

KULISH'S EVGENIJ ONEGIN NASHEGO VREMENI

(EUGENE ONEGIN OF OUR TIMES)

A STUDY IN LITERARY EPIGONISM

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ABSTRACT

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Few authors as talented and as prolific as Panteleimon Alexandrovich Kulish have remained in literary obscurity to the extent that he has. Yet his works are so prodigious and his style so versatile that he merits closer investigation.

One of his works: Evgenij Onegin Nashego Vremeni (Eugene Onegin of Our Times) is an undisguised imitation of Pushkin's Eugene Onegin. The purpose of the thesis is to study the imitation in this work of Kulish and to attempt to assess the historical, literary, and political circumstances which pre-disposed the highly creative and individualistic Kulish to resort to imitation.

An analysis of pertinent literature and a critical survey of the works of Kulish indicate that his obscurity seems to be more the result of his vacillating literary, political and religious loyalties, rather than the lack of creative or literary ability. Kulish's imitation of Pushkin's novel in verse, Eugene Onegin, leaves the former pale indeed by comparison. An investigation into the creative climate surrounding Ukrainian and Russian contemporaries of Kulish during the severe censorship of Tsar Nicholas I, strongly indicates that Kulish's main reason for emulating Pushkin was to establish rapport with the censors and thus gain freedom for the expression of his creative genius.

## PREFACE

One of the main challenges which confronted the writer of this thesis was the paucity of reference material available on Panteleimon Kulish on this continent. Even though Kulish's prolific works included compilations of songs and folklore, dramas, poems, novels, linguistic theses, historical works and extensive translations, it seems few slavists on this continent have investigated many of his literary contributions. Perhaps his highly unpredictable religious, political, and literary views have led many critics and scholars to maintain a cautious silence. The aim of this thesis specifically is to investigate one of his lesser known works as an example of literary epigonism but it is also hoped that perhaps it will in its very limited way contribute to the lessening of the silence which surrounds this brilliant, obscure, and controversial man.

The reference materials consulted for this thesis employed in addition to English, the Ukrainian, Russian, Polish, German and French languages. The translations of any relevant references will be given immediately after the original. The translation by the writer of Kulish: Evgenij Onegin Nashego Vremeni (Eugene Onegin of Our Times) from the Russian original is found in Appendix A.

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## CHAPTER I

### INTRODUCTION

The problem of investigating Kulish's Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni (Eugene Onegin of Our Times) as an example of literary epigonism will be approached by defining the term "epigonism", and by examining the life and work of Kulish with reference to the influence of Pushkin. Pertinent literature will be examined and a comparison of the poems by Pushkin, Eugene Onegin, and Kulish, Eugene Onegin of Our Times, will be made in the light of their literary and historical backgrounds. The summary and conclusion is followed by the writer's translation of Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni by Kulish from the original Russian into English.

### Epigonism

The 1959 edition of Third International Unabridged Dictionary by D. Webster gives the following information: epigonism - artistic, literary or intellectual imitation, especially by a later generation than the artist, writer, or thinker imitated; a derivative of "epigonas" one born after, an imitative follower, an inferior imitator of a distinguished writer". The prefix "epi" meaning "upon" and "gonos" meaning seed. Literally, the term means "upon ... seed". It conveys the concept of an outgrowth or an issue from a seed that has been produced earlier. The idea is not foreign to Ukrainian literature. Writers have referred to the "fertile soil" of Ukraine in reference to the cultural climate and also Kulish admonished Shevchenko to "seed clean grain (seeds) upon the spritual pastures".

In Russian, the Entsiklopedicheskiĭ Slovar', edited by B. A. Vvedenskiĭ

(Moscow, 1955) gives the word "epigony" and defines it as "unoriginal imitators of political, artistic, or literary trends." The 1957 edition of the Bolshaya Sovetskaya Entsiklopaediya (Gosudarstvenoe Nauchnoe Izdatel' stvo) gives "epigonstva" - works of later followers directed by a common idea - without creative originality - mechanical repetition - at times in changed circumstances".

Brockhaus, in German, defines "epigoni" as "Nachfolger, Nachkomme unschöpferischer Nachahmer grosser Vorbilder," and the Berlin 1905 edition of Encyklopadisches Wörterbuch gives the meaning as "descendant" or "imitateur", Merker und Stammer in Realexikon Der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte (Berlin, 1926) give the following: "Epigonendichtung" is next to realism, the widest development of the nineteenth century. It first sprang from the seeds of classicism in romantic soil. Epigonism was at its height in the literary world in 1836. Wherever there are great sources, imitators exist; the epigone "Geist" emits an energy which attracts followers. Epigonism was part of the literary development of Western and Eastern Europe especially in the almanac and journal circles. The first wave was apparent during 1800 to 1830 and the next surge was embodied in epic realism and lyrical individualism. To these can be added the Byron-swarmers and the Italian wanderers, as well as the half-romantic and half-Goethecized writers. A strong example of epigonism is apparent in the drama which followed Ibsen and Hauptmann. Epigones or imitators have always reached for the most famous works ... for the rhetoric of music and heroism of an elegy. With Hegel, the epoch of idealism vanished as did the age of romanticism and with it epigones of the Don Juans. For Heine this was a source of irony; for Immerman a seed for criticism. Both felt that they stood in the shadow of a mountain. "Jedes Stück Vergangenheit hat ein Rock hinterlassen, in jeden wird

geschlupft". The tragedy was the dichotomy which was felt when every particle of contemporary creativity was in fact part of "Epigonentum". Talent abounded but "seeds" were scarce and satirical elegies, sonnets, romances; some polemic and some in subdued tones, echoed and re-echoed. Walter Scott's realism, Holderlins "Form", and Goethe's "Gestalt", could not be re-created, but only imitated. As Schiller reflected Goethe, or as, perhaps, Shakespeare reflected Aristophanes, so every writer of the nineteenth century seemed to imitate some unknown god who often took the form of an "enlightened European". "Was Hebbel's Schritt bedeutet, wird durch Ibsen offenbar".

The 1958 edition of the Reallexikon der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte states on pages 372 - 373: "So ist die Epigonendichtung bis heute aktuell wie je, stellt aber seit langeren keine eigenständigen Fragen mehr. Es gibt denn auch keine eigenständigen Forschungen zum Gegenstand Epigonendichtung, nur middlebare: Zur Nachfolge Klassik und Romantik... ." This statement indicates that very few if any actual studies of literary epigonism are extant and these are indirect rather than independent.

#### Kulish's Life and Work

In order to appreciate any of the works of Kulish, it is necessary to examine some events in his life which may have predisposed him to the ambivalence, aloofness, and unique individuality which characterized his creative efforts.

Panteleimon Kulish was born in 1819 in the village Voronezh, district of Hlukhiv in the government of Chernihiv, Ukraine. The village in which Kulish was born, and to which after a controversial literary career he returned to die, was a heavily forested region, isolated from urban influences and hence an ideal

haven for<sup>the</sup> preservation of ancient folklore and historical legends. His early ancestors were of high ranking Cossack lineage, and the more recent ones who had settled to till their land after years of warfare, were respected landowners, who served as judges, and also in other various responsible positions.

Kulish and his older brother, Timothy, were the only two children of a large family to survive infancy, but Timothy, the father's favorite died when Kulish was four. Though Kulish did not speak until he was three, his father now taught him, along with history and legends, the works of Derzhavin, the Russian poet. The elder Kulish had assumed financial responsibility for his dead brother's family who lived next door. The two families associated as one family and Lesya his cousin, who was four years older than Panteleimon, taught him Old Church Slavic and folklore.

His mother had a lasting effect on his development and imagination. She spoke only Ukrainian but imparted to her son a great wealth of knowledge which had been passed on from generation to generation. Her highly creative artistic nature found expression in her songs, and she is said to have used her singing as a form of communication and conversation.

Another great influence was Ulyana Mushilovska, the wife of a neighboring landowner. Her intelligence, creativity, and native originality all influenced Kulish profoundly. It was she who advised Kulish's father to send the boy to Novgorod-Sivirsk to continue his education. The boy was lodged with an officer's widow, Chlopotova, and later lived at the home of his first teacher Iakov Iakovich. These months were extremely lonely since the teacher and his spinster sister were very dull company. Novgorod was a quiet, not too large city, rich in history, with the monastery of the Trinity near at hand. The director, Timkovsky, was a refugee from the old Kiev Academy and as did most of the educated of the lower classes,

held very old patriarchal views. Kulish found the atmosphere conducive to literary pursuits and openly defied his algebra instructor. He eventually discontinued algebra and redeemed himself in languages and history.

Though as a student he was at best mediocre, he made friendships which he found highly sympathetic to his literary interests. He is said to have been very fond of painting and was excluded from the school for drawing on church walls. Upon being punished in this manner by the deacon, he secluded himself with his friend Glatov, and for a time did no formal studying. Through his friend Serdukov, he learned German, and became interested in reading Goethe in the original. Gogol was also read with enthusiasm along with other Russian and Ukrainian poets. It is small wonder that Kulish abandoned his studies in favor of literature.

During the early part of the nineteenth century, according to Belinsky "the attitude of Russian intellectuals toward Ukrainian literary works was a benevolent one. Ryleev's poems were read almost as widely in the Ukraine as the works of Shevchenko".

Pushkin, however, was the poet read most avidly and discussed by Kulish and his young companions. He planned to complete Pushkin's poem Eugene Onegin and even wrote several additional verses.

In 1834 Maksimovich published a compilation of folk songs which Kulish had heard in his childhood. The ancient history of England and Scotland also claimed his interest and he read Walter Scott both in the original and in Russian translation. Financial problems prevented the elder Kulish from further supporting his son who was forced to withdraw from the school to continue his

education independently. He did this for one year with the help of his friend Krasovsky. His meagre finances were augmented by teaching the two young sons of a landowner in Novgorod, and when Kiev university opened he decided to enrol. Since he did not meet the entrance requirements, he was obliged to continue teaching and was able to enrol the following year. Initially he entered the faculty of arts but later entered the faculty of sciences. Financial problems continued and the rector, Nevolin, maintained that Kulish was not eligible for university admittance since he could not prove his nobility. On the recommendation of Maksimovich, Kulish obtained a teaching position in Lutsk, Volinia. During the next seven months he learned French and Polish, and later also English, German, Italian, Spanish, all the Slavic languages as well as Latin and Hebrew. He began writing Mychailo Charnyshenko, strongly imitating Walter Scott. He seemed to enter a successful episode in his life, teaching at the noble school at Podl' in Kiev, reading during vacations and compiling the songs and legends in the simple language which he loved. He wrote much in Russian though on Ukrainian themes, these being mainly at this time based on historical events between Poland and the Ukraine. The years from 1843 to 1845 seemed his happiest and most productive. His first Ukrainian poem "Ukraina" (Ukraine) was written at this time and shows his love for his people, for his language, and his knowledge of classical literature. He also wrote extensively in Russian, including such works as Chorna Rada (Black Council) and Evgenij Onegin Nashego Vremeni (Eugene Onegin of Our Times). The friendships of Shevchenko, Bilozersky, Kostomarov and others of Kulish's circle gave rise to the secret society known as "Brotherhood of Cyril and Methodius". They advocated Slavic federation, equality, and brotherhood. Their plans for a systematic education of children

in the language and history of Ukraine aroused suspicion and the group was kept under constant surveillance by the tzar.

While teaching Russian in Petersburg University in 1845, Kulish through Pletnev became acquainted with the leading Russian writers of the time. In "Sovremenik" (Contemporary) and also in the children's journal "Zvezdochka" (Little Star) Kulish wrote an article in which he stated that Pushkin and Pletnev were his main literary heroes. During this period he wrote "Povesti ob ukrain-skom norode" (Chronicles of the Ukrainian People) and also corresponded with members of the Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood. In 1847 he married Vasil Bilozersky's sister Alexandra, a spirited Ukrainian patriot who wrote under the pseudonym Hanna Barvinok. Pletnev offered Kulish the chair of Slavic Studies in Petersburg but this plan did not materialize. During 1846 a certain Petrov reported to the authorities that the Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood was plotting to free Ukraine from Russia, and as a result Kulish was arrested while on his way to Warsaw. He was imprisoned in the Peter-Paul fortress in Petersburg and interrogated at great length by Dubelt and Orlov. Shevchenko, Kvitka and other loyal friends interceded on his behalf, and after a lengthy trial, Tzar Nicholas exiled him to Tula. His works were confiscated and banned, forcing him to earn his living at manual labor. His wife who accompanied him remained loyal, his spirit at no time faltered; and the three years of exile were spent in further polishing his languages and preparing himself for future literary works. His friend, Osip Bodianskyj sent him books and materials and provided moral support.

During the exile Kulish began to write anonymously and also under a number of pseudonyms. In 1855 with the death of Tzar Nicholas I and the accession of Alexander II, a short-lived freedom prevailed. In 1857 he wrote to Galagin saying that he had plans for restoring the Ukrainian language to

its earlier prominence. The letter also contained many references to Pushkin. Kulish had translated Byron's "Childe Harold" into Ukrainian and made plans to translate Shakespeare and other western authors. In his journals he wrote at this time that Ukrainian and English were the only two significant languages on earth. His journal "Khata" (House) folded, but he continued writing for Vasil Belozersky's journal "Osnova" (Foundation), mainly in Russian but on Ukrainian themes. His interest in translating reached the attention of Alexander II who, in 1861, with the emancipation of the serfs, required an official translator to render official documents meaningful to the peasants. Kulish translated too freely, editorialized liberally and lost his position.

The clouds of disharmony which had started to gather earlier were now increasing. In 1862 "Osnova" discontinued publication and Russian suppression of Ukrainian became more overt, while the Polish element militated against Ukrainians also. In 1863 the Minister of Alexander II, Valuev, ordered that all publications in Ukrainian cease forthwith. Kulish's sympathies had shown signs of wavering when, in writing Chorna Rada (Black Council), he doubted Ukrainian sources and he favored the Polish. In his preface to "History of Ancient Ukraine" he stated that he tried to gain a new viewpoint of the history of the wars with the Poles. His attitude to Shevchenko's works also took a drastic reversal.

The suppression of the Ukrainian language forced Kulish to retreat to Galicia and later Bukovina, near the Austrian border. The extreme loneliness which he felt amidst the alien culture and the lack of intellectual activity, awakened in him a sense of national awareness. In 1861 in L'vov he published the journals 'Niva', (Cornfield) and 'Vechernits' (Evening Literary Meeting), which held the same views as "Osnova" had. In 1864 he obtained a semi-official position in Poland but disagreed with the Poles regarding the use of Russian and

Polish in the Ukraine. This sojourn in Warsaw again began to arouse Ukrainian national convictions within him and he openly began to support the Ukrainian national party (Narodovtsi). His attitude toward the Cossacks was changed again in his writings and, where he earlier implied that their own disagreements contributed to the plight of the Ukraine, he now defended them. This led to an ultimatum in 1867. Kulish was told to recant his pro-Ukrainian attitudes or resign his position, and he resigned. In L'vov he again wrote a new series of Ukrainian poems and under the pseudonym of Pavel Pataj began to translate scriptures. His interest in educating the young was still evident in his anthology of poems for the boys' school in Galicia. The following year he was charged with the responsibility of editing the official journal of the Ministry in Petersburg. He had access to the libraries and archives, which he found indispensable for research on his newest work, The History of the Unification of Rus'. He completed only the first three parts and in 1877 abandoned the effort. This work left him with no friends or supporters among the Russians, the Ukrainians, or the Poles. His accusations of Kostomarov and of Shevchenko created a deep rift between himself and his people. Ivan Franko tried to point out to Kulish the errors in the conflicting sources upon which he had based his work, but Kulish seemed adamant in his anti-Cossack views.

Barvinsky chided him for having broken his Ukrainian pen. Kulish having completely alienated himself from his Ukrainian supporters, returned to Russia hoping to publish a journal entitled "Journal of P. A. Kulish" both in Russian and Ukrainian, but was thwarted by the very Russians whom he had praised. He wrote bitterly to Professor O. Kistiakovskij saying "neither the Poles nor the Germans could have devised a more effective way to disrupt rather than to unify...." Completely disillusioned about unification, he advised the Ukraine to join

Austria along with Galicia and, while Galicia was in disagreement with the Poles, Kulish attempted to bring about a reconciliation between Poland and the Ukraine. Back in L'vov in 1881 he published "Khutornaya Poeziya" (Village Poetry) and also some poems in praise of Peter the Great and Catherine. In 1882 a brochure appeared in which Kulish addressed himself to the Galician landowners. It was very coldly received and seemed to ruin any hopes of renewing the support or even tolerance of Shevchenko and Mickiewicz. Poland, with the exception of a few aristocrats, rejected his views; the Ukrainians at best remained aloof. When Pope Leo XIII showed an interest in the Galician unification with Poland, Kulish left L'vov for Vienna where he published a brochure in German "Vergewaltigung des Basilianerordens in Galizien durch Jesuiten" (Violation of the Order of Basil in Galicia by the Jesuits). This pamphlet was confiscated by the Austrian authorities and Kulish returned to his ancestral village in the Ukraine out of favor with everyone. His complete withdrawal from politics and religion left him free in 1882 to work on translations of Shakespeare. The situation was highly conducive to complete dedication to translating. Kulish rarely went to Kiev and maintained only a sparse correspondence with scholars interested in literature. Since he had no income, as his Ukrainian literature did not appeal to his countrymen, and his Russian work was forbidden by the censors, he leased a portion of his farm to a Pole who proved unreliable, and Kulish along with his loyal wife were forced by circumstances to perform all the tasks required to operate the estate. In 1886 the ancestral farm was completely destroyed by fire, forcing Kulish to move into a shed. The greatest tragedy was the destruction of his manuscripts, only a few of these, awaiting publication in Geneva were saved. He wrote to a friend, Stepan Nos, of his frustration at having no works published. His only other hope lay in a number of manuscripts

which had been sent prior to the fire to Vasil Tarnovskij, who was collecting items for a literary museum. The isolation from primary sources left little new material for his historical writings and his translations assumed greater importance. At the age of seventy he began to rewrite the translations of the Scriptures, the manuscripts of which had been burned, and continued with translations of Shakespeare, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, Walter Scott, Pushkin and other Russian poets.

The winter of 1896 - 1897 was very severe and, in the midst of his unrelenting efforts to rewrite lost works, Kulish was smitten with pneumonia and died, with his wife and old friend, Vasil Bilozersky, at his side. His funeral was conducted according to ancient Cossack rites and he was buried in the ancestral fields under an oaken cross.

His life since early childhood was one of increasingly demanding challenges and since many dilemmas were of his own making, he was forced to find unique ways of solving them. He had an unrelentingly single-minded approach to tasks, and, in spite of his extreme self-reliance, integrity, and cold lack of trust in any of his contemporaries as well as predecessors, he was capable of genuine friendships and sympathies, such as those he felt toward Stepan Nos, to the blind Kobsar, Ostap Veresaj, to Michail Pavlyk, Vasil Tarnovskij and to anyone who seemed misunderstood or oppressed. His egotism and arrogance were tempered with the religious convictions of a humanitarian. In trying to break with the past he found it difficult to keep in step with the present and became an anachronism in his own time. Unlike Pushkin, whom he so greatly admired, he was unable to come to terms with himself and his milieu. In his soul he constantly relived the seventeenth and eighteenth century upheavals of a people fated to live in an area with no natural geographical boundaries, and no strong political

structure. He seemed a paradox - now a romantic enthusiast - now a cold-blooded realist, fanatically patriotic, a relentless intermediary for the transgressions of man - a nationalist disappointed by his native land. The duality of the pressures of his environment both political and historical fostered an insatiable restlessness within him, and he found it impossible to pursue a single goal. Even though most poets have tasted discord with their surroundings, few were as cut-off and lonely as Kulish, few were as prone to both attach and to defend their own people.

One of the powerful forces in Kulish's ambivalent life was the influence of Russian intellectuals, the most notable of whom was Pushkin.

#### Kulish's Interest in Pushkin

It would have been impossible to live in Russia or the Ukraine during the Golden Age of Pushkin and not be affected by it. The bold freshness and exquisite simplicity of Pushkin's language and ideas permeated literary, political, social and religious thoughts. From his earliest days Pushkin, like Kulish lived in active combat with his environment, and it was inevitable that his direct and fearless ideas would influence his readers.

The earliest introduction to Pushkin may well have been through the elder Kulish's teaching of Derzhavin's words to his very young son. According to Belinsky, Pushkin's appearance on the scene was a touching spectacle; the poet-youth receiving the benediction of the anointed seer Derzhavin.<sup>1</sup> By the time Kulish was at the school in Novgorod-Sivirsk, he already had an appreciable knowledge of Pushkin's works. Doroshenko tells us that Kulish was excluded from school in Novgorod-Sivirsk for drawing on church walls and as punishment, Kulish with his friends Glotov and Serdukov secluded themselves to paint and read.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>V.G. Belinsky, Selected Philosophical Works (Foreign Languages Publishing House), Moscow, 1956, p.60

<sup>2</sup>D. Doroshenko, Panteleimon Kulish Leipzig. Ukrain's'ka Nakladnia, 1917, p.11

Kulish not only read Pushkin but also worked at completing Pushkin's Eugene Onegin and at adding verses to the description of the ball at the Larin's.

The "Byronic" influence which was actually Pushkin's may have inspired Kulish to write "Gypsy" and begin some of his eastern poems, the themes of which are strongly Pushkinian.

The 1830's were years of sympathetic cordiality between Ukrainian and Russian intellectuals. Many favorable reviews of Ukrainian authors appeared in Russian journals and also of Russian authors in Ukrainian journals. Ukrainians gained moral support from writers such as Ryleev and Pushkin whose works were as popular as those of Shevchenko. Pushkin's sympathy for the Ukraine was known from his collections of folklore and his historical and literary works describing events such as the Pugachev Rebellion and Catherine II's tyrannical treatment of the Ukraine.

Kulish's most profound involvement with Pushkin undoubtedly occurred in 1845 when he taught at Petersburg. P.A. Pletnev was the head of the Slavic department, a publisher of Ukrainian writers and a close friend of Pushkin. He came to admire the young Kulish, who thrived in the literary atmosphere of the circle of Pushkin admirers, and who knew the poetry of Zhukovsky and other Russian poets. Pletnev advised them that "this is how one should learn Russian literature".<sup>1</sup> It was Pletnev who was influential in changing Kulish's exile from Vologda to Tula. Pletnev remained more than merely loyal, he helped Kulish financially and kept him supplied with books, periodicals, and source materials.

During his first months of banishment in Tula, Kulish arrived at the decision of proclaiming his admiration to the Pletnev group and

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<sup>1</sup>O. Doroshkevych, Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni. Roman v stikhakh P. Kulesha Chast pervaya. Panteleimon Kulish: Zbirnyk prats komisii dlya vydavannya pamtok novitn'oho pysmenstva. UAN. Ed. S. Yefremov i O. Doroshkevych (Kiev, 1927) p.162

at the same time emphasizing his loyalty to the literary and political traditions of the Pletnev circle, by emulating and praising Pushkin whom Kulish considered to be a faithful agent of Nicholas I.<sup>1</sup>

"In the poet I saw God" - Kulish IV, 31.

Doroshkevych, who found Kulish's manuscript of Eugene Onegin of Our Time among Pletnev's papers and had it published in Kiev in 1927, also found a letter from Kulish to Pletnev saying "If you decide that this poem would impress my protectors<sup>2</sup> favorably, and that it would be convenient for you to present it to them, I am begging you to do this".

Pushkin's Eugene Onegin was dedicated to Pletnev while Kulish's Eugene Onegin of Our Times contained direct reference to the Pletnev family with whom Kulish had a very warm relationship. When Kulish submitted his manuscript for Pletnev's approval, the latter deemed it prudent to retain it despite Kulish's chidings. Thus approximately eighty years after it was written did the reading public have the opportunity to read Kulish's Evgenij Onegin Nashego Vremeni (Eugene Onegin of Our Times).

Both Pushkin and Kulish wrote their novels in verse while they were in exile. They both made frequent reference to political and social situations and in some passages the references to poets, to foreign authors, and to tzars seems almost incongruous.

To understand more clearly why both Pushkin and Kulish made frequent reference to monarchs and rulers in Eugene Onegin and in Eugene Onegin of Our

1. O. Doroshkevych, Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni. Roman v stikhakh P. Kulesha Chast pervaya. Panteleimon Kulish: Zbirnyk prats komisii dlya vydavannya pamytok novitn'oho pysmenstva. UAN. Ed. S. Yefremov i O. Doroshkevych (Kiev, 1927) p. 163

2. "protectors" used ironically in reference to the Third Department.

Times it is necessary to examine the historical events which led up to the nineteenth century.

The early part of the nineteenth century was a critical period in the political, social and literary history of Eastern Europe. The repeated references which Pushkin and other writers made to Peter I and Catherine II were not merely contemporary versions of paeans to ancient gods but were in effect indications of the awareness of elusive and capricious forces, powers, and trends which they attempted to define, comprehend, and perhaps even to direct and control; or when all else failed, to appease through supplications and adorations.

When Peter I defeated Charles XII of Sweden at Poltava in 1709, the stage was set, among other developments, for the Westernization of Russia. Russian armies appeared in parts of Europe; Russian royalty intermarried with the European; Peter declared himself Emperor of all Russias, thus elevating himself to the highest rungs of the secular and the sacred; unified the various ranks of nobility in a gentry ("dvoryanstvo"); he instituted educational and religious reforms in a manner never known before or since. Elizabeth's reign, which followed, saw a national poetry and theatre evolve. This, in addition to the founding of the University of Moscow in 1755 augured a deeper culture and knowledge for the following generation. Catherine II's reign marked another turning point in Russian history. Herself a writer, she corresponded with Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, von Grimm as well as with fellow rulers such as Frederick II, Maria Theresa and Joseph II. She imagined herself an ideal enlightened monarch and decided to devise a new code of laws. She gathered an elective assembly representing all classes except the gentry and the serfs.

The gentry protested, she gave in, and their power increased to the extent that peasants were turned into serfs. While she was engaged in foreign politics and in private love affairs, domestic discontent flared up in many quarters. In 1773 the Yaik Cossacks revolted under E. I. Pugachev, who was taken to Moscow and beheaded. Her earlier liberal ideas were completely clouded by the events of the French revolution and representatives of ideas which, earlier, she herself had helped formulate, were in danger. The youthful Radishchev was sentenced to death but later exiled for ten years to Siberia.

In 1799 when Pushkin was born the demented tyrannical Paul I was on the throne and, when two years later he was assassinated, Alexander I succeeded him with planned attempts at liberal legislation. In 1812, when Napoleon invaded Moscow, national feeling was at an extreme height and Alexander's attempts at liberal and humanitarian reform were thwarted by reactionary opinion. Under Shishkov, reaction assumed sever extremes. In the meantime officers were returning from service in France imbued with the new ideas expressed in political newspapers and debates which they had witnessed. Secret societies formed by Muraviev and by Turgenev intended to help the government in problems of education, economics, and justice, and thus prepare Russia for a constitutional regime. They expected Alexander I to sympathize with them, but under the brutal and ignorant Arakcheyev, who was then prime minister, no improvements were possible. Secret societies, realizing that Alexander I was an unreliable ally, assumed a new character and radical elements represented by men such as Ryleyev began to prevail. These erupted in the unfortunate Decembrist uprising, which proved a bitter set back to the reform movement, spoiled by too much idealism and naïve trust. Nicholas II (1825 - 55) reserved for himself the control of public education and thoughts. Three new universities were closed, five of the Decembrists were hanged

and the rest exiled and Count A. K. Benckendorff was appointed chief of a new secret police of gendarmes controlled by the "Third Section" of the tsar's personal chancery. Nicholas II still tried to make use of the ideas of the Decembrists but toward his own ends of confining education and enlightenment only to the upper classes. In 1835 Nicholas abolished completely the liberal statutes of Alexander I as they related to primary education. The revolutions of 1830 and 1848 in Poland and Hungary further reversed Nicholas's attitudes toward enlightenment.

Between 1830 and 1848 a new generation emerged, nurtured by the new universities. These were not politicians or liberals of the Franco-English type, but idealists and students of the philosophy of Schelling, Fichte, and Hegel. They not merely discussed governments but examined the profound questions of history and of the "Russian national mind". These could be divided into two camps known as the Slavophiles and the Westernizers. The former decried the reforms which began with Peter, while the latter, who were represented by Belinsky, Bakunin, Granovsky, Herzen and others, revolted against the Slavophile doctrine. It was during this period that Pushkin was serving out one exile only to be committed to other restraints. These ranged from the political through to financial and personal dilemmas, culminating in his ironic death by duel. Kulish survived most of his unfortunate contemporaries, four tsars, including the fearful Alexander III who lived out his life surrounded for protection by a cordon of police agents, and lived to see the accession of the unfortunate Nicholas II.

It is difficult to classify Russian literary developments of the nineteenth century because of the continuity and overlapping from earlier times. The nineteenth century is known as the classical and later the period of pseudo-classicism, romanticism and realism. The latter part of this period saw the production of the greatest creative literature Russia had known. The classical

influence of Latin and Greek became assimilated in Derzhavin whose poems showed solemn baroque splendor relieved with simple realism. The period of classicism was one of imitation mainly of the French, and was setting the stage for the Golden Age which was to follow. The Golden Age, whose brightest star was Pushkin, saw Shishkov, a Slavophil, and Karamzin a Westernizer, satirized by Krylov who in his fables pointed out the foibles of both camps. The two views continued in their struggle not only in literary, but also on international and political levels. In the literary sphere these were reconciled by the genius of Pushkin, whose love for the French Encyclopaedists, for French classical drama, for Shakespeare and Byron, was no less than it was for the native language which he learned from his peasant nurse. He deplored the artificiality of the use of French of the upper classes. He used the Russian language as it had never been used in the history of Russian literature, it was inspirational yet natural with an economy of words and a restraint of which only the truly great are capable. The structural beauty of his heroic social poem Eugene Onegin remains unsurpassed and his influence has remained and widened with time.

During the reign of Peter I, Theofan Prokopovich (1681 - 1736) who was a dramatist and literary theoretician became the court political philosopher, and in succeeding reigns Ukrainian intellectuals were often found in court circles. During the early 1800's Ukrainian and Russian intellectuals and writers in particular were on very cordial terms.

Ukrainian literary, political and social developments during the nineteenth century were struggling valiantly against the oppressive forces of Russia. This led in 1846 to the founding of the Brotherhood of St. Cyril and St. Methodius which supported the preservation of Ukrainian nationalism. Mykola Kostomarov (1817 - 1885) and Pantelejmon Kulish (1819 - 1897) were two historians who were

most active in this society. Taras Shevchenko (1814 - 1861) in his poem "The Dream" described Peter I as "crucifying" Ukraine and Catherine II of "finishing off his victim". Historians wrote of "autocratic Russia"; "aristocratic Poland" and "democratic Ukraine". Kulish however, maintained that the Cossacks were anarchist rather than democratic. When in 1876 the tsarist government forbade the use of Ukrainian in schools and public life, Kulish vehemently defended the teaching and use of his native language. Taras Shevchenko lent his genius to Ukrainian literature and Kulish, in addition to translating the Bible and Shakespeare, enriched the Ukrainian language through his poems, historical novels and essays.

## CHAPTER II

### A CRITICAL SURVEY OF PERTINENT LITERATURE

One of the earliest and most detailed accounts of Kulish's works is by O. Ohonovskyj published in 1891, six years prior to Kulish's death.

Ohonovskyj's account impresses the reader with the wide versatility of Kulish's literary works. His "eastern" poems carry an almost Lermontov-like lyricism, his "Ruska Khata" (the Russian version of the journal Khata); his translations from Mickewicz, namely: "Rusalka" (Switezianka); Chimery (Roman-tycznose); Chumatski diti (powrot taty) are evidence of this. The translations, says Ohonovskyj, are "...tolko ne vsyudy verni" (only not always accurate); and later in referring to Kulish's translation of Byron's "Childe Harold" he uses the work "perespyvav" (re sang) rather than "perekladav" (translated) and explains that ... "V zahali namahav von svomu perekladovi nadaty pryknety tvoruk ukrainskoho, v kotrom proyavlyae sya svoi rodnyi svitoglyad" ... (he imparted to his translations Ukrainian characteristics which manifested his world view ('Weltanschauung')).

Ohonovskyj, referring to the negative appraisal of Kulish by a contemporary critic N.I. Petrov, points out the more sympathetic view of N.P.

Dashkevych and emphasizes Kulish's idealism and loyalty to his own convictions.

