomatic activities of the Russian embassy, devoting his leisure time to his drama. It was at last completed in 1826, and when the manuscript reached his literary friends in Russia, Gribyevskii’s play was hailed as the greatest masterpiece of Russian dramatic art, a work of revolutionary scope and importance. It was inevitable that the play should arouse most bitter indignation in reactionary circles, while the advanced elements saw in it an inspiring ray of light on the black social horizon of Russia. All attempts to have the drama staged failed due to the censor’s irreversible prohibition, even a private performance not being allowed.

After the failure of the Decembrist conspiracy and the incarceration of its leaders, Gribyevskii also was arrested and imprisoned in the Fortress of Peter and Paul in St-Petersburg.

The terrible Decembrist tragedy, the execution of his comrades and friends and the barbarous sentences imposed upon the surviving revolutionists proved a crushing blow to Gribyevskii. Even his own release in 1826 could not revive the spirit of the man so beloved for his formerly sunny disposition and joy of life. Returning to Tiflis, he sought forgetfulness in various activities, finally participating in the war against Persia. After the defeat of the latter and in recognition of his efforts in securing
a favorable treaty, Gribeydov was appointed Persian ambassador. With a premonition of impending calamity, with black reaction following upon the suppression of the Decembrists, the outlook for creative work in Russia was entirely discouraging, and Gribeydov accepted the post. A short time later the embassy was attacked by a Persian mob and Gribeydov was killed.

The hero of "Intelligence Comes to Grief" is Tchatsky, a young intellectual who after several years abroad comes back to Moscow and visits the home of a wealthy nobleman, Fumssov, whose daughter Sophie Tchatsky loved. There he sees the idle life, the waste, the dull pastimes, the worship of money and power and all the corruption of high society. He also finds that the innocent young girl he had left when he went away has been infected with the poison of her environment and that, instead of her erstwhile love for him, she is carried away by her father's secretary, a cringing sacrist, characterless and without principle.

Tchatsky is not slow in expressing his views on the situation, as a result of which he is declared mad by Sophie who cannot comprehend his ideals and purity of heart. The girl's father sees in the young man a dangerous rebel who has come to undermine the edifice of the unhappy satisfied, parasitic class to which he belongs.

Fumssov, the head of an important government department, tries to impress upon Tchatsky the duty of a young to emulate their elders.
All young people are proud. You should ask how your fathers acted. You should learn by observation of your elders — me, for instance, or my late uncle, Maxim Petrovitch, He used of gold, but of silver, with a hundred servants in livery to wait on him; he always drove six horses and he spent his life at court. One day, at a levee, he happened to stumble and fall so heavily that he nearly cracked his skull. He was informed with the lapidary smile — the Empress designed to be severe. And what do you think he did then? Picked himself up and fell again — this time on purpose. Shouts of laughter. He did the same thing — third time. Silver, I call it to make profit out of a principal tumble. After that, who was most often invited? ... Who got the most precious word at court? ... Who had the giving of honours and pensions? ... Maxim Petrovitch. Yes. You son of the present day aren't it with him.

Tolstoy's outrage at such servility.

It is hard to believe "...", he reports. "... that the men who cringed most we held in the highest esteem, that for profit men risked their lives, their skulls, not in war, but in peace — cracked them against the floor without a wrinkle; that the poor were humbly bidden to lie in the dust. It was the age of downright servility and fear. For us it is much better now. You ask me to emulate my elders. Who are my judges? ... Men of advanced age, bitterly hostile to a fine life; they put their opinions from long forgotten newspapers of the time of the Atohlicas and the conquest of the Cisire. Always ready to find fault, they're always singing the same old song. Regardless of the fact that they don't improve as they grow older.

Show us the fathers of our country when we are to take as examples. Where are they? Not the men who have made wealth by extortion, who have shielded themselves from justice behind friends and relations, who have built splendid palaces in which to entertain luxuriously. Yes, and whose mouths in Moscow haven't they stopped with dinners, suppers and dances? But him to whom you took me to pay my respects when I was still a child — the Nester of distinguished blackguards, surrounded by a crowd of servants? ... Or that other, who conceived the idea of forcing a bullet on words, for which purpose he had children torn from their parents, put into wagons and driven away. These are the men who we are to esteem for want of better. Those are our stern critics and judges. Now, let one of us, the younger generation, be an enemy of self-seeking, demanding neither place nor advancement in rank, his mind intent on knowledge — thirty x ² information, or let his soul be filled.

The Emma Goldman Papers
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with a divine armour for the high creative arts — immediately they raise the cry of "Fire! Thieves!" and he is regarded by them as a dangerous visionary. Uniforms? Nothing but uniforms! At one stage of their existence, they cover their imbecility, their poverty of mind, with hand-crafted embroidered uniforms, and we are to follow them in the path of happiness.

Our wives and daughters have the same passion for uniforms. As to public opinion, what is that? A few fools believe in some rumor and straightforwardly go on spreading it. This is taken up by some old woman who sounds the alarm and that is called "public opinion."

Masterfully Gribyedov portrays the avaricious, cringing types of the time, particularly as personified by Holtchalin, the secretary of Faustov and the man with whom Sophie is carrying on a clandestine flirtation.

Holtchalin's slogan is: "My father bequeathed me some advice: first and foremost, make yourself agreeable to everyone without exception — to the master of the house in which you happen to live, to the chief under whom you serve, to the valet who brushes his clothes, to the janitor, and in order to avoid trouble you should make friends with the gatekeeper and his dog. So I assume the air of lover, to gratify the daughter of the man with whom I live."

When Tschatsky discovers the love affair of Sophie and the Secretary and becomes fully aware of the corruption of the entire Faustov household, he cries out:

With whom have I been? A crowd of tormentors, of traitors to love, tireless in their animosity, insidious chatterers, incoherent philosophers, cunning sophists, malignant old women, old men crazy over their lies and trash. You joined in the chorus and proclaimed me mad — you were right! The man who could spend a day with you, breathe the same air, and retain his reason unimpaired could pass through fire unscathed. Away from Moscow! Away for ever without one look behind!
The able Russian writer A. Gershenson in a 

brilliant essay on the historic background of Griboyedov's 

play presents a characteristic picture of Russian high 

life in the person of Maria Ivanovna Rimsky-Korsakov, of 

the period of Griboyedov. She was a grande dame of Russian 

society, more intelligent and interesting than most of 

her contemporaries, yet she spent her time and very 

considerable intellectual abilities, as well as her vast 

fortune, in extravagant living. She kept a large house, 

gave constant fêtes and entertainments, intrigued ceaseless-

ly to place her sons in favorable diplomatic positions and 

to marry her daughters to gentlemen of the Court. In short, 

her life was a continuous round of lavish affairs, of 

waste and idle pursuits. Maria Ivanovna Rimsky-Korsakov 

is the prototype of the Fannusova portrayed by Griboyedov, 

whose senseless and wasteful lives were made possible by 

the toil and suffering of their serfs. But can we of to-day 

afford to throw stones at them? To be sure, we have no 

serfs, nor do I wish to say that our age is quite as cruel 

as Fannusov's. But the same poison is in our blood, the 

same poison of empty pursuits and most of our lives are as 

wasteful, criminal and senseless as in the days of Maria 

Ivanovna.

Gershenson wrote this analysis of the background of "Intelligence comes to Grief" in 1914. Was can deny its application to our own time? Indeed, Griboyedov did not write for his day only. That his searching arraignments, his exposure of the social evils and wrongs of the early part of the XIX century has not lost its force in our own day.
A work which can withstand the test of a hundred years must need possess great artistic merit and social verity.
CHAPTER III

GOGOL

In a letter to a friend Gogol wrote:

"Many attempts have been made to ascertain the dominant traits in my being. But it was only Pushkin who was able to lay his finger on the right spot. He once said to me, 'there never was a writer who possessed in as high degree as you the gift of painting the pettiness and mediocrity of men; of bringing out the trivialities of life, and laying bare the meanness and sordidness of the average human soul so that it utters one in the face and there is no escape from it!'—That is the fundamental trait of my being and that is indeed looking in most writers..."

There are few names in literature, certainly none in that of Russia, that can compare with Gogol in the power of portraying the monotony and flatness of the life of the so-called normal man and his deadly-dull background. Yet Gogol was not a naturalist in the limited sense. His greatness consisted in being able to blend the natural with the fantastic, the ordinary with the unusual. With him the ordinary diffuses into the mist and his laughter often turns into agonized shrieks. Gogol is the great Russian of world dimensions.

Nikolai Vasilevitch Gogol was born in March, 1809, in a small town near Poltawa, in the Ukraine, the beautiful and romantic south of Russia. He attended gymnasium in a small provincial city near Kiev, but from the point of view of institutional appraisement Gogol fell very short. Instead his literary leanings manifested themselves at an early age, when the boy began contributing to the school journal.
Young Nikolai's literary ambitions, his love of the theatre and histrionic ability apparently came to him by inheritance. His father was the author of several plays in which he frequently cast himself, and he possessed considerable gifts as a story teller. But with this heritage Gogol also left his son a frail physique and an abnormal leaning towards introspection, a sorry patrimony to enable one to grapple with life. Nikolai gained little from school in the way of an education, but his passion for literature and painting made up for much. He was skeptical about his own abilities, for which reason he decided to become an actor. This tendency was interpreted by some of his biographers and commentators as vanity and conceit, a sort of egomania. In reality no one so decorated and flagellated his soul with doubts in his own possibilities as Gogol. He felt that to be able to support the literature one must create one's own world far above the ordinary. This yearning for greatness, together with his lack of faith in himself, became the Golgotha of Gogol. His inner conflict dominated his whole life, now raising him to sublime heights, now hurling him into blackest abysses. Thus he writes to his mother in 1829:

"I often wonder how it is that God has created a unique and rare heart, a soul which is full of ardor for all that is lofty and beautiful, and why has he enveloped all this in such a rough exterior? Why has he combined all this with such a terrible mixture of contradictions, obstinacy, insolent conceit and base humility? But my perishable mind is not strong enough to fathom the great designs of the Almighty."

Two years previously he had written to his uncle:
Cold sweat pours down my face at the idea that I shall perhaps perish in dust, without making my name known by a single remark or deed. To live in this world without making my existence worth while would be terrible. I have meditated on all corners and state offices, and I have decided to take up jurisprudence. I see that here there is more work to be done than anywhere else and that here alone I can be a real benefactor to humanity.

If there were no other evidence that Gogol's desire for greatness was not rooted in mere vanity, but that the deeper springs lay in his passionate need of helping humanity, the anguish breathing in this letter should leave no doubt as to the nature of Gogol.

Added to his determination to study jurisprudence was also the fervent hope that he might get on the stage. His gift for mimicry and his leaning towards comedy made him hope for an opening in the theatre. Thus equipped at the age of nineteen he went to St.-Petersburg. But the fates had their arrows sharpened, and Gogol's spirit was pierced incessantly in his weary march through life.

St.-Petersburg proved cold and cruelly unresponsive to the youth's sanguine imagination. Large cities usually do to the newcomer who has neither friends nor fortune. It appeared much more so to this high-strung, sensitive boy, coming as he did from the South with its natural warmth and beauty. He was made the more miserable by being told on every hand that he could never be an actor, his voice being too high-pitched and shrill.

Gogol tried his luck in literature. His first effort, an idyll called "Hans Mielchgarten", he published at his own expense, only to receive harsh
criticism and condemnation that caused him to burn the manuscript. In despair he left Russia, but on reaching 
Abbeek he was seized with remorse and regret and hastened 
to return to St-Petersburg. After many attempts he secured 
a small post in the Civil Service, a tortuous position 
for Gogol who quickly realized the abyss between his high 
hopes to serve humanity and the crust reality of the 
autocratic Government with its paralyzing bureaucracy and 
the revolting corruption of officiaindom.

Gogol sought escape and relief in literary effort. 
His colourful imagination vividly painted the beauty of 
his Southern home-land and wove stories from the life of 
its peasantry. "Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka" and 
other tales soon brought the young writer to the attention 
of the literary world. The great poet Pushkin, Zhukovsky, 
Pletnyov, and other famous writers quickly sensed the genius 
of young Gogol. With rare generosity they sought to 
encourage and inspire the new literary star, foremost 
among them Pushkin. It was he who urged Gogol on when the 
moody youth would feel disheartened, and it was Pushkin who 
suggested to Gogol the themes of his masterpieces "The Revisor" 
and "Dead Souls".

However, Gogol’s early writings were not sufficient to 
keep him from want, and he was therefore compelled to 
accept a position as teacher in an educational institute. 
The remuneration was niggardly and the occupation of being 
full yeungsters too much for Gogol’s sensitive spirit. He 
capacity to absorb himself in his creative work saved him 
from despair. But while his fame spread, it did not 
relieve him of material need. Again he was compelled to
seek a more secure income, this time as a lecturer on
history. But constantly harassed by such employment,
he finally resolved to devote himself entirely to his
most compelling urge. Four years of intense literary
effort followed, during which he produced "Mirgorod",
"Taras Bulba", and a number of other famous stories.

Gogol's genius could not find adequate expres-
sion in mere aesthetics. "Art for art's sake", the
shibboleth of superficiality, did not touch the deeper
needs of his passionate soul. His spirit kept digging
into the roots of life and feeling, laying bare real human
emotions beneath the timnalled cloak of the accepted and
sacrosanct. In "Dead Souls", the epic of servitude, Gogol
unveils the lying face behind the grimming social mask,
the "face of the devil". Surely not the theological devil
with hoof and horns. His was the everyday devil, the
treasure of mediocrity, — the devil who often looks
like a statesman, an aristocrat, or some tradesman, and
when everybody admires and no one recognizes.

"I call things by their right name", Gogol
at this time wrote to a friend. "I do not dress the devil
up in gorgeous cloaks like Byron, for I know he wears
everyday dress. This unholy devil, when we meet every
day and who looks alarmingly like ourselves, Gogol fought
every day of his life. Against this monster he waged war with all
the might of his satire, with all the inexhaustible ridicule
of his mighty pen. This devil which appears and reappears
in all his novels, sketches, fragments, letters, and
dramas symbolizes superficial, empty, lying and cheating..."
modesty. Gogol's "devil" is not demonic, not one capable of great passion, either good or evil. His devil is ordinary and commonplace. He lives by loud talk, small frauds, and petty interests; he is just a nuisance, sometimes clever but more often dull, life's ever-present bore that stifles everything that is alive, virile and spontaneous.

The two principal characters in "The Revisor" and "Dead Souls", Khlestyakov and Chichikov, are the very embodiment of such devils. With incomparable humor and biting satire, Gogol pictures them with all their trivial vices, their cunning, their vulgar pursuits and petty vices.

His contemporaries failed to recognize the genius and motives of Gogol. They saw in him only the harlequin. They laughed to tears over his masterly comedies, "The Revisor", "The Wedding", and "The Gamblers", plays that were great stage successes. But excepting Pushkin, who unfortunately died so young, Zhukovsky and one or two other writers, there was no one in Russia who fathomed the bitter tears beneath Gogol's laughter. He saw and understood the turmoil of his creative spirit as reflected in his art, no one saw the appalling corruption of society, beneath the mask of Gogol's humour.

Lack of appreciation and his restless spirit drove Gogol from place to place. When his plays were viciously attacked, he felt it impossible to remain in Russia. He went abroad, wandering throughout Europe. He visited Switzerland, France, Austria, Germany, then Italy and
Palestine. But it was Italy that charmed Gogol most and became, at least temporarily, his new great passion. On his first visit to Rome, he wrote to a friend:

"With what relief I gave up Switzerland and flew to my sweetheart, to my beauty—Italy. She is mine! No one can take her from me. This is my real birthplace, Russia, Petersburg, snow, academies, churches, university chairs, theatres—all this was only a dream. Now I have awakened in my true homeland. The powerful hand of Providence has cast me under Italy's brilliant sky, for a special purpose, as it were—that I should forget my grief, forget people and everything, and that I should cling to her gorgeous beauty. She has now replaced all for me.

Seeking to quieten his inner tortures, to "forget everything," and drinking in the balm and beauty of the Italian atmosphere, Gogol immersed himself with painting, for which he had considerable talent. But for long, however, did he rest content. His great passion, literature, soon won him back, and presently he began his greatest work "Dead Souls".

Repeatedly visiting his beloved Italy for more or less brief periods, Gogol finally returned to Russia, unable to resist longer the call of his native soil. There the great tragedy of his life happened. Always strongly mystical and religious, he fell under the sway of the pietists. He was still in the full zenith of his creative career, but the influence proved fatal, a veritable martyrdom till his end. There began his tragic conflict between art and theologian fascination, torturing Gogol with eternal doubt, the fear of damnation and the evil of his art. Again and again his anguish soul seeks relief in the self-assurance that:

I love all that is good, I seek it and burn with impatience to find it; but I hate those base traits of mine and I do not shake..."
hands with them as my own characters do. I hate my own defects which separate me from the god. I am struggling with them. I shall drive them out, and God will help me in this.

But God did not help him, His spokesman, the cruel and benevolent priest, Matthew Konstantinovskiy, quickly gained complete control. Under his influence Gogol's vision was becoming clouded and his health impaired. Constant praying and fasting weakened his will and his last hold upon himself. In this condition he turned upon his former friends and ideas. Still more tragic was his loss of inspiration to create. He sought to compel himself to write. The agony of the process can be fathomed from Gogol's letter to his friend, Mme. Saino, who according to Peter Kropotkin was the main cause of Gogol's spiritual change: it was she who had brought him under the influence of the pietists:

God who knows better than I what time is convenient for our work has withdrawn from me, for a long period, the capacity for literary creation, Gogol wrote. I tormented myself, I compelled myself to write, I suffered cruelly when I saw this helplessness of mine, and several times I made myself ill through such efforts, yet I was not able to do anything, and a11 that I did was artificial and bad. Often, often, I have been overwhelmed by ennui, and even by despair, because of this.

Out of this duality and soul torment no work of art could emanate. Instead the creator of the masterpieces "The Revisor", "Dead Souls", "Taras Bulba", produced "Excerpts from Correspondence with Friends": a sorry repudiation of his great works and digested arrangement of literature in general. The fearful resentment alienated his friends from him and thrust
him deeper into the clutches of his evil advisers. Still his creative urge continued to assert itself from time to time, occasionally with imperative force. Frequently, in the absence of Father Matthews, Gogol would give rein to his creative spirit and seek forgetfulness and relief in literary work. But when his tormentor would return, he would hurl anathemas at his victim, and conjure up such harrowing phantoms of punishment for Gogol's "sins" that the latter, subdued and terrorized, would grovel in the dust before the priest and pray for forgiveness. It was at some such and moment that Gogol burned the second part of "Dead Souls".

Added to this mental purgatory Gogol suffered intensely from some disease which his physicians failed to diagnose and which they treated blindly, causing the helpless patient unspeakable torment. At last death relieved this martyrized body and spirit, and Russia lost one of its literary giants on February 21, 1852. Truly it may be said of Gogol that his was a soul forever seeking for the good and beautiful, seeking it desperately and everywhere, and finding it nowhere. What a grand beginning — what pitious end!
first works, "The Vladimir Order" and "The Wedding"; were premises of his subsequent comic master-plays, "The Revisor".

"The Vladimir Order" treats the efforts of a crooked official to obtain the Vladimir Order. But his aim is thwarted by official intrigue, as a result of which he loses his mind and imagines himself the Order of Vladimir. Most clever satire upon the corruption of Russian officials permeates the play. Unfortunately it was never finished because Gogol knew it would not pass the censor. In reference to it he wrote to a friend on February 20, 1833:

I did not write to you that I went over and over the subject for a comedy. It stuck in my mind all the time while I was in Moscow, on my journey, and also after I arrived here [St. Petersburg], but so far I have not finished anything. But so long ago its content began to shape itself, even its title was already written on thick white paper — Vladimir of the Third Class; and how much malice, laughter and woe there was in it ... But I suddenly stopped, seeing that my pen began to stumble over passages of which the censor would not approve for anything on earth. And what is the use of a play which cannot be produced at all? A play lives only on the stage. A play without the stage is like a soul without the body.... The only thing that remains to me is to write as not to offend even the last police officer. But what again is the use of a comedy which is without truth and without malice?

Gogol gave up finishing this play, though later he made a final version of a few scenes. "After "The Vladimir Order" he wrote "The Marriage", a relishing comedy, with clever irony on the commercial character of marriage. Podkolossin, a timid official, is induced by a professional matchmaker to see for the hand and fortune
of a merchant's daughter. The marriageable young lady, Agafya, sets the ware, and an excitable friend of Podkolysin inflates him with enough daring to visit the proposed bride. Fortune smiles upon him, and Agafya prefers him to all the other applicants, of which there are six. But at the height of his bliss over the approaching marriage, Podkolysin takes fright at the inevitable change in the tenor of his life, and just before the marriage, desperate with terrifying thoughts, he escapes by jumping out of the window in the house of the waiting bride. The play is full of unexpected situations and unique turns, bristling with exhilarating dialogue of the numerous wooers, brought together in Agafya's house by the same matchmaker.

"The Revisor", which has also been translated into English as the "Inspector General", is Gogol's greatest comedy, full of "malice, laughter and salt". By the peculiar contradiction which always existed between the political and cultural attitude in Russia, Tsar Nicholas I, was induced by the writer Shukovsky, a friend of Gogol, to have the play passed by the censor and produced. The Tsar himself attended the first performance and is supposed to have remarked jealously: "Everyone has received his due and I most of all ". Nevertheless, he grew apprehensive about the danger lurking in Gogol's satire.

"The Revisor" plays in a small town, far removed from the center, which circumstances afford the local officials greater opportunity for graft and abuse, with less danger of being found out. The play opens...
with the disturbing report that a Government inspector
is to visit the town to look into the affairs and examine
into the doings of the city authorities. Still more
alarming is the news that "The Revisor" is coming incognito.
This information has been received by the Governor —
official head of the town — from a friend in the capital
and causes consternation. There is not a single official
in the entire place who can afford to have light shed upon
his life: the judge who prefers sport to seeking out
justice, his court room having been turned into a kennel
for his favorite dogs; the warden of the hospital who
has enriched himself by neglecting and robbing his
patiente; the head of the educational department who
spends his time in gambling, leaving his pupils to the
tender mercies of his German assistant who is no more
solicitous about the welfare of the children entrusted
to him; the police inspector, generally paralyzed-drunk;
the postmaster whose morbid curiosity, induces him to open
other people's letters. The Governor himself has even
more cause to fear discovery than his subordinates. There
is no abuse or crime he has not indulged in, from the
arbitrary imposition of taxes on the merchants and the
appropriation of funds contributed for the erection of a
church, to the flogging of women. And suddenly this bias,
the impending visit of the Inspector, incognito, the
consequences might be awful.

In great agitation the Governor calls his staff
together, informs them of the imminent danger and commands
them to put their house in order. With the Postmaster he
has a special word to speak:

Governor: Well, I'm no coward, but I am just a
little uncomfortable. The shopkeepers and townsmen bother me. It seems I'm unpopular with them; but the Lord knows if I've blackmailed anybody, I've done it without a trace of ill-feeling. I even think -- (buttons him, and takes his hand) -- I even think there will be some sort of complaint drawn up against me ... Why should we have a revisor at all? Look here, Ivan Kuzmitch, don't you think you could just slightly open every letter which comes in and goes out of your office, and read it for the public benefit, you know -- to see if it contains any kind of information against me, or only ordinary correspondence? If it is all right, you can seal it up again; or simply deliver the letter opened.

Postscript: Oh, I know that game .... Don't teach me that. I do it from pure curiosity, not as a precaution; I'm not afraid of anything going on in the world. And they're very interesting to read. I can tell you now and then you come across a love-letter, with bits of beautiful language, and so edifying ... much better than the Soboci News.

The tense atmosphere is aggravated by the arrival of the two town gossips, Dobtohinsky and Bobtohinsky, the most inimitable, rollingly comic types in the entire literature of Russia. They are the joy and comfort of the ladies because they know everybody's in at secrets and speak of them freely. They now come direct from the town's only inn where they have discovered two strangers -- a young man and his servant. Many circumstances about them hint at the man's being the expected revisor, the gossips think. Indeed, he is sure to be the revisor!

Greatly perturbed, the Governor decides that the situation can be saved only by bribing the Revisor, and of course he, the Governor, must win him over for himself. He rushes off to the inn, first giving instructions about setting things in comparative order:

Governor: Well, hear me, then -- this is what you are to do: the police-lieutenant -- he is tall, so he's to stand on the bridge -- that will give a good effect. Then the old fence, near the
bootmakers, must be pulled down at once and scattered about, and a post stuck up with a whip of straw so as to look like building operations. The more litter there is the more it will show the Governor's zeal and activity.... Good God! though, I forgot that about forty cart-loads of rubbish have been shot behind the fence. What a dirty town this is! No matter where you put a monument, or even a railing, they collect all kinds of rubbish from the devil knows where, and dump it there! .... And if the newly-arrived Toinonovik asks any of the officials if they are contented, they's to say: 'Perfectly, your Honour!' and if anybody is not contented, I'll give him something afterwards to be discontented about.... (Heaven a sigh) Ah-h-h-h! I'm a sinner -- a terrible sinner! (Takes the hat-box instead of his hat) Heaven only grant that I may soon be through with this business, and then I'll give such a taper for a thank-offering as has never been given before! I'll levy three pounds off every merchant for it! Oh, my God, my God! Let's be going, Peter Ivanovitch! (Tries to put the hat-box on his head instead of the hat.)

Superintendent: Anton Antonovitch, that's the hat-box, not your hat.

Governor: (throwing the box down) D--n it -- so it is! .... ... And if he asks why the hospital chapel has not been built, for which the money was voted five years ago, they must mind and say that it began to be built, but got burnt down. Why, I drew up a report about it. But of course some idiot is sure to forget, and let out that the building was never even begun.... And tell Derzhinorze that he's not to give such free play to his fists; guilty or innocent, he makes them all see stars, in the cause of public order.... (Goes out and returns) And the soldiers are not to be allowed in the streets with next to nothing on over their skirts, with nothing at all below.

