1940

German influences in the work of Pencho Slaveikov

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Boston University

http://hdl.handle.net/2144/4465

Boston University
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL

Dissertation

GERMAN INFLUENCES IN THE WORK OF PENCHE SLAVEIKOV

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submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy
1940
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Acknowledgments

It is with great pleasure that I wish to express publicly my gratitude to the following persons, in appreciation of their valuable assistance in the work of this investigation: to Miss Dobra Pelasheva of Sofia, Bulgaria, and to Mr. Neofit Tsakov, editor of "Zornitsa", Sofia, Bulgaria, for their invaluable help in securing for me most of the Bulgarian books and articles needed for my work; to Dr. Gerhard Gesemann, professor at the German University in Prague, for allowing me to use a proof copy of his talk on Slaveikov, which is yet to appear in print; to Dr. Konstantin Gălăbov, professor at the State University in Sofia, Bulgaria, and my former teacher, for suggesting the subject of this dissertation; to Miss Gilda Faillace of Boston, for translating a chapter on Slaveikov from the book of the Italian professor, Luigi Salvini; and to my wife, Josephine Celeste Gifford Buck-Ivanoff, for her continuous assistance and cooperation.
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GERMAN INFLUENCES IN THE WORK OF PENCHO SLAVEIKOV

1. Introduction

1. Aim and scope of this investigation

It is my aim to trace, define, and attempt to interpret and evaluate -- in terms of their relative importance -- the German influences in the work of Pencho Slaveikov -- Bulgaria's outstanding poet. Bulgarian critics have at one time or another pointed to his relation or indebtedness to some of the great figures of German literature. But as far as I am aware, this is the first attempt, in any language, to undertake a more or less systematic study of these influences as important factors in shaping the work of Slaveikov. Professor Gerhard Gesemann of Prague, wrote me in a recent letter: "Über die Frage der Beziehungen zwischen Slaveikov und der deutschen Literatur gibt es bisher keinerlei deutsche Arbeiten." And Professor Luigi Salvini of Rome who published in 1936 an excellent history of the newer Bulgarian literature,¹ has devoted a long chapter to Slaveikov, but has said practically nothing concerning the German influences in the poet's work, except in a very general way.

Anyone who is well acquainted with this field will realize the following two facts after a glance at the title and aim of this investigation: first, that this is a pioneer work, and secondly, that its scope is unusually broad and inclusive. Dr. Gesemann suggests, for in-

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1. La Letteratura Bulgara--Dalla Liberazione Alla Prima Guerra Balcanica (1878-1912).
stance, that one should dedicate "Eine germanoslawische Doktorarbeit"² to the question of determining the relation of only one of Slaveikov's books³, a translation of German poems, to the originals and to German literature as a whole.

Because of the broad scope of this investigation it is necessary that I should impose upon myself certain voluntary limitations. Like an explorer of a new region, I shall be satisfied to mark its outlying boundaries without being concerned with the details of landscape. I shall strive to locate and describe only important, outstanding landmarks. I consider the opening of this new field of investigation important enough to warrant what may be termed a "wholesale" approach to the problem. Again, I shall take into consideration the relation of Slaveikov to only five of his German teachers. Finally, since I do not feel thoroughly qualified to translate much of Slaveikov's poetry in verse for the purposes of this investigation, I shall render only a few of his poems into English and will depend largely upon his prose for illustrative material.

2. Review of the work previously done in this field

It is customary to review the work of previous investigators in a particular field of study, when one is about to continue such work along new lines. In this case, however, there has been so little done in this field that it will be sufficient, I believe, to enumerate the

2. Dr. Gerhard Gesemann, Pentscho Slaveikov, Ein Gedächtnisvortrag, p.12
few articles which have a direct bearing upon my subject, postponing until later the discussion of their individual merits.

Dr. Boris Yotsev -- Penoho Slaveikov i Goethe, Spisanie Listopad, Godina XIII, Kn. 1-2, Str. 27-29.

Malcho Nikolov -- Heine i Slaveikov, Spisanie Bulgarska Rech, Godina V, Kn. 7, Str. 228-234.

Malcho Nikolov -- Heine i Slaveikov, Spisanie Zlatorog, Godina I, Kn. 6, Str. 499-511.

Penoho Slaveikov i Nietzsche, Vestnik Den, Godina VII, Br. 2098.

Dr. H. Tumparov -- Heine i mladiyat Slaveikov, Spisanie Listopad, Godina I.

3. Primary and secondary sources; their use and evaluation

The primary sources for this investigation are the seven volumes of Slaveikov's collected works, and the writings of his five German teachers: Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Nietzsche and Volkelt. All other books about Slaveikov or his teachers used in the discussion, and listed in the bibliography, constitute the secondary sources. Naturally, the most important and reliable secondary sources are those available in Bulgarian. The works of foreign scholars -- especially of those among them who, like Professor Salvini, have completely overcome the language barrier -- are very valuable, because they incorporate a richer background and a more varied point of view. They seldom live up to the

4. I have donated five volumes of Slaveikov's works to the Boston Public Library.
best Bulgarian works, however, since they lack the warm, intimate touch of the latter, as well as the access to the numerous sources dealing with the life and work of Slaveikov which are available only in Bulgarian and only in Bulgaria itself. Foreign scholars are not even aware of the great number of such sources. Thus for instance Gesemann mentions three secondary sources as "Die wichtigste Literatur" while there are exactly one hundred eighty-two books, articles and essays in the bibliography on Pencho Slaveikov printed in the June 1937 issue of Zlatorog.

I have attempted to base this investigation largely upon the primary sources. Since the secondary sources, particularly those in Bulgarian, deal with specific and rather technical aspects of Slaveikov's relationship to his German teachers, and are usually based upon one individual book or poem, while I am trying to include practically all of

5. Furthermore, some of the articles and essays on Slaveikov were printed in literary magazines like Musul which ceased to appear whole decades ago. The only place where they can be found now is the National Library in Sofia, Bulgaria. The only method by which I was able to gain access to them was by hiring someone in Sofia to copy these articles by hand and send them to me. (I obtained twelve essays in this manner.)

6. Two of the sources he mentions deal only indirectly with Pencho Slaveikov, being general literary essays, while the third one is devoted entirely to Pencho Slaveikov's father -- Petko Raichev Slaveikov. All of which makes one suspect that Gesemann copied these titles from some book instead of consulting them as sources actually at his disposal.

7. Zlatorog is the leading literary magazine in Bulgaria today, published by the outstanding publishing house in the country, Hemus, in Sofia, Bulgaria.
Slaveikov's work, and am primarily interested in broad outlines, I have rarely made use of such secondary sources. Whenever possible I have indicated the existence of special essays bearing upon the subject under discussion, usually at the end of a section. The relationship of Slaveikov to Schiller has never been discussed in Bulgarian, perhaps because the critics have taken Slaveikov's own attitude on the subject as their final authority, never suspecting that a different version of it were possible. No more need be said here by way of evaluating the secondary sources, since I have commented upon them whenever they are used in the discussion.

The method of procedure I have followed throughout this investigation needs little explanation, being one of simple comparison. The fact, however, that all of the primary and most of the secondary sources used are available only in the Bulgarian language, has necessitated a great deal of translation. Furthermore, working on the assumption that a page of Slaveikov is better than five pages about him, I have supplied this work with lengthy translations of Slaveikov's prose. Thus I have not only provided the basis for discussion, but at times the very arguments themselves. More than once Slaveikov's own words have made arguments or explanations entirely superfluous. I find a good precedent for this procedure in the work of Bossert, who writes:

Je dois dire cependant que l'historien d'une littérature étrangère est placé, surtout en France, dans des conditions spéciales. Il n'a pas le droit de demander à ses lecteurs la connaissance de la langue étrangère. D'un autre côté, les traductions sont rares. Si l'on met à part Goethe, Schiller, Henri Heine, quelques écrits de Lessing, les contes d'Hoffmann, certains
If the French cannot be expected to know much about German literature, I can take it for granted that the English speaking world has heard very little about Pencho Slaveikov thus far. Therefore I have deemed it indispensable to supply an outline of Bulgarian history and Bulgarian literature, as well as a comprehensive biographical sketch of Slaveikov. The fact that this outline of Bulgarian literature and the sketch of Slaveikov appear for the first time in English is, it seems to me, sufficient justification for their inclusion in this investigation. Thus besides being a pioneer in its field, the present investigation has rendered into English, sources and materials which might have otherwise remained a terra incognita for the English speaking world.

It is my hope that while I am presenting in English, Bulgaria's outstanding poet and creator of beauty and higher cultural values, I may be doing my share in helping the Bulgarian language come into its own. How many of those who have enjoyed the high privilege of reading Pushkin, Lermontov, Gogol, Chekhov, Turgenev, Gorki, Tolstoi, or Dostoyevsky -- to mention just a few of the giants of Russian literature -- have ever realized or known that they are directly indebted to the Bulgarian language, the first Slavic language to evolve an alphabet and literature of its own which later became the common possession of all Slavic nations?

It is not only past glory, however, which makes Bulgarian important. Today it is the most progressive, and consequently the easiest of all Slavic languages to learn. Most of the archaic forms, and difficult consonant combinations of Polish or Serbian, as well as all of the six cases of Russian have disappeared in Bulgarian. This should automatically make it the key to the study of all other Slavic languages. Yet most of the universities in this country that have Slavic Departments teach practically all the main Slavic languages except Bulgarian. And while next to Russia and Poland, Bulgaria represents the largest Slavic people, Bulgarian literature has been sadly neglected by foreign scholars. I have been unable as yet to find an anthology of Slavic literatures which includes Bulgarian selections.\textsuperscript{9} This neglect should be rectified as soon as possible.

\textsuperscript{9} P. Selver, \textit{Anthology of Modern Slavonic Literature}, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. This is one of the many anthologies of the Slavic literatures which lacks any Bulgarian selections.
II. Historical Background

1. Bulgaria -- past and present -- in outline

Significant poets and their works have always been vitally related to their national background, and thus it becomes necessary to say a few words concerning the people who produced Pencho Slaveikov and the times in which he lived. As a matter of fact every great book may be said to have the nation and the "Zeitgeist" as its co-authors.

If I were dealing with the history of a great and well-known people like the English, French or German, a few words would actually be sufficient to evoke the picture of the particular moment of its history into which certain events are to be fitted. But in the case of Bulgaria, it seems to me, I shall have to supply a short historical outline in order to achieve the desired end.1

Bulgaria is a small country with a rather long history. The third Bulgarian Kingdom of today is barely sixty years of age, but the First Kingdom was founded over thirteen centuries ago, and the earliest beginnings of Bulgarian history reach even further back into the early days of the Christian era.

a. The First Kingdom 679-1018

The racial origin and homeland of the Bulgarians have been successively a matter of mere conjecture, then of bitter and futile controversy,

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1. For a fine historical sketch see: Dobra Pelasheva, Psychological Factors in the Social Unrest in Bulgaria Today, Master of Science thesis, Boston University, School of Religious and Social Work, 1932. One of the best general books on Bulgarian history in English is: D. Mishev -- The Bulgarians in the Past.
and finally of a certain degree of clarification, but we still lack a well-defined and conclusively supported theory on this subject. 2

In the year 679 the Bulgarian Khan Asparuh crossed the Danube with a small tribe of horsemen and established himself in the territory between the Danube and the Balkan, Jeker and the Black Sea.

Racially this group belonged to the Turko-Tartar strain, 3 and had come down from the banks of the Volga where other Bulgarian tribes maintained a strong and independent Kingdom -- with Bolgar as its capital -- until the thirteenth century.

Gradually the frontiers of the small kingdom were pushed farther south and west, until during the reign of Simeon the Great, in the ninth century, the Adriatic became its west boundary, Saloniki its southern one, while the Black Sea and the Danube remained its east and north borders.

One of the strange facts of history took place as a result of this migration and subsequent establishment of a Bulgarian Kingdom on the Balkan Peninsula.

The territory upon which this new kingdom was founded constituted at that time a province of the Byzantine Empire and was populated mostly by Slavic tribes loosely organized in themselves as well as loosely


3. By this statement I commit myself to the acceptance of the theory put forth by the Bulgarian scholar Shishmanov and accepted and expounded by Dillon.
controlled by Byzantium. Then the Bulgarians arrived upon the scene.
They possessed their own language, traditions, customs and pagan beliefs, fundamentally different from those of the local Slavs, many of whom had at least been directly influenced by Christianity -- the state religion of Byzantium. The Bulgarians were excellent horsemen and carried a horse's tail as their battle standard. They sliced a dog in half when sealing an important treaty and consulted their priests before engaging in battle. They were firmly organized, and had at their head the Han and the boyars. The Bulgarians represented a minority. And yet, due to their superior organization and organizational talent, they made themselves masters of the numerous Slavic tribes and imposed upon them a rigid political state system.4

The differences between the conquered tribes and their conquerors were felt and expressed in the antagonism of the first toward the military aristocracy of the latter. But gradually, imperceptibly, and yet irrevocably, the small horde of Bulgarians was submerged in the floodstreams of Slavic population. The Bulgarian language, traditions, customs, all these disappeared, the name Bulgaria being one of the few survivals of the original race of Bulgars. The fate of the Bulgarians in the Balkans was like that of the Franks in Gaul and the Manchus in China.

There are two outstanding events in the development of the first kingdom which must be noted here:

4. E. Penev, Bulgarska Literature, page 25.
In 864, during the reign of Tsar Boris, the Bulgarians officially accepted Christianity and in 870 the Patriarch of Constantinople granted Bulgaria an independent national church.  

The second important event was the invention of the first Slavic alphabet by the brothers Kiril and Metodi — Bulgarian Slavs from Saloniki — employed in the diplomatic service of Byzantium.

During the first part of the tenth century under Simeon the Great, Bulgaria achieved a high degree of prosperity and culture, and assumed a rank among the civilized powers of the earth.

During the second half of the same century — generally considered a period of decline — under Tsar Peter, there arose in Bulgaria the religious sect of the Bogomils who were the agrarian socialists of the Middle Ages and may be counted among the true forerunners of the Reformation.

6. A short account of their work is given by Boyan Penev in his Bulgarska Literatura, and a long one with full details and bibliography in Z. Teodorov-Balan’s Kiril i Metodi.
7. See my thesis: The Bogomils of Bulgaria — History and Appraisal, submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, Andover Newton Theological School, 1934. The only treatment in English I know of is Victor Sharenkov’s The Bogomils — The Anglican Theological Review, December 1934, pp. 301-322. My thesis is largely based on the scholarly work of Prof. Yordan Ivanov, Bogomilski Knigi i Legendi. He gives, on p. 14, an impressive bibliography on the subject, available in Russian, Polish, Greek, German, Latin, French, Serbian, Croatian and Bulgarian.
Byzantium in 1018.

The fact that some of the native boyars were retained as local governors and enjoyed a certain degree of freedom in their actions made it possible for two direct descendants of the royal family, after numerous other revolts had failed, to reestablish the independence of the country. These liberators were the brothers Peter and Asen. Asen became king.

After a short life, during which Bulgaria once more expanded from the Black Sea to the Adriatic, the kingdom became again the prey of foreign invaders -- this time the Turks -- who conquered not only Bulgaria but the whole Balkan peninsula. The fall of the capital, Tarnovo, in 1393 marked the end of the second kingdom.

c. The Third Kingdom 1878

The fact that there is a Bulgarian Kingdom today, after five centuries of Turkish rule and oppression, is nothing short of a miracle; as a matter of fact a twofold miracle: in the first place it was miraculous for the people to preserve their national consciousness and to emerge again on the scene of history ready to carry out their destiny; secondly, it was positively a miracle that the European Powers trusted Russia and allowed her to play the part of a liberator.

After a war of nine months between Russia and Turkey, Bulgaria became again a free land, according to the treaty of San Stefano, February 19, 1878.

The revision of this treaty in Berlin, June, 1878, forced upon Russia by the European powers and England especially, constitutes one of the major crimes in European politics against the small Balkan nations.
and has become the cause of many Bulgarian disasters since, like the war with Serbia, the insurrection in Macedonia, and the Balkan Wars.

It is this kingdom in which Slaveikov lived and worked. Therefore, it deserves a closer study.

The early history of newly liberated Bulgaria is a record of Russian maneuvers in conflict with national aspirations for perfect freedom and self-government as they were understood by the young enthusiasts in the first cabinet. A victim of these conflicts became the first prince of Bulgaria, Alexander Battenberg, who was succeeded by Prince Ferdinand, who took in his hands the rudder of a very small boat on the turbulent waters of European Politics, and to the amazement of all onlookers sailed safely, although not always calmly for thirty-one years, a period, of which Theodore Roosevelt said in 1912: "No nation has travelled so fast and so far in the last third of a century as Bulgaria."8

These words are truer today than they were in 1912. It would hardly be an exaggeration to say that Bulgaria has progressed centuries during the sixty years of its free existence. In 1393 the Turkish conquest put an end to an autocratic, medieval Bulgarian kingdom. For nearly five hundred years the people were subjected to a double yoke, political under the Turks, and spiritual and intellectual under the Greeks and the Greek Church.9 Yet in 1878 there emerged a people ready to adjust itself to the demands of the new times, to govern itself on the

9. For a broad and sympathetic view of the Greek Church, and the main differences between the Roman Catholic Church and the "Orthodox Church", see Norman H. Baynes, The Byzantine Empire.
basis of a liberal constitution, and to astonish the world with its capacity for rapid progress. Very few generations in the course of human history have been forced to make such a complete readjustment as the last generation brought up in Bulgaria during the period of Turkish dominion, which became the first generation to direct the destinies of the new state. The father of Pencho Slaveikov belonged to this generation, while he himself was born in 1866 and witnessed, as a young boy, the tremendous upheaval of the period of liberation and reconstruction.

The tremendous change from slavery to freedom can perhaps best be judged on the basis of educational statistics. As a matter of fact, progress in education in the new kingdom is the true measure of its most significant achievement and the promise for its future.

It should be remembered that only a century ago there was no educational system at all in Bulgaria, then a Turkish province; there was not a single first class Bulgarian school. The first secular book in the Bulgarian language appeared at the time of the American Revolutionary War.10

Today there are 6850 primary schools, including kindergartens, 103 secondary, two normal and a score of professional schools of various sorts and grades. There is also an excellent modern university with seven branches or faculties, a state conservatory of music and an art academy. There are 3780 university students of which 72 per cent are men and 28 per cent women.

10 This book was Istoriya Slavyanobulgarska by Paisi, handwritten and secretly copied and distributed among the few enlightened people of a subject race.
The largest number are enrolled in the law department, and after that come literature, history, and philosophy. 22,271 teachers -- 12,914 men and 11,357 women--give instruction to the 722,205 children in the primary schools. For the 20,780 boys and 13,076 girls in the high schools there are 1781 teachers -- 915 men and 866 women. There are 305 professors in the university of which only two are women. This educational system, ministering daily to a seventh of the people in the country and using nearly 24,000 specially trained employees, is the largest enterprise of any kind in Bulgaria.

During its sixty years of free life, Bulgaria developed a literature worthy of its name and deeply conscious of its mission. Bulgaria also created a national theater and national opera and those have gained an enviable reputation for themselves among institutions of their kind in Europe. The fine arts and painting in particular have been cultivated, and Bulgarian water-colors today represent a superior artistic achievement.

This is but one side of the picture, however. The political history of the country since the liberation represents the gloomy side. Bulgaria fought the Balkan Wars (1912-13) and took part in the World

11. The census of Dec. 31, 1926, gives the figure of 5,473,741 as the total population of Bulgaria, while the 1931 census sets the figure at 5,005,000.
See, J.P. Genov, Nyoskiya Dogovor i Bulgaria.
12. R.H. Marchan, West Bulgaria. I have before me the very latest figures (1937-38) available, printed in Vestink na Vestnitsite, Oct. 3, 1938. Kindergartens: 182, with 293 teachers and 2282 children; primary schools: 4702, with 16,952 teachers and 600,991 pupils; junior high schools: 1330 with 6327 teachers and 20,476 pupils; high schools: 111 with 2134 teachers and 70,397 students; state university: 4775 students with 173 professors and lecturers and 120 assistant professors; totals: 6876 schools, 713,821 students, 25,717 teachers.
World War (1915-19) in the hope of uniting all Bulgarians who had been separated from the mother country by the Bulhroast and Berlin treaties, but both attempts ended in catastrophe. At the close of the Balkan wars Bulgaria lost 2360 square miles of territory and a population of 170,000. After the World War Bulgaria lost additional territories with a larger population.

Since King Ferdinand was considered responsible for these catastrophes, he found it necessary to abdicate the throne and his son Boris succeeded him on October 3, 1918, as Boris III.

A very turbulent period of political turmoil and confusion ensued during which a revolutionary Communist Party and a self-confessed, semi-revolutionary Agrarian Party dominated political life until both were violently crushed by the conventional "law and order" elements that by 1923 had again recovered sufficiently to direct the affairs of state. Now, a decade after the close of the war, Bulgaria is recovering her confidence and spirit, her national pride and her ambition to attain a worthy place among the nations. She is devoting most of her attention to cultural and economic advance, and to political consolidation; is seeking to unite the people within her bounds in ardent and constructive patriotism; is trying to remake her public institutions so that they will be better adapted to further the welfare and progress of all the people and is endeavoring to find friends and well-wishers in the outside world.13

2. An Outline of Bulgarian Literature

Up until the ninth century the Bulgarians had writing but no literature. They had a primitive manner of keeping records of which little

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13. R. H. Marsham, NEAT Bulgaria, p. 73.
is known now. Along with this they recorded important court documents, employing either the Greek or Latin alphabet.

The event which paved the way for a Bulgarian literature was the invention of a new alphabet by the brothers Miril and Metodi designed to represent all the sounds peculiar to the spoken language of their province, Macedonia, a language which should rightly be called Old Bulgarian rather than Old Church Slavic, Church Slavic, or Old Slavic, and which was generally understood by all Southern Slavs at that time.

3. Division into two periods: old and new

According to Professor Penev, Bulgarian literature may be conveniently divided in two periods, old and new, on the basis of differences in spirit and dominant ideas.14 Another prominent writer on Bulgarian literary history, Bojan Angelov, distinguishes between two main epochs in the history of Bulgarian and of all languages in general: the epoch of oral tradition, before the invention or adoption of letters, and the epoch of written or historical traditions.15

There is a striking parallel between the situation under which the German people and the Bulgarian people adopted Christianity and the results which this event brought about. In both cases the adoption of a new religion marked the transition from an oral to a written tradition. In Germany the Roman Catholic clergy introduced Latin writing and letters, and did their best to destroy the oral poetic tradition of the

15. Bojan Angelov, Bulgarian Literature, Chast Farya, page 1, ff.
people. We have, however, a fine basis of judging the nature of this tradition by such fragments as the *Loy of Hildebrand* and the *Horseburg Charters*. Further evidence as to the wealth and poetic variety of this tradition may be found in the long epics of the *Nibelungen*, *Sigmund* and *Waltharius Hana Fortin*. In spite of the admixture of Christian ideas and ideals in them, and in spite of the Latin garb of the last mentioned among the three, these epics reveal to us the character of the German people and their heroes as they were during the period of the oral poetic tradition. 16

According to Bojan Angelov we must assume that such an oral poetic tradition existed among the primitive Bulgarians, for a nation cannot live and maintain itself as a separate unit without some form of culture, be it ever so primitive and crude.

We do not know, however, the nature of that oral tradition, because of the events which accompanied the adoption of Christianity in the ninth century. The Bulgarian writers who emerged after the invention of the Slavic alphabet and the adoption of Christianity had before them the oral poetic tradition of the people but they despised it. They were full of contempt toward this tradition as the manifestation of a culture whose spirit, they felt, it was their task to destroy and supplant with the new Christian culture.

Praeviter Kozma 17 spoke with a holy terror concerning certain de-

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17. An ecclesiastical writer and preacher of the tenth century particularly active against the religious sect of the Bogomils.
monial songs and dances which the Bulgarians had taken over into their new Christian faith. Because of this attitude of the Bulgarian writers of that period it is intelligible that we should know nothing concerning this early oral tradition. The people at large, however, did not completely abandon their former customs and traditions and continued to live with them until most recent times. These oral traditions, however, which we have come to know and which have been recorded since the beginning of the nineteenth century, cannot be completely identified with the early oral tradition. It is mostly on the basis of the general form of such preserved traditions that we can derive some hints as to the nature of the early oral poetic traditions.18

b. Character of Bulgarian Literature during the Old Period

The Old Period begins during the second half of the ninth century and continues until the second half of the eighteenth century. In spirit and content it is religious and ecclesiastical. Its aim is moral and religious edification.

This characterization does not exhaust the subject, however, nor does it account for the relative importance of this period. The ninth

18. B. Angelov, Bulgarska Literatura, page 4. In general, Angelov follows the traditional scheme of dividing the history of Bulgarian literature since the ninth century into two main periods: old and new. He introduces several subdivisions in these periods, based not on "new ideas or forms in the literature itself, but mainly on outward changes in the language connected with certain important political events".
century is generally known as the Golden Age of Bulgaria for which it is indebted to the long and wise rule of Tsar Simeon (died 927).

The ancient Bulgarian literature had attained such a phenomenal development in respect to the number of books of a church and religious character which it was able to accumulate, that it may justly take its rank side by side with the richest literatures of those days, viz., the Greek and Latin. It certainly surpassed all the other European literatures of the same kind. Strictly speaking, during those times the church literature existed only in three languages: the Greek, Latin, and Slav... When fortune abandoned Bulgaria the fruits of its literary activity were soon inherited by the other Slavic nations, the Serbians, their nearest neighbors in particular, and the Russians. Thanks to them those ancient documents were preserved down to our day. The majority of them are in Serbian and Russian copies in which the ancient Bulgarian dialect was signally corrupted. On that account they are all the more important and valuable for the history of Slavic literature and language. In respect to the literature, they are the undeniable possession of the Bulgarian people. In respect to the language, the claim over them must be shared conjointly between the Bulgarians, Serbians, and Russians.¹⁹

Bulgaria gave Slavdom its language upon which there grew up the contemporary Slavic culture.²⁰ Through the Bulgarian language Slavdom was called to life and race consciousness. In the course of several centuries, it was destined to be not only the prayer language of the Slavs, but also a medium for welding Slavdom into a cultural unity and, in certain cases, into a political unit also... But the exalted honor which by right belongs to the Bulgarian people

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¹⁹. V. Jagić, History of the Serbo-Croatian Literature, page 82.
²⁰. Let me say at this point that "slavic" is the only correct form of the adjective derived from the noun Slav and applying to all Slavic peoples in general. The main Slavic peoples are: The Russian, Ukrainian, Polish, Vendish, Czechish, Slovakish, Slovenian, Creation, Serbian, and Bulgarian. All other archaic forms like "slavonic" or "sclavonic" are highly misleading since they refer to a specific group of Slavs. Thus "Slavische Rundschau" is correct usage, "Slavonic Review" an incorrect one.
lies in this, that the Bulgarian nation gave the Slavic world not only its language, the nucleus of culture and education, but also in this, that hard-tried Bulgaria is, at the same time, the cradle of Slavic civilization.\(^{21}\)

I have deliberately selected these passages which speak in terms of glowing praise of the merits and significance of early Bulgarian literature because they come from the outside world, not from Bulgaria itself. As a matter of fact the value of these words is further enhanced in the light of the usual discord existing between the various Slavic peoples as well as between their scholars.