"Our judgment ... he shall remain a giant pillar... even though this pillar has at the hands of some been slightly slanted...Kulish is now... and shall remain until his death, loyal..."

In Istorifâ literatury ruskoï v. 4, Ohonovskyj makes further reference to Kulish's Russian works and translations, indicating that some of his translations were not actually "translations" but the simultaneous parallels of his Ukrainian

works, as in Chorna Rada (Black Council) and others. In the first volume of Zapysky o yuzhnoj Rusi (Sketches of Southern Rus'), Kulish included Russian versions of folk poetry on the opposite page of the corresponding Ukrainian. Only where too many losses and distortions could result from translation did he leave the poems in one language only. He extended his ethnography to include his Russian writings. He said that in his wanderings he rarely devoted himself to seeking knowledge for its own sake, but sought for the poetry and drama in human lives. The critic Pypin in agreeing to the value of Kulish's writings intimated, however, that the ideas could have been conveyed more directly: "Who can, among the people, create now a desire for lyrical music ... when it no longer yearns for poetry..."<sup>1</sup>. The Polish writer Grabowski's evaluation of Kulish's works seemed to have a basis in historical interpretations but suggested that Kulish was not, as Homer or Shevchenko, a "people's bard". In Ohonovskyj's opinion the Ukrainian writer, Shut, was suitable as a representative of the kobzar (bard) type; Kulish was rather removed for such a role, if for no other reason than his ethnography.

Ohonovskyj recounts the profound love Kulish had for Pletnev's daughter and relates an occasion when Kulish said to her "Vot i vy so vremenem nauचितes po - ukrainski" to which she haughtily replied "Nikogda" ("Now you too in time may learn Ukrainian"... "Never!") From that time on he no longer thought of her as a future bride, though he remained in love with her. After having written the controversial, The History of the Unification of Rus', Ohonovskyj says of Kulish "V svoij rodnoj zemli von stav sirotouy 'chuzhym Chuzhanynom'" (In his

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<sup>1</sup>O. Ohonovskyj, Istoria literatury ruskoi. (Druk. T-va im. Shevchenka), L'vov, 1891 Vol. 3, Part 1, p. 95.

own land he became an orphan - a foreign foreigner"<sup>1</sup>. At the same time this alienation was tempered by arduous tasks dedicated solely to his people. He wrote ethnographical books and also compiled an encyclopedia. In his phonetic approach to his language he painstakingly pointed out that "robyty"; "yxaty"; "na voziy" should be "robiti"; "ixaty"; "na vozi". This ethnography, which also included minute corrections of usage, had become known as "Kulishjvka". His Hramatka (Grammar), which was written according to his correct usage, had portions of the Scriptures and Shevchenko's writings as exercises. It was meticulously and methodically compiled so that, as it imparted knowledge of the language, it also conveyed the values of its people. In retrospect therefore it seems that there was really no genuine russification of Kulish, as some of his more severe critics seemed to imply. Many of his articles which appeared in the journals exhorted his people to read more of their own authors both on literature and history. "Yakyykh knyzhok uchenyykh my ne pyshemo! a pro tyx malo dbaem"...(What books of learning we have (not only) written! but of them we take little note).

Perhaps it would be advisable to investigate Kulish's introduction to his "Khutorna poeziya" (Village Poetry) to ascertain what he himself has to say in reply to his critics. His opening statement makes the situation of the Ukrainian language in 1847 clear to his readers. He reminds his readers of "Honennya nasheho ridnoho slova v nashim rednim kraji" ("persecution of our native language in our native land"). Kulish then gives an historical account since the time of the Roman Empire, and quotes St. Paul exhorting his readers

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<sup>1</sup>O. Ohonovskyj, Istoriâ literatury ruskoi (Druk. T-va im. Shevchenka)  
V. 4 L'vov, 1894 p. 166

not to be as children. He goes on to say that the fortunes of fate had led him to Pletnev, Pushkin's friend. The atmosphere surrounding Pushkin, says Kulish, was heavenly, warm, simple, clear and elevating ...but not that surrounding Pletnev ...Kulish describes the conversations he had with Pletnev, when he sent him manuscripts of "Chorna Rada" (Black Council), and describes himself as being "elusive as the air". He asked Pletnev; when will there be "a ruler as tolerant as he?" "Ach vy mechtaleli"! ("Oh you dreamers!") replied Pletnev.

No mention is made at this time of the manuscript of Evgenij Oegin nashego vremeni (Eugene Oegin of Our Times) which was also given to Pletnev during this period.

He refers to Pletnev on several occasions, not by name, but as "Pushkin's friend". Zhukovskij, Gogol and Shevchenko were names which constantly appeared. He speaks of seeking the truth "... which will make you free". Of Shevchenko he says "Genij slova", a genius of words ... ..

"I obkhodĭa morĭa i zemli  
glagolom zhgi serdĭsa liudei"<sup>1</sup>

The genuine fervor with which Kulish speaks of his language and of his people adds credence to the hypothesis that Evgenij Oegin nashego vremeni (Eugene Oegin of Our Times) was an imitation of Pushkin's Eugene Oegin and was written to placate the censors.

The spontaneity of his folk poetry is expressed in the line "Ich singe wie der Vogel singt" ("I sing as the bird sings") and in an account of the onomatopaeic folk songs as sung by Shevchenko at village evening gatherings. The friendships which led to the Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood and the subsequent

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<sup>1</sup>P.A. Kulish, Khutorna poesĭa (Druk. T-va. im. Shevchenka), L'vov 1882, p.15

"And traversing the seas and lands  
With words inspire the hearts of men" translation L.L.

exile are described minutely, albeit in undertones, as though the memory was still too painful to discuss. He goes on to say that the representatives of the "Third Department" (Censors) were not without honesty or without reason, but that they were searching for grain in a mere handful of straw. The judgment finally came; "The Third Department has weakly examined the book (evidence) of Kulish. ...For two months in a fortress, then to distant provinces, with a denial of permission to serve in the ministry of public enlightenment. Surely it will not always be silent, someday it will speak. It would be well if it spoke with the language of the intelligensia". Pushkin and Shevchenko are the sources of all that is good and high-minded in Russia and Ukraine respectively, but, Kulish concludes that Pushkin is greater. He continues to say that the two poets together would indeed add strength to Kulish's cause. Kulish adds an epilogue to "Khutorna poezija" (Village Poetry) addressed to the intelligensia. Here we have an example of his versatility or some may call it vacillation. He quotes both St. Paul and Spinoza, the latter saying, ..."Man muss die Handlungen der Menschen weder beklagen, noch belachen, sondern begreifen." (Man must neither grieve over nor laugh at the affairs of men, but he must comprehend them). He relates the history of Ukraine saying that the Ukrainian met the same fate from both the Russians and the Poles regarding the use of the Ukrainian language. To this he attributed the birth of Ukrainian literature. And now, he says, that even though the language was dimmed as in the mists of a Niagara, at present (1882) the Ukrainian language is more alive than it has ever been before. Whether the attempt to placate the censors with his adulations of Russian writers and of Peter I and Catherine II was successful is, of course, a matter of conjecture and perhaps also a matter of opinion.

One of the first Ukrainian writers to collect the works of Kulish, Yul. Romanchuk, said of him, "But in spite of all that, his efforts were bold, honest, and just, he was far removed from "Vindictiveness" or meanness of spirit toward his predecessors - he loved the Ukraine...and worked for her all his life...and he occupies one of the first places in our literature".<sup>1</sup>

Bohdan Lepkyj states that not only in life but also in death Kulish's works appear as chameleons depending on political climate and the moods of the critics. "I tut emu zle i tam ne dobre"<sup>2</sup>. ("And here for him 'tis evil and yonder is no joy"). A man who refused to conform to the demands of a mathematics teacher while yet a schoolboy in Novgorod-Siversk, and, yet wrote odes to kings and queens, must indeed have had strong motivations. Lepkyj refers to this as "teoretychna Zminchivist" ("theoretical hypocrisy").

Doroshenko states that Kulish, though himself a scholar and intellectual, often wondered about the values of civilization, architecture, paintings, theatre, music and poetry since they reach only a few. "We do not wish for any of the blessings of civilization if for these blessings our children in the time of our old age are unable, due to the enlightenment, to communicate with us"<sup>3</sup>.

Kulish, as an author, is described in contemporary Soviet sources as an "idealist of bourgeois nationalism in the Ukraine...as one who as early as 1843 in his poem "Ukraina" ("Ukraine") revealed these tendencies...in Chorna Rada

<sup>1</sup>Iu. Romanchuk, Rus'ka pys'mennist' (Druk. T.-Va. im. Shevchenka) L'vov, 1908 p.10

<sup>2</sup>B. Lepkyj, introd. to P. Kulish, Tvory i poezii (Buch und Zeitungsverlag), Berlin, 1923 p.5

<sup>3</sup>O. Doroshenko, Panteleimon Kulish (Ukrainska Nakladnia, Berlin, 1917 p.186

("Black Council") showed his disapproval of the peasant movement...a reactionary"<sup>1</sup> also "...a bourgeois liberal who agitated against revolutionary democracy, as in his poems "Khutorna poeziya" (Village Poetry)"<sup>2</sup>". This information sheds some light on the possible reasons for the lack of materials published about him or by him in the country of his origin. During the reign of Alexander II he is said to have had close contacts "s moskovskymy slavyanofylamy" (with Moscow Slavophiles)<sup>3</sup> but his imitations of any Russian authors are not specified.

Though Plevako makes no mention of Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni he does refer to Kulish's Chorna Rada (Black Council) which was written simultaneously in Russian and in Ukrainian prior to 1847 when he was exiled to Tula. The first five chapters appeared in Russian in "Sovremennik" in 1845 although it was not published in its entirety until 1857. This means that the Russian Version of "Chorna Rada" was written during the same literary period in Kulish's life as Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni and that the following written in the introduction to the Russian version of Chorna Rada (Black Council) describe views held during this period:

"We are very kindly advised to abandon the development of the Little Russian (Ukrainian) language as a medium for artistic expression... but this advice is given by people who do not appreciate the influence of a highly developed power and beauty of the native language on the spiritual and at the same time on the material well-being of the entire people. It is explained

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<sup>1</sup>Bol'shaja sovetskaia entsiklopediia, Vol. 24 p.20

<sup>2</sup>Malaia sovetskaia entsiklopediia, 1959 Vol. 5, p.233

<sup>3</sup>Literaturnaia entsiklopediia, (Ed. A.B. Lunacharskii) Moscow, Izd-vo Kommunisticheskoi Akademii, V. 5, 1931, p.717

to us, not in jest that this is not even a language but a similar dialect to the Novgorod, Vladimer and others".<sup>1</sup>

In his preface to "Naimyчка" ("The Servant Girl") Kulish says "nel'zya ljubit' i chuzhoho, ne ljubya svoeho" (" 'tis impossible to love the foreign, not loving ones' own)<sup>2</sup>; and later in the same work he refers directly to Pushkin's Eugene Onegin in a footnote where the custom of young ladies' writing albums is praised. ... "kak vodilos' vo vremena Pushkina" ... (as was the custom in Pushkin's time).

Kulish acted as Shevchenko's critic, on one occasion saying of Schevchenko's "Neofity" ("Neophytes") "a splendid jest - though not fit for publication" and also advised Kulish to polish his works meticulously "yak u toho Pushkina, ...shchob chystym zernom odsypat' dykhovnoj pashni zemlyakam, ne z polovoyu" ("as with that Pushkin in order to spread with clean grain the spiritual pastures of our countrymen, not with chaff").<sup>3</sup>

In the Leipzig edition of Pushkin and Shevchenko there is ample evidence that the author who according to J. B. Rudnyckyj was Kulish, thought of both men with equally high esteem and wished to further Shevchenko's popularity abroad by naming him alongside the well-known Pushkin. Evidence indicates that Kulish was the imitator of the Leipzig edition which was published by Wolfgang Gerhard in 1859. It seems, therefore that, since Kulish advised other writers to follow Pushkin, he probably also tried to follow Pushkin. Two poems

<sup>1</sup>M.A. Plevako, Rozvydky i bio-bibliohrafichny materiyaly (The Ukrainian Academy of Arts and Sciences in the United States), New York, 1961, p. 430

<sup>2</sup>J.B. Rudnyckyj, Shevchenkiana in the West (Ukr. Occ.) (Ukrainian Free Academy of Sciences), Winnipeg, 1959 p. 21

<sup>3</sup>Ibid. p. 28

"Molitva" ("Prayer") and "Tsapli" ("Herons") which were attributed to Pushkin in the Leipzig edition and, according to J. B. Rudnyč'kyj, actually were written by Kulish. In 1960 P. F. Klassen stated that "the Leipzig edition is the only example of hitherto uncontested Pushkin plagiarism involving two poems not written by Pushkin but bearing his signature"<sup>1</sup>.

A work by R. Olynyk points out that the poem, Eugene Onegin of Our Times, was undoubtedly used as a "passport to freedom"<sup>2</sup>. The period was one of severe censorship and frustration, yet also of prolific literary accomplishments. It was also a time when Ukrainian and Russian intellectuals were in agreement on most ideas except the stand on the use of the Ukrainian language. With language were tied in political considerations to confound and confuse the issues. Kulish was fortunate in having obtained a position in Petersburg where he thrived on the intellectual atmosphere of Pletnev's circle which had included Pushkin, Zhukovsky and members and friends of the Decembrists. So firmly was rapport established between Kulish and Pletnev that, when Kulish received a fellowship to travel, Pletnev wrote to Žukovsky: "I am sending you another self". Kulish, as we know, was arrested as a member of the Cyril-Methodius Brotherhood and, amid many false rumors, exiled. Pletnev remained loyal to Kulish who was writing Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni at this time, hoping to get it to the censors with Pletnev's help. His actual intention seemed to be to win the favour of Orlov and Dubelt of the censorship section. The manuscript was sent to Pletnev for his approval but he did not return it to Kulish. The story, even though it

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<sup>1</sup>P. F. Klassen, Pushkin in a Foreign Edition (an unpublished thesis) 1960 (permission secured).

<sup>2</sup>R. Olynyk, P. Kulish and his "Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni". Some Observations on the Relations among Ukrainian and Russian Intellectuals in the Second Quarter of the 19th Century (unpublished paper presented at the Annual Conference of C.A.S. in Sherbrook) June, 1966 p.3

is autobiographical, includes the Pletnevs and their daughter. Doroshkevych states that even though the plot does not follow Pushkin's with complete accuracy, the rhythmic form is almost identical and the style very similar. Kulish tries, though not successfully, to use foreign names and rhymes. Run-on lines are used as in Pushkin's Eugene Onegin. The poem, according to Doroshkevych, is "Byronic" in that it combines various genres - the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic. The poem Dziady by Mickewicz, as well as Eugene Onegin by Pushkin, was emulated by Kulish in his work. Kulish tried to use the epic style with an undertone of humor, while the epigraphs are also mainly from Pushkin and used in the same way. The poem is full of digressions and asides. Doroshkevych describes it as an imitation of Pushkin, a fact which Kulish did not deny, and points out the analogies in the descriptions of the daily lives of the people. One of the most striking analogies is the letters by the young women, Tatyana and Lizetta. Doroshkevych also points out the resemblance between the other personages. Kulish's Onegin is somewhat like a combination of Pushkin's Onegin and Lenskiy yet a paler figure than either. Kulish's Onegin also has a social conscience and views on easing the peasants' lot, as he states in his letter to Lisa. Lizetta resembles neither Tatjana nor Olga but is a little more like the latter. Like some Russian women they seem resigned to fate. Lizetta's brother Vasya, according to Doroshkevych is "very weak" and not essential to the plot.

The censors were not moved, and claimed that his novel is "full of communist and socialist thoughts...which have caused and are still causing untold troubles in Europe" - (Dubelt 1851). There is also a parallel in the submissiveness of Kulish to the censors and also of Pushkin to his.

"Kulish's poem has to be treated in the framework of the period which is better understood today after so many passages of many writers through 'darkness

at noon' during the last five decades. Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni was only one of Kulish's attempts to obtain his release from the bondage in Tula. The Pushkinian poem was intended to serve as a "passport to freedom". As a work of art it is of doubtful quality. But as a document of the post-Pushkinian period in the Russian empire, called by some historians 'the age of Gogol', it is quite meaningful<sup>1</sup>.

Olynyk states that the novel in verse illustrates the effect of Pushkin on Ukrainian and Russian writers. The spirit of the Decembrists was still among them and the guilt of not having abolished serfdom weighed down the spirits of many. It was an age of secret societies, superfluous men and tyranny. According to Olynyk "there existed a strong bond of affinity and understanding between the Russian and Ukrainian intellectuals; they all believed that art and scholarship had universal and not national or class values".

Ol. Doroshkevych in the introduction to Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni "Kulish - heroem romanu"<sup>2</sup> indicated that Kulish wrote his novel in verse for the benefit of the Third Department. Otherwise Kulish would not have designated it as his first poem when actually he had written "Ukraine" earlier. His earlier works showed him to be worldly-wise and able to understand the thoughts of Goethe and other European poets well enough to translate them.

Ol. Doroshkevych in Kulish - heroem romanu quoted Kulish as saying "All my creative works - are only shreds of one great source". "Perhaps his novel in verse had no basis in his autobiography, perhaps he artfully telescoped several lines, as did Gogol and other writers; perhaps this was the reflection of

<sup>1</sup>R. Olynyk, Ibid p. 18

<sup>2</sup>Ol. Doroshkevych, Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni. Roman v stikhakh P. Kulesha Chast pervaya. Panteleimon Kulish: Zbirnyk prats komisii dlya vydavannya pamytok novitn'oho pysmenstva. UAN. Ed. S. Yefremov i Ol. Doroshkevych (Kiev, 1927) pp. 172 - 197, p. 157

contemporary life where the author was the hero? The classical sources, Rousseau, Goethe, Tolstoy, Gerzen, and Korolenko have life's concreteness only in peripheral happenings embellished with fantasy. But creative work is not a resume of facts. The novel in verse is indeed autobiographical when the author becomes the hero."

During the summer of 1843 Kulish was with Grabovsky working on ethnographical projects on the Kiev Archeological commission. He was in love with Olexandra Bilozerska and out of favour with her mother. Following this he stayed with the Pletnev's in Petersburg where he fell in love with Olga Pletnev. Later he returned to his father's village. Further proof that it is autobiographical lies with the characters: Vyhovskij is Grabovskij; Lisa is Alexandra; Nadya is Nadya (Alexandra's sister); Vasya is Vasil; Pustinik is Pletnev; Katya is Olga<sup>1</sup>. There is evidence from Kulish's correspondence with Shchodenikov and from his memoirs that the disagreements with Olexandra Bilozerska and Olga Pletnova were much more profound than the poem suggests. It may have been because at the time of writing Eugenijs Onegin nashego vremeni, with a new bride at his side, the newly wedded Kulish did not wish to recall old loves too vividly.

The further development of the novel in verse follows proven biographical facts. A few events are displaced for the sake of the plot, as, for example, his alleged sojourn for political reasons in Petersburg when actually at that time he was in Motronivka. From correspondence with Yuzefovich, Kulish spent part of the 1843 winter in Kiev and only later went to Petersburg. Hanna Barvinok, Kulish's wife, wrote in letters to Shchodenikov of the contempt which Bilozerkij's mother had for Kulish because of his poverty. He nevertheless maintained a friendly correspondence with Nadya.

Yefremov and Doroshkevych point out the purple patches in praise of Pushkin and also the social views Kulish assumed, which were indeed in direct

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<sup>1</sup>Ibid, p. 158

opposition to those actually held by the "aristocratically" minded Kulish. Toward the end of the 1859's the relationship between Pletnev and Kulish changed, possibly because of disagreements between Kulish and Alexandra Mikhailivna. When Kulish submitted his manuscript for Evgenii Onegin nashego vremeni Pletnev did not return it in spite of Kulish's pleas.

S. Yefremov and Doroshkevych also draw our attention to the similarity of the poem to Mickiewicz's "Dziady", where "Pustilnick" is the pseudonym of Gustav.

Further evidence of understatement in reference to old loves in the poem is Kulish's letter to his friend, Petr Olexandrovich. Upon the untimely death of Olga Pletnova, he writes: "I trust that not only you alone remember me, and I ask for proof that no one bears a grudge against me (this would be too cruel). Send me a portrait of the dead Olga. For me it remains to love only the dead".

Yefremov and Doroshkevych illustrate that, even though the poem is autobiographical, Kulish had used poetic licence to juxtapose events for the sake of the plot and also to underplay other events for the sake of his own life in relation to his family, friends, and superiors. The value of the novel lies in the enhancement of dry biographical accounts with lyrical passages and also in the sensitive psychological appraisal of himself and the other characters. He is highly artistic, creative and objective in his portrayal of social types. Kulish described himself as having an educated mind and, although sarcastic and arrogant, was a strong and courageous representative of the young generation in spite of having alienated himself from it. The seeds of his social views began to germinate only in the seventy's and eighty's "...im tanty - mne narod pechalnyi..." "for them dances - for me the sorrowing masses". The critics doubted that these views were genuine, because Kulish also pledged loyalty to

Nicholas I. Also, with Russian piety, he remembered Pushkin, Zhukovsky and Gogol in the fashion of a typical conservative intellectual of the 1840's. He seemed to have lost his Ukrainian patriotism as soon as he left Grabovsky with his burial grounds and antiques. In Petersburg, Kulish did not follow Belinsky or Gerzen, but the circle of Pletnev which had rusted tightly into traditional lines. Throughout the poem and in his life from 1843 to 1847, he had to convince Dubelt of his political trustworthiness and to assuage the Third Department.

The novel in verse, according to these critics, is an artificial and emasculated version of Pushkin's work. The rhymes in such cases as "rosy" and "morosy" sound banal and trite. Even when Kulish's Evgenij turns to the idealism of the cat Vaska, he does not remotely approach the classical laconism of Pushkin. The references to the Pletnev circle are too laboured and too obvious in their purpose of publicizing Kulish's literary and political leanings. The poem itself, as an imitation of Pushkin, Mickiewicz, Lermontov, and perhaps Derzhavin as well, is of minimal literary value. Kulish was not allowed to publish under his own name until 1857 and wrote under the pseudonym "Makarov". "...Kulish's anonymity put a great strain on his nerves and even the Marxist critic, Doroshkevych had to admit that Kulish's case was extraordinary and quite different from Pushkin's and his 'Povesti Belkina'".<sup>1</sup>

Doroshkevych states that the novel in verse was an inferior imitation written for the benefit of the Third Department and also that the political and literary climate of the time was highly volatile. Kulish's aspiration seems to have been to raise Ukrainian literary production to the

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<sup>1</sup>Ol. Doroshkevych, "Kulish na zaslanni" p. 63 as quoted in R. Olynyk "an unpublished paper presented at the Annual Conference of C.A.S. in Sherbrooke, June, 1966 p. 16

standard of Pushkin, Mickiewicz, Gogol, Byron and Schiller.

In this brief examination of literature pertinent to Kulish's Russian works, it seems apparent that he was devoted to the preservation of the Ukrainian language and was proficient enough in Russian to use it to further the cause of his native land.

The writer is aware that this is by no means an exhaustive review of literature pertaining to Kulish. It is however a representative sampling of the views expressed by Kulish himself as early as the 1830's to 1882; and the opinions of a wide variety of scholars whose publications emanated from Leipzig and Berlin; New York, U.S.A.; Kiev; U.S.S.R., Montreal, and Winnipeg, Canada, encompassing the years from the 1830's to 1966.

Relevant items which emerge from the critical survey of the literature indicate that Kulish was indeed a highly versatile and talented writer who, in his fervour to achieve his goals, followed devious and often trackless paths, and despite insurmountable obstacles persisted stubbornly in his literary pursuits. One of these literary efforts, as indicated above, was motivated by other than merely literary and creative drives. This work, Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni as a study in epigonism merits closer investigation.

### CHAPTER III

#### A COMPARISON OF PUSHKIN'S EUGENE ONEGIN WITH KULISH'S EVGENIJ OF OUR TIMES

Though Pushkin is considered one of the most original of Russian poets and Eugene Onegin a uniquely Russian work, Simmons says "Pushkin drew upon "Don Juan" for the form and for various narrative devices in Eugene Onegin and upon "Beppo" for his brilliant descriptions of St. Petersburg life<sup>1</sup>. "Thou mayest be our Byron.....but for God's sake do not imitate him", implored Ryleev of Pushkin. Pushkin himself had early in his literary life outpaced Byron and did not wish to be compared to him. In a letter to Vyazemskij, Pushkin, in refusing to write a fifth canto for "Childe Harold" on the occasion of Byron's death, said: "Thou art sad about Byron, but I am quite happy in his death as a glorious termination of his poetry..... he suddenly ripened and matured, and then grew silent, and his first melodies never returned to him..."

Pushkin described himself as anxious to mark the difference between author and protagonist lest he be accused of imitating Byron, who portrayed himself in his characters<sup>2</sup>. Kulish on the other hand made no denials of the many "borrowed verses" which characterized some of his works and Eugenij Onegin of Our Times in particular. Nor did he deny that he was imitating Pushkin. Pushkin's novel in verse was never really completed, and Kulish was actually trying to continue the dialogue with the censors where Pushkin had left off.

V. Nabokov says, "Hamlet is finished...Madame Bovary is finished...Ulysses is finished...Anna Karenina is finished.....But Onegin is not finished....."

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<sup>1</sup>Ernest J. Simmons, English Literature and Culture in Russia (1553 - 1840) (Octagon Books Inc.) New York, 1964 p.291

<sup>2</sup>Pushkin, Eugene Onegin translated by V. Nabokov (Routledge and Kegan Paul) London, 1964, V. 2 p.8

"Poor Juan will be guillotined - has been -  
 In the French Revolution..."  
 ...but Eugene?

To Captain Yuzefovich, Pushkin said one day, June 1829, in the Caucasus:  
 "Onegin will either perish in the Caucasus or join the Decembrist movement"<sup>1</sup>.  
 That Kulish's novel in verse is not a mere imitation for its own sake, but the  
 continuance "upon a seed", is the hypothesis which is being examined.

V. Nabokov claims that every translation is in part an imitation. The  
 following quotation gives a further definition of epigonism which conveys the  
 idea of developing "upon a seed".

What is translation? On a platter  
 A poet's pale and glaring head,  
 A parrot's screech, a monkey's chatter,  
 And profanation of the dead.  
 The parasites you were so hard on  
 Are pardoned if I have your pardon,  
 O Pushkin, for my stratagem.  
 I traveled down your secret stem,  
 And reached the root, and fed upon it;  
 Then, in a language newly learned  
 I grew another stalk and turned  
 Your Stanza, patterned on a sonnet,  
 Into my honest roadside prose --<sup>2</sup>  
 All thorn, but cousin to your rose.

These are of course, the words of an exile writing in far different cir-  
 cumstances, but an exile nevertheless, as were both Pushkin and Kulish when their  
 novels in verse were written.

#### CHARACTERS

Pushkin's novel actually contains two heroes, Onegin and Tatjana. The two  
 were representative of their sexes in their contemporary Russian social circles.

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<sup>1</sup> Ibid V. 3, p. 312

<sup>2</sup> Pushkin, Eugene Onegin translated by V. Nabokov (Routledge and Kegan Paul)  
 London, 1964 V. 1, p. 9

Onegin was more than merely a man from a high stratum of society, he was also an educated man, though his education, by his own admission, was fragmentary. He felt uncomfortable in his own social circles, partly because he was enlightened, having travelled and read more widely. The Larins and the country squires irritated him not because he was a snob but because they were so dull. His candor at expressing impatience with his dying uncle illustrates how unhypocritical Pushkin's Onegin really is. The truths uttered by Onegin lead his early readers to regard him as an unmoral, callous, egoist who is chronically disillusioned and afflicted with the "khandra". "Ordinary men", says Belinsky, "are always pleased with themselves, and, if in luck, with everybody else. Life does not deceive fools. Onegin's proud coldness and heartless hauteur are a result of the sheer incapacity of many readers to understand the character created with such fidelity by the poet." At twenty six Onegin was world weary, tired without having accomplished anything.

"Tak tochno ~~de~~mal moj Evgenij  
 On v pervoj yunosti svoej  
 Byl zhertvoj burnykh zabluzhdenij  
 I neobuzdannyykh strastej.  
 Privychkoj zhizni izbalovan,  
 Odin na vremya ocharovan,  
 Razocharovannyj drugim,  
 Zhelanem medlenno tomim,  
 Tomim i vetrenym uspekhom  
 Vhimaya v shume i v tische  
 Roptanè vechnoe dushi  
 Zevotu podavlyaya smelkhom  
 Vot kak ubil on vosem' let  
 Utratya zhisni luchshij tsvet"

Pushkin IV, 9

("Thus Eugene thought with melancholy  
 In his first youth he was the prey  
 Of many a wild fit of folly,  
 And never said his passions nay,  
 A pampered boy, allured by pleasure,  
 Then disappointed beyond measure,  
 Wearied by what he had desired,  
 By facile conquest swiftly tired,  
 At noisy gatherings and after,  
 In silence, hearing still the faint

Sad murmur of the soul's complaint,  
 And covering a yawn with laughter -  
 He killed eight years thus like a dunce -  
 The flower of life that blooms but once")  
 Babette Deutsch - IV, 9<sup>1</sup>

Onegin though romantic in his earlier days, becomes so completely a realist, that he is happy or unhappy only in and through reality, and not through any dreamful fantasy. The last two chapters of the novel in verse differ sharply from the first six, and the poet too, bears obvious signs of attaining a greater depth of maturity and artistic growth.

Kulich's Onegin is a vastly more mundane poet than is Pushkin's. He does not seem to have the background of gay social affairs and numerous loves. Instead of denying his capacity for a family life and trying to retain his freedom he says:

"Uzh luchshe zaprosta zhenit'sya  
 Postroit' na bolote dom  
 I zhit' ukrainskim pankom  
 Chem nad Mefodiem trudit'sya!  
 Ono taki i budet tak:  
 He darom tvoj otets kozak!  
 Kulish V, 27

('Tis better simply to marry,  
 To build upon the clay a home,  
 And live as a Ukrainian squire,  
 Than to toil over Methodius,  
 And that is how indeed 'twill be,  
 'Tis not in vain your father is a Cossack)  
 Trans. L.L. V, 27

Besides he is not wealthy, nor is he welcome at the home of his beloved.

Her mother says of him,

"Khot' on sebya vobrazhaet  
 Kakim - to lordom no ej, ej,  
 V moikh glazakh on prosto shkol'nik  
 Filosof i nakhal'nyj vol'nik;  
 A chto obidnee vsego -  
 On ne imeet nichego.

Kulich II, 2

<sup>1</sup>Translation by Babette Deutsch as quoted in Pushkin, The Poems, Prose and Plays of  
 Ed. Avram Yarmolinsky. (The Modern Library, New York. 1936 p. 184

(For he pretends to be  
 Some sort of lord but, ay, ay  
 In my eyes he simply is a schoolboy  
 A philosopher and an ingratiating ne'er-do-well  
 But what is most insulting  
 Is that he has nothing)

Trans. L.L. II, 2

There seems to be no gradual maturation or change in the poet during the unfolding of the events. The opening lines describe him as follows:

Davno Vyhovskij ozhidaet  
 K sebe geroya moego...  
 I nakonetz on priezhaet,  
 No tot ne uznaet ego:  
 Ego rasseyanost' i vyalost'  
 V dvizhenyax i slovakh ustalost'  
 To nezhnij, to pechalnyj vzglyad  
 Dovol'no yasno govoryat,  
 Chto mir dushi ego narushen,  
 Chto v serdtse sil'nyj pereves  
 Chto nezhnoj strasti khitryi bes  
 V nego vselilsya...Bezoruzhen,  
 Emu predalsya moj geroj,  
 Is tem - prosti, dishi - pokoj!

Kulich I, 1

(Long since Vykovskij is awaiting,  
 My hero to his home,  
 And at last he arrives,  
 But Vykovskij recognizes him not,  
 His dissipation and faintness,  
 In his movements and words, weariness,  
 A tender, then a said expression  
 Sufficiently clearly signify -  
 That the peace of his soul is disturbed;  
 That in his heart is a heavy unbalance  
 That the cunning demon of tender passion  
 Has captured him unarmed.  
 My hero surrendered -  
 And with that - farewell to soul's tranquility).

The last chapter of the novel also describes his weary farewells, this time to the two women he loves and to their mother who detests him. Kulish's Onegin does not seem to have as many dimensions as Pushkin's, his deepest emotion seems to be that of loyalty to Pletnev whom in his poem he calls "Pustynnik".