The coquetish life of the Governor and her pretty but stupid daughter remain at home in mild excitement, speculating on whether the feared Inspector be good-looking, dark or blond, with or without a mustache.

The young man at the inn, whose name is Khlestyakov, is merely a petty official, a charlatan who has gambled away his money while on route to visit his father's estate.
He is dead broke and unable to pay his hotel bill. The innkeeper has refused his further credit and has threatened him with arrest. Khlestyakov is, in consequence, in a very dejected state of mind, aggravated by pangs of hunger. The world looks black to him and his difficulties insurmountable.

At that moment the Governor arrives, in fear and trembling, to pay his respects to the supposed revisor. Khlestyakov, thinking the official has come to arrest him, puts on a bold front, complains of the innkeeper feeding him on "beef as tough as leather."

The Governor interprets the complaints against the innkeeper as a veiled attack upon the conditions the Inspector has found in the town. He suggests that Khlestyakov accompany him to other quarters. But the young man is enraged by what he believes to be a trick to get him into a cell.

Khlestyakov: (Hesitates a little at first, but towards the end adopts a loud and confident tone.)-We-all, what was to be done? It's not- my fault... I really am... going to pay... they'll send me money from home... He's to blame most; he sends me beef as hard as a board; and the soup! the devil only knows what he'd mixed up with it! I was obliged to pitch it out of the window. He starves me the whole day... and the tea's so peculiar—it smells of fish and nothing else! Why then should I... A fine idea, indeed!

Governor: (nervously) I assure you, it's not my fault, really. I always get very good beef from the market. The Kholnogori drovers bring it, and they are sober and well-principled people. I'm sure I don't know where he gets it from. But if anything's wrong, allow me to suggest that you come with me and get some quarters.

Khlestyakov: No, that I will not! I know the "other quarters" means; it's another word for jail! And pray, what right have you—how dare you...? Why I... I'm a Government official at Petersburg! (Defiantly) Yes I... I... I...
Governor: (aside) Oh, my God! how angry he is! He knows all! Those cursed merchants have told him all!

Khlestyakov: (aggressively) That for you and your governorship together! I'll not go with you! I'll go straight to the Minister. (Bangs his fist on the table) Who are you, pray, who are you?

Governor: (Starting and shaking all over) Have pity on me! Don't ruin me! I have a wife and small children! Don't make me a miserable man.

Khlestyakov: No, I'll not go with you! What's that got to do with me? Why am I to go to gaol because you've got a wife and small children? I like that — that's beautiful. No, much obliged to you, Sir, but I'll not leave here!

Governor: (quaking) It was only my inexperience, I swear, only my inexperience! and insufficient means! Judas for yourself — the salary I get is not enough for tea and sugar. And if I have taken any bribes, they were very little ones — something for the table, or a coat or two.... As for the sergeant's widow, who took to shop-keeping — whom they say I flogged — it's a slander, I swear, it's a slander. 'My enemies invented it — they're the kind of people who are ready to murder me in cold blood!

After many comic situations the Governor manages to lead Khlestyakov to his house in triumph. There he is dined and wined and lavishly entertained. Finding himself in his new role, Khlestyakov starts a violent flirtation with both mother and daughter, and when the former discovers her lover on his knees before her daughter, Khlestyakov soothes matters by asking for the girl's hand. The father feels highly honored and flattered and showers gifts upon his prospective son-in-law. His subordinates naturally follow his example. They oon, one by one, to pay their homage and incidentally to curry favor with the supposed Inspector, bringing good Russian rubles to bribe him. He cleverly saves them from an awkward situation by concocting a story that he has run
out of money and consenting to borrow from them -- and the poor dupes are happy to oblige the distinguished visitor.

The merchants also arrive laden with gifts to pave the way for the complaints they mean to lodge against the Governor for mercilessly fleecing them. Khlestyakov is in clover, but his shrewd servant, foreseeing that this happiness cannot last long, prevails upon his master to give some excuse and make off with the booty, which Khlestyakov proceeds to do. Informs his host and his newly-won bride that he must hasten to the capital to consult "His Highness, my uncle," he is given the best horses, his sleigh is packed with gifts, and off he goes.

The Governor elated over his success in having warded off imminent danger and at the same time having found such a brilliant match for his daughter, makes the news quickly known and boasts of the brilliant future awaiting him.

In the midst of his triumph the Postmaster arrives in a fever of excitement. He had just opened another letter, one written by the supposed Revisor to a friend in Petrograd, wherein he describes the extraordinary stupidity of the officials who mistaken him for the Inspector. The Postmaster reads the letter to the incredulous Governor:

I hasten to let you know, my dear Tryapitchkin, all about my adventures. On the way an infantry captain cleared me out completely, so that the inn-keeper wanted to send me to jail; when all of a sudden, owing to my Petersburg get-up and appearance, the whole town took me for the Inspector General.
So now I am living at the Governor's; I do just as I please; I flirt madly with his wife and daughter — but I can't settle which to begin with. Do you remember how hard up we were, how we dined at other folk's expense, and how the pastry-cook once pitched me out neck-and-earp, because I had put some tarts I had eaten down to the account of the King of England? It is quite a different state of things now. They all lend me as much money as I please. They are an awful set of originals — you'd die laughing if you saw them! You write articles, I know I bring these people in. First and foremost, there's the Governor as stupid as a mule.

**Governor:** Impossible, it can't be there!

**Postmaster:** (showing him the letter) Read it yourself!

**Governor:** (reads) "stupid as a mule".

It can't be so -- you've written it yourself!

**Postmaster:** How could I have written it?

**Charity Commissioner:** Read!

**Luka:** Read on!

**Postmaster:** (resuming) "The Governor — as stupid as a mule ...."

**Governor:** Oh, devil take it! Is it necessary to repeat that? As if it wasn't there without that!

**Postmaster:** (continues) Ha... Ha... Ha...

"as a mule. The Postmaster too is a good fellow .... " (stops) "Well, he says something uncomplimentary about me, too.

**Governor:** No -- read it out!

**Postmaster:** But what's the good?

**Governor:** No, no -- confound it, if you read any of it, read it all! Read it through!

**Charity Commissioner:** Allow me; I'll have a try! (puts on his spectacles and reads) "The Postmaster is exactly like our office-beadle Pikhayev, and a rascal into the bargain -- he drinks like a fish.

**Postmaster:** Well, the young blackguard ought to be flogged — that's all.

**Charity Commissioner:** (continuing)

"The Charity Co... er... er... " (hesitates)

**Korobkin:** But what are you stopping for?

**Charity Commissioner:** It's badly written .... however, it's clearly something insulting.

**Korobkin:** Give it to me! My eyes are better, I fancy. (tries to take the letter)
Charity Commissioner: (Holding the letter back)
No, we can leave that part out -- further on it's plain enough.

Korobkin: But allow me -- I can read!

Charity Commissioner: Why, so can I -- further on, I tell you, it's quite easy to make out.

Postmaster: No, read it all! It was all read before.

All: Give it up, Artemi Philippovitch; give the letter up! (To Korobkin) You read it!

Charity Commissioner: Certainly (hands the letter over). There, if you please...... (Covers the passage with his finger). That's where you begin. (All crowd sound.)

Postmaster: Read it, read it through; what nonsense? read it all!

Korobkin: (reading) "The Charity Commissioner, Zemlyanka, is a regular pig in a skull-cap."

Charity Commissioner: (To the rest) That's supposed to be witty! Pig in a skull-cap! Who ever saw a pig in a skull-cap?

Korobkin: (continues) "The School Director rides on onions --"

Luke: (to the rest) Good God! And an onion has never crossed my lips!

Judge (aside): Thank goodness, there's nothing, at any rate, about me!

Korobkin: (reading) "The Judge ---"

Judge: (aside) Now for it! .... (Aloud) I think this letter is tedious. what the devil's the good of reading all that rubbish?

Luke: No!

Postmaster: No, go on with it!

Charity Commissioner: No, read it through!

Korobkin: (resumes) "The Judge, Lyspin-Tyskin, is in the utmost degree moved....." (Stops) That must be a French word!

Judge: But the devil knows what's the meaning of it. It's bad enough if it's only swindler, but it may be a good deal worse.
Korobkin: (goes on) "But, after all, the people are hospitable and well-meaning. Farewell, my dear
Tryapitchkin. I myself should like to follow your
example and take up literature. It's a bore, my
friend, to life as I do -- one certainly wants food
for the mind; one must, I see, have some elevated
pursuit. Write to me at the village of Podkalitovka,
Saratov Government."

One of the Ladies: What an unexpected return!

Governor: He has as good as cut my throat!
I'm almost, or had -- regularly crushed! I can
see nothing -- only pigs' snouts instead of faces,
nothing else... Catch him, catch him! (gesticulates
wildly).

Postmaster: How can we catch him? Why, as if
on purpose, I told the man to give him his very
best treat -- and the devil persuaded me to give him
an order for horses in advance.

Korobkin's wife: Well, here's a pretty mess!
The like of it has never happened!

Judge: Besides, sire, confound it! He has
borrowed three hundred roubles of me!

Charity Commissioner: And three hundred of me
too!

Postmaster (grouses) Ah! and three hundred
from me as well!

Dobtoshin: Yes, and Dobtoshin and I, sire,
gave his sixty-five, sire, in bank-notes.

Judge: (with a gesture of perplexity) How
was it, gentlemen, that we came to make such a
mistake?

Governor: (Beats himself on the shoulders)
How could I? There's not such another old block-
head as I am! I must be in my dotage, idiot of a
mutton-head that I am.... Thirty years have I
been in the service; not a tradesman or contractor
could cheat me. Rogues after rogues have I over-
reached, sharper and rascals I have hooked, that
were ready to rob the whole universe! Three
Governor-general I've duped!..... Pooh! what
are Governors-general? (With a contemptuous wave
of the hand) They're not worth talking about!....

Anna: But this can't be so, Antosha; he's
engaged to Maschenka!.....

Governor: (furiously) Engaged! Bash!
A fig for your "engaged!" Confound your engagement.
(in desperation) Look at me, look -- all the world,
all Christendom, all of you see how the Governor's
fooked! Aha! Bosh! I doctored that I am! (Shakes
his fists at himself). Ah, you fat-nose! Taking an
idiot, a rag, for a man of rank! And now he's
rattling along the road with his bells, and telling

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The Emma Goldman Papers
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draft, fragment]. -- 161 p.; 35 x 24 cm.
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the whole world the story! Not only do you get
made a laughing-stock of, but some quill-driver,
some paper-stainer will go and put you in a play!
It's maddening! We'll spare neither your rank
nor your calling, and all will grin and clap their
hands.... Who are you Laughing at? Laugh at
yourselves! ... Ah! you...... ( Stamps on the
ground furiously ) I would do for all the pack
of scribblers & Yea! the quill-splitters! damned
liberals! devil's brood! I would report you all,
I'd grind you to powder! You'd be a dish for the
soul fiend, and the devil's cap your resting-place!
(shakes his fist and grinds his heel on the ground.
Then, after a short silence ) : I can't collect
myself yet. It's true, that if God would punish a
man, he first drives his mad. To be sure, what
was there like a revisor in that omelet-brained
trifler? Nothing at all! Not the resemblance
of half a little finger -- and all of them shout at
once : the Revisor, the Revisor? Who was it, then,
who first gave out he was the Revisor? Answer
me!

During the violent outburst of the Governor and
the consternation of the assembled subordinates, the loud
voice of a gendarme suddenly announces:

"The Inspector General was by Imperial command has
arrived and requests your attendance at once. He await
you in the inn."

The whole group shift their positions and remain
as if petrified -- the final scene without words.

In his "Author's Confession", Gogol gives us
his own estimate of the character of Khlestyakov and the
meaning of his "Revisor";

I saw that my former works were laughed at
for nothing, uselessly, without knowing why. It
is necessary to laugh, then let us laugh
that which really deserves to be laughed at
all. In my "Revisor" I decided to gather up the
one place and deride all that is bad in Russia,
all that is being perpetrated in those
places where utmost retribution is required from
men.

But the initial performance of the great...
were very unsatisfactory to its author. Writing to Pushkin about it, Gogol complained that:

"The Revisor" was played, but I am distressed and perplexed by it. The main actor had not the faintest idea of Khlestyakov's personality. He gave us a farcical soap-operon borrowed from the Paris boulevards, a hackneyed liar who has appeared on our stage in the same costume for the last two centuries..... Khlestyakov is not an intentional importer, or a liar by profession. He forgets that he is telling falsehoods and almost believes what he is saying. His spirit rises as he finds he is successful, he becomes expansive, poetio, inspired.

As a matter of fact, Khlestyakov is one of a set of indistinguishable young people who sometimes behave well and talk sensibly. It is only in exceptional circumstances that their mean and petty natures are revealed. In a work Khlestyakov is a combination of many Russian types. We are, or have been, Khlestyakovs, only we do not dare to admit it. We prefer to laugh at the failings of other people, the smart officer, the man of State. Even the literary sinners have all played their part.

The last scene was a hopeless failure, the curtain hung for an awful minute and the play did not seem properly ended. The final scene will never be successful unless it is rendered simply as a tableau vivant...... There are many different ways how to end speechless mannequin. The alarm of the different characters varies with their degree of guilt and the elasticity of their conscience.

Discouraged by the bad performances and the general lack of understanding of his work, Gogol dispiritedly adds:

But I have no strength to fuss and wrangle. I am tired out in body and mind. I swear no one knows or can believe the sufferings I have undergone. I am sick of my play and long to hurry off God knows where. Only a steamer voyage and a change of scene can cure me. For God's sake come and see me soon.
CHAPTER IV

OSTROVSKY

In Ostrovsky the Russian theatre and drama found their most prolific interpreter of life. Other Russian writers excelled him in various forms of expression — in poetry, belles lettres, short stories. But Ostrovsky was the dramatist par excellence. Except for some essays on the need of a National Theatre, his creative work was centered in the drama.

Alexander Nikolaievich Ostrovsky was born in 1823, five years after Turgenev and five years before Tolstoy. But unlike them, Ostrovsky came of humble origin. His father was in the civil service and in no position to give his son the education and training which station and wealth gave to the two contemporaries of the future dramatist. Still, Ostrovsky père managed to send the lad to the university. But he remained there only two years, being expelled from the institution following a quarrel with a professor over some differences in views.

His parents' poverty compelled the youth to follow the vocation of his father. He entered the civil service as an under clerk in the department then called the Commercial Tribunal. Here young Ostrovsky had exceptional opportunities of coming in contact with and studying the material which he later portrayed so brilliantly in all his plays — the rich merchant class. When still a boy he began to show a deep interest in the theatre and the drama, reading voraciously whatever he...
could find on these subjects in original or translation. From the time he was first taken to see a play, Ostrovsky spent every kopek at his disposal for the theatre.

Though not a profound thinker, Ostrovsky was gifted with extraordinary dramatic perception and a fund of human sympathy. It is these qualities which make his characters so alive and vivid, so full of color. His first plays, "Pictures of Family Happiness" and "We will Settle it ourselves", written in 1847 and 1848, aroused great interest. They appeared in several publications, but were not permitted on the stage. In fact, the Moscow merchant class, the banner bearer of orthodoxy and reaction, complained to Tsar Nicholas I, who had Ostrovsky dismissed from his post. Perhaps that was most fortunate for the Russian drama, because it gave the author the necessary leisure to devote himself exclusively to the work he loved passionately - the writing of plays so truly expressive of the life, habits and thoughts of the class he knew best - the Russian middle class.

Even the titles of some of Ostrovsky's plays are most typically Russian, embodying the proverbs and old sayings of the people. Thus his plays "We will Settle it Ourselves", "Do Not Sit in Other People's Sledges", "Poverty is No Vice", are so very Russian that they are difficult of being adequately rendered into other languages. Out of this milieu Ostrovsky created sixty-five plays which dominated the Russian stage for fifty years, and many of which remain popular to this day.
Besides this extraordinary achievement, Ostrovsky translated in collaboration with others, a number of foreign works.

But Alexander Ostrovsky was not content with merely writing plays: he was also instrumental in creating new conceptions of dramatic interpretation. It was due to his influence that the Little Theatre of Moscow attained such perfection. And it was because of his untiring efforts that a National Theatre was established in Russia where the Russian classics were presented in masterly manner. It is therefore that Alexander Nikolaiwitzh Ostrovsky has rightfully earned the title of father of the Russian drama and the theatre.

"Don't sit in Other People's Sledges", published in 1853, deals with a subject common enough in the Russia of Ostrovsky's time. A nobleman makes love to a tradesman's daughter in the hope of coming into her father's money. He induces the girl to elope with him, but when he realises that there is no money forthcoming, he ill-treats and in the end abandons her. Ostrovsky succeeded in giving moving dramatic quality to the theme and in making his characters convincing, unmasking the ruthlessness of the "cultured" nobility in their dealing with the lives and destinies of the people. He is particularly masterful in portraying the poignant tragedy of the girl who is victimised by her unscrupulous seducer and maltreated by her harsh, unforgiving father. The drama is most gripping in its effect and in its forceful exposure of our social ills.
This play was followed a year later by one of the richest comedies Ostrovsky has created, "Poverty No Vice ", an irresistible satire of the well-to-do class and its efforts to cloak its viciousness with superficial western manners.

Tortsov, a Moscow merchant, a vulgarian and bully, at home, plays the part of a cultured gentleman in public by lavish display and wild orgies in fashionable resorts. His boon companion is a fellow merchant who has undertaken to initiate his friend in the latest styles and customs of good society. That does not prevent Tortsov from slave driving his wife and tyrannising his daughter. He determines to marry her off to his companion; he is the master of the house who must be obeyed. Mother and daughter are driven to desperation. At the psychologic moment, Lubin Tortsov, the long missing brother of the rich merchant returns. He has lost his fortune and spent years in wandering throughout the length and breadth of Russia as poet and bard. He returns penniless and in rage, yet full of human understanding and kindness. He sees at a glance the empty culture of his brother and the wretched state of his sister-in-law and niece. Nor does he fail to note the evil influence exerted upon his brother by the boon companion. In the latter he finds a dissipated, depraved and utterly worthless man who could only bring disaster to his young niece and fleece her father of his fortune. He exposes the impostor and prevails upon the better nature of his brother to permit the girl to marry Mitya, whom she loves, and to rid himself of his mentor and his alleged "culture".
Besides his numerous comedies and satires, treating subjects of comparatively local interest, Ostrovsky has produced dramas of universal appeal and of far-reaching social significance in their critical analysis of the effect of conditions on human thought and action. Among such are "The Thunderstorm" and "Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man", of the Moscow Art Theatre Series.

"The Thunderstorm" is laid in a community on the Volga. Its social pillars, Dikey, a rich merchant, and Kabanovna, the widow of a wealthy tradesman, pose as pious Christians and humanitarians. In reality they are domineering, despotic and cruel persons, who use their wealth and position to make the lives of those depending upon them miserable. In fact, Dikey loves to make people miserable. He confesses as much to his bosom friend, "Mme. Kabanovna. "Whenever his neighbours come to collect the money he owes them, Dikey deliberately picks a quarrel.

"For you're only to hint at money to me, and I feel hot all over, and that's all about it. You may be sure at such times I'd swear at anyone for nothing...... I'll tell you the sort of troubles that happen to me. I had fainted in Lent, and was all ready for Communion, and then the Evil One thrusts a wretched peasant under my nose. He had come for money, for wood he had supplied us. And for my sins, he must needs show himself at a time like this. I fell into sin of course; I pitched into him, pitched into him finely, I did, all but thrashed him. There you have my temper! Afterwards I asked his pardon, bowed down to his feet, upon my word I did ...... That's what my temper brings me to; on the spot there, in the mud I bowed down to his feet; before everyone, I did."

Mme. Kabanovna is more consistent in her violent nature. With all her piety (one never misses church in the numerous religious days of the Russian calendar) she is a
ehrow who eternally nags and mistreats her servants and is feared even by her son and his wife Katerina. In the name of love and devotion to her son she has broken his will and poisoned his mind against his wife. Katerina loves her husband and is devoted to him, but she resents his weakness and his cringing timidity before his mother. But his attempts to be strong are of no avail -- the mother is the stronger and she has paralyzed his power of resistance.

Katerina is dreamy and poetic -- the atmosphere of her own home had been free and inspiring. But here in the prison created by the harshness and antagonism of her mother-in-law, Katerina growsCross and nervous. She dreads every sound, fears every shadow. Her condition is accentuated by her mortal horror of thunder, which is not unusual with high-strung and depressed people. Katerina's only relief and joy is in her friendship with Boris, the young nephew of Dikoy.

The two young people had met in a very innocent way on their walks in the park. The meeting may never have had serious results had it not been for the indifference of her husband, the cruelty of her mother-in-law, and the heart hunger of Katerina for companionship. But these factors and the circumstances created by the temporary absence of Katerina's husband break her determination to remain faithful to her husband. She falls in love with Boris and gives herself to him. Boris also loves Katerina, but he is dependent upon his dear uncle who has decided that Boris must leave the estate.
learning this Katerina pleads with Boris to permit her to accompany him. But presently, realizing the impossibility of her request, she implores him:

Go, and God be with you! Don't grieve over me. At first your heart will be heavy, perhaps, poor boy, but then you will begin to forget.

Boris: Why talk about me? I am free at least! How about you? What of your husband's mother?

Katerina: She tortures me, she looks me up. She tells everyone, even my husband: "Don't trust her, she is sly and deceitful". They all follow me about day and night, and laugh at me to my face. At every word they reproach me with you.

Boris: And your husband?

Katerina: One minute he's kind, one minute he's angry, but he's drinking all the while. He is loathsome to me, loathsome; his kindness is worse than blows.

Boris: You are wretched, Katerina?

Katerina: So wretched that it were better to die.

Boris: Who could have dreamed that we should have to suffer such anguish for our love. I'd better have run away then.

Katerina: It was an evil day for me when I saw you. Joy I have known little of, but of sorrow, of sorrow, how much! And how much still is before me? But why think of what is to be? I am seeing you now, that much they cannot take away from me; and I care for nothing more. All I wanted was to see you. Now my heart is much easier, as though a load had been taken off me.

Boris struggles hard against the necessity of leaving Katerina, but it has to be. She is loath to let him go, but in the end she tells him:

As you travel along the highroads, do not pass by one beggar, give to everyone, and bid them pray for my sinful soul.

Left alone Katerina reflects on her doom:

Where am I going now? Home? No, home or the grave -- it is the same..... A little grave under a tree..... how sweet..... The sunshine warms it, the rain falls on it.......

The Emma Goldman Papers
[Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work] / [Emma Goldman].-- [1926, draft, fragment].-- 161 p.; 35 x 24 cm.
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the spring the grass grows on it ..... The birds will fly in the trees and sing, and bring up their little ones, and flowers will bloom, golden, red, and blue ..... How still! How sweet!
My heart is as it were lighter! But of life I don't want to think.... Life is not good ..... and people are hateful to me, and the house is hateful, And the walls are hateful.

while Katerina is in the garden, the gathering
clouds break into a terrific thunderstorm, making the girl's agony more poignant, her fear more maddening.
Suddenly conscious of the approaching steps of her tormentor, her mother in law, she rushes to the river and drowns herself.

At first glance it might seem that this play
deals with a simple love theme of no social significance.
Yet in reality this tragedy depicted the general conditions existing in Russia in the latter part of the XIX century, the drama being written in 1860, portraying them with a most powerful pen. It is therefore that Dobrolubov the most penetrating critic of the period, wrote about this masterpiece of Ostrovsky:

The need for justice, for respect of personal rights — that is the cry in the "Thunderstorm". Can we deny the wide application of this need in Russia? Can we fail to recognize that such dramatic background corresponds with the true conditions of Russian society? Take history, think of our lives, look about you, everywhere you will find justification for our words. History up to the most recent times has not fostered among us the development of respect for equity, has created no solid guarantee for personal rights and has left a wide field for arbitrary tyranny and caprice.

It is sad to reflect how accurately these words of Dobrolubov still apply to the Russia of today as to the rest of the world. Ostrovsky's "Thunderstorm",
written sixty-six years ago, still voices its justified
protest against the tyrannical spirit of human relationships,
voices it with the universal touch that stamps the quality
of the true genius.

"Enough Stupidity in Every wise Man" embraces
a still wider field of psychological perception, on the
background of a sympathetic yet ruthless exposure of
social corruption and superficiality, of human folly
and insincerity.

Yegor Glumov, a social climber, is determined
to make a career by exploiting the vanities and foibles
of the rich circle that patronizes him. His mother,
a simpleton very fond of her good-looking and clever
son, is his accomplice.

Glumov's uncle, the rich Mamkov, also has another
nephew to whom he expects to bequeath his fortune. Yegor
manages to rouse the ire of Mamkov against that nephew
by having the rich old man discover the caricatures made
of him by the heir prospective. Glumov comes in favor
instead, and thus the first important step in his career
has been accomplished.

Old Mamkov spends his time in looking up apartments
for rent or sale. Not that he needs any, but meeting
various people affords him the opportunity of lecturing
them on his beloved subject of obedience to elders and
to play the role of wise counsellor and good man. Glumov,
knows how to take advantage of the situation to advance himself. He plays up to the innocuous old Dannev, admires his wisdom, offers himself as willing object of his wise counsel, with the result that Dannev is completely charmed with the respectful and obedient young man, so different from the arrogant youth of the new generation. He is invited to Dannev's house and introduced to the latter's young wife, whom he immediately begins to pay court to, pretending shyness and respectful adoration. Dannev welcomes the opportunity. "She will flirt with you," he advises his nephew, "but that will keep her out of worse mischief." He suggests to Yegor to keep his wife out of harm's way by pretending passionate love for her. "Thus it will be kept in the family."