\(\text{c. Pencho Slaveikov's view on this subject}\)

Pencho Slaveikov was a poet, not a literary historian. If I am introducing his view on this subject it is because I wish to present the other side, as well as to draw a conclusion which characterizes Slaveikov as a bold and independent thinker who dared to disagree with popular or accepted opinion. Posterity has pronounced Slaveikov mistaken in this respect and yet it seems to me there was a great deal of true feeling, if nothing more, in his words:

All of our writing beyond the threshold of the previous century bears the name "Bulgarian literature" (after a foreign fashion) and is called now old, now middle, and now new. There is nothing Bulgarian in it except the alphabet. Psalters, prayer books, damascines—damascines, prayer books, psalters, row after row, like a flock of herons driven by the south wind (from Byzantium) they come flying toward the Balkan, who does not seem to be

\(^{21}\text{N. S. Derjavin, Bolgarsko-Serbskiya Vzaimootmosheniya, page 122.}\)
particularly interested in them.22

Literary activity in the Old Period ceased with the capture of the
capital Tarnovo by the Turks in 1393 when a large number of Bulgarian
writings were publicly burned.

d. The New Period

1762 marks the beginning of the New Period. In that year there
appeared a simple book called by its author Istoriya Slavyanobulgarska.
He was a Bulgarian monk from the vicinity of Samokov, residing at the
Hilendar monastery on the Aton peninsula. After writing the book he
travelled extensively peddling his product throughout the land. The
book was eagerly received, copied by hand, and attained a wide circula-
tion.

This book was the cornerstone upon which the structure of the Bul-
garian Renaissance was erected. Gradually the people regained their
national consciousness and showed interest in education; they opened
schools and churches; aspired to create a national literature in the
spirit of patriotism; they began a fight to free their churches from
the domination of the Greek Church,23 and after the granting of a free
and independent Bulgarian National Church in 1872, a little over a cen-
tury after the appearance of Paisi's book, the struggle was shifted to

22. Pencho Slaveikov, Bulgarska Literaturna, page 1. Balkan is the Turk-

ish word for mountain and designates the central mountain range in
Bulgaria from which the whole peninsula derives its name. In Bul-
garian folklore, and in Slaveikov's poetry, the Balkan is a symbol
of the people and is always personalized.

23. The term the "Greek Church" used to designate the Eastern Church in
the field of political independence. The literature which flourished during the seventies, particularly among the numerous Bulgarian emigrants in Romania and Serbia, was flooded with ideas of revolt.

e. After the Liberation

After the liberation (1878) Bulgarian literature reflected the new political and social conditions. It lost its crusading, journalistic character and attempted to create works of a higher artistic quality. The pathetic patriotism of Vazov was replaced by a more profound ideology, and Bulgarian literature was enriched by the works of Yavorov and Slaveikov. This period of rapid growth continued up to the First Balkan War in 1912. Slaveikov died the same year, and Yavorov took his own life two years later. Today there is a new group of young writers — many among them possessing true talent — giving direction to Bulgarian literature. But the new form, the new style has not as yet been created; there is, among those who have outgrown the previous phase of development, an uncertainty, a fluctuation between various schools and movements. We are yet waiting for the great poet who will give a physiognomy to the newest Bulgarian literature, who will clarify its thought. Or, maybe he is already here, seeking his own forms and concentrating his powers to the task.

23. contrast to the Roman Catholic Church of the West is misleading; one should always keep in mind that the churches of the East were identified with a particular state or nation. Therefore it is correct to refer to the Bulgarian National Church, Serbian National Church, Russian National Church, the Greek National Church, etc., while collectively these churches are best referred to as "The Orthodox Church".
f. General characteristics of Bulgarian Literature

Bulgarian literature, taken in its entirety, can be considered as a reflection of certain typical Bulgarian characteristics.

The Bulgarian is sober by nature, and hard to be carried away. Even when that happens he remains critical toward the object of his passion. In all his endeavors and expectations, in all his activity, he remains a sober realist: he starts out from reality and returns to it.

Bulgarian literature and in general all Bulgarian creations in the realm of the fine arts, are characterized by their realism. The Bulgarian writer and artist is a realist by nature and realistic portrayal is the beginning and end of his creative work.

This realism pervades the literature from its beginning, through all of the folklore and down to the present. It is most apparent in the treatment of religious motives. In such cases the essential thing is neither the religious mood nor the unearthly radiance of the images.

The Beyond is transformed into something of the earth, something near. Pencho Slaveikov, one of Bulgaria's great poets, characterizes himself thus: "Everything in Ivo Dolya is an image. For him God is always 'Grandpa God' -- the one he used to look at on the ceiling of his hometown church when he was a boy: a man with bushy eyebrows and a long beard, like that of his grandfather." He reads the Bible with great interest, captivated by its plastic imagery, and confesses that he sees God in every line and every word: he sees Him in His mildness and His

24. Pencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blajennite, p. 19
anger, and realizes how he loses God's image in the eternal irrationality of things: in order to recover the image he must draw it closer to himself and to this world, and must deprive it of its divine appearance. That divine appearance vanishes in the folktale and legend: God walks through the Bulgarian land as a poor old man, talks to the shepherd or the man behind the plough: the saints, the Mother of God, Jesus and his disciples, are all to be seen walking the country roads -- all of them brought closer, Bulgarianized, realistically portrayed.

All this is done with the same naive disregard for historical fact which makes Otfrid in his book of the Gospels represent Christ as a benevolent German feudal lord surrounded by his noble knights -- the apostles.

I would like to give here an example of this realism to be found in one of the dualistic bogomil legends discussed by Professor Ivanov.25 Since it would take too much space to give the whole legend, I shall only relate its content.

God creates the devil out of his own shadow in order to have a companion. The two comrades divide the world: God is to own the heaven and the living men, the devil, the earth and the dead. In confirming this agreement God gives the devil a note. As owner of the earth the devil does not allow Adam and Eve to plough the soil, and mistreats all men. God decides to deprive the devil of his power. So he sends an angel, in human form, to become a servant of the devil and to steal the note. The angel bets the devil he cannot bring up sand from the bottom of a lake. The devil takes his clothes off,

25. Yordan Ivanov, Bogomilski Knigi i Legendi, p. 337.
and plunges into the water. In the meantime, the angel goes through his clothes, gets the note and flees back to God. The devil catches up with him, however, grabs him by the foot, and tears a bit off the bottom of it with his nails, without being able to stop the angel from entering into heaven. God fashions the feet of all men like that of the angel, so the latter need not be ashamed of his disfigured foot.

Outstanding names in Bulgarian Literature during both periods

There were, among the creators of Bulgarian literature in the Old Period a number of individuals with a strong moral will. Chernorizets Hrabar was a fiery defender of Bulgarian writing and Bulgarian books (as opposed to the "sacred languages", Hebrew, Greek and Latin); Presviter Kozma was a gifted preacher and a denouncer of social evils; Grigori Tsamblak was an untiring fighter, a man with new ideas, denounced and persecuted by his contemporaries; yet he remained strong and active until the end of his life.

During the time of the Turkish rule the outstanding writers were:

Païsi Hilendarski -- the most active and far-sighted man to call the nation to an awakening.

Neofit Bosveli -- a daring fighter for freedom of worship, a mighty wielder of satire, cruelly tortured by the enemies of Bulgarian nationality, thrown into prison -- but always inspired by a supreme national and social ideal.

Petko Slaveikov -- the poet, was a national leader, and the father
of Pencho Slaveikov.\textsuperscript{26}

Georgi Rakovski -- the man who had an untiring will and unconquerable optimism.

These are the typical representatives of the Bulgarian nation, the men who embody its most valuable qualities. And along with them, the greatest individualists in Bulgarian poetry: Hristo Botev, Payo Yavorov, Pencho Slaveikov. Their true value lies in the individual character of their works. That through which they will survive is the will embodied in the symbols of their creations.

A striving for the liberation of the spirit characterizes the newest Bulgarian literature, which reveals undisputed talent:

Dimcho Debelyanov -- a lyricist combining in himself the forcefulness of Yavorov with the elegance of a masterful verse.

Nikolai Liliev -- the tenderest of Bulgarian poets, the most melodious among them, and at the same time the most ethereal -- elegiac and dreamy, lost in pantheistic moods, ethereal like Shelley.

Nikolai Rainov -- author of mystical legends, resurrecting the Bulgarian past; a poet gifted with a historical intuition, with a strongly developed feeling for the native, virginal forms of Bulgarian literature. In the works of Rainov, who is simultaneously a writer, a literary critic and a painter, the old Bulgarian art in its most significant

\textsuperscript{26} A prominent square in Sofia on which he lived has been named after Petko Slaveikov, and recently one of the most modern high school buildings in Sofia has been named after Pencho Slaveikov.
forms has found its renaissance.

Dora Gabe -- who is very familiar with Polish literature and has translated some of its best creations: feminine in her songs, she has introduced new themes into Bulgarian national literature; her lyrics are the fruits of genuine revelations, and rise to the height of religious ecstasies.

Anna Kamenova is the outstanding woman novelist Bulgaria has produced.

No Bulgarian writer has better understood nor more sympathetically and beautifully portrayed the yearnings, loyalties, and dreams of lonely women left stranded in obscure and isolated places. She understands their religious feelings, their rigid morality, their unaltering fidelity, their inflexible adherence to customs, their resignations in the face of fate and their gentleness and sweetness of character. The Bulgarian woman, who is an unusually noble personality, has long been waiting for some novelist to do her justice and it seems possible that that author has been found in Mrs. Kamenova.27

These are being followed by others, younger ones, equally gifted, daring in their originality, astounding by the force of their inspiration. All of these -- like their Bulgarian teachers -- distinguish themselves through their talent, as well as through a broad culture. Bulgaria's hope is in them. They will conquer the new Promised Land of Bulgarian poetry.

27. R. H. Markham, Meet Bulgaria, p. 238.
h. Foreign Influences in Bulgarian Literature

This rapid survey of Bulgarian literature would be incomplete without a short reference to the foreign influences which have shaped its course, particularly after the liberation, and which provide an important part of the general background so essential for the understanding of this more specific investigation.

The foundation for the penetration of any foreign literary influence is the presence of translations of literary works from the respective language, or a knowledge of that language. The Bulgarian writers and poets possess this double foundation; a glance at the catalogues of the leading publishing houses in Bulgaria will show at once that most of the great literary masterpieces of the world are available in Bulgarian translations, while it is safe to say that every educated Bulgarian has mastered at least two foreign languages.

The main sources of influence have been the Russian, Polish, French, and German literatures, and to a lesser degree the Italian and English.28

(1) Russian Influence

The Russian influence, which became stronger during the middle of the last century, increased rapidly after the liberation. The important fact is that the writers of the free nation were influenced not only by Russian journalism but to a higher degree by the best in Russian literature. There is no Bulgarian writer who has not been influenced by Russian

poetry to a greater or lesser degree.29 This poetry, particularly the lyric, with its outstanding representatives, Pushkin and Lermontov, has exercised a definite influence upon Vazov, as well as upon Pencho Slaveikov and Kiril Hristov. Yavorov was lured by the poetic themes and peculiar individualism of Lermontov. He felt that here was a kindred spirit. Most Bulgarian prose writers are dependent upon the realistic Russian novel.

Our writers are also familiar with the Russian "Slavophili". We find their ideas expressed mainly in the poetry of Vazov and Kiril Hristov. The humanitarian ideas of the Russian novelists — particularly of Tolstoi, Turgenev and Dostoyevsky — have left traces in our literature, mainly in the works of Pencho Slaveikov and Petko Todorov. In recent times Bulgaria's youngest verse makers have been charmed by the poetry of the Russian modernists — Balmont, Valeri Brusov, Alexander Blok, and others. Yavorov also shows a certain weakness towards their poetry. This infatuation with modernism — not only with that of Russia but also with the French and German movements — is noticeable among the reading public, as well as among the younger poets. At times it goes to extremes, to blind imitation, and an astounding exhibition of poor taste and sheer nonsense.

29. N. Dontaiev, in Influences Étrangères dans La Littérature Bulgare, p. 4, maintains that in the realm of literature Bulgaria has remained to this day a Russian province.
(2) Polish Influence

Among those other Slavic literatures which influence Bulgaria's newer writers, we must mention the Polish literature. Pencho Slaveikov is well acquainted with it and has written a study on Mickiewicz. In the creation of his most significant literary work, the poem Arvava Pesen, Slaveikov has been influenced by Pan Tadeusz. We may trace this influence not only in the article mentioned above, but also in Slaveikov's poem Priest of Life, originally entitled Before the Statue of Mickiewicz. Vazov has been somewhat influenced by the Polish novel. In his novel Pod Igoto we catch the shadow of At Dawn by Milkovski. More significant is the Polish influence in the case of Dora Gabe. We should mention here her Polska antologia which contains translations of the most beautiful Polish lyrics, with characterizations of the poets.

(3) French Influence

Further we take notice of the French influence -- most of all that of French romanticism. Specifically in the case of Vazov we could say that he has been influenced more by French than by Russian poetry. The romantic French novel has greatly affected Vazov. Having taken Hugo as his model in the novel, Vazov uses irrelevant episodes, has a tendency toward complicated plots, likes to stimulate the curiosity of the readers and surprise them with all sorts of sensations.30

30. B. Penev, Bulgarska Literatura, page 205.
Again, under Hugo's influence, he pays more attention to morals and edification than to the psychology of the characters. The French preachers and moralists of the seventeenth century, Bossuet, Rochefoucauld, and also Pascal, Vauvenargues, the satirist Paul-Louis Courier and the preacher Lanuzaïer have contributed to the development of the ideas and the style of Bulgarian literature. Their influence is felt in the works of Mikhailov; in his "sermons" and denunciations; and also in his aphoristic style. The influence of the newer French poetry is worth mentioning — the poetry of Baudelaire, Verlaine and Verhaeren, Albert Camus, and other lyricists, as well as that of Masterling.

(4) German Influence

Equally significant is the German influence. It is most strongly felt in the works of Pencho Slaveikov who diligently studied the poetry of Goethe, Heine, Lenau, and also the younger German poets: Stora, Konrad Ferdinand Meyer, Keller, Martin Greif, Liliencron and others.

Slaveikov's evaluation of these poets, and of those among their works which thrilled him most, are to be found in his anthology, Menski Posti, which contains translations of German poems and original characterizations of their authors. Slaveikov is captivated by the representatives of the German realistic lyric: in that style and spirit he writes his own lyric songs in the book — Sun Za Shtastie. Particularly significant in regard to Bulgarian literature is the influence of German philosophy and aesthetics. Nietzsche's ideas made a strong
impression upon Pencho Slaveikov and others. The influence of German aesthetics has made itself felt in the field of our literary criticism.

(5) English and Italian Influences

English and Italian influences are not so strongly felt. In the beginning of his career Pencho Slaveikov values highly the poems of Tennyson and uses them as models for his short poems. Two Bulgarian poets have been influenced by Italian literature: K. Velichkov, who translated Dante's Inferno, and Kiril Hristov.

1. The nature and results of these influences

These are the new influences affecting contemporary Bulgarian literature, bringing with them a larger variety of subjects and forms, and broadening the literary culture of Bulgaria's poets and artists.

It must be added, by way of conclusion, however, that Bulgarian literature has remained throughout true to its essential nature and that it has not imitated foreign ideas or forms in a servile manner.

In this connection I wish to quote a few words concerning Bulgarian literature which should have added weight since they come from a Frenchman.

31. There is an excellent essay on this question: Pencho Slaveikov i Angliyskata Literatura, by A. Filipov.
32. Slaveikov has written a very illuminating essay on Tennyson entitled Chestit Poet. See Chujdi Literaturi, page 156.
Le fait que cette littérature est restée toujours essentiellement bulgare, même lorsqu'elle a suivi des exemples russes, français, allemands, est la meilleure preuve de sa vitalité, de sa personnalité. Elle ne s'est pas asservie à ses modèles, elle n'a jamais imité servilement, ni répété des poncifs. En écoutant les leçons des maîtres étrangers, elle n'a fait que reproduire le geste fervent du disciple qui, tout en méditant déjà les créations futures de son propre génie, reçoit les enseignements des doctes anciens. Elle a gardé de ces enseignements ce qui pouvait nourrir son cœur et son esprit; elle a rejeté tout ce qui était superficiel ou artificiel. Ce qu'elle a reçu elle l'a si bien transformé que toutes ses productions portent une couleur qu'on ne peut confondre avec aucune autre. Et son épanouissement a été la conclusion nécessaire d'un développement qui, au lieu de se replier stérilement sur lui-même, s'est ouvert largement, généreusement, fertilement à tous les vents de tous les coins du monde "ou souffle l'esprit".

Speaking of the foreign influences upon the literature of Bulgaria

Donchev writes:

L'effet de ces dernières sur l'écrivain bulgare a consisté à lui offrir une sorte d'apprentissage où celui-ci a trouvé des moyens qui lui ont permis de hauser notre ambiance intellectuelle à une niveau point encore atteint, de pousser le développement de la littérature bulgare et d'en enlargir les horizons.34

34. N. Donchev, Influences Étrangères Dans La Littérature Bulgare, page 16.
III. Pencho Slaveikov — a biographical sketch

1. Family Background

   a. The "poetic" family of Bulgaria

   It is always interesting as well as profitable to know the family background of men who have distinguished themselves in any sphere of human achievement. In the case of Pencho Slaveikov this is actually fascinating. For, while we all know of musical families like the Bachs or the Strausses, and while families of actors like the Barrymores are quite common, this is the only "poetic family" I have discovered thus far.

   Pencho Slaveikov comes from one of the most highly gifted and illustrious Bulgarian families of recent times. And what is most unusual, his father was a poet before him. Furthermore, the father influenced the son to such an extent that it becomes necessary to say a few things about him.

   "Petko Rachev Slaveikov," the second son of Racho, the coppersmith, was born on the eve of a national renaissance, on November 17, 1827, in

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1. Petko Rachev Slaveikov, his father, became twice a member of the cabinet -- once as minister of education and once as minister of the interior. Two of his sons studied at Robert College and one of them became later mayor of the capital -- Sofia.

2. This is a good time to explain the form of Bulgarian and Slavic names in general. The "middle name" does not exist -- good Orthodox Christians being satisfied with one proper name. What one would take to be a middle name is the name of the father, duly inflected. It constitutes the variable, being successively dropped off, while the family name remains. Name endings indicate gender. Thus names ending in -va are feminine, those in -ov masculine.
Tarnovo, while Abdul Medjid (1823-61) governed Bulgaria for the Turkish Sultan, that is, at the time of Beethoven's death, three years after that of Byron, and five years before the death of Goethe," writes Boris Yotsov. He has for his contemporaries men like Ernst Renan, Spencer, Wagner, Verdi, Hugo, Dickens, Tolstoi and Dostoyevsky.

This son, born "under the yoke", was destined to live through a stormy career of political and social, as well as literary activity, at the end of which he was living in a free country, the Third Bulgarian Kingdom.

The many political revolutions of the nineteenth century, particularly those of 1848, found their echo even among the peoples who had for centuries remained under the rule of the Sultans. One by one these nations revolted and regained their independence. Bulgaria was the last Balkan nation to become free; Greece led the way and Serbia followed next. In Bulgaria, political freedom came as a result of foreign intervention, while religious freedom was won by a fight of the people against their spiritual oppressors, the Phanariots of the Greek Church.

b. Pencho and his father

It was in this struggle for an independent Bulgarian Church that

4. Greece gained political freedom and Serbia partial autonomy in September 1829 by the treaty of Adrianople; Rumania did not win complete independence until May 10, 1877. Bulgaria became free in February 1878 by the treaty of San Stefano.
Petko Slaveikov emerged as a champion of the people. He served this cause with his pen and with the spoken word, while earning a meager living as a school teacher. His son Pencho Slaveikov, writes of his father: 

His life, the life of a man of the Bulgarian renaissance, is of itself a legend. I need only mention that in the course of his variegated career he was relentlessly pursued by Turks and Greeks, was arrested by them some thirty times, and more than once by the government of his liberated fatherland. But never did his lucky star desert him; once indeed it saved his life when he was standing with his hands manacled upon the scaffold. His exploits and his services for the national awakening made him the most popular personage in Bulgaria, so that the people conferred upon him the title of "Grandfather", which the Bulgars are accustomed to bestow upon the men whom they most deeply revere. It is not easy to measure the debt which literary Bulgaria owes to him, especially with regard to the language, the present literary language -- seeing that he is to all intents its creator. In spite of the close personal attention which he gave to his profession and to the political movements of the day, there was apparently no lack of time for a great mass of literary work, which included the collection of folklore and of material for histories. It was only a small portion of the latter which saw the light, all the rest having been destroyed by the Turks in 1877. He is considered as the best among our poets having been also the first among them to lay down laws for the technical side of Bulgarian verse.5

folk-songs and proverbs. His collection of over seventeen thousand songs, proverbs, saws and maxims is a true revelation of the soul of the nation, its life and philosophy during the five centuries of bondage. Like Luther, Slaveikov has left us an imperishable monument to himself -- the Bulgarian Bible.

The excellent literary quality of the modern Bulgarian translation of the Bible, which was published by the American Bible Society, must be credited to the cooperation of Slaveikov. The publication of the Scriptures has had an enormous influence in determining the character of the written language. During the centuries that the Bulgarian was used only as a spoken language among the peasants, numerous dialects appeared; and many of the earlier writers of the modern renaissance made use of these dialects. Dr. Albert Long, an American missionary in Bulgaria, and later a professor in Robert College, wrote of Slaveikov at the time of his death: "A grateful nation will cherish his name as connected with some of the sweetest songs, most attractive stories, vigorous polemics, earnest patriotic appeals, and valuable folklore contributions made by any writer during the renaissance period of Bulgarian literature. But foremost among his literary contributions and his influence upon the language and the moral development of the nation, will ever stand his work upon the Bulgarian Bible." 6

2. Personal Fortunes and... Misfortunes

a. Scarcity of biographical material

There is no biography of Pencho Slaveikov in Bulgarian, or in any other language, as yet. The "biographical notes" by Bojan Angelov contain amazingly few facts relating to Slaveikov's life, being largely a

characterization of the poet. More biographical material is to be found in a small book published by Hemus and containing short biographies and bibliographies of the Bulgarian writers from Paisi to the present. 7

It would have been practically impossible to say much about Slaveikov's life, were it not for his own writings, and personal letters. Throughout these he often speaks of himself, criticizes or characterizes himself and his works. In this respect he is very much like Goethe, and unlike most other poets, who are usually modest and shy in speaking of their own work. 8

I consider it an advantage to tell the story of Slaveikov's life largely in his own words since even a poor translation will succeed in giving some of the rich flavor of his prose, thus contributing material for the discussion of his style later on.

I shall try to tell the story of Slaveikov's fortunes and misfortunes in two cycles: first, giving a bare outline of the facts of his life; then, letting the poet speak about himself in the preface to Epicheski Pesni, and in his book Na Ostrova na Slajennite.

b. The outline of Slaveikov's life
(1) Born in Trevna, April 27, 1866

Pencho Petkov Slaveikov -- the fifth son of Petko Rachev Slaveikov -- was born April 27, 1866 in the small mountain town of Trevna, where

7. Georgi Konstantinov, Editor, Bulgarska Literatura.
8. Slaveikov died comparatively young, before poetic mists had covered the rough spots of his life and literary career from his eyes. So there is just as much truth as there is poetry in what he says about himself.
the older Slaveikov was going to teach, having left Tsarigrad (Constantinople, or more recently Istanbul). The family remained here until the liberation after which they moved to Târnovo (1878), then to Sliven (1879) and then to Sofia (1880). From 1881 to 1885 the family settled down in Plovdiv, where young Poncho went to the gymasia (high school). He was not a particularly diligent or quiet student, preferring to read Russian poetry, having already mastered that language. By 1886 he was also familiar with Heine through fine Russian translations.

(2) The lively youth crippled for life

In 1892, just when Dr. Krâstev began to publish his magazine Misul (Thought), Poncho Slaveikov left for Leipzig where he studied philosophy and literature. He had previously been "abroad" seeking a cure: at eighteen he was found asleep on an icy pond where he had gone to skate; the result was typhoid fever and paralysis of legs and tongue. The once lively and remarkably nimble youngster remained a cripple for life, and was able to walk with the aid of crutches only. This experience left deep traces in the soul of the future poet and thinker.

(3) Works written in Leipzig, 1892-96

In Leipzig, Slaveikov conceived and wrote some of his most significant poems: Cis-Moll, Uspokoeni, Sârtse na Sârtsata. Here he became thoroughly familiar with the German, French, English, Russian and Serbian literatures, and from here wrote for Misul.
(4) Literary and public career in 
Bulgaria and abroad

After his return from Germany Slaveikov became a close friend of 
Dr. Krastev. The two, together with P. K. Yavorov and P. U. Todorov, 
created mainly through Misul, a new epoch in the cultural development 
of Bulgaria.

The first significant work of Slaveikov was the poem Koledari, 
printed in Misul, 1892, which made a deep impression by the liveliness 
of its verse and the original weaving together of themes from the folk-
songs. Before Koledari, which marked the beginning of Slaveikov's se-
rious poetical career, he had published a separate book of sentimental 
songs in the spirit of Heine -- Nomini Salvi (1888), Maiden’s Tears -- 
which he renounced later and even collected copies of it in order to 
burn them.

Upon his return from Leipzig, Slaveikov taught for some time, then 
became a clerk, and later director of the National Library. In 1908 he 
was director of the National Theater, and during the Huriet9 he took 
his actors on a tour through Macedonia. The following year he resigned 
because of a disagreement with the minister of education on the question 
of encouraging the so-called Opera Association. From 1909 until the ad-
vent of the "narodnyashki" (national) cabinet in 1911, Slaveikov was a-
gain director of the National Library. He was dismissed after a pre-

9. This is the Turkish word designating the short period during which 
the liberal young Turks were in control of the Sultan's government, 
1908.
arranged inspection, by minister S. S. Bobchev, who had an old grudge against Slaveikov. At the time of the Slavic Congress in 1910 Slaveikov wrote articles and called a protest meeting in the People’s House against the conservative delegates, and explicitly against Bobchev. Slaveikov, as well as the entire liberal Bulgarian intelligentsia, could not accept a Slavic Congress without Tolstoi, Masarik, Milyukov, and Roman Dmovski, considered the true representatives of Slavdom. Pencho Slaveikov, who was an ardent advocate of the cultural unification of Slavic nations, considered most of the delegates at the Congress to be people unworthy to discuss Slavdom and the glorious idea of its cultural unification. "The liberators of our spirit, representatives of progressive thought, liberty, and humanitarianism, who are the pride of Russia and the whole world had been forbidden", he said, "to attend this Congress."\(^{10}\)

This action of Slaveikov which elevated him as a courageous, progressive civic leader and writer had not been forgotten by Mr. Bobchev. So in June 1911 Slaveikov was deprived of his position as director of the National Library.