Itak - Pustynnikon Evgenij  
 Znakomtsa nazval svoego  
 Sdruzhilsya s nim i dlya nego  
 Nastal raj novykh voskhishenij  
 IV, 21

Zdes' Pushkin, vechno vdokhnovennyj,  
 Zhukovskij, tsar otradnykh dum,  
 Zdes' Griboedov, gordyj um  
 I Gogol, moj zemlyak pochtennyj,  
 Vse byli zhivy dlya nego.  
 Oni Pustynnika...liubili.  
 Kulish IV, 28

And thus my Eugene named  
 His friend Pustynnik.  
 Their friendship grew and for him  
 Appeared a paradise of new revelations  
 L.L. IV, 21

Here Pushkin the ever spirited,  
 Zhukovskij king of universal thought,  
 Here Griboedov proud mind  
 And Gogol my esteemed countryman,  
 All were alive for him and  
 They all loved Pustynnik  
 L.L. IV, 28

In the first part of IV, 21, Kulish says, "My Eugene was not the same as Pushkin's, if only Pushkin's genius were here, I would with greatness and simplicity, my friends to you portray". Where Pushkin denied that his Eugene was Don Juan, readers tend to agree, for Onegin, though he portrayed a universal type was still intensely Russian and uniquely individual. Kulish denies that his Eugene is Pushkin's Eugene, not because he does not wish him to be so, but that he would indeed that he were more like his prototype, but for various reasons cannot follow exactly in the same footsteps.

Tatjana in Pushkin's novel in verse is undoubtedly the main female figure and also a representative of her type of womanhood. She is so different from the coquettes whom Onegin had known, that her presence is like a breath of fresh air to which he has to accustom himself. She, too, matures and changes as the plot proceeds and the chaste soul and childish passion which moved Tatjana-the-girl,

to write her famous letter had become in Tatjana-the-woman, a resolute resignation to her fate, of being married to the general, but loving Eugene. So innocently and completely did she surrender herself while remaining on a pedestal and aloof that Eugene could not resolve this situation. To reciprocate such a love without marriage seemed incongruous, but he was not ready for the poetry of matrimony. Later when Onegin writes to Tatjana, the married woman, he knew that even though she had at an earlier time offered her love, she was not then, nor is now an easy conquest. Onegin, however, can only love when the loving is hopeless. In spite of being so "ideal", however, she is not lost in a colorless mass along with thousands of others. She represents a great exception while still having an ordinary passion for French books and for horoscopes and almanacs, and being permeated with the boredom of the times. She did not really understand or know life. Belinsky describes her as "a creature passionate, deeply emotional, and at the same time, undeveloped, closely locked up in the dark vacancy of her intellectual being...not capable of falling in love with any man she knew; she knew them too well, and they offered too little food for her exalted ascetic imagination". Her conversations with her nurse and her dream where she is pursued, deposited on a bench by Onegin; they are surprised, and the blurred nightmare ends with the nurse awakening and consoling her. Both Onegin and Tatjana seem very much two of a kind but they have developed in entirely different circumstances.

"Za chto zh vinovnee Tatjana  
 Za to l' chto v miloj prostote  
 Ona ne vedaet obmana  
 I verit izbrannoj mechte?  
 Za to l' chto liubit bez iskusstva,  
 Poslushnaya vlechen'iu chuvstva  
 Chto tak doverchiva ona,  
 Chto ot nebes odarena  
 Vobrazheniem myatezhnym

Umom i voleiu zhivoj  
 I svoenravnoj golovoj,  
 I serdtsem plamennym i nezhnym?  
 Uzheli ne prostite ej  
 Vy legkomysliya strastej?

Pushkin III, 24

Why is Tatjana an offender?  
 Is it because she cannot deem  
 Deceit exists, but clings with tender  
 Simplicity to her young dream?  
 Is it because her love is artless  
 And she, not knowing men are heartless,  
 Obeys her feelings sans demur?  
 Or because heaven gifted her  
 With fiery imagination  
 With rebel will and fiery mind,  
 And with a heart for love designed,  
 A spirit brooking no dictation?  
 And can you not forgive, if she  
 Shows passion's volatility?

Deutsch III, 24

Her sister, Olga, whom Lenskij loves, seems to be a much shallower, gayer girl whom Onegin sees as a pleasant, common flirt. She offers a bland contrast to her sister and an example of one, who, though causing tragedy, is completely untouched by it and oblivious of it.

Chas at chasu plenennyj bole  
 Krasami Ol'gi molodoj  
 Vladimir sladostnoj nevole  
 Predalsya polnoiu dushoj,  
 On vечно s nej. V ee pokoe  
 Oni sidyat v potemkakh dvoe;  
 Oni v sadu, ruka s rukoj,  
 Gulyaiut utrennej poroj;  
 I chto zh? Liuboviu upoennyj  
 V smyatene nezhnogo styda,  
 On tol'ko smee inogda,  
 Ulybkoj Ol'gi obedrennyj  
 Razvitym lokonom igrat'  
 Il' kraj odezhdy tselovat'.

Pushkin IV, 25

(From hour to hour yet more enraptured  
 By the young Olga's winning ways  
 Vladimir was completely captured  
 and found his chains a thing to praise.  
 Always together, now they're sitting  
 In her room while the light is flitting;  
 Or in the morning arm in arm,  
 The two explore the garden's charm.  
 And think of it! So timid is he,  
 That only once in a great while,

Emboldened by his Olga's smile,  
 And with love's sweet confusion dizzy,  
 He dares to trifle with a tress  
 Or kiss the hem of her dear dress.

Deutsch IV, 25

Lenskij, the romantic figure in Pushkin's work, resembles Kulish's Onegin in that he seems to have similar interests in art, music and love. Lisa's brother, Vasya, also resembles Lenskij for he, too, is young, inexperienced, and Onegin's friend. However, where Vasya's position in the plot is weak, Lenskij's is crucial not only to the development of Pushkin's plot but also to the portrayal of the characters and the pervading atmosphere of the novel in verse.

Lisa in Kulish's poem cannot possibly resemble Tatjana who remains too aloof and mysterious. Lisa resembles Pushkin's Olga but emulates Tatjana's thinking in accepting her mother's decisions, in resigning herself to fate (sudba) and in refusing to complain. Nadia offers no contrast to Lisa as Olga does to Tatjana.

The mothers are very similar in that they both typically are concerned with marrying their daughters to worthy suitors and are occupied with the endless round of neighborhood visiting. Pushkin's Madame Larina even "shaves the heads of her peasants" and is generally very much involved in matters which her overfed husband had relegated to her domain. She does therefore not seem to have as much time and energy to meddle directly in her daughter's love affairs as does the mother of Lisa and Nadia. The lives the mothers lead in both Kulish's and Pushkin's descriptions can be assessed from the following:

No net, oni sidyat, boltaiut...  
 Prokhodit chas, drugoj, pyat', sem' ...  
 Gryzut orekhi, istreblyaiut  
 Varen'e, grushi. Mezhdue tem  
 Zakhodit polnoch i naprasno  
 O tom i dumat'", govorit  
 Khozyajka i postel' velit  
 Gotovit' na polu, dlya shutki.  
 Lozhatsya baryni v pokot:  
 Ot khokhotu bolit zhivot;  
 A posle - son na tselysutki.  
 I tak zhivut oni sto let,  
 I dolzhen ikh liubit' poet.

Kulish III, 22

(But no, they sit and babble  
 An hour goes by, the second, five, seven...  
 Gnaw nuts and consume  
 Preserves, pears. In the meantime  
 Midnight arrives. 'Tis dangerous  
 To travel in forests.

Yes, in vain  
 To even entertain the thought. The hostess  
 Says. And has beds prepared  
 Upon the floor in jest  
 The young men lie in the hallway  
 Their sides ache with laughter  
 And then - they sleep the clock around  
 And so they live a hundred years  
 And a poet is expected to love them!

L.L. III, 22

Compared with Pushkin's:

... ..  
 Idut za uzhin  
 Posteli steluit; dlya gostej  
 Nochleg otvodyat ot senej  
 Do samoj devich'i...Vsem nuzhen  
 Pokojnyj son. Onegin moj  
 Odin uekhal spat domoj

Pushkin VI, 1

... ..  
 They go in to supper.  
 The beds are made. Guests are assigned  
 night lodgings - from the entrance hall  
 even to the maids' quarters. Restful sleep  
 by all is needed. My Onegin  
 alone has driven home to sleep.

Nabokov VI, 1

The similarities between Kulish's and Pushkin's works are apparent both in the plot and in the characters. They are both autobiographical works yet parallel. Kulish's Onegin visits a family in the country. The widowed mother, her son and two daughters are really no different from the Larin household, and while it is Lisa's mother who rejects Onegin in Kulish's poem, neither poet finds any satisfactory relationship. The unexpected meeting between Onegin and Nadia is very similar to the meeting of Pushkin's Onegin with Tatjana.

... ..  
 V alleiu pryamo pered nej,  
 Blistaya vzorami, Evgenij  
 Stoit podobno groznoj teni  
 I kak ognem obozhzhena  
 Ostanovilasya ona

Pushkin III, 41

... ..  
 started to go; but hardly had she turned  
 into the avenue when straight before her,  
 eyes blazing, Eugene  
 stood, similar to some grim shade,  
 and as one seared by fire  
 she stopped.

Nabokov III, 41

In Kulish's poem:

... ..  
 Vdrug Onegin nechayanno vstrechaet  
 V allee Nadiu. Vid ego  
 Izobrazhaet skorb', ukory.  
 Nevol' no Nadya robki vzory  
 Vniz opuskaet i molchit  
 I budto pred sudboj stoit.

Kulish II, 14

...suddenly unexpectedly he meets  
 in the avenue Nadia. His expression  
 Is full of scorn and reprimand  
 Unwillingly Nadia lowers her eyes  
 And remains silent  
 And as though before judgment stands.

L.L. II, 14

The plot and personages present many analogies which Kulish does not deny are built upon Pushkin's novel in verse.

PLOT

Pushkin's and Kulish's novels in verse were both autobiographical and both dealt with experiences which were within the repertoire of most of their readers.

Pushkin's Onegin is introduced as he is on the way from St. Petersburg to his uncle's estate, soliloquizing on his uncle's burdensome and lingering impending death.

"You sigh, and think with furrowed brow -  
 'Why can't the devil take you now?'"<sup>1</sup>

The autobiographical note is carried through by reference to the author's banishment from the capital and earlier reminiscences of his childhood and desultory education. Onegin's life in St. Petersburg with the female companions, the morning stroll, dinner, and preparation for the theatre is described. The theatre bores him and he is off to a mansion where a ball is already in progress. There is a discussion of tapestries, art and pretty ladies. Onegin is really not interested in society belles and in courtesans and tries reading and writing. "Khandra", the peculiar Russian malaise of boredom, chronically overtakes him.

"Indeed, today there is a vicious  
 Ennui pervading the haut monde"

When Onegin reaches the country his uncle has died and a new hopelessness overwhelms him.

Onegin plans to ease the condition of the peasants and is ostracized by the neighboring squires for his overly liberal ideas. Lenskij, a neighbor, has returned from a German University to his estate and through him, Onegin meets Olga's family. The Larin's are described as a typical Russian family

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<sup>1</sup>Pushkin The Poems, Prose and Plays of Ed. Avram Yarmolinsky (The Modern Library) New York, 1936 p. 112

living on their family estate. The eighteen year old Lenskij is in love with Olga. The fathers of the young couple had hoped that they would marry. The plump, rosy Olga is a contrast to her sister, the pensive and serious Tatjana. Tatjana's library is one which Onegin (and Pushkin) approve of and admire. Tatjana's mother's youth is described and her habits and customs revealed. The plot comes back to Lenskij on an emotional and romantic note. On the way home from the Larin's Onegin makes rude remarks about Olga and the readers witness the first dialogue between Lenskij and Onegin. It is ominous and portends disaster. Onegin frequently accompanies the courting Lenskij to the home of the Larin's, and Olga's sister, Tatjana, falls silently and hopelessly in love with Onegin. Pushkin, himself a part of the plot, consoles all unhappy lovers in his words, "Tatjana, dear Tatjana!"

Tatjana asks her nurse for paper and pen and writes her famous letter to Onegin in which she simply, honestly, and naively declares her ardent love. Pushkin and Onegin discuss Tatjana revealing her as a contrast to the shallow society women. Onegin receives her letter but does not reply, and when Lenskij arrives the following day; Madame Larina inquires about Onegin. Tatjana in eager trepidation awaits a reply, and when Onegin finally does so, he lectures her on her youthful indiscretion and lack of self-control. Olga and Lenskij continue their courtship "But what about Onegin"? - he passes his days in conversation and books. January 12, Tatjana's name day, is a cause for celebration and a gay birthday gathering is held at the Larin's. Only two weeks remain until Lenskij's wedding day. Descriptions of winter scenes and peasants' sleighs color the poem, keeping it vibrant with a multitude of sub-plots. In constant contrast the dreams and reveries of Tatjana inject a portentous note.

The birthday celebrations turn out to be a gigantic entertainment instead of a small dinner party, and during the course of the evening ball Lenskij sees Onegin flirting with Olga. He challenges Onegin to a duel and Lenskij is killed on the day before his wedding. Olga, less than five months later, marries a young uhlan, while Tatjana's solitude is interrupted by a visit to Onegin's abandoned castle during the summer of 1821, and the following year to Moscow where she meets her future husband. She now realizes that Onegin is not the angel or "fascinating demon" she thought, but an "imitation of fashionable freaks" who is nevertheless still the "only love in her life".<sup>1</sup> She has by now found a husband and bids farewell to her country home. Onegin travels for two or three years, only to reappear after Tatjana has married. Her demeanor is cold and calm, while his mood is greatly perturbed at discovering how deeply he loves her. Onegin's letter now reverses the previous situation as she replies, "I love you...but to another I belong: to him I shall be faithful all my life". Pushkin's participation in the plot is evident throughout, not only in his philosophical digressions but in the very zest with which the plot unfolds. "Stylized Pushkin conversing with imagined Onegin and sharing recollections with him, or Pushkin's stylized Muse quietly admiring a St. Petersburg rout to which the poet escorts her - while Prince N. escorts thither his wife - are as much part of the plot as Onegin and Tatjana are".<sup>2</sup>

Kulish's Onegin appears as a visitor to his friend the archaeologist Vyhovskyj. They engage in archaeological research for some time but Onegin becomes restless and desires to leave the excavations for the ancient civilizations of Ukraine. He longs to visit the girl he loves who lives in the village of Ostapivka. His friend Vyhovskyj, tries to raise Onegin's spirits and warns him

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<sup>1</sup>Pushkin, Eugene Onegin translated by V. Nabokov (Routledge and Kegan Paul) London, 1964 V.1, p. 51

<sup>2</sup>Ibid p. 19

of the sorrows of love. Onegin reads poetry and is pensive. Then, while the archaeologist is drawing up intricate plans for further research, Onegin has Petrushka oil the wagon and they depart toward the village of the beloved. The journey is not without dangers and interruptions, some portending sorrow, but he finally reaches the home of his girl. Lisa had fallen in love with him in her very early youth and had spoken of this to her sister, Nadia. Lisa's mother displayed anger both at the unexpected visit and also at the suitor's lack of wealth. Lisa's brother, Vasa, who was Onegin's friend, is also annoyed, mainly because of Onegin's quick temper. Lisa's mother admonishes her to remain aloof and not to encourage the undesirable suitor while Lisa berates her mother for babbling childishly. Lisa's mother announces proudly that the younger daughter Nadia is marrying a wealthy man of "rank". Onegin knows that this is for his benefit and is deeply aware of Lisa's mother's contempt for him. In fact she thinks Onegin loves Nadia. Lisa is perturbed during Onegin's presence and when he finally does declare his love for her, her anger vanishes and a reconciliation takes place between the two sisters, Nadia and Lisa, who both love the poet and who also loves them both. Onegin makes known his love for Lisa to her mother, who berates him for his lack of wealth and social rank, at the same time intimating that she thought it was Nadia he loved. However, she categorically states that her daughter does not love him, and he prepares to leave. Vasa enters to comfort Onegin, but to no avail. At that moment a servant girl brings Onegin a letter from Lisa. In the letter Lisa declares her love, and urges Onegin to ask her mother for forgiveness. He refuses. An autobiographical note enters as Kulish says, through Onegin: "Oh if only I could remain for ever a Ukrainian landowner and with my fierce thoughts not enter wars of ideas".

Digressions follow in which Onegin meditates upon the conditions of society and the lot of the peasants. He finally agrees to apologize to Lisa's mother and remains in the village, while in the poem Kulish and Onegin confess their loyalty and devotion to Pushkin and his muse. Onegin finally departs for the capital but does not waste his time wooing vain matrons, for his mind is filled with poetry and lofty ideals. Further digressions to exalt Peter the Great and Pushkin interrupt the plot; Kulish reiterates "Boudoirs and salons, the new Onegin avoided". Onegin spends some time with his friend Pustynnik where he discusses literature and enjoys the friendship of the family. One member in particular, the fifteen year old daughter, makes his visit even more pleasant. Another letter arrives from Lisa, and Onegin is now determined to travel and to leave all the entanglements behind. He finally returns to Ostapivka for a brief encounter with Lisa and her mother, who is repentant of her earlier moods. He takes leave of Lisa who resigns herself to a life without her love. She also forgives her remorseful mother. Onegin visits his father but the reunion is very unhappy and he prepares to travel abroad.

To summarize the two works we see that Pushkin's novel in verse tells of a young romantic girl who has known only the seclusion of rural life. She falls in love with a handsome young man from St. Petersburg who is bored with his enforced stay in the country. Impulsively, she writes him a love-letter, but he replies saying that he is not ready for family life. Onegin then fights a trivial duel with the fiance of the infatuated heroine's sister, whom he kills. Onegin departs and in the meantime Tatjana marries a general (to please her mother). Onegin meets her in Moscow to discover that now he is very much in love with her and writes her a letter. She replies that though she loves him she belongs to another, and will remain faithful.

Kulish's Onegin visits his archaeologist friend, but is soon too restless to engage in research, and travels to the village of his beloved. It turns out that he actually falls in love with his beloved girl's sister as well, while their mother is adamant in her plans to find wealthy husbands for her daughters. Obviously Onegin does not qualify. The brother of the girls, though the poet's friend, is also dissatisfied with the visit. Letters are exchanged between Lisa and Onegin, who finally realizes the hopelessness of the situation when Lisa assures him of her unflinching love and nothing more, since her mother does not approve of Onegin as a son-in-law.

According to Belinsky many have held that Pushkin's novel in verse has no plot, since the story has no denouement. In this respect it resembles Kulish's. Pushkin, however, wrote his over a period of eight years and an obvious maturing and mellowing of the poet is apparent in the work. Both men were under the watchful eyes of the censors but where Kulish's hero remains the restless young man, Pushkin's hero is transformed from a youth unable to fall in love or even to recognize genuine and simple affection into an older and wiser man who, when the time came that he was capable of loving, found that it was too late. The plot in Kulish's novel in verse seems to come to an abrupt conclusion as the poet departs to travel. Pushkin, who almost exactly foretold his own death, seems reluctant to end the novel; it remains in fact unfinished. Kulish and Pushkin disclosed their own lives and attitudes in the development of the plot, but Kulish does not convey the same relentless tedium and ennui which Pushkin conveys. Kulish redeems his dry biographical accounts with exquisite lyrical passages. In his desire to publicize his literary and political leanings, he tends to drop the plot abruptly with no resolution of the love scenes, as though they were of absolutely

no consequence. Even though the love scenes seem very casual in Kulish's Evgenij Onegin of our Times, they are too artificial and the coincidences, according to Doroshkevych, too contrived. The freshness of Pushkin's plot is only very weakly and unsuccessfully imitated by Kulish.

#### FORM AND STRUCTURE

To evaluate further Kulish's work as an example of epigonism it is necessary to examine the form and structure of Pushkin's and Kulish's novels in verse.

Kulish's novel consists of six parts or chapters. The first chapter contains thirty-two; two nominal; the third, twenty-four; five nominal; the fourth, thirty-four (less three); the fifth, twenty-seven and the sixth thirty-one. In total there are one hundred sixty one stanzas and two thousand, one hundred sixty-five lines.

Pushkin's novel in verse consists of eight parts or chapters. The first chapter consists of fifty-four stanzas with nine nominal; the second chapter consists of forty stanzas, two of these incomplete (VIII and XXXV); the third chapter consists of forty-one stanzas plus a freely rhymed piece of seventy-nine lines - "Tatjana's Letter to Onegin" and an eighteen-line song; the fourth chapter consists of forty-three stanzas of which one is incomplete; in chapter five there are forty-two stanzas and five nominal, in chapter six forty three stanzas, five nominal; chapter seven consists of fifty-two stanzas, five nominal; chapter eight consists of fifty-one stanzas of which eleven are incomplete, and a freely rhymed epistle of sixty lines "Onegin's Letter to Tatjana". A set of forty-four authorial notes and passages from "Onegin's Journey" in seventeen completes and four incomplete stanzas, with some brief comments on them, represent an additional small structure unattached compositionally to the main body of the novel.

It seems that in form and construction the poem Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni closely resembles Pushkin's "novel in verse". Kulish used the rhythmic form of Pushkin's poem: iambic tetrameter, and his stanza, that is a combination of three quatrains of different rhyme schemes: aBaB, ccDD, and Effe, with the concluding couplet, GG. In examining the opening stanza of both poems we find:

Davno Vyhovskij ozhidaet	a
K sebe geroya moego.	B
U nakonets on priezshaet.	a
No tot ne uznaet ego!	B
Ego rasseyannost' i vyalost	c
V dvizhenyakh i slovakh ustalost',	c
To nezhnij, to pechalnyj vzglyad,	D
Dovol' no yasno govoryat	D
Chto mir dushi ego narushen,	e
Chto v serdtse silnyj pereves,	F
Chto nezhnoj strasti khitryj bes,	F
B nego vselilsya bezoruzhen	e
Emu predalsya moj geroj,	G
I s tem prosti dushi pokoj.	G

Kulish I, 1

and compare

Moj dyadya samykh chesnykh pravil	a
Kogda ne v shutku zanemog	B
On uvazhat' sebya zastavil	a
I luchshe vydumat' no mog	B
Ego primer drugim nauka;	c
No bozhe moj, Kakya Skuka	c
S bol' num sidet i den i noch	D
No otkhodya ni shagu proch'.	D
Kakoe niskoe kovarstvo	e
Poluzhivogo sabavlyat	F
Emu podushki popravlyat	F
Pechal'no podnosit lekarstvo,	e
Vzdykhat' i dumat pro sebya:	G
Kogda zhe chert voz'met tebya!"	G

Pushkin I, 1

In Kulish's poem we find all the six iambic tetrameter patterns accounted for by scholars in Pushkin's Evgenij Onegin:

1.  $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$  ' (-)
2.  $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$  ' (-)
3.  $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$  ' (-)
4.  $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$  ' (-)
5.  $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$  ' (-)
6.  $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$  '  $\underline{\quad}$   $\underline{\quad}$  ' (-)<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>B. O. Unbegaun, Russian Versification. Oxford: The Clarendon Press, 1956 p. 17

The "chetirestopniy yamb" or iambic tetrameter was considered Pushkin's favorite line. During his Lyceum period from 1814 to 1837 he composed in this measure some 21,600 lines which is more than half his output in verse. It is therefore in keeping with Kulish's writing "upon the seed" of Pushkin's work that he chose the iambic tetrameter.

Pushkin's rhyme technique can also be traced in the Kulish stanzas. Kulish attempts to emulate Pushkin, though not always as successfully, in using unusual rhymes, including foreign words or names. "Amur" - "dur"; "vzglady" - "Dziady"; "bjezhit" - "Zhid"; "Khoreja" - "duraleja"; "trotuaram" - "laram"; "psycholog" - "polog"; "Ammona" - "Apollona"; "psychologij" - "ubogij". Pushkin rhymes names and foreign words: "Juvenale" - "vale"; "Feokrita" - "Adama Smita"; "Bolivar" - bul'var; "dysha" - "entrechat"; "shilet" - "net"; raz - "vasisdas". Kulish's movements within the lines are free as are Pushkin's. In Pushkin's poem enjambements from one stanza to another occur only in key passages where there is a sharp break in the development. For example,

I zadykhajas', na skam'ju

Upala

Pushkin III, 38, 39

Where on a rustic bench at last

She falls .....

Deutsch III, 38, 39

Kuda po nem svoj bystryj beg

Stremit Onegin

Pushkin VIII 39, 40

But whither in such anxious haste

Does Eugene drive?

Deutsche VIII, 39,40

Kulish, however, employs enjambements whenever he is compelled to by technical difficulties in expressing his ideas and thoughts concisely. He sometimes even breaks the two-line couplet by extending it to the first line of the next stanza.

... ..  
Do etikh tvarej, i poet

Oshibsya gor<sup>4</sup>ko dlya potomkov.

Kulish VI, 2 - 3

About these creatures, and the poet  
was bitterly mistaken, for his successors.

L.L. VI 2-3

... Kak Ostap

Glyazhu na dlinnuyiu alleiu

Kulish VI, 8 - 9

... .. Like Ostap  
I gaze at the long avenue.

L.L. VI 8-9

Togo, Kogo ya obozhat'

Poka zhiva ne perestanu!

Kulish VI, 30 - 31

Him, I'll continue to worship  
As long as I live.

L.L. VI, 30 - 31

Another interesting analogy is in the use of epigraphs by both Pushkin and Kulish. The epigraph Pushkin uses to introduce the first chapter is

I zhit' toropitsya i chuvstvovat' speshit  
K. Vyazemskij

(Makes haste to live and cannot wait to feel)  
Deutsch

Kulish's epigraphs are mainly from Pushkin, the one being from "The Bronze Horseman" and four from Evgenij Onegin. The very first epigraph Kulish uses follows the title of the poem:

Chudak, pechalnyj i opasnoj  
Sizdanie ada il' nebes  
Sej angel', sej nadmennyj bes'  
Ohto zh' on?

Pushkin VII, 24

A sad and dangerous eccentric

creature of hell or heaven,  
 this angel, this proud fiend, what,  
 then is he?

Nabokov VII, 24

and the epigraph to the first chapter shows that Kulish intended to endow his hero with the characteristics of Lenskij, using Pushkin's description of him, as well as with the qualities of Onegin as finally understood by Tatjana.

Akh, on liubil, kak v nashi leta  
 Yzhe ne liubyat; kak odna  
 Bezumnaya mehta poeta  
 Eshche liubit' osuzhedna.

Pushkin II, 20

Ah, he loved as one loves  
 no longer in our years; as only  
 the mad soul of a poet  
 is still condemned to love:

Nabokov II, 20

The second chapter of Kulish's work begins with Griboedov's lines

Chto za kommissiya, Sozdatel'  
 Byt' vzrosloj docheri ottsom!

What a commission Creator  
 To be the father of a full-grown daughter

L.L.

While Pushkin's second chapter is introduced simply O Rus! from Horace meaning "O village"! Kulish begins his third chapter with an epigraph from the first chapter of Pushkin's poem:

Kto zhil i myslil, tot ne mozhet  
 V dushe ne prezirat' liudej

Pushkin I, 46

(Who has lived and thought cannot  
 In his heart not suspect people)

L.L.

Pushkin's third chapter bears the following epigraph in French, indisputably the language of love and of Russian society.

Elle était fille, elle était amoureuse  
 Malfilatre  
 (She was a maid, she was in love)

L.L.

Kulish's fourth chapter begins with

"Liubliu tebya, Petra tvorene  
 Liubliu tvoj strogij strojnyj vid  
 Nevy derzhavnoe techen'e  
 Beregovoj ee granit  
 Pushkin  
 I love your creation of Peter  
 I love your upright stern appearance  
 The country-wide flowing of the Neva  
 Her banks defend  
 L.L.

Pushkin's fourth epigraph reads

La morale est dans la nature des choses.  
 Necker  
 Morality is in the nature of things.  
 L.L.

Kulish's fifth epigraph reads

O kto prelest' ikh opishet  
 Kto - ikh silu nad dushoj?  
 Vse v nikh krotostiiu dyshet  
 I nevinnoŝt'iu svyatoj!  
 Zhukovskij  
 Oh who can describe their charm  
 Who? - their power over the soul  
 All in them breathes with gentleness  
 And holy innocence  
 L.L.

While Pushkin's fifth chapter is headed by:

O ne znaj sikh strashnykh snov  
 Ty, moya Svetlana  
 Zhukovskij  
 O mayst thou be spared these dreadful dreams  
 Thou, my Svetlana  
 L.L.

Kulish's sixth and last epigraph is the longest and consists of two quotations from Pushkin.

Pogasshij pepel uzh ne vxpykhnet  
 Ya vse grushchu; no slez uzh net,  
 I skoro, skoro buri sled  
 V dushe moej sovsem utikhnet.  
 Pushkin

- Pogibnu - Tanja govorit  
 No gibel' ot nego liubezna.  
 Ya ne ropshu: zachem roptat'  
 Ne mozhet on mne schast'ya dat'  
 Pushkin VI, 3

Cold ashes are not apt to rekindle  
 I sorrow but there are no tears  
 And soon, soon after the storm  
 In my soul shall be utter calm.  
 L.L.

I'll perish - says Tanja  
 But to perish by him is sweet  
 I do not murmur: why complain  
 He cannot afford me happiness.  
 L.L.

Pushkin's sixth chapter begins with

La sotto i giorni nubilosi e brevi  
 Nasce una gente a cui l morir nondole.  
 Petrarck  
 There, where the days are short and misty  
 Is born a tribe not pained by death  
 L.L.

Chapters seven and eight in Pushkin carry the following epigraphs:

Moskva, Rossii doch' liubima  
 Gde ravnuiu tebe syskat'  
 Dmitriee  
 Kak ne liubit' rodnoj Moskvj?  
 Baratynskij  
 Goneri' na Moskvu! chto znachet  
 videt svet!  
 Gde zh luchshe?  
 Gde nas net.  
 Griboedov  
 Moscow, beloved daughter of Russia  
 Where can an equal to thee be found?  
 Trans. L.L.  
 How can one help but love Moscow?  
 Trans. L.L.  
 Hasten to Moscow - What it means to see  
 the world!  
 Where is it better?  
 Where we are not.  
 Trans. L.L.

Kulish used the epigraphs precisely as Pushkin had done, that is, to set the tone for the chapter which followed. Nor were the loans of these lines in any way covert, Kulish refers often to the fact that he used Pushkin's verses.

"Prostitute kradenyj mne stikh  
Ravno u nas dovol' no ikh...

Kulish IV, 20

(Forgive our stolen verses  
For we have many of them)

L.L. IV, 20

The first epigraph refers to a poet's love and the entire chapter dwells on the theme of the poet's desire to return to the village of his beloved. The second epigraph makes reference to the problems and responsibilities involved in raising daughters and the chapter follows the theme with descriptions of the tears and wounded hearts which result from the disagreement between the mother and the suitor, as well as the consternation at discovering just whom it is the poet loves. The third epigraph hints at the cynicism of one who has "lived and thought" and therefore trusts no one. True to the tone set in the epigraph, the chapter describes Vasa's dilemma, who, as a friend of the poet but a brother of the girl, cannot be impartial in such a quarrel. The chapter also includes Lisa's letter to Onegin in which she paradoxically not only declares her love, but, alas, admonishes the poet to seek forgiveness of the mother. The fourth chapter is crowned with an epigraph the lines of which Pushkin had used to pledge devotion to Peter the Great and to St. Petersburg. Kulish uses the device to show his own devotion to Pletnev and his circle, and Pushkin in particular. Chapter Five returns its readers to the loves of the poet's life but not entirely as one would expect from the epigraph, for the love is for his native land and native way of life. It is almost as though the poet were penitent for this devotion to Peter in the previous chapter. It also contains Lisa's second letter in which she still refers

constantly to her mother, in a sense similar to that of Kulish's reference to mother Ukraine. The double epigraph which introduces Chapter VII portends both a resignation on the poet's part that "cold ashes are not apt to rekindle", and on Lisa's part "I'll perish - but to perish because of him is sweet".

The epigraphs as used by Kulish are evidence of not only his direct loans of lines from Pushkin, but, also of structure, theme and style. While Pushkin was vastly more versatile in his choice of epigraphs, he was also vastly more creative in every aspect of his novel in verse, and Kulish's is at best only "a growth upon a seed".