Gradually Glumov, young and handsome, gets into the best circles. The influential person of the town, Krutitsky, poses as a man of dignity and learning, but, unable to compose his own speeches, he is anxious to make use of the intelligent and clever Glumov to attain a reputation as a clever after-dinner orator. Krutitsky repays Yegor's discretion by introducing him into the home of Tancha. Trutchina, a superstitious rich widow, who is prevailed upon to look favorably upon Yegor as an applicant for the hand of her niece Inashka. By bribing the favorite fortune teller of Tancha, Glumov succeeds in having the old fake describe the future husband of the girl — by the cards — just as Yegor looks, — the last stroke that convinces everybody that Glumov is the fate-intended bridegroom.

But at the eleventh hour retribution overtakes...
Olumov and ruins all his well-laid plans. Love-sick Oma, Kasaneva has learned of the impending engagement of Olumov to Mashenka. She odes to upbraid him for his faithlessness and discovers his diary, to which Yegor was in the habit of confiding his secret thoughts and relieving himself by exposing the follies and weaknesses of the important townspeople at whose houses he is a visitor. This diary proves his undoing. Olumov is unmasked at the very moment of his triumph: at the gathering where his engagement to the rich Mashenka is to be formally announced. But he refuses to accept defeat without a final word to the assembled "honest men" his accusers:

Olumov: (to Krutitsky) And did you, Your Excellency, suppose that I was not an honest man? Perhaps you, in your sagacity, became convinced of my dishonesty when I undertook to polish up your treatise? For what educated men would undertake such work? Or did you become aware of my dishonesty when alone with you in your study I went into raptures about the wildest of your expressions, and abused myself like a serf? No, you would have liked to kiss me then. But for this hapless diary, you would still be thinking me an honest man, and would have continued to do so for a long time to come.

Krutitsky: Of course, but....

Olumov (to Kasanev): You, uncle, also found out by yourself, didn't you. Was it at the time that you taught me to flirt? Or was it at the time that you instructed me to flatter your wife, in order to distract her attention from her other admirers, when I played the innocent, pretended not to know how, to be ashamed of doing it? You saw that I was pretending, but you were glad that I permitted you to teach me sense. I have far more sense than you and you know it, but when I pretended to be a fool and asked you for advice, you were overjoyed and were ready to vow that I was the most honest of men.

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Olumov: You need me, ladies and gentlemen. You cannot get along without a man like me. If it is not I, it will be someone else. You will find a man worse than myself, and you will say: "He is worse than Olumov, still he is a fine fellow." (To Krutitsky) You, Your Excellency, are known to be a very amiable
gentleman i. society, but when alone in your study a young man stands before you at attention, humbly says "yes" to everything you say, and adds "Your Excellency" to every other word he says, you are in a transport of delight. You will refuse help to a really honest man, but for that young man you will do anything in your power.

Olgaev: You noticed nothing. It is my diary that has set you against me. How it came to be in your hands I don't know. There is enough stupidity in every wise man. But I wish you to know, ladies and gentlemen, that ever since I entered your circle I was honest only when I was writing this diary. No honest man could have acted otherwise. You stirred up all the bitterness in my soul. What did you find in it that everyone of you here did not know before? You say exactly the same things of each other, only not face to face. If I had read to each of you separately what I wrote about the others, you would have applauded me. If there is anyone who should feel insulted, if there is anyone here who has reason to complain, rage, fume, it is I. I do not know who, but one of you honest people stole my diary. You robbed me of everything, money, reputation. You are sending me away and you think that this is the end. No, this is not the end. No, ladies and gentlemen, you shall pay dearly for this. Good-bye.

Krutitsky: whatever else we might say about him, he has brains. We should punish him; but after a while, I think, we should take him back into our graces.

The company of "honest men" feel that Krutitsky has expressed their secret feeling - They cannot do without the Olgaevs, they need them. They accept Krutitsky's suggestion, unanimously.

Ostrovsky began his dramatic career limited by the knowledge of only the merchant class and with rather conservative political ideas. But he diligently extended his studies into the idiosyncrasies of Russian character in every stratum of life, portraying them in his comedy with growing psychological appreciation and increased understanding of both human and social values. Politically he was soon caught in the waves of the revolutionary...
movement which was then spreading throughout Russia. Ostrovsky presently became interested in the cause of the serfs, applying his dramatic art to picture the humiliating and brutalising conditions of bondage and castigating with biting irony and humour the cruelty and self-conceited stupidity of the peasant-owing masters.

Undoubtedly the plays of Alexander Ostrovsky, particularly those dealing with the fate of the class whose very lives were dependent on the whims and caprices of their all-powerful and absolute masters, helped to create a sympathetic attitude toward the serfs and a better understanding of the evil and injustice of that institution.
The influence of Ostrovsky is clearly felt in the works of most of his contemporaries, though none of them were as gifted and prolific as the great master of comedy. This holds true particularly of A. Pissensky, A. Potyekhin and Sukhovo-Kobylin. Pissensky's powerful realistic drama of peasant life, "A Bitter Fate", may be considered the prototype of Tolstoy's "Power of Darkness". While Potyekhin, depicting the humiliating condition of the Russian woman of his time, the abject slave in her father's and husband's home, called attention in his work "A Slice Cut-Off" to the themes treated years later by Ibsen and other European dramatists. On the other hand the trilogy by Sukhovo-Kobylin, "The Marriage of Kretchinsky", "The Affair", and "The Death of Tarelkin", created three satires of exceptional quality, exposing the corruption of the Russian bureaucracy so effectively that even the well-disposed critics resented the public scandal created by these plays.

A Pissensky was born in 1850, the son of poor gentlefolk, in the province of Kestrome. Beginning his literary career at the age of 27, he became one of the most famous novelists of the period. Later he devoted his dramatic talents to depicting the appalling conditions of peasant life. His greatest tragedy, "A Bitter Fate", compares favorably --- in point of knowledge of peasant life and psychology --- with the
The plot concerns the love of a nobleman for the wife of one of his serfs. Yakovlev, a peasant grown rich, presently learns that his wife Liavveta has fallen in love with the master. The latter is sincerely attached to her, wants her to live with him, and insists upon getting the child born of their love. But Yakovlev, though but a bondman, is masterful, with his own conception of pride and dignity. He refuses to give up his wife, but the village authorities decide to deliver the child to its father, the nobleman. Beside himself with rage and resentment, Yakovlev kills the child.

"A bitter Fate" reveals the accumulated hatred of the peasantry for their masters and their instinctive consciousness of the wrongs endured by them. It is one of the most intensely dramatic plays of Russia, of great realistic power.

A. A. Potyechin, preeminently the novelist, was also the author of a number of comedies, of which "A Slice Cut-Off" is the most representative of his art. The play appeared shortly after the abolition of serfdom, while the former owners still fought desperately against the decree which deprived them of their human chattel.

Khovrov, a large land owner, a tyrant to his serfs as well as to his family, bitterly resents the new regime and the liberal spirit that has infected his children and the peasants. He looks upon bribery as the invincible method of settling all difficulties and he...
decides to "persuade" the public guardian, Peter Demkin, chosen to look after the interests of the emancipated peasants. Demkin is in love with Natasha, Khosuperov's daughter, and her father hopes to corrupt the young official through his affections. But when he finds that Demkin cannot be bribed, he refuses him his daughter's hand and drives him off the estate.

Nikolai, Khosuperov's son, tired of his father's tyranny, goes out into the world to find his freedom. He becomes the "Slice Cut-Off", disowned, rather than to submit to the despotism at home. But Natasha must remain, for she --- a woman --- has no legal or human rights and is entirely subject to her father's authority. In view of the fact that the question of woman's rights had never been treated on the stage before Potyekhin, "A Slice Cut-Off" brought a new note in the Russian theatre, and placed its author in the first ranks of the dramatic as well as liberal circles.

In "The Marriage of Kretchinsky", by Sukhovo-Kobylin, the plot deals with the victimization of the wealthy peasant Ukhomakin by his scheming sister-in-law, Terstleva, and the conniving roud Kretchinsky, who seeks to marry Lydotinka, the peasant's daughter, for her dowry.

Naa Terstleva, ambitious to get into Moscow society, prevails upon her brother-in-law to move to that alluring city, where a matrimonial match befitting the wealth of Lydotinka is sure to be arranged. The suer
for the girl's hand, the dashing officer Kretchinsky, is not long in appearing. He is a drunkard, a gambler, and profligate, who sees in Lydotsha his only chance of rehabilitating his vanishing fortune and social position. By generous flattery he wins the love of the naive and impressionable girl and the blind admiration of her aunt. He also succeeds in overcoming the natural suspicion of the peasant father toward the idle aristocracy. Kretchinsky's plans are about to materialize, the girl is promised him and the wedding date set, when the rude's good luck turns. Made incautious by the desperate necessity of paying gambling debts, Kretchinsky coerces Lydotsha into giving him a valuable solitaire in return for an imitation ring. He pawns the diamond and is discovered. To save her father from the scandal and her fiancé from arrest, Lydotsha assumes all the responsibility. The wedding party is broken up, and Kretchinsky loses his game.

But the story does not end there. It is continued in the second play of the trilogy, called "The Affair". The situation is seized upon by some officials who see in it a chance of fleecing the old peasant. They bring Ukomsakin back to Moscow, make a cause célèbre out of the case, drag the matter from one to court with constantly growing demands upon the peasant to "settle the affair". After several years of this procedure, Ukomsakin finally refuses to be fleeced longer, but the officials hint at alleged illicit relations between Lydotsha and Kretchinsky, even suggesting...
illegitimate child, and the distracted father is compelled to sacrifice his last possessions. Impoverished and heart-broken the old man dies, while Lydotchka, robbed of her youth and fair name, disillusioned and miserable, goes into retirement.

In "The Death of Tarelkin", the last of the trilogy, official corruption and viciousness continues, but the role of Tarelkin changes. Cringing flunkey and servile tool in the evil practices of his superiors all through the first and second part, Tarelkin now rebels against his masters. He has managed to save his share of the loot drained from Ukhomskin. But it is no easy matter to shake off the bureaucratic leeches, and Tarelkin determines to get even with them by announcing his own death by means of a stuffed effigy left in his room. He succeeds in duping his rascally superiors, and they give him an elaborate funeral, then ransack his belongings for the incriminating documents in his possession. Alas, they can discover nothing.

Meanwhile Tarelkin, having assumed a new name, glories in his successful ruse. But he had failed to consider the consequences of his illegal action, and these now come in quick succession. The mother of six children claims Tarelkin as her lawful husband and father of her progeny, and there appear insistent creditors of the man whose name Tarelkin assumed. Finally his former superiors discover that he is not dead. They force him to return to his position and torture him until he gives up the documents, after which Tarelkin again becomes their slave,
obedient to their bidding. Thievery and robbery of innocent victims goes merrily on in Russia.

The trilogy created such a furor and was so viciously attacked that Sukhovo-Kobylin decided to write no more plays. Instead he published a withering arraignment of his critics, brilliantly exposing their ignorance of the meaning and purpose of dramatic art.

*   *   *
*   *
*   *
Unlike Ostrovsky, Turgenev's most adequate medium of expression was preeminently the novel, in which he reached supreme artistic heights. His plays do not mirror the intense social struggles of his time, so powerfully portrayed in his novels. They treat of simpler themes, the lighter side of life, with its tragicomic situations. He was master of language, attaining greatest effect by utmost economy and terseness. There is no superfluous word or gesture in his novels and short stories, and this gift also served him to good purpose in his dramas. He stands foremost in Russia as the creator of one-act plays, which are rare models of concentration.

Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenev was born on the 28th of Octob-r, 1818. His parents were wealthy landed proprietors owning many serfs --- "souls". Turgenev's early life was spent close to the class he later so understandingly and sympathetically portrayed in his literary works --- the peasantry. After graduating from the St. Petersburg University Turgenev, then barely twenty, visited Germany to complete his education. On his return to Russia he settled on his estate, frequently travelling through the country-side, studying its natural beauties and the life and habits of her people.
He devoted special attention to the peasantry whom he learned to know and to love as few other Russian writers. His literary appearance Turgenev first made in 1847, with a series of sketches from the rich experience and knowledge he had gained through his journeys. They were published in 1851 in collected form under the title, "The Diary of a Sportsman". His truthful and objective portrayal of serfdom in its disintegrating effect upon owners and serfs alike struck deeply into the public conscience of Russia and undoubtedly hastened the day when the monster was finally slain, and serfdom was no more.

But Turgenev was by no means a reformer in the usually accepted term. Indeed, he repudiated the injection of any definite purpose in creative art.

All these discussions about "tendency" and "unconsciousness" in art are nothing but a debased coin of rhetorics (he wrote). Those only who cannot do better will submit to a preconceived program, because a truly talented writer is the condensed expression of life itself, and he cannot write either a panegyric or a pamphlet: either would be too mean for him.

It was precisely because Turgenev, as artist, was himself "the condensed expression of life", that his works, supreme literary gems, exerted such a powerful influence on the social life of his country.

"The Diary of a Sportsman" aroused bitter antagonism to Turgenev in official circles. They saw in the author a dangerous element in the intellectual life of Russia. But it was not until 1852 that they were able to vent their wrath upon the great writer. It was Turgenev's tribute to Gogol, when the latter died, which furnished the reactionary regime the pretext
to silence the man who, as artist and poet, ranked highest after Gogol. Turgenev was arrested and came near being sent to Siberia. But he escaped with a month's imprisonment and banishment to his estate. In impaired health and deeply saddened over the conditions of his country, he later left Russia for Europe. He frequently paid short visits to his native land, but most of his life was spent in Germany and France, chiefly in the latter.

While in Paris Turgenev met the Viardot family, Monsieur Viardot being a well-known literary critic and translator, and Mme Viardot a celebrated singer and musician. Both became his devoted friends, but unfortunately for the poet he fell deeply in love with Mme. Viardot, though the lady may never have even suspected his attachment. At any rate it remained unrequited, a circumstance which added much to the sadness and loneliness of Turgenev. Generously the great Russian devoted himself with all the tenderness of his rich nature to the children of his friends, two young girls, whose education he supervised together with the parents. He took an intense interest in Mme. Viardot's artistic career, being elated over each success of the singer even more perhaps than herself. Theirs was a beautiful friendship, which lasted until Turgenev's death. But he knew the feeling of vain longing for the unattainable, which he portrayed so movingly in his plays.

In later years, almost within the shadow of death from disease (Turgenev suffered for many years from cancer of the spinal cord) he formed a passionate
attachment for the famous actress Savina. She played in most of his works, her interpretative art reaching its height in "The Provincial Woman". Turgenev's letters to Savina are among the most touching outpourings of the human heart, full of the unspoken pathos of age clinging to youth and life, yet constantly aware of the inevitable result.

The works which followed "The Diary of a Sportsman" -- "Dimitri Rudin", "A Nobleman's Retreat", "On the Eve", "Virgin Soil", "Smoke", are expressive of Turgenev's feeling toward the Russian intelligentsia of his time, the rising generation of rebellion, fully awakened to the social and political problems yet lacking the will to action. No more faithful portrait of the types of his day, drawn with realistic artistry, deep understanding and the inevitable sadness of his race, --- qualities that permeate all of Turgenev's works. In his penetrating study, the brilliant critic George Brandes most truly characterizes the great Russian:

There flows a deep and broad stream of melancholy in Turgenev's mind and therefore also in his works ... There is so much of Turgenev's personality expressed in his art, and this personality is always sadness --- a specific sadness without a touch of sentimentality.

Turgenev never gives himself up entirely to his feelings; he impresses by restraint; but no West European writer is so sad as he. The great melancholists of the Latin race, such as Leopardi and Flaubert, have hard, fast words in their style; the German sadness is of somber humor, or it is pathetic, or sentimental. Turgenev's melancholy is, in its substance, the melancholy of the Slavonic races, in its world and tragic aspect, it is a descendant of a straight line from the melancholy of the Biblical folk-song ....
When Gogol is melancholy, it is from despair. When Dostoevsky expresses the same feeling, it is because his heart bleeds with sympathy for the down-trodden, and especially for great sinners. Tolstoy's melancholy has its foundation in his religious fatalism. Turgenev alone is a philosopher .... He loves man, even though he does not think much of him and does not trust him very much.

With the succeeding years Turgenev's sadness increased because of the lack of understanding he found among the very elements he loved most and was eager to express the young intellectual generation of his time. This failure of appreciation on the part of the Russian intelligentsia was the direct reflex of the ignorance and antagonism they met when they gave themselves to the people -- going "V'narod" -- when they left their wealthy homes and forsake social station to devote their knowledge and lives to the Russian peasantry.

In his prose-poem, "The Working Men and the Man with the White Hands", Turgenev depicts with melancholy verity the general attitude of the masses toward the intellectual at the period of that unique historic movement.

THE WORKING MEN AND THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HANDS

A DIALOGUE

Working Man: What d'ye want among us? What are ye up to? You ain't one of us, you ain't.
Clear out, I advise you!

The Man with the White Hands: I belong to you, dear brothers.
The Emma Goldman Papers

Working man: Er's a gâ! The idea! Look ye're at my 'ands. Don't ye see how dirty they be? They smell of tar and musk; -- your hands are o'lean and white, and what do they smell of?

The Man with the White Hands: Smell them!

Working man (smelling the other's hands): What? Blowed if they don't smell of iron!

The Man with the White Hands: You are right. -- of iron. For six long years they bore heavy chains.

Working man: What for?

The Man with the White Hands: Shop because I was interested in your welfare, because I wished to emancipate you, poor ignorant men, because I stood up in revolt against your oppressors. That is why I was put in chains.

Working Man: Locked up? But who told you to get up this yer revolt!

* * * * *

(TEN YEARS AFTER.)

First working Man: I say, Peter! Don't yer remember as "ow twa year ago one of these yer white-handed swells 'ad a talk with you?"

Second working Man: I remember ...... What about him now?

First working Man: Don't yer know 's 's got to be 'anged to-day? That's the order.

Second working Man: 'As he been and rowolted again?

First working Man: Of course he was rowolted.

Second working Man: H'm ...... I'll tell you what, Dmitry. 'Appy thought: git the rope an 'anged 'im. They do say it brings rare good luck to a 'ouse.
The young generation hailed as their own
the rising star on Russia's literary firmament when he
gave them the arraignement of servitude, or when they saw
their own image mirrored in "Rudin" or in "Virgin Soil".
But when Turgenev in his classic "Fathers and Sons"
created Bazarov, they regarded the hero of the story as
a parody of their holiest aspirations. They felt
their revolutionary ideal outraged, they denounced
Turgenev as an apostate, and they turned from him.
They failed to grasp that far from drawing a caricature
in Bazarov, Turgenev had portrayed the rare Russian
type he admired most — a man of terse personality and
strong will, of indomitable courage and unshakable deter-
mination — the supreme iconoclast who had declared war
on all false idols and who set out to annihilate them.

"Bazaroff", he wrote, puts all the other
personalities of my novel in the shade. He
is honest, straightforward, and a democrat of
the purest water, and you find no good qualities
in him. The duel with Pavel Petrivitch is
only introduced to show the intellectual emptiness
of the elegant, noble knighthood; in fact, I
even exaggerated and made it ridiculous.
My conception of Bazaroff is such as to make him
appear throughout much superior to Pavel
Petrivitch. Nevertheless, when he calls
himself nihilist you must read revolutionist.
To draw on one side a functionary who takes
bribes, and on the other an ideal youth — I
leave it to others to make such pictures.
My aim was much higher than that. I conclude
with one remark: If the reader is not won
by Bazaroff, notwithstanding his roughness,
absence of heart, pitiless, dryness and terseness,
than the fault is with me --- I have missed my aim; but to sweeten him with a syrup,
(to use Basaroff's own language), this I did
not want to do, although perhaps through that
I would have won Russian youth at once to my
side.

It is of historic importance in this connection
to point out that the term "nihilist", applied for so
many years to the Russian revolutionists of various
political shades, was first coined by Turgenev in
"Fathers and Sons" and referred to the negation of all
existing institutions and accepted standards.

By the test of modern psycho-analysis one
would not go far amiss in seeking in the character of
Basaroff the subconscious longing of Turgenev for the
elements lacking in himself. He was undoubtedly more
the dreamer than the man of action, or perhaps sufficient-
ly of each to account for the anguish of his constant
inner struggle. Too well Turgenev knew the tragedy
of this conflict within the human soul, graphically
delineated in his introspective lecture on "Hamlet and
Don Quixote".

Don Quixote is imbued with devotion towards
his ideal, for which he is ready to suffer all
possible privations, to sacrifice his life; like
itself he values only so far as it can serve for
the incarnation of the ideal, for the promotion
of truth, of justice on Earth .... He lives for
his brothers, for opposing the forces hostile
to mankind: the witches, the giants --- that is,
the oppressors .... Therefore he is fearless,
patient; he is satisfied with the most modest
food, the poorest cloth; he has other things to
think of. Humble in his heart, he is great
and daring in his mind .... And who is not a
Nihilist, Analysis, first of all, and egoist, and therein
no faith. He lives entirely for himself, he is
an egoist; but to believe in one's self ---
on egoist cannot do that; we can believe only
something which is outside us and above us

As he has doubts of everything, Hamlet evidently does not spare himself; his intellect is too developed to remain satisfied with what he finds in himself; he feels his weakness, but each self-consciousness is a force; --- and thence from his irony, the opposite of the enthusiasm of Don Quixote.

--- a poor man, almost a beggar, without means and relations, old, isolated --- undertakes to redress all the evils and to protect oppressed strangers all over the earth. What does it matter to him that his first attempt at freeing the innocent from his oppressor falls twice as heavily upon the head of the innocent himself?

What does it matter that, thinking that he has to deal with monstrous giants, Don Quixote attacks useful windmills? --- Nothing of the sort can ever happen with Hamlet! How could he, with his scrupulous, refined, sceptical mind, ever commit such a mistake? No, he will not fight with windmills, he does not believe in giants --- but he could not have attacked them even if they did exist --- And yet, although Hamlet is a sceptic, although he disbelieves in good, he does not believe in evil. Evil and deceit are his invariable enemies. His scepticism is no indifferenceism ..... But in negation, as in fire, there is a destructive power, and how to keep it in bounds, how to tell it where to stop, when that which it must destroy, and which it is must spare, are often inseparably welded together? Here it is that the often-noticed tragic aspect of human life comes in: for action we require will, and for action we require thought; but thought and will have parted from each other, and separate every day more and more ..... 

"And thus the native hue of resolution Is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Thought and will may indeed "separate every day more & more", but the inner need of unity --- felt by every creative artist --- is always their crucible, and at the same time the source of their strength and inspiration. No doubt Turgenev knew and experienced this; honour he loved both types, endowing them with all the beauty his creative imagination would muster.

Turgenev was at his best in depicting the new, in his time, --- type of Russian woman --- the
idealistic with unbounded capacity for consecration in love or revolution. Natasha in "Rudin", Lisa in "On the Eve", Helen in "Virgin Soil", represent their author's tender understanding of the radiant figures of the revolutionary struggle in Russia. Realistically artistic and deeply sympathetic is his portrait of Sophie Perovskaya, who died on the gallows in 1881, and whom Turgenev has painted with such reverence and affection in "On the Threshold".

I have already mentioned that Turgenev was no mere reformer and no party man, his sympathies always on the side of the advanced and militant elements of the revolutionary movement. Although living abroad as a voluntary exile, Turgenev was keenly interested in the life of his country. He kept in close touch with its intellectual development and when Alexander Herzen, one of the most brilliant and thoughtful rebels of the period, began the publication of "The Kolokol" (The Bell), a journal laying bare the evils and abuses in Russia, Turgenev became its ardent supporter, just as he always responded generously to the needs of his countrymen compelled to flee Russia of the reactionary regime.

The more surprising is Turgenev's resentful and even antagonistic attitude toward that most stormy petrel Russia has produced, the Anarchist Michael Bakunin. Turgenev's letters to Herzen about Bakunin are permeated with a narrowness and peevishness one would hardly expect in so tender and mellow a character. It has even been suggested that in "Dmitri Rudin" Turgenev ridiculed Bakunin, who was then buried alive in the
F. of Peter-and-Paul, in St. Petersburg. I personally can find no resemblance between Bakunin and Audin, nor could I discover any reference to the matter in the work of Peter Kropotkin, who knew Turgenev well. But if the charge be true, Turgenev’s animosity toward Bakunin could be explained only by the extreme difference of temperament between the two great Russians. Turgenev, super-refined and contemplative artist, was too deeply disturbed by the fiery rebel who came-like swept from Russia across the continent, the Bazrarov of actual revolt.

However deplorable the hostility between these two remarkable Russians, Turgenev stands out as the man of infinite capacity for kindness, as supreme artist and great spirit who has generously enriched art and letters in Russia. His death in 1883 after a tortuous life of disappointment and illness, was mourned by all of Russia and deepest by the very generation which had so cruelly misjudged him. With Russia Western Europe also grieved over the loss of a great creative genius.

Ivan Segeyevitch Turgenev wrote ten dramas, very ably translated by Mr. M.3. Mendell, Instructor in Russian at Yale University, and published by Messrs. Heinemann, of London. Out of this collection I have chosen four of the most characteristic plays, which offer an adequate idea of Turgenev’s dramatic art.
vassily semenitch knowvkin, an impoverished nobleman, has been living on charity at the estate of the parents of young olga petrovna kletskaia. when the curtain rises great preparations are going on for the reception of olga petrovna and her husband, who are returning from their honeymoon. the neighbours have been invited, and there is to be a grand dinner for the young couple.

they arrive, and in the course of the feast poor vassily semenitch is goaded on to drink, which he is not able to do with much grace. the neighbours by their cruel pranks and jokes about his dependent position succeed in getting vassily drunk and then make him tell of his early life on the estate, the humiliating treatment by the master, now dead, and his lack of courage to free himself from his degrading position. vassily struggles against his tormentors, but finally succumbs to the influence of liquor: he discloses his right to live on the estate because he is the father of olga petrovna. general consternation.

in the second scene vassily is summoned to olga to explain himself. he at first denies what he said in his drunken state, but she continues to ply him with questions and finally learns the secret he had carried with him for so many years. he had come to the estate as a young man; the master was hard and cruel, especially to olga's mother, who was delicate
and refined. Gradually friendship and love developed between the two young people, and Olga was the result. Vassily then meant to leave, but Olga's mother, afraid of her brutal and frequently drunken husband, persuaded him to remain. After she died, it was Olga who kept him on the estate for her protection. During all these years he treasured the secret in his heart, never even by a sign betraying his great love for Olga, his child.