He was unable to swallow this insult. Hurt by the king who signed the order, and by the minister, Pencho left for Italy which he knew from a visit in 1911. There on the shores of Lago di Como, Slaveikov died, after a serious illness, on May 28, 1912. His remains were transferred

\(^{10}\) Pencho Slaveikov, *[Bulgarska Literatura]*, p. 388 ff.
to Bulgaria in 1921.

o. Outstanding literary and poetic works

Slaveikov's first important work came out in 1896 -- Epitcheski Pesni, Kniga pârva. In 1898 appeared Blyanove, Epitcheski Pesni, Kniga vtorâ. In 1907 Slaveikov selected the best from these two and edited a new book of Epitcheski Pesni, which went through several editions. Then follow Sun Za Shtastie, lyric songs, Tutrakan, 1907; Na Ostrova na Blajennite, 1910; Kârvava Pesen, 1911-13. The most significant work of his upon which Slaveikov labored for over a decade was published in full -- still uncompleted -- after his death. If he had lived longer he would certainly have made a great many changes in his poem. In spite of certain skeptics Kârvava Pesen lived through four editions in ten years. After Slaveikov's death, appeared the Book of Songs -- a collection of folksongs, edited by Dr. Krakste (1917) with a second edition in 1922, edited by Boyan Penev.

In 1911 appeared Slaveikov’s anthology Nemski Poeti and a year earlier, the translation of Nietzsche's Also Sprach Zarathustra, made by his wife Mara Belcheva11 with his co-operation.

11. Mara Belcheva was born in Sevlievo, Sept. 21, 1868. She studied in Vienna and Geneva. Her first poetical work appeared in 1910 in Sbornik Misul. Separate books of verse: Na Fraga Stâpki, Leipzig, 1913; Sonneti i Izbrani Pesni, Sofia, 1931. Since neither of the two wished to subscribe to the traditions of religion in the form of the National Church of Bulgaria -- and there is no civil marriage provision in Bulgaria -- they were not formally married.
All of Slaveikov's works, carefully arranged by Boyan Penev, were published by Paskalev and later by Hemus in seven attractive volumes. In 1929 Hemus published a volume of his letters to Mara Belcheva -- Pisma ot Pena Slavikov do Mara Belcheva. In it are printed also reminiscences of the actor Sava Ovyanov with whom Slaveikov visited Mount Olympus, and of Professor Zlatarski, who writes concerning the mission which sent him and Slaveikov to Russia, 1909, to attend the dedication of Gogol's monument.

Dr. Krâstev, Vladimir Vasilev, and Boyan Penev, have written most enthusiastically about Slaveikov. Shortly after the latter's death, Dr. Krâstev wrote:

No one else penetrated into the deepest foundations of our national life with such sovereign assurance and original insight. None had the inner strength to look at the great madness of his time with such contempt, or with such divine reserve...Because no one lived with such strong faith that this madness would disappear into dust when the hour for the consummation of culture struck.

d. A word picture of Slaveikov

Before letting Slaveikov speak for himself I would like to give here a short description of him by a man who knew him well. With such a word picture to supplement the biographical sketch of the poet, one will be able to appreciate more fully what Slaveikov says about himself.

Henry Bernard writes about him:

12. Misul, June 1913
He is the caged lion of Sofia. Great massive shoulders, a massive head, swarthy, with beard of black and silver, a brow that sets one thinking, and eyes, eyes weary with the world's troubles, eyes of the twilit woods, then of a woodland fawn, eyes that lure and dance away from you, eyes that laugh at you and their owner, unbearable eyes. Slaveikov is the figure of revolt. As he walks painfully through the town -- for his feet are unwilling travelers -- he longs with a fierce desire to be where no man knows him. The passion of revolt is in his blood; it burns in the poems he wrote in Germany, whither the spirit of Nietzsche summoned him. In that series of remarkable poems he celebrates Beethoven, Lenau, Shelley, Nietzsche, Michelangelo -- men who wrung great things out of anguish.  

1. Slaveikov speaks of himself

Since it was considered bad manners to praise one's own writings, Slaveikov resorted to a vague disguise when he spoke of himself; thus he has told us of a man named Olaf van Geldern, but he has not misled anyone, while being at the same time amusing and clever. The "biography of Ivo Dolya" is another mystification, but this time the case is somewhat complicated since the whole book in which it is found -- Na Ostrova ma Blajennite -- is supposed to be "An Anthology: The Portraits (sketches) have been done by Nikola Petrov; the biographies of the poets were written and the poems translated by Fencho Slaveikov".  

14. This makes the book a unique case of literary deception -- something like the notorious case of McPherson's Ossian, with this difference: Slaveikov used this

13. Henry Bernard, The Shade of the Balkans, p. 6
14. This is a translation of the book's full title in Bulgarian.
deception as a device for attracting attention, and made it very plain throughout the book just who the actual author was. Thus for instance he wrote another "biography" in this book, about Boyko Rasvya, but the reader recognized at once, that while Slaveikov was describing Heine in the "biography", the verses that followed were Slaveikov's own, not translations from Heine.

I am aware that a few chosen pages may suffice for the explicit purpose of this investigation. Still, I am giving my full translation of Slaveikov's two biographical sketches of himself, because someone without a command of Bulgarian may want to use them some day.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

(1) As "Olaf van Geldern" in Epicheski Pesni

He himself does not know when he was born, but when asked he says he is now 35 years old. His home town, Grasdorf, is smuggled up in one of the dewy folds of the Harz, that magnificent mountain which has cast a lovely shadow upon his soul, and about which he so fondly sings in his poems. I have known him for long years as I have known myself.

15. Foreign librarians, however, like the one at Harvard, where the book is listed as an actual translation, have been completely misled by the title page.

16. This sketch constitutes the preface to Slaveikov's Epicheski Pesni. It has also been printed in Kisel' godina XIII kniga 1, as an autobiographical sketch.

17. A play of words on the name of Trevna which is actually derived from the Bulgarian word "trevna" meaning grass.

18. The Harz is undoubtedly to be taken as a designation of the Balkan, the main mountain range in Bulgaria, since Trevna, Slaveikov's birthplace, is located on its northern slope.
and even though a black cat has often crept between us, we are to this day good, intimate friends. And he would gladly subscribe to what I know about him and will now relate.

Olaf is the offshoot of a well-known family and is glad of it without capitalizing on it. Ordinarily he does not like to talk about the family whose name he bears, nor about himself. Only seldom does he mention his father, saying among other things, how the latter took him to task for writing poor verses, hoping perhaps to induce him to study his lessons instead. His ears are somewhat long — not as a special favor on the part of Mother Nature — but as a witness of the particular attention they received from his teachers: they pulled his ears in the hope of extricating his persistent laziness. These long ears are his only gain from school.

The only thing he was able to learn well while still a child, was the geography of the country. And for a simple reason. His father, who was a teacher, journalist, and tribune of the people, was compelled very often (because of his obstinacy and the extraordinary conditions of the times) to wander from city to city followed by his wife and children. In this fashion the future poet came in direct contact with the hills on which those cities are located. He waded through many rivers and spent whole days swimming in them and playing in the sand; the forest bushes, rocks and caves have whispered in his ear the same tales with which the children's maid lured his panting imagination every evening. His intimate friendship with the sun also dates from those days, and even though now he is on better terms with the night, the kisses of his first close
friend are still to be seen on his face, a face like that of one of Pharamon's descendants. I believe the elder van Geldern must have enjoyed looking at the kind of mischievous youngster Olaf was, remembering his own childhood.

The old oak that had withstood many a storm must have felt that the young sprout of his own seed would not put him to shame when it attained its full growth. Thus, when turbulent days came for the country of our poet, and his father was snatched away one night by police wolves — supposedly the preservers of public order — and sent into exile, Olaf learned these treasured words of his father: "When you grow up, be like your father; fear not the wolves." But the sprout was meant to be like the tree, anyway. And when its time came it showed how obstinate it could be; else it would not have gotten in the way of so many people. Like his father, he often chooses to think unlike the rest, and not only to think, but to speak what is on his mind and heart. He does not care about the unpleasant consequences, perhaps because he prefers the pleasure of cutting with the knife sharpened on the whetstone of his father, who taught him not to suppress his nature but to give it a free sweep.

Being ambitious, he does not worry because the people in whose way he gets consider him selfish. Maybe they are right, since he is a creative artist and like all his good colleagues, cherishes in his soul a contempt for the holy feelings of the Philistines and for the code of commandments of Uncle Snob.

He also inherited from his father the love of everything worthy of
it: in the case of another inheritance -- holy hate -- our poet has tried to add something more of his own. The confession common to the heroes of old is also his own: "My hate is the measure (index) of my love." His pride is not a joke, yet he uses jokes in order to hide his pride before the "poor in spirit", those incapable of seeing behind them the tragedy of this pride. And his laughter, along with the laughter at himself, is even a better commentary than the loneliness and the stark melancholy of his eyes.

It is with such inherited qualities and capriciously developed instincts that Olaf van Geldern follows his destiny, and one could hardly say he is not satisfied with it. Apparently, in the midst of an unfriendly existence, full of restless longings and nightmares, he is also visited at times by beautiful dreams. And are not dreams also a source of happiness? His most beautiful dream is that of his life after death. The events of his life thus far somehow encourage in him the belief that it will not be just a dream. This faith may be naive, may be very naive, something like the faith of Ibsen's Helmer who deceives himself with the dream that he has been called to perform something great in this world.

And another hero in Ibsen's same play, The Wild Duck, says with such right the true but bitter words: "Leave to man the illusion of the world. This illusion is necessary and desirable to keep him alive, since life is but his stepmother." This life has not always been kind to him, as may be seen from the following list: once, in his teens, while jumping over a fence (not chasing after a girl) he broke his right foot; a fever held him in its grip for three years; three times he has been
thrown off and dragged by horses, and once he fell off and under a wagon; a dozen times he was bitten by dogs; once he was almost drowned; and once he almost got married; once he had to be pulled out from under the wreckage of a derailed train; once he was chased and fired on by blood-thirsty Prussians (1877). He survived a burning, a hanging and a live burial. It sounds like a legend, does it not? Nevertheless, it is a true legend, like the one concerning his father, the elder van Geldern, whom God liked and therefore turned into a legend.

The development of his talent has been influenced by his travels at home and abroad, as well as by the God-sent legend. As far as I can judge, the stations of his artistic development have been the same as his wanderings: Vienna, Paris, Leipzig. Particularly important is the last one where he stayed for long years in the care of fine landlords, restaurant keepers and booksellers, to whom he has not yet paid all his debts. Several times he has shaken hands with Jungfrau, that glorious beauty that whispered in his ear, world mysteries, as she did to the great Russian novelist.\(^\text{19}\) He has even been in white-stone Moskva (Moscow) in order to appear at police-headquarters; an unbelievable reason for taking a trip, but the more unbelievable, the truer. He keeps to this day fond memories of his hosts in Germany, especially of three of them: A Greek (Hellene), a Jew, and a Swabian.\(^\text{20}\) He had known the second of these in-

\(^{19}\) The reference is to Tolstoi.
\(^{20}\) In another connection Slaveikov is most explicit when he talks about these teachers and puts down their actual names in parentheses as: Hellene-Goethe, Jew-Heine, Swabian-Volkelt. See P. Slaveikov, Bulgarska Literatura, page 205.
directly even earlier, which accounts for their later intimacy, and it is to him, to the pale Heinrich whom the Germans hate so much but without whose songs their poetry would have been so boresome, that he owes his liking for the Germans. He is indebted to these willing-to-help masters, particularly to the Swabian, for his intellectual development, and for the clarification of his task as a writer; but his poetic feelings and interest were nourished at first by the Russian artists of the pen, who are now triumphantly marching throughout Europe.

That which van Geldern instinctively accepted at first from them -- seeking man in the beast -- is consciously laid down by the mature poet as the basis for his creations. This is the root of his idealism, which is a child of the heart, not of the mind. This is also the unspoken reason for his disregard for contemporary European heroes of the pen, who seek and value only the beast in man. But these favorite Russian magicians of the word would not have affected him so strongly if his soul had not been favorable soil for them, and if his father -- himself their admirer -- had not bequeathed him a disposition for the acceptance of feelings of humanity toward man. His first efforts of the pen were translations from the Russian poets. Some of these translations are still extant, but I have no doubt they will suffer the fate of the full translation of Turgenev's Notes of a Huntsman, for every year a considerable number of both old and new works are sacrificed on the altar of his

21. Slaveikov is clearly referring to French and German Naturalism.
critical judgments and his critical moods. He does not cry over them, as Achilles over the body of his burning friend, but keeps his jaws firm, while many foolish ideas dance before his mind, bound to disappear, however, quickly as the ashes of the sacrifices.

Olaf van Geldern has long abandoned his wanderings abroad. Now he is warming his rheumatic feet at the hearth and tries to live in peace and love with his faithful wife — Lady Bad Luck — who is a good friend of his muse. The two women often visit with each other and he listens to their intimate chatter, and not only listens to it, but makes it the foundation of his creations, upon which his imagination weaves designs with a silk thread. "From all of his creations thus far, emanates the spirit of a joyless conception of life, the result of his own unhappy fate", says one of his critics. Maybe he is right. Maybe, in spite of the fact that the poet is of a different opinion. Here is what he says in one of his travel sketches, something in the nature of a confession. "A writer who values himself and his work should never cross the threshold of any school or any mosque, where, rosaries in hand, will be found those who are worthy of pity. Be Hellenes and not Byzantines of the modern world, have no catechism in regard to art and its purposes. Let your personal inspiration be your impulse toward creative activity, and reality the only object for observation and re-creating. Thus and only thus are created works in which realism goes hand in hand with the higher aspirations of the spirit, as it does in life. The Russians are an example for us, also. For we have, like them, one great advantage over the rest of the European nations: Our present is not bound by our past,
so that we, too, like them, need not commit our spirit in the future to the pathological products of various decadents of culture.... Learn from the sun -- to shine everywhere; let your life-giving rays penetrate everywhere. Find solace in hopelessness itself when nothing better is to be had. "Divine Teacher, creator of Living Remains, whose noble features are those of my savior! Has not the terrible fate of that living corpse which you pictured with such boundless sweetness been a revelation to me? What deep sympathy toward men radiates from your story of that unfortunate woman who during long, long years never rose from her bed-grave! And in spite of her condition she was capable of experiencing quiet thrills at the least manifestations of life: at the fragrance of the field flowers, at the song of the swallows. You disclosed to my soul the poetry of solitude, sprinkled me with the living water of faith so that the one upon whom both close friends and strangers looked as upon a dead man, has awakened to life again. The light which you have shed upon the misfortune of strangers illuminated my own and scattered the darkness of egoism that clouded my gaze." Is there any foundation for accusing one who makes such a confession of harboring "joyless concepts of life"? This accusation is refuted also by his works, in which the fate of the heroes, though often unhappy, has been so reproduced that there is no trace or shadow of terror or depression in the impression

22. Living Remains is the title of one of the most touching stories of Russian literature, by Turgenev.
it makes on us.23 The inner crisis in van Geldern, clarified under the influence of Living Remains comes to a sharp focus and is overcome with the aid of Korolenko's Blind Musician, that unfortunate creature whom other people's misfortunes aroused to a career of awakening noble feelings in human hearts. My intention is not to relate this at length, but simply to point to the false conception concerning the view of life (Lebensauffassung) of the poet. It is true that he tells about sad events in the lives of various unfortunates, but his eyes are not resting on the outward circumstances; they are directed, instead, toward that inner world of feelings, moods, and soul currents that are free from the dark breath of pessimism. This, together with his painful analysis of "what is going on in the soul" of his heroes shows most clearly the tremendous influence of the Russian writers on our poet.

Such is the man who for twenty years or so has been an apprentice to Gurgya Samovila24 ("foremost maiden") like the peasant boy, who, the story tells us, was hired as a servant by the priest, to serve him three years for three pennies. In his country as in ours, the labor of the creative artist is worth that much and no more, and many heroes of the pen, after failing to make a decent living along this line, have had to enter the union of the "market-place porters" in order to survive. Lib-

23. Here Slaveikov is in full agreement with Lessing's theory of art which makes only the beautiful the object of art, and demands that in all cases the impression produced by the object should be positive.
24. A folksong fairy, meaning here the muse of poetry.
erty and economic independence -- the patrons of genius -- are not among
the acquaintances of our poet, and this is one of his great sorrows, a
poison that kills, which has already killed many of his works at their
very inception. In order not to have to beg for a piece of bread, he
has had to be a clerk, that is, waste his time doing work which any idi-
ot could perform a hundred times better than he. And the temperature of
his creativity has in recent times fallen below zero. His works, since
he has had to become like all the rest in the matter of work, are not
exactly worthy of any mention; they have been casual, incidental works,
writing for the papers, translations and biographical sketches with
which Olaf tries to soothe himself and make fun of his naive readers.

Yet there was a time when he himself as well as his critics saw
something in his works, in that string of short songs, ballads, mono-
logues, and poems, that sparkle like a beautiful necklace incidentally
lost in a dung heap like the Bulgarian literature. With these works the
poet is both satisfied and unsatisfied. As far as I can guess, the dis-
satisfaction is not due so much to them, as to the thought that they are
not all he could give, and that the other works that are bursting his
soul cannot be created for lack of leisure. Even if this were not ex-
actly so, half of it is the very truth.

Christmas, 1902.

P.S. -- As I was looking over the first proof of this note concern-
ing Olaf van Geldern, I received the news of his sudden death. It was
too late to change what I had written, even though his death gives free-
dom to my pen, and I could say a great many more things, or clarify
others I have only hinted at. Now he passes into the other phase of his life, of which he had beautiful dreams.

He has put the following words in the mouth of one of his comrades, a man living in spite of death, words that undoubtedly echo his own intimate feelings: "Happy is the one whose spirit, like Noah's Ark, carries over from the past into the future world that which remains changeless amidst change. After death he leaves behind the purest, most beautiful part of himself -- a thread from the domain of lifeless shadows -- that will bind him to this world."

(2) As "Ivo Dolya" in Na Ostrova na Blajennite 25

Ivo Dolya has not as yet been born -- for the consciousness of his countrymen, for the higher reality of his life. In ordinary life he was born April 27, 1866 in the quiet and picturesque mountain town Anvar, 26 famous in the days of old for its orchards, and at present for its coal mines containing little else besides plenty of stones. His father, a poet and a fighter, loved life and paid little heed to death, for he felt emancipated from it. His songs bear witness of his nimble and sensitive nature. I am speaking of the father because the son is a true image of him.

Everything that interested the father interests the son; he deals

26. A backward rendition of Trevna whose middle vowel is a variable e or a.
with everything the father dealt with. There is only this difference between the two: the son renounces everything he has done in his youth, something the father never did, because there was no need for it; his path had been foreordained. The way of the son is contradictory, since he is seeking, banning his own path. And that way he proves the well-known aphorism of Oscar Wilde: the educated contradict others, the wise contradict themselves. Yes, he is shifty and contradictory like a storm; he attacks and tries to overturn from all sides; from above and from below, from left and right. This is in the nature of the storm, and his thought obeys the commands of nature — not knowing whether it will always bring pleasure or not. A great many consider this lack of character: because they think that the storm should share their own monotonous steadiness which is nothing but the absence of character. It never occurs to them that not direction but will constitutes character. And with this will of his he has often tripped others and blown their hats away thus exposing their bald heads! A true mischief-maker! And one who sincerely detests everyone who is squatting at the gates of culture and contentedly chewing the gum of one principle or another which does not provide for an individual reason and will. This is what he was like, especially in his youth, at times even later, when already on the other side of the hill of his days, where the storm has subsided, and Dolya is living in the tranquility and dreams of the past — the rich source of true creativity — and of his own.

His poetry is not burdened with abstract views, but with the experiences of life, sometimes melded into syntheses unifying the experiences;
these however are immediately deduced, not vaguely abstracted. Everything in Dolya is image. For him God is always "Grandpa Lord" -- the way he is in the Bible and in real life, and not in the head or books of one scribe-sage or another. "Dyado Gospod"²⁷ -- the one whom the poet, while yet a child, used to look at on the ceiling of his home town church -- with the frowning eyebrows and long beard, like that of his own grandfather, inspiring regret, but mostly fear. Because of a small, insignificant mistake,²⁸ he has mercilessly punished the poet early in his youth, and the latter carries this penalty through life, sorrowfully, but without protest. The punishment was cruel but there was also grace in it; for it opened his eyes to see God and life. And in him were fulfilled the words of the evangelist: thou shalt know great sorrow and be happy in it.²⁹ But I am not the one who should speak about these things; because I did something wrong, perhaps simply because I did not believe in the stern expression of his eyes. However that may have been, the most remarkable thing about the punishment of the poet is, that it has been pure imagination! From 1883 to 1906, for twenty-three long years he has simply imagined that he is under a penalty and is suffering. At least this is what the doctors tried to make him believe -- in spite of God and his will -- and only one circumstance ruined their plan: they all

²⁷. Dyado or dedo is a term of endearing affection bestowed upon elder men, even though it ordinarily means simply grandfather.
²⁸. Referring to his falling asleep on the ice, which resulted in a lifelong paralysis of the legs.
²⁹. As far as I have been able to find out, this is a spurious quotation not found in any one of four gospels.
died before convincing the poet of the truth of their diagnosis. He did not trust these wise men; but his friends did, and took the opportunity to celebrate the occasion -- having somehow found out that it coincided with the silver anniversary of his wedding to the muse. The remarkable fact about this celebration is that the poet's muse was not present; and furthermore, that the hundred or so acquaintances and holiday seekers present, knowing neither the poet nor his muse, nor their darling children, knew not what they were saying. This celebration was a curious misunderstanding, similar to the one I went through myself, and which made me swear once and for all never again to celebrate occasions and misunderstandings.

Ivo Dolya has written a great deal, at any rate more than is necessary for a candidate for immortality, since we know that immortality is a long journey through time, and it is not convenient to carry much luggage on a long trip; otherwise one has to throw it away by the roadside. But a large portion of what he has written will give direction to those that come after him. I am convinced that on his way to immortality he can be satisfied with his poem On the Bridge of Time, an epic poem in nine songs, in which he sings about the past of his homeland, but only about its past. He considers the past a field in which men sow the seeds of the future. This is a poem very similar to my Karvava Pesen, in which past and present, legends, dreams, the lies and truths of life, its reality and all its potentialities, are magnificently re-created in a form

30. This is an unmistakable reference to his epic Karvava Pesen.
never yet seen on the "Isle". Along with the short episode which the poet relates, he has been able to evoke the big tableau of the life of his country and to catch the devil of its existence by the horns -- even to put its God on trial. Yes, I am proud that my own poem resembles very much that of Ivo Dolya, and there is strange satisfaction in the feeling that like him, I am not as yet immortal, for if my dear countrymen ever suspected that I might be immortal they would have swallowed me up together with the rags of time hanging on me here and there. It is true I could relieve their constipated brains, but it is not to my liking to clean out foolish brains.

The language of Ivo Dolya is heavy, as are the honeycombs just taken out of the bee-hives. A language full of the honey of thought, and perhaps therefore so hated by the philologues, who gather like horse-flies to investigate only that which is to found under the tail of thought. Their hate of the poet and his language is their share in a mutual bargain. Ivo Dolya's hands are not folded upon his chest. He also hates them to the limit, and sometimes beyond any limit. In a pamphlet concerning language he says: "The philologues are language-eaters (filofagoi). Their ideal is the grammar and the dictionary. They do not know yet that everyone whose head is not empty has a grammar in it already. The dictionary is the casket for the mortal remains of language, and

31. This is a direct admission of the fact that thought, that ideas rather than feelings are at times the dominant element in his poetry.
gramm -- the burial rites at its funeral! I know more than one grave
digger of language. What do their names and deeds mean to the cultured
man and his reason? Do they have a millionth of the significance that
the names of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare have for us? A true philologue
is one who renounces philology, and like Nietzsche -- whose genius was
resurrected when the philologue in him died -- despises what he once
liked. It is the task of the philologue to turn over the pages of many
books -- to weed them.\textsuperscript{32} He has so much to read that he has no time to
think; that is why he thinks only a little but has a lot to say; his head
is like a cracked bushel that loses the grains of wheat little by little
until it is completely empty." Actually, however, the roots of his hate
for the philologues are to be found elsewhere. He cannot tolerate the
attempts of the philologue, of the observer and investigator of the life
of the language, to stick his nose in spheres where only the creators
are rulers. And Dolya is right in this respect, as well as when he de-
fends the right of the creators to be dictators and assaulters of lan-
guage -- a right which often produces illegitimate but lovely children,
since they are the children of power and love.\textsuperscript{33}

Ivo Dolya is full of contradictions, and one of his beautiful ones

\textsuperscript{32} Literally: "to delouse them".
\textsuperscript{33} This thought is expressed also by an outstanding modern critic of
literature who writes: "Every work of enduring literature is not so
much a triumph of language as a victory over language; a sudden in-
jection of life-giving perceptions into a vocabulary that is, but
for the energy of the creative artist, perpetually on the verge of
is, that he considers himself a follower of Nietzsche. But the truth is that he is simply fond of quoting Nietzsche, regarding his thoughts as roses, and trying to arrange them in the bouquet of his own thoughts in the best possible manner. That way he not only proves that he can quote well, but also proves that which he disproves. In one respect he is, perhaps, a true follower of Nietzsche: in his contempt for pettiness. But even here we cannot avoid a contradiction. For often, along the slippery road of time, he has descended below, to quarrel with the "flies in the market place". Particularly on one occasion, in 1910, he displayed his contradictions along this line: at the famous congress of the "dahomeitsi"34 at which gathered a countless number of flies and other insects to sing the song of their insignificant lives. The poet could not bear it, he deserted his retreat and became, in the words of Nietzsche, a fly-sweeper. And then the flies attacked him and stung him, since he did not choose to defend himself. After the congress Ivo Dolya goes back to his solitude; perhaps to create, to maintain his candidacy for immortality, perhaps to wait for an occasion to display his contradiction as a follower of Nietzsche and to become a sweeper, this time of bugs.