According to Nabokov "the structure of Eugene Onegin is original, intricate and marvelously harmonious...In the distribution of subject matter, the balance of parts, the switches and swerves of the narrative, the introduction of characters, the digressions, the transitions, and so forth, that the technique of our artist is fully revealed." Pushkin's poem links the first and the last chapters with its description of St. Petersburg, the second and the seventh with a description of Moscow. Pushkin seemed to structure the novel in verse in such a manner that the verses in the first part seemed to hint at what fate would bring in the last part. Onegin's address to Tatjana in the last chapter of the first half is answered by Tatjana in the last chapter of the second half. The famous letter by Tatjana to Onegin is answered in chapter eight and also echoed in Lenskij's elegy to Olga in chapter six. The structure of Pushkin's novel in verse involves the introduction of a theme and its development in the stanzas following. The theme of the Countryside is introduced in chapter one and developed in chapter two; the theme of Romances in two and three; the episode of the meeting in the avenue in three and four; winter in four and five,

the Name Day in five and six, the theme of the Poet's Grave in six and seven and the Social Whirl in seven and eight and this brings the circle to full round since the theme "continues" in one. Overlapping and enjambements are some of the structural devices employed to maintain an ongoing continuity. Pushkin also uses natural and rhetorical transitions. The natural transitions simply follow the sequence of events while the rhetorical "Let us turn to our hero" or "with your permission reader" is cleverly used by Pushkin. Transitions also occur from the general to the specific with introductions by "but"; "thus"; "meanwhile" or "time passed".

In Pushkin's novel "I" is an important character and provides the stage for a variety of digressions. Pushkin's participation occurs in the form of musings, nostalgic reminiscences and matter-of-fact remarks. Fictional events blend into real circumstances and real people.

Kulich's novel in verse, on the other hand, cannot be unique and original. The structure very obviously is designed along Pushkin's novel in verse and possesses the qualities of its prototype. The subject matter is distributed with events coming to full circle from the first chapter to the last. Onegin tires of archeological ventures, pays a visit to his beloved girl and is immediately rebuffed by the mother and brother. The last chapter also sees him returning from wanderings and again being rebuffed. Chapter ~~two~~ sets the stage for Chapter ~~three~~ where the pangs and complications of the strange triangle - for Onegin is loved by two and hated by two - culminate in Lisa's letter. Unlike Pushkin's Onegin, Kulich's replies promptly. His letter, however, speaks not of passions, reprimands and private introspections, but turns into a commentary on social conditions. Chapter ~~four~~ is carried through in Chapter ~~five~~ where Kulich pledges loyalty and support to Pushkin's circle and echoes loyalty to past monarchs.

The meditations on social and political conditions in Chapter ~~IV~~ and ~~VI~~ are interrupted by Lisa's second letter to Onegin. The structure carries through despite rhetorical supplications to past poets. Rhetorical digressions, as in Pushkin dwell on the hazards and futility of love, and on the boredom with his contemporary society. Kulish is obviously the "I" in Chapter ~~VI~~ in the conversations with the cat, Vaska. This structure was designed to emulate Pushkin's participation in his novel in verse and also to employ the device of overlapping transition.

Mezh tem kak ya s kotom proshchalsya  
 Onegin prodolzhal svoj beg;  
Kulish VI, 16
 During the time I took leave of the cat  
 Onegin continued his flight;  
L.L. VI, 16

#### COMPOSITION

Both Kulish's and Pushkin's novels in verse contain passages which are strikingly analagous. One of the most obvious of these is Tatjana's and Lisa's letters to their respective loves. Tatjana's letter represents a very bold act, for the society of her day expected coy, hypocritical denials of love from ladies, while with their superficial flirtations they attempted to seduce their would-be seducers. Tatjana's repertoire of relationships did not include these intrigues and for that reason the letter is as fresh and appealing as it was at the time of its writing. Though somewhat childish, perhaps too romantic by contemporary standards, it is also a declaration of a completely mature, unselfish and untainted emotion directed to a lover who exists only in her imagination, for she does not know the real one. The letter is also highly significant because it reveals a Tatjana whom readers did not realize existed. It is this revelation, as well as the declaration of love, which makes it so unique.

Ya k vam pishu - chego zhe bole?  
 Chto ya mogu eshche skazat'  
 Teper ya znaju, v vashej vole  
 Menya prezrenem nakazat'

... ..

Zachem vy posetili nas?  
 V glushi zabytogo seleniya  
 Ya nikogda ne znala b vas  
 Ne znala b gor'kogo muchen'ya  
 Dushi neopytnoj volneniya  
 Smiriv so vremenem (kak znat?)  
 Po serdtsu ya nashla by druga  
 Byla by vernaya supruga  
 I dobrodetelnaya mat

... ..  
 ... .. Ya tvoya  
 Vsya zhizn'moya byla zalogom  
 Svidaniya vernogo s toboj  
 Ya znaju, ty mne poslan bogom,  
 Do groba ty khranitel'moj...

... ..  
 Konchaiu! Strashno perechest'...  
 Stydom' i strakhom zamiraiu...  
 No mne porukoj vasha chest',  
 I smelo ej sebya vveryaiu

Pushkin III

I write to you - what would one more?  
 What else is there that I could say?  
 'Tis now, I know, within your will  
 to punish me with scorn

... ..  
 ... .. I am thine;  
 my entire life has been the gage  
 of a sure tryst with you;  
 I know that you are sent to me by God,  
 You are my guardian to the tomb

... ..

I close. I dread to read this over.  
 I'm faint with shame and fear...But to me  
 your honor is a pledge,  
 and boldly I entrust myself to it.

Nabokov III

Kulish's novel in verse contains Lisa's letter to Onegin. Lisa's opening words are:

"Vy ne osudite menya,  
 Chto K vam pisat' reshilas' ya.  
 Skazhu v korotkikh vyrashenyakh:  
 Davno uzhe vash strannyj nrav,  
 Sredi rodnykh, sredi zabav,  
 Menya trevozhit. V ugozhdenyakh  
 Rodnym dolzhny - by vy skazat'  
 Chto vy moj drug. No vy skazat'

Poroj im ne khotite slova...

... ..

... ..

Chto esli mamen'ka otkazhet  
 Vam vdrug ot domu svoego?  
 He vas, ved' etim ednogo.  
 Oboikh nas ona nakazhet  
 Proshu zh sebya perelomit'  
 I izvineniya prosit' "

Kulish III, 14, 15

Do not judge me  
 For daring to write you  
 I shall express myself briefly.  
 For quite some time  
 Your strange manners  
 In the circle of my relatives and friends  
 Have alarmed me. To please  
 My parents you should perhaps say  
 That you're my friend. But you

Do not wish to say a word...

... ..

... ..

What if mother orders  
 You suddenly from her home  
 She will punish both of us  
 I beg you to conquer yourself  
 And beg her for forgiveness.

L.L. III, 14, 15

Lisa's letter shows that she is troubled by the animosity between the poet and her mother, and gently admonishes him to alter his manner lest they be forced to part. There is no first declaration of love in the letter nor does it portray a side of Lisa which no one suspected existed. Unlike

Tatjana's letter it is void of a profound simplicity, veracity and candour.

In Fushkin's poem Tatjana's letter is followed by a period of silence on Onegin's part. When he finally does reply it is after Tatjana has suffered hours of restlessness and anguish which she confessed only to her nurse. He is perhaps too proud, too urbane, or cautious to transcribe his thoughts on paper. His oral reply, is, in fact, a tender sympathetic lecture.

... .. "Vy ko mne pisali  
He otpirajtes'. Ya prochel  
Dushi doverchivoj priznan'ya  
Liubvi nevinnoj izliyan'ya  
Mne vasha iskrennost mila;

... ..  
Priznanem takzhe bez iskusstva;  
Primate ispoved' moi  
Sebya na sud vam otdai

Kogda by zhizn' domashnim krugom  
Ya ogranichit' zakhotel

... ..  
To verno b, krome vas odnoj  
Nevesty ne iskal inoj.

... ..  
No ya ne sozdan dlya blazhenstva

... ..  
Supruzhestvo nam budet mukoj.  
Ya, skolko ni liubil by was,  
Privyknuv, razl' iubl'iu totchas...

Pushkin IV, 12, 14

... .. "You wrote to me  
Do not deny it. I have read  
a trustful soul's avowals,  
an innocent love's outpourings;  
your candidness appeals to me,

... ..  
with an avowal likewise void of art;  
hear my confession;  
unto your judgement I submit.

"If I by the domestic circle  
had wanted to bound life;

... ..  
then, doubtlessly, save you alone  
no other bride I'd seek.

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 "But I'm not made for bliss;  
 \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 wedlock to us would be torment.  
 However much I loved you,  
 having grown used, I'd cease to love at once;  
 Nabokov IV, 12, 14

Pushkin's Olegin, in spite of his denials, is indeed a match for Tatjana; for in his words he rises to her level of integrity and, as candidly as she has declared her love, he has declared his inability to reciprocate on her terms.

In Kulish's novel in verse, Olegin replies immediately and in writing, partly because the content of Lisa's letter is vastly less complex than was Tatjana's, and also because Kulish saw an opportunity to use it as a vehicle in which to convey his and Olegin's social and political views.

"Moj drug, moej otrada zhizni  
 Tvoi sovety, ukorizny  
 Vesennej veiut teplotoj  
 \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 Ach, esli-b mog ya ostavatsya  
 Vsegda Ukrainskim pankom,  
 I derznostnym svoim umom  
 V vojnu ponyatij ne vdavat' sya!  
 \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 I skuchno mne i ne mogu  
 Skazat' gostyam ya ni gu-gu,  
 Toskuiu strashno, proklinaiu  
 Ikh tantsakh, o, chuzhoj bede  
 I s neterpenem ozhidaiu  
 Kogda pridet zhelannyj chas  
 Chto vyedut oni ot vas.

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 Liubov moya - v moikh delakh,  
 A ne v chuvstvitelnykh slovakh"

Kulish III, 16, 24

My friend, the joy of my life  
 Your advice                      and reprimands  
 Are as a warm spring breeze  
 \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 Oh if I could remain  
 For ever a Ukrainian landlord

And with my fierce thoughts  
 Not enter into wars of ideas  
 ... ..  
 ... ..  
 I am bored, but cannot  
 Tell the guests  
 I sorrow deeply, I curse  
 I curse them for their sleigh rides  
 Their dances, the sorrows of others;  
 And impatiently await  
 When will arrive the longed for hour  
 of their departure.  
 ... ..  
 ... ..  
 My love is in my deeds  
 And not in emotional words

L.L. III, 16, 24

Pushkin has his Onegin write a letter to Tatjana which, even though it could be considered a reply to her own earlier one, is actually the same letter written by another, a more mature Onegin in a different setting and time.

"Predvizhu vse: vas oskorbit  
 Pechalnoj gajny obyasnent.

... ..

Net pomnutno videt' vas  
 Povsiudu sledovat' za vami  
 ... ..  
 No tak i byt: ya sam sebe  
 Protivitsya ne v silakh bole  
 Vse resheno: ya v vashej vole  
 I predaius' moej sudbe.

Pushkin VIII

I foresee everything: the explanation  
 of a sad secret will offend you  
 No - every minute to see you; to follow  
 you everywhere;

... ..

But let it be: against myself  
 I've not the force to struggle any more;  
 all is decided: I am in your power,  
 and I surrender to my fate.

Nabokov VIII

He sends another letter and another, but Tatjana sends none in reply. When they meet she betrays no emotion, yet tells him that she would give "all the frippery of this masquerade...for a shelffull of books...for those haunts where for the first time, Onegin, I saw you...I love you, but to another I belong; to him I shall be faithful all my life". There is no parallel in Kulish's novel in verse to Onegin's Second Letter to Tatjana. Kulish's Onegin writes his second letter of the novel to Lisa's mother and the sentiments expressed are similar to those Onegin expressed to Tatjana:

Ya k vam pishu, chego-zhe bole? -  
 Tak mog by ya pis'mo nachat, ✓  
 Teper' konechno v vashej vole  
 Menya naveki pokarat ✓

... ..  
 Za chto menya chuzdalis' vy?  
 Za to-l', chto divnoiu sud'boiu  
 Mne lira i suma dana?  
 No bednost'menoi otvrashchena

... ..  
 Proshu - zh ya vas vse eto vzvesit'  
 I zaprosta menya prostit'  
 Ili v mogilu polozhit'.

Kulish V, 8,10

I write to you, how else  
 Can I begin this letter  
 Now certainly 'tis at your pleasure  
 To vanquish me for ages

... ..  
 Why did you treat me as a stranger  
 Because strange fate  
 Has given me the tyre and dusk  
 But poverty I have turned from me

... ..  
 I beg you to weigh all this  
 And simply forgive me  
 Or - lay me in my grave!

L.L. V, 8, 10

This letter bears a strong resemblance to Onegin's letter to Tatjana in Pushkin's novel in verse. The mother's reply is similar to Tatjana's to Onegin, late in coming and negative:

Ot many zhdete vy otveta...  
 "Ona ne budet otvechat'...  
 Uzheli i s drugogo sveta  
 On bedet mne nadokuchat'?"

Kulish, V, 11

"You await a reply from mother  
 She will not reply  
 - Surely not from the next world  
 He will still torment me?"

L.L. V, 11

When Lisa has relayed her mother's reply in the first four lines, she continues with her own sentiments:

Vot vse chto mamen'ka skazala  
 Ya gor'ko gor'ko zarydala  
 ... ..  
 Chtob vy nashli sebe druguiu?...  
 Akh, Bozhe! ,.. stynit v serdtse krov  
 Pri mysli...Net, ya ne revnuiu...  
 Ne revnost', eto, a liubov'

... ..  
 Bud schastliv...pozabud', menya;  
 No ya - dushoj navik tvoya!"

Kulish, V, 11, 13

That is all that mother dear has said  
 I bitterly, bitterly wept

... ..  
 That you should find yourself another  
 Oh God - My heart's blood runs cold  
 At the thought...No, I envy not  
 Not envy this but love

... ..  
 Be happy...forget me  
 But I - in my soul will ever be yours.

L.L. V, 11,13

There follows a feminine scene of mother's tears and daughter's griefs, but all, as in Pushkin's novel, resign themselves to the inevitable "sud'ba" (fate).

In addition to the letters for which Pushkin's novel in verse is famous, is the duel scene where Lenskiy dies. There is nothing in Kulish's work which is even remotely analagous. Onegin's friend Vasa who also happens to be Lisa's brother, can in no way be compared to Lenskiy, and none of the quarrels in Kulish's work convey the pathos, tragedy and utter senselessness of the poet's untimely death. The prophetic lines of Pushkin, as though he were foreseeing his own death, have no counterpart in Kulish's work:

V toski serdechnykh ugryzhenij  
 Rukoiu stisnuv pistolet,  
 Gladit na Lenskogo Evgenij  
 "Nu, chto zh? ubit" - reshil sosed.

Pushkin VI, 35

In anguish of the heart's remorse,  
 his hand squeezing the pistol,  
 at Lenski Eugene looks.  
 "Well, what - he's dead, " pronounced the neighbor.  
 Nabokov, VI, 35

The words immortalized in Tchaikovsky's famous aria from the opera are nowhere paralleled in Kulish's Eugene Onegin. The prophecy of Pushkin's own early death almost borders on the supernatural and the fact that Kulish used no such prophetic words leaves the critic in further awe; for they would not have applied to Kulish in any case, since he lived to die a natural death.

"Kuda, kuda vy udalilis',  
 Vesny moej zlat' ye dni?  
 Chto den' gryadushchij mne gotovit?  
 Ego moj vzor naprasno levit.  
 V glubokoj mgle taitsya on.  
 Net nezhdoy; prav sud' by zakon.  
 Padu li ya, streloj pronzennyj,  
 Il' mimo proletit ona,  
 Vse blago: bdeniya i sna  
 Prikhodit chas opredelennyj;  
 Blagosloven i den' zobot,  
 Blagosloven i tny prikhod!

Blesnit zautra luch demnitsy,  
 I zaigraet yarkij den';  
 A ya byt' mozhet, ya grobnitsy  
 Sojdu v tasnstvennuu sen',  
 I pamyat' iunogo poeta  
 Poglotit medlennaya Leta  
 Zabudet mir menya; no ty  
 Pridesh' li, deva krasoty,  
 Slezu prolit' nad rannej urnoj  
 I dumat' : on menya liubil  
 On mne edinoj posvyatil  
 Rassvet pechalnyj zhizni burnoj'...  
 Serdechnyj drug, zhelannyj drug,  
 Pridi, pridi: ya tvoj suprug'..."

Pushkin VI, 21,22

"Whither, ah!-whither are ye fled,  
 my springtime's golden days?  
 What has the coming day in store for me?  
 In vain my gaze attempts to grasp it;  
 In deep gloom it lies hidden.

It matters not; fate's law is just.  
 Whether I fall, pierced by the dart, or whether  
 it flies by - all is right:  
 of waking and of sleep  
 comes the determined hour;  
 blest is the day of cares  
 blest, too, is the advent of darkness!

"The ray of dawn will gleam tomorrow,  
 and brilliant day will scintillate;  
 whilst I, perhaps - I shall descend  
 into the tomb's mysterious shelter  
 and the young poet's memory  
 slow Lethe will engulf;  
 the world will forget me; but thou,  
 wilt thou come, maid of beauty,  
 to shed a tear over the early urn  
 and think: he loved me,  
 to me alone he consecrated  
 the doleful daybreak of a stormy life!...  
 Friend of my heart, desired friend, come  
 come: I'm thy spouse!"

Nabokov VI, 21,22

Though the contents of Pushkin's Eugene Onegin are vastly more comprehensive throughout the entire work, the omission in Kulish's Eugene Onegin of Our Times of the duel scene and the omonous meditations that preceeded the duel scene are among the most notable omissions in Kulish's work.

Both Pushkin and Kulish made use of pleasant digression in the form of a folk song. In Pushkin's novel in verse "The Song of the Girls" preceeded Tatjana's encounter with Eugene in the avenue where he speaks to her for the first time since her letter was delivered to him:

Pesnya devushek

Devitsy, krasavitsy  
 Dusherki, podruzhenki  
 Razygrajtes' 'devitsy  
 Razgulyajtes", milye!  
 Zatyanite pesenku,  
 Pesenku zavetnuiu,  
 Zamanite molodtsa  
 K khorovodu nashemu.  
 Kak zamanim molodtsa,  
 Kak zavidim izdali,

Razbezhimtes', milye,  
 Zakidaem, vishenem,  
 Vishenem, malinoiu,  
 Krasnoiu smorodinoj.  
 Ne khodi podslushivat'  
 Pesenki zavetnye,  
 Ne khodi podsmatriat'  
 Igry nashi devich'i.

Pushkin, III

The Song of the Girls

Maidens, pretty maidens  
 darling girl companions,  
 romp unhindered, maidens,  
 have your fling, my dears!  
 Start to sing a ditty,  
 and allure a fellow  
 to our choral dance.  
 When we lure a fellow,  
 when afar we see him,  
 let us scatter, dearies  
 pelting him with cherries,  
 cherries and raspberries,  
 and red current too,

"Do not come eavesdropping  
 on our private ditties,  
 do not come a-spying  
 on our girlish games!"

Nabakov, III

Kulish's Song of the Mermaids also precedes a meeting which was not altogether happy. Unlike Pushkin's song which seems completely natural Kulish's has a Teutonic romanticism about it. Eugene hears it plainly but Petrushka, his coachman, does not and Eugene almost in the frightened manner of the child in the Erlkönig calls out, only to be calmed- "it is only the ferry".

Pesnya rusalki

"Goriuesh', toskuesh'  
 Schitaesh minuty;  
 Popalsya bednyashka,  
 Naveki ty v puty..."

Speshish na svidan e,  
 Zabyvshi sebya:  
 He znaesh, bednyashka,  
 Kak vstretyat tebya..."

Kulish, I

## The Mermaids' Song

You grieve, you sorrow,  
 You count the minutes,  
 Your'e caught in my pitiful one  
 Forever in tangles

You hurry to a reunion  
 Forgetting yourself,  
 You don't know pitiful one  
 How you will be met..."

L.L. I

In both of these songs there is a theme of innocent purity of the maids and the mermaids. Both songs also speak of lures and tangles portending intrigues.

Both Pushkin and Kulish make use of cat friends, the latter as an audience for digressions and meditations:

Zhemannyj kot, na pechke sidya  
 Murlycha; lapkoj ryl'tse myl:  
 To nesomnennyj znak ej byl  
 Chto edut gosti.

Pushkin, V. 5

The mannered tomcat sitting on the stove,  
 purring, would wash his muzzlet with his paw:  
 to her 'twas an indubitable sign  
 that guests were coming.

Nabokov, V. 5

Kulish does not merely make a reference to a tom-cat as an object of superstitious beliefs, but attributes to the animal human qualities such as comprehension and empathy:

Prosti-zh i ty, moj drug chudesnyj,  
 Moikh otrada skuchnyx dnei,  
 Kat Vas' ka, baloven' prelestnyj!  
 Ty zamenyal mne bid liudej...

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 Net, ty ne znal obmana! eto  
 Porok liudej da satany.

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 Otrodie kotov svyashchennyx

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 O dobryj Vaska! ya s toboiu  
 Sdruzhilsya Serdtsem i dushoiu

I ty menya tak poliubil  
 Chto i okhotu pozabyl

Kulish, VI, 13,15

Forgive, too, my wonderful friend  
 My joy of lonely days  
 Tomcat Vaska spoiled and cunning  
 You've taken the place of the sight of people

... ..  
 No, you have not known deceit this  
 Curse of man and the devil

... ..  
 Descendant of sacred felines

... ..  
 O worthy Vaska, I and you  
 Are friends in heart and soul  
 And you have loved me so  
 That you have forgotten to hunt.

L.L. VI, 13,15

There seems to be little reason to introduce the cat - friend Vaska into the plot, since the ideas expressed in Chapter VI, stanza sixteen, would not necessarily demand an audience. Stanza sixteen also contains the "worn-out" rhyming of "morozy" with "rozy":

... ..  
 Gde prezhdde pastsvetali rosy,  
 Hastali dlya nego morosy;  
 No zamechatelnej vsego  
 Mechty dorozhnye ego.  
 "Povsiudu, - dumal on, - klolodnost'  
 Povsiudu egoism i zlo:  
 K chemu nas, bozhe privelo  
 Nevezhestvo i bezzabotnost!  
 I gde-zh Svetil nik etoj t'my?  
 V kom soglasyatsya vse umy?

Kulish, VI, 16

... ..  
 Where earlier blossomed roses  
 Now came for him the frosts  
 But most remarkable are his travelling thoughts  
 Everywhere is selfishness and evil  
 Whither, oh God has brought us  
 Rudeness and irresponsibility  
 And where is the Torch Bearer of this dusk  
 in whom all minds will agree?

L.L. VI, 16

Having taken leave of his cat-friend Vaska, Onegin continues his soliloquy in ode-like references to Russian and other poets. The allusions are also filled

with purple patches and introspections. Kulish not only imitates Pushkin, but at the same time tries to make a very strong appeal to the censors.

O Pushkin, svetlyj Russkij genij!  
 Tsarya ty ponyal svoego  
 Ty na odre svoikh muchenij  
 Skazal, Ya bul-by ves'ego  
 Kak vodopad neukratimyj,  
 ... ..  
 No iz skalistyx beregov  
 Ty vyshel na prostor lugov  
 ... ..  
 I kto bez strastnykh uvlechenij  
 Dobro dushoiu vozliubya,  
 Pronik v tvoj divnyj, vechnyj genij,  
 Te ne ostavili tebya.  
 I byl Derzhavnym ty liubezen  
 I byl narodu ty polezen:  
 Vostorgom dushi podimal  
 I milost K padshim prizyval.  
 O ten svyataya, dukh moguchij!  
 Kak bozhestvu tebe molius:  
 Puskaj s toboj i ya solius'.  
 I um moj bujnyi i kipuchij  
 Vkusiv tvoej vody zhivoj,  
 Da uspokoitsya s toboj!"

Kulish, VI, 17, 18

O Pushkin brilliant Russian genius  
 You understood your czar  
 You at the extreme of your sufferings  
 Uttered: "I would have been entirely his"  
 As a cataract unfettered  
 ... ..  
 And from the rugged shores  
 You emerged upon the vast meadows

And who without passionate dedication  
 Loved goodness with the soul  
 Penetrated into your wondrous eternal genius  
 Would not forsake you.  
 You were loved by Derzhavin  
 To all men you were a benefactor  
 Your enthusiasm lifted souls  
 And mercy for the fallen you implored  
 O holy shadow, mighty spirit  
 As to a god I pray to you  
 And my turbulent seething mind  
 Having tasted your living waters  
 Would that I could find peace with you!

L.L. VI, 17,18

These lines imitate not only Pushkin's Eugene Oegin but also his poem

Pamvatnik in which Pushkin expressed his wish to be remembered by posterity for his love for the common man and his readiness to intercede for the oppressed. It refers to Zhukovski's descriptions of Pushkin's final hours, when Pushkin uttered his mea culpa. There could also be a remote allusion to Derzhavin's unconditional devotion to the monarchy and its representatives in the lugubrious odes which he wrote and which the child Kulish read while learning Russian. Kulish also makes lighter references to Pushkin, for example:

Zhenevtsa Pushkin sumasbrodom  
 Krasnorechivym raz nazval,  
 No on oshibsya. Mimokhodom  
 On Grima tsatsu prozeval  
 Zhan-ZHak Russo byl drug prirody  
 Dobra i npravstvennoj svobody  
 I mozhet li koketka Grim  
 Byt' na ryadu postavlen s nim?  
 ... ..  
 V pustyne Katenka byla

Kulish, IV, 26

Jean-Jacques Pushkin unthinkingly  
 A writer of euphemisms once called  
 But he was wrong. Incidentally  
 He called<sup>ed</sup> Grimm  
 Jean Jacques Rousseau was a friend of nature  
 Of kindness and of righteous freedom,  
 And perhaps the coquetish Grimm,  
 Can be ranked beside him,  
 ... ..  
 In the desert was Katinka

L.L. IV, 26

Here again, Kulish wishes to convey to the censors his views on Puskin's assessments of various poets. Kulish points out that he did not agree with Pushkin on all appraisals of poets and their ideas, thus hoping to dispel the notion that his loyalty is a completely blind one. These thoughts are closely analagous to:

... ..  
 Russo (zamechu mikhdom)  
 Ne mog ponyat kak vazhnyj Grim  
 Smel chistit nogti pered nim

Krasnorechivym sumasbrodom,  
 Zashchitnik volnosti i prav,  
 V sem sluchae sovsem ne prav,

Pushkin, I, 24

Rousseau (I shall observe in passing) was unable  
 to understand how the dignified Grimm  
 dared clean his nails in front of him,  
 the eloquent crackbrain.  
 The advocate of liberty and rights  
 was in the present case not right at all.

Nabokov, I, 24

In his notes to Eugene Onegin, Pushkin explains that Grimm anticipated his times, for "today, indeed in all Europe, nails are cleaned with a little brush". The notes also include a portion of Rousseau's confessions in French in which reference is made to Grimm's use of a cosmetic whitener to cover skin blemishes. Kulish no doubt makes use of these references in imitating Pushkin's views on such time consuming pastimes, as they are described in Eugene Onegin.

Kulish follows Pushkin's description of roads and travelling conditions in the hope that the enlightenment will eventually penetrate to these areas as well:

Kogda blagomu prosveshchen'iu  
 Otvinem bolee granits,  
 So bremenem (po raschislen'iu  
 Filosoficheskikh tablits,  
 Let chrez pyat'sot) dorogi, verno,  
 U nas izmenyatsya bezmerno:  
 Shosse Rossiuu zdes'i tut,  
 Soediniv, peresekut,  
 Mosty chugunnye chrez vody  
 Shagnut shirokoiu drugoj,  
 Razvinem gory, pod vodoj  
 Proroem derzostnye svody  
 I zavedet kreshcheniyj mir  
 Na kazhdoj stantsii traktir.

Pushkin, VI, 33

When we the boundaries of beneficial  
 enlightenment move farther out,  
 in due time (by the computation  
 of philosophic tabulae,  
 in some five hundred years) roads, surely  
 at home will change immeasurably.

Paved highways at this point and that  
 uniting Russia will traverse her;  
 cast-iron bridges o'er the waters  
 in ample arcs will stride;  
 we shall part mountains; under water  
 dig daring tunnels;  
 and Christendom will institute  
 at every stage a tavern.

Nabokov, VI, 33

The next stanza has been so often quoted that it is one which identifies Pushkin's Eugene Onegin to many readers, and cannot be omitted in comparing the content of Pushkin's and of Kulish's Eugene Onegin.

Teper'u nas dorogi plokhi  
 Nosty zabytye gniiut,  
 Na stantsiyakh klopy da blokhi  
 Zasnut' minuty ne daiut;  
 Trattirov net. V izbe kholodnoj  
 Vysokoparnyj, no golodnyj  
 Dlya vidu prejskurant visit  
 I tshchetnyj draznit appetit,  
 Mez' tem kak selski tsiklopi  
 Pered medlitel'ym ognem  
 Rossijskim lechat molotkom  
 Izdel'e legkoe Evropy  
 Blagoslov'yaya Kolei  
 I rvy otecheskoj zemli.

Pushkin, VII, 34

The roads at home are bad at present;  
 forgotten bridges rot;  
 at stages bedbugs and fleas  
 do not give one a minute's sleep.  
 No taverns. In a cold log hut  
 there hangs for show a highfalutin  
 but meager bill of fare, and teases  
 one's futile appetite,  
 while the rural Cyclopes  
 in front of a slow fire  
 treat with a Russian hammer  
 Europe's light article,  
 blessing the ruts  
 and ditches of the fatherland.

Nabokov, VI, 34

Kulish echoes these two verses and also alludes to imitate a passage from Griboedov's "Gore at Uma" in the following:

... ..  
 Onegin novyj

Nebrityj sonnyj i surovyj,  
 I den'i noch skakal - letel.  
 Priznat'sya vam, on no khotel  
 Blokham otdatsys na sedene  
 I pushkin ved'ot nikh stradal,  
 Po krajnej mere ozhidal,  
 Chto vygonit ix prosveshchene  
 No prosveshcheniu dela net  
 Do etikh tvarej, i poet

Oshibsya gorko dlya potomkov

... ..

Kulich, VI, 2,3

... ..

New Onegin

Unshaven, drowsy, and gloomy  
 Both day and night galloped, flew  
 Frankly, he did not wish  
 to be eaten alive by bedbugs  
 Even Pushkin suffered from them  
 In any case he expected that the  
 Enlightenment would drive them out  
 But the enlightenment is not concerned  
 About these creatures and the poet

Was bitterly mistaken for his successors,  
 L.L. VI, 2,3

Kulish's imitation is evident in this passage in both the content and the allusion to the prediction of Pushkin. Kulish states that the poet was mistaken, not taking into account that Pushkin had estimated five hundred years and not a mere decade or so. This is another example of Kulish's "safe" attempt to disagree with Pushkin in order not to appear a wholly uncritical follower. The bad roads led Kulish to his native village and to his beloved home and to further disillusionments.

Onegin's sojourn in the city is described by Kulish in terms which are imitations of Pushkin. For example:

I budoarov, i salonov  
 Onegin novyj izbegal,  
 No sdelat neskolko poklonov  
 Svoim on dolgom pochital  
 Nasledstvennym sydyam iskusstva  
 No ikh syzhdeniya i chuvstva

Kak parom obdali ego...  
 Ne ponimal on nichego  
 K kakoj gumannosti stremilas'  
 Vsya eta milya semya...  
 On tol'ko slyshal: "Ya, ne ya"...  
 Pchela s Kraevskim razbranilas'...  
 Chitali vy Polevotip"?...  
 "Belinskij, govoryat, okhrip!"...

Kulish, IV, 14

Boudoirs and salons  
 The new Onegin avoided  
 However, to make several bows  
 He considered his duty,  
 To the succeeding heirs of art.  
 But their judgments and emotions,  
 As though had scalded him with steam,  
 But he understood naught of,  
 To what humanness strived,  
 The entire tender family  
 He only heard, "I not I"  
 Pchela and Kraevskij have quarrelled  
 Have you read Polevotip?  
 Belinsky they say has become hoarse.

L.L. IV, 14

... ..  
 Dlya vsekh on kazhetsya chuzhim.  
 Melkaiut litsa pered nim,  
 Kak ryad dokuchnykh prividenij

... ..  
 ... .. Uzhel' Evgenij?

Uzheli on?, Tak, tochno on.

- Davno li k nam on zanesen?

Pushkin, VIII, 7

To everyone he seems a stranger  
 Before him faces come and go  
 Like a series of tedious spectres  
 ... .. Is it really Eugene?

He, really? So, 'tis he, indeed.

- Since when has he been blown our way?