Kusovkin's story, told in an inebriated condition, is given little credence by the people. But Olga is afraid to have it become definitely established that Kusovkin is her father. It might mean the loss of her husband's love. She therefore decides to send her father away. On some pretext her husband furnishes the money needed to redeem a small estate, which once belonged to Kusovkin, and the latter decides to leave.

The parting between Kusovkin and his daughter is portrayed with deep feeling and beauty, and is one of the most moving scenes of the two-act play.

THE BACHELOR

"The Bachelor" is a fair instance of the sympathetic humanity of Turgenev. Mikhail Ivanyich Meshkin is a bachelor, forty-nine years old. With him in the house lives Maria Vassilieva, known as Masha, a simple Russian girl, an orphan about nineteen.

In the first act Meshkin appears laden with packages for a festive dinner at which the engagement
of Masha to Pyotr, a young clerk who works in the same governmental bureau with Moshkin, is to be announced. Moshkin, a true father to the orphan girl, is as elated over the approaching event as if Masha had been his own child.

Pyotr is of a weak character, undecided and selfish. He does not really love Masha, but he has promised to marry her in compliance with the wishes of Moshkin. After the engagement, however, Pyotr begins to cool towards the project and his bride. His new attitude is influenced by Von Pönk, the councilor, a titled gentleman who observes all the proprieties of good society and looks upon such people as poor Masha and even Moshkin as inferior beings.

Pyotr is flattered by the friendship of such an important personage as the councilor, who convinces him that Masha is plain and not at all suited for a wife of an educated, aspiring young man. Von Pönk gradually means Pyotr away from Moshkin’s house and from Masha.

There begins the struggle of Moshkin to win back Pyotr and to make him keep his promise to Masha. The latter grows sadder and thinner every day; she not only feels her loss, but also the disgrace of being jilted. Kind, devoted Moshkin is driven to greater efforts in the orphan’s behalf. He fairly waylays and blackmails the young chap, but in the end he has to give up in despair.

The last scene is full of pathos. Moshkin, so eager to save Masha, to see her well and cheerful
again, suddenly awakens to the realization that he cares for his ward in a more than fatherly sense. "Why not marry her," he wonders, "if she will have me." He proposes to Nasha, and she, perhaps more out of gratitude than love, accepts the man whom she had always considered so kind, so thoughtful, so sincerely devoted to her.

"An Amicable Settlement", a one-act comedy, shows the best vein of Turgenev's humor. At the same time it reveals his scepticism of women's logic.

Nikolai Ivanovitch Balagatsev, marshal of the nobility, undertakes to bring about an amicable settlement of the feud between a sister and brother, his neighbours.

The Marshal has invited several impartial friends to help in the division of the property --- the cause of the quarrel between the widow Anna Krurova and her brother Baspandin. The proceedings are soggily funny. Particularly well drawn is the obstinate and unreasonable Anna who repeatedly agrees to abide by the decision of the Marshal, but at the critical moment refuses.

After a long parley the people present break up into two opposing factions and begin a quarrel with each other, which drives the poor Marshal to despair and to his bed. The feud remains unsettled.

"A month in the Country". Natasha Petrovna Islaev is the wife of a wealthy landowner. She is twenty-nine and has a boy of ten, Kolya. Her girlhood
had been far from joyous, and when Ilaev offered marriage she accepted, more because of her desire for a home than for love. Now the Ilaeves live at their country estate. With them is the friend of the family, Mikhail Alexandrovitch, Rakitin; Vera, a foundling adopted by Natasha, a girl of seventeen; their son Kolya and Ilaev's mother.

Rakitin loves Natasha, and she is aware of it. She enjoys his attentions, although knowing that she is playing with fire. But she has faith in his sterling friendship for both herself and her husband, and their relations remain platonic.

Into this idyll comes Kolya's new tutor, Alexei Bielyaev. He is young, ardent, and active. Vera and the young tutor spend much time together. Innocent of the ways of love, she does not realize that she has caught fire. Soon however her secret, which she did not dare admit to herself even, is discovered by the older, more subtle Natasha.

The reserve Natasha so successfully maintained with Rakitin dissolves like snow at the first touch of spring when Biselyaev comes on the scene. Her suspicion of the two young people, who are constantly together, accomplishes the rest. Under pretext of her interest in Vera, Natasha pries into the young girl's soul and finally coaxes her into a confession of her love for Alexei. The same Natasha who a week prior to the arrival of the young man refused the offer of marriage made Vera by a neighbouring landowner, is now ready to marry her off to the ugly, uninteresting man of forty, thus making Vera's life more miserable than her own in a loveless relationship.
Alexei is quite unaware of the machinations of the love-sick lady of the house. So is Natasha's husband. Absorbed in the care of his estate, he has not the faintest idea of the passionate love of his friend Rakitin for his wife, much less is he able to explain the hysterical attacks, the fainting spells, the violent outbursts of Natasha who had always been so quiet, so poised, apparently so contented.

But with the keen eye of unrequited love Rakitin sees the cause of Natasha's change and the danger which is threatening the household. He decides to leave and also prevails upon Alexei to do the same. Before his departure Rakitin impresses upon his friend Islayev the need of giving himself more to his wife rather than to the estate. He calls the husband's attention to her need of love, of distraction, of vital interests in life. Thus shielding Islayev from the disclosure of his wife's infatuation for young Belyaev, he and the young man depart, and the impending tragedy is averted.

In this as in his other plays Turgenev incorporated his own emotional experiences, particularly his tragic affection for Mme. Viardot. Kusovkin in "The Family Charge", Moskhin in "The Bachelor", Rakitin in "A Month in the Country" -- all of them are variations of Turgenev himself in his great capacity for love and devotion to those whose love he could not hope to win. All reflect his own greatness of spirit and deep understanding for the pathos in life.

More than any other Russian writer Turgenev...
was under the influence of Western culture, so apparent in his novels as well as in his plays. His comedies lend themselves easily for the English stage, more so than the works of most other Russian dramatists.
CHAPTER VII

TOLSTOY

"The hero of my stories whom I love with all the fervour of my soul, whom I have tried to portray in all his beauty, who is always beautiful to me and always will remain beautiful is - the Truth."

Tolstoy.

Lev Nikolayevitch Tolstoy was the greatest seeker of the truth in modern times. He was the flame that illumined our dark social horizon, bringing to light all the pretence and sham hidden under the tinsel garments of our culture. This flame that burned within Tolstoy's soul was conditioned in the man's nature, now smouldering, now flaring up, and always consuming him with fierce longing for the truth as the key to the meaning and purpose of life.

The conflict created in Tolstoy between his vision of truth and the social forces which so often checked his march towards the realization of his ideal is among the deepest human tragedies of our time. Already in his early youth, in fact even in his boyhood, this conflict began to harass his spirit. When other children gave themselves up to play and frolic, the boy Tolstoy beast by serious thoughts, which often exalted him to the heights and again thrust him into the darkness of self-torture, remorse and the feeling of sin. In "My Youth" Tolstoy gives us a glimpse into this state
of mind when he was barely sixteen. Even in those
tender years he is torn between the ideal of goodness
and his ambition for success, for glory and recognition.
He is tortured by the consciousness of sin and the need
of confessing his inmost thoughts and feelings so that
he may not be tempted to sin again.

"Today I shall confess, I shall purify
myself of all sins, and I shall never commit
more.... I shall go to Church every Sunday,
and afterwards I shall read the Gospels for
an hour; and then, out of the white bank-bill
which I will receive every month when I
enter the university, I will be sure to give
two roubles and a half (one tenth) to the
poor, and in such a manner that no one shall
know it --- and not to beggars, but I will
seek out poor people, an orphan or old woman,
whom no one knows about.

"I shall have a room to myself, and I
shall take care of it myself, and I shall
keep it wonderfully clean; and I shall
leave the man nothing to do for me, for he
is just the same as I am.

These resolutions soon give way to dreams
of ambition and the yearning of 'graduating with
two gold medals', for then I shall stand the
examination for the degree of Master, then
Doctor, and I shall become the leading savant
in Russia; I may be the most learned man in
Europe even .... I want everybody to know
and love me ..... I am sure I will become the
greatest and most distinguished man in the world
very soon.

But these ambitions and hopes were not
without their admixture of disgust at myself,
and remorse, but remorse so mingled with hope
and bliss that there was nothing sorrowful
about it .... A single voice of remorse, and of
passionate desire for perfection, was the
chief new spiritual sentiment of that epoch
of my development .... That beneficent, cheering
voice has, since then, so often boldly been
raised, in those sad hours when the soul has
silently submitted to the weight of life's
falsehood and vice, against every untruth,
maliciously convulsing the past, pointing to
the bright spot of the present and making
one love it, and promising good and happiness
in the future --- the blessed, comforting
voice! Wilt thou ever cease to sound?"
That "blessed, comforting voice" never ceased to sound in Tolstoy's life. It grew to be the clarion call of our age. It reached to the four corners of the earth, flaying the traducers of life, the usurers in human happiness, and it brought hope and courage to the fettered spirit of man.

Tolstoy was born at Yasnaya Polyana, (Government of Tula) on August 23, 1828. His mother died when he was barely two years old; his father seven years later. The nine-year old child was left to the care of his numerous aunts and tutors who began the process of his education. But his real educators were the servants and the peasants on the estate and even more so nature with all her grandeur and mystery.

At the age of fifteen Tolstoy entered the ancient university at Kazan to take up the study of oriental languages and jurisprudence. With unusual penetration in one so young, he soon detected the artifice of institutional learning. His keen observation while at the university laid the foundation for his subsequent severe criticism of the shallowness of academic training and education. He passed his examination in law with great difficulties. Instead he learned much of the injustice and wrong of law:

"We all know how laws are made; (he wrote), we have all been behind the scenes; we all know that the laws are products of selfishness, deception, partisanship, that true justice does not and can not dwell in them. Government is an association of men who do violence to the rest. All governments, the despotic and
liberal alike, have in our time become what
Hesse has so aptly called a Jenghis Khan
with telegraphs."

Tolstoy learned in later years in what
manner masses of people are made to submit to the evils
of government.

The latter, (he wrote), is a highly artificial organization
created with the help of scientific progress in which all men are bewitched into a circle of
violence from which they cannot free themselves.
There are four means of influence, links in a
long chain. First, the "hypnotization of the
people", leading them to the erroneous opinion
that the existing order is unchangeable and must
be upheld. The second means is bribery employed
by the State to a small clan in the form of
positions and special privileges. The third
is intimidation which consists in setting down
the present State order --- whether republican
or the most grossly despotic --- as something
sacred and unchangeable and imposing the most
frightful penalties upon every attempt to change
it. The fourth means is to separate a certain
part of all men whom they have stupified and
bewitched, subjected them to special forms of
stupification and bestialization, so that they
become will-less tools of every brutality and
cruelty that the governments see fit to resolve
upon. Intimidation, bribery, hypnosis bring
men to enlist as soldiers. The, then afford
the possibility of pacification, men, plundering them
in order to bribe officials with the money; a
hypnotizing them, and thus bringing them into the
ranks of the very soldiers on whom the power for
all this is based.

This conception of the nature of government
and the function of law gradually developed in Tolstoy
in the course of his spiritual growth, but the foundation
for it was laid during his study of law. Needless to
say, he never made use of his profession as a jurist.
But he profited by his legal knowledge to emancipate
himself and others from the superstition of government
as an unchangeable and immutable institution.

Barely nineteen years of age Tolstoy
returned to Yasnaya Polyana, planning to begin reforms.
on his estate to improve the lot of the peasants. But his good intentions were wrecked by the inherent suspicion of the peasant toward his master and Tolstoy's own lack of comprehension at that time of the real needs of the peasantry. At that period, in the latter forties, the entire social and agricultural life of Russia was based on serfdom. The peasants yearned for some personal liberty and land. Tolstoy realized the inadequacy of his palliative reforms; he saw that the fault was not with the peasants, but rather with him and his class that lived off the sweat and toil of the people he wanted to help. It was then that Tolstoy advanced the idea that the "rich will do everything for the poor except get off their backs."

After his abortive experience on Yasnaya

Polyana Tolstoy left for the Caucasus, attracted to that country by its beauty and wildness, by the primitiveness and fascination of its native life. It was there that he first began systematic literary work. He wrote "Childhood", "Boyhood", and "Youth", stories evincing a fine understanding of the difficult psychology of child life.

Later Tolstoy was induced to enter the army to participate in the war waged by the Cossacks against some of the semi-savage tribes of the Caucasus. These experiences he subsequently incorporated in his very interesting Caucasian stories. The following Crimean campaign afforded Tolstoy far greater opportunity to learn the real meaning of war and its frightful effect upon army and populace alike. The Sevastopol stories
were conceived amidst the horrors of battle, in the face of death. Their publication established Tolstoy among the greatest writers of Russia, at the same time arousing the social conscience of the country. For in these sketches Tolstoy stripped war of its glamour and romance, depicting it in all its brutal and shameful nakedness. From that period dates Tolstoy’s adherence of war and his passionate protest against it and all its machinery of militarism and patriotism.

On his return from the front to Petrograd and Moscow, Tolstoy took up the usual life led by men of his class, spending his time in riotous living and indulgence. But while the sensibilities of his comrades were blunted, the “Blessed voice” in Tolstoy would not be stilled. His search for some purpose and meaning in life, his yearning for what is higher and finer than the existence he was leading, could not be appeased. In his “Confession” Tolstoy speaks very frankly of the life he had led at that period:

I cannot recall those years without horror, disgust, and pain at the heart. I murdered men in war, challenged them to duels in order to kill them; I gambled; bottled upon the labour of the peasants; I punished them, fornicated and deceived. Falsehood, theft, adulteries of all sorts, drunkenness, violence, murder... There was not a crime that I did not commit, and for this I was praised and was thought then and am considered now by my contemporaries to be a fairly moral man.

When Tolstoy was twenty-eight years of age
he fell in love with a young girl, Varina Arsenyev, fully determined to marry her, but whether their affection was not intense enough to endure, or that Tolstoy found the lady wanting, the friendship was of short duration. The result of this experience was
a series of love-letters, recently published in English. In their light Tolstoy appears more the moral teacher than the lover. They are mainly expressions of his ideas on the relationship between man and woman, the need of frankness and honesty in voicing one's views and feelings, and similar problems which were uppermost in his mind at that time. Under date of November 12th, 1866, Tolstoy writes:

The way of life of a man and woman depends on (1) their inclination, and (2) their means. Let us examine the one and the other. A. N. Povitsky, (Tolstoy's nickname) is a man morally old, who in youth committed many follies for which he paid with the happiness of the best years of his life, and who now found his aim and vocation --- literature. In his soul he despises society, adores a peaceful family moral life, and there is nothing on earth he so much dreads as a distracted society life, in which all the good, honest, pure thoughts and feelings perish and in which one becomes the slave of social conventions and of creditors.

Lovely Mrs. Dembitsky (nickname of his bride) has not yet felt anything of the sort; for her happiness consists in balls, bare shoulders, a carriage, diamonds, acquaintance with chamberlains, lieutenant-generals, etc. And so these two with opposite inclinations have fallen in love with each other. How then should they behave as to live together? In the first place they must make concessions to each other; secondly, the one whose inclination is less moral than the other's must make more concessions. I should be willing to live in the country, I should have three occupations: love for D. and care for her happiness, literature, and managing my estate in the way that I understand it, i.e. doing my duty towards the people entrusted to me...

Subsequently Tolstoy must have realized that such "difference of inclinations" cannot be bridged by mere concessions. Also that his love for the girl was not abiding, because he suddenly broke off the correspondence and went abroad. But the ideas on marriage and the home were later elaborated by him and found expression in his story "Family Happiness".
Tolstoy travelled through Germany, Italy, France, Switzerland eager to discover, to learn. But he found Western Europe with its alleged culture as hollow as at home. He saw the same injustice, the same evils and wrongs, the same arrogance, merely in a more polished form. "Luzern" was the offspring of Tolstoy's European experiences. In that work he treats of the cold indifference of the wealthy, and even of those who pride themselves on being artists, toward the poverty and misery of the disinherited. The poor fiddler who pours his soul out in front of a fashionable hotel enthralls his hearers by his art, but few have enough responsiveness to throw the man a coin. Tolstoy's sensitive soul smarts under such callousnesses. He takes the musician into the fashionable restaurant, much to the chagrin of the other guests and to the evident discomfort of the ragged man himself. A picture painted with all the simplicity and power of Tolstoy's genius.

Shunning the hollow glare of fashionable society, growing more indifferent to the alleged importance of the intellectual world, Tolstoy becomes interested in new methods of education, which he attempts to adopt to the needs of his own people at home --- the peasants and their children. On his return to Yasny Polyana, he organised a school which was not only unique in Russia, but was also fundamentally different from anything known abroad.

His love for and understanding of children Tolstoy had evidenced in his early stories of childhood and boyhood. Now, in 1861, he had the opportunity to
practically apply his new conception of education. His school at Yasnaya Polyana was entirely free from discipline of any kind. There were no programs, no designed methods to be imposed upon the child. No text-books filled with predigested theories and views to be forced upon the defenseless victims. On the contrary, to Tolstoy the child itself was the starting point, and the study of the child the best education of the teacher. He thought it self-evident that real education consists in developing the latent qualities of the child, to be accomplished only by the freedom of the child's expression and the closest bond of friendship, confidence and affection between teacher and pupil.

Most important of all, Tolstoy eliminated not merely the form but the very idea of punishment in his school. He knew the terrible effect of punishment in his own childhood which left a deep scar on his soul. In his "Recollections" he refers to an incident that remained indelible with him:

I don't remember for what precisely, but for something undeserved, St. Thomas (his French tutor) first shut me up in a room and then threatened me with the cane. And I felt a terrible feeling of revolt and indignation and disgust not only against St. Thomas, but also at the violence which he wanted to use on me. I do not doubt that it was this incident that caused the horror and disgust at any sort of violence which I have felt all my life long.

With this sense of horror deeply ingrained in his being, Tolstoy made punishment unnecessary by rendering life and work in his school so interesting to the children that they were loath to leave it. They could be prevailed upon to go home only if their adored teacher Lev Nikolayevitch would accompany them and tell
and tell them those wonderful stories that enriched
their minds and awakened their souls.

Tolstoy's educational experiment could not
but be a thorn in the Tsar's regime, with the result of
violent interruptions. In the absence of Tolstoy
gendarmes descended upon Yasnaya Polyana, ransacked
every corner of the place, and did not even spare Tolstoy's
private papers. Thereupon he notified Alexander II
that he kept a loaded revolver ready to shoot down every
policeman who dared invade his house. There were
no more searches, and for many years the school continued
its wonderful work.

After his marriage, in 1862, to Sphie Behr,
a girl sixteen years his junior, Tolstoy took up his
permanent abode in Yasnaya Polyana. He devoted himself
to his wife, to the care of his school, and the supervision
of his estate. During this period he created two of
his greatest works: the monumental "War and Peace", followed
by the artistically perfect "Anna Karenina". These were
probably the happiest years of Tolstoy's life, years that
were still free from the family conflicts that raged so
fiercely in his later life. His social and ethical
outlook had not yet become entirely clarified at this
period. Countess Tolstoy could follow her husband and
even be of great literary help to him. She is said to
have copied "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina" eighteen
times --- a titan work made possible only by love and
devotion. Much that took place in Yasnaya Polyana
subsequently --- if the fault of the Countess --- may be
forgiven her for her service to the world and to letters.
"War and Peace", written between the years 1865 - 1869, is an epic of the Russian people in the various manifestations of life. On the background of world stirring events — the Napoleonic campaigns, the burning of Moscow, and the great battles — Tolstoy painted with master hand the life, ambitions, struggles, and death of the most varied types and personalities, stripped of all pretense and unanswered in all their human-thickness. It is a gigantic panorama of wealth and poverty, of power and subjection, of love, hate, and destruction. Through it all the peasant stands in the foreground: it is he who feeds the people and the armies; he, as common soldier, who wins the battles for which the generals and the marionettes in high office get the glory. A universal canvas of human life is "War and Peace".

"Anna Karenina", created during a time of awakening, inner conflict (1875-1876) is, like almost all of Tolstoy's works, autobiographical. Most Russian critics saw in this novel merely a tragedy of the pitfalls of love and matrimonial errors. But the great peer of Tolstoy, Fyodor Dostoyevsky, himself a profound seer of the inner motives controlling and compelling feeling and action, considered "Anna Karenina" one of the most significant of Tolstoy's works. He characterised it as a deep and powerful study of the evils inherent in modern society, of the weaknesses and contradictions conditioned in the very nature of man — those hidden and mysterious maladies that are beyond the cure of the physician or the retribution of the Judge.

At this period Tolstoy was beset by doubts and
questions that imperatively urged solution and yet found none.

"Why all this?" he would ask himself; "is this the real, true life?" Neither in his life nor his literary pursuits could he find consolation or peace.

All that he had created before seems meaningless and trivial to him now. He seeks to absorb himself in social reform work in Moscow. But there also he meets only falsehood and sham. And while his friends and the world at large proclaimed Tolstoi, the great literary master and rejoiced in his work and life, he himself was in the depths of mental agony and distress, his existence a burden to him. "My life is empty, meaningless and unbearable," he writes at this time. He is haunted by the thought of suicide as the only relief out of it all. In his "Confession" he says:

"Behold at that time, I, a happy man, hid a rope from myself so as not to hang myself on the cross-beam between the cupboards in my room, where every evening I was alone, while undressing, and stopped going out to hunt with a gun so as not to be tempted by that too easy way of ending my life.

He is saved from this temptation, he tells us, by his growing intimacy with the workpeople, the peasants. Ever more convinced he becomes that only their life of labor has meaning and usefulness, while his own existence and that of his class is not only unnecessary but positively serves to oppress the masses with heavy burdens, slavery and poverty. What right has he to enjoy comforts and luxuries, beauty and culture when these are obtained only at the expense of the disinherited, of the miserable beings living in the slums of Moscow, of the millions of peasants doomed to ignorance and darkness? He devotes
himself more deeply to the study of the life of the people, and the more he learns to understand them, the greater his love of them, the more compelling the realization that he must live as they do.

Beginning with the birds and the lowest animals, (he writes at this period) all live to maintain life and to secure it for others; I did not secure it even for myself. I lived as a parasite, and having put to myself the question, "What do I live for?" I got the reply, "For no purpose."

The inner conflict, which with Tolstoy began in early childhood, kept recurring and growing more severe, poisoning the entire being of the man, up to the culminating point of his attempt to decipher the meaning of life by entirely withdrawing himself from it. After years of doubt and travail he discovered at last --- he believed --- the long-sought solution in the original teachings of Jesus. Not, of course, in the sense of the Christian dogma.

"Of a God, external creator, origin of origins we know nothing," he wrote. The gospel of love, as given in the Sermon on the Mount, became his liberating faith.

To this period belong the series of "Dogmatic Theology", prefaced by "My Confession", "What is my Faith", "What is the Kingdom of God in yourself", and a number of other treatises, full of critical penetration and fearless thought, stripping official Christianity of its mysticism and superstition. At no time did Tolstoy look upon Christianity as a revelation, but merely as a sound and simple teaching divested and purified of the dogmatic and supernatural. He believed that "if
the teaching of Christ, together with the teaching of the Church that has grown upon it, did not exist at all -- those who now call themselves Christians would have been nearer the teachings of Christ -- that is, to an intel-
ligent teaching about the good of life -- than they are now. The moral teachings of the prophets of mankind would then not have been closed to them.

He further elaborates this conception by saying:

"Humility moves slowly but unceasingly onward, towards an ever higher development of consciousness; but in this ascent of man all men do not move at an equal pace, and the less sensitive continue to adhere to the previous understanding and order of life, and try to uphold it. This they achieve mainly by means of the religious deception which consists in the intentional confusion of faith with superstition, and the substitution of the one for the other."

"The only means to emancipate ourselves from this deception, (Tolstoy affirm), is to understand and to remember that the only instrument which man possesses for the acquisition of knowledge is reason, and that therefore every teaching which affirms that which is contrary to reason is a delusion."

Contrary to the accepted opinion, Tolstoy did not share the current Christian belief in immortality. On the contrary, he saw in it an obstacle to true Christianity. "So can give a deeper meaning to our life," he tells us, "by making it tube a service to mankind, by merging our life into the life of the universe."

The church having become the straight-jacket upon the spirit of Christ, Tolstoy sees in the former the greatest hindrance to the practice of the teachings of Jesus in our individual and social life. He
expresses this attitude in most simple and powerful language:

Strange as it may sound, the churches have always been not merely alien but downright hostile to the teachings of Christ, and they must needs be so. The churches are not, as many think, institutions that are based on a Christian origin and have only erred a little from the right way. The churches are arrogance, violence, usurpation, rigidity, death.... The Church yielded to the world, and having yielded, followed it. The world did everything that it chose and left the Church to hobble after as well as it could with its teachings about the meaning of life. The world led its life, contrary to the teachings of Christ in each and every point. And the Church contrived subtleties to demonstrate that in living contrary to Christ's law men were living in harmony with it. And it ended in the world's beginning to load a life worse than the life of the heathen, and the churches daring not only to justify such a life, but even to assert that this was precisely what corresponded to Christ's teaching.