The critics who have very little else to do, have had a good chance to draw an interesting parallel between his and my poetical activities, and, even to come to some theosophic conclusions: particularly, since

34. A curious made-up word, apparently intended to convey the same meaning which the word "Philistines" has in German, when used in a derogatory sense. The reference is to the Slavic Congress previously mentioned, on page 42.
for one moment our paths of interest and activities cross each other; in front of the theater. Exactly like me, Ivo Dolya awoke one morning in 1908 to find himself director of the National Theater in the capital, with pockets full of good intentions for the good of that cultural institution. But intentions are one thing and reality another; particularly on the "Isle of the Blessed". So on another morning he awoke again -- this time no longer a director of the National Theater in the capital: with pockets full of rage against himself and those who captivated him with promises and released him, having frustrated him and made fun of his will and intentions. He left the theater as he found it: a foolishness not destined to give birth to anything sensible. This theater has just as little in common with culture and its tasks of conquest, as Vazov's Trapaza u chorbadji Marko with Plato's Symposium. He wanted to give the theater a national policy, not because this was a cherished idea of his, but because it is the first step in the elevation of the theater. Far beyond that stage he catches glimpses of a temple theater, where the soul, having deserted the churches that offer nothing but empty words, may offer its prayers before the altar of life and the beauty in it.

Disillusionment has more than once stretched out its bony fingers towards the poet's heart, and from year to year it has gripped it more firmly, until it is now its full owner, with a deed to the property. It estranged him from the world and made the end of his life bitter, a life so proud and clear once. Previous to that, however, Dolya and his wife translated his most favorite book in recent years. Also Sprach Zarathustra
by Nietzsche, and proved by this that the language of the "Isle of the Blessed", considered unworthy to be a cultural tool, is a language that can express everything, and say it as beautifully as the most highly cultured languages. This translation will have great influence upon the poetic language: this is just what the translators had in mind, what tempted them to translate this great book. The significance of this translation for the development of the poetic language of the "Isle" can be compared to that of the classical translations of the Bible in other lands. The translation is accompanied by a preface concerning the ideas and poetic contents of the "book for everybody and nobody", a preface he had previously delivered in the form of a public address. This lecture must have stirred many a priest's head, since there have been sermons preached upon it in some of the churches in the capital, and its author has been anathematized. In his declining years Ivo Dolya has lost that which made him great in his youth: his self-assurance and his will of steel.

Age, assisted by diseases, has bent his stalwart body, wrinkled his one time proud and handsome face; there is no lock of hair upon his rugged skull any longer, his white beard is growing wild, his dark eyes have sunk back, and in their glance appears the restless flutter of something lost, reflections of interrupted recollections. Now he hardly recognizes anyone or anything in particular, and he has often been seen wandering in the streets, not knowing where he was going, poetic in his lack of memory and his helplessness. Talking to himself, he has often stopped passers-by to recite to them a fragment of his poem, having even
forgotten who its author was.\textsuperscript{35} He carried in his pocket to his last days the "first printed copy" of that poem, and even though unable to see, he would hold it in his hands stroking it as a blind mother caressing her child. About a year before his death (1934) a noble foreigner and admirer of his poetry, having accidentally learned about the fate of the helpless poet and his loneliness, took him under his wing and cared for him to his last days. They say at death, as if by a miracle, Dolya regained sight, and having taken in hand his poem, the old "first printed copy", he began to read clearly:

\begin{quote}
He who would like sometime to open the holy Bible
of days gone by in which are found the evil fates
of my country--
\end{quote}

and the book falls from his hands as a ripe fruit in autumn leaving a weakened branch. They gave him back the book only to discover that he himself, his head bent down, had already quietly and imperceptibly left the branch of life. It seems as if death must have given him a momentary use of consciousness and sight which had been dimmed by life, before taking all of these away forever. There were no surviving children or wife to accompany the dead poet to his grave. Only a few men of letters, rather incidentally paid him such homage; incidentally, because no one

\textsuperscript{35} This part is strangely reminiscent of the moving description of Nietzsche's transition from sanity to insanity given by Zweig in \textit{Der Kampf mit dem Dämon}, Hâlderlin, Kleist, Nietzsche.
knew about his death, and they learned about it only when the casket wagon passed them on the street, carrying the object that held nobody's interest any more. And these few men who owed a great deal to Dolya, raised a cry about him in the papers the following morning. That particular morning the papers were full of events and quarrels much more interesting for those who throughout life subsist on journalistic trash.

"And the sun set quietly", as one critic puts it, "in order to rise when its day has come, and show its glory of which this day was unworthy."

It seems as though this sun is already appearing on the horizon. On the anniversary of the Poet's death a whole group of people held a memorial service at his unevened grave, and the instigator of the event had the courage to speak words unheard until then and uncomprehended until now:

"And of him the words of the prophet are true: When you have lost me, only then will you find me!" As many great things have happened accidentally, so the appearance of Ivo Dolya in life on the "Isle of the Blessed" is an accident. It is true that if circumstances had not been favorable such an accident would not have arisen...And those circumstances are: the strenuous life and catastrophic development of our renaissance, which many consider a thing of the past, but which is actually in its beginning just now. Only an epoch of rebirth provides the soil for accidents, in the sense of unexpected and misunderstood events, and only such an epoch can account for them. Greatness creates uncomprehended and dies forgotten. It is a lonely pilgrim in the night and those who go to bed early, tired by the cares of the day, will not hear his lonely song, neither will they divine the direction of his footsteps. They do not need to hear or
understand, for that matter; for his voice was meant for others. Once upon a time men drank directly from the spring. Now one needs canals, filters, fountains, jugs, bottles and glasses before water is brought to our mouth; we must wait until the means are devised that will bring to our feeling and reason the crystal streams of the poetry of Dolya.

We are waiting, and our hope will not fail. He was the carrier of our consciousness, and for the present, its highest expression. And the magnificent epic of his life ended with a quiet elegy veiled by physical weakness and darkening of the soul. The failure to realize his unhappiness was the happiness of this man marked by fate. Ivo Dolya remembered nothing of his life and work during the last days of his life. When I, one of his rare visitors, went to his little, quiet room one evening in the fall, a room in which he lived with the means provided by a noble foreigner (for one's own people seldom care) I found him absorbed in his poem: the perpetual "first printed copy". It was a long time since he had ceased to recognize me, but seeing that I attended to him, he was rather friendly and quite talkative. He was reading his poem, but remembered no longer that he was its author. And did he understand its meaning? I took the book from his hands and began to read to him:

Even as the traveler, who, having climbed and reached a lofty peak, looks down at the panorama unfolded at his feet, and sees the crooked paths which panting he has followed, I too, having thus reached the peak of life, look around with belated sorrow.................

and stopped, because the poet caught my hand, and there was a ray of understanding in his glance: "My God! But this is beautiful! This is
wonderfully beautiful! Even as the traveler. . . . . . You are saying that, you young fellow? You are a great poet."

"The great poet lies in the grave before us, and this grave has not been evened out! He lost his memory, and the same thing will happen to everyone who uses his plough in the barren fields of our times where the soil is hard and seldom brings forth stalks for harvest. He belonged to us, yet others will possess him. For such is the world in which Ivo Dolya lived and died, and is waiting for the day to be resurrected for a different life!"

This is the funeral speech at the grave of Ivo Dolya.

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Such is the account of his life which Pencho Slaveikov has left us. It is hard to believe that anyone else, writing his biography, could match his sincerity, his fiery zeal, his forceful, terse expression, or his pathos.

(3) In his letters to Mara Belcheva

There is still another side to this picture of Slaveikov, which is revealed to us in his letters, and particularly in those he wrote to Mara Belcheva. In them we see Slaveikov as a tender and thoughtful friend and lover of the woman he chose for his companion through life.

Later on I shall have an opportunity to speak again of these letters and quote passages from them.
IV. Slaveikov and some of his German Teachers

1. Three definitions of "influence"

Without attempting to analyze the nature of "poetic influence" or to arrive at a final definition of it, I wish to present at this point Slaveikov's own view on this subject along with that of two other writers, hoping that these views will provide us with the basic aspects of the concept of "influence" and will serve as our working definition of it throughout the discussion.

a. Slaveikov's own definition

But a real influence of one artist upon another is possible only when those, who are to be anointed with the oil of such influence, are capable of grasping the spirit and being inspired by the ideals of their teacher. They must be apostles of their Christ, not persons who incidentally catch fragments of his words or phrases, or who merely adorn themselves with his name. "Not he who casually catches my words, but he who lives according to the spirit of my words and in whom my teaching abides, is my pupil."¹

b. Nicolai Donchev's definition

Quand on parle d'influence d'une littérature sur une autre, on entend par là non seulement l'emploi des formes littéraires, mais aussi l'infiltration d'idées et la migration des sujets et des motifs qui semblent toujours vieux et qui demeurent éternellement neufs.²

These two definitions have a great deal in common. Both stress the

¹. Here Slaveikov is paraphrasing the Bible even though his quotation marks indicate he thought he was quoting directly. See Matthew, chapter 7, verse 21.
fact that the important factor is the adoption or infiltration of ideas, and motifs, not of literary forms. This thought will remain the guiding principle throughout the rest of the discussion.

o. J. M. Murry's definition

The third statement which follows is a more or less indirect hint as to the process and results of the influence of one poet upon another. In speaking of the effect which the study of a great poet may have upon his pupils Murry says:

If there is death in Milton there is life in Shakespeare. The spell he exerts upon us is not the spell of a manner, even though it is a great manner, but the spell of the most richly gifted and most living of all writers; penetrate into Milton, we shall only produce Miltonies, penetrate into Shakespeare -- as far and as diligently as we can -- we shall not produce imitation Shakespeare; we shall merely write whatever we are writing -- novels, essays, poetry -- with a far keener sense of the resources of our art."

This, as we shall presently discover, is exactly the case in regard to Slaveikov and the influence of his German Teachers upon him. Without forcing him to imitate them, they liberated his individuality, fertilized his imagination with their ideas and ideals and enabled him to reap the abundant harvest of his own poetic gifts.

2. Slaveikov and Goethe

In this chapter, I shall draw comparisons between Slaveikov and Goethe, Slaveikov and Schiller, Slaveikov and Heine, Slaveikov and Nietzsche, and Slaveikov and Volkelt. Comparison of one thing with another is likely to reveal differences as well as similarities. It is mostly the latter that I shall stress throughout, pointing to the existing differences only when such a procedure contributes something important to the discussion.

a. Comparison as a method

Vergleich scheint mir ein förderndes, ja ein gestaltendes Element, und ich liebe ihn als Methode, weil er ohne Gewaltsamkeit angewendet werden kann. Er bereichert in gleicher Weise als die Formal veranlasst, er erhöht alle Werte, indem er Erhellungen durch unerwartete Reflexe schafft und eine Tiefe des Raumes wie einen Rahmen um das ausgeloste Bildnis stellt.4

Comparison is, according to Zweig, a very fruitful method, which produces results without forcing, without doing violence to the materials or persons dealt with. In this case the results looked for are the ideas and ideals of these German poets that can be found in their professed pupil, Slaveikov. This last statement is not wholly true. While openly acknowledging his indebtedness to four of these men, Slaveikov practically denies Schiller the standing of a poet, for reasons of his own.

It is my opinion, however, that Slaveikov and Schiller have a great deal in common, and the ensuing discussion will attempt to justify this opinion.

b. The basis and nature of this comparison

I wish to stress the fact, that I am not interested in hunting through the seven volumes of Slaveikov's complete works before me in order to locate a poem that looks or sounds, exactly like one of Goethe's or Heine's and then showing how he borrowed a poem, a rhythm, or a meter. No doubt, he has done this at times. And I may have occasion to mention such facts. (I may even, if opportunity presents itself, point to some of the actual mistakes in his translations of German poems or prose which a detailed comparison of original and translation discloses.)

But the main purpose remains, to trace the influences of his teachers upon Slaveikov, influences in the way of adopting and following some of their ideas and ideals. The questions I am asking myself are: Did Slaveikov understand and appreciate the work of this poet? What did he consider the strength or weakness of this man? What dominant idea or ideal does he owe to his acquaintance with this writer? The answer to these questions should help me to show clearly in what way a particular poet is the teacher of Slaveikov.

c. Slaveikov's appreciation of Goethe and tribute to Goethe as his teacher in Nemski Poeti

Immediately we must give Slaveikov credit for choosing a master who

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5. As an example let me state that Slaveikov has mistranslated a passage from Nietzsche in which the latter describes his inspiration while writing Also Sprach Zarathustra. Slaveikov has translated the word "sonst" as "sometime" instead of "otherwise" for which the context explicitly calls, and thus the reader misses the whole point in Slaveikov's translation. See P. Slaveikov, Chujdi Literaturi, page 15.
is worthy to be followed. Lesser men prefer lesser masters, who demand less of them. A great spirit is attracted by greatness alone. Thus when Slaveikov sings praises to the "Apollo of Weimar" he discloses his own high aspirations. There were many other masters who loomed high upon the contemporary horizon, but Slaveikov swore allegiance to the supreme master among them all. Slaveikov's choice, as in the case of Heine and Nietzsche, bespeaks a firm individuality as well as high aspirations, for these masters are not to be imitated, they are inimitable, unique. He could not copy them but he could learn a great deal from them, so he gladly became their pupil.

Slaveikov has left ample evidence both of his study and of his appreciation of Goethe which enables me to answer the questions stated a while ago. But while his study of Goethe's songs is excellent, and penetrates into the problem through scholarly analysis, showing how Goethe, under the influence and guidance of Herder, turns to the folksong for his model, and how his best lyric songs are ennobled, elevated, and purified folksongs, it is to his more intimate and personal appreciation of Goethe in the book of German verse he translated into Bulgarian, that I wish to turn. I am tempted, as in the case of Pencho's biographical sketch of himself, to translate the whole of this delightful and sparkling bit of Slaveikov's prose but I shall resist the temptation and translate only a few key passages. First, two disconnected sentences from the preface.

7. P. Slaveikov, Nemaki Poeti.
"Its purpose is to present in Bulgarian the new German poetry -- its lyric and ballad -- which reached perfection under the influence of Goethe. Everything interesting and beautiful in German poetry has grown, as it does even today, under the moist and benevolent shadow of Goethe."

And again: "I have placed a short characterization of each poet before his poems. These characterizations are not like the so popular stereotyped notes, but personal impressions gained while reading the poet's works."

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Goethe

In the village of Belashtitca, near Plovdiv, situated at the foot of the Rodopi mountains, grows a magnificent plane tree. In former days, I often stood under its shadow, upon the little hill overlooking the little stream, looking at the surrounding ruins, the silent ruins of what was once a Turkish farm, and then across the stream toward the beautiful grove of young plane trees; the lively, noisy, colorful young generation that the old man on top of the hill has raised, and now beholds with pleasure and yet with sorrow. For: "They blossom, while I am withering" as Pushkin says.

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8. This is a direct translation of Slaveikov's characterization of Goethe. Whenever comments or explanations have been necessary I have supplied them in footnotes.

9. An interesting comparison is offered by Edwin Markham's poem Lincoln in which he speaks of Lincoln as a falling tree leaving an empty space against the sky.
Everytime I think of Goethe this plane tree stands before me. To me it is the symbol of that magnificent old man, who has roared the young forest of German poets, a forest full of life, noise, movement, and color, and so different from any other forest. Like the plane tree, he has sent his powerful roots deep into his native soil, and no storm can harm him. Yet there were storms about him when he was young, and they break out at times even now, without accomplishing anything. For greatness is unthinkable without denial! Some say he was not patriotic. Others, he was haughty toward the lesser brother. And, more respectful than was necessary towards the ones favored by fate -- toward Napoleon, for example. Yet not so proud nor undemocratic as to refuse to take his hat off in the presence of Karl August -- as did Beethoven. He was not a good father! -- or else he would not have had such weakly and sterile children.

10. At this point I cannot help thinking of a very similar image of Goethe given by Heine, which must have been known to Slaveikov. Still, his own picture has all the earmarks of an original, personal creation. Says Heine: "Es fehlte nicht an einer Opposition, die gegen Goethe, diesen grossen Baum, mit Erbitterung eiferte. Die Altgläubigen, die Orthodoxen, ergaeten sich, dass in dem Stämme des grossen Baumes keine Nische mit einem Heiligenbildchen befandlich war, ja, dass sogar die machten Dryaden des Heidentums darin ihr Hexenwesen trieben. Und sie hättten gern mit geweihter Axt, gleich dem heiligen Bonifacius, diese alte Zauberwurze niedergefallt. Die Neugläubigen, die Bekenner des Liberalismus, ergaeten sich im Gegenteil, dass man diesen Baum nicht zu einem Freiheitsbaum und am allerwenigsten zu einer Barrikade benutzen konnte. In der Tat, der Baum war zu hoch, man konnte nicht auf seinen Wipfel eine rote Mütze stecken und darunter die Carmagnole tanzen. Das grosse Publikum aber verehrte diesen Baum, eben weil er so selbstständig herrlich war, weil er so lieblich die ganze Welt mit seinem Wohlduft erfüllte, weil seine Zweige so prachtvoll bis in den Himmel ragten, dass es so aussah, als seien die Sterne nur die goldenen Früchte des grossen Wunderbaumes."
And what about him as a husband? -- he disregarded and betrayed this boresome German virtue on all fronts, according to the countless testimonies in his letters to many beautiful and intelligent women, while his plump Christine was neither beautiful nor intelligent, and was in addition possessed of the German virtue of drinking, at times. It may be so. All of this may be true. And a whole lot more. It is possible that Menzal,11 or some other bedbug may be more patriotic than the author of Hermann and Dorothea. Even such miracles happen in this world. Particularly for foolish people who always consider themselves better patriots!

I, too, do not have a high opinion of his accomplishment as a father and particularly as a husband: but those who were made happy through his transgressions as a father or husband have the right to look at me with a condescending smile and tell me, that without Friederike there would not have been Gretchen, without Frau von Stein -- Iphigenie, and a great many other beautiful works which Goethe was able to create only by abandoning philistine virtue, without transgressing against his own nature of the exceptional individual. The virtue of the soldier is a vice for the leader. So many people live virtuously that even God got tired of it all and made a virtueless man to create works for the admiration of the virtuous. Yet in spite of that, the best biographer of Goethe, the Englishman Lewis, tells us to like above all the man in him. Even

11. Wolfgang Menzel had been one of Heine's friends, who later became his enemy and led the attack against "das junge Deutschland".
though I like him also as a poet only, I would say: take Lewis' advice. For if you do not like the man the poet cannot tell you anything. He is one of those in whom these two things are one, as they are one in the Greek who wrote the Iliad. If you learn to like him -- both the man and the poet -- while you are young, you will know how to be young even in your old age; you will know how to win your wager with the devil and bewilder the public by showing them that love and the thrill of life can lead one even out of sin to the shores of the promised land; he will teach you to seek and to find yourself, outside -- in the labyrinth of life, inside -- in the labyrinth of feelings and impulses. Do you say this is not enough? Well, he will teach you further, how to give yourself to those who deserve you, in a magnificent manner, in the form of poetry, of highest reality. He will be your liberator -- will liberate

12. This inseparability of life and work, of experience and its molding into artistic form is particularly true in the case of poets and uniquely so in regard to Goethe. Here Slaveikov is supported by Goethe's most penetrating critic, Gundolf, who says: "Wem aber die Kunst nicht Gegenstand, Folge, Zweck menschlichen Daseins bedeutet, sondern einen ursprünglichen Zustand des Menschentums, der wird auch in den Werken der grossen Künstler nicht die Auslösungen, die Abbildungen, die Erläuterungen ihres Lebens sehen, sondern den Ausdruck, die Gestalt, die Form ihres Lebens selbst, d.h. also nicht etwas was diesem Leben folgt, sondern das in und mit und über ihm ist, ja was dies Leben selbst ist. Die Werke sind dann nicht die Zeichen die ein Leben bedeuten, sondern die Körper welche es enthalten. Der Künstler existiert nur insofern er sich im Kunstwerk ausdrückt." Friedrich Gundolf, Goethe, page 1. Slaveikov reaffirms this idea also in his essay on Nietzsche: "The interesting, the original in a thinker like Nietzsche or Plato is not merely the subject under discussion, but most of all the personality which speaks through it, its conception of the subject, the mood of that personality and its influence upon us. They are first of all artists in whom creation and creator, God and nature, are one and the same." Chujdi Literaturi, page 31.
you from yourself, from your confusion and prejudices. Will show you also how insignificant are the confusions and prejudices of others, of those born to live with them. Usually young people learn easily when they have a good master. It is hard to learn from Goethe. It calls for a man who is not too young, possessed of some culture, a certain store of experience of the world, a necessity to be natural -- a man who has imposed the mastery of a higher consciousness upon his ego. In a word, Brandes says, a man must be "goethereif".

Such are all those German and foreign poets who have realized themselves with the help of Goethe. Whole literatures have done this, as for example the Russian, with Pushkin at the head of it.

He, in whom nature has expressed itself in one of its highest forms, has taught us, in turn, how to embody our feelings in the highest form. And if Carlyle is right in saying that all is a song we can say most truthfully that for Goethe everything was actually a song. In modern times he is the first Greek who began to speak about his feelings without worrying that someone may frown, and who sang exactly as he felt, at a time when such things were dangerous heresies. The second thing Goethe has brought into lyric poetry is the harmony of inner feeling and outward form, something which was born with him as an instinct, and which he discovered as an existing fact in the case of the ancient Greeks. As a lyric poet, Goethe teaches these two principles. He who is capable of learning them will find through them many paths leading into the magic kingdom of poetry. There is no room for vanity there, as there is no room for fashions and adornments in nature, where there is nothing to
hide or put away. In the lyric song man must be like Adam before the fall, naked and beautiful, as God liked him. Goethe has created for us the language of lyric poetry. And the beauty of his songs is transmitted largely through the language. It is simple, sober, and no artificial adornments impede its free movements. With him every word is in its proper place, necessary and irreplaceable: the words in these songs are columns, capitals and friezes that enhance the value of the propylaea they support and adorn. Such language is the possession of poets who are masters of their imagination rather than its servants. Whoever knows German should look at the poem Ueber allen Gipfeln and try to find one superfluous word, or one single adjective. Adjectives are walking sticks supporting the nouns, and a noun that is not steady on its feet -- like myself, for instance -- always needs extra support, a walking cane.

Such is Goethe. Such are his pupils -- those among them worthy of their master -- who sing with words, draw in pencil or with a brush, or sing in tones, for he can and does teach not only the singers in words but all in whose soul there is a living song. In some of his songs can be heard his crying; in others his complaint or sorrow; in others still his advice or joking; in one song he prances or speaks as a sage; in another he describes; and in a third he flips a pearl of wisdom, plays with a ray of light -- whispers to some darling child of the sunray -- utters a foolishness which only a song can transform into wisdom -- and rejoices with everything, for everything, because of everything. God! What variety -- variety that can be produced only by thine own hand! But where is the unity in this variety? If you must have it, you will find it in the
majesty of his sovereign spirit. His pupils will tear him to countless
bits and everyone of these will represent a world in itself, no matter
how small, always a big and inexhaustable supply of inspiration for them.
And they will sing "Hosanna!" to him. As does the one who has more than
once offered him the sacrifice of his heart on a golden platter, singing
the hymn of one who has received grace by the master: Divine teacher!
There is unspeakable sweetness in your songs. The glorious verses hug
the heart as a precious lover; the words embrace one while the thought
imparts a kiss.13

Such is the tribute of appreciation which Slaveikov pays Goethe, the
master. And these passages have already answered in Pencho's own words
the questions I set out to answer. Does he understand Goethe? Yes, in-
deed; just as thoroughly as one creative spirit can understand another.
Slaveikov has told us in the sketch about Olaf van Geldern what the Rus-
sians, and in particular Turgenev, have done for him. Here he tells us
that Goethe, too, played the part of a liberator of his spirit. Goethe
taught him that "Höchstes Gut der Menschenkinder ist nur die Persönlich-
keit" or that "Von der Gewalt, die alle Wesen bindet, befreit der Mensch
sich, der sich überwindet."

d. Psychological basis for Slaveikov's admiration for
Goethe: "the women in Goethe's life, and "the wom-
an" in Slaveikov's life

13. Slaveikov must have taken it for granted everyone knew these last ma-
gic words were first spoken by Heine, for there are no quotation
marks to set them off from his own words.
If I wished to touch upon the inner psychological foundation of Slaveikov's admiration for Goethe I would find it in the similarity of temperament between the two. Slaveikov likes Goethe's proud bearing, his independence, his individualism, his disregard for accepted moral standards, because he himself displays these same characteristics: his descent from a patrician family provides him with a great deal of natural pride (he often thunders upon his literary and other foes, calling them "bean-eaters" and all manner of other derogatory names); he craves economic independence because it alone will ensure him intellectual and spiritual freedom, so indispensable to him as a creative artist; and his individualism was the natural outgrowth of all that he was and strove to become, because of his calling as a poet. Goethe finally gave legal status to his marriage to Christine, while Slaveikov never compromised on this point: Mara Belcheva remained his companion only, in the eyes of the law and the general public, even though she was his wife in the truest and fullest sense of the word; Slaveikov calls her "wife" in his letters, and she is regarded as such by their circle of close friends. Slaveikov is extremely fortunate in regard to his mate, in comparison with Goethe: like many other men of genius, and some ordinary men as well, Goethe discovered that it took more than one woman to awaken in him the various powers of his being, to help him achieve the fulness of his nature; that the man-woman relationship has more shades and degrees of meaning than can be realized in one limited partnership in marriage, than can be evoked by one woman, particularly when she is a human being of mediocre intelligence and spiritual resources, as in the case of Christine.
Mara Belcheva was to Slaveikov practically all that the numerous women in Goethe's life were to him: she was Friederike, Frau von Stein and Christine, all in one. Her most important contribution to this partnership was that of an inspirer; at times she practically demands that Slaveikov should finish a certain work for her sake, or asks him to do his best in order to be worthy of her and of his higher and better self. And Slaveikov in turn pays her a wonderful tribute of appreciation and recognition in one of his letters:

Fear not, my fairy, I will come back the way I am, the way you want me. And I will change the sighs of my wife into smiles: not out of duty, but because I like to do it. I do not do anything because of duty. Furthermore, our marriage is a marriage of souls, of a violet and a lily that caress each other, charm each other with their fragrance -- and the fruit of their caresses remains in them -- making them more beautiful, more precious to each other. As for children of flesh, let us leave that to those who maliciously laugh at us, and who do not understand the love that binds us together, since they love only in the flesh and for its sake. But you want a child? You had it last winter! You will have another one before this winter -- my song. Give me your fragrance, my violet-wife, and before long we shall have a child for which we shall be envied by those who know the value of the creations of the spirit. This is my Kära Pasa, born according to the wish of Mara, created for her. Beautiful children are children of a miracle -- in this case the miracle is that the woman fertilized the man! All this may sound foolish to you, but if your heart tells you how beautiful such creations are, and what love speaks through them, you will discover in them the most glorious aroma of life. Our love is not for "fortpflanzen", but for "hinaufpflanzen", as Nietzsche says, that nervous Apollo, your god and my god.