Nabokov VIII, 7

Pushkin uses fewer words to convey the idea of a changed Eugene while Kulish expands the thought in order to include a comment on Belinsky. The visits of neighbors are described by both poets, both finding the custom dull and serving only the most banal purposes. These are equally boring both in the city and in the country but more so in the country because they occur more frequently with a lesser variety of guests.

"S svoej suprugoiu dorognoj  
 Priekhal tolstyj Pustyakov  
 Gvozdin, Khozyain prevoskhodnyj,  
 Vladelets nishchikh muzhikov;  
 Skotininy, cheta sedaya  
 S det'mi vsekh vozrastov, schitaya  
 Ot tridtsati do dvukh godov;  
 Uezdnyj frantik Petushkov,  
 Moj brat dvoiurodnij, Buyanov,  
 B Pukhu, v kartuze s kozyrkom  
 (Kak vam, konechno, on znakom),  
 I otstavnoj sovetnik Flyanov,  
 Tyazhelyj spletnik, staryj plut,  
 Obzhora, vzyatochnik i shut.

... ..  
 Chetoj  
 Idut za stol ruka s rukoj

... ..  
 Na mig umolkli razgovory  
 Usta zhuiut...

... ..  
 Gremyat otvdinutye stol'ya  
 ...  
 Sosed sopit pered sosedom  
 ...  
 I v zalu vysynali vse.  
 I bal blestit vo vsej krase.  
 ... ..  
 Vse uspokoilos': v gostinoj  
 Khrapit tyazhelyj Pustyakov  
 S svoej tyazhelej polovinoj.

Pushkin, V, 26, 28, 29, 35,  
 39, VI, 2

With his well-nourshed spouse  
 there came fat Pustyakov;  
 Gvozdin, an admirable landlord,  
 owner of destitute muzhiks;  
 a gray-haired couple, the Skotinins,  
 with children of all ages counting  
 from thirty years to two;  
 The district fopling, Petushkov;  
 Buyanov, my first cousin,  
 covered with fluff, in a peaked cap  
 (as he, of course, is known to you);  
 and the retired counselor, Flyanov,  
 a heavy scandalmonger, an old rogue  
 glutton, bribetaker, and buffoon.

... .. In pairs  
 they go to table arm in arm

... ..

Talks for a moment have subsided  
mouths chew.

... ..

The chairs, as they are pushed back, clatter,

... ..

neighbor in front of neighbor wheezes

... ..

and all have spilled into the hall,  
and in full glory shines the ball.

... ..

All has grown quiet. In the drawing room  
the heavy Pustyakov  
snores with his heavy better half.

Nabokov, V, 26, 28, 29, 35,  
39; VI, 2

In comparing Pushkin's account of rural social functions with Kulish's account, it is obvious that Kulish's is not introduced at a very important point in the plot. Pushkin's exquisite portrayal of vanity, frippery, and banalities forms a backdrop for the flirtation with Olga and the eventual duel. Kulish's account is filled with subjective interruptions which prevent the reader's total participation in the events:

... ..

Kuzhok družej, semy'a prostaya  
Priyatny budut mne vovek  
Pripomne dolgie besedy  
Pripomne uzhiny obedy,

... ..

Vospomnya starye grekhi,  
Ya muchilsya, kak Okayannyj

... ..

No lish sobaki laj podymut  
I gosti gromko zakiichat  
I knigi vse so stseny primut  
A stavit' bliudechki velyat  
Moya veselost' uletaet  
Na dushu kamen nalegaet  
I skuchno mne.....

Kulish, III, 20, 21

A circle of friends, a simple family  
Will give me everlasting pleasure  
Remember the long conversations  
Remember the suppers and the dinners

... ..

Remember old sins  
I suffered as a penitent

... ..

But should the hounds arise  
 And the guests loudly shout  
 All books removed from the scene  
 And saucers placed instead  
 My happiness flies  
 On my soul a stone is lain  
 I am bored...

L.L. III, 20, 21

Kulich and Eugene go on to implore Lisa not to take part in the gluttonous and noisy pastimes which are in vogue. The content of the poem again becomes subjective as Kulich addresses himself to Pushkin, the genius, and the father of an unfortunate generation. The similarity between the women Tatjana and Lisa centres mainly on their unfortunate loves and their resignation to "sudba".

Pushkin describes Tatjana as:

... ..  
 Ona v sem'je svoej rodnoj  
 Kazalas' devochkoj chuzhoj

Pushkin, II, 25

in her own family  
 she seemed a strangeling

Nabokov, II, 25

Kulich's lines referring to Lisa sound colorless and bland:

v semje rodnoj skuchna, grustna  
 Ne smee't zhdat' menya ona

Kulich, I, 12

In her family circle sad and lonely  
 She does not dare to wait for me.

L.L., I, 2

Kulich's Eugene Onegin of our Times contains several direct references to

Eugene Onegin. In one such reference Kulich says:

Ne Pushinskij Evgenij, moj

Kulich, IV, 21

My Eugene is not as Pushkin's

L.L. IV, 21

Both poets refer to the "Wandering Jew". Kulich describes Onegin as Pushkin's son destined for "exile".

Kak okayannyj Vechnyj Zhid  
 Dlya tyazhkikh stranstivig on rodilsya  
 Kulish, IV, 1

As the penitent Wandering Jew  
 For tortuous wanderings he was born  
 L.L. IV, 1

\*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 Ili zadumchivyy Vampir  
 Ili Mel'mot, brodyaga mrachnyj  
 Il Vechnyj zhid, ili Korsar  
 Ili tainstvennyj Sbogar  
 Pushkin, III, 12

either the pensive Vampyre  
 or Melmoth, gloomy vagabond,  
 or the Wandering Jew, or the Corsair  
 or the mysterious Sbogar.  
 Nabokov III, 12

Pushkin's lines describe the characters in the novels which Tatjana idolized, while Kulish's reference is to the fate of Onegin or perhaps more specifically of himself - fated to wander - a homeless exile. The reference to himself and the highly introspective digressions throughout Kulish's novel characterize the content of this work.

Both works contain descriptions of nature but nowhere does Kulish describe winter as does Pushkin in the famous verses which "every" Russian knows by heart:

Zima...Krest'yanin torzhestvuya  
 Na drobnyakh obnovlyaet put'  
 Ego loshadka, sneg pochuya  
 Pletetsya rysiu kak - nebud  
 \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 Shalun uzh zamorozil pal'chik  
 Emu i bol'no i smeshno  
 A mat' grozit emu v okno...  
 Pushkin, V, 2

Winter! The peasant celebrating  
 in a flat sledge inaugurated the track;  
 his naggy, having sensed the snow,  
 shambles at something like a trot.  
 \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*    \*\*\*  
 the scamp already has frozen a finger.  
 He finds it both painful and fully - while  
 his mother, from the window, threatens him....  
 Nabokov, V, 2

Kulish makes a brief allusion to winter in the lines:

... ..  
 Emu na sani osypalsya  
 S vetvej pushistykh legkij sneg.  
 Gde prezhdе rastsvetali rozy  
 Nastali dlya nego morozy...

Kulish, VI, 16

Into the sleigh sifted  
 off the fluffy branches light snow  
 Where earlier blossomed roses  
 Now came for him the frosts.

L.L. VI, 16

Kulish undoubtedly mindful of Pushkin's exquisite description of autumn, spring and winter; his lyrical allusions to the ecstasies and tragedies of nature says:

O esli-b ya vysokin darom  
 Byl ot prirody nadelen!  
 S kakim - by zhivopisnym zharom  
 Vospel ya bor, kogda krugom  
 Stolbami v mrake vozvysayas'  
 Shumeli sosny v temnote.  
 B svoej ugriumoj krasote!  
 Vospel-by tyazhkoe dykhane  
 Lesnoj bezdonnoj glubiny.  
 Blistane skvoz' vershin luny,  
 Volkov golodnykh zavyvan'e!  
 Kak v temnykh morya glubinakh,  
 V lesu zhibet i dyshet strakh.

Kulish, I, 14

If only I had been highly gifted  
 By nature's generosity  
 With what artistic fire I  
 Sang praises to the forest, while all around  
 in Pillars in the dusk looming  
 Rustled the spruce trees in the dark  
 In their own sad beauty!  
 I would sing praises to the heavy sighing of  
 The forest's limitless depth,  
 Gleaming through the summits of the moon,  
 The hungry howlings of the wolves,  
 As in the darkness of the ocean's depth,  
 In the forest lives and breathes terror.

L.L. I, 14

Kulish's lines are delicate and almost Lermontov-like with their romantic darkness and fears. He makes reference to the Dnieper which he crosses to

reach his beloved's home; the Neva where Peter the Great reigned; and a country stream at his home. Unlike Pushkin he does not employ nature as a backdrop for the plot and sub-plots, or to add color to the national malaise - ennui.

The departure of Eugene Onegin abroad at the end terminates the analogy of composition and also of construction. The autobiographical theme is still intact; for not only were the authors ardent travellers but also, in fact, exiles at the time the novels in verse were written:

Onegin iz Moskvyy edet v Nizhniy Novgorod:  
 ... ..  
 Toska! ...  
 Onegin edet v Astrakhan' i ottyda na Kavkaz  
 ...  
 Onegin poseshchaet potom Tavritsu  
 ...  
 Itak ya zhil togda v Odesse ...

Pushkin - Fragments

Onegin drives from Moscow to Nizhniy Novgorod  
 ...  
 Ennui! ...  
 ...  
 Onegin fares to Astrakhan, and from there to the Caucasus  
 ... ..  
 And so I lived then in Odessa...  
 Nabokov

The restless travels of Kulish's Eugene Onegin are as follows:

Teper'v Ostapovke smirennoj  
 Net bol'she smysla dlya nego:  
 ... .. Kulish, VI, 8  
 Mezh tem kak ya s kotom proshchalsya  
 Onegin prodolzhal svaj beg  
 ... .. Kulish, VI, 16  
 "O net ya edu za-granitsu"  
 "Nadolgo?"  
 - Trudno vam skazat  
 Odnako-zh mozhet byt, let pyat...  
 Kulish, VI, 27

There is no longer any sense for him  
to remain in peaceful Ostapivka  
L.L. VI, 8

... ..  
During the time I took leave of the cat  
Onegin continued his flight  
L.L. VI, 16

Oh no I'm going beyond the border  
For Long?  
- It's hard to tell  
Even so, perhaps for about five years.  
L.L. VI, 27

Kulich's Onegin abandons the weeping Lisa who declares that, though she will remain true, she will marry and submit to fate; Pushkin's Onegin departs from the composed Tatjana who declares that, though she is married, she will continue to love Onegin and also submit to fate.

It is obvious that Pushkin's Eugene Onegin was the seed upon which Eugene Onegin of our Times grew. Events in both poems have analagous counterparts, while others are conspicuous by their omission. From the frequent introspective digressions in which he soliloquizes on social views, pledges unfailing allegiance to the monarchy and the censors, makes erudite references to poets, claims acquaintance with the great, the near great and with nonentities, we may reasonably suspect that Kulish's work was an attempt to appease the Third Department.

#### LANGUAGE

Pushkin and Kulish were both extremely sensitive to language, the former in a spontaneous manner, the latter in a more conscious and sometimes a pedantic way. Kulish was constantly in the midst of intrigues, plots and schemes which threatened the Ukrainian language. Because of the threats to its preservation and development from both the Russians and the Poles, Kulish's defence of his language was aimed at these two groups. Many Russians could not see any reason for reviving and maintaining, as Belinski des-

cribed it: "a dead language that had survived only among peasants." The issue of language was discussed and debated by Ukrainian and Russian intellectuals and among Ukrainians themselves. The debates at times grew acrimonious, when Ukrainian intellectuals began to reassert their political aspirations along with their literary traditions. It is important to note that Pushkin and Ryleev influenced Ukrainian intellectuals toward the preservation of their language, while writers such as Gogol, who wrote almost entirely in Russian, were representative of those Ukrainians who chose the Russian language as their medium for creative works and for communication. Ryleev was read almost as avidly among Ukrainian students as was Shevchenko. Pushkin was known for his interest in Ukraine and its language which he derived from reading collections of folklore from these regions, and also for an account of the Pugachev uprising in which he described Ukraine as the country "subjugated by Catherine II". Kulish was aware of the sympathetic attitude of Russian intellectuals to Ukrainian writers during the 1830's, and his Russian was so polished and flawless that Pletnev advised Pushkin and Zhukovsky: "this is how one should learn Russian literature". It was Pletnev who helped Kulish with scholarly and literary journals and supplied him with books; hence it is little wonder that Kulish leaned toward Pletnev's language in his writings during the sojourn in Tula. Pletnev himself wrote very poor verse and was on one occasion criticized by Pushkin, who referred to the "corpse-pale" style of Pletnev. In an exchange of correspondence which ensued, Pushkin made attempts to re-establish himself in Pletnev's eyes by saying: "Do not think that I am not capable of appreciating your indubitable talent...Whenever I am completely myself, your harmony, your poetical accuracy, the nobility of expression, the grace, the purity, the finish of your verses, captivate me as much as does the poetry of my favorites".

Kulish's "Hrammatka" (Grammar) and his numerous treatises on ethnography and lexicology and on the methods of teaching his mother tongue in the schools are strong evidence of his loyalty to the Ukrainian language. His translations of Shakespeare and the Bible are still among the foremost in his language, and his own prescribed method of teaching language, known as "Kulish-ivka", now obsolete, was a detailed, though pedantic attempt to preserve his mother tongue. Furthermore his Russian works all had Ukrainian themes and were therefore Russian in language only.

Pushkin's influence and use of the Russian language was of the greatest literary and social importance. Writers of the early nineteenth century were divided into two hostile camps. One of these, led by a pedantic vice-admiral who had become Minister of Education, advocated that the Russian language return to the traditional form of old church writing and that it rid itself of all western elements. Another group of whom Pushkin was the most brilliant member, sought to modernize and secularize the language. He was a pioneer in both his use of language and his creatively perceptive responsiveness to life about him. He is said to have intimated that he would like to see the literary language preserve "a kind of "Biblical ribaldry"; and that simplicity and coarseness suited the Russian tongue better than European finicalness and French refinement". He did not wish to be caught in the meshes of historical issues and tried to write in an impersonal realistic language. His great novel The Captain's Daughter is an example of the new refreshing use of historical events, folklore and the daily lives of completely believable people living out their several lives. His gift for the interpretation of the songs and stories of the unlettered peasantry and his keen ear for the peculiar turns of folk-speech made The Captain's Daughter bear the same relation to his prose as "Eugene

Onegin does to his verse. The chaste and simple style influenced succeeding generations of writers and the purity of expression rendered some of his great poems highly suitable to operatic settings. Pushkin's language emerged victorious in spite of the highly critical and precarious circumstance of the contemporary writers. Poetic reality, a Pushkin-like realism, made poetry comprehensive to the average reader of his day. The might and the wealth of ordinary language became revealed in Pushkin's writings and the wide popularity of his works consolidated and crystallized the language into a harmony it had not known before. Pushkin confirmed a linguistic norm which became accessible and readable to the masses, thus contributing a heretofore unknown cultural and historical concept to literary works. Reality and ideas assumed through Pushkin's language a synthesis which earlier writers had not thought possible. He adamantly battled for the idea that literature should have a content which could be conveyed to the reader. He insisted that new ideas and new formulae were needed.

In comparing the Russian language as used by Kulish to Pushkin's use of Russian, it is apparent that the linguistic imitation in Kulish's work is not merely co-incident. The novel in verse as written by Kulish illustrates the growth "upon a seed" on at least two levels. The first of these is the "seed" of a language that is clear, refreshing and comprehensible to every reader; and the other is the "seed" of the preservation of freedom of expression, both in reality and in the realm of ideas. That these works were both "novels in verse" is indicative of the synthesis of imagination and reality which Pushkin and, after him, many successors including Kulish attempted to portray.

Prior to Pushkin's Eugene Onegin, poetry - the realm of imagination stood in opposition to the reality of life, of genuine portrayals. In Eugene Onegin Pushkin effected a union of reality and imagination, discovered poetry in



"Fate guarded Eugene"

Nabokov I, 3

The contrasting words describing the child Eugene convey a pleasant paradox to the Russian ear and imagination, for a wild child was rarely described as charming:

Rebenok byl rezov, no mil.

Pushkin I, 3

"The charming lad was rather wild"

Deutsch I, 3

The language describing the education is carried by a simple cadence:

My vse uchilis'ponemogu  
Chemu - nibut i kak-nebud

Pushkin I, 5

All of us had a bit of schooling  
in something and somehow

Nabokov I, 5

The words "kak-nebud" connote a somewhat haphazard approach to education, just as "chemu-nebut" connotes something, but "not much". He dressed like a London "dandy", an English word used in the English form, although Nabokov suggests that the French word "beau" would have been more accurate.

I nakonets uvidel svet

Pushkin I, 4

And finally he saw the World

Nabokov I, 4

Here the word "svet" means the world of fashion; of society; le grand monde; le beau monde... . Pushkin's language in Eugene Onegin includes Latin words and phrases. At the end of letters he wrote "vale" "far niente" was his rule as he wandered by a "wasteful lake". In addition to Latinisms, Pushkin employs Gallicisms as well as French and English words, phrases or distortions of these. Words such as "frant"; "wasisdas"; "zhilet" and others are examples of grotesque uses of language. It is interesting to note that Pushkin advises his hero for the sake of his "spleen" to avoid "roast beef" and "beefsteaks",

a diet which is conducive to a suicidal, phlegmatic, melancholic, typically English malaise. Words synonymous with ennui permeate the poem. Khandra, Skuka, spleen, hypo, chondria were all fashionable among both the English and the Russians who were all chronically bored. Pushkin knew even less German than English and his attempts to rhyme "na svete" with "Gete" (on earth - Goethe) indicate that what little German he spoke was probably disguised by a thick accent. Another evidence of pronunciation is found in the lines:

Ne spitsya, nyanya: zdes'tak dushno!  
 Otkroj okno da syad'ko mne...  
 - Chto, Tanya, chto s toboj - Mne skuchno,  
Pushkin III, 17  
 "I can't sleep, nurse: tis here so stuffy!  
 Open the window and sit down by me."  
 "Why, Tanya, what's the matter with you?"  
"I am dull.  
Nabokov III, 17

Tatjana's pronunciation of "ch" as "sh" in "skuchno" indicates that the Moscow "sh" was used and the rhyme with "dushno" natural. These lines also contain the first time that the diminutive "Tanya" is used in the novel. Names are used descriptively in the rural social scenes as for example the "heavy Pustyakov". The adjective "pustoj" means empty and the words conveying the meaning of a heavy emptiness enhance the atmosphere of depressing disillusionment.

The word "breg" instead of "bereg" meaning "shore" in I, 50, is an archaic Old Church Slavic form of the word conforming to the non-pleoponic rule. Pushkin must have known historical grammar because it is most unlikely that he would misspell the word for the sake of rhyme!

Kogda zh nachnu ya vol'nyj beg?  
 Pora pokinut' skuchnyj breg  
Pushkin I, 50  
 When shall I start on my free course?  
 'Tis time to leave the dull shore...  
Nabokov I, 50

The candour of his verses rules out the possibility of Pushkin's use of the word "breg" as a sign of erudition. His choice of words to describe Onegin and Tatjana have left them the most famous Russian literary characters. His superb creative imagination, his fine power of suggestion intimates the real tragedy of the poem, which is the inability of a Don Juan to love, the most acute paradox in the lives of men and women. The desire for things unattainable, and Onegin's fate to love only when the loving is hopeless gives the poem its appeal. Yet nowhere does Pushkin moralize or spell out the subtle meanings of his novel in verse. His language conceals as much as it reveals. He refers to winter and winter landscapes at least thirty times and nowhere is the allusion repetitious or worn. Beautiful as the winter season is, it is also no doubt the source of much of the ennui; and Pushkin describes spring with the excited enthusiasm of one who has waited long. Autumn, his favorite time of year, is at times incongruously placed within the calendar, indicating that the mood conveyed by the language which describes it is as significant as the actual season:

No nashe severnoe leto  
 Karikatura iuzhnykh zim  
 Mel'knet i net: izvestno eto,  
 Khot'my priznat'sya ne khotim,  
 Uzh nebo osen'iu dyshalo,  
 Uzh rezhe solnyshko blistalo,  
 Koroche stanovilsya den'  
 Lesov tainstvennaya sen'  
 S pechal'nym shumom obnazhalas'  
 Lozhilsya na polya tuman,  
 Gusej kriklivykh karavan  
 Tyanulsya k iugu: priblizhalas'  
 Dovolno skuchnaya pora:  
 Stoyal Noyabr uzh u dvora.

Pushkin IV, 40

But our Northern summer is a caricature  
 Of southern winters;  
 it will glance by and vanish: this is known,  
 though to admit it we don't wish.  
 The sky already breathed of autumn,  
 the sun already shone more seldom,  
 the day was growing shorter,  
 the woods mysterious canopy  
 with a sad murmur bared itself,  
 mist settled on the fields,  
 the caravan of clamorous geese  
 was tending southward; there drew near  
 a rather tedious period;  
 November stood already at the door.

Nabokov IV, 40

These lines are an example of Pushkin's simple and uncluttered use of adjectives to describe with superb realism a passage of ominous beauty. The winter portends profound idleness:

V glushi chto delat'v etu poru?  
 Gulyat? ... ..  
 ... ..  
 Sidi pod krovleiu pustymoj,  
 Chitaj: vot Pradt, vot W. Scott.  
 Ne khochesh' - poveryaj raskhod,  
 Serdis' il' pej, i vecher dlinnyj  
 Koj - kak projdet, a zavtra to zh,  
 I slavno zimu provedesh'

Pushkin IV, 43

What can one do at this time in the wilds?  
 Walk? ... ..  
 ... ..  
 Stay under your desolate roof  
 read; here is Pradt, here's Walter Scott!  
 Don't want to? Verify expenses,  
 grumble or drink, and the long evening  
 somehow will pass, and next day the same thing,  
 and famously you'll spend the winter.

Nabokov IV, 43

The language in the last two chapters, while still exquisitely candid, is less frivolous, since during the eight years that Pushkin took to write his novel in verse, his language became even more realistic and thoughtful while remaining spontaneous. The following lines illustrate Pushkin's gift of describing scenes with a minimum of words but a maximum of imagery:

Gonimy veshnimi luchami,  
 S okrestnykh gor uzhe snega  
 Sbezhalı mutnymi ruch'yami  
 Na potoplennye luga.  
 Ulubkoj yasnoiu priroda  
 Skvoz son vstrechaet utro roda;  
 Sineya bleshchut nebesa.  
 Eshche prozrachnye lesa  
 Kak budto pukhom zeleneiut.  
 Pchela za dan'iu polevoj  
 Letit iz keli voskovoij.  
 Doliny sokhnut i pestreiut;  
 Stada shumyat, i solovej  
 Uzh pel v bezmolvii nochej.

Pushkin VII, 1

Chased by the vernal beams  
 down the surrounding hills the snows already  
 have run in turbid streams  
 onto the inundated fields.  
 With a serene smile, nature  
 greets through her sleep the morning of the year  
 Bluing the heavens shine.  
 The yet transparent woods  
 as if with dawn are greening.  
 The bee flies from her waxen cell  
 after the tribute of the field.  
 The dales grow dry and varicolored.  
 The herds are noisy, and the nightingale  
 has sung already in the hush of nights.

Nabokov VII, 1

The last two chapters are written in the language of Pushkin's Muse complete with prophecies and introspective reminiscences. He tells of his Muse accompanying him Lenore-like:

I pozabyv stolitsy dal noj  
 I blesk i shumnye piry,  
 V glushi Moldavii pechal'noj  
 Ona smirennye shatry  
 Plemen brodyashchikh poseshchala,  
 I mezhdı emi odichala  
 I pozabyła rech bogov  
 Dlya skudnykh, strannykh yazykov  
 Dlya pesen stepi ej liubeznoj...  
 Vdrug izmenilos' vse krugom,  
 I vot ona v sadu moem  
 Yavilas' baryshnej uezdnoj,  
 S pechal'noj dumoiu v ochakh,  
 S frantsuzskoj knizhkoiu v rukakh.

Pushkin VIII, 5

And the far capital's glitter and noisy feasts  
 having forgotten in the wilds  
 of sad Moldavia,  
 she visited the humble tents  
 of wandering tribes;  
 and among them grew savage, and forgot  
 the language of the gods  
 for scant, strange tongues,  
 for songs of the steppe dear to her.  
 Suddenly everything around  
 changed, and lo! in my garden she appeared  
 as a provincial miss,  
 with a sad thought in her eyes, with a French  
 book in her hands.

Nabokov VIII, 5

Obviously both the speech and the language of his Muse had undergone a metamorphosis.

Kulich's use of the Russian language is less zestful and refreshing. He does not begin by teasing his readers with lines resembling those of fables but begins his narrative at once. The language of the conversation between Vyhovskij and the hero centres on archaeology only briefly and mainly on the young man's loneliness and ennui. The language may not be the same as Pushkin's but the Russian malaise is the same. Boredom drives him to seek his beloved. In rather mundane terms he says

V sem'e rodnoj skuchna, grustna  
 Ne smee't zhdat' menya ona.

Kulich I, 12

In her family circle sad and lonely  
 She does not dare to wait for me.

L.L. I, 12

These lines referring to Lisa, are almost a parody of the language Pushkin used in referring to Tatjana's life in her family circle. Pushkin's lines are:

Ona v sem'e svoej rodnoj  
 Kazalas' devochkoj chuzloj

Pushkin II, 25

In her own family circle  
 She seemed a stranger

L.L. II, 25

In the following lines Kulish uses descriptive lyrical phrases and the passage conveys a mysterious dark unknown terror, laden with romantic foreboding:

... ..  
 Vospel - by tyazhkoe dykhan'e  
 Lesnoj bezdonnoj glubiny,  
 Blistan e skvoz vershin luny,  
 Volkov golodnykh zavyan'e!  
 Kak v temnykh morya glubinakh  
 V lesu zhivet i dyshet strak.

Kulish I, 14

Would have sung praises to the heavy breathing,  
 Of the forest's fathomless depth,  
 Gleaming through the crests of the moon,  
 The hungry howlings of the wolves,  
 As in the darkness of the ocean's depth,  
 In the forest lives and breathes terror.

L.L. I, 14

In Pushkin's use of the word "wolf" there is also a sense of fear. It is not a nameless terror, but the instinctive reaction of the road horse. The wolves, geese, horses, cattle, maidens and herdsmen blend into the panorama of oncoming winter.

Vstaet zarya vo mgle kholodnoj  
 Na nivakh shum rabot umolk;  
 S svoej volchukhoiu golodnoj  
 Vykhodit na dorogu volk;  
 Ego pochul, kon'dorozhnyj  
 Khrapit -

Pushkin IV, 41

Dawn rises in the cold murk;  
 stilled in the grainfields is the noise of labors;  
 with his hungry female, the wolf  
 comes out upon the road  
 the road horse, sensing him,  
 snorts

Nabokov IV, 41

Though Kulish could not avoid using Pushkin's language to some extent, he was given to overstatement, perhaps influenced by Derzhavin and those of an older school whose verses he read at a tender age. Further evidence of the mysterious and romantic along with the lyrical is in the lines:

... .. Glyadit poet -  
 Rusalki net; lish'otklikalsya  
 V lesu ston pugacha: i svet  
 Luny chudesno razlivalsya

Kulish I, 17

The poet looks -  
 There is no mermaid, only the answering call  
 In the forest of the hoot owl, and the moonlight  
 Exquisitely bathes the waters.

L.L. I, 17

Kulish uses a terse description of Onegin's friend Vasa:

No tot naprotiv, tot iskal  
 Ot umnykh i gluptsov pokhval'

Kulish I, 23

But the other was the opposite, he sought  
 From both the wise and foolish praise.

L.L. I, 23

In this instance, Kulish economizes with words, describing both youths with the same words but only adding that the opposite is true of the other.

... Kak zhe gor'ko  
 On obmanulsya!

Kulish I, 24

How bitterly  
 He was deceived!

L.L. I, 24

Kulish spells out a situation which Pushkin would have left the reader to deduce, for the entire theme of his novel carried overt and covert hypocrisies and deceptions couched in words of a Pushkinian language whose integrity as such was unimpeachable.

Kulish's Onegin seems younger, less experienced, in no way worldlywise. On describing his reactions Kulish's language in the poem is resplendent with Onegin's tears: hot tears, bitter tears, tears of disappointment, and copious tears. The revelation to the reader that Onegin loves Nadia when he and everyone else thought he loved Lisa is too much for words and he utters - "Proshchaj" (Farewell!). This episode has broken the spell, for if Kulish

had allowed the reader to unravel the tangled incongruities for himself, the declarations of love and the soliloquies which followed would have remained vibrant and necessary. With the "secret" out, the plot is bleeding to death. Kulish seemed aware of this for he made labored attempts to revise the novel with sanguine infusions which somehow did not relieve the pallor or impart vitality. The language of love in conversations with Lisa is so artificial that the reader wonders if the reason was indeed, as some critics would have us believe, that Kulish did not wish to describe his own former amorous experiences too vividly with a young wife at his side; the words which follow hardly describe a relationship for which one would hazard the dangers of a journey.

... ..  
 Ni goryacha, ni kholodna.  
 Konechno ya vas uvazhala..."  
 (I pered nim zatmilsya svet)

-Tak eto bylo uvazhen'e?...  
 "Nikak ne bolee togo?  
 Nikah ne bole ...

" Kulish II, 24, 25

... ..  
 Neither hot, nor cold  
 Certainly I respected you..."  
 Oh! ... interrupted the poet  
 "And before him the world grew dim

So this was respect? ...  
 "Nothing more than that?"  
 Nothing more"

" L.L. II, 24, 25

Onegin also uses the word "fate" as an integral part of his plans:

... ..  
 Ej byt'moeiu suzhdeno!

Kulish II, 31

She is fated to be mine!

L.L. II, 31

In the fourth chapter the language of ode-like adoration appears in Kulish's work as purple patches among the pale pastels of scenic descriptions and drab neutrals of banal conversations. Onegin seeks refuge from the hopeless

entanglements he has helped create by addressing Pushkin, the "father" whom he almost deifies. From the language of praise for Pushkin, Kulish's language rises in a crescendo of adoration for the gods:

Moj bog otnyne - Apollon!  
Kulish IV, 6

My god as of today - Apollo!  
L.L. IV, 6

Volshebnykh Olimpijskikh strun  
Vo mne roj velichavykh dum,  
Svyashchennym zvonom probudila,  
No muzy zlobnye tajkom,  
Smeiutsya nad moim stikhom.  
Kulish IV, 7

Enchanted Olympian strings,  
The roar of the greatest dream is in me,  
With holy peals has awakened me  
But the angry muses secretly  
Taunt at my verses.  
L.L. IV, 7

The language, as are the thoughts and dreams, is definitely overloaded and obviously cannot contain the lofty plans, in fact:

Chtob zhizn' vesti zdes' razbitnuiu;  
Da i finansov by ego  
Na eto slishkom ne khvatilo  
Ego mechtoj davnishej bylo -  
Uvidet' eti berega...  
Kulish IV, 10

To lead a dissipated life  
For even finances for this  
He had not sufficient  
His dreams long since had been  
To see these shores...  
L.L. IV, 10

From Pushkin, to Apollo, to Peter the Great rises the paean of Kulish's already straining "language"

Odin - dushoj Atlas moguchij  
Khotel - by tselyj mir podnyat'  
Drugomu suzhdeno molchat'  
Kak gromu v nepodvizhnoj tuche.  
O, Bozhe! dremlem my unom:  
Poshli nam zhivotvornyj grom!  
Kulish IV, 13

One, whose soul had the strength of Atlas  
 Wished to raise the entire world  
 The other was fated to remain silent  
 As the thunder in an immovable cloud  
 Oh God! we dream with our minds:  
 Send us life giving thunder!

L.L. IV,13

It is no wonder that "boudoirs and salons the new Onegin avoided" because such activities would have debilitated the thesis which Kulish had devised, namely, the unconditional loyalty to the Pushkin, Apollo, and the Peter the Great circle.

Both Pushkin and Kulish use the words "pustoj" or "pustynya" "empty"... "desert" in a proper name. Pushkin's Pustyakov is an obese dull witted squire, while Kulish uses the word in the sense of "lonely" and ascribes it to Fletnev, whom he names "Pustynnik". Kulish employs an almost intimate language in referring to posts whom he practically lists as an obvious attempt to name famous acquaintances. Unlike Pushkin, who refers to the ancients freely, Kulish confines his praises to the writers whom Peter the Great would probably have praised. Kulish also refers to the disciplines of psychology and medicine, adding to the vocabulary of his novel in verse western terms.