His repudiation of the dogmas and hypocrisy of the Church, Tolstoy gradually extends to the State and its fundamental institution of private property. In these he sees the dominant evils of society, the cause of slavery, poverty, exploitation, the source of violence, individual and collective. Over and again he emphasizes that the lust for wealth and power, nurtured and protected by State and Church, must be destroyed if humanity is ever to be free from its present unnatural and vicious mode of life.

In the first years of his spiritual awakening, Tolstoy believed in absolute non-resistance, as the surest social cure. Later he advocated the idea of not resisting evil by evil. Were the world ready to follow Tolstoy's admonition to refuse allegiance...
tribute to the State, to withdraw from participation in the destructive business of war, to abstain from dealing with the courts, the effect of such determined passivity might well result in basic changes in our social life, and perhaps lead to the realization of Tolstoy’s vision of a society founded upon the union of harmony and order without man-made laws, a society whose members all labour and create, and where none lives at the expense of his fellows.

It seemed for a time that Tolstoy had completely subordinated his art to his new spiritual creed, but the artist in him was too dominant to remain submerged. Even his social and ethical tracts breathe the peculiar beauty of primitive simplicity and artistic directness. He rises again to great literary height in the stories, "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch", "Kreutzer Sonata", and "Resurrection". "Kreutzer Sonata" is certainly a brutally frank psychologic study of the alleged "sanctity" of marriage, artistically presented. It depicts fearlessly and powerfully the whole vulgarity and baseness of sexual relationship entered into largely for material considerations.

"Resurrection" is based on a personal episode in Tolstoy’s life. Nekhludov, a type that reappears in various works of Tolstoy, seduces the servant girl Katya and sends her to her doom and Siberia. But with Tolstoy the merely individual incident is always thrown upon a large social background, of which it is a logical and inevitable expression and part. It is because of this th...
"Resurrection" --- like most of Tolstoy's works --- becomes a passionate indictment against the wrongs and evils inherent in our present-day Society.

The soulless judicial machinery, which grinds the innocent and guilty alike, the barbarity and the cruel viciousness of accepted power and authority -- these are pillared with ruthless artistry, and spiritual regeneration held up as the only salvation from wrong and crime.

"Resurrection presents a tragic page in Tolstoy's own life. His most brilliant biographer, Paul Biryukov, gives the key to this work by quoting a conversation Tolstoy had with him while he was preparing the autobiography. Tolstoy said:

Now you are only writing pleasant things about me; that is untrue and incomplete. One must mention the bad things too. In my youth I led a very bad life, and two events of that time are a special torment to me even now. And I say this to you as my biographer, and I ask you to put it into my biography. Those events were: a liaison with a peasant woman, before my marriage. The second is a crime I committed against Masha, the parlour-maid who lived at my aunt's house. She was innocent, I seduced her, she was dismissed and was ruined.

The liaison with the peasant woman before his marriage again came to haunt Tolstoy when he was fifty-two, in the person of a young peasant girl on his estate. Mr. Aymer Maude, the translator of Tolstoy's posthumous work, "The Devil," relates the following story in his preface.

Tolstoy one day approached the young tutor who lived in his house at Yasnaya Polyana, and in great agitation asked him to do him a service. The tutor, seeing Tolstoy so moved, asked what he could possibly do for him. In an unsteady voice, Tolstoy replied: "Save me, I am failing!"
The tutor, in alarm, inquired what was the matter, to which Tolstoy replied: "I am overcome by sexual desire and feel a complete lack of power to restrain myself. I am in danger of yielding to the temptation. Help me!"

"I am a weak man myself," replied the tutor. "How can I help you?"

"You can if only you won't refuse!"

"But what must I do to help you?"

"This! Come with me on my daily walks. We'll go out together and talk, and the temptation will not occur to me."

They set out together, and Tolstoy told the tutor how during his daily walks he had encountered Domna, a young woman of twenty-two who had recently been engaged as the servants' cook. This Domna was a tall, healthy, attractive young woman with a fine figure and beautiful complexion, though not otherwise particularly handsome. At first for some days he had found it pleasant to watch her. Then he had followed her and talked to her. After that he had walked and talked with her, and at last he had arranged a rendezvous with her. The spot was in a distant alley on the estate; to reach it from the house one had to pass the windows of the children's schoolroom. When setting out past those windows next day to keep the appointment, he had gone through a terrible struggle between the temptation and his conscience. Just then his second son had called to him through the window, reminding him of a Greek lesson that had been fixed for that day, and this had detained Tolstoy. He broke it with as little and was glad to have been saved from keeping the appointment. But the temptation still tormented him. He tried the effect of prayer, but it did not free him. He suffered but felt powerless and as if he might yield at any moment. So as a last resource he resolved to try the effect of making a full confession to someone -- giving all particulars of the strength of the temptation that oppressed him and of his own weakness. He wished to feel as thoroughly ashamed of himself as possible, and he had decided to ask the tutor to accompany him on his daily walk, which usually he took alone. He also arranged that Domna should be removed to another place.
Written a decade after this incident, "The Devil" depicts this personal experience of Tolstoy, presenting what he considered the inevitable consequences of yielding to temptation.

"What is Art?" is Tolstoy's most contested work, even some of his most devoted adherents repudiating it. To make art "religious", to employ it specially for the multitude, seemed too much for those who because of their "exact" idea of art fail to see the meaning of life. Whatever one's attitude to the iconoclastic ideas expressed in his criticism of art, one is compelled to agree with Tolstoy that "the aim of artistic activity is to transmit the highest feelings which humanity has attained". "Art for art's sake" has always been an exotic plant for the edification of the privileged few, while ignoring the sordidness and wretchedness of the existence of the many. Tolstoy called that kind of art a "counterfeit" in its determination to remain deaf to the desperate cry seeking expression.

The two sweeping generalisations and general condemnation contained in "What is Art?" are undoubtedly due to Tolstoy's intense reaction toward the puerility and inaneness of the "art for art's sake" champions. Kropotkin is quite right in remarking that "to say that a folk song is greater than a Beethoven Sonata is not correct..." cannot compare the storm in the Alps and the struggle against it, counterparts of which we find in Beethoven's music, with a fine, quiet midsummer day and hay-making, to which corresponds a given folk-song. But truly great art, which, notwithstanding its depth and its lofty flight, will penetrate into every peasant's hut and inspire everyone...
The Emma Goldman Papers

[Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work] / [Emma Goldman].— [1926, draft, fragment].— 161 p.; 35 x 24 cm.

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With higher conceptions of thought and life — such an art is really wanted, I think it is possible.

It was the supreme gift of Tolstoy to paint life in a manner to be understood both by the epicure as well as the common man.

Tolstoy began playwriting at an advanced age — when he was sixty. His first dramatic effort, "The Distiller" is little more than a tract on the evils of drink.

Later he wrote "The Power of Darkness," a moving tragedy, artistic in form and real as life itself, the theme being based on an actual occurrence in which some of Tolstoy's peasants were the chief actors.

Peter, a rich peasant, is in a dying condition. Yet he clings to his money and slave-drives his young wife, Amaiya, his two daughters by a first marriage, and his peasant servant Nikita. He will not allow them any rest from their toil. For the greed of money is in his blood and the fear of death in his bones. Amaiya hates her husband: he forces her to drudge, and he is old and ill. She loves Nikita. The latter, young and irresponsible, cannot resist women, who are his main weakness and final undoing. Before he came to old Peter's farm, he had wronged an orphan girl. When she becomes pregnant, she appeals to Nikita's father, Akia, a simple and honest peasant. He urges his son to marry the girl, because "it is a sin to wrong an orphan. Look out, Nikita! A tear of offense does not flow past, but upon a man's head. Look out, or the same will happen with you."

Akia's kindness and simplicity are opposed by the viciousness and greed of his wife, Meizana.
Nikita remains on the farm, and Amiya, urged and influenced by his mother, poisons old Peter and steals his money.

When her husband dies, Amiya marries Nikita and turns the money over to him. Nikita becomes the head of the house, and soon proves himself a rake and a tyrant. Money and influence undermine whatever good is latent in him. Money, the destroyer of souls, together with the consciousness that he had been indirectly a party to Amiya's crime, turn Nikita into the woman into utter hatred. He takes for his mistress Akulina, Peter's oldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, deaf and silent, and forces Amiya to serve them. She had strength to resist her old husband, but her love for Nikita has made her weak. "The moment I see him my heart softens. I have no courage against him."

Old Akim comes to ask for a little money from his newly rich son. He quickly senses the swamp of corruption and vice into which Nikita has sunk. He tries to save him, to bring him back to himself, to arouse the better side of his nature. But he fails.

The ways of life are too evil for Akim. He leaves, refusing even the money he needs so badly to purchase a horse.

Akim: One sin holds on to another and pulls you down. Nikita, you are stuck in sins. You are stuck, I see, in sins. You are stuck fast, so to speak. I have heard that nowadays they pull fathers' beards, so to speak, but this leads only to ruin, to ruin, so to speak... There is your money. I will go and beg, so to speak, but I will not, so to speak, take the money ...... Let me go! I will not stay! I would rather sleep near the fence than in your nastiness.

The type of Akim is most vividly characterised by Tolstoy in the talk between the old peasant and the new help on the farm.

Nitrich: Let us suppose, for example, you have money, and I, for example, have my land lying fallow; it is spring, and I have no seed, or I have to pay the taxes. So I come to you, and say: "Akim, give me ten roubles! I will have the harvest in by St. Mary's Intercession and then I will give it back to you, with a tithe for the accommodation." You, for example, see that I can be played, having a horse or a cow, so you say: "Give me two or three roubles for the accommodation." The horse is around my neck and I cannot get along without it. "Very well," says I, "I will take the ten roubles." In the fall I sell some things...
and I bring you the money, and you skin me in addition for three roubles.

Akim: But this is, *so to speak*, a wrong done to a peasant. If one forgets God, *so to speak*, it is not good.

Mitrich: Wait a minute! So remember what you have done! You have fleeced me, *so to speak*, and Anisya, for example, has some money which is lying idle. She has no place to put it in, and, being a woman, does not know what to do with it. So she comes to you: "Can't I," says she, "make some use of my money?" "Yes, you can," you say. And so you wait. Next summer I come to you once more. "Give me another ten roubles," says I, "and I will pay you for the accommodation." So you watch me to see whether my hide has not been turned yet, whether I can be flayed again, and if I can, you give me Anisya's money. But if I have not a blessed thing, and nothing to eat, you make your calculations, seeing that I cannot be skinned, and you say: "God be with you, my brother!" and you look for another man to whom to give Anisya's money, and whom you can flay. Now this is called a bank. So it keeps going around. It is a very clever thing, my friend.

Akim: What is this? This is a nastiness, *so to speak*. If a peasant, *so to speak*, were to do it, the peasants would regard it as a sin, *so to speak*. This *is not according to the Law*, *so to speak*. It is bad. How can the learned men, *so to speak* — .... As I look at it, *so to speak*, there is trouble without money, *so to speak*, and with money the trouble is double, *so to speak*. God has commanded to work. But you put the money in the bank, *so to speak*, and lie down to sleep, and the money will feed you, *so to speak*, while you are lying. This is bad, *so to speak*. *Not according to the Law*.

Mitrich: Not according to the Law? The Law does not trouble people nowadays, my friend. All they think about is how to clean out a fellow. That's what.

As long as Akulina's condition is not noticeable, the relation of Kizita with his dead master's daughter remains hidden from the neighbours.
But the time comes when she is to give birth to a child. It is then that Aniaya becomes mistress of the situation again. Her hatred for Akulina, her outraged love for Nikita, and the evil spirit of Nikita's mother all combine to turn her into a fiend. Akulina is driven to the barn, where her terrible labor pains are stilled by the dread of her stepmother. When the innocent victim is born, Nikita's vengeful mother and Aniaya persuade him that the child is dead and force him to bury it in the cellar.

While Nikita is digging the grave, he discovers the deception. The child is alive! The terrible shock unnerves the man, and in temporary madness he presses a board over the little body, till its bones crumple. Superstition, horror and the perfidy of the women drive Nikita to drink in an attempt to drown the baby's cries constantly ringing in his ears.

The last act deals with Akulina's wedding to the son of a neighbor. She is forced into the marriage because of her misfortune. The peasants all gather for the occasion, but Nikita is missing; he roams the place haunted by the horrible phantom of his murdered child. He attempts to hand himself but fails, and finally decides to go before the entire assembly to confess his crimes.

Mikita : Father, listen to me! First of all, Marina, look at me! I am guilty toward you: I had promised to marry you, and I seduced you; I deceived you and abandoned you; forgive me for Christ's sake!

Materenat- Oh, of, he is bewitched. What is the matter with him? He has the evil eye upon him. Get up and stop talking nonsense!

Mikita : I killed your father, and I, dog, have ruined his daughter. I had the power over her, and I killed also her baby.... Father, dear, forgive me, sinful man! You told me, when I first started on this life of debauch: "When the claw is caught, the whole bird is lost." But, I, dog, did not pay any attention to you, and so everything turned out as you said. Forgive me, for Christ's sake.

The "Power of Darkness" is a terrible picture of poverty, ignorance, and superstition. To write such a work, it is not sufficient to be a
creative artist: it requires a deeply sympathetic human soul. Tolstoy possessed both. He understood that the tragedy of the peasants' life is due not to any inherent viciousness but to the power of darkness which permeates their existence from the cradle to the grave. Something heavy is oppressing them - - in the words of Akhaya - - weighing them down, something that saps all humanity out of them and drives them into the depths.

"The Power of Darkness" is a social picture at once appalling and gripping.

As a relief from the sombre and depressing picture of this play Tolstoy wrote a comedy intended for production on his estate, "The Fruits of Culture".

A rich land-owner, Leonid Fyodorovitch, is so obsessed by the latest fad, spiritualism, that he "communes" with the spirits on every question before he decides to act upon it. Thus, when some peasants arrive to complete a land deal begun the year before, he again consults his "spirits". Unfortunately, they latter have changed their mind in the meantime; they are no longer satisfied with the payments originally agreed upon. Leonid Fyodorovitch now insists upon the whole sum being immediately paid in cash.

The peasants, unable to meet such an unexpected and unreasonable demand, are in despair. Tatyana, a jolly chambermaid in love with the kitchen man, Sunnyen, who is the son of one of the harassed peasants, comes to the rescue. She undertakes, as she has so often done before, to play the role of the spirit. She also succeeds in convincing her master and his learned friends that Sunnyen is a medium of extraordinary powers. By means of table tapping, accompanied with the music of a
guitar, Tatyana conjures up the agreement, pen and ink upon the table, and the spiritualist master, deeply impressed by the manifestations, is induced to sign the document.

In this entertaining parody on spiritualism, Tolstoy also satirizes the boastful infallibility of science, particularly of the medical profession. The lady of the house prides herself on her "advanced" ideas: she ridicules her husband's faith in spirits and exposes the fraud of the medium. But she too has her spooks — her constant and ever present fear of "germs". When she learns that the peasants have come from a diphtheria infested district, the good woman is panic-stricken and finds no peace until the germ carriers, together with Tatyana and Semyon, are driven from the premises. Both Leonid Vydorovitch and his liberal spouse are symbols of our pseudo culture, unhealthy, artificial and empty.

As their opposite stands Tatyana, Semyon, and Fyodor Ivanitch, the man servant and friend of the two young peasant lovers. In them Tolstoy sees the prototypes of the wholesomeness and robustness of the people of the soil who alone have the vitality to maintain a normal, healthy life.

Two posthumous plays, one a full-size canvas, the other a fragment, are next to "The Power of Darkness", Tolstoy's best dramatic work. They are "The Living Corpse", also known in English as "Redemption", and "The Lights That Shines in the Darkness".
Fyodor Vassilevich Protassov and his wife Lisa are hopelessly mismated. He is a dreamer, impractical, unfitted for the daily humdrum of life with all its sordid interests and responsibilities. Most of his time he spends with the gypsies, enchanted by their soul-stirring music, their freedom, their careless attitude to life.

Lisa has repeatedly brought Fyodor back to the circle of their domesticity and now again she is ready to take him back, although nagged by her mother for her "weakness" in submitting to her husband's faithlessness and irresponsibility. The way to reconciliation is paved on by their child and its narrow escape from death. Lisa requests their mutual friend Karenin to find Fedya (Fyodor) in his gypsy haunts and bring him home.

Karenin has loved Lisa even before her marriage to Fedya. Out of loyalty to his friend he had suppressed his feelings, but now that he sees Lisa unhappy and neglected he can hardly restrain his passion. However, he decides to bring Fedya back. He finds him with the gypsies and so completely intoxicated by their atmosphere that he has neither will nor desire to return to his wife. Fedya realizes how unworthy he is of Lisa who has been so devoted to him in spite of his frequent lapses. Intuitively he senses his friend's feeling for Lisa, conscious that Karenin, so unlike himself, wi
Irraspeaking and honorable, is a fitter mate for his wife than himself. Fyodor decides not to return.

Hurt and unhappy over Fedya’s harsh refusal to take up their life together once more, Lisa is gradually drawn to Karenin. His long-suppressed passion is now manifested in all its strength, but is bitterly disapproved of by Sasha, Lisa’s younger sister. Moved by her exalted idea of the “sanctity” of marriage and also because of her deeper understanding of Fedya, Lisa resents the new situation and determines to persuade Fedya to return and “save” his wife.

But Fedya is entirely absorbed in his new environment. Moreover, he refuses to interfere in the growing attachment between Karenin and Lisa. At heart conscious of his unfitness for domesticity, and feeling himself superfluous, he decides to eliminate himself out of Lisa’s life that she may find in his friend’s love peace and happiness he had failed to give her.

Karenin sees in the renewed refusal of the husband to return home the possibility of a divorce. But though Fedya is sunk in the depths of life and his will all but destroyed, his finer texture has retained an abhorrence of all sham and falsehood. He will not be a party to the lying and perjury involved in divorce proceedings, he will not drag through the mire of publicity the sacred feelings of intimacy. The situation presses for definite action: Fedya determines upon suicide as the only solution left. At the last moment his courage fails him, however, as he has so often failed in the critical moments of his life. Instead he yields to the persuasion of his gypsy friend Masha to slope...
with her. Fedya grasps the easier way of avoiding the unpleasant and giving his wife freedom.

Lisa, on receiving Fedya’s letter announcing his decision to commit suicide, and noticing in the newspapers that the body of a man had been dragged out of the river, in good faith identifies the corpse as that of her husband. The shock of Fedya’s act weighs heavily upon both Lisa and Karenin, but in time they find the way to each other, and they marry.

Years pass and Fedya, poor, dissipated, and broken in health, is drawn back to the city where lived his former wife and friend. Stealthily he approaches the house, attracted by the bright lights and the strain of gay music, and suddenly he beholds Lisa and Karenin fondly embracing behind the curtains. Fedya flees to a low tavern to forget the past in drink.

There he meets a painter, as lonely, wretched, and poor as himself. To him he pours out all the misery of his heart, revealing the secret of his disappearance and his identity as the “living corpse”.

“There are only three outlets for one born in my sphere”, (he confides to his new friend), “either he can hold a post, can make money and increase the wrong and filth which I loathed to do, or perhaps I did not know how. Or he can fight this filth and injustice, for that he must have the making of a hero in him, which I never had. Or he tries to forget, drinks, sinks lower and lower. I have reached that depth.”

Fedya’s confession is overheard by a butcher at a table nearby, who immediately informs the authorities and Fedya is arrested, charged with deliberate fraud and
responsibility for his wife’s bigamy.

The three unfortunates meet in court. The sanctity of the Law must be maintained: legal justice and dominant morality combine to destroy the happiness of Liza and Karenin bought at the cost of so much suffering and misery.

The trial scene is depicted as powerfully and masterly as the similar scene in "Resurrection", with the pompous judge, the inane jurors, the coldly reasoning prosecutor, the vulgar curiosity seekers filling the courtroom, all cooperating in their moral indignation to uphold the laws against human emotion and bind two people in wedlock against their will. Liza and Fedya are found guilty and sentenced to Siberia.

The brutality and injustice of the proceeding horrifies and overcomes Fedya. His better nature asserts itself in protest against the meanness and ugliness of the situation. He finds the way out of the mire by shooting himself and thus freeing Liza and Karenin.

"The Living Corpse" is a passionate indictment against the laws of divorce which existed in Russia at the time, and still exist in many countries in Western Europe. It is the inevitable tragedy of human folly and inhumanity, painted with the hand of a great master.

"Light Shines in Darkness" is Tolstoy's most subjective dramatic creation, a page from his personal life, the Calvary of his own soul in desperate struggle for freedom from his domestic prison. The play is in
reality a faithful replica of the spiritual feud that
continued through many years between Tolstoy and his
wife.

Like Tolstoy, Nikolai Ivanovich Sarintsev
embraces a new ethical ideal. His former interests
lose their hold upon him: He becomes indifferent to
material things and the comforts of life, shunning
insane social functions so dear to his wife and children.
He is absorbed in his new philosophy of life, seeking its
adequate application. He decides to divide his possessions
among the people, to divest himself of all wealth and
lead a natural, simple mode of life. Like Tolstoy,
Sarintsev is frustrated at every step by his immediate
circle, particularly by his wife who lacks all understanding
of the lofty ideals of her husband.

He finds two disciples, one of them a priest
who, like himself, has come to regard the Church as the
greatest obstacle to true religion. But the weak
ecclesiastic is quickly brought to repentance by threats
of prosecution and the fear of prison. Not so the other
disciple, a nobleman who whole-heartedly throws himself
into the work of spreading the Master’s word. He dedicates
allegiance to the State, refuses military service, defies
the authorities even in the face of punishment and prison.
Not even the threat of the insane asylum can check his
will.

Sarintsev suffers deeply for his friend and yet
is helpless and perplexed with the practical solution of
the problems facing him. To his disciple’s question,
"What can be done?" Sarintsev replies:

"One must not take part in the evil; one must not own land, nor devour their labours. But how to manage all this I do not know. ... I lived and did not understand how I lived, I did not understand that I am the son of God, and that we are all the children of God, and that we are brothers. But when I understood it, when I understood that all have an equal right to life, my whole life was upset."

But Sarintsev's wife, too practical and concerned more with the welfare of her home and family than with ideals of brotherhood and justice, cannot sympathise with her husband's struggle.

"That's the way it is," (she complains), "He would destroy everything and give us nothing in its place."

Life at home is made impossible for Sarintsev. Lack of understanding, verging at times on direct antagonism, wounds his very soul and makes him an outcast in his own house. He longs to live his ideals, but the tears and pleas of his wife exasperate his will. His life is spent in this exhausting struggle with those dearest to him, till even his own great faith in his ideals is fatally sapped. The play ends with Sarintsev at his desk, gripping his head with his convulsed hands, crying out in utter despair:

"Oh God, have I gone astray -- is it false to believe in you, Father? Help me, O Lord!"

Yet Tolstoy himself did not end so resignedly. True, repeatedly he had sought to break the bonds and failed. But finally he did rise to the heights he so yearned for and his faith in his ideal triumphed over
material considerations and home ties. Also, at the
eleventh hour --- for death overtook the sage of Yamaya
Polyana, claiming him just at the time when he was truly
beginning to live, spiritually.

It has been suggested that Tolstoy was not in
his right mind when he forsook his home at the age of
62. People are never supposed to be quite same when
they actually do what they have been longing for most
intensely throughout life. As concerns Tolstoy,
the suggestion is obviously inapplicable, because life
in Yamaya Polyana was so incongruous, the atmosphere so
saturated with strife and bitterness that one cannot
help wondering how Tolstoy could stand it so long. It
is apparent that Tolstoy finally decided to forsake home
and family, moved by the determination to free himself
even at the eleventh hour and apparently in the hope of
joining the colony in the Caucasus founded by some of his
followers. The latter were persecuted by the authorities
for "conspiracy to overthrow the government", some of their
members being sentenced to prison for varying terms.
Tolstoy evidently cherished the hope to share, in the last
years of his life, the lot of the faithful band whom his
teachings had brought so much suffering and trouble.

There is a touch of poignant understanding in the remark
Alexandra Lvovna, Tolstoy’s oldest daughter, made to a
number of Red soldiers while conducting them through the
Tolstoy Museum in Moscow. Approaching the little,
smokey room, a minute replica of the one at the Railway
station where Tolstoy breathed his last, she said:

"This is the place where Lav Nikolayevitch
died true to himself and to his gospel."
CHAPTER VIII

TOCHEKHO

"What noble writers receive from nature gratis, the writers of the rank and file purchase at the cost of their youth. Do, please, write a story of how a young man, the son of a serf, who has been a shop-boy, a chorister, pupil of a secondary school and university graduate, who has been brought up to respect rank and to kiss the priest's hand, to bow to other people's ideas, to be thankful for each morsel of bread, who has been thrashed many times, who has had to walk about tutoring without goloshes, who has fought, tormented animals, has been fond of dining at the house of well-to-do relatives, and played the hypocrite both to God and man without any need but merely out of consciousness of his own insignificance -- describe how that young man squeezes the slave out of himself drop by drop, and how awakening one fine morning, he feels running in his veins no longer the blood of a slave but genuine human blood...."

This excerpt from an autobiographic letter written by Anton Pavlovitch Tochekhov to A.S. Souvorin, editor of "Novoye Vremya" ("The New Age") in 1899, sheds illuminating light upon the strength of character of the man, his iron determination, his dogged perseverance in the struggle to realize himself and his art against poverty, difficulties and his life-sapping disease. Verily a most a superman.
achievement, when one considers the heights attained by Tolstoy as a writer and dramatist, added to his prolific correspondence (his letters alone fill six volumes) and activities as physician and humanitarian engaged in ameliorating the wretched conditions of his country, all these efforts compressed within the comparatively short span of forty-four years.