15. Lessing said: "Kein Mensch muss mussen", and Schiller improves Kant's moral imperative by saying that he liked to do his duty. Slaveikov expresses a similar sentiment which is in full accord with his own character.
It would be impossible to consider all points of similarity or unlikeliness in the character or work of the two men within the scope of this investigation. Of the numerous points of similarity I am taking up only two, considering them the most significant, and most fruitful as a basis for comparison: First, interest in and appreciation of the folksong, and its importance as the foundation of their lyric poetry; second, their appreciation of classical antiquity, and the South.

The similarities in the life and work of these two men are based partly on their natural endowment and partly upon their respective backgrounds of social milieu. Both achieved culture, both regarded their life as "raw material" upon which they should impose the form of their spirit. The differences which exist between their achievements are differences in degree, not in kind. As to the relative and comparative significance of their achievements, I venture to suggest that Fencho Slaveikov's contributions to the development of Bulgarian poetry almost surpass those of Goethe in regard to German poetry. Goethe created a poetic language of vast riches, while creating the first part of his Faust, and this language became the possession of German poetry, while Slaveikov not only created such a language based largely on ten folk-songs, but also gave a new content of ideas, motifs and ideals to Bulgarian poetry, and thus changed the course of its development, brought it into the general stream of European literature. This statement will become in-

creasingly clear, as the discussion proceeds.

In taking up the question of Slaveikov's and Goethe's relation to the folksongs of their respective peoples I must take it for granted that the reader is acquainted with this fundamental issue in regard to Goethe. Slaveikov himself has discussed the influence of Herder upon Goethe in awakening his interest in the folksong,\(^{17}\) and in certain passages in his characterization of Goethe in *Nemski Peoti* which I did not translate when dealing with it, he analyzes the manner in which Goethe makes use of the folksong for his own poems.

As has been already mentioned, Slaveikov's first significant work was *Koledari*, published in 1892. In this poem he exhibits a mastery of language based upon his thorough knowledge of the Bulgarian folksongs, for his own artistic creation. Slaveikov owes his primary interest in and appreciation of the folksong to the influence of his father.\(^{18}\)

An indication of Slaveikov's mastery of the folksong is the fact that one of his critics\(^{19}\) is planning to supply the public with a dictionary of the rather uncommon words which Slaveikov has borrowed from the language of the folksong and used to enrich his own poetic language.

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17. P. Slaveikov, *Chujdi Literaturi*.
18. Slaveikov's father was one of the outstanding collectors of Bulgarian folksongs.
No other Bulgarian poet or writer has penetrated deeper into the soul of the people, through their folksongs, or has derived more riches from them with which to adorn his own creations. At the same time, very few other poets have combined such a thorough knowledge and appreciation of the folksong with such a truly gifted and powerful individuality.

The most fruitful basis for judging Slaveikov's mastery of the folksong, as well as for understanding the various ways in which he uses it, aside from his own poems, are his essays on the folksong the finest of their kind in the Bulgarian language. Needless to say the aim and scope of this investigation do not permit me to illustrate more of these general statements on the basis of examples showing how Slaveikov has taken folksongs or separate motifs from them and has transformed them into beautiful lyric gems bearing the imprint of his personal genius. Such a detailed study of Slaveikov's work in relation to the Bulgarian folksong would actually lead into a field worthy of another investigation.

20. The first one, Bulgarskata Narodna Pesen, in Bulgarska Literatura, has also appeared in an English translation in Henry Bernard's The Shade of the Balkan. The second one again found in Bulgarska Literatura is entitled: Narodnite Lyubovni Pesni.

21. Here are some of the essays and magazine articles on the subject of Slaveikov's poetry in relation to the Bulgarian folksong:

The "classicism" of Goethe and the "classicism" of Slaveikov

Now we will take up Slaveikov and Goethe in their relation to classical antiquity, the art of Greece and Rome. Again one must take for granted familiarity with the facts concerning Goethe's "classicism". Goethe sums up the effect of antiquity upon himself, in these words: "In Rom habe ich mich selbst zuerst gefunden; ich bin zuerst ubereinstimmend mit mir selbst glücklich und vernunftig geworden."

It has been already pointed out, that in the case of Slaveikov it was Goethe himself, and earlier yet the Russian authors, who had played the part of a liberator. What then was Slaveikov's relation to classical antiquity, especially to the art and literature of Greece? His interest and appreciation of Greece was an integral part of his culture which is, according to one definition, "the individual intellectual possession -- the quality and also the contents of a mind which has been refined, disciplined, and stored with the best that has been thought and uttered." It should be said about Slaveikov that he was literally permeated by Greece: Homer, Pindar, Sappho, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Pericles, Phidias, were not mere names to him, but a living

22. W. P. Patterson, German Culture, page 5.
experience. His letters bear witness to the fact that he was an ardent pilgrim to all the shrines connected with these names. The ruins of Greece and Rome spoke to him a language he was familiar with. They helped to make antiquity a living experience for him. Looking through his prose one finds numerous allusions to these men. He feels close to these men of Hellas in many ways. He communes with their spirits. Let me illustrate this intimate relationship with two passages from his letters:

The "Homer" I wrote you about, was merely a fairly beautiful bronze reproduction of an old marble bust, which is to be found in another hall of the Louvre, and before which I stood for a whole hour the other day, wishing I could stay much longer, if it were not for the countless other things in this splendid Louvre, which entices me to visit them. Actually, I visited most willingly the Venus de Milo. I have seen her three times already and will visit her (perhaps) thirty times more. You won't hold it against me, will you? Darling, Venus de Milo is a cold, centuries old marble, and yet young as no other marble in the Louvre. But I'll tell you about her some other time; now let me finish what I had to say about dedo Homer: As I looked at him the songs of the Iliad came to my mind one by one; and I thought that if God is angry at mankind for anything he must forgive them. To the creator of such a work all must be forgiven. And even though our God is frowning, knowing neither laughter nor a smile, I believe he will forgive, if not for any other reason, then because he is merciful, that is, weak, and forgiveness is the virtue of the weak. I do not care who is forgiven by whom, but I cannot forgive time for being so cruel to two creations of man's genius — time which has broken off the noses of Venus de Milo and Homer! God, if you too, should become powerful in time, do not forgive time for its cruelty.

24. The characteristic Bulgarian term of endearing affection bestowed upon an old man.
Try out upon it your power in your rage! These two broken noses have been restored, but oh God, how! May time break them off soon once more! Particularly the nose of Homer, repaired by some idiot Frenchman. A narrow, pointed nose, characteristic perhaps on the facade of some contemporary lyric poet, but never of the epic poet. The nose of Homer should be softer, more blunt, kinder, "kartoffelartig", like that of Turgenev, or Tolstoi. (Do not think that I am writing an ode to my own nose). This pointed nose adds something sly and clever, something painfully nervous, something entirely foreign to the kind, rather tired face of the divine old man, creator of the divine hog-keepers. (In Homer men are gods, while the gods are truly worthy hog-keepers.)

And the second passage:

Homer-Smyrnato is a fine work as far as it goes, but it has nothing in common with any other Homer, least of all with my own Homer, who was able to see better because he was blind. From the Acropolis you saw the sea and the sky that help any blind man to become a seer. They explain everything, but this Homer is only a "Gelehrter der Renaisssancezeit", not only in his costume, his figure, and the movement of figure and hands, but also in the shyness of his soul -- do you remember what a contrasting Homer we saw in Naples? Above all, that book which the artist has placed in his hand betrays a divinely stupid conception of the whole matter. And the expression of this fellow reminds me of that of a countryman of ours who has not been invited to become a member of the cabinet in spite of all his hopes and expectations.

These and a great many similar passages show us that Slaveikov was very much at home with the Greeks; that he lived so close to them that he was aware of their mode of feeling as well as of the shape and character of their faces; that he had stored his mind with the best that has been thought or uttered by some of the greatest human spirits of all times.
As in the case of Goethe, this cult of classicism was responsible for the creation of works which reflect the experience of admiration and appreciation of classical art. Goethe created one of his greatest masterpieces, the hymn of "reine Menschlichkeit", Iphigenie, under the direct spell of Italy and Greece.

Slaveikov pays homage to the classical cult of beauty in his remarkable poem "Frina". I prefer to call it "remarkable" since I am not convinced of its true greatness. Like other of Slaveikov's longer poems it suffers, in its artistic effect, from too much ratiocination. It makes its appeal largely through the intellect and in a lesser degree through the feelings. Plato discussed beauty in a philosophical manner, but the majority of Greeks preferred to do the simpler thing, to adore beauty when they saw it. There is not enough immediacy of feeling in this poem. Speaking of this lack of feeling in general Malcho Nikolov writes:

Instead of the actual dramatic conflict we find detailed reasoning, theorizing in the form of a polemic (in Frina there is a heated polemic in an oratorical tone between Efti and Hyperid, in Sârtse na Sârtașta Shelley argues with one of his friends, and in Cia Moll and Michelangelo the heroes argue with themselves) and the establishing of certain truths in the manner of the propagandist and the preacher. Therefore these poems are marked by ratiocination, abstract logic, and a higher, not always natural pathos. Look, for instance, at the highly rhetorical and philosophical style of Hyperid's speech in Frina:

The day is coming, and is not far,
when only one goddess
the universe will recognize: beauty!
In life -- the beginning of eternity,
In death -- the emblem of life;
And man's earthly life
Shall be a triumph for her alone
in her imperishable temple: pleasure. 25

What this poem lacks, above all, are the "edle Einfalt und stille Grösse" which constitute, according to Winckelmann, the outstanding characteristics of Greek art, and which are present in Goethe's Iphi-
genie, giving it a truly classical quality.

All this criticism on the basis of one poem should not necessarily detract much from the value of Slaveikov's effort to catch the spirit of Greece and give it an adequate expression in some of his creations. If he has not succeeded in this as well as Goethe, it is because he never had the leisure, or the material means to devote a great deal of time to the systematic study of antiquity, or to the contemplation of its beauty. Toward the end of his life Slaveikov realized that he should have gone South and steeped himself in the culture of antiquity much earlier than he did. 26 According to Filipov, Mediterranean culture has become the foundation of Bulgarian culture, and Slaveikov felt all through his life a longing for the South, for the moral and intellectual climate of its culture, as well as for its sunshine. 27 Putting it bluntly, Goethe did not have to worry about his next meal while

26 Slaveikov visited Greece four years before his death in 1912, and stayed in Rome for a longer period only during the last year of his life.
in Rome; Slaveikov, on the other hand, writes the following in a letter from Rome addressed to a friend in Bulgaria: "We cannot afford much (in the way of food); soup and one course at lunch time, cheese, ham, tea, etc., at supper time, and in spite of this it is terribly expensive in Rome, not like Germany. Still, we decided to endure it through the winter, and then only the good Lord knows where we might go in the summer." This passage occurs towards the end of a letter which opens with outbursts of admiration for Rome and its classical monuments, and the glorious symphony concerts he and his wife have been attending in Rome.

While Slaveikov's admiration for and appreciation of classical art is just as ardent and absorbing as Goethe's, he has not produced anything to match the latter's Iphigenie. Antiquity remains part of his culture, but did not become a living part of his creations, at least not as truly as it is in Goethe's Iphigenie or in his Romische Elegien.

G. Goethe's "grosse Konfession" and Slaveikov's almost impersonal creations

There is one fundamental difference between the poetry of Goethe and that of Slaveikov, the discussion of which should prove very illuminating at this point.

Goethe himself considered his works "eine grosse Konfession", and Gundolf maintains that the difference between the various works of Goethe is one of "intensity", not of "kind". In all of his works we find a

28. Pismo do Dr. N. Mihov, printed in Zlatorog, June, 1937.
29. Gundolf considers these the truest expressions of his classicism.
report of the various stages of development through which the man Goethe passed. If we examine his outstanding work, Faust, and discover its fundamental principle, idea, or driving force, we shall have found Goethe himself; in Faust he has left us an account of his whole life. Schiller calls Goethe a "naive" poet, one who finds himself at home in the world about him, and seeks to reproduce it as it actually is. A "sentimental", or thoughtful poet, on the other hand, attempts to recreate the actual world from the standpoint of the ideal. Another way in which this contrast is brought out by Schiller is to identify the "naive" poet with Nature, the "thoughtful" one with Art.


Wendet man nun den Begriff der Poesie, der kein anderer ist, als der Menschheit ihren möglichst vollständigen Ausdruck zu geben, auf jene beiden Zustände an, so ergibt sich, dass dort in dem Zustande natürlicher Ein- falt, wo der Mensch noch, mit allen seinen Kräften zugleich, als harmonische Einheit wirkt, wo mithin das Ganze seiner Natur sich in Wirklichkeit vollständig ausdrückt, die möglichst vollständige Nachahmung des Wirklichen -- dass hingegen hier in dem Zustand der Cultur, wo jenes harmonische Zusammenwirken seiner ganzen Natur bloss eine Idee ist, die Erhobung der Wirklichkeit zum Ideal oder, was auf Eins hinausläuft, die Darstellung des Ideals den Dichter machen muss.

Slaveikov, on the other hand, can be considered a truly "sentimental", or thoughtful poet. His "dream of happiness" cannot be realized

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in the actual world. Like Heine, he lived as an exile in this world, even when he was among his own people. His lyric songs are not the spontaneous outbursts of a soul which is at peace with itself and the world and which gives us an expression of the world's nature while actually singing to itself. In the words of Schiller, Slaveikov has arrived at the state of "Culture" and for him "Natur" and "Kunst" are no longer the same thing. According to Schiller the thoughtful artist can resolve this antithesis only in the ideal form of art.

It is not surprising, therefore, to find that Slaveikov was an admirer and ardent imitator of poets who have succeeded in giving to their poems an enviable perfection of form. A thorough schooling in this respect at the feet of various masters enabled Slaveikov to produce works comparable to those of the masters themselves. The strange result of his success along this line is that some Bulgarian critics missed entirely the feeling and emotion in his poems and began to call them "thoughts in verse". One of these critics, who is responsible for the term I have just used, says this concerning Pencho Slaveikov:

The aesthetics of Pencho Slaveikov demand of poetry more thought than emotion. Such poetry, with more thought (content of ideas), than feeling, (emotion), involuntarily but inevitably loses the golden thread of true poetic creativity, and substitutes care for the outward form for poetic pathos, which is the essence of poetry. Such is the poetry of Pencho Slaveikov. He lauds the German poet Konrad Ferdinand Meyer because "with him every image seems to be chiseled out, every word weighed upon the scales of artistic tact", -- because he was "the martyr of poetic workmanship and correction". And Dr. Krastev paraphrases: "The poems of Pencho Slaveikov seem to be chiseled out of marble"... As if it could be complimentary to say about a poet that his poems are chiseled
out, smooth, heavy, and dead like marble. This formalistic aesthetics preached by Slaveikov in word and deed, and defended by Dr. Krastev, had, I am sorry to say, no other weapon in its fight against the poetry of Vazov, which possessed one strong shield of protection: its immediate poetic feeling. Vazov was a real poet, born with talent and feeling, while Pencho Slaveikov was not a poet. He was only an aesthete. It is for this reason that his poems and songs ("songs" that cannot be sung) appear artificial, as if made to illustrate the aesthetic ideas of their author. There may be a great deal of thought in them (as for instance in the Hymns for the Funeral of the Superman) but they lack the most important thing: poetry. They are thoughts in verse. 31

The accusation that Slaveikov's "songs" cannot be sung, is fully dealt with and thoroughly discredited in the section regarding the relationship of Slaveikov's poetry to that of Heine.

Geo Milev 32 has destroyed the force of his whole argument, it seems to me, by admitting, toward the end of the essay from which I am taking the above quotation,

Only once or twice, perhaps as an unconscious reminiscence, Pencho Slaveikov gives us something simple, but really perfect as a poetic creation -- as for instance the last piece in Sun za Shtastie: "A lonely grave, a lonely lane"——— a truly classical chef-d'oeuvre of Bulgarian literature. 33

Was it a mere accident that a man who was "not a poet" but only "an aesthete" wrote the poem just mentioned, which is recognized as a master-

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32. Geo Milev was a writer with pronounced leanings toward a communistic ideology and became a victim of the political upheaval in Bulgaria in the spring of 1926. His political views explain, at least in part, his attitude toward Slaveikov.
piece not only by Geo Miley but by most of Bulgaria's outstanding critics? And is it not more than probable that this same man may have written, "perhaps as an unconscious reminiscence", a few more poems like this one, thus establishing his claim to be considered a poet?

I wish to close the discussion of Slaveikov and Goethe with a passage from Dr. Yotsov. Speaking of Goethe's influence upon Slaveikov, he concludes his essay with these words:

This influence is especially significant, not only because it has contributed to the artistic development of a great Bulgarian poet, but perhaps also since it is the only one of its kind and of such high value in Bulgarian literature. No other Bulgarian poet has lived so with Goethe's poetry, no one else has so closely identified himself with it, no one else has so creatively impregnated his spirit with it.34

34. Dr. Boris Yotsov, Pancho Slaveikov i Goethe, Spisanie "Listopad", Godina XIII, Kniga 1-2, Str. 29.
3. Slaveikov and Schiller

a. Schiller excluded from Nemski Poeti

Schiller is not included in Slaveikov's Nemski Poeti and he tells us explicitly why he has left Schiller out. In the preface to Nemski Poeti he says that Schiller has been omitted in view of his "guiding principle", failing, however, to explain this principle. It is in his essay Dushata na Hudojnika that he gives us the real clue. We learn from the discussion, that Schiller's philosophical views are responsible. These views are incompatible with the best and finest artistic creations in lyric poetry. "On the other hand, Schiller's philosophical world view which has directed his artistic creativity largely along the path of logical thinking, has hampered his creative work."\(^{35}\) According to Slaveikov great artists like Homer, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Verestchagin and Thorwaldsen cannot be accused of having been guided in their works by a philosophical world view. And if poets like Tolstoi appear before the world as carriers of a philosophical world view, this is simply the proof that the divine spark in them has either died or is dying. To the example of Schiller, whose works have been tinged by philosophical views he adds Tolstoi's Kreutzer Sonata and Björnson's King. What the poet needs is not a "Weltanschauung" but simply a "Lebensanschauung."

At first it looks and sounds strange that Slaveikov, who as a man

\(^{35}\) Pencho Slaveikov, Chujdi Literaturi, p. 186.
of culture had achieved a "Weltanschauung", similar in some respects to Goethe's pantheism, should deny the standing of Schiller as a lyric poet, precisely because of Schiller's philosophical world view. Did Slaveikov believe that he succeeded in keeping his "Weltanschauung" -- he does not deny having one -- out of his poetry or his prose, for that matter? Did he not tell us that as a mature poet he "Consciously accepts as the foundation for his creations the seeking of the man in the beast", calling it the "root of his idealism"? To be sure, he adds that his creations are the children of his heart, not of his mind, but does not the mere word "idealism" commit him to a specific philosophical view, to a "Weltanschauung"? Many Bulgarian critics consider a good many of Slaveikov's poems "philosophical lyrics", holding them nevertheless, to be beautiful as well as significant. Could it be that Slaveikov's own philosophical poetry is so much like that of Schiller that he feels he must deny Schiller's right to be considered a lyric poet by way of assuring himself that he is not as bad as all that? A comparison of Slaveikov's Michelangelo and two other poems with Schiller's Das Ideal und das Leben will provide us with an illuminating answer to this question later on.

b. The nature of this comparison

I am looking for similarities in the work of the two men which would provide the basis for comparisons and the tracing of definite influences, and these would be harder to find if we accept in any way the above

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statements of Slaveikov. Even Slaveikov's rejection of Schiller as a lyricist does not, however, exclude the possibility of an influence of Schiller upon Slaveikov, exercised indirectly, through various channels. Schiller was not only a lyric poet, but also a philosopher of distinction who made a definite contribution in the field of aesthetics, as well as Germany's greatest dramatist and tragedian. Slaveikov was predominantly a lyric and epic poet, and never even tried to write a drama. Yet in the field of the theater these two men stand on common ground as I have previously suggested. Before discussing this point, however, I wish to inquire into the possible indirect general influences of Schiller upon Pencho Slaveikov.

c. Schiller's indirect influence upon Slaveikov:

(1) Schiller, the "national" poet of Bulgaria

Schiller has been the poet closest to the heart of the German people. Others may have eclipsed his talent in various fields, but his nobility of character has won him the enduring affection of his people. I am not directly suggesting that he may need a new home before long, but I feel certain when I say that he would find a warm welcome in the heart of the Bulgarian people. As far as I know, no other nation -- besides his own -- has so wholeheartedly adopted him for its own, to the extent of making him its national poet, as has Bulgaria. Practically all of his works have been translated into Bulgarian. Most of his dramas have been played again and again in the National Theater. His poems have been enthusiastically recited by many a Bulgarian youth, and
his philosophical writings have provided food for the thought of many Bulgarian writers. The anniversaries of his birth are occasions celebrated by the people. Literary newspapers and magazines dedicate whole numbers and issues to Schiller upon such occasions, and various literary and cultural organizations hold festive meetings or stage special performances of Schiller's plays. Schiller has called into being one of the strongest literary traditions in the country. I wish to quote a few passages from an article in a literary paper, whose whole issue was dedicated to the 175th anniversary of Schiller's birth:

Of all classical writers of the world Schiller is the one most often translated as well as the best loved one in Bulgaria. When you travel through various cities in Bulgaria, in many homes you will find a small statue, which does very little justice to Schiller's poetic features, or else you will see his picture hanging on the wall.

This love of Schiller can be explained only on the basis of our historical fortunes. On the eve of the liberation the Bulgarian youths who filled the streets of Bukarest and dreamed of heroism borrowed many of the ideas of the great poet, particularly those from his Räuber. Later on, before the various "isms" had spread their pernicious influence in our poetry, Schiller's inspiration taught many of our writers to be straightforward and spurred them to work. During long years, and even today, Schiller has been a favorite because of his literary achievements, his personal character and life, and just as much because of his expressive and poetical features, which have made more than one Bulgarian maiden sigh secretly.

This love of Schiller has not remained a mere gesture, which is a dangerous possibility in such cases, but has resulted in action. Thus we see that almost all of Schiller's plays have been translated and staged throughout the country.

When one speaks of Schiller, there rises in the consciousness of every Bulgarian another name also, whose radiance, in our little country is not less than that of Schiller.
That name is Vasil Kirkov. No one else in Bulgaria has felt so comprehensively and so deeply the influence of Schiller’s spirit. Vasil Kirkov has played parts in many Schiller plays, but he has left a most permanent impression in the public by his interpretation of Karl Moor from Die Räuber and Ferdinand, from Kabale und Liebe. This is the impression of Nikola Balabanov, an outstanding actor of the National Theater, received from Kirkov’s interpretation of the part of Karl Moor: “Down there, in a forest — Karl Moor (Vasil Kirkov) was arousing his comrades, with a heated denunciation of the world’s injustices. Then he descended a path, fell upon his knees in front of the prompter’s opening, raised his hand for the vow, and tearing his clothes, opened his monologue as a volcano: ’I raise three fingers and swear before the horror of the night never to see daylight until the blood of the murderer of my father is spilled upon this stone.’ There was unrest in the hall. The spectators who had listened breathlessly began to stir, the ones on the ground floor were up on their feet, a few seats snapped back, a huge wave swept all away. Like scared horses, men were banded together. Then all subsided, died away. Suddenly the whole theater resounded. Someone pushed me, I was dragged along, and found myself in the corridor. Inside the hall the public applauded and roared: Vasil Kirkov! Karl Moor! Bravo!”

It is safe to assume, in the face of Schiller’s tremendous popularity in Bulgaria, that Slaveikov knew him and his work very well, and could not help being influenced by him in some definite way. My suggestion a while ago may explain the fact that Slaveikov does not openly acknowledge any indebtedness to Schiller. Of course, it is impossible to imagine that Slaveikov could have escaped an even greater indirect influence of Schiller during his four years studying in Leipzig.

(2) Schiller, the teacher of Volkelt

This even greater and stronger influence is exercised through one man in particular and that man's name is Johannes Volkelt. He was the teacher of philosophy and aesthetics under whom Slaveikov studied in Leipzig.

Schiller has never ceased to influence the thought of men who are re-thinking the problems of philosophy and aesthetics with which he dealt. Men in various schools of thought have profited greatly through acquaintance with his keen and illuminating essays. Volkelt was such a man and Slaveikov was fortunate to spend four profitable years under his guidance.

Since I am devoting a whole section to the relationship between Slaveikov and Volkelt I shall not enter into a fuller discussion of it now.

There is one more comment, however, which I wish to make at this time. The fact that Slaveikov came into the possession of ideas and ideals which were originally Schiller's, mostly through intermediaries, accounts partly for the lack of direct reference in his writings to Schiller.

The last quotation has brought me to the point to be discussed; the common ground on which Slaveikov and Schiller stand — the theater.

Schiller was a dramatist and for a while was directly attached to the theater in Mannheim in that capacity. In a word, he had a first hand knowledge and experience of the theater. And he developed a set of definite views concerning the purposes and functions of the theater which he expressed in an essay. Slaveikov, as he has told us, was also connected
with the theater, the National Theater in Sofia. And even though he did not remain very long in the director's chair, he came to know the theater both for what it was and what it could be. It should be a very profitable task to inquire into the views of these two men concerning the theater, and to discover how far they agree or disagree. It may be along this line, again indirectly, that Schiller influenced Slaveikov.

d. Comparative study of the similarity of ideas in Schiller's and Slaveikov's essays on the theater

First, let us turn to Schiller's views on the theater. Naturally, his highest conceptions of the theater are incorporated in his dramas as such. But I am speaking here of the views expressed directly on the subject of the theater. Among Schiller's works there are two short essays dealing with the theater. The first one written in 1782, the second two years later. I shall quote a number of short passages from both essays.

So lang das Schauspiel weniger Schule, als Zeitvertreib ist -- mehr dazu gebraucht wird, die eingähmende Langweile zu beleben, umfreundliche Winternächte zu betrügen, und das grosse Heer unserer süßen Müßiggänger mit dem Schaume der Weisheit, dem Papergeld der Empfindung und galanten Zoten zu bereichern, -- so lang es mehr für die Toilette und die Schenke arbeitet: so lang mögen immer unsere Theaterschriftsteller der patriotischen Eitelkeit entsagen, Lehrer des Volkes zu sein. Bevor das Publikum für seine Bühne gebildet ist, dürfte wohl

38. Schiller, Werke. Zehnter Band Stuttgart, 1847:
(1) Über das gegenwärtige deutsche Theater, p. 47ff., and
(2) Die Schaubühne als eine moralische Anstalt betrachtet, p.63 ff.
Die Bühne ihr Publikum bilden. 39

Die leidige Anstand in Frankreich hat den Naturmenschen verschmitten... In Paris liebt man die glatten zierlichen Puppen, von denen die Kunst alle kühne Natur hinwegschliff.