Kulish finally implores his Muse for inspiration and support:

Pevets khandry v pustynykh znojnykh,  
 V karantine i na balakh  
 Byval ispolen zvukov strojnykh  
 I reyal v svetlykh vysotakh  
 ... ..  
 I tsarskij baloven' privyk,  
 Pugaya vas, serdechnyj krik  
 Vdrug izvelekat' iz strun poslushnykh:  
 A ya smirennoj prozy syn,  
 ... ..  
 Zhelel ne liry i ventsa.  
 A zhizni gorestnoj kontsa...      Kulish VI, 11

The singer of loneliness in deserts desolate,  
 In solitude or at a ball  
 Was filled with lofty sounds  
 and revelled in lofty brilliance.

... ..  
 And the king-like profligate became accustomed,  
 Frightening you, heartfelt cries  
 Suddenly to rend from obedient strings:  
 But I, the resigned son of prose  
 ... ..  
 Desired neither the lyre nor a wreath  
 But the end of a troubled life.

LL. VI, 11

Kulish seems to admit that his inflated language was not in keeping with his accustomed manner of conversation. From the confession that he was not really meant to revel in lofty sounds he again resumes a paean-like address to Pushkin, this time praising him for "understanding his tsar"!

O Pushkin, svetlyj Russkij genij!

... ..  
 Kak vodopad ...  
 ... ..  
 Kak molnija  
 I gromom skaly potrasyal  
 I liudi v izumleni byli,  
 I slava shirilas' tvaya,  
 I slepo grom bogotvoroya  
 K tebe s poklonom prikhodili  
 No iz skalistykh beregov  
 Ty vyshel na prostor lugov

... ..  
 I byl Derzhavnym ty liubezen  
 ... ..  
 I milost' k padshem prizyval  
 ... ..  
 Kak bozhestvu tebe molius'

Kulish VI, 17,18

Oh Pushkin, brilliant Russian genius

... ..  
 As a cataract  
 ... ..  
 As lightning  
 As with thunder shook the rugged cliffs  
 And people were in disbelief  
 And your fame spread far and near  
 And blindly the thunder of the creator  
 To you came with salutations  
 And from the craggy shores  
 You emerged into the meadows wide  
 ... ..  
 You were beloved by Derzhavin  
 ... ..

And mercy for the fallen sought

... ..  
As to a god I pray to you!

L.L. VI, 17, 18

Then, only a few lines and moments later he arrives in Ostapivka, he passes the sheds and troughs to find himself:

Vot moj Onegin a v divannoj

... ..  
I zhdet on poyavlen'ya dam

Kulish VI, 21

Here is Onegin in the drawing room

... ..  
Awaiting the arrival of the ladies

L.L. VI, 21

The language of Kulish in the closing stanzas is indeed a descent from the highly pompous to the utterly banal as Onegin bids farewell to an unbelievably bland trio of women.

Kulish does not employ the Gallicisma, the French, Latin and German phrases which embellish Pushkin's work. There is not the preoccupation with descriptions of seasons which is understandable since Ukraine does not have the long dreary winters of Moscow and Petersburg. Pushkin's language is so unique in its Russian flavor that it defies both accurate translation as well as imitation. The imitating which Kulish did was possible only insofar as Kulish's attempt to appease the censors reached, beyond that the work as evaluated in a literary scope is of little merit. It seems obvious that Kulish did not write the poem in a spontaneous, creative, imaginative way as Pushkin wrote his. Nabokov claims that the "only Russian element of importance is this speech, Pushkin's

language, undulating and flashing through verse melodies the likes of which had never been known before in Russia."

### STYLE

Pushkin has been credited with creating a new style in Russian literature. Critics have pointed out that he was strongly influenced by Byron and that "Eugene Onegin" was an imitation of "Don Juan", "Childe Harold" and "Beppo". It is true that in his early youth he was indeed influenced by Byron but he soon outpaced Byron who never matured beyond the pessimistic, cynical stage. Pushkin outgrew his Byronic pose and in Eugene Onegin shows a sympathetic interest in events and people around him, of the kind that Byron did not attain. The Russian poetry of "Eugene Onegin" is not only the most original and most Russian poetry that Pushkin ever wrote, it is a brilliant psychological novel in verse whose style contains lyricism, some romanticism, realism and a subjective treatment of a wide range of subjects. His style was a liberation from neo-classicism and the confines of odes and epics. Though the form of Eugene Onegin may have been suggested by "Don Juan", Pushkin's infatuation with Byron, as has been noted, was only temporary, and the idea of Eugene Onegin as a "Moscovite in the cloak of Childe Harold" was incongruously humorous then, as it is now.

Pushkin's heroes as compared to Byron's are less rebellious, more mature in spite of being unbelievably naïve at times; and the style of portrayal is understated and almost serene, as Tatjana while visiting Onegin's country home sees:

I lorda Bajrona portret  
 ... ..  
 On iz opaly iskliuchil  
 Pevtsa Gyaura i Žhuana  
 ... ..



... ..  
 Dnej neskol'ko ona potom  
 Vse bespokoilas' o tom

Pushkin V, 10,11,12,24

On the nurse's advice Tatjana  
 planning that night to conjure,

... ..  
 She dreams ... ..  
 ... .. and before  
 the dinning deep  
 full of perplexity  
 she stopped.

... ..  
 and what then? The bear  
 followed her...

... ..  
 For several days thereafter she  
 kept worrying about it.

Nabokov V, 10,11,12,24

The romantic and lyrical style of the stanzas describing the dream create an exquisit intermission from the realism of the novel in verse, thus giving the reader who is unaccustomed to the new style a chance to reorient himself.

One of the reasons why Pushkin's style was so utterly refereshing and new was because he was writing from experience. For example in the fourth chapter he described scenes that actually occurred during his sojurn at Mikhailovskoye.

Poet li domoj, i doma  
 On zanyat Ol' goiu svoej  
 Letuchie listki al' boma  
 Prilezhno ukrashaet ej

Pushkin IV, 27

When he dirves home, at home he also  
 is with his Olga occupied,  
 the volatile leaves of an album  
 assiduously adorns for her:

Nabokov IV, 27

Chapter~~s~~ Seven and Eight are much more mature and introspective and the style loses any trace of a mock epic or of satire that it may have had and the irony is mellow and laconic. The stanzas are so natural, realistic and void of imagery that they almost defy translation. In ending a novel without bringing it to a recognizabile completion Pushkin introduced a new style to Russian literature, which still holds its readers in awe and suspense.

Kulish's style is also Byronic. As did Pushkin, he attempted to combine several genres, the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic. Though Kulish imitated the Byronic style of Pushkin, he also imitated A. Mickewicz's poem "Dziady". There also seems to be some imitation of Lermontov both in the title of the novel in verse and in the lyrical passages. It may have been that Kulish had Pechorin in mind when he created his Onegin and added the "nashego vremeni", as in Lermontov's Geroj nashego vremeni. There is no direct reference to Lermontov and except for the indirect eulogizing of the departed Pushkin no actual imitation of Lermontov can be detected.

There is, however, no doubt that Pushkin and to a degree Mickewicz were the sources Kulish followed.

Epic narrative is employed to convey his social and political views. Dialogue is left dangling and conversations unfinished as digressions overtake the poet's pen. Feelings, morals, and reflections on life are expressed in beautiful lyrical passages. The following stanza is a delicate description of a young man's first acquaintance with the mystery of love:

Vliublen? o net! - on otvechaet;  
 "No, esli tajna vas moya  
 Tak neotvyazno zanimaet,  
 To znajte zhe, moj drug, chto ya  
 Liubliu, a ne vliublen! Omnogo  
 Nevyrazimogo, cvijatogo  
 B odnoj sej mysli: Ya liubliu!  
 Ya ves' na nebe! Ya tvoriu  
 Molitvu serdctem vostorzhennym  
 Pered nebesnym bozhestvom!  
 Ya vsej dushoj, vsem sushchestvom  
 Vozvyshen nad obyknovennym  
 Poryadkom zhuznennykh suet.  
 Zhelaniy, radostej i bed!"

Kulish I, 6

In love? oh no! - he replies;  
 But if my secret  
 Grips you so relentlessly  
 So know, my friend, that I  
 Love, but am not in love. Oh much  
 That cannot be expressed, sacred

in this one thought. I love!  
 I am completely in heaven. I create  
 A prayer with my ecstatic heart  
 Before the heavenly Deity!  
 With all my soul, my being  
 Exalted above the commonplace  
 Order of Life's pressures and demands,  
 Longings, joys, and sorrows!"

L.L. I, 6

The lyrical passages are Kulish's strongest points in his novel in verse and convey his creative and imaginative ability. Kulish used the epic style in describing evening gatherings at Pletnev's, of nature in the country, and in character sketches of the personages of his poem. Kulish tried to maintain a subdued humour as in Pushkin's Eugene Onegin. He is candid and completely frank in his poem admitting his "stolen verses" and admits quarrelling with Pletnev because of his own "provincial egoism". He is honest, too, in realizing that his romantic irony is not that of Pushkin.

No shutki v storonu, a pravo  
 Posle stolkih ego prokaz,  
 Teper' plokhaya mne zabava  
 Vesti pravdivyj svoj rasskaz  
 Yazyk nevolno tsepeneet  
 Neval'no sertse kholodeet,  
 Kogda podumaiu o tom,  
 Kak unizhenno so stydom,  
 K khozyajke dolzhen on yavits'sya  
 I zaprosta, bez pyshnykh vrak,  
 Skazat', chto on - bolshoj durak!

...

Kulish, IV, 3

But jests aside. But right  
 After so many of his misdemeanors  
 Is now poor entertainment for me  
 To carry on my honest tale.  
 The tongue unwillingly wilts  
 Unwillingly the heart grows colder  
 How demeaning with shame  
 To my hostess he must appear  
 And simply, without flowery words  
 Say that he is a great fool.

...

L.L. IV, 3

The frankness of expression may be in emulation of Pushkin, however, it is

difficult to see how the praises of Peter the Great could possibly be genuine coming from Kulish's pen. These must be either "borrowings" or on the other hand expediences in view of Kulish's purpose in writing the novel in verse. Borrowings include phrases such as "kholodnyj prakh"; "vek blestyashchyj"; "maraet naskoro otvet" and others.

There is no question but that Kulish's novel in verse is an imitation of Pushkin's novel in verse. Both are variable works, easily making the transition from joy to sorrow, from cynicism to sentimentality, from the banal to the refined and beautiful. Pushkin's style, however, is more genial and more spontaneous and the digressions do not intrude as they seem to at times in Kulish's work. Both men enter the scene at will and introduce their contemporaries. But for Pushkin it was the most comprehensive and truly creative work. Kulish's was an inferior work for which he is neither remembered nor even given a credit by most scholars. Pushkin's name immediately is associated with Eugene Onegin and his unfettered style has been described as the fountainhead of the Russian novel.

#### HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

The immediate historical backgrounds of the works being considered; Pushkin's Eugene Onegin and Kulish's Eugene Onegin of Our Times, are set against a background of political, social and literary developments dating back several epochs. During the actual writing of the novels in verse both men in exile and both were keenly aware of the political forces surrounding them.

Pushkin worked at writing Eugene Onegin for more than eight years: from May 9, 1823 to October 5, 1831. There were many interruptions in his writing. During these eight years he was first in Kishinev (Bessarabia), Odessa, Mihaylovskoe (his mother's estate in the province of Pskov), Moscow, Petersburg, Malinniki and Pavlovskoe, Boldino and finally Tsarskoe Selo (near Petersburg). He began to plan the novel in verse as early as at least 1822 and continued beyond

1831 to plan a continuation of his work. Only eighty days before his death he wrote to Prince N. Golitsin implying that his novel in verse was not yet completed. The first stanzas were written in 1823 between May 9 and May 23 and Pushkin noted that it was the anniversary of his expulsion from St. Petersburg three years before. Probably eight stanzas were written by the time Pushkin moved to Odessa early in July in 1823. He completed Chapter One in early October in 1823. Chapter Two was completed by November 3, 1823. In January 1824 he wrote "The Gypsies", then resumed the writing of Eugene Onegin on September 5, 1824. By the first month of 1826 Chapter Four was completed. While writing Chapter Five he was interrupted by his mysterious trip to Moscow at the bidding of the tsar and completed the chapter in November, 1826. Chapter Six was probably written in December of the same year.

Chapter Seven seemed to have taken Pushkin longer; it was completed on November 4, 1828.

Chapter Eight was begun on Christmas Eve in 1829 in Petersburg. In August in 1830 he was in Boldino quarantined by cholera for three months, on February 18, 1831 he married Natalia Goncharova, and on October 5, 1831, when he completed "Onegin's Letter" he considered his novel in verse completed for the time being. The first complete edition was published in Petersburg on March 23, 1833. In the printing shop of one Aleksandr Smirdin. The third edition, dated January 1, 1837, carried a dedication by Pushkin to Lyudmila Shishkin who was the wife of the usurer who lent him money. He dies a few weeks later. Since then, up until the present there have been numerous editions, which though selling reasonably have more than earned the sums which would have cleared Pushkin's debts.

In 1845 Kulish began teaching in Petersburg and was so successful that in 1847 he was awarded a fellowship for a study trip to other Slavic countries. In

March, 1847, he was arrested and found guilty as a member of the secret Brotherhood of St. Cyril and St. Methodius and his original sentence was to have been banishment to Vologda. Pletnev used his influence with the authorities and had the place of exile changed to Tula, and also interceded on his behalf in an effort to gain permission for Kulish to publish his works. During the first few months in Tula, he decided to use his devotion to Pushkin in an effort to establish better relations with the censors. The first part of Eugene Onegin of Our Times was completed in one section and he wrote to Pletnev that he wouldn't begin the second part for some time. By December of 1847 the novel in verse was completed and the manuscript in Pletnev's hands. The manuscript was not published until the 1920's in Kiev. The episodes which Kulish described in the novel in verse were actual events in his life between 1843 and 1847. The work was published in Kiev in 1927 and is little known because of its limited literary value and appeal. It is obvious that Kulish wrote with a definite purpose in mind, which was aimed at a restricted number of readers, namely the censors, and not to the reading public.

## CHAPTER IV

RESULTS OF THE STUDY AND CONCLUSIONS

The purpose of this study was to investigate Kulish's Eugene Onegin of Our Times as a case of literary epigonism, and to examine the political, historical and literary events which led to his writing a novel in verse in imitation of Pushkin's Eugene Onegin.

During the early nineteenth century the relationship between Ukrainian and Russian intellectuals was very friendly as it was between writers throughout Europe, except for some discordant notes which were heard among the avowed Slavophiles and the fervent Westernizers as well as among Ukrainian and Russian intellectuals when political aspirations caused complications and there was a lively exchange of ideas. It is therefore little wonder that in the same way that Pushkin was influenced by Byron and other writers so he in turn influenced his contemporaries and successors. O.I. Bilets'kij in Vid Davnyny do suchasnosti (Kiev, 1960) devotes a lengthy chapter to "Pushkin and Ukraine". Kulish lived during the years when Pushkin's influence was at its height and the year of his death remained present in his thoughts. Kulish in a letter mentioned that he left Ukraine for Petersburg less than ten years after Pushkin's death instead of actually naming the year. He referred to the "fragrance of Pushkin" implying the immediacy which he felt toward him. Bilets'kij tells us that in addition to other novels, Kulish began to write Eugene Onegin of Our Times in Tula in 1847 during his exile with the idea that he could use his devotion to Pushkin as a "lever" with the Third Department. The two novels in prose earned him nothing more than further reprimands and so he concentrated on Eugene Onegin of Our Times as a "sui generis" (of its own kind) "passport to freedom" (Olynyk). In a letter to Pletnev he stated that he was writing a novel to please his family and went on to ask Pletnev to decide whether his work would impress his protectors favorably - and if so, Kulish begged Pletnev to submit it to the censors (Doroshkevych). This did not occur and the work itself was not published until 1927. Even though Kulish made no secret of his prototype and in fact made pious supplications to Pushkin, Kulish was no more

demeaning in his appeal to the censors than was Pushkin. In 1830 Pushkin wrote as follows to General Benkendorf, the chief of the Third Department:

"En 1826 j'apportai à Moscou ma tragédie de Gudunov, écrite pendant mon exil. Elle ne vous fut envoyée telle que vous l'avez vue, que pour me disculper. L'empereur ayant daigné la lire m'a fait quelques critiques sur des passages trop libres et je dois l'avouer, Sa Majesté n'avait que trop raison. Mais votre indulgence m'a gâté et j'ai beau n'avoir rien fait pour mériter les bienfaits de l'empereur, j'espère et je crois toujours en lui... ."

Pushkin is referring to his tragedy Boris Godunov which he wrote while in exile and sent to Benkendorf hoping the Emperor would deign to read it. He did, and found it too liberal; a criticism with which Pushkin very readily agreed. He adds that the indulgence has spoiled him and regrets having done nothing to merit the Emperor's kindness. With a demeaning piety he adds: I trust and believe always in him. Pushkin must have been aware of the servile tone of the letter because he asked Benkendorf to keep it secret. In the light of this letter, Kulish's supplications in Eugene Onegin of Our Times do not sound too extreme.

Pushkin and Kulish shared a sympathy toward the Decembrists and Kulish's exile was a result of his participation in what was considered a secret and dangerous society, namely, the Brotherhood of Sts. Cyril and Methodius. Both men were keenly aware of their precarious positions as writers who were constantly under surveillance. Kulish, due in part to his arrogance, aloofness and individualism, vacillated in his religious, political and literary views to the extent that he lost all his erstwhile supporters. Both Kulish and Pushkin were sensitive to history, both ancient and contemporary and being in constant combat with their environments, both men knew the anguish of exile, ostracism and defeat. Early in his life, Kulish learned to love his native Ukrainian language through the folklore, folktales and folksongs which surrounded him. Pushkin learned his native Russian from his nurse and also through folklore and folksongs. This early influence seemed to remain with both men and was reflected in their profound sensitivity to language, to history, and to people.

It is significant that it was through Kulish's devotion to Ukraine that he was exiled and though he sought to find freedom by praising his oppressors, even his severest critics conceded that at no time did he deny being Ukrainian.

Both novels in verse are autobiographical in the development of the plot; both are written by exiles hoping to regain the favor of the censors; both novels are very similar in structure, style and content.

Pushkin's novel in verse, however, because it was written over a period of eight years, as compared to Kulish's which was written in one, shows obvious signs of the maturation of the poet and through him, his characters. Eugene Onegin portrays an irony, a laconism, and at the same time an intense concern with human affairs in spite of the "superfluous man" image. Kulish's novel in verse seems very anaemic by comparison. Pushkin included mundane details such as the exact time of Larin's death (one hour before his dinner) with such superb skill that they take on a unique literary significance which no other writer could emulate. It seems almost unfair to Kulish to compare his imitation with the original. Count Orlov and Dubelt of the Third Department encouraged Kulish to write and to send samples to them because they wished to ascertain whether banishment had the desired effect. When he complied they found him incorrigible and accused him of harboring socialist thoughts and claimed that "the work is permeated by the new destructive teachings that are undermining the holy foundations of well-ordered societies, and which have caused and are still causing untold troubles in Western Europe", L. Dubelt wrote in 1851. Kulish was strictly forbidden to circulate any of his works. Even when he was released from Tula in 1851 and until 1857 he could not write under his own name but had to use one of his many assumed names, Makarov. Ukrainian critics accused him of betraying the principles of Shevchenko and his followers of intellectuals, and of subservience to the authorities. Doroshkevych claimed that Kulish had been corrupted by Pletnev and his circle. Present day critics have charged him with "bourgeois nationalism" and of misinterpreting Pushkin. Bilets'kij admits that Kulish actually had aspired to raise Ukrainian literary production to the standard of Pushkin, Mickiewicz, Gogol, Byron, and Schiller<sup>1</sup>. Critics undoubtedly did not realize that Kulish perhaps had understood Pushkin better than they had understood him. Writers were constantly aware of "cenzura" and were ready to "hang portraits of the Tsars" wherever necessary. Kulish in emulating Pushkin was also cognizant of the desirability at times of decorating halls with such

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<sup>1</sup>O.I. Bilets'kij Vid davnyy do suchasnosti Kyiv: Derzh. vyd.—vo khud. lit-ry', 1960, Vol. 2, p. 170

portraits when circumstances demanded such tributes. Kulish's Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni was an example of a work which was suitably decorated with portraits of tsars and with landscapes of their proud "possessions". His novel in verse therefore cannot be judged entirely on a literary basis since it was written primarily to "gain a passport to freedom" (Olynyk ). It does have merit, however, as an example of post-Pushkin literature and is significant as a work of the period sometimes known as the "age of Gogol", and of a period when "Epigonendichtung" was at its height.

The work as an attempt by Kulish to appease the censors failed, for it was not released by Pletnev and not published until eighty years later in Kiev. As an attempt to convey Kulish's admiration and affection for his Pushkinian friends it also failed and his dwindling group of supporters was further depleted.

It is, however, an example of a literary form prevalent in the early nineteenth century and as such merits further attention. It is even more significant when an examination is made of the highly creative prolific, and versatile works of its author and the irony of his relegation to relative obscurity.

The writer of this thesis has attempted to study and to analyze the novel in verse: Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni by Kulish, and to examine in the limited scope of such a paper, the literary, political and historical events which led Kulish to write his novel in verse. The conclusions are as follows:

1. By Kulish's own admission and upon examination of the work it is obviously an imitation of Pushkin's Eugene Onegin.
2. In researching the term "epigonism" the writer of this paper found the explanation as given in Reallexikon der Deutschen Literaturgeschichte (Berlin 1958) by Herbert Cysarz the most tenable when confronted by the evidence found in researching the literary and political events which led Kulish to write his novel in verse. Herbert Cysarz states that wherever there are great sources, imitators exist. The historical, political and literary developments set the stage for epigonism in the early nineteenth century while the "Byron-swarms" and "Italian wonderers" abounded.
3. The literary climate was one of cordiality between Ukrainian and

Russian writers and a period of transition in literary creativity for both Eastern and Western Europe.

4. The political climate was extremely threatening to writers whose original ideas could in any way arouse the displeasure of the censors. It was therefore more prudent to imitate than to initiate.

5. Kulish's banishment was a result of his membership in a secret group, the Brotherhood of St. Cyril and Methodius, whose main purpose was to preserve and further the language, culture, and independence of Ukraine.

6. Kulish's imitation of Pushkin with the obvious references to the tsars in Evgenij Onegin nashego vremeni was an attempt to regain the good will of the censors and regain his permission to write and to circulate his works with a view to eventually even having them published. Kulish, the creative writer, was in fact fighting for his literary life.

7. In spite of his arrogance, aloofness, individuality and vacillation of his literary, political, and religious loyalties, Kulish does not merit a relegation to obscurity, and further studies of his translations, creative works, and imitations, would shed more light on the period in literary history when epigonism flourished.

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APPENDIX A

This is the first draft  
of the translation. L.L.

EUGENE ONEGIN OF OUR TIMES<sup>1</sup>

A Novel in Verse by P. Kulish

A fool, sad and dangerous,  
Creature of hell or heaven;  
This angel, this haughty devil,  
What is he? ...

- Pushkin

Part One

---

<sup>1</sup>Translation of novel in verse, L.L.

EUGENE ONEGIN OF OUR TIMES

- Kulish  
- translation L.L.

CHAPTER ONE

Oh, he loved, as in our times  
They love no longer, as a  
Foolish dream of a poet  
Still is condemned to love

- Pushkin

I

Long since Vyhovskij is awaiting  
My hero to his home ...  
And at last he arrives.  
But Vyhovskij recognizes him not;  
His dissipation and his faintness,  
In his movements and words, weariness,  
A tender then a sad expression,  
Sufficiently clearly signify  
That the peace of his soul is disturbed,  
That in his heart is a heavy preponderance  
That the cunning demon of tender passion  
Has captured him - unarmed.  
My hero surrendered  
And with that - farewell to soul's tranquility

II

Within the calm of the tidy den,  
Vyhovskij hopes to conquer  
The attention of the sombre poet  
With profound conversation. But his words  
Ring to his guest with tedium  
He replies, "Yes, Yes", but himself  
For other heavens yearns.  
For those heavens where blossoms  
'Neath the dew of ancestral willows,  
The fount of both his thoughts and tears.  
Thither in spirit he flies  
But maintaining an outward calm  
Jealously he guards his secret.

III

Vyhovskij perceived unwittingly  
upon his eyelids recent traces  
of torrid tears shed secretly,

Immodest sign of sorrow.  
 "My friend!" Vyhovskij cries,  
 Tell me what distresses you,  
 Why have you become so dreary?  
 Why do you sit there all alone?  
 Neither archaeology nor ancient burial grounds,  
 No longer interest you.  
 In the early hours as well as late  
 You read a novel.  
 It's time for action! for aye, aye,  
 F.....ej will be furious.

## IV

In reply - only mute glances  
 Vyhovskij sees upon the table  
 Some manuscript in black  
 What's this? Ah, for this is Dziady!

... ..

## V

... ..  
 So this prior to my arrival,  
 Occupied you with its translating,  
 Of Mickewicz's dreams of love!  
 And this is the reason for your tears?  
 Forcefully came this shattering blow!  
 The poet feigns a calm demeanor  
 And tries to hide his shame  
 Before Vyhovskij. The attempt is futile:  
 He, having laid aside all rank.  
 "Wherefore be secretive? Are you in love?"

## VI

"In love?, oh no," he replies  
 But if my secret  
 Grips you so relentlessly,  
 So know my friend that I,  
 Love, but am not in love. Oh much  
 That cannot be expressed, sacred -  
 Is in this one thought. I love!  
 I am utterly in heaven. I create  
 A prayer with my ecstatic heart,  
 Before the heavenly Deity.  
 With all my soul, my being,  
 Exalted above the commonplace  
 Order of life's pressures and demands,  
 Longings, joys, and sorrows!"



## X

Abandoned were the novels. Dziady,  
 Again upon the scene is Lippoman,  
 And antiquated musket shells,  
 Have filled his pockets.  
 With Vyhovskij he roams the fields,  
 Discovers ancient burial grounds,  
 And bones of unfortunate Cossacks  
 He flings from the graves.  
 For an arrow, or a bit of iron  
 He is prepared to give his purse.  
 And as long as the grave is eastward,  
 He would have no mercy for even a demon.  
 Through his mysterious lenses  
 All are Scythians, and Black-Klobuks ...

## XI

The task went quickly. But in vain  
 He wandered in the kingdom of the dead.  
 His soul was utterly fatigued  
 The unfortunate man used all his strength  
 But neither the labors nor the weariness,  
 Erased the dream.  
 Again in his sleep a vision,  
 Began to appear to him.  
 Those avenues, marshes, and willows,  
 That dear cottage, that family,  
 Where during the parting flowed in triple streams,  
 His mute tears.  
 My dazzling heaven, my love,  
 When will I see you again?

## XII

The Dnieper and the steppes part  
 Me from you, my beautiful one,  
 And people bitterly reproach me.  
 But surely, the heavens  
 Will not condemn me for my yearning,  
 To hasten to a sweet reunion.  
 Oh no! With my soul I believe  
 That in heaven there is a different judgement  
 Why continue to grieve?  
 In the midst of graves in a barren field.  
 Let us leave to the dead their peace.  
 'Tis time to return to life!  
 In her family circle sad and lonely  
 She does not dare to wait for me.

## XIII

And now Petrushka has already,  
 Oiled the wagon - how it creaks,  
 The Poor One! he had the habit,  
 Of working on an empty stomach.  
 Vyhovskij intently draws up plans,  
 For unearthing burial grounds,  
 But my excited hero,  
 Has drawn himself another plan.  
 Having arrived in Smila, at Cherkas,  
 He had the post horses hitched up.  
 However, when the light of day,  
 Began to fade beyond the Vykrutas  
 He has long been in the forest,  
 Which stretches toward the Dnieper.

## VIV

If only I had been highly gifted  
 By nature's generosity!  
 With what picturesque fervor,  
 I'd have sung praises to the forest while all around,  
 In pillars in the dusk looming,  
 Rustled the spruce trees in the dark.  
 In their own sombre beauty!  
 I would sing praises to deep sighs,  
 The forests limitless depth  
 Gleaming through the crests of the moon,  
 The hungry howlings of the wolves  
 As in the darkness of the ocean's depth,  
 In the forest lives and breathes terror.

## XV

But the wild forest suddenly frolics,  
 Into an oak clearing with a hamlet,  
 And the Dnieper came into view,  
 Gleaming as pure silver.  
 In the moonlight the waves gleamed,  
 And the horses neighed,  
 Having sensed the water.  
     But the ferry  
 Awaited at the other shore.  
 Who can express the vexation, loneliness,  
 And impatient sorrow,  
 And anger of the poet. On the shore  
 Is not a soul. In mute suffering  
 His sensitive soul is sunk.  
 He stands gazing at the water.

## XVI

The water swirls and glistens  
 In the rays of the midnight moon.  
 And suddenly a mermaid parts  
 With a white hand, the crest of a wave  
 Was it in playful unintention?  
 The moon's rays in the crystal water?  
 Or was it really that, he, for a moment  
 In the waves saw an enchanted face?  
 Or was it the water's swirling?  
 Or a faint voice in the distance?  
 But he only heard upon the river  
 A chorus, forboding, with a shiver.

## The Mermaid's Song

"You grieve, you sorrow,  
 You count the minutes;  
 You're caught my pitiful one,  
 Forever in tangles.

You hurry to a reunion,  
 Forgetting yourself;  
 You don't know pitiful one,  
 How you will be met ...  
 "Petrushka, do you hear?"

But he:

"Yes, it is the ferry coming toward us."

## XVII

And indeed the ferry is coming  
 Nearer. The poet looks.  
 There is no mermaid. Only the answering call  
 In the forest of a hoot owl. And the moonlight  
 Exquisitely bathes the waters  
 Where, lightly curled a mist.  
 Oh, how long he will remember  
 In a light sleep, or while awake  
 What appeared to him that night.  
 He never shall forget,  
 The rays, these shores  
 Nor the spell-casting forboding words.

## XVIII

Fields of native Ukraine  
 Will I again see you?  
 Oh how my soul strives  
 From a strange land toward your vastness.

Will I ever see the golden fields,  
Orchards in bloom, dense forests, steppes, and meadows  
And the picturesque shores of the streams?

## XIX

Onegin with a casual glance  
Measured his native meadows;  
And the orderly rye fields,  
Impatiently he surveyed.  
One thought alone was in his soul,  
One desire only in his heart,  
To end hastily the long journey,  
And to sigh at sweet arrival.  
Two days he travelled and two nights.  
And the picturesque Lubna  
With the mute remnants of the past  
Did not distract him. But strength  
There none remained and he  
Slept beneath the sky's blue dome.

## XX

The light of day now had settled  
Upon the edge of Batohovskij's fields  
As the troika of post horses arrives  
Into the avenues of Ostapivka.  
How his heart within him began to throb!  
How joyous, then fearful  
Became my poet!  
Here all things seem to be smiling,  
As though to greet him.  
With heaven and earth,  
His fiery soul is in love  
But for what reason does his heart pound?  
Will I find her - does she still live?  
With these thoughts his soul is filled.

## XXI

But who is she? the object of his soul's  
Dreams and secret tears?  
I grieve that in everyday language  
To this question I must reply.  
Can I with cold words,  
Have you see Lisa and look  
At her through his eyes? No 'tis more fair  
For her to remain in a half-light,  
Her character tranquil and profound  
Is above any beauty.  
Her eyes, her features,  
Are filled with her lofty soul.

The attraction of these can be understood  
Only by him who can read in them her soul.

## XXII

She fell in love with the poet,  
In the dawn of her youthfulness;  
And the first flame of her vernal days  
She presented to him.  
With Nadia her tender sister, she  
Shared her secret dreams.  
She became accustomed to forget  
The poet's poverty. Although her mother  
Had often spoken  
Of the sad state of penury.  
But Cupid's flying darts,  
From the heart are not withdrawn.  
As a quiet sacrifice she remains  
Eternally faithful to the poet.

## XXIII

Her brother Vasa was the poet's friend  
And their friendship ever was  
More true than love, more adamant than steel  
But all too often their natures  
Could somehow not agree.  
The poet loved freedom,  
In all his words and deeds.  
He did not dabble in trifles,  
And saw clearly the world and its morals,  
And pre-judgments of elders,  
And the pretences of the young.  
He noted these as objects of amusement.  
But the other was just the opposite. He sought,  
From both the wise and foolish praise.