Tolstoy came of peasant stock. His grandfather, a serf, was so filled with passionate longing for independence that by tremendous efforts and concentration of purpose he was able to save enough money (3,500 roubles) to buy his freedom and that of his family. It was at a period when there was but little interest among the cultured classes of Russia in serfdom. Much less did the bondmen themselves, the peasantry, dream of liberty. Yet there was this simple, unlettered peasant, grand-father of Anton Pavlovitch, yearning for release from slavery and living only for the day when he and his children might straighten their bent backs and face life erect and self-reliant.

Evidently young Anton (born January 19, 1840) inherited some of his grand-father's characteristics, but he also knew how to cherish the legacy left him. With the same proud spirit he drudged on for years, keeping in mind the great purpose and ambition of his life. These qualities of will and purpose sustained him through years of poverty and want, through his dull university existence, and inspired him with perseverance through the dark hours of creative doubts and his prolonged illness, urging him onward to the very end. Yet undoubtedly his most powerful
ally was Toehakov's irrepressible humour and inexhaustible joy of life that carried him successfully over the burdens and misery of existence. Anton Toehakov, producing his great literary and dramatic works during the blackest period of political and social reaction, painting sombre pictures of the utter hopelessness of the intelligentsia of his time, was yet the most joyous writer in Russia.

Toehakov was once asked by V. Tikhonov, one of his contemporaries, for some biographic data of himself. His reply was truly expressive of the man, both in brevity and wit. He wrote:

You want my biography? Here it is. I was born in Taganrog in 1860. I finished my course at the Taganrog Grammar School in 1879. In 1884 I took my medical degree at Moscow University. In 1888 I was awarded the Pushkin prize. In 1890 I made a journey to Sakhalin, across Siberia, returning by sea. In 1891 I made a tour in Europe, where I drank splendid wine and ate oysters. In 1892 I was at a birthday party where I had a spree with V.A. Tikhonov. I began to write in 1879 in the Strakosa. My books of collected stories are "Hotley Stories", "At Twilight", "Stories", "Gloomy People", and a long story, "The Duel". I have been translated into all languages except the foreign. In fact, I have been translated into German. I am approved of also by the Toehoas and Serbians, nor are the French shy of Intimacy. The mysteries of love I conceived when I was thirteen. With my colleagues, medical as well as literary, I am on the best of terms. I am a bachelor. Should like to have a pension. I practice medicine to such a degree that even in the summer I hold post-mortem, though I have not done so for two or three years. Among writers I prefer Tolstoy, and among doctors Zakharin. But that is all nonsense. Write what you please. If you haven't enough facts, make up with lyricism... ."

Tikhonov hardly needed to tax his imagination because Toehakov's life was eventful, rich in experience, and replete with incidents testifying to his love for man and understanding of the deeper springs of life.
Anton's childhood, spent with his adored mother, was marred by the rigidity of his father who because of his religious convictions and love of church music compelled his children to join the Church choir. Little Anton hated so cordially. The boy's school days were made grey and miserable by a coarse and harsh teacher who saw in the rod the last word of education. In his later years Tolkhov often referred to his "lack of childhood". This lack served to isolate him to some extent from his schoolmates and made the boy appear irresponsible and slow-minded. He was considered a bad pupil and nicknamed "Bullhead" and "Bomb".

Adolescence brought a gradual change. Anton grew more sociable and more frequently began to participate in the games and pastimes of the other boys. Still in his youth the quality that later became so characteristic of Tolkhov's work, his peculiarly colorful and warm sense of humour began to assert itself, and Anton began to write comic stories that won him the friendship and admiration of those whom his timidity formerly kept at a distance. He became the idol of the school.

Like his illustrious predecessor, the great Gogol, Tolkhov initiated his literary career as a contributor to the school journal, the "Little Star", his first story, "The Stammerer" being circulated among the classmates in manuscript. Before the end of his high school term he wrote a farce called "Not for Nothing Did the Chickens Sing", and a pathetic play "Fatherless", which proved very popular with his friends. But unfortunately these literary efforts were terminated by a sudden turn in the
Tochekhoi fortunes. Anton's father failed in business and
the family was compelled to seek a livelihood in Moscow.
Anton remained in Taganrog to finish his studies, but all
his free time had to be devoted to "running about tutoring
in sleet and rain without galoshes", as he wrote to a friend.
It was a most trying period, after which Anton joined his
parents in Moscow and entered the university to study
medicine.

Those years were a hard struggle for the Tochekhoi
family, a struggle that no doubt helped Anton later to
achieve the highest pinnacle of literary fame, but which
also helped to wreck his health, and ultimately bring
him to his grave in the prime of his life. The pitiful
earnings of Tochekhoi père, amounting only to fifty rubles
a month, did not suffice for the large family, and Anton
was compelled to begin writing for a living. So bitter
did he find this mode of earning a livelihood that in a
letter to a friend he complained that writing for a living
is the most abominable occupation imaginable." Yet
there was no alternative.

His first Moscow story "A letter to my Learned
Neighbor", followed by a number of other humorous tales,
presently began to appear in comic publications under the
pseudonym of Antoaha Tochekhoi. The material returns
they brought were small, but the anguish of heart great,
both because of the unsatisfactory literary character of
his efforts and the galling conditions under which he had
to work.
I work under the most abominable conditions, - he lamented -, before me is my unliterary work, mercilessly shattering my nerves and conscience, in the adjoining room a child of a relation is screaming, in the next room father is reading aloud "The Impressed Angels" to my mother. My bed is occupied by a newly arrived relative who keeps on talking to me and starts conversations on medicine. It is a matchless setting.

Selling his talent to the vulgar boulevard papers harrassed the young author even more than the wealing of the child or his father's reading aloud. Aided to this was the strain of his intense studies, especially during the last university year when he had to cram for the final exams, all the time keeping up his writing. These conditions slightly improved by 1884, when Tohekhov was enabled to desert the cheap publications, his stories being accepted by the journal "Fragments", a humorous journal of higher literary quality.

Having graduated from the university and badly in need of a vacation, Tohekhov decided to seek a rest in the country, where one of his brothers was a teacher in a village school. But his native energy and need of new impressions turned his vacation into intense activity. In he threw himself into medical practice, working the Zemstvo Hospital, and travelling from village to village to afford advice and aid to sick peasants. His direct contact with the daily life of the people afforded opportunities for study and observation later exploited by Tohekhov in various plays, such as "The Three Sisters", and "The Seagull", products of that period.

Before long came the day when Antosha Tohekhonte's
cap and bells could be discarded and the true face of Anton Tohakhov could emerge. There was no more need of hiding his identity because of unliterary work.

Tohakhov now became a contributor to the "Gazette" and later for the "Novoye Vremya", publications of a high class, which secured his place among the best writers of his time. This also provided the longed for opportunity to go to St. Petersburg, there to join the select circle of his literary confreres of note.

He was received with open arms, his charming personality and gay spirit winning him friends everywhere.

Tohakhov's "The Swan Song", a one-act play, was his first serious dramatic "cin" of this period, followed by the full length canvas "Ivanov", and a year later by the one-act play "The Bear". It was his stories, however, rather than his plays, which at that time increased his fame if not his fortune. "The Steppe", a fascinating tale, succeeded by a collection of works of great dramatic power, caused the Academy of Science to award him the Pushkin prize, so coveted by all Russian writers. This happy and unexpected event fairly took Tohakhov off his feet.

The prize, telegrams, congratulations, friends, (he wrote to his brother,) all these have driven me out of my rut. I am struck orrazy, and my past grows misty in my head.

But this recognition and growing fame did little to free Tohakhov from constant financial anxieties, nor could it arrest the disease that kept undermining his health. His own needs and those of his family still compelled much drudgery, with the accompaniment of discontent and fretting.

I am tired.... I am waiting for payment. (he wrote). The whole of September I remained...
without money; I have pawed things and have knocked about like a fish against ice.

This situation aggravated his inherent lack of self-confidence as a great writer. He had much more faith in himself as doctor than as author. The maintaining of his literary reputation also involved greater care and more painstaking work that repeatedly threatened a complete break-down. A severe cough, followed by a hemorrhage of the lungs, sounded a warning which Tolstoy, absorbed in his various activities, ignored. His awareness of the danger expressed itself only in his greater meekness and softer humour. "The Good Devil", later reworked into "Uncle Vanya", and "The Proposal" were created during this period.

Anton Tolstoy repudiated all theories and tenendoes in art, and he resolutely kept away from the strife and bustle of political parties. Art to Tolstoy was a truthful interpretation of life, divested of subjective view and attitude, as he clearly pointed out in his answer to a lady correspondent who complained that the "world is full of scoundrels":

That the world is seething with scoundrels of both sexes is true. Human nature is imperfect; it would therefore be strange to meet only with the righteous. To believe that the duty of literature is to dig out "the pearl" from the heap of scoundrels is to reject literature itself. Literature to be artistic must draw from life as it is. Its aim is absolute and honest truth. To narrow its function to the special task of digging "pearls" is just as deadly for it as if you were to make Levitan paint a tree and ordered him not to include the dirty bark nor the yellow leaves. I am re "a pearl" is a fine thing, but then a writer is not a dealer in jewels, a gossipsman, or an entertainer.

Most emphatic still he was in his letter concerning "tendendoes" in literature:

I am afraid of those who look for tendendoes
between the lines, (he wrote), and who want to see in me either a liberal or a conservative. I am not a liberal, nor a conservative, nor a
moralist, nor a moralist, nor indifferentist. I should like to be a free artist and nothing more. And I grieve that God hasn’t given me the power to be one. I hate falsehood and violence in all their aspects.... Pharisees,
stupidity, and arbitrariness reign not in shopkeepers’ houses alone. I detest them
in science, in literature, and in the younger generation. For these reasons I have no particular partiality for endearments, or hitches, or
savants, or writers, or the younger generation. I look upon trade marks and labels as prejudices.
My holy of holies is the human body, health and
talent, inspiration, love, and the most absolute freedom wherever they manifest. This is the program I
would follow if I were a great artist.

But while repudiating tendencies in literature
and keeping aloof from politics, Tochekhov was deeply
concerned in everything that affected the lives and well-
being of his people. To assist them, to better their
conditions, to expose the wrongs committed against them
by official brutality and public stupidity absorbed
considerable of Tochekhov’s time and much of his vitality.

Already in the beginning of the nineties he
became actively interested in the condition of Russian
prisoners, particularly those in the convict camps of
Sakhalen. Moved by reports of cruelty and inhumanity to
which the prisoners in the far off island were subjected,
Tochekhov decided to learn the truth by personal inves-
tigation. He sacrificed his work and but with little
means and no letters of introduction, he set out on the
arduous journey of three months, full of hardship and
exposure to danger and inclement weather on his way to
easternmost Asia. The conditions he found in Sakhaline proved appalling. The result of his undertaking was a book on the prison camps of such power and reality that it aroused even the willoless government circles and compelled some ameliorating changes. Humanist, physician, and artist, all combined to make this work of Tochekhov a compelling human document. Even his first impressions, incorporated in a letter, stirred the better conscience of the world. Tochekhov wrote:

The glorified sixties did nothing for the sick and the prisoners and thus violated the chief commandments of Christianity. In our time we do something for the sick but nothing for the convict. The penitentiaries do not interest our jurists. Yet we have debased in our prisons millions of people, we have debased them at random, without thought, barbarously... To the terrible place of Sakhaline we have driven men through cold, examined in irons, for thousands of miles, we have infected them with venereal diseases, deprived the, multiplied orphans, and for all this we have put the blame on red-nosed prison superintendents. Now all civilized Europe knows it is not they but all of us who are to blame.

Upon his return to Moscow Tochekhov felt that life there was too strenuous and exhausting for his state of health. Moreover, he needed a proper field as a physician and a soul life that would supply the necessary material and colour for his literary work. As he aptly said—then

If I am a doctor I must have a hospital and patients; if I am a writer, I must live among the people, and not in little Dmitrovsk Street. I must have social and political life, if only a tiny scrap of it.

He was fortunate in finding a suitable place in Kalkhovo, a village near Moscow. There he devoted himself to a variety of activities, which for a man with a devastating disease must have been exceedingly exhausting. Advisor and physician to the peasantry of the district, he yet found time to build schools and look after road improvement, and — he wrote. Some of his finest stories were produced...
at Velikhovo, stories of local life and peasant psychology
free from the maudlin glamour so popular with all-too-many
Russian writers. Living in Velikhovo, not far from
Yasnaya Polyana, also afforded Tolstoy the opportunity
of frequently visiting Tolstoy, whom he grew to love and
admire. They spent much time together discussing the
grave problems of Russia and speculating on the purpose
and meaning of life, questions that absorbed Tolstoy
little less than the Polyana sage.

At the outbreak of the great famine in Russia in
1892, Tohekhov felt that he could not remain at home at
his usual pursuits. The call of the stricken was strong
upon him, and he was one of the first to devote his time
and ability to fight the calamity. He was impatient of
the well-meaning but inept efforts that spend large sums
on charity dinners and balls, leaving only a small fraction
for the purpose such festivities are arranged for. He
insisted on more direct and constructive help for the
stricken, generally being the initiator of suggestions
and practical plans and work while others indulged in
sentimental talk.

No sooner was the famine ended with than even
a still more terrible scourge gripped Russia -- the
cholera. Again Anton Pavlovitch hastened to the front,
visiting numerous villages in the affected area and
fearlessly exposing himself to danger. His entire time
was devoted, as he wrote to a friend, to i-
treating patients and giving lectures on
measures of preventing the disease. The
Tolstoy hasn't given me a single kopeck for organizing the medical center, I gauge from the wealthy, first from one and then from another. I turn out to be an excellent beggar; thanks to my heavily eloquent, my section has two excellent barrack with all the necessaries, and five barracks that are not excellent, but hard. I have saved the Tolstoy from expenditure even on futility. Lime, vitriol, and all sorts of stinking stuff have I begged from manufacturers for all my twenty-five villages.

In the course of time Tochekhov was able to return to his writing. Recognized as one of the foremost Russian authors, he now had no difficulty in getting his work accepted, but the need of writing as a means of livelihood harassed his spirit and continued to injure his health. Repeatedly he pours out his heart to his friend Severin, under date of June 16, 189:  

"My soul longs for breadth and altitude, but I am forced to lead a narrow life spent over trashy roubles and kopeks. There is nothing more vulgar than a petty bourgeois life with halfpence, its vices, its futile talk, and its useless conventional virtues. My heart aches from the consciousness that I am working for money. This moving feeling, together with sense of justice, makes my writing a contemptible pursuit in my eyes....

The petty interests of life, poverty of spirit and meanness of heart in his own immediate surroundings, as well as in the social movements of the time, exasperated and grieved Tochekhov more than his financial straits and poor health. Exploitation of individual or collective suffering for "a cause" filled him with radical disgust. He spoke contemptuously of certain elements that sought to use the cholera for propaganda purposes.

Revolution means for good ends make the ends themselves revolting, he wrote. If I were a politician I could never bring myself to disgrace my present for the sake of the future, even though I were promised tons of felicity for an ounce of mean lying....
"The Seagull", Chekhov's third long play, was finished in 1895. He had set great hopes on its appearance, but unfortunately it was very inadequately produced at the Alexandrinsky Theatre at St. Petersburg. The author was present at the performance, but the bad interpretation of his work and the attitude of the audience filled him with discouragement. He left the theatre before the end of the play, promising himself never to write another drama. He adhered to his decision for six years and he might have persevered in his determination to the end of his short life had not a splendid interpretation of the work by the Moscow Art Theatre convinced Chekhov that the fault was not with his dramatic perception, but with the poor acting at the first production of the play. Perhaps this incident saved Chekhov the dramatist to Russia, and dramatic art was enriched by several more — alas, only too few — great plays.

The varied occupations Chekhov engaged in during his life in Melikhovo, the exhausting work during the famine and the cholera, and his concentrated writing all helped to deplete his strength and aggravate the malady which was slowly consuming him. During a visit to Moscow to attend a dinner given in his honour Chekhov suffered a collapse as a result of a violent haemorrhage. He had to be taken to the hospital, subsequently leaving for Southern France and taking up his abode in Nice, where the sultry climate and circle of devoted friends aided Chekhov's gradual improvement.

The famous Dreyfus case was at the time agitating
the entire country, and naturally Tchekhov could not long remain indifferent to the situation. With his usual penetration he saw — as did many other fair-minded men — that Dreyfus, the French Army Captain, the Jew Dreyfus was the victim of a military cabal to hide its corruption under the cloak of anti-Semitism. Zola’s brave “J’accuse” sounded the call to battle with the black forces of prejudice and hatred, a battle which enlisted the ablest and bravest spirits of the time.

Tchekhov sought to present the case in all its bearings to Russia by writing detailed accounts of the struggle to his old friend Souvarin, editor of the “Novoe Vremya.” But the reactionary tendencies of the publication and Souvarin’s own anti-Semitic leanings proved an insurmountable barrier to Tchekhov’s hope of enlightening his Russian audience on the case. In vain he sought to convince Souvarin of the unreasonableness of his attitude toward the Dreyfus case and particularly of his false appraisement of Zola.

When something is wrong inside us, (Tchekhov wrote to Souvarin), we look for causes outside ourselves and we quickly find them: It’s the Frenchman’s modesty, it’s the Jews, it’s Wilheim’s ...... these are guests, but, for all that, how they relieve our uneasiness! Certainly they are bad symptoms. Once the French started talking about Jews and syndicates, it indicated they were feeling uncomfortable, that a worm had got into them, and they needed these phantoms in order to allay their uneasy conscience. ... Suppose Dreyfus is guilty — Zola is still right, since the duty of a writer is not to accuse nor to persecute, but to intercede on behalf of the guilty when once they are convicted and punished. You may say, "But what about politics? That about the interests of the State?" But great writers and artists engage in politics only in so far as it is necessary to defend people against politics.

The hardened reactionary Souvarin could not be...
The Emma Goldman Papers

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The correspondence on the subject was dropped, leaving Tchekhov
disgusted with the costumes the printer Zola’s novel for nothing in the supplement, while
they pour dirty water over this same Zola in his paper — and what for? For what not
one of the costumes has ever known — for a noble impulse and moral purity.

Tchekhov returned from abroad much improved in health, but the Moscow climate did not permit of his living in his beloved city. He decided upon Crimsen, the sale of his copyright enabling him to purchase an estate near Volta. In spite of his delicate health, his home soon became the center of artistic and literary life, as well as a haven for all those who needed Anton
Pavelitch as a friend, physician and advisor. His sympathy with human suffering, always acute, was even increased by his own physical pain and stress. His need of being kind and helpful, his joy in life impelled him to respond without stint to keep open house. Interesting visitors, discussions on art, literature and social problems, interspersed with gaiety and laughter, helped Anton Pavelitch to forget now and then his own failing condition.

During his life in the Crimsen he again saw much of Tolstoy. By this time he had outgrown the influence the sage’s views had formerly exerted upon him, but his admiration and love for Tolstoy, as man and artist, had deepened. At the news of Tolstoy’s illness Tchekhov wrote:—

Tolstoy’s illness scared me and kept me at a tension. I am afraid of his death. If he were to die there would be a big vacuum in my life. Firstly, I never loved anyone as I love him; I am not a believing man, but off.
all believe I consider his faith the nearest
and most akin to me. Secondly, while Tolstoy
is in literature it is easy and pleasant to be
a writer; even to be aware that one has done
nothing and is doing nothing is not as terrible,
since Tolstoy does enough for all. His works
serve as the justification of all hopes and
anticipations built upon literature. Thirdly,
Tolstoy stands firmly, his authority is immense,
and while he lives, but taste in literature,
bonality of every kind, imperial or lowly, is
all the bristling, usurped vanities will
remain for ever, deep in the shade. His moral
authority alone is capable of maintaining on a
certain height the so-called literary moods and
curants. Without him they would all be a
sheepardless cluck, or patchwork in which
it would be difficult to make out anything.

It takes greatness to appreciate greatness, and
who was there in Russia nearest of kin to the prophet
of Vassily Polyana if not Tohekhov? Tolstoy himself
regarded him as Russia’s greatest talent since Turgenev.
One can therefore appreciate what Tolstoy’s presence in
Yalta and their close friendship meant to Tohekhov. What
irreparable loss to our better understanding of the two
men that Tohekhov did not live long enough to give to
the world his impressions of their conversations on the
greave problems of life and the Russia both loved so well!

In 1900 Anton Pavlovitch was afforded the
unexpected opportunity of seeing some of his own plays and
other great dramatic works presented in truly artistic
manner, the Moscow Art Theatre with its entire company
coming down to Yalta to play for their adored author and
friend. It was a gala event that brought to the Crimea
hosts of visitors, among them many important men in art
and letters. Tolstoy expressed his deep appreciation
of the splendid work of the Moscow Art Theatre in his
letter to Nemirovitch-Danchenko who, together with Stanislavsky, had helped to create and maintain the high artistic standard of the organisation.

... In your letter there is a true, hardly audible note, like that of an old bell. It is where you write of how the details of theatrical life borne you. Oh! don't get tired, don't cool off! The Art Theatre will provide the best pages of history, when it is written, of the modern Russian Theatre. The theatre should be your pride, and it is the only theatre I love, although I have not been there. If I lived in Moscow I would try to get on the staff, if only in the capacity of porter, so that I could give even a little help, and, if possible, prevent you growing cold towards the dear establishment....

Tamkhov was repeatedly urged by Souvorin to get married. To his friend's admonitions he once replied in his characteristic jocular style:

Very well, I will get married if you wish, but my terms are that everything must be as it was before. I must live in Moscow and in the country. I will make visits to her. A happiness continual day in, day out from morning until next I can not endure. When every day I hear the same thing in the same tone I become furious. I promise you to be a splendid husband, but give me a wife who like the moon will not appear in my sky every day....

To his brother, he wrote on the same subject:

It is only interesting to marry for love, but to marry a girl because she is sympathetic is like buying an unnecessary article in the market merely because it is nice. In real life the most important thing is love, sexual attraction, all the rest is weariness and not to be trusted, however cleverly calculated. The important thing is not that the girl is attractive, but that she is loved. The stumbling block as you see is a mere trifle....

However, this problem was soon solved when Anton Pavlovitch met Olga Leonardevna Knipper, the leading actress of the Moscow Art Theatre. Their acquaintance
presently developed into a beautiful love, culminating in marriage.

Stanislawsky in his work "My Art and Life", tells an amusing story in connection with Chekhov's marriage. A number of friends had been invited to a fête in honour of the coming event. On arriving the guests found the house in festive attire, the tables laden with good things to eat and drink, but the host was nowhere to be seen. After waiting several hours, the guests decided in true Russian fashion to sit down to the repast presided over by Marie Tchekhova, Anton's sister. During the evening a telegram arrived announcing to the astonished gathering the marriage of Anton Pavlovitch to Olga Knipper.

We are off to our honeymoon, (the message read), we ask our dear guests to drink our health and wish us luck," which they promptly did.

After the successful production of "Three Sisters", which play Tchekhov had finished in 1901, the Academy of Science elected the author to honorary membership. A year later Tchekhov had occasion to demonstrate his sterling quality when the Academy, after having elected Maxim Gorki repudiated its action out of servility to the higher authorities, Tchekhov immediately sent in his resignation.

Moved by a strong sense of justice and ever responsive to the call of need — as evidenced by his devoted work in behalf of unfortunate prisoners, in the famine, and cholera — Tchekhov could not keep aloof from the pressing questions of his time. Regardless of.
disapproval and even emnity, he never hesitated in freely expressing himself on the urgent social and political issues in his country. His mental drift became particularly clear when he wrote his famous letter to Souvorin, in 1938.

If Jesus Christ had been more radical and said "Love thy enemy as thyself", he would have said what he meant. Neighbour is a general conception and enemy is a particular one. The real misfortune is not that we hate our enemies who are few, but that we don’t sufficiently love our neighbours who are many — fish enough to fill a pond. Christ might have said "love thy enemy as thyself" if he had been a woman. Women like catching up bright, striking, particular applications out of general conceptions. But Christ who stood above enemies and did not notice them, a virile, balanced, and wise-thinking nature, hardly attached any significance to the difference that exists between the particular instances of the conception "neighbour".

Further Tchekhov points out that:

God’s world is a good place; the one thing not good are we. How little there is in us of justice and humility. A drunken debauchee of a husband loves his wife and children, but how is this love expressed? Instead of knowledge, impertinence and conceit beyond measure; instead of work, idleness, and swinishness. There is no justice; the conception honour goes no further than the uniform which serves as an everyday decoration in the prisoners’ dock. We must work and we must be just; these are the chief things.

Tchekhov’s sensitive and understanding soul deeply resented the superficial attitude of the well-fed towards their less fortunate brothers. Particularly did he castigate the avarice of the middle class. He writes:

To talk now of laziness and drunkenness of the peasants... is an strange and worthless as to lecture a man when he is being sick or is ill of typhus. Society, like any other force, always contains a certain amount of impertinence, and that is chiefly shown in the well-fed grasping to the hungry. If consolation is revolting at a time of serious grief, what must be the effect of moralising? And how stupid and insulting that moralising must seem. A peasant fifteen roubles in arrears with his...
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Day is to such preachers an idler and he has no right to drink. Let them count up the debts of State and prime ministers, the debts owed by all the marhsuls of nobility and archbishops taken together. The debts the Guards owe! Well, only tailors could tell.

One could go on quoting indefinitely from the rich story of Chekhov's letters and thoughts jotted down in his notebook to show that while he was not allied with any political party, or recognized any social dogma, he was yet keenly alive to the various reformative movements of his time. Later his social interests began to assert themselves in his stories and even more so in his plays, as we shall have occasion to see.

"The Cherry Orchard", Chekhov's own song, was first produced at the Moscow Art Theatre in honor of the author's birthday, on January 19, 1904. He had especially come from Yalta to be present at the performance. The occasion proved a memorable one. Not only was this supreme work of Anton Pavlovitch most artistically staged and performed, but the evening was turned into an impressive demonstration of love and devotion to the author, the entire assembly rising in homage to Russia's greatest living dramatist. Everyone seemed to feel that the shy, shrinking figure on the stage, assailed by the devastating disease and racked by fits of coughing, was nearing its end. Indeed, the end came soon.