Derjenige, welcher zuerst die Bemerkung machte, dass eines Staates festeste Säule Religion sei -- dass ohne sie die Gesetze selbst ihre Kraft verlieren, hat vielleicht, ohne es zu wissen, die Schaubühne von ihrer edelsten Seite verteidigt.

Gesetze sind glatt und geschmeidig, wandelbar wie Laune und Leidenschaft -- Religion bindet streng und ewig.

Religion wirkt im Ganzen mehr auf dem sinnlichen Theil des Volks -- sie wirkt vielleicht durch das Sämliche allein so unfähler. So gewiss sichtbare Darstellung mächtiger wirkt, als todter Buchstabe und kalte Erzählung, so gewiss wirkt die Schaubühne tiefer und dauernder als Moral und Gesetze.

Die Schaubühne ist mehr als jede andere öffentliche Anstalt des Staates eine Schule der praktischen Weisheit, ein Wegweiser durch das bürgerliche Leben, ein unfähler Schlüssel zu den geheimen Zugängen der menschlichen Seele.

Umnöglich kann ich hier den grossen Einfluss übergehen, den eine gute stehende Bühne auf den Geist der Nation haben würde.


39. I have chosen these passages from various parts of the essay. Even though they appear to be rather disconnected they represent, it seems to me, the essence of Schiller's thought and will thus provide us with the basis of comparing it with that of Slaveikov.
Wenn in allen unseren Stücken ein Hauptzug herrschte, wenn unsere Dichter unter sich einig wurden und einen festen Bund zu diesem Endzweck errichten wollten — wenn strenge Auswahl ihre Arbeiten leitete, ihr Pinsel nur Volksgegenständen sich weihte — mit einem Wort, wenn wir es erlebten, eine Nationalbühne zu haben, so würden wir auch eine Nation.

Was kettete Griechenland so fest aneinander? Was zog das Volk so unwiderstehlich nach seiner Bühne? — Nichts Anderes als der vaterländische Inhalt der Stücke, der griechische Geist, das grosse überwältigende Interesse des Staats, der besseren Menschheit, das in denselben athmete.

Die Schaubühne ist die Stiftung, wo sich Vergnügen mit Unterricht, Ruhe mit Bildung, gattet, wo keine Kraft der Seele zum Nachtheil der andern gespannt, kein Vergnügen auf Unkosten des Ganzen genossen wird.

These are carefully selected sentences that practically give one the content of Schiller's two essays.

And now let me quote a number of passages from Slaveikov's essay on a "National Theater".

The church and school which bore our national Renaissance, were the first to give shelter to our theater, temporarily, and more as a matter of incident. We know of a similar case, thousands of years ago, in Ancient Hellas. Before the beginning of its life as a nation, there developed in Hellas, the drama and the theater in connection with worship and folk festivals. But there the relationship is an organic and not an accidental one, and therefore the development of the theater and its art was most fruitful. There life, thought and art were one. There man lived a full life, never again repeated in history, a life in which the will, wedded to its possibilities, produced a culture which has been our longing and our aspiration.

There come Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. They not only contribute to the formal development of the Greek drama and stage, but bring it to its full fruition, and transform it into a powerful social force, force of ideas, moving forward the cultural life of Greece. Greek drama dealt with contemporary life and the Greek theater was a tribunal of that life, which is true also of the drama and theater of our own times. Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, the best interpreter of Greek drama gives Aeschylus' most glorious creation -- Orestes -- as an example of the social function of Greek drama. This play is a defense of the shaken areopagus, a demonstration against blood revenge (at that time a live issue) and a protest against the interference of the Gods, or more precisely of the priests at Delphi who spoke on behalf of Apollo and defended the barbarisms of the past. The giants of European drama, from Shakespeare down to its present bard, Ibsen, have likewise been such champions of life and social conscience.

We can clearly see the mission of the drama and the theater in the life of the European nations exemplified in many countries. It should be sufficient for me to mention the names everyone already knows, in order to awaken in the mind the picture of their work and the significance of their triumph. There is Dante -- with his Comedia Divina, the tragedy of contemporary life as he knew it and as Michelangelo's brush painted it on the ceiling of the Sistino Chapel; there are Calderón and Lopez de Vega, in the past, and more recently Eschegaray (the minister) in Spain; there is the French theater with its famous role in the development of the most advanced cultural life in our contemporary world; no vital issue passes by it without its trying to provide an answer or a solution to it; issues ranging from the most innocent ones, to the recent cardinal question whether the State should throw the Church overboard; there is Schiller, "der Erhabene," and Goethe, the Weimar Olympian, concerning whom the Philistines maintain that he stood aloof from life, blind to see that his spirit broods over the whole of German culture -- for a creator who possesses a highly developed sense of ethics, bestows culture as the sun bestows heat, even without intending to do so; there are the Norwegians, there are the Russians, under whose exclusive and favorable influence our present age is developing. Among the present day great cultural nations only the English are behind in this respect, and among the little nations that would like to be considered cultured, we, the Bulgarians.
In England the drama and theater have fallen so low, that realizing the horror of it all, they look with envy upon the continental cultured nations, and only the other day the English newspapers were full of appeals for contributions for the creation of a national theater, an altar of aesthetic and ethic culture.  

The theater is one of the most powerful tools of culture! Not children’s play, not empty amusement! The phrase -- l'art pour l'art -- is a misconception as is the phrase -- l'état c'est moi. Even those who use the phrase do not believe in it, for they dare not say: l'art pour moi, an apparent nonsense in view of the fact that they create not for themselves but for the people they wish to influence one way or another.

In general, the purpose of the theater is not amusement. Amusement is not culture. The theater is not lawn-tennis, a ball game, a horse-back ride -- a means for soothing the nerves and regulating the stomach. The classical drama, and at the head of them Shakespeare, should form the foundation of our repertory, and, let me repeat this -- in new translations! Emerson, in his book Representative Men maintains the following which has become an accepted truth: "The introduction of Shakespeare into the life of the German mind and spirit, through Lessing, and through the translation of Shakespeare’s work by Wieland and Schlegel, is an epoch in itself, an epoch closely associated with the unusually rapid development of German literature. All well educated men share the same opinion as to its exalted power and beauty which put their seal upon this epoch as Christianity once did."

By putting our theater upon strong foundations, as a National Theater, as an institute of higher culture, as a temple where divine services are held in Bulgarian, and where, through language are made manifest in artistic forms and images our creative power and our life-consciousness -- by such means we are approaching the task of the real theater.

41. Slaveikov gives, as a further authority for this last statement, the book: A National Theater, by W. Archer and H. Granville.
Again I have quoted profusely from Slaveikov's writings. I have done it with a purpose which I wish to justify. After all, what better way could I use to bring out the fact of his broad culture, his penetrating mind and thought, and his lively style which may become apparent at times, in spite of the awkwardness of the translation? Especially in the case of an author who is entirely unknown this seems to me the best way.

These essays on the theater by Schiller and by Slaveikov, afford some excellent comparisons and reveal some astounding facts. Here are two men who wrote, a whole century apart, on the same subject. Yet their essays could not have had more in common had they been written at the same time and by such close friends as Schiller and Goethe for example. The similarities would appear even more striking if one were to substitute Slaveikov's word "culture" for the word "moral" in Schiller's essay. This would be quite fair, since the concept of morals Schiller used was far broader than our own, and actually included many of the aspects summed up in the word culture. However, this substitution is hardly necessary.

Both writers agree that the theater should not provide mere amusement; that it is an institution binding a people together and maintaining in them the consciousness of their unity, and their mission as a distinct nationality. For Schiller, writing over a hundred years earlier, the German National Theater is yet a thing of the future, while Slaveikov is proudly pointing to the "Schauspielhaus" in Berlin and the "Burgtheater" in Vienna, as well as to the "Théâtre Français" in Paris,
as the fine models to be copied by the Bulgarian theater. Both writers turn to Greece for their ideal and both have the highest opinion of Shakespeare. Schiller lived in a period of widespread reaction against the influence of the French drama and theater in Germany, so he has only contempt for the "glatten zierlichen Puppen" from which art has polished away all daring nature has put into them, but which are liked in Paris. Slaveikov can look back upon a longer period in the life of the French theater and is able to give it credit for its responsiveness to the needs of the times. In the effort to maintain the theater on a high level, Slaveikov is willing to follow in the footsteps of Heinrich Laube who preferred to play to an empty theater rather than lower his standards. Slaveikov is very realistic in regard to the management of the theater. He says that the theater is a cultural institution and it is the duty of the government to give it full financial support. But "The theater must be autonomous! Its management should be subject only to the will of the one who directs it." The promise of such autonomy was the condition of his becoming director of the National Theater in Sofia, and the failure of the government to live up to this promise was the reason for his resignation.

**Direct influence:** references to Schiller in Slaveikov's writings: Slaveikov's "Ideendichtung" and Schiller's poetry of ideas

And now comes the time to raise the question of Schiller's direct

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42. Pencho Slaveikov, Bulgarska Literatura, page 119.
influence upon Slaveikov. Their essays have disclosed more than one tie and common idea between kindred spirits. Slaveikov speaks of Schiller several times in his essay. Once he indicates that Schiller's Räuber was one of the first significant plays staged in Bulgaria, and that it helped kill Ivanka, one of the Bulgarian plays whose popularity kept the theater on a low cultural level. Again he speaks of Schiller in the famous paragraph in which he gives an epitomized account of modern European drama -- calling him "der Erhabene" -- and yet in the same breath he proceeds to sing the praises of Goethe. "Goethe and Schiller" seems to most people the natural order in which these names should remain, and so Slaveikov has very little to say directly concerning Schiller. I wish to use Slaveikov's own words on Goethe to describe what I consider to be the true relationship of Slaveikov and Schiller. "For a creative artist, who possesses a highly developed sense of ethics, bestows culture as the sun bestows heat, even without willing to do so."43 Without willing to do so, without being conscious of it at times, Slaveikov has warmed his spirit at the fire of Schiller's idealism; he has created poems in which ideas are made vivid and appealing, poems like, Himni na Smurta na Svruchoveka, Cis Moll, Sârtso na Sârtsata, Michelangelo, worthy to stand by the side of Die Götter Griechenlands, Das Ideal und das Leben, or Die Künstler; he has come to the realization of the part the theater plays as a tool for the achievement and embodiment

43. Pencho Slaveikov, Bulgarska Literatura, p. 102
of a higher culture; and even though I can find but one word of praise
he has for Schiller, I feel that all this and much more is expressed by
it: for him Schiller is "der Erhabene".

(1) Similarity of Ideas and Ideals in the Lyric
Poetry of Schiller and Slaveikov

At the beginning of this section it was suggested that a comparison
of Schiller's Das Ideal und das Loben with some of Slaveikov's poems
would provide us with an illuminating answer to the question of
why Slaveikov felt that he should deny Schiller the standing of a poet.
This answer, as we shall see, is by no means complete, or fully satisfac-
tory. The comparison itself, however, will reveal to us the same
striking similarities of ideas in the lyric poetry of Slaveikov and
Schiller, that we found in their essays on the theater.

It seemed amazing to discover so many similarities of ideas in
the essays of Schiller and Slaveikov upon the theater. In view of the
fact, however, that Slaveikov denied Schiller the standing of a poet,
and has never admitted the study of Schiller or the acceptance of any
of his ideas or ideals, it is more than astounding to find that these
two men have so much in common even in the realm of their most person-
al creations, their lyric poetry.

Slaveikov made no special effort to be consistent in all his
views, and openly admitted this as we shall see in the section on Sla-
veikov and Nietzsche. In this relationship, however, we are apparent-
ly dealing with one of the unspoken contradictions in his work.

What are some of the similarities in the lyric poetry of Schiller
and that of Slaveikov? What are, above all, the ideals and ideas which they hold in common? Let me introduce first several portions taken from poems by both men, and they try to answer the above questions on the basis of the facts which should become apparent at once.

Nur der Körper eignet jenen Mächten,
Die das dunkle Schicksal fliechten;
Aber frei von jeder Zeitgewalt,
Die Gespielin seliger Naturen
Wandelt oben in des Lichtes Fluren,
Götlich unter Göttern, die das s a l t.
Wollt ihr hoch auf ihren Flügeln Schweben,
Werft die Angst des Irdischen von euch!
Fliehet aus dem engen, dumpfen Leben
In das Ideales Reich!

Wenn ihr in der Menschheit trauriger Blöße
Steht vor des Gesetzes Größe,
Wenn dem Heiligen die Schuld sich naht,
Da erblasset vor der Wahrheit Strahlen
Eure Tugend, vor dem Ideale
Flieht mutlos die beschämte That.
Kein Erschaffner hat dies Ziel erlogen,
Ober diesen grauvollen Schlund
Trägt kein Machen, keiner Brücke Bogen,
Und kein Anker findet Grund.

Aber flüchtet aus der Sinne Schranken
In die Freiheit der Gedanken,
Und die Fürchteranscheinung ist entfloh,
Und der ew'ge Abgrund wir euch füllen;
Neigt die Gottheit auf in euren Willen,
Und sie steigt von ihrem Weltenthron.
Des Gesetzes strenge Fessel bindet
Nur den Sklaveninn, der es verschmäht;
Mit des Menschen Widerstand verschwindet
Auch des Gottes Majestät. 44

44. Schiller, Werke, Band 1, page 310,312.
Now let us place by the side of these purposely selected stanzas from one of Schiller's most significant poems, *Das Ideal und das Leben*, several selections from a few of Slaveikov's poems.

"O, believe me, only he is happy, upon the altar of whose heart there burn the flames of truth and give light to reason."

"O, no! There is something, there is one thing that will return -- in the endless course of time -- the elevating longing toward light, the pure urges toward the highest and the proud, mighty thirst for an ideal! That which, remaining changeless in a world of change, has awakened the humanity in man, and given meaning to his life."

"Do not stop striving; where a mere mortal stops confused -- there the hero begins."

"Utopia! So be it, -- yet it is the utopias alone that create a purpose and make man what he is. Utopias renew the heart and make it a paradise in bloom where peace supreme finds its home... Raise your eyes up to the ideal -- child of the heart and not of the mind -- and know that it alone is a dependable compass amid the storms of the world."
"No storm will put out
the holy flame of the ideal -- for it is
a spark of God's spirit: God's spirit
which brought life out of darkness --
and set it in the light..."

"A heart without an ideal is a desert:
an ideal is love's only true watchman --
and love, and love alone
is man's highest calling in the world." 45

Now several selected passages from another poem.

-- "Rest is so near!...Yet, is this
the rest the heart desires? Salvation?
Rest in death? Is it not the sweet voice
of weakness whispering this to me?...
Where is the proud consciousness that
there is majesty in man's misfortune?!

You are blind! Homer was blind too;
yet in his blindness, among a thousand
seeing men, he alone could see clearly...
It is not with our eyes we see,
But through the soul's inner sanctuary.

No! No! The all-powerful spirit lives,
and with it, I live in art...
The loss of one's hearing only
does not easily kill the ideal
when Divine Hearing comes to its aid! --

45. P. Slaveikov, Sărtse na Sărtșata in Epicheski Pesni, page 73. This
poem on Shelley has as its motto one of his lines: "O love, I am
not but love."
Through it I hear the powerful pulse
of the world's common life,—
does not my heart beat with it?
Is it not because of this that my heart suffers cruelly? —
Suffering is the life of my heart,
and in suffering alone shall I find
new tones for new feelings—
to regenerate art through them"....

The great soul, regenerated through great sorrow,
has reached this height.

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In the meantime a secret voice
whispered in Beethoven's soul:
— "You need not be a slave of fate,
You have a destiny of your own... You
brought down from the heavens
a Promethean flame to kindle
in men's hearts, to elevate them. —
And in these hearts you alone will live,
immortal, in a mortal world."46

And just one stanza from a third poem.

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— "Dark genius, deceitful are
the captivating words you speak!
He who believes that life is lived
in time alone,
is not to be envied.
There live others who have risen
above this life — they reject
its temporal garment and penetrate
to that which lies beneath it —
the idea. In this world

46. P. Slaveikov, Cis Moll, in Epicheskii Psesni, page 53. The motto
Slaveikov has placed at the beginning of this poem is: "So pocht
das Schicksal an die Pforte. Beethoven."
one expresses it in flaming words,
another dies for it in battle,
while a third chisels it in marble
and sends it from today into eternity.  

These passages come from three of Slaveikov's poems which one critic considers his most significant works, but they can be supplemented by similar passages from many of his other poems which other critics hold to be equally significant. There are several important observations to be made on the basis of these quotations.

In both cases we are dealing with what can definitely be called philosophical poetry or, to use the German term, "Ideendichtung". It was ideas rather than feelings that gave birth to these poems. Both poets have stressed this fact by spacing the key-words in their poems.

Not only are these poems similar in regard to their key-words, the ideas and ideals which form their content, but they point to a common background and inspiration: Plato and Kant. Thus when Schiller places his "Gestalt" among the Greek gods he is speaking in terms of Plato's ideas which constitute ultimate reality, while Slaveikov's "It is not with our eyes we see, but through the soul's inner sanctuary", has a definitely Kantian ring. It is generally known that Schiller spent ten years of his life mastering Kant's system of philosophy, and making it the basis of his own thinking. Here we become aware of the fact that

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47. P. Slaveikov, Michelangelo, in Epicheski Pesni, page 113.
48. G. Konstantinov, Pencho Slaveikov I Nasheto Vrem, Zlatorog, Godina XIII, Kn. 5-6, Str. 215. This writer calls the three poems from which I have quoted "glorifications of the ideal".
Kant's philosophy played a part in Slaveikov's work as well. We are unable to find direct references in his writings as to his study of Kant, but we find ideas in Slaveikov's prose as well as in his poetry, which are unmistakably derived from Kant. We find, on the other hand, numerous references to Plato in many of Slaveikov's prose writings, while Plato's philosophy has added its luster to many of his poems.

The closer one examines Slaveikov's philosophical poems the clearer it becomes that these have a great deal in common with Schiller's own poetry. At the same time it becomes harder and harder to account for Slaveikov's attitude toward Schiller, for his rejection of the latter as an artist, because of his "philosophical world view". Without attempting to solve this riddle, for the lack of any possible explanation either in Slaveikov's writings or outside, we shall discuss briefly four points of similarity between Slaveikov and Schiller: their fundamentally tragic conception of the world, the heroic will which they share, their idea of nationality, and the ideal of "die schöne Seele".

(a) Their fundamentally tragic conception of the world

From Die Räuber to Die Braut von Messina Schiller has created a series of tragedies and tragic heroes and heroines. Beginning with his epic poems of the Leipzig period, Beethoven, Lenau, Shelley, Nietzsche, Michelangelo, and ending with his greatest work, Käthchen von Heilbronn, Slaveikov too, has given us mostly tragic heroes, men who knew suffering and frustration, but who nevertheless upheld their ideal to the end. The fact that both Schiller and Slaveikov looked at life and saw tragedy as
one of its basic and inescapable aspects does not mean that they were pessimists. Idealists believe in the final triumph of their ideal, but when they are at the same time realistic in their attitude toward life they realize that the individual as such is often frustrated and defeated. Whenever the individual fails to attain his ideal in life, he may achieve it in death, choosing the death of a hero, thus willingly accepting fate, destroying its power and reaching the state of "das Erhabene". Maria Stuart is unable to live and rule as a queen but she is free to die as a queen. Kühnemann has this to say concerning Schiller's tragedy: "Der Held der reifen Schillerschen Tragödie ist das Leben selbst, nicht der einzelne. Die Menschen Schillers sind daher Symbole, in denen sich etwas vom ewig Tragischen des Lebens offenbart." In his latest and most significant work, Kârvava Pesen, Slaveikov also uses symbols, like the Balkan, for instance, while the struggles of the nation itself may well be interpreted in terms of the larger life of humanity.

(b) The heroic will which they share

The heroic will was a reality in the life of Schiller as well as in that of Slaveikov. It required more than ordinary courage, and far more than a simple faith in one's mission in life to carry these two men through to the end: they both knew pain, their constant companion during long years; they knew disappointment, frustration, tragedy, financial need that seemed destined to rob them of all possibility of fruitful work; yet there is very little of all this to be found in their works: most of their characters display the same heroic will which enabled these men to live and achieve their exalted stations in life.
Their idea of nationality

Both Schiller and Slaveikov had the highest conception of the destiny of their people. Schiller has embodied this conception mostly in Wilhelm Tell, while Slaveikov has made it the basis of many of his essays, as well as the main theme of his Kárvava Pesen. It is in these works that the heroic will of these men has found its highest expression. Schiller and Slaveikov have created the spiritual image of their people, the ideal nationality, which the people as such are yet to achieve. Kühnemann gives an excellent summary of Schiller’s theme in Wilhelm Tell and the same has been said by several Bulgarian critics of Slaveikov's Kárvava Pesen.49

Er schrieb sich als letztes das rechte Festgedicht seiner Seele. Es ist der höchste Gegenstand den er kennt; ein Volk geht über aus dem Glück der Natur in das Glück der Freiheit. Besser wäre zu sagen: aus der Freiheit der Natur in die höhere Freiheit des selbstbewussten sittlichen Willens. Das Volk erschafft sich selber, indem es die bewusste Einheit des Willens zur echten Freiheit wird. Der Schwur der Völkerwürde bindet jedes Volk: "Wir wollen sein ein einig Volk von Brüdern."50

No one, writing directly concerning the main theme of Slaveikov’s Kárvava Pesen could have expressed it better than this. Yet Slaveikov has never openly acknowledged his indebtedness to Schiller for any of these ideas, and no Bulgarian critic has as yet investigated the rela-

49. Boyan Penev, Georgi Konstantinov, Malcho Nikolov, Boris Yotsov, etc.
50. Eugen Kühnemann, Schiller und seine Welt, page 75.
tionship between the two men. Kárvava Pesen, like Wilhelm Tell, is the story of the liberation of a people through their own efforts, through the adoption of the ideal of freedom, through the conscious striving to determine and control the destiny of a people on the basis of its highest ideals. The ideal of political freedom produces a conscious unity of purpose and leads into the higher freedom of the moral will. This is the way in which the "Leader", one of the heroes in Kárvava Pesen expresses the theme of the work:

A people grows, progresses with the ideals which it puts upon its own shoulders - through them it achieves heroic deeds, of which it deemed itself incapable until yesterday. And here is an example for you: for centuries our people lived in spiritual darkness, men were born and perished with and like the beasts. What regenerated it? What awakened the power slumbering in its heroic breast? What leads it today in its heroic deeds? The all-powerful leader of dead peoples -- the holy ideal!

(d) The ideal of "die schöne Seele" in Schiller and in Slaveikov

One of Schiller's most important ideals, an ideal which he set up as the object and goal of aesthetic education, is that of "die schöne Seele", the human personality all of whose powers have been harmoniously developed. The following poem presents this ideal very effectively:

Poesie

Mich hält kein Band, mich fesselt keine Schranke,
Frei schwing' ich mich durch alle Räume fort,
Mein unermesslich Reich ist der Gedanke,
Und mein geflügeltes Werkzeug ist das Wort,
Was sich bewegt im Himmel und auf Erden,
Was die Natur tief im Verborgenen schafft;
Muss mir entschleiert und entsiegelt werden,
Denn nichts beschränkt die freie Dichterkraft;
Doch Schönres find' ich nichts, wie lang ich wähle,
Als in der schönen Form -- die schöne Seele.

A study of Slaveikov's poetry shows that he shares this ideal with Schiller. It finds expression in various poems and under various forms, some of them borrowed from other men. Thus Slaveikov's superman in Himmel za Smurta na Syruchoseva can be considered a definite attempt to embody Schiller's ideal of "die schöne Seele" rather than the proud and ruthless superman of Nietzsche. We find many of the qualities of the harmoniously developed personality in the heroes of Slaveikov's poems quoted in this section. Whether Slaveikov knew of this ideal in Schiller we do not and cannot know with certainty. Yet, as in the case of several other ideas and ideals, we find in Slaveikov a strong echo of the ideal of "die schöne Seele". Perhaps the word "echo" is not the proper one to be used in this connection. Slaveikov was a strong, creative personality. He developed under the influence of many masters. He adopted many of their ideas and ideals and re-interpreted them in his works. In certain cases, however, he may have arrived at some of his ideas without the direct influence or stimulation on the part of his acknowledged teachers, or of other teachers in general. Most of the time Slaveikov has openly acknowledged his indebtedness to his teachers, or has indicated the source of his ideas. Whenever he has failed to do
this, however, as in the present case, we can simply state that he shares the ideal of "die schöne Seele" with Schiller.

4. Slaveikov and Heine

a. Opening a new controversy on an old subject

Controversy, it seems to me, is a proper way of beginning the discussion in which I shall attempt to trace the influence upon Slaveikov by a poet who has been the subject of raging controversy down to our days -- Heinrich Heine.

Controversy may not be wholly acceptable or efficient as a method of procedure and therefore I shall make use of comparison as well in the course of this discussion.

As far as one is able to judge on the basis of the most complete bibliography on Slaveikov available at the present time, the relationship between Slaveikov and Heine has been discussed by Bulgarian critics only. Professor Gesemann is perhaps the first foreign author who has written on the question of this relationship. It is more than surprising, therefore, to discover that Gesemann stands in complete disagreement with the opinion generally held by Slaveikov's Bulgarian critics.

b. Professor Gesemann's view on the subject of Heine's influence upon Slaveikov

Weltanschaulich hatte der Dichter (Slaveikov) bei Heine "nichts zu lernen", dass er formal bei ihm einiges gelernt hat, wird niemand leugnen. Aber es ist wohl ein anderes, was unseren Dichter aus einem rein persönlichen
This is the manner in which Dr. Gesemann dismisses the question of one of the most significant, most fruitful, and most openly and enthusiastically acknowledged influences in the life and work of Slaveikov — acknowledged by himself in more than one of his writings, and accepted by all of his Bulgarian critics.

But Professor Gesemann has one thing more to say on the subject, by way of apology, or rather explanation, for dealing so bluntly with the matter of this relationship.