## XXIV

Be as it may. The poet  
Merely expected from Vasa  
A joyous welcome. How bitterly  
He was deceived!

Vasa arose  
Pompously. "Well, sweet friend  
Now you have disturbed us!  
What will the relatives all say?"  
"This is how I'm being welcomed!"  
Interrupted the poet, glaring,  
And with these words in silence sat down,  
And into sorrow his anger sank.

I do not wish to disgrace you  
 Allow me at least to glance at her  
 And in that hour I shall depart.

## CHAPTER TWO

What a commission - Creator  
 To be the father of a full-grown daughter  
 - Griboyedov

### I

Meantime in the lady's section  
 Alarms follow in turn  
 Lisa whispers in Nadine's ear  
 "He's arrived", she whispered, "Oh my God!"  
 While mamma is bustling  
 Her hurried labors; she does not conceal  
 To show her daughters that the guest's  
 Arrival is most inopportune.  
 However, seeing that it's impossible  
 To remedy the situation, says,  
 Assuming her most severe expression,  
 "Look now Lisetta, as much as possible,  
 Keep him at a distance  
 So that he will not think anything...".

### II

For he, it seems, presumes  
 That you are his bride-to-be:  
 For he pretends to be  
 Some sort of lord, but ay ay,  
 In my eyes he simply is a schoolboy,  
 A philosopher, and an ingratiating ne'er-do-well  
 But what is most insulting,  
 Is that he has nothing!

... ..

### III

"Oh mother dear! let them laugh,  
 Those relatives of ours, that my intended,  
 Is not rich. For their tears flow,  
 Over their gold also."  
 "Enough, Lisa, you don't know  
 What nonsense you babble,  
 Your mind has not kept up with your age.  
 But where is Nadia? Where is she?"

"In the orchard"

"Oh this is what it means,  
Why did she walk away from us?  
She could not take the excitement,  
And surely is weeping out of doors".

IV

"And he's a fine fellow: lets my dear..."  
"'Tis sinful mother for you to deride him so;  
With his soul he could be playing a role  
Within the circle of his friends.  
He loves me only".

"Oh God!

What words, and from whom,  
No, never did I anticipate,  
That you would ever  
Insult me with such a reply.  
Lisa saddened, and a tear  
Is about to dew her eyes.  
Suddenly Vasa arm in arm with the poet  
Entered. Mother appears calm,  
But Lisa blushes deeper than roses.

V

The hostess receives the guest  
With friendliness. But he  
Barely responds to her.  
He is completely wrapped up in Lisa.  
His bow, his words, his movements,  
Are filled with his heart's excitement,  
And Lisa - what can one say of her?  
She is trying to conceal  
Before her mother and the poet  
Involuntary trembling of her words,  
Her tender glance, her love.  
To the storm of his phrases in reply  
Came a modest mutual compliment  
Which happened at that moment.

VI

The more ardent becomes her heart within her,  
The more she conceals,  
The tumult of her emotions. But she is betrayed  
By unwilling sighs and blushes.  
All this makes mother apprehensive  
She deliberately diverts,  
The attention of the guest.  
"In good stead  
Have you hurried to us. Soon we  
Will be celebrating at

Our dear Nadia's wedding.  
 At Nadia's wedding? My God!  
 Yes, Yes. Why be amazed?"  
 "I'm not amazed, I am astounded  
 With unwilling terror. Who is he?"

## VII

The maker of precious promises?  
 'Tis foolish to guess,  
 "He is a man of respectful years,  
 And I am pleased to tell you,  
 That he has rank and wealth,  
 We value highly his attentions".  
 ... ..  
 "A warrior - statesman?"  
                                   "An ex-warrior  
 A lieutenant-colonel, and wealthy;  
 Well, simply not a suitor but a treasure.  
 Loving, kind, enlightened...!"  
 Is it not ominous Nikolay?"  
 Yes, it is. Why are you so...?"  
                                   " - Farewell!"

## VIII

Said Onegin, and in streams  
 Tears welled from his eyes.  
 His heartfelt sorrow,  
 Has ruined all. But that hour  
 He mastered himself.  
                                   " - What ails you?"  
 Asked mamma; looking at  
 Lisa she said,  
 "But what? who?"  
                                   But she is mute  
 "'Tis not for me to tell you  
 How to select a son-in-law,"  
 Said the poet. "Your new son-in-law  
 Is worthy of every honor  
 But he is not for Madia a partner  
 His advanced years,

## IX

His nature, his style of life  
 Will cause disharmony,  
 Disappointments, quarrels, insults  
 For ever will extinguish love.  
 'Tis better for me to be such a prophet.  
 To foresee disaster and say nothing  
 I've always considered a disgrace.

If for the sake of preventing sad rumors,  
 I beg of you, do not wonder  
 At my sorrow, at my tears  
 Surely this may seem to you  
 Quite strange,  
 But I love well-wishers and friends  
 With all my soul.

## X

No matter how strong the convictions,  
 And vain the calculating eye,  
 But the word of mighty fate  
 Against our will defeats us.  
 Even though the hostess called the  
 Poet a schoolboy, she knew  
 His ability and his mind,  
 And the clarity of his independent thoughts.  
 And so she was not ashamed  
 To admit to him that she  
 Sees now and alone  
 That in the betrothal she was flustered.  
 "But I am not Nadia's enemy,  
 I'll let her have her free will".

## XI

"And how is she?"  
                                   "She is agreeable",  
 "I don't believe my own ears  
 This news to me is frightening.  
 Surely not to the heavens,  
 Must we attribute our woe;  
 Which in life's seas  
 Will find her a new suitor?  
 No this wild thought  
 Long since my reason has rejected.  
 Heaven gives us freedom and wisdom,  
 That nothing on our own  
 We initiate. Prior reason  
 Often destroys us. We err  
 And later blame the heavens!"

## XII

When finally with pious Vasa  
 He was left alone,  
 To all conceivable persuasions,  
 Then gave free vent.  
                                   "If for me,  
 The lot designated by fate is  
 To call Nadia my sister,

I would not permit my  
 Dear dove to go to the altar.  
 I would embrace her knees,  
 Before her I would kiss the earth,  
 And if I had not moved  
 Her with my prayers,  
 And the sad description of the future,  
 I would no longer implore.

## XIII

But seeing a sad fate before her  
 As a loving brother for her  
 I would risk my life  
 And prove myself to her!"  
 "My friend," calmly replies  
 The pious Vasa - "it doesn't impress me  
 This turbulent heroism.  
 Do not forget that egoism  
 No matter in what guise it appears,  
 I can identify immediately.  
 I do not wish to take upon myself,  
 Beyond my strength. Truly I suffered  
 Not less than you in grief,  
 But we are powerless over ourselves".

## XIV

In indignation Onegin  
 Leaves his friend.  
 And suddenly, unexpectedly he meets  
 In the avenue, Nadia. His expression  
 Depicts sorrow and reproach.  
 Unwillingly, Nadia her shy eyes  
 Lowers and remains silent  
 And as though before a judge she stands.  
 "My kind friend," said Eugene  
 Heiress of my love  
 Have you really closed your ears  
 To our pleas and convictions  
 How can you with a soul like yours  
 Be the wife of a semi-barbarian?"

## XV

With noble indignation,  
 As thunderstruck she stood,  
 Then with a voice proud and calm  
 She replied to him,  
 "I listened to your arguments  
 Satires and sharp expressions;

And laughter at my fiancé,  
 Before he became such.  
 But since my fate has been decided,  
 I will permit no one,  
 Not even my brother  
 To grieve for him. I have submitted  
 To my fate. But why  
 Is known to God alone."

XVI      XVII

...    ...    ...    ...    .

XVIII

Oh Poet! blessed priest of art,  
 Source of spiritual beauty.  
 What an exalted flame of emotions  
 To mankind you bring as sacrifice  
 Treasure your grievances,  
 The outflow of a living heart  
 For our daily lives an example  
 'Tis better to be a doer, than a poet.  
 At times we listen gladly to  
 Your spell binding voice, and in spirit  
 Soar with you.  
 But if only you become silent; unperturbed  
 We hang our heads, and continue  
 Along our paths as heretofore.

XIX

Lisetta and Nadia for the poet  
 Were as one being  
 Onegin in his early years  
 Had an enlightened mind,  
 And in good taste was their teacher.  
 With the freedom of lofty thoughts,  
 He tried to elevate their minds,  
 Above the rubbish of village thoughts.  
 And it seemed to him  
 That no one would succeed,  
 Of the Luben fops and swanks  
 Here to begin a romance.  
 What a bitter sudden deception.

XX

Carrying a wound deeply in his heart  
 The poet suffers but is silent.  
 Oh, how long ago to deceptions  
 He could have accustomed his heart.

But 'tis better to forever flounder,  
 And be charmed with a deceptive dream,  
 Than with an untrusting mind  
 To see sincerity in no one,  
 Unbearable, to agree with each one,  
 The entire life to read as a book.  
 To know all, to experience all emotions,  
 And again to return to the beginning,  
 And listen to that tale again  
 Of fidelity, friendship, and love.

## XXI

Onegin seeks consolation  
 In conversations with Lisa.  
 The bitter mutterings of commiseration  
 He shares with all his heart.  
 But she as though not comprehending  
 Avoids him deliberately.  
 At times sorrowful, at times lonely,  
 Distraught, and cold.

## XXII

I think, are not all poets,  
 Perhaps by nature so created,  
 That their questions and their replies,  
 Are at times strange and ludicrous?  
 On phrases tender and sad  
 On complaints sentimental  
 To stop. To become silent  
 And suddenly begin a new speech  
 In a murderously gloomy tone  
 All this was for him  
 Completely natural.

" - Whom?

At mother's stern directives  
 Must you select as a spouse,  
 I'd be curious to know."

## XXIII

"Well think, whom therefore  
 Such talk would not disturb,"  
 Lisetta thinks, "Oh God  
 How mischievously he treats my soul  
 Surely for that he was a poet  
 Created, so that with the entire world  
 In his pride to suspect?  
 Let him know that to trifle  
 He could with others, but not with me.  
 And of vengeance the searing tear

Mists the loving eyes,  
 And with unexplicable sorrow  
 Her spirit is oppressed.  
 With lowered glance she remains silent.

## XXIV

And no matter, how, after that  
 The poet tried to gladden her,  
 On her lips no smile appeared.  
 Steadfastly in sorrow she stands,  
 She is not a traitor to herself,  
 And calmly answers  
 To his love and tenderness.  
 "My friend," he said, "For what reason  
 Have you grown so cold to me?"  
 "I've ever been as now  
 Neither hot nor cold.  
 Certainly I respected you"  
 "Oh," interrupted the poet.  
 And before him the world grew dim.

## XXV

"So this was respect  
 Nothing more than that?"  
 "Nothing more. Without doubt  
 I've met no one  
 With a mind, education of this kind  
 And with a heart and soul like yours.  
 But besides simple friendship for you  
 Other love I have not known."  
 "So!" and with this glad cry of confession  
 He bowed and left.  
 And suddenly Lisa's anger vanished  
 She runs to Nadia and weeping  
 She embraces her sister  
 And recounts to her their differences.

## XXVI

"Lisetta," replies her friend  
 Of her youthful leisure pastimes,  
 In vain you complain about our friend,  
 And his gloomy manner.  
 Do you know how many trials,  
 And unendurable pains and sorrows,  
 He has endured in his life?  
 A sorrowful lot is his.  
 Oh Lisa, be kind to him, agreeable.  
 In the vale of sorrowful existence,  
 This is your esteemed role,

And your greatest reward,  
Will be your knowledge that with love,  
As a sacrifice you have given yourself."

## XXVII

At this speech with wondering awe,  
Amazed, astonished,  
Her sister's spiritual excellence  
Is in her mind a source of pride.  
"Oh, I understand how this idea  
Was born within you".

A tear  
Rolled down from the gentle eyes  
Of silent Nadia. But that instant  
She composed herself. To a meeting  
Of the poet and Lisa in the orchard she goes  
To reconcile them.

Too late! He  
Is at mother's and with a speech  
Full of sharp words  
Addressed himself to her abruptly.

## XXVIII

"Your ladyship, you have long known  
'Tis not ice we carry in our hearts;  
Have you really not comprehended  
To what ends this would lead us?  
Do not seclude yourself; you wonderously  
Have devined why so often  
I visit in your village,  
Wherefore I strive, what I seek".  
"Sir, I do not understand you".  
Came the cold reply.  
Enraged, the fiery poet cried,  
"Oh, if so, then I continue  
'Tis known to you that with my entire soul  
I love Lisa"

- "Oh my God!"

## XXIX

"Do not wonder: before me  
You have no reason to cry out.  
Surely mercilessly with my soul,  
You wish to amuse yourself?  
Then my lack of wealth,  
Does not meet your taste; you as the mother  
Long since could have shown  
That I'm no suitor to your Lisa.  
But to encourage and show favour

And later quarrel and cause dissention -  
 Oh such a blow,  
 I did not expect of you,  
 I considered you an angel".

XXX

"I've listened to you with patience,"  
 The lady to her guest replies,  
 "Oh 'tis obvious my misfortune  
 'Tis fated to endure  
 For my kindness; insults.  
 If you had any visions  
 For my younger daughters  
 Which one of them,  
 You most closely followed.  
 All this was for me,  
 A difficult riddle. And I  
 Not once but often thought that you  
 Loved Nadia. As God is my witness  
 But Lisa... Lisa - I admit ...

XXXI

Is but a child.  
                   Oh how cunningly,  
 You have concealed your thoughts.  
 Listen, who gave you the right,  
 To speak to me so rudely?"  
 "Her love before the entire world,  
 Gives me that right.  
                   " - Well in this  
 Allow me to doubt you. I  
 Say to you directly. My daughter  
 Loves you not!"  
                   "Oh calm yourself  
 And let me be the judge of  
 Lisa's feelings.  
                   To lose my love  
 For her I have no reason. Do not fear  
 We've known each other long  
 She is fated to be mine."

XXXII

"And sooner possibly a grave,  
 My cold relics will swallow.  
 I vow to you, no power  
 Will part her from me."  
 He said and fled in sorrow.  
 Before him appear Lisa and Nadia  
 "Farewell!" the poet cries  
 "Farewell" - at daybreak

I shall for a long while depart  
 What does this mean?

Nothing.

Suffice for you,  
 That I beg you to remember  
 That you must become mine!"

### CHAPTER THREE

He who has lived and thought cannot  
 In his heart not suspect people.

- Pushkin

#### I

Tormented and indignant,  
 The poet left Lisetta's mother  
 To him with deep compassion  
 Came Vasa into the room.  
 His devotion to the poet  
 Was evident to all.  
 And his esteem for  
 His talent and thoughts,  
 Exceeded into worship.  
 When my fiery hero  
 Was due to anger himself not.  
 But this was not cowardice,  
 It was the highest friendship  
 The unqualified kindness of the soul.

#### II

With what tender words,  
 He could content a heart.  
 With what short speeches,  
 He was able to converse with a soul.  
 Turbulent passions he was able,  
 To bring to repentance and calm,  
 With his love transform!  
 To know him and not to love him -  
 Oh that was simply impossible.  
 The poet loved him with all his soul,  
 And valued his heart's tenderness.  
 But one must not conceal,  
 That in the turbulence of his passions,  
 He often scorned and insulted him.

#### III

Pious Vasa, respecting

In the poet the goodness of his heart,  
 Wished that dear Lisa  
 Would be his wife. But she  
 Feared his fiery nature,  
 And his sarcasm, and sharp wit.  
 Loving him, she many a time  
 Suffered his insults.  
 But mother, though she enjoyed  
 His conversation...But so  
 Judicious and harsh is his tone,  
 She found it unbearable, at times  
 Having quarrelled with him  
 She simply considered him cruel.

IV, V, VI, VII

... ..

VIII

Now that so deeply rooted  
 In Onegin's soul was his love,  
 What a storm erupted,  
 What a tragedy again,  
 The impending parting.  
 First pride, then heartfelt suffering,  
 "What have you brought about my friend?"  
 Thus Vasa began the conversation.  
 "Now, if you were the father,  
 And a proud youth entered  
 Into your home, ranting and shouting?  
 I can imagine your reply  
 Be he a hundred times a poet!"

IX

Why are you angry at her mother,  
 Because she is too full of wisdom?  
 To believe in the  
 Deception of ecstatic love?  
 But perhaps all this precaution  
 For harshness of the heart and worthlessness  
 To respect ones way of living?"

... ..

X

... ..

## XI

"Why trivial considerations  
 Of wealth and rank,  
 Why of future worries  
 Has she such fears?  
 And the inconstancy of blind fate,  
 Guess with one's mind.  
 Who can boldly confirm,  
 That with titles and estates,  
 Taken as legacy from his father,  
 He will be happy to the end?"  
 Ludicrous, pathetic dream.

## XII

"Not all, my friend, are endowed,  
 With a mind like yours.  
 For lonely, shy old ladies,  
 'Tis better to stay with the aged.  
 Believe me, mother dear wishes  
 To have you for a relative, but is terrified  
 At your volatile proud ways.  
 Now, admit that you're not right  
 That it's impossible to treat  
 A young lady of respectful years so.  
 And even though you are a great poet,  
 Before her you must calm yourself.

## XIII

The poet with great strides  
 Paces the room without a word.  
 Now and again he gestured,  
 And kind Vasa concluded  
 That he surrendered to reason.  
 Suddenly someone knocked upon the door.  
 Fedoska, flushingly aglow,  
 Her hands aflutter  
 Delivered a message to the young man.  
 He immediately,  
 Relayed it to his friend.  
 "The lady wishes to invite you",  
 Whispered Fedoska, and as an arrow  
 Darted into her dark corner.

## XIV

With what fear and amazement  
 My Onegin was struck,  
 When having opened the letter excitedly,  
 He found his name on it.

She wrote to him herself  
And it was clear that her hand trembled.

Lisa's Letter to Onegin

"Do not judge me  
For daring to write to you.  
I shall express myself briefly.  
For quite some time  
Your strange manners  
In the circle of my relatives and amusements  
Have alarmed me. To please  
My parents you should perhaps say  
That you're my friend. But you

XV

Do not wish to say a word.  
Suddenly you're thoughtful, then angry  
Oh my God! For I am prepared,  
It seems to serve in any situation  
If you would only approve of me.  
Your tone, your pattern of free thinking,  
And your coarse boredom  
Will lead us to no good!  
What if mother orders,  
You suddenly from her home.  
She will punish both of us.  
I beg you to conquer yourself,  
And beg her for forgiveness".

XVI

The expression of this innocent soul  
Deeply touched the poet  
He sits, and with much trepidation  
Writes immediately in reply.

Onegin's Letter to Lisa

"My friend, the joy of my life  
Your advice and reprimands  
Are as a warm spring breath,  
Of an innocent and saintly soul.  
Oh, if only I could remain  
For ever a Ukrainian landowner  
And with my fierce thoughts  
Not enter into wars of ideas.  
Oh, if only with you alone,  
My ominous thoughts were occupied.

XVII

An envious lot is that of the carefree,  
The settled sons of indolence

Having domain over hundreds of beasts,  
 They know not oppressive dreams;  
 As the ancient shepherds and their herds  
 Great understanding they do not require.  
 From goats and sheep fleece  
 To remove requires not prudence  
 And whoever is born beneath the open sky,  
 For him a desert is not lonely.  
 But how pathetic, meagre  
 For him who has sparred with the muses.  
 He pities both the sheep  
 And the dulled hearts.

## XVIII

This is the reason why your neighbours,  
 Tovkach, Batok, and Hrechkosej,  
 Who give dinner parties,  
 And evenings for their relatives,  
 Bring a gloom and boredom to my soul,  
 And fill my heart with suffering.  
 Then as everything about me swirls,  
 And a violin madly squeals;  
 For them dances - For me pathetic people;  
 For them music - For me bitter weeping;  
 For them a young gentleman - for me the executioner;  
 Rich clothing - funeral mourning;  
 Oh how many tears could be wrung out  
 Of these blondes, these roses."

## XIX

Charitable as the ancient gods,  
 They call the peasants, people.  
 But I, a Cossack blind and miserable  
 In them see apes.  
 But am I to blame,  
 That in the din of the ball,  
 Famished god-like people  
 Stands and gape at the portals?  
 No one thinks of this.  
 The deprivation is yet not great.  
 In winter it will torture the peasant,  
 He'll find recreation in the summer harvest.  
 Oh peasants! Oh landowners!  
 Oh ancestral chains!

## XX

In the midst of gods I am an empty creature,  
 In the midst of humans I am a man.  
 Circle of friends, a simple family

Will give me everlasting pleasure.  
 Remember the long conversations,  
 Remember the suppers, and the dinners,  
 When your aimless actor  
 Babbled his genuine rubbish?  
 Do you remember the tales and novels,  
 The parables and verses,  
 Remember old sins?  
 I suffered as a penitent  
 But you in pious silence  
 Wondered and marked me.

## XXI

But should then the hounds arise,  
 And the guests loudly shout,  
 And all the books removed from the scene,  
 And place saucers instead?  
 My happiness flies;  
 On my soul a stone is lain.  
 I am bored but cannot,  
 Tell the guests.  
 I sorrow deeply, I curse  
 Them for their aimless sleigh rides,  
 Their dances, the sorrows of others,  
 And impatiently await,  
 When will arrive the longed for hour  
 Of their departure.

## XXII

But no, they sit and babble  
 An hour goes by, the second, five, seven;  
 Gnaw on nuts and consume  
 Preserves, pears. In the meantime  
 Midnight arrives. 'Tis dangerous  
 To travel in forests.  
                   Yes, in vain  
 To even entertain the thoughts. The hostess  
 Says, and has beds prepared  
 Upon the floor in jest,  
 The young men lie in the hallway,  
 Their sides ache with laughter,  
 And then - they sleep the clock around.  
 And so they live a hundred years,  
 And a poet is expected to love them!

## XXIII

Your tender admonitions and the sterner  
 Have I profoundly felt,  
 But these gluttonous gods,  
 Will not be loved by me.

Do not associate with them.  
 With your loving tender ways  
 You cannot breathe life into a puppet.  
 In the dimness of godly silence  
 With it, humans erect temples  
 Bring as offerings goats and calves  
 And the higher duties of the priests  
 Their peers celebrate alone.  
 Let them be godlike. But we  
 Shall remain human.

## XXIV

For your compliance, forgiveness  
 Of your mother I shall seek,  
 But a reprimand and not forgiveness  
 I know I shall receive.  
 Old age! enemy of magnanimity,  
 Coldness, miserliness and lack of spirit,  
 These are your deserts.  
 My dear friend, my letter  
 May seem morose,  
 But serving holy truth,  
 I am with esteemed forthrightness.  
 My love is in my deeds  
 And not in emotional words.

## CHAPTER FOUR

I love you creation of Peter,  
 I love your upright stern appearance,  
 The country-wide flowing of the Neva,  
 Her banks defend.

- Pushkin

## I

Onegin, dissatisfied with the world  
 Almost became demented,  
 Or almost became a poet,  
 Confessed - somehow became obligated.  
 So Pushkin the genius of keen perception  
 The father of a monstrous generation,  
 With an immortal voice spoke.  
 And the participation of his son foretold.  
 As a pretender he appeared,  
 In steppes where the praised Dnieper flows  
 As the penitent wandering Jew  
 For tortuous wanderings he was born:

Of a Ukrainian blind bard,  
And a disgrace to his first father.

## II

And here in the quality of a poet  
He prolongs us, and if you please  
To be his father. Although  
I do not relish this role,  
For this from times long past is known,  
That our children only in the flesh  
Will repeat us! So God has judged  
A great poet was Pushkin.  
His son obviously does not know the iambic meter,  
From the trochaic. As we know;  
For that it chanced I fathered  
Into this world such a nit wit,  
That he considers his prosaic father  
To be a simple fool.

## III

But jests aside. But right  
After so many of his misdemeanours  
Are now a poor diversion for me.  
To carry on my honest tale,  
The tongue unwittingly becomes numb,  
Inadvertently the heart grows colder,  
Whenever I think of it.  
How demeaning, with shame  
To the hostess he must appear.  
And simply with no flowery words  
Say that he is a great fool.  
Oh no - the tongue will not move,  
I'll tell you briefly. By morning  
He was near Luben.

## IV

Have mercy. For how is it possible  
To rid yourself thus of us,  
Whether a relative or not one must,  
Carry on properly your tale.  
You have not spared our hearts,  
As we watched for him everywhere.  
Why should we spare him?  
I have the honor to convey to you,  
That as my Onegin foresaw,  
So it occurred. From him  
They listened to nothing,  
And so frightened that he did not see

The light. And then adieu!  
At that moment he rode away.

## V

Being saved from heart rending torture,  
I enter at times the forgotten temple,  
And only extend my sinful hands  
To the holy mountainous heights,  
The heavenly unquenchable fire  
Gives might to waning powers,  
And for blasphemy near the holy  
And everlasting primal beauty,  
My indefatigable soul  
Burns with a thirst to shed tears;  
But the sweetness of flaming prayers  
Balm for unbearable sorrows,  
The beauty of a blessed life  
For ever to the outsider unknown.

## VI

Thus to poetry the outsider,  
Has for prose exchanged lyrics.  
At times enters like a convict  
Into the brilliant temple of Apollo.  
And suddenly pierced by his dart  
Is captivated by the beauty of the god.  
And the miraculous arrow,  
Of silver and gold  
Sends him a feeling of repulsion.  
"My god as of today - Apollo!"  
In ecstasy he cries out,  
And rudely strikes the strings.  
But the strings are deaf - his heart  
Does not breathe godliness.

## VII

A laborer of daily prose,  
Long since I've unaccustomed my ear,  
To stately sounds and reprimands.  
Muses of the oppressed I have forgotten  
Now, in sufferings of parting,  
I've stretched to him supplicating hands  
But with concealed malice they  
Have handed their lyre to me.  
And enchanting miraculous power,  
Enchanted Olympian strings.  
The roar of the greatest dream is in me,  
With holy peals have awakened;  
But the angry muses  
Taunt at my verses.

## VIII

And you, who with your ranks  
 Dream of enslaving beauty  
 And with your golden greying hair  
 Cause a charmer to fall in love with you.  
 More easily than anyone you'll understand me,  
 The unfortunate poet.  
 You are a sacrifice to laughter,  
 For they shall be cursed,  
 All these trifling considerations,  
 And love of honor and honesty  
 And Russian striving to excel,  
 And the worries over heirs;  
 Blessed is he who looks upon the world,  
 As does my meditating poet.

## IX

But where is he - Oh he's in the capital,  
 Is that so! Oh yes, for he's not we,  
 As a migrating bird  
 He has not always lived with humans.  
 To the capital my new Onegin  
 Brought a ready supply of boredom.  
 He had known passions and therefore  
 He had no deprivation here.  
 As a Pushkin - as a gallant,  
 To tread upon the thresholds of the rich,  
 And to tempt worthy matrons,  
 For that our age is famous.  
 Not ours as was Pushkin's age,  
 Now man has risen above all that.

## X

And to tell you the holy truth,  
 He is not in the capital,  
 To lead a dissipated life.  
 For even finances he does not have  
 For this sufficient.  
 His dreams long since had been  
 To see these shores,  
 Where the exalted servant of the Muses  
 As a bright meteor glowed  
 Where as in the heavenly firmament  
 Sparkle the stars on moonlit nights,  
 So his halo sparkled.  
 Crowds of famous friends,  
 The children of holy poetry.

## XI

Where, as in far off Switzerland  
 On the summits of the snowy Alps,  
 In the deep gloom of evening,  
 The living beauty of the sun,  
 Still glowing as it wanes;  
 His soul forever living,  
 Having forsaken our sad world,  
 Casts upon it an after-glow;  
 Capital of northern conquests,  
 The banks of the Neva guard,  
 You somber, haughty landscapes,  
 Would have given the poet no joy,  
 Had he not in these jagged cliffs,  
 Sought for a poet's soul!

## XII

The creations of Peter the Great  
 Brilliant Pushkin perfected.  
 The royal advance praised by song  
 Illuminated for ages yet to come.  
 His thoughts, as of a profound architect  
 Are not completed, until the esteemed  
 Sculptor's fiery taste  
 Does not recognize in him two Muses  
 With what relatives and family  
 At times my poet was surrounded,  
 When during his meditations he  
 Wandered near the mirror-like Neva,  
 Fruitless shadows of empty crowds  
 He saw in the night air.

## XIII

And in this visionary crowd,  
 Through their concealing mist,  
 Especially friendly, two shadows,  
 Of poet-brethren, he saw.  
 One meditating, tall  
 The other tender and profound,  
 One - on the foreign East  
 The other on the Northern waste;  
 One whose soul had the strength of Atlas,  
 Wished to raise the entire world,  
 The other was fated to remain silent  
 As the thunder in an immovable cloud  
 Oh God, we dream with our minds  
 Send us life-giving thunder!

## XIV

Boudoirs and salons  
 The new Onegin avoided.  
 However, he made several bows  
 He considered it his duty,  
 To the succeeding heirs of art.  
 But their judgments and emotions  
 Had though scalded him with steam.  
 But he understood naught  
 Of to what humanness strived,  
 From the entire tender family  
 He only heard, "I, not I" ...  
 Pchela and Kraevskij have quarrelled  
 Have you read Polevotip  
 Belinskij they say has lost his voice.

## XV

Here are your contemporary phrases,  
 Those which he heard there?  
 He was amazed as contagion at  
 These collections. He kept silent  
 And thought, "My God, what rumors  
 What God only knows what languages  
 Have entered your habitat.  
 Can it be that my sympathy  
 To singers who wander everlastingly  
 Is but a blundering or a lie?  
 They alone are right - but whom  
 Shall they regard as a prophet?  
 ... ..

## XVI

... ..  
 As never, a soul-less babbler  
 Outwardly beautiful, but empty,  
 Assumed as his own the thoughts of others,  
 Predicted for the muddling of the simple minded;  
 So even now, only with brilliance of phrases  
 Babblers blind us.

## XVII, XVIII, XIX

## XX

I don't know what this thought,  
 In his soul would have brought about,  
 When if he were far from the world,  
 Fate had not brought him to the poet.  
 The poet was of respectful years,

He is one of ordinary people,  
 With his talent and his soul  
 He has risen above the crowd;  
 But the trash of life he detested;  
 He secluded himself within his family  
 And remained a stranger to all people,  
 Not seeing any great loss in this.  
 Forgive my stolen verses  
 Surely we have enough of them.

## XXI

Pustinnick, so Eugene named him;  
 My Eugene is not as Pushkin's,  
 Oh if only Pushkin's genius  
 Would be granted to me now by fate;  
 Oh with what great sympathy  
 A refuge, deserted, lonely  
 I would my friends for you portray,  
 In which our hermit lived.  
 And thus my Eugene named,  
 My friend Pustinnick.  
 Became warm friends and for him,  
 Appeared a firmament of new revelations,  
 Oh bright heaven, Oh beautiful days  
 Why have they vanished?

## XXII

But not alone lived our Pustinnick,  
 With him lived his bear-servant  
 His guard and his awakener.  
 And it was amusing to see  
 How the days rolled by without sorrow  
 For them. They were ever silent;  
 Pustinnick never spoke.  
 Mishuk by nature was silent  
 What kind of quarrels could there have been?  
 Order everlastingly: but one  
 Designated Misha's master  
 And hence drove away, all conversations.  
 In a word their habit was  
 As Krilov described in his tales.

## XXIII

But for the honor of man 'tis necessary,  
 To tell my readers  
 That of him it's impossible  
 To expect the enthusiasm of a beast.  
 Pustinnick, independent of the world  
 Felt for the poet heartfelt love,  
 The poet's friend and brother of long standing,

He respected youthful talent,  
 And he saw in him a profound mind,  
 And valued the freshness of his heart.  
 Pustinnik loved and hated,  
                                   Oh my God!  
 As though I am the hero!

## XXIV

Eugene meditated. But Pustinnik  
 In the hours of their debates  
 Was a merciless opponent;  
 He often needled him.  
 In dull, blind, patriotism,  
 Provincial egoism,  
 With which unfortunately  
 My country is filled.  
 It could have come to quarrels, but praise God,  
 Pustinnik soon kept silent.  
 Although the other sharply reminded,  
 That he limped on his leg.  
 But in all other matters  
 They agreed in heart and mind.

## XXV

Pustinnik was after all a family man,  
 As I have mentioned somewhere above,  
 But all his love for his family  
 In one object he centered:  
 He had a young daughter  
 Innocently vivacious, alive,  
 Fifteen years old, not more.  
 She and the poet became friendly,  
 He saw in her a proper up-bringing  
 Which the fiery Jean-Jacques  
 A kindly one from whom man has turned.  
 Prohibited. Persecution  
 He gained as a reward.  
 (My poet loved Jean-Jacques.)