As a last hope Chekhov went with his wife to Badenweiler, Germany. From there he kept on writing that
his health was "improving not by ounces but by hundredweights". It was just like this gentle, infinitely thoughtful and kind being to keep the knowledge of his approaching death from those he loved, even while the great inexorable was already at his doorstep. On July 2, 1904, Anton Pavlovitch Chekhov died, and Russia grew poorer by one of her greatest personalities, an inspired artist and true man whose brave voice so often rang out against every cruelty, every injustice, every humbleness of life.

"Ivanov", his first long dramatic work, portrays the life of an educated man who has dabbled in various reforms and at the age of thirty-five is flattered, weary and in inner confusion. He lives on his estate, which is neglected and heavily mortgaged. With him is his wife, Sera, who is of Jewish origin, and who had been cut off by her people for marrying a gentile. She is slowly dying of tuberculosis.

Yevgeny Levov, the physician attending Sera, is a man of advanced ideas and uncompromising, but he fails to see the motives that move human beings often against their will. He can not understand Ivanov, nor the chaotic state of his soul. He sees in him only the ascendant groom
indifferent to his wife. He suspects that Ivanov is neglecting Sarra because he wants to get rid of her in the hope of marrying Sasha, the young daughter of the rich neighbour Lebediev.

Within a year Sarra dies, and Ivanov is about to marry Sasha. But at the last moment he is overcome by the feeling that he has no right to bind her young life to his. Dr. Lvov denounces Ivanov in the presence of the guests assembled for the wedding as a scoundrel, responsible for the death of his wife and who is now marrying Sasha for her money. Ivanov rushes out and fires a bullet into his head.

In a letter to Sourarin Tchechov gives his own illuminating interpretation of the play, in reply to the adverse criticism showered upon him after its first production.

The producer considers Ivanov a frustrated man in the Turgenev sense. Savina (a famous actress) asks why Ivanov is a scoundrel. You write "it is necessary to add something to Ivanov from which it can be seen why two women hung on his neck, and why he is a scoundrel and the doctor a great man". Well, if you three understand me like that, it means that my Ivanov is no good at all. I probably must have lost my wits and written the reverse of what I intended.... and there can be no question of staging it.

Now, I understand my characters in this way. Ivanov is a nobleman, a university man with nothing remarkable about him. He is easily excited, forgetful, very much inclined to imaginations, honest and straightforward like the majority of educated noblemen.... What he has done and how he behaved is seen from the following words addressed to the doctor:

"Don't marry Jewsesses, or ne'er-do-well women, or bluestocking, don't fight with thousands single-handed, don't struggle with windfalls, don't bang your head against the wall. God preserve you from scientific farming, unusual schools, fiery speeches."
The Emma Goldman Papers
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That is what lies in his past and it is all which makes his wife Sova consider him a remarkable man. In other words, Ivanov's past is delightful as it usually is with the majority of Russian intellectuals. There never was a Russian hero who did not boast of the past. The present is worse than the past. Why? Because Russian excitability has one specific quality: it is quickly followed by fatigue. A man has hardly left the school-bench when he takes up, at fever heat, a burden above his strength. He takes on at once schools, the presses, scientific farming, makes speeches, writes to ministers, organizes evening assemblies, gambles, carouses, falls in love, not in a simple way but nauseously with a bluestocking, or a Jewess, or a prostitute, whom he has to move. But he is hardly thirty-live when he is fatigued and bored and begins to give everybody advice.

In his physical insignificance Ivanov does not know what is going on within him. In horror he tells the doctor, when he learns that his wife is dying of tuberculosis: 'I feel neither love nor pity, but merely an exponent, fatigue. You may think it awful on my part — but I tell you I do not know what is going on in my soul.'

Finding themselves in such a position, unscrupulous people throw all the blame on their environment, or put themselves down as superlative people, because Russians let it go at that. But my Ivanov is an honest man and straightforward and frankly to the doctor and the public he does not understand what goes on within him. The change that has taken place in his wife's sense of decency, he seeks for causes outside of himself, and does not find them. He begins to look within himself and finds only a vague sense of guilt, it is a Russian feeling. Whether anyone dies in his house, or is ill, whether he goes away, or whether he lands, a Russian always feels guilty. Ivanov is tormented by his feeling of guilt.... To fatigue, boredom, and a sense of guilt, add one more enemy, loneliness. Were Ivanov a civil servant, teacher, priest, or professor, he would get accustomed to his position. But he lives on his estate, his companions are either drunkards or cardplayers, or people like the doctor. Nobody cares or is interested in his feelings or the change in him. He is lonely. Long winter nights, a deserted garden, an empty house, a sick wife.... He has nowhere to go. That is why he is every minute tortured by that question: what is he to do with himself.... Men like Ivanov do not solve difficulties but sink under them.

On the other hand is Dr. Lev, a walking tonometer.... He is honest and straightforward, hot-headed, but narrow and uncompromising. He blurs out the truth without sparing himself. If necessary he will throw a bomb under a scaffold, smash the inspector's face, call anyone scoundrel. He will not stop at anything.... Such people are necessary and generally are attractive. To endure them, even in the interest of the stage, is dishonest, nor is there any need for it. True, a caricature is more poignant and therefore easier
simpler to comprehend, but it is better to leave
the colours too faint than to dank them so too
thickly.

Sarra loves Ivanov because he is a good
man, ardent, brilliant, and speaks so fervently
as Lyov. While he is excited and interesting
she loves him; but when he begins to grow misty
in her eyes and to lose definite outline, she
no longer understands him and she speaks her
mind straightly and sharply.

Sasha is a girl of the new school, educated,
intelligent, honest, etc... She is a female who is
not won by the vivid plumage of the male... but by
their complaints, whinings, and failures.... No
sooner does Ivanov’s heart grow faint than the lady
is at hand... It is not Ivanov she loves, but the
husk.... She does not know that for Ivanov love
is only another complication, only one more step in
the back. She carries on with him for a whole year,
but she does not raise him — instead, he sinks
lower and lower.

... If the public comes out of the theatre
feeling that the Ivanovs are scoundrels and the
Doctor loves great men, it will be time for me to
retire and throw my pen to the devil. Corrections
and interpolations won’t help. No corrections can
stumble a great man from his pedestal and no inter-
polation can make a frollicking and ordinary mortal out
of a scoundrel.......

"Uncle Vanya", originally called "The Wood
Devil", was Chekhov’s second large portrait. Of this play he
tells us that :

It deals with an egotistical wooden bore who
read about literature twenty-five years ago without
understanding anything, a man who drives everybody
to dismay and boredom, who does not allow laughter,
or smiles, and yet an ordinary happy man.

This bore is the retired professor, Serebryakov,
who for twenty-five years has lived at the expense of the
brother of his first wife, Ivan Petrovich Voinitsky,
known as Uncle Vanya. The latter had spent his youth on
the family estate, removed from the opportunities of the
large city. He had loved and economized to support his
professional brother-in-law, whom he and everyone else
adore as a great man, the oracle, the banner-bearer of
With Uncle Vanya, the young daughter of his beloved elder sister whom he had brought up and who has worked side by side with him to keep her pseudo-illustrious father living in ease in the capital. But the hula about the Professor is quickly dispelled, when after years of absence, he visits the estate on his summer holiday. The entire household, with the sole exception of the mother of his first wife, makes the tragic discovery that the Professor is a cross egotist and empty bore, and that his admired wisdom is stagnant, antiquated, and useless. They reflect on the broken conceit and bombast that had succeeded in moping his daughter Sonya, Uncle Vanya, and the youth of his young wife Yelena.

Yelena is but twenty-seven, clever and attractive. She has grown to understand her husband's captiveness, but she remains true to him largely because of her lack of courage. On the estate she becomes the center of attraction. Uncle Vanya who for long suppressed his need for companionship and affection, falls violently in love with Yelena. Dr. Astrov, a neighbour and friend of Uncle Vanya and who like him has wasted his youth and ideals in the drudgery of village practice, also becomes infatuated with her. Yelena prefers him to Uncle Vanya. The terrible disappointment and his growing bitterness against the man who has for years drained him, drive Vanya into a state of frenzy, culminating in his attempt to kill his worthless and perfidious brother-in-law. He
fails, as his entire life has been a failure. The
Professor and Yelena leave the estate. Uncle Vanya and
Sonya, who secretly loves Dr. Astrov, resolve to continue
their routine work and lives.

The play is a vivid satire on the fetish of
academic training, the hothouse atmosphere which produces
enervated people, ignorant of real life and social needs,
yet who strut about in their importance and egotism,
leading useless lives at the expense of others. In the
words of Dr. Astrov to Yelena:

"Wherever you go, you and your husband, you
carry the infection of idleness, loneliness and
artifice."

The character in the play that represents
Tchekhov’s ideal and hopes is Sonya, a beautiful, loving
spirit, capable and determined, yet full of sweet tener-
ness and glowing hope in the future. Through Sonya Tchekhov
expresses his own underlying faith. She says:

"We shall rejoice and look back at these
troubles of ours with tenderness, with a smile —
and we shall rest. I have faith, Uncle, I have
fervent, passionate faith.... We shall see all
Heaven lit with radiance; we shall see all
earthly evil, all sufferings, drowned in mercy
which will fill the whole world, and our life
will be peaceful, gentle and sweet as a rose.
I have faith, I have faith; (wipes away his
tears with her hankiecloth). Poor Uncle Vanya,
you are crying. (Through her own tears) You
have had no joy in your life, but wait, Uncle
Vanya, wait. We shall rest (puts her arms around
him). We shall rest!"
In "The Seagull" the young artist, Constantine Treplef, seeks new forms, new modes of expression. He is tired of old academic ways, the beaten track; he is disgusted with the endless imitative methods, no one apparently capable of an original thought.

Constantine has written a play; the principal part is to be acted by Nina, a beautiful girl with whom Constantine is in love. He arranges the first performance to take place on the occasion of his mother's vacation in the country.

She herself—known as Maia, Arastina—is a famous actress of the old school. She knows how to show off her charms to advantage, to parade her beautiful gowns, to paint and die gracefully before the footlights; but she does not know how to live her part on the stage. Maia, Arastina is the type of artist who lacks all conception of the relation between art and life. Barren of vision and empty of heart, her only criterion is public approval and material success. Needless to say, she cannot understand her son. She considers him decadent, a foolish rebel who wants to undermine the settled scene of dramatic art. Constantine sums up his mother's personality in the following manner:

Treplef: She is a psychological curiosity, in my mother. A clever and gifted woman, who can cry over a novel, will reel you off all Bakhtin's poems by heart, and is the perfection of a sick nurse; but venture to praise Monmonius before her! Oh! She! Yes, I must praise nobody but her; write about her, about about her, and go into ecstasies over her.
wonderful performance in "La DAME aux Camélias", or "The Flames of Life"; but as she cannot have those interesting pleasures down here in the country, she's bored and gets spiteful.... She loves the stage; she thinks that she is advancing the cause of humanity and her sacred art; but I regard the stage of to-day as mere routine and prejudice. When the curtain goes up and the gifted beings, the high priests of the sacred art, appear by electric light, in a room with three sides to it, representing how people eat, drink, love, walk and wear their jackets; when they strive to squeeze out a moral from the flat, vulgar pictures and the flat, vulgar phrases, a little tiny moral, easy to comprehend and handy for home consumption, when in a thousand variations they offer us always the same thing over and over again - then I take to my heels and run, as Impossient ran from the City Tower, which crushed his brain by its overwhelming vulgarity.... We must have new formulae. That's what we want. And if there are none, then it's better to have nothing at all.

With Isis, 'reading is her lover, Trigorin, a successful writer. When he began his literary career, he possessed originality and strength. But gradually writing became a habit the publishers constantly demand new books, and he supplies them.

Oh, the slavery of being an "arrived" artist, forging new chains for oneself with every "best seller"! Such is the position of Trigorin: he hates his work as the worst drudgery. Exhausted of ideas, all life and human relations serve him only as material for copy.

Nina, innocent of the ways of the world and saturated with the false romanticism of Trigorin's works, does not see the man but the celebrated artist. She is carried away by his fame and stirred by his presence; an infatuation with him quickly replaces her affection for
Constantine. To her Trigorin embodies her dream of a brilliant and interesting life.

Hina: How I envy you, if you but knew it! How different are the lots of different people! Some can hardly drag on their tedious, insignificant existence; they are all alike, all miserable; others, like you, for instance—you are one in a million—are blessed with a brilliant, interesting life, all full of meaning.... You are happy.... What a delightful life yours is!

Trigorin: What is there so fine about it? Day and night I am obsessed by the same persistent thought: I must write, I must write; I must write.... No sooner have I finished one story than I am somehow compelled to write another, then a third, and after the third a fourth.... I have no rest for myself; I feel that I am devouring my own life.... I've never satisfied myself.... I have the feeling for nature; it makes a passion in me, an irresistible desire to write. But I am something more than a landscape painter; I'm a citizen as well; I love my country, I love the people; I feel that if I am a writer I am bound to speak of the people, of its suffering, of its future, to speak of science, of the rights of man, etc., etc.; and I speak about it all, voluntarily, and am attacked angrily in return by everyone; I dart from side to side like a fox run down by hounds; I see that life and science fly farther behind, like the countryman running after the train; and in the end I feel that the only thing I can write of is the landscape, and in everything else I am untrue to life, false to the very marrow of my bones.

Constantine realizes that Hina is slipping away from him. The situation is aggravated by the constant friction with his mother and his despair at the lack of encouragement for his art. In a fit of despondency he attempts suicide, but without success. His mother, although nursing him back to health, is infuriated at her son's "foolishness," his inability to adapt himself to conditions, his impractical ideas. She decides to leave, accompanied...
by Trigirin. On the day of their departure Nina and Trigirin meet once more. The girl tells him of her ambition to become an actress, and, encouraged by him, follows him to the city.

Two years later Nina, Aracina, still full of her idle triumphs, returns to her estate. Trigirin is again with her still haunted by the need of copy.

Constantine has in the interim matured consider-
able. Although he has made himself heard as a writer, he nevertheless feels that life to-day has no place for such as he; that sincerity in art is not wanted. His mother is with him, but she only serves to emphasize the flatness of his surroundings. He loves her, but her ways jar him and drive him into seclusion.

Nina, too, has returned to her native place, broken in body and spirit. Partly because of the memory of her past affection for Constantine, and mainly because she learns of Trigirin's presence, she is drawn to the place where two years before she had dreamed of the beauty of an artistic career. The cruel struggle for recognition, the bitter disappointment in her relation with Trigirin, the cure of a child and poor health have combined to change the romantic child into a sad woman.

Constantine still loves her. He pleads with her to go away with him, to begin a new life. But it is too late. The lure of the footlights is beckoning to Nina.
she returns to the stage. Constantine, unable to stand
the loneliness of his life and the mercenary demands
upon his art, kills himself.

To the Anglo-Saxon mind such an ending is
pessimism — defeat. Often, however, apparent defeat is
in reality the truest success. For is not success, as
commonly understood, but too frequently bought at the
expense of character and idealism?

"The Seagull" is not defeat. As long as there
is still such material in society as the Constantines —
men and women who would rather die than compromise with
the sordidness of life — there is hope for humanity.
If the Constantines perish, it is the social fault —
our indifference to, and lack of appreciation of, the
real values that alone advance the fuller and more
complete life of the race.

§ §

THREE SISTERS

The play opens with the line:

"Father died just a year ago, on this very day."

It is the key to the tragic life of the three
Prozorov sisters, Olga, Masha, and Irina. While their
father was alive and in his position as general in command
of a brigade, his daughters enjoyed the gay military
atmosphere of the army circle, unaware of the sordidness of
the small provincial town. During the year of mourning
the sisters lived only in the memory of their father,
absorbed in their lives, but with approaching spring comes the revival of spirit and the yearning for the colour and gayety of the capital. They decide to terminate their grey life on the country estate for Moscow.

Their hopes are centered in their brother Andrey, who is to become a college professor and make his mark in Moscow. Through him their lives also would gain new meaning and purpose. But Andrey becomes infatuated with a silly girl whom he marries and who gradually destroys all his dreams. He grows indolent, dull, and fat like his wife. Still the sisters go on clinging to the hope of Moscow as the only release from the oppressive atmosphere of their cramped existence.

Their dream becomes more vivid with the entry into their life of a visitor, Lieutenant-Colonel Vereshchin. He is gay and vivacious in spite of his unhappy marriage to a woman who by repeated attempts at suicide binds the man to her. Vereshchin, a man of almost middle age, is yet full of the joy of life and the hope for a better future. He electrifies Masha and she is carried away by his youthfyl spirit. She and Vereshchin snatch a few moments of bliss, of forgetfulness. But soon the military company to which he is attached leaves the village, and Masha is thrown back into the hated old routine and the narrow interests of her married life.

Irene, tired of the drudgery of her occupation, accepts the offer of marriage of Lieutenant Tsvanbach. He plans to leave the army, take his wife to Moscow, and there
In the Emma Goldman Papers:

Foremost Russian Dramatists: Their Life and Work / by Emma Goldman. 1926 draft, fragment. 161 p.; 35 x 24 cm.

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... the smile is so gay, so confident, and one longs for life! Oh, my God! Time will pass, and we shall go away forever, and we shall be forgotten, our faces will be forgotten, our voices, and how many there were of us; but our sufferings will pass into joy for those who will live after us. Happiness and peace will be established upon earth, and they will remember kindly and bless those who have lived before.
Oh, dear sisters, our life is not ended yet. We shall live!

"The Cherry Orchard" is Tchekhov's supreme work of art and at the same time it voices his abiding faith in life, in the possibilities of man, in Russia. The work was created during the most wretched period of the author's life, in the last three years when disease had made fatal inroads, when almost every day was filled with torture and physical martyrdom. Yet Tchekhov's spirit had never soared so high, nor had his faith been so staunch as during those agonizing years. "The Cherry Orchard" is Tchekhov's prophetic song, his confession of faith, a poem of infinite tenderness, of exceeding beauty and charm. Yet, more—it is the symbol of three social epochs in Russia and their original relics in literature.

Mac. Runevsky, the owner of the cherry orchard, an estate celebrated far and wide for its beauty and historic traditions, is deeply attached to the family place. She loves it for its romanticism; nightingales sing in the orchard, accompanying the wailing of lovers. She is devoted to it because of the memory of her ancestors...
and because of the many tender ties which bind her to
the orchard. The same feeling and reverence is entertain-
tained by her brother Leonid Gaysf. They are expressed
in the Duo to an Old Family Cupboard : 

\[ \text{Gaysf: Beloved and venerable cupboard; honour and glory to your existence, which for more than a hundred years has been directed to the noble ideals of justice and virtue. Your silent summons to profitable labour has never weakened in all these hundred years. You have upheld the course of succeeding generations of human kind; you have upheld faith in a better future and cherished in us ideals of goodness and social consciousness.} \]

But the social consciousness of Gaysf and of
his sister is of a paternal nature: the attitude of the
aristocracy toward its serfs. It is a paternalism that
takes no account of the freedom and happiness of the
people, - the compassion of a dying end.

Mas. Pronovsky is impoverished. The cherry
orchard is heavily mortgaged and as revenues and sentiment
cannot liquidate debts, the beautiful estate falls into
the cruel hands of commercialism.

The merchant Vernolki Lopukhin buys the place.
He is in ecstasy over his newly acquired possession. He
the owner - he who had risen from the serfs of the former
master of the orchard!

\[ \text{Lopukhin: Just think of it! The cherry orchard is mine! Mine! Tell me that I'm drunk and tell me that I'm off my head; tell me that it's all a dream! …… If only my father and my grandfather could rise from their graves and see the whole affair, how their Vernolki, their} \]
flagged and ignorant Yermolai, who used to ram about barefooted in the winter, how this same
Yermolai had bought a property that hasn't been
equal for beauty anywhere in the whole world! I
have bought the property where my father
and grandfather were slaves, where they weren't
even allowed into the kitchen.

It is an error to consider Lopakhin an
avaricious climber, drunk with his newly acquired
wealth and incapable of appreciating beauty and
refinement. We have Tolstoy's own attitude to this
character which gives Lopakhin quite a different
place in the new epoch that followed upon the heels
of the aristocracy with its leisure and romance built
on the backs of the serfs.

Lopakhin is a merchant, of course, but he is a very decent person in every sense. He must behave with perfect decorum, like an educated man, with no petty ways or tricks of any sort....

Varya, a serious and religious girl, is in love
with Lopakhin; she wouldn't be in love with a
mere money-grubber......

No, Lopakhin isn't a money-grubber whose new
acquisition goes to his head like wine to those unused
to drink. He is the man of action, of strong will,
the man of purpose, who has risen from the dust by sheer
force of character and determination to the position of
independence; the man who believes that the time for
mere talking is past and that deeds are needed. Lopakhin
is, as a matter of fact, Tolstoy himself who faced the
realities of life, who fervently believed in the need of
labour in the advent of a new epoch, the epoch of the
machine and of labour-saving devices, of science as against
romanticism — the period of realism in life and in art.

However, Tchekhov was no materialist in the narrow sense. To him materialism was but the means of translating idealism into life. Peter Trophimov "the perpetual student", the creation of Tchekhov's kindly jest, is nevertheless expressive of the hopes and dreams of the author. And with Trophimov is Anya, the young daughter of Madame Ranewsky, the radiant, ardent Russian girl whom Tchekhov — and before him Turgenev — painted so sympathetically. They herald the new and brighter time.

Anya: Why is it that I no longer love the cherry orchard as I did? I used to love it so tenderly: I thought there was no better place on earth than our garden.

Trophimov: All Russia is our garden. The earth is great and beautiful; it is full of wonderful places. Think, Anya, your grandfather, your great-grandfather and all your ancestors were serf-owners, owners of living souls. Do not human spirits look out at you from every tree in the orchard, from every leaf and every stem? Do you not hear human voices? ... Oh! it is terrible. Your orchard frightens me. When I walk through it in the evening or at night, the rugged bark on the trees glows with a dim light, and the cherry trees seem to see all that happened a hundred and two hundred years ago in painful and oppressive dreams. Well, well, we have fallen at least two hundred years beyond the times. We have achieved nothing at all as yet; we have not made up our minds how we should have done with the past; we only philosophize, complain of boredom, or drink vodka. It is so plain to us, before we can live in the present, we must first redeem the past, and have done with it.

Anya: The house we live in has long since ceased to be our house; I shall go away.

Trophimov: If you have the household keys, throw them in the well and go away. Be free, be free as the wind.... I am hungry as the winter; I am sick, anxious, poor as a beggar. Fate has tossed...
me hither and thither; I have been everywhere, everywhere. But everywhere I have been, every minute, day and night, my soul has been full of mysterious anticipations. I feel the approach of happiness, Amy; I see it coming.... it is coming towards us, nearer and nearer; I can hear the sound of its footsteps.... And if we do not see it, if we do not know it, what does it matter? Others will see it.

Tolstoy's prophetic vision beheld the coming day, and with powerful pen and loving heart he proclaimed it that others might see it. For from being a pessimist, as charged by superficial critics, Tolstoy's fervent faith and passionate belief became stronger with growing physical decline.

We are higher creatures, (he wrote at this time), and if we were really to realize the whole power of the genius of man we would become like gods. To believe in God is not difficult. The inquisitors.... and our Arakcheev believed in his. No, believe in man. The great, brilliant future of man, the kingdom of eternal truth....

In 1903 Tolstoy wrote:

There would come soon the new, clear life, when one would be able to look directly and bravely into the eyes of fate, to realize oneself as right, happy, free.

One year later this faith found its highest expression in the "Cherry Orchard".

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CHAPTER IX

GORKI

In the preface to his collected works, Gorki says:

I have come from below, from the nethermost ground of life where I sought but slush and
muck.... I am the truthful voice of life, the
harsh cry of those who still abide down there
and who have let me come up to bear witness to
their suffering.

Certainly no other writer can speak with such
knowledge and experience of those who are in "the
nethermost ground of life" as Maxim Gorki. Unlike most
writers on the life of the underworld, Gorki was never
the aloof observer merely; he was part of the milieu he
portrays with such mastery. He is one of the number-
less many whom the underworld had thrust "down below"
and whom it rarely permits to rise unless he possess the
genius of a Gorki. Genius defies all obstacles,
overcomes every hindrance and rises to the sunlit day,
there to cry out in behalf of those he has left behind.

Maxim Gorki, whose real name is Alexei
Maksimovitch Peshkov, was born in Nishni-Novgorod, on
March 14, 1869. His father, whom he lost at the age
of four, was a poor artisan; his mother, the daughter of
a dyer, was disowned by her parents for marrying "below
her station." After a second marriage she died and
left her child at the age of seven with her father.
The latter, hard and unforgiving, made the little fellow
suffer for the offense of his daughter who had "disgraced"
the family by choosing a common working-man for a
The boy was hired out to a shoemaker, later to be placed with a dealer in holy pictures who maltreated the young apprentice, making his life a continuous round of misery. After three years of brutal thrashing and starvation young Maxim, unable to endure the treatment meted out to him with such regularity, managed to escape his tormentor and ship as kitchen-boy on a Volga steamer. There he found a friend in the drunken but very kindly cook, who took the twelve-year-old boy under his protection. It was this cook who first introduced Gorki to books, the two spending many hours together, reading promiscuously old Russian legends and modern works, translations from the French as well as detective stories, all eagerly absorbed by the impressionable young mind. Thus was awakened the youth's thirst for reading and knowledge, the mighty Volga stream and the wide steppes surrounding it helping to enrich his imagination and to develop his innate sense of beauty.