Auch die deutsche Literatur erscheint ihm in Bulgarien zunächst im russischen Gewande, und zwar — sonderbar für uns heute — in der russischen Uebersetzung von

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61. Dr. Gerhard Gesemann, Pentscho Slaveikov, Ein Gedächtnisvortrag, p. 11. For complete title see bibliography.
62. The manner in which Gesemann has handled his bibliography on Slaveikov indicates clearly that he is not familiar with the content of all his writings. Gesemann uses speculation and guesses in regard to questions upon which Slaveikov's writings would have provided him with definite information. Here is a good example. Gesemann speculates (page 11) as to who is meant by "the Swabian": "Dass er dann Keine meint, haben wir schon gehört, dass er mit "dem Schwaben" nicht Schiller meint das ist sicher. Man sollte bei der Wichtigkeit die Nietzsche für ihn hat — Nietzsche kommt für ihn gleich hinter Goethe —, an diesen denken und könnte meinen, Slaveikov habe Nietzsche wegen seines Basler Professur für einen Schwaben, d. h. Alemannen gehalten." Slaveikov has told us explicitly (see foot-note on page 50) that by "the Swabian" he meant Volkelt.
63. This is the only foreign influence in Slaveikov's work which has been made the subject of three separate studies — two by Malcho Nikolov and one by Dr. Tumparov — while only one study upon Slaveikov and Goethe is listed in my complete bibliography on Slaveikov. I have before me two of the three studies, one by each of the two writers mentioned above.
Heine's Gedichten. Heine will also continue to be a
weakness Slaveikov's remain, even if he
understands and speaks, that he did not at all ways get up
to the consent of the Germans themselves reckon can. It
is already a known fact, that great cultural
cravings of a people, such as the German Romanticism,
be foreign people, which these novel allowances take
up, often in the appearance and in the representatives
taken over, which in the home of the movement
for no reason count. Heine is an
such a misunderstanding for the German Romanticism in
a large part of Europe, just as
E. T. Hoffmann,
who in the foreign the schiefe and popular Bild der
German Romanticism essentially determined.54

C. Criticism of this view

There we have the reason, clear and simple. Heine was nothing
but a misunderstanding connected with German Romanticism. I wish to
make only two short comments on these quotations from Gesemann, after
which I shall turn upon them the heavy artillery of Slaveikov's own
words in order to blast to pieces their smug respectability and con-
temptuous German-righteousness.

My first comment concerning the impressive view "weltanschaulich"
is this: Slaveikov tells us in his essay Dushata na Hudojnika:

The artist is able not only to get along without a
"Weltanschauung", but he needs none except in cases
when his immediate direct purpose is to convey through
images the struggle of conflicting "Weltanschauungen,"
as in Goethe's Faust or Hamerling's Ahasver.55

He goes on to say that what the artist needs is a "Lebensanschauung",

54. Dr. Gerhard Gesemann, Pentscho Slaveikov, Ein Gedächtnisvortrag, p.9.
55. P. Slaveikov, Chudjdi Literaturi, page 186.
not a "Weltanschauung", and that the former is directly associated with his emotions, not his intellect. I hope the argument has remained clear and simple thus far.

My second comment is this: It is incorrect to maintain that Slaveikov's fondness for Heine was the result of his sickness, leading to compassion for a fellow-sufferer. Slaveikov came to know and love Heine and his poetry as a happy, lively, tempestuous youth, years before the accident which crippled him for life. 56

d. Slaveikov's tribute to Heine in Nemski Poeti

What does Slaveikov say concerning all this? His characterization of Heine in Nemski Poeti holds the answer to all the questions this argument has or may raise. And since I consider it a gem of Slaveikov's prose, I shall translate practically all of it, not merely the passages that contain the shells needed to blast the arguments of the other side. Besides, by doing so I shall have provided the best material upon which to base, later on, my remarks on the influence of Heine's prose upon that of Slaveikov.

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Heine57

Heine has lived as a perpetual exile. He was one even when he was at home, among his own people. Such is the fate of all mischief-makers

56. Slaveikov was eighteen when the accident took place.
57. P. Slaveikov, Nemski Poeti, p. 41, ff. This is a full translation of this characterization.
whose restless spirits have attained the heights known as "Misfortune of the Fortunate". In all probability his Palestinian ancestor must have been Ahasuer, the one who cursed Christ and thus perpetuated his name in eternity.

It is the hardest eternity in which one must maintain himself alive. And even though his nephew is not particularly alive in his eternity, I think he is not better off because of this. But Heine can help himself (in this eternity) -- just as he did in life when he found himself hard pressed.

His life was a joke -- and a cruel struggle with death. In this struggle Heine used two weapons -- each according to the occasion and need -- a will of steel, and his poetry. For, what else was it but will that helped this man who has been accused of lack of will, to spend half of his life in bed, physically helpless yet spiritually alert, estranged from life but at the same time holding a pen in his hand on behalf of life itself? What else but will helped him to look at the woman standing at the head of his bed, attractive and healthy -- his own wife -- a capricious French woman whom he once bought with money -- to caress and to thrash -- realizing that now he can do neither of these?

Sapristi, this is something cruel; it becomes even more cruel when she is not at the head of the bed, not even in the room, and when you are not sure, and yet you suspect just who is keeping her company! Poetry, and only poetry is one's salvation in such moments -- and the pencil scribbles on the white paper: "Once I had a fatherland. There the oaks grew so tall, and the violets nodded gently. It was only a dream."
It kissed me in German and spoke in German (one would hardly believe how sweetly sounded the word: I love you!). It was a dream. And then the woman comes, she enters the room. But he can only hear her lively voice: for in order to see her, and make sure his hearing has not deceived him, he lays the pencil aside, and with two fingers he raises his paralyzed eyelid -- this is the only way to really see her. Even his songs are written in blindness, as were those of Homer. Here you have the tragedy of a jolly fellow who is hated even by those who like him, -- and who was sick even when he was healthy, and healthy even when he was sick. This is a strange paradox, is it not? In nature, and in human nature anything can happen, anything is possible. For nature is not like a textbook of logic, and it leaves mediocrity free to think what it pleases. He, however, who bears the burden of its decisions, feels, that things must be so, that they can't be different, that therein he sees the finger of Him who is the father of all destinies, and so he walks according to His will. He walks sighing, but does not stop; for there is an infinite pleasure of both joy and sorrow in the consciousness that you are the bearer of destiny and do not act like the coward who sends a bullet through his head. Lined up against the wall by the small and great questions of life Heine often asked himself: "Whither now?" And he answered his own question in songs, only in songs, since this is the only manner worthy of a man who is a master par excellence, when it comes to poetry: "Where will be the final resting place of the pilgrim tired on the highway of life? Under palm trees in the South? Under linden trees on the Rhine? Will a strange hand dig my grave in
some desert? Or shall I find rest on the shores of some sea? It's all the same! Wherever it may be, God's sky will be over me like candles."

I was happy to see the spot in the Paris cemetery, Montmartre, where this nephew of Ahaswer rests -- and unhappy not to find a monument to him anywhere in his country. I did not go to see the villa of the German Emperor at Corfu, solely because this king without a kingly spirit has thrown out of it the statue of the pale Heinrich; this villa has been orphaned of a glory, profaned by a Prussian boot. There are monuments of Heine in other places -- even in far away America. They are absent only in his native land. But in that land there is a different monument -- Heine himself. It was only a joke a la Heine that he died in Paris; for he is still alive in his native land; he could not die there even if he wanted to; not even with the aid of ninety Prussian kings and that many professors of literature in the German universities. He has been taken under the wing of those who love, sing, and dream -- and that means the whole German people -- who have perhaps never seen the likeness of Heine or his Buch der Lieder, and yet know it by heart, sing it, and cry and laugh with it........And why do they hate the poet who liked all people? Because, according to the will of God, he was

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It looks suspicious, to say the least, that while Professor Gesemann mentions by name nearly everyone of the twenty German poets Slaveikov has included in his Nemski Poeti, and gives the exact number of poems translated from the works of each one, there is not a word said about Heine, who has been given twenty pages by Slaveikov, representing the characterization I am translating here, plus translations of twelve poems by Heine.
born a Jew. All other reasons, written or spoken, are wilful fabrications.

Wilful fabrications and patriotism. German patriotism, like ours, is not a flower you would like to smell. It is not even a flower but "Sauerkraut-jingoism". This jingoism does not permit anything bad to be said about Germany or things German. Laugh all you want, -- but innocently; laugh at cooks, at students, at hunters, at lieutenants, at old uncles and aunts, at young cousins and other young birds but...further, God forbid! The minute you touch upon politics, the emperor, German ideals, even the German police -- for it is something of an ideal in Germany! -- then everything is different. So much the worse if by accident your father or mother belong to the tribe of Abraham. You may be not only the creator of Buch der Lieder, but you may even bring heaven down to earth -- they would still hate you contemptuously. Be humorous, but innocently; keep satire in your pocket, and shoot the arrows of your sarcasm beyond the Rhine, let the spearhead of your irony pierce anything else, but not the German patriotic heart! Humor is the tickling of the heart; so tickle all you want, tickle yourself and your comrades. But Aristophanes in Germany, the satyr, is a foreign animal and disturbs the domestic ones. They wish to be lulled to sleep, not awakened. For the grayness of their life (as one of our billy goats says) is afraid of the light. But, as one of our proverbs assures us, God likes a joke and is fond of irony: and, perhaps, in order to chase away the boredom of German poetry, he commissioned the nephew of Ahasuer to be born among the Germans to perform that task, and as a reward he permitted him to
create the most beautiful German lyrics. Whatever he lost in satire he could make up for in songs. Heine executed the task and made use of the permission but being a Jew -- he somewhat outdid himself in both directions, good and bad. But men are men and look only at what is bad, and call upon him to account for that alone. This account is kept by almost all Germans, but most arrogant of all are the pedagogues, those state-helpers engaged in turning the nations into idiots. There are only two kinds of men unafraid of accounting for their conduct: the genius, and -- the Jew. What I mean to say is, Heine is unafraid.

This poet, so hated by many, has created works that shall live even when no trace will be left of Germany or the Germans. And his monuments -- if they do erect them -- will also die; even his name will die, and his creations alone will be the witnesses of bygone times.

Glorious witnesses! Like the creations of unknown bards of olden times, the living remains of realms long dead. Of all work by Heine, I feel sure, the Buch der Lieder will have exactly such a fate. It will bear witness in the future, that there lived once upon a time upon the most boresome earth, one (then it will not be known any more that he had been a Jew) jolly joker, who cried as no one else and sorrowed and dreamed and joked with everything and with himself! Who went now before, now after, and other times at the side of life, like the joker of King Lear, to speak to him his own and life's truths, to cry and to laugh at him for his lies -- and to love, to love even what was no longer worthy of love! In the Buch der Lieder there are things that are unique in the realm of lyric poetry. Were I a Jew I would have valued them in terms
of money, but there would be nobody to buy them since they are priceless. The most precious among them are those born not of his irony but of the sorrow of his loving heart, born in pain as the oyster bears its pearls. Heine has made one single string of these pearls and its name is Buch der Lieder. He has other strings, too, for that's what he did to the end of his life -- string pearls. Even on his deathbed.

Then, one morning, just a few days before the end, the string he was using fell out of his hands. Not because of faintness but because of the thrills of a new feeling he had never yet experienced, even in his dreams. A feeling unknown not only to him but to every other poet in the world. A strange noise is heard outside on the stairs, the doors are being opened, people are heard clearing their throats. One by one they come into his room -- the room where he has been prostrated upon a bed for ten, for twenty years, pale like Christ and dried like Lazarus, -- a whole crowd of awkward, unshaven, sad men, smiling in their embarrassment, good-natured Germans in clothes that hang upon them as if borrowed: a choir of singers that has been giving concerts in Paris for the last few days. Tomorrow they are going away. But having learned of the poet's condition, they come to bid him goodbye and to give him the first and last pleasure in his lifetime. A minute or two of silence. Once more some clear their throats. The poet raises his eyelid with the bony fingers of his left hand -- then drops it down, and a smile appears in the corner of his mouth, a smile strange as a half-forgotten old, old memory. He feels the fragrance of violets caressing him, the breath of his native land, he hears native sounds he has missed during long, long
years, he can catch the noise of oak branches that are trying to tell him something. A tear gathers under his eyelid and glimmers, ready to roll down his bloodless cheek. The choir is singing the songs of the poet. The most beautiful German songs! One, two, three....... Quiet, quieter than the breath of death, native sounds, native words caress him -- "Why did you appear, lonely tear? You hinder, you distress my sight. Since long forgotten years you alone remain in my eye. You had countless shining sisters.......and they disappeared, like the sorrows and joys that beset my soul. Dead are the bright stars that once smiled in my heart along with those joys and sorrows, and that love too, is gone already, gone like smoke. Roll down, lonely tear, you too, must disappear."

But that last tear does not leave his eye, and the nephew of Ahaswer carries it into his eternity, as a memory of life.

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**e. The fruits of Slaveikov’s love of Heine**

Next to Goethe, no other German poet moved Slaveikov so deeply, influenced him so profoundly, stirred his creative fire so beneficently or evoked from him a finer tribute than this. The fruits of Slaveikov’s love of Heine are magnificent and manifold.

(1) The music of Slaveikov’s verse

I would like to point out some of the results of Heine’s influence upon Slaveikov. First comes the matter of their lyric songs. The poems of no other German poet have been set to music as often as Heine’s.
The outstanding masters of German music and particularly the masters of
the "Lied" like Franz, Jensen, Schubert and Schumann have used Heine's
poems for their compositions. Some of his poems have been set to music
over one hundred times. Untermeyer says that in Schumann, Heine's songs
found "not only their greatest composer, but their most creative inter-
preter." 59 Comparatively speaking, Slaveikov's record is just as illus-
trious. No other Bulgarian poet has caught the eye or captivated the
fancy of Bulgarian composers as often as he. Thus scores of his lyric
poems have been set to music. The musical literature of Bulgaria has
made equal use of Slaveikov's Sun za Shtastie, Na Ostrova na Blajennite,
and Epicheski Pesni. Here are some of the names of his songs set to
music by various composers. Kam koy Pryag, by Andrey Stoyanov; Royat
se Podranili, by Tsanko Tsankov; Lud Cidiya, by Pancho Vladigerov;
Legenda za Balkana, for choir, orchestra and baritone solo, by Dimitar
Nenov; Katunari, seven songs for choir, and Kolebali, by Petko Stainov;
Pesen, Sayte Proletni Nadejdi, Potayna Doba, Proleten Vals and others,
by Andrey Stoyanov; Tiho Voe Vecherna Prohlada, Bezmilvna Nosht e
Otvila, I na Yave i na Sun, Dulboko v Troya Pogled, and many others, by
Tsanko Tsankov.

Veselin Stoyanov writes the following in his article on Pencho Sla-
veikov and the Bulgarian musical song:

The fact that Pencho Slaveikov, along with Yavorov and
Liliev has contributed the largest number of the poems
used by our musicians is not an accident.

Slaveikov is a cosmopolitan, yet he has retained the racial spirit and substance of the Bulgarian. No matter whether he finds himself in a village, in the midst of the mountains, or under the spell of a Beethoven sonata, his eyes are free to behold the universally human longings: joy and sorrow, the urge for freedom, which seems to be the same everywhere -- here, in Japan, in countries of the North. The breadth of his "Weltanschauung" -- the elevation of human personality to the height of an ethical culture -- lends universality to his creative work. This wins quickly the heart of the Bulgarian composer who in spite of his feeling for and consciousness of musical creativeness along purely national lines, exercises his modest musical efforts under the sign of the glorious idea of a free humanity, of a free human being.

The Bulgarian language has no variableness in the length of its vowels. Therefore the musical composition is based upon the construction of the phrase and the logical and syllabic accent. In the case of languages with short and long vowels, the question of composition is almost solved, the long vowel naturally calling for a note of longer duration. The lack of such variableness can be compensated for only by the poet's mastery of the language. The distribution of vowels in a given phrase in Fencho Slaveikov facilitates the task of the composer in arranging them to correspond to longer or shorter notes. In this respect the influence of Slaveikov for the development of the Bulgarian musical "Lied" is tremendous. A whole generation of composers came to live with his work and made it the constant companion of their own development. They found in his poetry a great deal of beauty and inspiration.60

How can anyone say that Slaveikov had nothing to learn from Heine or that whatever he learned was only "formal"? Was it not the spirit and practice of Heine's verse that made Slaveikov such a blessing to Bulgarian music? He did learn from Goethe and the folksong what the

lyric song should be. But it was Heine who taught him how to achieve the desired effect. Goethe was born for his songs and almost born with them. But Heine's apparently smooth verse that flows free and easy, was the product of long, painful labor. Slaveikov knew this and expressed it beautifully in the simile of the painful birth of the pearl between the shells of the oyster. Slaveikov's own experience is very much the same. I could quote a great many passages from his letters which reveal that he revised his work again and again, before giving it final form. And he has told us that even so he burned a great many of his manuscripts every year.\[61\]

Slaveikov not only studied Heine's verse technique in detail and profited greatly by it, but he wished to help others do the same by discussing his schooling. In his essay Heine v Bul?aria,\[62\] Slaveikov gives us a detailed account of the process of learning from a master like Heine. At first there seems to be nothing hard about being an apprentice with such a master. With him everything is so simple, as if carelessly thrown together, something which suits the taste of those who are too lazy to think or work. And those who accuse Heine of exercising a bad influence upon his followers forget that he is not to blame if idiots instead of wise men try to follow in his footsteps. The outward appearance of simplicity in Heine is not a fault, it is an artistic perfection: the lack of completeness is often more effective than any technical completeness, for the master knew where to stop, and knew he did

\[61\] P. Slaveikov, Nemski Poeti, p. 9.
\[62\] P. Slaveikov, Bulgarska Literatura, page 194 ff.
not have to dot every "i". There are things of which incompleteness is so characteristic, and the master artist re-creates them accordingly. This technique is something new in German poetry, but in its essence it is not so new: it is found in the folksongs, and is a fundamental principle in painting, which gives us a situation rather than action in its consecutive stages of development. Heine pictures a moment, leaving it to the reader to round out the outlines, if he needs to: but the moment has been reproduced so effectively, that the reader has no interest in that which lies beyond. Everything is concentrated in that moment, which is so significant in itself, and has been so well re-created, that it leaves nothing more to be desired. Heine knows this, and the great sculptor Auguste Rodin knows it, as well as a great many other modern artists creating in words or marble.63

Slaveikov knew it was hard to learn from a master who was so unique and inimitable. This was particularly hard for the young Slaveikov who was further handicapped by being forced to study Heine's poetry in Russian translations at first. The result of this is the rather poor attempt at imitation which characterizes Slaveikov's first collection of songs, Hroni Sâlzi. Slaveikov himself soon realized that he did not understand the essence of Heine's poetry, and that he was attempting to reproduce only the outward brilliance of Heine's sparkling verse. On

Slaveikov most probably learned this truth through other channels also: his teacher Volkelt must have known Lessing's Laokoon, in which the latter speaks of "the fruitful moment".
this account Slaveikov criticized himself later on more severely than anyone else could have done it.

To the displeasure of many readers I shall say a few words about myself too. First I shall confirm Mr. Shishmanov's statement printed in the encyclopedia edited by Meyer, that I am "ein Bewunderer Heines". I am and shall remain one.

I have translated a great many of his songs and longer poems, like Götterdämmerung, Schlachtfeld bei Hastings, Berg Idylle, and others. Personally, I may say that Heine aroused my interest in his songs on the basis of a Russian translation. My first book of songs is a witness to this fact, and also the fact that at that time I did not understand Heine at all. Later on, when I read the songs of this magician in his own tongue -- for in any other language they are but wilted flowers -- I began to treasure him and to be influenced by him. But I shall say no more about this now. Witnesses to the fact that, in spite of all, I have caught something of Heine's poetry, even though it were something of its outward aspect or of its mannerism, are my early poems Markovi Kuli, Rudolf i Merl, Tsar David, and other such weaklings. After that I tried to characterize Heine, at first in verse, (Orisiya, Epicheski Pemzi, 1907, str. 19) dedicated to his memory; there are, besides this essay and the one entitled Heinrich Heine and the history of a short song (Miscal Vol. XVI, Kn. 3; Vol. XIII, No. 6) several other essays upon Heine's life and poetry which I intend to publish separately.

I will give here a free translation of Slaveikov's poem  

Orisiya (The Fates)

In the deep darkness of midnight three evil fates

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64. P. Slaveikov, Bulgarska Literatura, page 206.
65. Orisiya may be translated as "the fates."
gathered at the golden cradle
of the sleeping child.

The first one spoke and said:
"Let him live from one day to another,
loving life, and yet
being a stranger in it.

Let him hate himself,
and be hated by others,
begging for kindness
from door to door.

In the bitterness of his soul
let him curse his own life,
himself, and the creator --
let him be a Holy Man!"

The second one spoke and said:
"Let him be cursed!
May his life be
sweat and bloody tears.

May he not know rest when weary
in winter's cold, in summer's heat --
let him feed the world
instead of being fed by it!

All his life let him live in mud,
weak as a crawling worm,
let him crawl and creep....
Let him be a Slave!"

The third one spoke and ended thus:
"Fates as these, last to the grave!
But are fates bad
that end with death?

Let your curses reach him
while he is with the living....
Mine will reach him even after --
Let him be a Poet!

When the perishable flesh is gone,
May his restless spirit live --
so that the howling mob
may have a target for its venom."
They spoke and disappeared....
The luckless infant lived —
to fulfil
their cruel words.

(2) Reisebilder and Slaveikov’s own travel sketches

Heine influenced Slaveikov so profoundly, not only in regard to his
lyric songs, but also in his prose. In general, Slaveikov has a very
low opinion of German prose and “boresome” is the adjective he applies
to it on most occasions. In spite of his admiration for Goethe he con-
siders only Dichtung und Wahrheit and Die Wahlverwandtschaften worth
mentioning and dismisses all the rest of Goethe’s prose as being only
of literary interest.66 On the other hand I have found no direct state-
ments of Slaveikov in favor of Heine’s prose, in spite of the fact that
he has written more often about Heine than about Goethe.67 But these
are entirely unnecessary. For there is so much evidence to be found in
Slaveikov’s prose which points to the influence of Heine upon it. I
made the statement a while ago that I consider Slaveikov’s characteriza-
tion of Heine in Nemski Poeti a gem of his prose style. It is brilliant,
passionate, witty, has movement and rhythm. At its best it can be com-
pared to Heine’s prose in his own travel sketches; when his friend Dr.
Krústev showed him that he was merely imitating Heine, he ceased to
write travel sketches.68 He gradually overcame this stage of imitation

66. P. Slaveikov, Nemski Poeti, p. 9
67. In Slaveikov’s collected works there are one characterization and one
essay on Goethe, while there are two characterizations (one under the
name of Boyko Hadyala) and two essays on Heine.
68. P. Slaveikov, Bulgarska Literatura, page 208.
and acquired a style which possesses the finest qualities of Heine's prose (coupled with some of its defects, such as audacity and coarseness) and yet remains his own. One of the characteristics of Slaveikov's prose style is his effective use of Turkish words already current in the spoken language of Bulgaria. It was in his prose that Slaveikov was able to express his personality completely, with no reserve. He is chaste in his poems; no outburst mars their lovely form or delicate feeling. But his prose is a tempest reflecting the whole man; the reformer as well as the poet, the champion of freedom as well as the seer of visions.

As I have already indicated, there are three essays in Bulgarian dealing with the question of Heine's influence upon Slaveikov. I have not made much use of them since they deal mostly with specific, technical questions while I am interested in broad outlines.

f. Dr. Tumarov on Heine

Dr. Tumarov discusses the relation of Slaveikov to Heine exclusively on the basis of Momini Sâlzi, and sets for himself the task of determining to what extent Heine influenced Slaveikov in his youthful beginnings as a poet. He has taken as his text, so to say, Slaveikov's own

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69. Many Bulgarian critics have commented in passing on Slaveikov's prose. Malcho Nikolov has written an illuminating discussion of it in his Literaturni Harakteristiki.

70. Dr. N. Tumarov, Heine i Madiyat Slaveikov, in Listopad.

Malcho Nikolov, Heine i Slaveikov, in Zlatorog.

Malcho Nikolov, Heine i Slaveikov, in Bulgarska Rech.
words on this subject which I quoted on page 135. According to Tumparov, the word "copied" which Slaveikov uses in this connection should be interpreted in a broader sense. What Slaveikov meant was, that he imitated the mood of Heine's poetry, that he stole Heine's pose, without having himself experienced the contents of its tragedy. Comparing individual poems of Slaveikov with Heine's originals which inspired them, Tumparov points out that Slaveikov ineffectively strikes up some of Heine's characteristic poses and borrows some of Heine's brilliant contrasts: love is life's highest goal and happiness, but also causes life's deepest sorrows; Heine's daring and frivolous remarks in regard to women also make themselves felt in these early poems of Slaveikov. In one of them he assures his lady-love that she would not only breathe more freely, if she let her "paints" and "corsets" go, but that she would be so much more at home in his embrace. "The biographer of Slaveikov should tell us some day", writes Tumparov, "whether the facts of his life at that time warrant the presence of such erotic motives in his poetry." 53

This writer concludes that Heine's influence upon Slaveikov should be properly judged on the basis of the latter's mature product rather than on the basis of these early efforts.

53. Dr. N. Tumparov, Heine i Mladiyat Slaveikov, page 4.

E. Malcho Nikolov on Heine

Malcho Nikolov has written a most illuminating essay covering prac-
tically the whole field of Slaveikov's poetry in relation to Heine. He
too, begins with an examination of the influence which Heine had over
the younger Slaveikov, on the basis of Momini Sälzi. Then, analyzing
individual poems by Slaveikov and comparing them with their source of
inspiration in Heine, he points out in what particular way Slaveikov
has made use of motives or techniques which are characteristic of Heine's
poetry in general.

According to Nikolov, the real influence of Heine upon Slaveikov
begins much later, after the stage of Momini Sälzi. It was necessary
for the young poet to reach a certain degree of maturity before he could
actually understand and appreciate the magic of Heine's verse. "It may
be said", writes Malcho Nikolov, "that no other poet has exercised such
a strong and profound influence upon the lyric songs of our poet, as
Heine." It was through Heine that Slaveikov discovered his own powers
in many ways, since Heine's songs suggested to him motives which were
akin to his own nature, and which he was able to work out in his own
fashion. At the same time Heine provided Slaveikov with the artistic
technique and means of expression. One of the most characteristic mo-
tives in Heine's love lyrics is the dream of happiness and harmony, for
he who cannot achieve his dreams in the world of reality lives with them
and realizes them in the dream-world of the imagination. This explains
Slaveikov's inclination to visit in the world of fancy and fairy tales,
where even the most daring of dreams find their realization. Thus the
dream of happiness becomes the fundamental motive in Slaveikov's lyric
poetry as well. Furthermore, Heine's songs had a definite influence
upon the love songs of Slaveikov, and Heine's intimate relationship to the world of flowers is strongly reflected in many of Slaveikov's own poems. It was Heine too, who taught Slaveikov one of the most valuable means of poetic expressiveness which we find in the poetry of the latter: the quick but masterful outlining of images, through which one only suggests but does not finish the thought, and the unique conciseness of the phrasing. In this respect Slaveikov is a worthy pupil of his great teacher. Equally important is Heine's influence through his sense of humor and his quick wit, that power of combining ideas with ludicrous effect, of which he made constant use. But the comparison is not favorable to Slaveikov when carried much further. While he was able to learn from Heine along certain lines on the basis of the kinship of souls which exists between the two men, Slaveikov found it impossible to match the manifold poetic genius of Heine. The passionate, burning expression of feeling and the brilliant images in which Heine clothes it are foreign to Slaveikov's fundamentally contemplative nature and are therefore absent in his poetry. The dream of happiness, forever sought and never attained, and the thirst for rest and harmony, these constitute the common ground on which Heine and Slaveikov stand: beyond this one arrives at the fundamental differences which keep them apart, differences due to temperament, as well as to the degrees of talent which each one possessed. 72

Carrying this comparison another step ahead we arrive at the question

of race and racial characteristics and temperament. Heine was a Jew, and shared the passionate, prophetic soul of the Hebrew race, its eternal restlessness and the latter's counterpart, the perpetual desire for rest, harmony, and peace. Slaveikov, on the other hand, was a member of the Slavic race, and shared its common traits: the contemplative, reflective soul, a belief in the natural goodness of life and the sacredness of the soil, and the inability to bring passion to a burning focus, which accounts for the lack of great prophets and great reformers among the Slavs. 73

h. Heine and Slaveikov as "soldiers for the liberation of humanity"

In these days of stormy hate against everything Jewish in Germany, it is necessary to reaffirm an old truth: Heine was as good a Jew as he was a German, and an infinitely better German than the "little men in big places" in present day Germany who are circulating his "Lorelei" in a song collection as a "popular song by an unknown author". There is very little room for songs of the heart in Germany today, for the sentimental individual has been banished: only marches are to be heard, marches whose drumbeat unites the heartbeat of those men so completely that the individual ceases to exist apart from the whole. There is no more room left in Germany for free, honest, self-respecting individuals.