## XXVI

Jean-Jacques, Pushkin unthinkingly,  
 A writer of euphemisms once called.  
 But he was wrong. Incidentally,  
 He called down Grimm.  
 Jean-Jacques Rousseau was a friend of nature,  
 Of kindness, and of righteous freedom.  
 And perhaps the coquetish Grimm  
 Can be ranked beside him.

But this aside, but only  
 In the desert was Katinka,  
 Ay, ay, as beautiful as a Grace,  
 The poet loved her and many  
 Happy, carefree days  
 He spent frolicking with her.

## XXVII

Another two friends shared  
 The desert dwellers peaceful shelter  
 And unavoidable sorrows  
 And toil and brotherly love.  
 One soul there was and holy,  
 But in manner sweet and simple,  
 I must begin from there.  
 That Katinka as a mother  
 Cared for and loved tenderly  
 And Katja sweet child,  
 From her learned jestingly,  
 Oh, who so peacefully, unrebliously,  
 A whole age would not care to live  
 In recreation, toil, or mischief.

## XXVIII

The other member of this lonely family,  
 Was a mind broadened, and alive.  
 At times harsh, but in the parlor  
 He was a great prankster.  
 And in this benign circle,  
 From common rules excluded,  
 And deviners of oracles, and the world,  
 The sensitive poet forgot.  
 Here Pushkin the ever spirited,  
 Zhukovsky, king of consoling thoughts,  
 Here Griboedov, proud mind,  
 And Gogol, my countryman esteemed  
 All were for him alive,  
 They loved

## XXIX

Pustinnik as a dear brother  
 Friendship with living tenderness,  
 And praised him with songs.  
 At times early in the morning,  
 When the capital fell asleep,  
 After a midnight ball,  
 My friends of my seclusion,  
 Their quiet conversations  
 Carried on, wandering along the sidewalks.

An old man, in his soul loving the poet,  
 Envied that he from the world  
 Fled to his domestic Laras.  
 "When I arrived here  
 My life was not the same!

XXX

... ..  
 Oh long, long, have I toiled,  
 A sad orphan in the city;  
 Until with the dear family  
 Of brother poets I was befriended.  
 Oh Pushkin, the light of our life  
 How early you left the world!

XXXI

Here in this house, he, at times  
 Illuminated with his mind midst solace  
 Here often the echo repeated  
 His lively hearty laugh.  
 And here my kin Zhukovskij  
 Interrupting a philosophical dispute  
 Jested naively and not once  
 His Pushkin-like malicious pranks  
 As a jester-uncle ingratiated himself.  
 This felicity angered me,  
 In the poet I saw God.  
 He kindly smiled,  
 The singer of heavenly beauty  
 Why are you far from us?

XXXII

Blessed are you, my friend, a hundredfold,  
 Emphasized my fiery poet,  
 But for me unretrievably has  
 Vanished the natural Russian color.  
 I'd give up half a life-time,  
 If only with divine friendship,  
 Was given me a glimpse of heaven.  
 Now only one yearning,  
 In my sorrow gives me vigor,  
 Still among us on this earth,  
 In the German free country,  
 Lives one who enlightens,  
 Our disgraced Parnasus,  
 Oh Muses, I plead with you -

## XXXIII

Take me to him,  
 But first prepare my lips,  
 With brilliant words.  
 Let living beauty,  
 Of my soul flow with his.  
 And all o'er which we mourn, smile  
 Of poetry, a receding age,  
 But what in my soul for ages  
 Will remain pure and holy  
 Leave me only to one  
 Holy, pure, to him,  
 Believe with an ecstatic heart  
 Only his smile, his glance  
 Is greater to me than all rewards.

## XXXIV

Thus a crusader in sultry Palestine  
 From hard advances flees,  
 To his one and only goddess.  
 And his worthy spear and shield  
 He lays at the feet of his love,  
 And his lionine heart within him withers  
 At one word, one glance.  
 Envied by us in his fate.  
 But a hundred times more blessed,  
 And nothing having found  
 Holier, loftier, nor more perfect  
 Zhukovsky, Pushkin, only you  
 Were happy in our day.

## CHAPTER FIVE

Oh who can describe their fascination,  
 Who - their power over the soul?  
 All in them breathes with meekness  
 And holy innocence!

- Zhuhovskij

## I

Obliquely at the change of light  
 You became accustomed to look at all  
 that for the sake of my poet  
 Entangle in another net  
 And let Ukraine perish,

As the light on the field, as a white flower.  
 More beautiful than the midnight lands!  
 You are not fearful of the coldness of the heart.  
 But southern kindred roses  
 Suddenly become pale and tremble.  
 But if indifferent frost  
 Breathes upon the living leaves.  
 Beauties of our kindred Cherkaz  
 How often envy destroys you!

## II

Eugene did not betray her,  
 Though from his native land,  
 He left full of bitterness.  
 Friends, surely you must  
 Await the historian's account,  
 Why not sorrow or concern  
 For her in the poet is not seen?  
 There is a reason. Here it is:  
 When the homeless wanderer  
 Abandons his native hearth and home  
 Arrives at a foreign city  
 And a comfortable niche  
 Is given the poor one. Why  
 Does he deny his God?

## III

The answer is evident. And Eugene  
 Thus from all concealed  
 The object of his heart's involvements  
 And did not even entrust his friend  
 Let us assume. From whom conceal  
 And certainly above all  
 Katinka he loved with his soul?  
 A fine one was your countryman  
 When we this pre-judgment  
 In our friends root out  
 That between me and others  
 There's no great difference. Reason  
 Can prove to us  
 That he is created not in our image!

## IV

With a dark sinful mind  
 We attempt to embrace beauty;  
 He with a clear and spiritual eye  
 Is able to contemplate,  
 For us all fascination is dangerous.

The beautiful ecstasy of his soul  
 They bring, and with a dream  
 It's closely related to beauty  
 Just as a mother, for worshipping  
 Relics having come to the holy temple  
 And seeing before her there  
 An unknown child in prayer  
 Forgets where she stands  
 And tenderly gazes upon it.

## V

My Onegin with his understanding,  
 Having looked at Katja, fled  
 Thither where with pain and suffering  
 Blessedness sincere we knew,  
 Where he quenched himself with love  
 Where sweetly as in heaven he smiled  
 And wept sweetly as in heaven.

## VI

Surely before this new beauty  
 Your Onegin did not neglect  
 With provincial simplicity  
 To transform a comparison?  
 Who has known the mystery of holy faith  
 In his soul, to him 'tis clear  
 Wherefore the simple face of a saint  
 Conveys so much to the heart.  
 She is beautiful as a delicate angel  
 But not with outward beauty  
 With her saintly soul  
 Enslaved the rebellious poet  
 He loved the saint with all his heart  
 Even the source was created by God.

## VII

And as Litvin the worshipper of gods  
 In the distance from the mosque wailed  
 When the felonous Krizhak  
 From the holy place drove him.  
 Thus also my unfortunate Eugene  
 The heartfelt sacrifices of bitterness,  
 In distant lands faded,  
 And spilled bitter tears.  
 And as Litvin his saint  
 Pleaded, should be left intact  
 And bowed his neck beneath a yoke.  
 So also my Onegin proudly

Mastered, and calmed himself  
And to the wrathful mother wrote.

Onegin's Letter to Mamma

VIII

"I write to you, how else  
Can I begin this letter.  
Now certainly 'tis at your pleasure  
To vanquish me for ages,  
Oh, how awfully you have embittered  
Me with your gloomy tones,  
When you were my judge,  
As I wept before you.  
The soul cannot be placated  
As the hellish flames devour  
My proud and trembling soul,  
But don't wonder if I suddenly  
After a year's silence  
Approach you with repentance.  
Are you amazed at my love?  
You have not seen the equal of it.

IX

I can tell you without undue effort  
That if Satanail  
Had committed himself to this difficult advance  
Before the Creator bowed his head  
Then only this sad genius  
Fiery anger midst tortures  
My resignation has shattered.  
Tell me where could I have found  
Such strength to conquer myself  
If not in my holy love?  
Why did you treat me as a stranger?  
Because strange fate  
Has given me the lyre and poverty  
But poverty I have turned from me.

X

Or because of my uncontrolled manners,  
For my rude expressions?  
But here is a voice not feigning  
My living repentances,  
Who so much power over himself  
Has, would with his wife  
Not live in poverty. And so  
Granted I was a great nit-wit  
But you would not wish to

Out-wit me. My God!  
 Am I an outright demon  
 I beg you to weigh all this  
 And simply forgive me  
 Or - lay me in my grave!"

Lisa's Second Letter to Onegin

XI

"You await a reply from mother  
 She will not reply  
     'Surely not from the next world  
     Will he still bother me?'  
 That is all that mother dear has said  
 I bitterly, bitterly wept  
 Leave your requests - I grieve for you  
 Let sorrow kill me  
 But will I be to sorrow guilty,  
 And if writing to you now,  
 The last time I sin,  
 Fate decrees that we part  
 I know not how to be jealous  
 And why I shall not desire

XII

That you should find yourself another  
 Oh God! my heart's blood runs cold  
 At the thought...No I envy not  
 Not envy this but love  
 When it does not love this way  
 She will lose herself in us  
 Dreadful!

What's it to me

Let my fate follow  
 Me - I will not struggle,  
 I am no longer as one  
 Whose happiness and peace of mind  
 Are holy to me.

Oh God - to refuse

Be happy ... forget me  
 But I - in my soul will ever be yours."

XIII

Seek in crowds of people  
 Even if you traverse the entire world  
 You will not find one so demented  
 As was my poet in that hour.  
 Lisetta, the sad message,  
 The pouring out of a heavenly soul

Thwarted mighty reason,  
 In Onegin caused  
 A muttering storm. Not with esteemed  
 Loyalty, not with kindness  
 Not with her holy faith  
 Not with this dark and profound  
 And with meek sorrow  
 My fool remained outouched.

## XIV

With my soul - yours... - what a gift!  
 But the flesh ... the flesh for Satan  
 Tell me - peer of cooks  
 What shall I do with your soul?  
 Or according to you, prayers  
 Incense, the bringing of sacrifices,  
 My senseless love,  
 Will it be the same in the kitchen?

Ay, Ay,

I'm glad,  
 As once to the face of the poet,  
 In pots sacrifices will be burned,  
 And with kitchen smells blend one's ecstasy  
 It will be even more pleasant to the world  
 Forthrightly to show our love  
 And with a pure flame blaze.

## XV

To the esteemed country lady,  
 Glowing among the peasants  
 As the face of the moon in the starry desert  
 Your spouse, mentor, captain,  
 Oh, and perhaps the sergeant  
 Worshipers of spiritual tenderness  
 Will discuss with me  
 Of increases in the income.  
 I will attend gladly,  
 And keep the sweet accounts,  
 Your income and expenditures.

## XVI

... ..  
 In the morning he will leave,  
 She - snores in a deep sleep.  
 ... ..

## XVII

And with the same lips

With which he reprimanded the maid  
 And with the same hands  
 With which he whipped his men  
 He later loves her  
 And with him the worthless one will melt.

... ..

XVIII

Oh woman, how you denigrate  
 Your pure name  
 When blindly you join  
 Your being with a freak,  
 Object of a single wish  
 From a blessed creation  
 You, like a desert snake  
 The Being of universal terror  
 You become the source of vice.  
 Many strange new beings, new vipers  
 Nourish and grow in  
 The womb you sold for gold.  
 With a bleeding heart I gaze  
 At your fancy wedding.

XIX

And truly his heart  
 Bled. Nothing  
 Remained in life for him.  
 With his love  
 Fell his mind. His health failed  
 In the desert it became apparent  
 Whereof he suffered.

There one

The master of the bear-servant  
 Who was accustomed to express in deeds  
 The soul's pure kindness,  
 Long since the heartfelt dream  
 He carried in his active mind.  
 He was the first among his friends,  
 To enter jealously locked secrecies.

XX

He knew that only a rekindled flame,  
 Would bring salvation to the poet.  
 And even as he pressed his heart into a stone,  
 His fallen spirits he would raise,  
 The universal torch of learning  
 Glowing calmly in a peaceful cell  
 Will breathe into him a new life.  
 Pustinnik greeted his friend

Without superfluous niceties,  
 With kingly courage  
                                   The entire world  
 Our poet can traverse.  
 Oh what a horde of new ideas  
 Have stirred in the drowsy mind.

## XXI

Pustinnik did not permit his friend  
 To drink his fill of ecstasy,  
 But gave him several gloomy rules  
 With the hearty voice of a father.  
 In parting advised the poet  
 Farewell love! Onegin into Lethe  
 Fell from steep shores  
 And emerged brilliant and robust  
 And gazed with inward trembling  
 On the suffering way on which he travelled.  
 And emotionally forever sleep  
 This his only wish  
 Fool - pitiful hypocrite.  
 Fury thoughts of a fanatic!

## XXII

Why do you wish to visit Ukraine,  
 For evil to the reason,  
 You could alone with cold reason unravel,  
 The mute mystery.  
 But your loved ones live there,  
 They are so kind, righteous,  
 Oh, I know how you love them,  
 As a hare loves the swift footed hounds  
 You are above the judgements of women,  
 They are all kind - your loved ones.  
 Now, with what have you challenged me  
 Sign of lofty admiration,  
 Love not in jest, even tears  
 Admirers of Lamansh threats.

## XXIII

So briefly malicious friends  
 That's who will lure you there  
 Reason, and where and who  
 All I know item by item  
 In ages of past barbarism  
 When the priests approached the beasts  
 From noisy riots and battles  
 To the gods went to pray.  
 The kings, through terrifying deserts  
 But today - an age of different miracles

God himself flies on post horses  
 People shun holy shrines  
 Now, well, well, drive on  
 And later no regrets!

## XXIV

With friends, brothers, 'tis no jest  
 The praise of their magical cooking smells.  
 Speak up who disagrees! No one!  
 No, later you'll yourself regret  
 On the horns of Jupiter Ammon,  
 The blind child of Apollo  
 We are prepared at once to dispose of.  
 And only dare refute  
 To you as  $a + b$  to show  
 That here, there is no room for doubt.  
 That so says the entire world of youth  
 If not, we'll prove it with our fists.  
 Now, well, with God, depart,  
 And again, once started no regrets!

## XXV

Oh my true inspiration,  
 Until you hadn't stuck your nose into your fur coat  
 And the sigh has not begun to creak,  
 Allow me one more question.  
 To send my soul to hell for a friend,  
 To fall in a duel - I do not aim to do  
 But here my sweet poet,  
 'Tis a trait that many do not have  
 You're on your way to see some friends  
 And further think of nothing else,  
 In what devilish way,  
 Is there a message in your pocket?  
 A message for your lady  
 Now brother - you mischief maker - ay, ay!

## XXVI

Could this be in error,  
 You obviously took this for an itinerary,  
 But something there is in your smile.  
 Your eyes dreadfully deceive  
 Oh you my living sorrow,  
 You accomplished dove  
 You should not have been born in our age,  
 Man has now become a slob  
 So let it be - May God be with you.  
 Abandon in haste the ice of the Neva,  
 And to the torrid as an oven Moscow

Roll on along the posted way.  
 But my dear one, beware  
 Do not spar with rebels.

## XXVII

A peasant is better than a rebel.  
 You see how I speak!  
 If you please - like a stupid school boy,  
 Don't believe the holy primer,  
 You are acquainted with archaeology,  
 Yes, they'll become potions  
 Your Kozars, Cossacks  
 And Turks, - Black Klobuks.  
 'Tis better simply to marry,  
 To build upon the clay a home,  
 And live as a Ukrainian landlord,  
 Than to toil over Methodius.  
 And that is how indeed it will be.  
 'Tis not in vain your father is a Cossack.

## CHAPTER SIX

Cold ashes are not apt to rekindle  
 I ever sorrow - but there are no tears  
 And soon, soon after the storm  
 In my soul shall be calm

- Pushkin

I'll perish - says Tanja  
 But to perish by him is sweet  
 I do not murmur why complain  
 He cannot afford me happiness.

## I

I have no dealings with psychology  
 I am writing a biography  
 And my god - given talent notwithstanding,  
 I do not sin against the right.  
 Most esteemed Medicine  
 The source of happiness and tears,  
 A profoundly wise psychologist  
 Could compete with you.  
 Thanks to you that at least once  
 I can manage without you,  
 But another time beware.  
 Sorrow does not heal twice  
 Oh, I have many sins  
 For physicians and loud words.

## II

Truly, what a grumbler I am  
 I'll bait someone with a jest  
 But actually a well known ne'er-do-well  
 Into a tooth, I know nothing  
 But I'll repent.

## New Onegin

Unshaven, drowsy, and gloomy  
 Both day and night, galloped - flew,  
 I'll frankly admit he did not wish  
 To be eaten alive by bedbugs.  
 Even Pushkin suffered from them  
 In any case he expected that the  
 Enlightenment would drive them out  
 But the unlightenment is not concerned  
 About these creatures, and the poet

## III

Was bitterly mistaken for his successors  
 I don't know, for what day.  
 Having reached Gluchov's ruins  
 The hero entered the father's protection,  
 Oh dear native shelter  
 The holy land of my fathers,  
 You are loved by the entire world of God  
 But my poet does not love you! ...  
 Have there been too few complaints  
 Following him around? Here's one  
 As a true son of nature  
 He loved the peasants. It happened  
 As he was studying at the deacon's  
 To christen a peasant's child.

## IV

... ..  
 And all wondered not understanding  
 Why to prefer her above  
 Her dear cousin Annette  
 But he was surprisingly in this world  
 Another time, simply as a physician  
 (Worthless creature of God)  
 Here for example is a simple home,  
 If a home - not a cave,  
 He only sees in it the good,  
 He sees there his dear brother,  
 Having left this world's diversions  
 For our great oppressive sin.

## V

Oh sad phantom seeker,  
 When will you come to terms with reason,  
 Your holy admirer.  
 Where will you find her sacrificial altar?  
 No - rather let your flame extinguish  
 And the heart transformed into stone.  
 Forget your torments,  
 And happy be as others are.  
 For besides delirious heroism  
 There is a thread in you  
 Not a thread but a cord  
 Of love, simply egoism  
 Please do not get heatedly excited  
 But rather look inward at yourself.

## VI

You have studied psychology  
 Generally, not for yourself  
 Therefore - so you've become infatuated  
 I see right through you my brother,  
 An educated honest psychologist  
 With logic to reconcile a quarrelsome situation,  
 But you my dear schoolboy  
 Are infatuated both in flesh and soul,  
 Be still, there is no room for quarrels,  
 And you will not lead me astray,  
 The cold expression of your face -  
 You are possessed by two devils  
 And forever cloud your reason.

## VII

At this time the demon of praise  
 Controlled the poet's soul,  
 And for a ridiculous amusement  
 Showed him the whole world,  
 The devil of exquisite pride  
 Blind worshippers of holiness,  
 Beckons to the dreamy forests.  
 Open before them the heavens,  
 Blessed, he who with lofty aims  
 Showed love to his family  
 And found strength for his life  
 And not in a lonely pride,  
 But our elated poet is  
 Near an awful precipice on unsure footing.

## VIII

There is no longer any sense for him,  
 To remain in peaceful Ostopuika,  
 To peoples and minds universal  
 Is borne his proud soul,  
 But to avoid strange encounters in  
 Deserted Luben's environs,  
 On the way for an hour or so  
 He'll enter a modest little village.  
 And strangely the dear forests  
 Do not touch his soul,  
 Dear friends to me  
 Their appearance pious and serious  
 Beneath the cover of snowy paws  
 Left the soul untouched. Like Ostap,

## IX

I gaze at the long avenue  
 No, I'll stop to paint  
 I cannot misrepresent myself  
 And my emotions bid me be still.  
 Gone is the time of Delila's orchards  
 The paintings are dead and mute  
 They say nothing to us.  
 Shakespeare prepared us to read  
 In the soul of a living man  
 There the world is deep, endless  
 For both the sighted and the blind  
 There the wonders and the monsters of the age  
 Dwell as in the ocean's depths  
 Dark and frightful. Oh my God!

## X

Have mercy Muses. I am entering  
 My longed for apogee  
 And lest I play still louder  
 Or I'll raise my nose up high  
 I - weak, deathly, and in my pride  
 I do not worship holiness  
 We are prayerful only when  
 Sorrows weigh us down.  
 Oh Muses! Who has not prayed to you  
 From your commiserating servants  
 When I was a friend of sorrow?  
 Cervantes surely would have departed  
 If you had not helped him  
 In prison as you helped me.

## XI

The singer of loneliness in sultry deserts  
 In solitudes or at balls  
 Was fulfilled with lofty sounds  
 And revelled in brilliant heights,  
 But you all at once have fallen in love with him  
 And followed him everywhere.  
 And the kingly profligate became accustomed  
 Frightening you, heartfelt cries  
 Suddenly elicit from obedient strings.  
 But I, resigned son of prose  
 Suffer and am bored  
 Midst the indifferent hermits,  
 Desired neither a lyre nor a wreath  
 But the end of a troubled life.

## XII

And you, for only this, that your  
 Name I esteemed as holy,  
 And knowing our destination  
 Cold gossip did not heed.  
 The boldness of spirit returned  
 And revived my heart anew  
 For life, for love, for tears  
 For new thoughts, for new threats  
 And as in the mind of a blind man glow  
 Pictures of youthful days,  
 So vividly in my mind  
 Memories are resurrected,  
 And bring me happiness and pleasure  
 And I forget about prison!

## XIII

Forgive too, my wonderful friend  
 My joy of lonely days  
 Tomcat Vaska, spoiled ingratiate,  
 You've taken the place of the sight of people  
 With what cunning you used to  
 Snoring in volumes and with cunning  
 To me fondly gaze;  
 When you are hungry past all jesting  
 With what comical scorn  
 To my beckonings you sit,  
 When you have devoured your breakfast  
 Do not be insulted at my comparisons  
 But when you licked your paws  
 You reminded me of a sharp dealer.

## XIV

No, you have not known deceit, this  
 Curse of man and the devil  
 Let's part as friends, during this summer  
 We two must part.  
 I have observed all your traits  
 Your mind, your habits, your worries,  
 How often the poet  
 Attempted to paint your portrait  
 But you, prankster, constantly  
 Changed your position.  
 I know what you were planning  
 To you this seemed strange  
 That not a statue but a portrait  
 Your poet began to make.

## XV

Descendant of sacred felines,  
 You preferred a sculpture  
 This you in precious caresses  
 Proved to hen's feet.  
 Oh kind Vaska! I with you  
 Are friends in heart and soul,  
 And you have loved me so  
 That you forgot to hunt.  
 Now you again will have to  
 Remember your trade.  
 But perhaps to you for evil  
 A demented master will be found  
 And the little room will shatter  
 Where peacefully lived your poet.

## XVI

During the time I took leave of the cat  
 Onegin continued his flight.  
 Into his sleigh sifted  
 Off the branches fluffy light snow,  
 Where earlier blossomed roses  
 Now came for him the frosts.  
 But most remarkable are his  
 Travelling dreams.  
 Everywhere, he thought, is coldness,  
 Everywhere is selfishness and evil  
 Whither oh God has brought us  
 Rudeness and pleasure-seeking,  
 And where is the torch bearer of this dusk  
 In whom all minds will agree?

## XVII

Oh Pushkin, brilliant Russian genius  
 You understood your tsar,  
 You, on the death-bed of your sufferings  
 Uttered: I would have been entirely his.  
 As a cataract unleashed, unfettered,  
 You surged from your source,  
 As lightning in the forest flashed  
 As with thunder shook the rugged cliffs,  
 And people were in disbelief  
 And your fame spread far and wide,  
 And blindly the thunder of a creator  
 To you came with salutations.  
 And from the craggy shores  
 You emerged out on the expanses of the meadows.

## XVIII

And who without passionate dedication,  
 Loved goodness with the soul,  
 Penetrated into your wondrous eternal genius,  
 Would not forsake you.  
 You were beloved by Derzhavin  
 And to all you were a benefactor.  
 Your enthusiasm lifted souls,  
 And mercy for the fallen you have sought.  
 Oh holy shadow, mighty spirit  
 As to a god, I pray to you.  
 Allow me to join with you  
 And my turbulent seething mind  
 Having tasted your living waters  
 Would that I could find peace with you.

## XIX

And mindful of the mysterious future  
 He proudly charted his path,  
 And in a charmed and wondrous sleep  
 Equated himself to his native stream,  
 Child of deceitful ecstasies.  
 You have not seen your native falls  
 Where suddenly the water riots,  
 And the spray whirls hither  
 As a wild steed, tossing his mane  
 Flies across a barren steppe,  
 And - perishes in an ocean precipice.  
 Thus in brutishness unmitigated  
 In multitudes the Cossacks perished,  
 Celibates - misguided heroes.

## XX

And of this Eugene was not thinking  
 As he rode into Ostapivka  
 In the heat of his clear visions  
 He knew obstacles for himself.  
 But here glimmer the stockades  
 Snares, screens, and pallisades  
 Here before the house in the yard  
 Three poplars as though of silver  
 And so the stallion raises his neck  
 A crowd near the well stands,  
 Cattle, sheep, at the troughs  
 (Bucolica) Here through the avenue  
 Glimmers the landlord's home  
 Beneath a white snowy canopy.

## XXI

And those same Zhuchki, those Barbosy,  
 The same din, the same clamour,  
 The same greetings and inquiries,  
 The same gifts to the servants,  
 All as never it has been,  
 Only this was missing,  
 Surely sleep has not vanished forever?  
 Will it never return?  
 Here is Onegin in the parlor  
 (So named by Adam himself)  
 And awaits the appearance of the ladies  
 And even this desired moment arrived,  
 Spoiled by the unexpected guest,  
 Primarily arrived the mother alone.

## XXII

"'Tis woeful," thought the old woman  
 With these young people,  
 For them marriage is an amusement,  
 While we for thinking cannot sleep.  
 And upon this she calmly  
 Though grandly, but congenially  
 Begins to converse with the guest.  
 In the meantime having finished preening  
 Lisa enters. And Eugene  
 Calm and gauche, like a landlord  
 Greets her. No one  
 Could have from his movements  
 His words - or glance concluded  
 That in him any feeling glowed.

## XXIII

But who, in the simple soul of Lisa  
 Would not have awakened the heart,  
 For a wordly soul-less mask  
 The poor girl didn't have the strength,  
 Straining all the forces of her spirit  
 She entered half-alive.  
 And tears of heavy sorrow,  
 Gleam unwittingly upon her eyes.  
 And instead of roses on her cheeks  
 There's evidence of mental anguish.  
 Pallor of lips, tremor of hands  
 And this glance - oh how clear  
 Is your sorrow - your love  
 Without sighs, without words.

## XXIV

But he, not understanding even himself,  
 The poet is emotionless as a cliff,  
 Surely his lively soul  
 Could not have cooled so hastily  
 No - the tender flame has not subsided  
 But on his heart like a stone  
 A deadly burden lay.  
 He suffered. But still could  
 Speak calmly. Laugh  
 And with his sharp wit more than once  
 With happiness enlivened the conversation.  
 No one could have suspected  
 That our beloved Don Quixote  
 Is cold to love as ice.

## XXV

And it seems that now the mother  
 Should be satisfied.  
 Wherefore does unwillingly a heavy sigh  
 So heavily weigh upon her heart?  
 Now she feels pity for this senseless love,  
 Now the sighs of the half-witted,  
 She would have preferred an hundred-fold,  
 No joy it brought to her  
 To see her daughter's silent suffering  
 Pitted against spiritual anguish.  
 She sits as one dead,  
 How deeply she sighs,  
 What a bright and strange gaze,  
 How disjointed is her fund of words!

## XXVI

In this the masks of common thoughts  
 Concealed the conversations of the hearts.  
 Patent to all of us is this tale,  
 It seems thus the Creator has made us.

- "Tell us, how are the roads?"

- "So, so".

- "But I, in such anxiety

Await guests - relatives of mine  
 And as soon as I hear post-horses  
 I run - Perhaps 'tis Vasa from Poltava".

- "Oh, he's in Poltava?"

- "Oh long since

You didn't know?"

- It's no wonder

Letters only for pleasure I've  
 Long ago ceased to write.

He promised to look in on us."

## XXVII

"'Tis a pity we'll not see each other

I'll admit this seems strange to me

Yes, I could wait for him

But I am in a great hurry."

"Do you hurry back to the capital?"

Oh no, I'm going beyond the border

For long?

- It's hard to tell

Even so, perhaps for about five years.

I may have to wander about the earth"

"But how - you will not miss your native land?"

"Well no, a little sad to part with

The country of battles, evening gatherings,

Flatteries, and endearing words."

## XXVIII

Gaily he broke out in laughter,

Remembered his journey

And calmly took leave.

"Lisa, forever forgive me!"

In indignation, in disappointment

In the heart's woe and restlessness

Remained my mother dear.

- "What now, did I not say

That he'll forget you that same hour

Oh, I know these people

A half-year will go by - many years

All, all will become bright and it will be

Joyous to talk with you again

And then try to suffer!"

## XXIX

"Why suffer? You have vanquished  
 You've finally taken your own  
 You've finally parted us  
 Why grieve?"

"My child!

I have parted you  
 Because I wished your happiness  
 And that is why I am now happy  
 - Oh my friend believe me,  
 That my soul grieves also,  
 But is your love worthy of a  
 Snob - an inflated fool,  
 Who with his elbow torn  
 Dares appear in a respectable home?"

## XXX

"And what uncouth manners  
 What a doleful tone of conversation!  
 We entertain officers,  
 Superior to these rhymers,  
 And all so polite and dignified.  
 But this  
 Cannot simply say anything  
 Any phrase - and it is pointed  
 A peasant"

" - Oh mother dear enough

To denigrate my friend,  
 I blame him in no way  
 And for me 'tis indescribably painful  
 That you are prepared to trample in mire  
 Him, whom I'll continue to worship

## XXXI

As long as I live.  
 I do not ask of you a thing  
 I'll not rebel in any way  
 I'll marry. But of him  
 I beg of you, never a word.  
 I, mother feel indisposed  
 I'll go at once to lie down to sleep"  
 And all in tears is the elderly lady, the mother  
 "Lisetta, my dear, incomparable angel  
 You are the adornment of all children  
 Who can with your beauty  
 Be compared with all beneath the heavens,  
 Oh, if he could only realize the value of  
 What he so foolishly disdained!"

APPENDIX B

Transliteration of Ukrainian<sup>1</sup>

а	a	м	m
б	b	н	n
в	v	о	o
г	h	р	p
ґ	g	р	r
д	d	с	s
е	e	т	t
є	ie	у	u
ж	zh	ф	f
з	z	х	kh
и	y	ц	ts
і	i	ч	ch
ї	i	ш	sh
ї	i	шч	shch
к	k	б	ʔ
л	l	ю	iū ; ju
		я	iā <sup>2</sup> ; ia ; ja
		ї	ji

1.

A.L.A. Cataloging Rules for Author and Title Entries Ed. Clara Beetle  
(American Library Association) Chicago 1949

2.

The writer of this paper used an approved method based on the Library of Congress system.

## Transliteration of Russian<sup>1</sup>

There is no universally accepted method of transliterating the letters of the Russian alphabet into English. The present system is based on that employed by the Library of Congress, with a few changes which seem to make for simplicity in English orthography without essentially violating the phonetic value of the Russian letters.

а	а	к	к	х	kh
б	b	л	l	ц	ts
в	v	м	m	ч	ch
г	g	н	n	ш	sh
д	d	о	o	щ	shch
е	e	п	p	ъ	omitted
ж	zh	р	r	ѣ	y
з	z	с	s	ѓ	omitted
и	i	т	t	ѣ̇	e
і	i	у	u	ѣ̈	e
й	i	ф	f	ѣ̉	iu ; ju
				я	ya ; ja
				ѣ̌	th

1.

Ernest J. Simmons, English Literature and Culture in Russia (1553 - 1840)  
(Octagon Books Inc.) New York 1964

RUSSIAN ALPHABET<sup>1</sup>

А а	Р р
Б б	С с
В в	Т т
Г г	У у
Д д	Ф ф
Е е	Х х
Ж ж	Ц ц
З з	Ч ч
И и	Ш ш
Й й	Щ щ
К к	Ъ ъ
Л л	Ы ы
М м	Ь ь
Н н	Э э
О о	Ю ю
П п	Я я

1.

Russian English Dictionary (State Publishing House of Foreign and National Dictionaries) Moscow 1962.