A youth of fifteen, Gorki sought the ancient city of Kazan where he hoped to "buy an education. But he soon discovered that for one of his class there was in Russia at that time no opportunity to acquire knowledge in the institutions of learning. He had to continue his quest in the school of life which, though a harsher and more dangerous source of wisdom, has the advantage of reality and truth. He hired himself out to a baker, who exploited the energies of the boy for eighteen hours a day. The remarkable stories, "Konovalov"
The desire for advancement was strong in Maxim Gorky and he constantly sought better opportunities. He did not remain long in the bakery, soon exchanging it for the freer, though more strenuous life of a docker. The new occupation with its increased chances of contact with people served Gorki in storing up impressions which later gave such unique atmosphere and color to his work.

It was at this period, the docker's work being uncertain, that the youth, hungry and cold, sought shelter on a barge. He met a girl there, an outcast. She too had come there for shelter. In the darkness and drizzling rain the two found each other. Most powerfully and sympathetically is the incident treated in "Once in Autumn".
They separate in the dawn and never see each other again.

For more than six months I looked in all the dives and dens in the hope of seeing that dear little Natasha once more, but it was vain.

Living in the depths of society, a vagabond among vagabonds, Gorki feels himself an outcast with outcasts. At twenty he becomes so discouraged in attaining a better life and realizing his ambitions that he attempts suicide. Fortunately he fails and must again take up the struggle for existence. He works at anything that comes to hand — as a fruit vendor on the railways, in fields. His love of knowledge is revived and he seeks to acquaint himself with the "mysteries" of science, of literature, the drama and other arts. In this he is assisted by students he meets in his native town. Later he finds employment as secretary to a lawyer in Nizhni-Novgorod, a Mr. Labin, who took great interest in him, lent him books and helped to improve the youth's education which had been neglected. Some text is repeated
up to that time had been acquired in a very haphazard manner. But Gorki's restless, roaming spirit would not permit him to remain long in one place. He again took to the road. He covered the length and breadth of Russia on foot, supporting himself in devious ways, begging, working at odd jobs, but mostly starving, while observing and dreaming.

After he had tramped through Bessarabia, the Crimea, and the Kuban region, Gorki reached the Caucasus. There he met a student who liked himself had been "thrust down below". The latter encouraged Gorki to write down his experiences, thus laying the cornerstone for the literary structure Maxim Gorki later gave to the world.

In a local paper in Tiflis there appeared, in 1892, the story "Makar Tchudra" signed by Maxim Gorki. Powerful and bearing evidence of unusual talent, the tale aroused attention. Within two years Gorki became a known and recognized name in Russian literature, due particularly to the efforts of the great Ukrainian writer, Vladimir Korolenko. The latter, sensing Maxim's ability, introduced him to the more serious publications, and Gorki's stories began to appear in the well-known "Ruskiye Bogatstvo" (Russian Wealth) then edited by Korolenko. The latter's influence was a potent factor at this stage of Gorki's career. In supplying material to his biographer, Gorki wrote:

"Write this, write this without changing a single word; it is Korolenko who taught Gorki to write, and if Gorki has profited but little by the teaching of Korolenko, it is the fault of Gorki alone. Gorki's first teacher was the..."
soldier-cook Savory; his second teacher was the lawyer Lamin; the third Alexander Kaloushny, an "ex-man"; [one down and out] the fourth, Korolenko.

Gorki quickly became popular with the Russian reading public. When his stories first appeared in collected form in 1906, his fame spread beyond the confines of his native land and his works were translated in almost every country. But the price he had to pay was beyond his physical capital. Due to long years of starvation and hardship, Gorki developed tuberculosis which has since kept him hovering between life and death.

In the chapter on Tchekhov I have referred to the election of Gorki as honorary member of the Academy of Science and the part Tchekhov played in it. The "honor" did not last long, because the Tsar was displeased with the election of so rabid a revolutionary who had then already embraced Marxist Socialism as his political ideal. Fearful of imperial disapproval, the timid Academy made itself ridiculous by repudiating the election. It is not likely that this cowardly procedure by those who presume to be the high priests of Art and Letters gave Gorki any sleepless nights. It certainly did not prevent him a year later from throwing himself into the revolutionary tide which swept across Russia in 1905. Inspired by the high hopes and the patient heroism of the Russian masses, Gorki heavily taxed his already weakened vitality in active participation. His efforts were mainly concentrated on raising funds, which he frequently collected on the street corners after his friend Chaliapin had enthused the crowd by his exquisite singing. After the failure of the 1905 Revolution Gorki was compelled to flee Russia. He went to France and later to Capri.
In 1906 Gorki visited the United States for the purpose of raising funds for renewed revolutionary work in Russia. No man who had ever come to America before had such an exceptional opportunity to reach the workers and to arouse their interest for and sympathy with their brothers in Russia, as well as to get from them generous financial support. Unfortunately Gorki fell into the hands of a group of pseudo intellectuals who, though well-intentioned, lacked judgment and discretion. Due to the latter was the complete failure of Gorki’s purpose and the outrageous insult heaped upon the man by the American puritans. His friends failed in the first place to acquaint Gorki with the greatest scourge of American life --- the busy-bodies who have constituted themselves the watch-dogs of American morals. Having failed to take the respectable precaution of registering his woman companion of many years --- Madame Andreieva --- as his legally permitted wife, Gorki was ordered out of the hotel in the dead of night and practically thrown into the street. It thus fell to his tragic lot to be received by America as a king one day and to be hurled into the gutter like a pariah the next. Gorki, unfamiliar with the ways of American hospitality, was dazed by the clamor raised against him by a sensational and unscrupulous press and public, forsaken by his literary confreres, and with all his chances of realizing his purpose spoiled.

Still the situation might have been saved had Gorki’s advisors not continued to bungle matters. The man who had emerged from below, “from the nethermost ground of life where there is nothing but slush and murk”, should have gone to the people, to the workers who knew...
and loved the artist and man in him, instead of remaining among rich curiosity seekers. Following the damnable hotel incident his friends kept Gorki in seclusion, far away from his own kind who had no way of reaching him, or of evidencing to him their admiration and respect. Instead he found himself among people who understood him neither as man nor as artist, and who had but little interest in his vital mission. Gorki then sailed for Capri.

Before the outbreak of the great war Maxim Gorki returned to Russia. There he began the publication of the magazine "Zhizn" ("Life") which was devoted to life, art, and letters. It continued its valuable work all through the Kerensky period and after the Bolsheviks attained to power. For a considerable time a sharp opponent of the latter's political regime, Gorki gradually allied himself with them. Whether he inwardly condoned all that was done in the name of the revolution is difficult to say. Outwardly, however, he persistently sought to explain every governmental outrage as a revolutionary necessity and "historically inevitable", which merely demonstrates that one may be a great writer and yet a very bad statesman. Gorki especially proved that by the work he published after he came out of Russia, wherein he indicted the Russian people as "most savage, barbarous, densely superstitious and cruel."

The serious psychologist knows that the masses of whatever race or country, when driven at bay are likely to show similar characteristics. The wonder is not that the Russians are "savage, cruel, and barbarous."
The wonder is that they are not more so after centuries of Tsarism, followed by a terrible war, revolution, pestilence, famine, interventions from without, tyranny from within. From a creative artist one has the right to expect deeper psychologic perception than Maxim Gorki has shown by his wholesale charges against the Russian peasantry. But as I have said, one may be a poet and at the same time a blunderer in the politico-social aspects of life.

The quick ascendancy of Maxim Gorki in the world of letters was not due merely to his great literary gifts. It was essentially aided by his ardent faith in the Russian and his possibilities, carrying a message of hope and inspiration intensely needed by the reading public of the period. For years it had been fed on the Obloma types, on "heroes" so lost in self-contemplations and so paralysed by introspection that they were unable to look life bravely in the face, much less to overcome its difficulties. But here came one who drew his material from the very depths, from the social outcasts, the bovaki of the "barefoot brigade", "ex-men" --- have been --- and among them Gorki was able to discover and present to us brave, proud and determined men and women, who tolerate no idle excursions into their souls, who love life and have the strength to drink the cup to its dregs. The Komovalovs, the Bashkards, the Kalvas, and the Orlovs do not shine. They do not waste their substance in endless discussions about their "sick souls". They live.
"Konovalov", whom Gorki describes as:

an intellectual among those whose fate has ill-used, amongst the ragged, the hungry, and embittered half-men and half-beasts with whom the city slums teem.

refuses to accept the idea that conditions are stronger than man. He thinks that "one must be fair-hearted indeed" to be conquered by fate. He tells his young friend,

I live, and something goads me on.... I have no line to follow.... do you understand me? I don't know how to say it. I have not that spark in my soul.... Force, perhaps? Something is missing; that's all!

and when he is assured that the failure of man is due to the "dark forces round you", Konovalov protests:

Then make a stand! Take a stronger footing! Find your ground and make a stand!

Similarly Grisha Urlov, another vagabond type, is filled with the love of freedom and life.

My soul burns within me, (he says) I want space to give full swing to my strength? I feel within me an indomitable force! If the cholera, let us say, could become a man, a giant, I would meet it! Let it be a struggle to the death, I would say: you are a force, and I, Grisha Urlov, am a force too; let us see which is the better!

Naturally, the Konovalovs and the Urlovs often go down, but at least not without fight, never submissive to the "inevitable", never yielding. The element of strength which permeates all of Gorki's early works and his faith in the purging quality of an ideal proved refreshing and exhilarating to the Russian public, bringing quick acceptance and recognition.
Maxim Gorki began writing plays in 1901. A true artist, he sincerely tells us that he is dissatisfied with his dramatic works. It is not amiss to remark that of the ten or more plays Gorki wrote, high water mark is reached only in "The Lower Depths". Not that his other plays lack value. In comparison with many dramas that now infest the English and American stage such works of Gorki as "Smug People", "Children of the Sun", "Enemies", and "The Judge", are of very high quality. But in comparison with his powerful stories they are inferior.

"Smug People" reveals Gorki's social tendencies more clearly than his other dramatic works. Not that it is "propaganda". But the real hero of the drama is a workingman, a man of the people, a personality of will and determination who masters circumstances and lives his life.

Nil is the adopted son of Bessemensov, a well-to-do, respectable member of the middle class. All their lives the Bessemensovs have lived in the same stuffy house, with the same stuffy furniture, absorbed by the same every-day petty interests. Their children were born and reared in the same house and like their parents are doomed to the same round of nothingness. Occasionally one attempts to escape his paralyzing confines. Thus Peter, the son of the Bessemensovs, carried away by his passion for the buxom widow, Helena Krivtsova, goes away with her to live his life and love. But it will probably not be for long. For in the words of Teterew, the humorous boarder of the Bessemensovs,

Peter will not dare to go far. He has only been drawn out to the depressing and smothering surroundings by someone else. He will climb
down again. You will die (this to the father). Peter will make some slight changes in the house and barn, will probably remove the old, dusty furniture about and will continue to live as sensible, smugly, and satisfied as you have done. And he will become as avaricious, self-righteous and hard as you.

Tatyana, the sister of Peter, who wastes her life as teacher giving to her pupils the same grey values of life she herself had received, has not even the will to attempt an escape. She too is aroused for a brief period by her infatuation for Nil, the adopted son of Besemenov, but when she learns that he loves Polya, the seamstress employed in her father's house, she attempts suicide and fails even at that. All the Besemenovs, including the mother, whose days are spent in everlasting nagging and complaining, lament their fate. Small people with small interests and small vision, never rising above their daily routine.

Not so Nil. He is full of the spirit of life and longing to live. He has always kept aloof from the demoralizing family quarrels, preserving the cheerful optimism without which difficulties cannot be overcome. And there is Polya, young and tender, and with deep faith in life and love. The two belong to each other, and together they go out to meet life regardless of all the world's consider and obstacles in their path. Their love, their capacity for work, their joy in life will sustain them.

These two are types infused by the author with his own spirit. At their side are the care-free, heart-free vagabonds who defy all the accepted standards and
conventions and who have the courage to live their own lives: They are the true kings of the earth. Their characters, drawn with sympathetic insight, are a glowing counterpart to the dull existence of the snug people, whose lives, as Tovrov tells us, are:

a mixture of cleverness and stupidity, of kindliness and meanness, of respectability and vulgarity, of cowardice and brassiness.

Their lives are a continuous round of triviality circumscribed by their spiritual emptiness. Any deviation from the habitual and accustomed effects like a:

a wagon passing through a swamp: the stagnant waters are momentarily disturbed, soon to recede into the ill-smelling pool.

In the preface to the American edition of his play, "The Judge", Gorki remarks that this drama seems to him more interesting than his other works although "not entirely devoid of didactic tendencies." He further explains:

Are we not all of us eternally trying to teach something to our fellow-men? As a result of this ineradicable instinct, we are becoming more and more intolerant of the freedom of thought of others: there is such a multitude of "truths" spread abroad throughout the world! Each of us has at least two or three of his own, which we strive to fasten upon those about us, like a collar around the neck of a dog. In "The Judge" for example, I have tried to show how repulsive a man may be who becomes infatuated with his own suffering, who has come to believe the he enjoys the right to torment others for what he has suffered. When such a man has convinced himself that such is his right, that he is for that reason a chosen instrument of vengeance, he forfeits all claims to human respect. It is as if a man were to set fire to houses and whole towns simply because he felt cold.
The character in "The Judge" who comes to revenge himself on another is given in the play as "The Old Man". His victim is Ivan Mastakov. Both had been doomed to Siberia, the former for seducing a minor, the latter for murder. Mastakov, who had been condemned innocently, succeeded in escaping, changed his name and with the help and inspiration of Sofia Markovna, an intelligent and energetic young widow, he gradually rose to be a power in the community he now lives in. He has devoted himself to reforms and social improvements, has built schools and is kind and generous to his fellow men.

At the hour of Mastakov's greatest success, and when he is about to marry Sofia Markovna, "The Old Man", in the disguise of a pilgrim accompanied by "The Young Girl", a stern half-idiot, visits the estate. He is recognized by Mastakov as Anton, his erstwhile companion in misery in Siberia. Mastakov knows that the Old Man has come to crush him, to expose him, turn him over to the police and destroy the new life he has built up so painfully and after great spiritual suffering.

Mastakov confesses to Sofia Markovna who The Old Man is and what he has come for. He also tells her about his past --- something he had often tried to confide to her before --- but which he could not find enough strength to do. She believes him, encourages him, and together they decide to meet the terrible Old Man and prevail upon him to release his hold on Mastakov in return for a sum of money. But The Old Man will have none of it. He has suffered --- so must Mastakov. He tells Sofia Markovna:
Markovna:

Your Gussev (the name Mastakov was known under in prison) has sinned and wants to get into paradise, doesn't he? No, paradise is not for him. It's for such as I, the poor suffering outcast. That is the law. He ought to suffer tenfold for all my suffering.

When Sofia pleads that Mastakov was not guilty of the crime for which he already paid with several years' prison, The Old Man retorts:

I have no time to look for the right man... Gussev, you see, is in my fist; I've found him, caught him like a sparrow. He didn't drink his cup to the bitter dregs. Why not? I did. And you say I have no right to judge him? A merciless, lawful judge — that's what I have a right to be! You have tormented me to death and now you beg for peace? Your days of peace are over and done with. You'll have no more peace. I won't take gold from you for the tears I've shed.

Sofia Markovna hopes that by engaging the best legal aid she will be able to save Mastakov from The Old Man and from the law. She leaves for the city. In her absence Mastakov, feeling that "man judges his neighbor with evil and malice", resorts to suicide to escape his tormentor and the hand of the law. The Old Man, hard and cruel to the point of sadism, yet clings to his Lord.

God knows better than we why He lets things happen... God avenged Himself.

The play is a forceful presentation of the effect of suffering on certain types of man. In this there lies a significant suggestion of social scope. Gorki's own life, particularly the years of his miserable childhood and youth, have brought home to him the too often debasing and brutalizing results of the misery and torture inflicted by society upon its victims in the
lower depths. Apropos of the probable success of
"The Judge" in America, Gorki wrote:

I am inclined to think that in America the theory of spiritual salvation through suffering is not as popular as it used to be in Russia. I say "used to be" because I trust that Russia has borne enough suffering to have acquired an undying hatred of it.

In "Lower Depths" Maxim Gorki paints with overwhelming dramatic force those cast out by man, thrown in the dung-heap of life, robbed of joy and light. Even in this most sordid atmosphere there are flashes of the better side of man. Natasha, Vaska Pepel, Satin, Lukas, "ex-boings" though they are, still harbor in their crushed spirit the yearning for beauty, and some glimpses of hope to rise above the "sludge and murk" of their existence.

A Night's Lodging portrays a lodging house, hideous and foul, where gather the social derelicts, the thief, the gambler, the ex-artist, the ex-aristocrat, the prostitute. All of them had one time an ambition, a goal, but because of their lack of will and the injustice and cruelty of the world, they were forced into the depths and cast back whenever they attempted to rise. They are the superfluous ones, dehumanized and brutalized.

In this poisonous air, where everything withers and dies, we nevertheless find character. Natasha, a young girl, still retains her wholesome instincts. She had never known love or sympathy, had gone hungry all her days, and had tasted nothing but abuse from her brutal sister, on whom she was dependent. Vaska Pepel, the young thief, a lodger in the house, strikes a responsive chord in her the moment he makes her feel that he
cared for her and that she might be of spiritual and moral help to him. Vaska, like Natasha, is a product of social environment.

Vaska: From childhood, I have been --- only a thief. . . . Always I was called Vaska, the pickpocket, Vaska the son of a thief! See, it was of no consequence to me, as long as they would have it so. . . . so they would have it. . . . I was a thief, perhaps, only out of spite. . . . because nobody came along to call me anything --- thief. . . . You call me something else, Natasha. . . . It is no easy life that I lead --- friendless; pursued like a wolf. . . . I sink like a man in a swamp. . . . whatever I touch is slimy and rotten. . . . Nothing is firm. . . . but you are like a young fir-tree; you are prickly, but you give support.

There is another, humane-illuminating, the dark picture in "A Cock's Lodging", --- Luka. He is the type of an old pilgrim, a man whom the experiences of life have taught wisdom. He has tramped through Russia and Siberia, and consorted with all sorts of people; but disappointment, grief, and suffering have not robbed him of his faith in beauty, in idealism. He believes that every man, however low, degraded or demoralized can yet be reached, if we but know how to touch his soul. Luka inspires courage and hope in everyone he meets, urging each to begin life anew. To the former actor, now steeped in drink, he says:

Luka: "The drunkard, I have heard, can now be cured, without charge. They realize now, you see, that the drunkard is also a man. You must begin to make ready. Begin a new life!"

Luka tries to imbue Natasha and Vaska with new faith. They marvel at his goodness. In simplicity of heart Luka gives his philosophy of life.
Luka: I am good, you say. But you see, there must be some one to be good. We must have pity on mankind. Have pity while there is still time, believe me, it is very good. I was once, for example, employed as a watchman, at a country place which belonged to an engineer, not far from the city of Tomsk, in Siberia. The house stood in the middle of the forest, on cut-off, the way continued, and it was winter, and I was all alone in the country-house. It was beautiful there. Magnificent! And once, I heard them screaming: up...

Natacha: Thieves!

Luka: Yes. They crept higher and I took my rifle and went outside. I looked up: two men. As they were opening a window and so busy that they did not see anything of me at all. I cried to them: "Heh, there... get out of that!" and would you think it, they fell on me with a hand ax. I screamed them --- "walk", I cried, or else I fire... then I aimed first at one and then at the other. They fell on their knees, saying, "Pardon us." I was pretty hot. On account of the hand ax, you remember. You devils, I cried, "I told you to clear out and you didn't... and no", I said, "one of you run into the brush and get a switch. It was done. And no," I surrounded, "one of you stretch out on the ground, and the other thrash him..." and so they whipped each other at my command. And when they had each had a sound beating, they said to me: "Grandfather", said they, "for the sake of Christ give us a piece of bread. We haven't a bite in our baddies." They were the thieves who had fallen upon me with the hand ax. Yes... they were a pair of splendid fellows. I said to them, "If you had asked for bread", then they answered: "We had gotten past that., then we had asked and asked and nobody would give us anything... endurance was worn out," and so they remained with me the whole winter. One of them, Stephen by name, liked to take the rifle and go into the woods... and the other, Jakoff, was constantly ill, always coughing... the three of us watched the place, and when spring came, they said, "Farewell, grandfather", and went away ---- to Russia...."
nor in Siberia .... but a man, what can be not learn. Man may teach his fellow man something good ..... very simply.

Impressed and strengthened by Luka's wonderful faith and vision, the unfortunate make an attempt to rise from the social swamp. But he has come too late into their lives. They have been robbed of energy and will; and conditions always conspire to thrust them back into the depths. Then Natasha and Vasqa are about to start out on the road to a new life, fate overtakes them. The girl, during a scene with her heartless sister, is terribly accidented by the latter, and Vasqa, rushing to the defence of his sweetheart, encounters her brutal brother-in-law, whom he accidentally kills. Thus those "superfluous ones" go down in the struggle. Not because of their vicious or degrading tendencies; on the contrary, it is their better instincts that cause them to be swept back into the abyss. But though they perish, the inspiration of Luka is not entirely lost. It is epitomized in the words of one of the victims.

Soltan: The old man --- he lived from within.... He saw everything, with his own eyes .... I asked him once: "Grandfather, why do you really live?" "Man lives ever to give birth to strength. There live, for example, the carpenters, noisy, miserable people .... and suddenly in their midst is a carpenter born..... such a carpenter as the world has never seen; he is above all, no other carpenter can be compared to him. He gives a new face to the whole trade.... his own face, so to speak.... and with that simple impulse it has advanced twenty years.... and so the others live.... the locksmiths and the shoemakers, and all the rest of the working people.... and the same is true of other classes --- all to give birth to strength. Everyone thinks that he for himself takes up room in the world, but it turns out that he is here for another's benefit --- for someone better .... a hundred years ..... or perhaps longer.... if we live so long.... for the sake of genius.... All, my children, all, live only to give birth to strength. For that reason
No stronger indictment than "A Night's Lodging" is to be found in contemporary literature of our perverse civilization that condemns thousands -- often the very best men and women -- to the fate of the Vnasas and others, doomed an superfluous and unnecessary in society. And yet they are necessary, nay, they are vital, could we but see beneath the veil of cold indifference and stupidity to discover the deep humanity, the latent possibilities in the lowest of the low. If within our social conditions they are useless material, often vicious and detrimental to the general good, it is because they have been denied opportunity and forced into conditions that kill their faith in themselves and all that is best in their natures.

The so-called depravity and crimes of these derelicts are fundamentally the depravity and criminal anti-social attitude of Society itself that first creates the underworld and, having created it, wastes much energy and effort in suppressing and destroying the menacing phantom of its own making, --- forgetful of the elemental brotherhood of man, blind to the value of the individual, and ignorant of the beautiful possibilities inherent in even the most despised children of the depths.

Maxim Gorki voices his literary credo through the mouth of one of his characters:

The duty of literature is to aid man in understanding himself, to raise his faith in himself, to develop his longing for truth; to combat what is bad in man, to find what is good.
in them, to find what is good in them,
and to wake up in their souls shame, anger,
courage; to die everything, in short, to render
men strong in the noble sense of the word and
capable of inspiring their lives with the holy
spirit of beauty.... It seems to me, we need
once more to have dreams, pretty creations of
our fancy and vision, because the life we have
built up is poor in color, is dim and dull....
Weh, let us try; may be imagination will help
man to rise for a moment above the earth and
find on it his true place, which he has lost....
The sense of life is not in self-satisfaction;
after all, man is better than that. The sense
of life is in the beauty and the force of
striving towards some aim; every moment of
one's being ought to have its higher aim.
Truth, hatred, shame, loathing, and finally grim
despair --- these are the levers by means of
which you may destroy everything on earth. What
can you do to make a thirst for life when you
only shine, sigh, and morn, or coolly point out to
man that he is nothing but dust? ... Oh, for a
man, firm and loving, with a burning heart and a
powerful, all-engaging mind. In the stuffy
atmosphere of our shameful silence his prophetic
words would resound like an alarm-toll, and
perhaps the man souls of the living dead would
shiver.

In his creative work Maxim Gorki is that
clarion call which has said "the man souls of the
living dead shiver". Unfortunately, for a considerable
time now his voice has not sounded the new liberating
note, yet our atmosphere today is more stuffy and the
new vision more needed than in former years. It
cannot be that the prophet of "The Snake and the Falcon"
and "Old Isargil" will not speak again, for Maxim Gorki
is still in the prime of life, and Russia --- as the rest
of the world --- a most fertile field to inspire his lyrics.

* * *
However, it is an error to think that Andreyev was devoted entirely to the sombre and tragic. He did not fail to see also the comic side of life, and his pen could satirize the weaknesses, the superficiality, and emptiness of those who pose as the leaders and redeemers of mankind. A vivid instance we have in that clever and humorous play, "The Sabine Women", which Andreyev called a bit of Romantic History", a brilliant satire on the political situation of Russia of the period, particularly on the Constitutional-Democratic party, known as the Cadets. Their pusillanimous position in the political struggle of pre-revolutionary Russia, their attitude of constant compromise, their inertness in the face of reaction are represented by the Sabine husbands after the Romans had kidnapped their beloved wives.

After prolonged deliberation and a careful search for the address of the kidnapped beauties, the Sabine men start on their march. They are armed with heavy law books and the four hundred volumes incorporating the report of the investigation which proved the legality of Sabine marriage and the illegality of kidnapping.

Our weapons, Sabines, are justice and a clear conscience, (their leader Martius proclaims). We will prove to the base kidnappers that they are kidnappers, and to our wives we will prove that they were kidnapped, and Heaven will shudder." For now that the address is found, it's all up with the Romans.

The robbed husbands start on their march, advancing judiciously two steps forward, one step backward.

The first two steps are designed to indicate, (as Martius explains to his militant hosts), the unquenchable fire of our stormy souls, the firm will, the irresistible advance. The step backward symbolizes the step of reason, the step of experience, and of the mature mind. In taking this step we
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