73. The Slavic inclination to soul-stirring, effusive talking on one hand, and its inability to make decisions and carry out reforms has been effectively portrayed in Turgenev's novel Deem, meaning "smoke".
Thus Thomas Mann, the greatest living German writer of our times is living in voluntary exile. Democracy, which has been crucified in his country, is on trial everywhere else in the world. I am sure that in this hour of darkness for human freedom and democracy, Heine would have repeated categorically his desire to be buried with a sword rather than a wreath: for he considered himself a "soldier for the liberation of humanity".

Heine's democratic and liberal ideas and ideals were anathema to the men who ruled Germany during his day. In order to secure for himself the freedom to write he accepted voluntary exile. Heine loved Germany and deserves to be called an enlightened patriot.

Slaveikov was also a fighter for human freedom and democracy, who loved his country in spite of all the bitterness and resentment which some of his countrymen had caused him. Slaveikov too, died an exile, a voluntary exile, but one who suffered none the less. We could call Slaveikov an enlightened nationalist, in the best sense of the word.

His family heritage kept him close to the people. In spite of all his sharp words in ridiculing the masses (he often called them a "herd", "bean-eaters", etc.) he had faith in them and worked for their elevation. Like Heine, Slaveikov often shoots the arrows of his sarcastic indignation toward the seats of rulers and princes.

In his essay Heine v Bulgaria Slaveikov has the opportunity to use his forceful pen against princes and rulers, and even literary critics, all in an attempt to vindicate Heine. Let me quote here a passage or
two from this essay. Speaking of the three individuals who have written about the German influences upon Bulgarian literature he writes:

I need not comment here upon all of the opinions of the learned German; let me refer only to the wisest one. "Only in recent times.....since the Bulgarians elected and proclaimed as their ruler a German prince, have they shown any signs of life. Alexander the First received a thorough German education; this circumstance should not fail to exercise a definite influence in the future upon the spiritual life of the Bulgarian...." It is unimportant that the learned German seems to know nothing about the fate of Alexander the First and the fate of his German mission in the Balkans -- the important fact is that such significance is ascribed to a contemporary prince. For the times are irrevocably past when the ruler of a country (to say nothing of a mere prince) was the central light which attracted the big bugs and the little butterflies of culture, and upon whose flame they singed the wings of their inspiration. Today rulers are like the dark oaks under whose shade gather the kind of animals to whom the acorns supply a pleasure for the soul. The flowers of culture thrive and bloom not under the shade of its branches, for there the air is not especially clean, but in the quiet of solitude, as Goethe, one of the great emperors of cultured thought, has said. The princes who rule the thought and inspiration of mankind are of a different kind. Usually they are unhappier, who do not ride in chariots along the world's highway, and who like to boast of nectar as their drink, particularly when there is no one around willing to buy them a glass of beer. The pockets of these poet-princes are empty, but their heads are full of ideas, and their hearts aglow with love and hate. (For hate is holy, when it has been born of love -- the Mother of God.) And only such princes have exercised an influence both at home and abroad.

Such a prince is Heinrich Heine. 74

5. Slaveikov and Nietzsche

Ivo Dolya is full of contradictions, and one of his beautiful ones is, that he considers himself a follower of Nietzsche. But the truth is, that he is simply fond of quoting Nietzsche, regarding his thoughts as roses, and trying to arrange them in the bouquet of his own thought in the best possible manner. That way he not only proves that he can quote well, but also proves that which he disproves.75

a. Slaveikov's contradictory statements in regard to Nietzsche's influence upon him

In the sections dealing with Slaveikov's relation to Goethe and Heine I have preferred to let the poet himself speak of his masters and their influence upon him. I realize at this point that I am faced with difficulties in following the same procedure in regard to the relation of Slaveikov to Nietzsche. For while he does say a great deal on this subject, some of his statements openly contradict each other.

The passage which has been chosen as the motto for this section is characteristic of Slaveikov's attitude in regard to his relationship to Nietzsche. Speaking of himself under the name of Ivo Dolya, he states what may be considered the main factor in his relationship to Nietzsche, warning us, at the same time, not to look for consistency either in his method of borrowing or in his utterances on this subject. Slaveikov admits that he has borrowed some of Nietzsche's ideas, but he takes the liberty of arranging these ideas "in the bouquet of his own thought in the best possible manner."

75 P. Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blajennite, p. 122.
Let me quote two more such passages. Slaveikov writes in one of his letters to Mara Belcheva: "Our love for each other is not for "fortpflanzen" but for "hinaufpflanzen", as Nietzsche says, that nervous Apollo, your God and my God." And in complete contrast to this:

Those critics who speak of the poet as a Nietzschean would do well to look into the differences of ideas in Himmlite and Vechmoto Vuzvruhtane in Nietzsche; they would discover that our poet is not even a pupil of the German poet-philosopher, to say nothing of his being a slave of the latter.

The truth, it seems to me, lies somewhere between these very contradictory and extreme statements. I said a while ago that Slaveikov did not follow the literary fashions of his day but turned to the great masters of an earlier period of German literature for his models and ideas. This statement holds true thus far but no longer. For Nietzsche was becoming the strongest literary power in Germany when Slaveikov was pursuing his studies in Leipzig. And Slaveikov was definitely influenced by Nietzsche in his development, both artistic and intellectual. I shall attempt to trace the various ways in which Nietzsche influenced Slaveikov, again letting Slaveikov speak whenever his own words constitute the most decisive argument.

b. Nietzsche's most important contribution to Slaveikov and his philosophy of life

77. Pencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Slajennite, page 150.
In my estimation, the most important contribution of Nietzsche is to be found in what I wish to call Slaveikov's "Lebenshaltung". Needless to say over again, both Goethe and Heine taught him much about the business of living the life of a free human being: Goethe loaned him some of his Olympian detachment and tranquillity, and Heine helped him smile even when he would have rather cried, taught him to laugh at others and at himself. But it was Nietzsche who taught him to hate and to fight. Nietzsche is his comrade in the struggle for the revaluation of old values and the attainment of new ones. This thought should become clearer in its implications and meaning throughout the following discussion.

O. Gesemann's view

Here are two passages from Gesemann that need no comment.78

Der literarische Dunstkreis, der den damals 26 jährigen in Deutschland erwartete, wird dadurch gekennzeichnet, dass das Jahr 1892 das Jahr der "Weber" von Gerhart Hauptmann ist, also der Höhepunkt des deutschen Naturalismus und zugleich schon seine Wende zur neuromantischen "Dekadence" des "fin de siècle". Die Leitsterne heissen nicht mehr Zola und Flaubert, sondern Verlaine, Oscar Wilde, Hofmannsthal, Dehmel, Liliencron und vor allen Dingen -- Nietzsche.

An Nietzsche ist die Bindung viel stärker. Hier lernt er nicht nur formal, hier hat er ein mannhaftes Vorbild, eine heroische Lehre, wie man mit seiner ewigen Krankheit fertig werden kann, ja wie man gerade aus ihr durch ein tapferes Jasagen, durch den "amor fati",

78. Gerhard Gesemann, Pentscho Slaveikov, p. 10 ff.
die Welt in ihrer Tragik erkennen, aber die Kraft und die Schönheit des Daseins und den Wert seiner Daseitigkeit bejahen kann. Dass er, wie Nietzsche in Zarathustra, die Prediger des Todes, die Verleumder der Welt zugunsten einer jenseitigen, ablehnt, ist aus den Worten des alten Vater Balkan zu schliessen, der das Treiben der Asketen in seinen Berghöhen mit Misbilligung betrachtet. 79


Let me say at the outset that Nietzsche seems to have fascinated Slaveikov. The latter has written one of his longest and most significant essays on Nietzsche entitled Zarathustra. This brilliant essay, written in 1910, bears a striking resemblance to that most penetrating discussion on Nietzsche published by Stefan Zweig in 1925. Slaveikov not only anticipated many of Zweig's ideas and conclusions, but used the very word "daimonion" which appears in Zweig's main title: Der Kampf mit dem Dämon. Slaveikov has also written a short characterization of Nietzsche as a preface to the translation of six of Nietzsche's poems included in Nemski Poeti. Slaveikov and his wife translated Also Sprach Zarathustra. Again, there are numerous references to Nietzsche in Slaveikov's letters. Under his influence Slaveikov wrote one of his most significant poems, 81 about which more will be said later on,

79. Gesemann is referring here to the prologue of Slaveikov's Kărava Pesen.
80. Pencho Slaveikov in Chujdi Literaturi, pp. 3-38.
and attempted an essay on Christ in which he intended to compare Christ and Nietzsche. This essay about which we learn from his letters has never been published, as far as I know.  

82

e. Slaveikov's characterization of Nietzsche in Nemski Poeti.

It is my intention to give passages from Slaveikov's characterization of Nietzsche and also from the essay on him, in order to show what Slaveikov finds in Nietzsche, and then to discuss the poem Himni za Smrtta na Syruhchovska.

Nietzsche

Prometheus of our days -- bound by the chains of his own thought -- he passes the days of his joy and sorrow expecting to be struck by lightning from the heavens. From the high rock of his solitude he looked down upon the caravan of events we call history of mankind, eager to catch its meaning, to arrive at its purpose. And his mocking laugh haunts those who think they have discovered this purpose in the well-being of the largest number, in the triumph of the good, in the advent of the kingdom of God on earth; in the ideal of the pale-faced Nazarene who awoke from his dream only upon the cross.

In the pain of self-contemplation and with a smile upon his lips he concluded: there is no purpose. My reasons? The main one is, I think so, or as Nietzsche

82. In his book The Will To Freedom, or "The Gospel of Nietzsche and the Gospel of Christ", John N. Figgis points to the many similarities which exist between Nietzsche and Christ and between the teachings of the two. The chapter on Nietzsche and Christianity is very illuminating, and the whole book is written in the spirit in which Slaveikov had planned his essay on this topic.

himself formulates it: I have opinions but have no time to argue concerning the reasons for them! He is one of those who know that an opinion is enough justification in itself. And being a prophet and lawgiver he follows the example of his predecessors: he does not comment but inscribes commands upon the tablets of our days.

Commands that destroy mercilessly everything that stands in their way, like machine gun fire. If a new fortress is to be built the lot must be cleared of the debris. There is for Nietzsche nothing more hateful than Christianity with "its sermons on humility, its denial of life, and its elevation of the poor in spirit." Nobody so far has used his soul power with such rage for the destruction of that which has corrupted man and prepared him for a physical and spiritual collapse. He even tried to convince us that the good Christianity has brought mankind is an evil. The charming "silkhaird beast" is his ideal -- the proud spirit, the spirit of antiquity and the renaissance, the spirit dwelling in primitively-powerful individuals whose own will is their law. This "silkhaird beast" lives subdued in the soul of man even in our days, and Nietzsche wants to awaken her to a new life. An awakening call -- that's what his prophetic poem Zarathustra is, a Holy Writ for those who wish to feel, think and live above the herd instincts.

Never has a creative spirit been so sincere toward itself, never has it revealed itself before the eyes of the spectator with such raging power. No master of language has soared into the heights of love and contempt as proudly and at such neckbreaking speed as did this elated madman, murderer of God and hymn-singer to the Superman. In Zarathustra Nietzsche introduces us to the culture of the future and shows us the magnificent ascent of a higher consciousness, under whose beams the seeds of life shall bring fruit for the benefit of humanity. Not for the crowd! But for those who have risen above it! For the development of humanity has no other meaning than the production of the Superman -- salt of the earth, the meaning of life. In this song of destruction and construction Nietzsche tells us the story of the transformation of Zarathustra from a "camel" -- that is, a beast loaded with the traditions of culture, past and present, into a lion, that is, a proud and free spirit, and from a
lion into a "child", that is, into holy innocence and purity, creator and ruler of the future, of the third kingdom of a new culture.

The poems of Nietzsche are the witnesses of that development of his spirit which brought him to the creation of the grand image of the Superman. He is the spiritual father and inspirer of many of the modern German poets -- as well as of countless others -- who are attracted only by the fashionable cut of his ideas and have therefore produced a great deal of confusion in the form and content of contemporary poetry.

f. Slaveikov -- "a close relative of the creator of Zarathustra"

As we shall see, Slaveikov cannot be accused of imitating the extreme notions of Nietzsche. But he lived with many of his ideas, and the result is what I choose to call Slaveikov's characteristic "Lebenshaltung". This is how Slaveikov speaks of it at one time:

This characteristic of Randyala makes him a close relative of the creator of Zarathustra, the most merciless among the fighters, against healthy stupidity. By the hands of these two fighters has been perfected a deadly weapon -- contempt. Not the contempt of petty egotists, but of the strong in spirit, the contempt which has been born of love. The contempt of the Son of God towards the sons of market place righteousness!

Slaveikov's career was a stormy one at times, and there were occasions when he was glad to have learned the use of this weapon -- con-

84. Pencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrvna na Blajennite, p. 143. While this characterization is based mostly on facts concerning Heine and Nietzsche it is always safe to assume that Slaveikov refers to himself as well.
tempt. Here is another passage from the same characterization which shows how well he has mastered this weapon. He writes, supposedly quoting from Razdyala:

I am a peace-loving fellow. My desires are: a simple hut, a comfortable bed, something to eat, and a garden in front of my hut. And big trees to shade its windows. And, if God wants to make me most happy he will let me live to see six or seven of my worst enemies hanging from the big trees, enemies of the truth for which I have fought in life. With a touched heart I shall forgive them, before they die, all the injuries they have caused me in life. Even the fact that they hated me as a poet, which has actually meant a praise to me. Yes, one must forgive his enemies, but only when he sees them hang. Truly, there are rascals who deserve such fate, and yet I do not agree with Razdyala's opinion, and consider it a weakness on his part to leave it to God to hang such men. One must take personal revenge upon his enemies -- by letting them live and boil alive in their rage. The spiritually strong fighters have in their hand one powerful weapon for the destruction of lower beasts -- contempt.85

g. Slaveikov's appreciation of Nietzsche's Zarathustra

Two paragraphs from Slaveikov's essay on Nietzsche should suffice, it seems to me, to indicate his understanding and appreciation of Nietzsche's Zarathustra. The second paragraph contains perhaps the gist of what Slaveikov might have said in his essay on Christ.

To the ordinary observer Zarathustra appears as an incomprehensible monster. Not outwardly, of course, for outwardly he is healthy, handsome, and strong, as are other

85. Pencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blajennite, p. 144.
heroes created in art or remembered life. He does not believe in God -- mine, or yours, or theirs -- for he wants to believe in himself; and because he does not want help from a foreign will in his own work. He is the embodied longing for the future, the bad conscience of our times. Now he is Jesus, now a Jesuit; this time Faust and next time Mephistopheles. The end justifies the means he uses, and for him every means is good. In order to achieve his goal he is cruel to others, particularly to those who are the ballast of life. His purpose is not to bring ordinary happiness, to lower the kingdom of heaven which Jesus says is in us. The difference between Christ and Zarathustra is mostly an outward one: the one wants happiness for all, for the equals of God -- the other seeks it for the few, for the unequals of men.

A parallel between Christ and Zarathustra would not be altogether out of place, and if we put aside their contradictions, they would both show us the same soul image, different only in regard to the stamp of time. Those who do not like the cruelty of Zarathustra would do well to recall that Jesus was not always meek himself, and that the Hell which he jams with those who do not believe in him, the Hell with its eternal punishment, is not a sign of particular gentleness and love of mankind when compared with the momentary death to which Zarathustra condemns the worthless. And as to the horrors of the second coming -- Zarathustra never dreamed of threatening the people with them. He is the creator of new moral values, and one in whom even the old ones have not been completely forsaken. For instance, everybody knows that he is cruel, and many will grant him the right to be cruel; but as far as I know, no one thus far has noticed that he is also merciful. "When I have to be merciful I do not wish to be known as such; and if I am, let it be from afar. Before they recognize me, I cover my head and flee." This is exactly what Christ commands: Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doeth. The notorious Antichrist appears here as a true Christ.

Slaveikov regards Nietzsche's style, his language, as his highest

86. Pencho Slaveikov, Chujdi Literaturi, page 26 ff.
value and contribution. He agrees with Nietzsche's own statement that since Luther and up to the present Heine and Nietzsche are the only ones who possess a language -- and that everything else is barbarism. Slaveikov feels that Nietzsche's relation to the language is that of a musician, a poet, a painter. The rhythm and movement of his speech, its forms and colors, the harmony of its colors, its power of life, its power to give life, in all these characteristics of his style Nietzsche has risen to unattained heights. Slaveikov writes further: "And no one can be a better teacher than he, in the realm of artistic style -- and a more dangerous one; this is the style of a temperament that easily enslaves those who have none of their own." 87

Slaveikov did attain to a prose style of his own, with the help of Heine, and to a certain extent only, of Nietzsche. Yet he never strove for musical effects, preserving these for his poems. His prose is not musical. Its highest merit is that it gives the fullest and truest expression of Slaveikov's tempestuous spirit. Nietzsche, on the other hand, not only strove for and achieved definite musical effects in his prose, but also referred to some of his prose writings in musical terms. Thus the subtitle of his book Jenseits von Gut und Böse is: Vorspiel einer Philosophie der Zukunft. Slaveikov, too, referred to one of his writings in terms of a musical composition, but in his case it is a poem. He calls his Himni za Smrtta na Svruhohoveika a symphony. 88

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87. Fencho Slaveikov, Chujdi Literaturi, page 32.
88. Fencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blagennite, p. 149.
Furthermore, he spoke of vocal soloists taking part in his work, "as in one of the most glorious symphonies". In all probability, Slaveikov was thinking of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, since it is perhaps the only symphony which includes vocal parts.

There is an illuminating passage in Na Ostrova na Blajennite in which Slaveikov speaks of his relation to Nietzsche. Again it is in the form of a characterization of an imaginary poet, Rosita:

Until at the crossroads in the development of contemporary lyric poetry stands up the pagan Rosita and cries out at the top of his voice: Poetry has one law above all others, through it each one should trumpet only that which he feels and as he feels it. The seer does not submit, he dominates! All this Rosita has heard from Nietzsche, that modern Titan who lost his mind in the struggle for the "Revaluation of all Values". Yet, maybe Nietzsche has only clarified that which already lived in the instincts of the poet and was being formed by his fate in life -- for every flower sends roots down only where there is enough soil.

Slaveikov can hardly be called a poet-philosopher, for he never ventured very far afield in the domain of philosophy, and yet he had the philosophical attitude, and possessed a remarkable ability for self-observation and self-analysis. He was aware of the fact that the ideas of other men simply helped awaken and clarify those of his own. Slaveikov has told us how he learned to love certain things and hate others through the influence of his father. Yet he was quite

89. Pencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blajennite, p. 95.
certain that he would have arrived at the same feelings even without this influence. Furthermore, it is this same philosophical attitude which enables him to use discrimination and choice in the matter of borrowing certain ideas and ideals from his teachers and rejecting others. In the case of Nietzsche Slaveikov was far more impressed by the actions and attitudes of the man than by some of his ideas. Therefore, he copied Nietzsche's attitude toward life, as we see from the passage just quoted ("The seer does not submit, he dominates!") while he rejected many of Nietzsche's fundamental ideas and ideals, as we shall presently see by examining the relation of Slaveikov's longest philosophical poem to its apparent source of inspiration -- Nietzsche.

Himni za Smurta na Syruhchoveska -- (Funeral Hymns for the Superman) -- and "die ewige Niederkehr" in Nietzsche

Himni za Smurta na Syruhchoveska is one of Slaveikov's longest and most significant poems, which is a direct product of his relationship to Nietzsche, and I wish to take up the question of the poem as a connecting link in the philosophy of these two men.

Naturally, Funeral Hymns for the Superman lead one's mind to Nietzsche who gave birth to the idea of the Superman and created his image in the person of Zarathustra, who in turn is Nietzsche himself. The central idea of this poem is not the Superman, however, as Slaveikov himself has pointed out. He calls his poem a "hymn of life and its
eternal renewal" and warns us not to mistake it for an echo of Nietzsche's idea of the Eternal Cycle of Recurrence. Before entering into the discussion of the relationship between Slaveikov's poem and Nietzsche's idea I wish to give a free translation of Himni za Smrtta na Svrhuhoveika, whose stately, solemn tone and rhythm remind one of the hymns of the archangels in Goethe's Faust. This will be followed by Nietzsche's statement of his idea of "die ewige Wiederkehr".

FUNERAL HYMNS FOR THE SUPERMAN

The church of Saint George in Sofia, -- in ancient times a pagan shrine, then a Christian church, later a mosque, and now unconverted but still used in Christian worship. A numerous chorus in front of the deceased, who is placed in the center of the church.

First semi-chorus

Beyond that which our eyes
   can hardly see in the heavens, --
   beyond inaccessible space,
   are the dwellings of infinity.

While fashioning the universe
   God fetched a new world out
   of the darkness of those dwellings
   and gave direction to its course.

Second semi-chorus

The world set out on its
   first day and its first night,
   fulfilling in its destined course
   the will of God.

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90. Pencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blajennite, p. 95.
91. Pencho Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blajennite, pages 159-174.
It carries out the holy will:
along with many other worlds,
to cross eternity
over the ford of time.

Voice

At last God spoke to him,
who had been called to life
after all other living creatures
and had been chosen by God
To be the link between Himself
and the future destinies of His
new world:

"The last fruit of my will!
My breath has given you life--
The first day of your life
Is the last one in mine.

My last, self-chosen hour
approaches.
I spent my life
in giving it to others.

I spent my living breath
in the deadness of every creature,--
and my last breath
was a present to you, oh man."

Chorus

And in man God blessed
the end of His own life:
for, in giving life to man,
God died.

Semi-chorus

Thus man lives through
God's breath, until
his eyes no longer see
and consciousness is no more.--

And he returns where
he was at life's dawn,
becoming part of another world
having a different life and goal.
Chorus

All beginning in God, in God all end.
Outside God all is darkness.
Having known life, all life aspires death
that it may know God.

Voice

Stern possessor of a most high will
He determined His own destiny,
that which His thought had born,
God gathered unto His own.

But first He gave man
a destiny to live
and in a friendly tone
He spoke this testament:

"I am leaving the world unfinished--
strengthen your spirit,
come forth,
and finish my work.

You are a breath of my breath,
of my breath and my loneliness--
and may my purpose in the world
be sanctified through yours.

For to you I reveal
the meaning of the world;
everything in it was born
and at a predetermined hour

Everything will return to me again,--
to be prepared, as the fruit
of an earth, for a life,
which my will has ordained."

Another voice

Yet, this is not everyone's destiny
in this world,
not everyone down here knows
the mind of God,--

but only he, who's spirit
above daily vanity has risen,
and who took as his earthly goal
that of the Most High.

Chorus

Be as the one before you!
He listened to God's voice in life
And carried on only His work,
until death conquered,
and upon his brow, transfigured by earthly sorrow,
planted its kiss and made it pale.

Be as the one before you!
Having done God's work,
he tuned his voice to God's.
He conquered in life,
having first conquered the foremost enemy—
the enemy within.

First semi-chorus

In life, in death as well,
man is the slave of a higher will...
he took leave of the world
and ended his life in God.

Give your last kiss to him
who has left the world
and is on his way
to eternity.

He was with us until yesterday
and from the holy cup of life
he drank with us,
yet today death claims him as its own.

Second semi-chorus

Oh, death, you are cruel, you are bitter
for him, who by your icy breath
is instantly torn from the world
in the midst of his sunny days on earth,
as the breath of the storm
shakes off the beautiful fruit from the branch
without pity.

Oh death, you are cruel, you are bitter!
But your icy breath will confound only him,
who in this earthly life
hangs on aimlessly as a fruit
upon a tender branch
whence any breeze can shake him off.

Oh death, you are cruel, you are bitter!
But he, who in this world
sanctifies human life through his own,
and leads it over the last ford
from time into eternity—
does not fall off the branch of life
into the abyss of nothing.

Chorus

For the bright achievement
shining in his deeds
shall endure along time's dark path.
Oh, death, you immortalize man!

He disappeared — before our eyes;
But the shining rays of his spirit
illumine our path in the darkness.
Oh, death, you immortalize man!

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

First One

Death snatched away the first one among us.
Throughout life he hearkened to the voice
which brought forth life out of darkness.
He did the will of Sabaoth.
For him this world was a temple,
for here all grace is found,—
and not beyond the temple of life
under the shadow of Sabaoth.

But in life he was first among us.
And through his own voice could be heard
the almighty voice of Sabaoth.
He spoke to the living:
"Love each other. It is not
the beautiful words you speak
but your deeds in life that
bring you closer to Sabaoth.

And then deeds will bring to you
The One who is already on his way
and who will establish in this life
the Kingdom of Sabaoth?" But Sabaoth looked into his eyes,
and he died with this testament upon his lips,
having passed from life into death
through the glance of Sabaoth.

Second One

He spread light through the darkness of life--
and for him death is a high reward.
The ploughman expects his rest when work is done,
rest which is work's recompense.

Truth was his staff in life
and he leaned upon it,
walking steadily in the world
in order to pass on, beyond it.

And he went where there are no tears,
no sighs, no sorrows, no hardships,
into the dwellings of eternity,
into the silence of light.

Where all is quietness,
Where life and death are together,
and their breath does not cause wilting,
for there, it is the breath of life.

There can be heard the most precious conversations
which silence harbors--
he will listen to them
resting on the silken bosom of eternity....

The ploughman has taken leave of the earth,
let everyone bid him farewell!
Under heavy rain -- the struggles of the soul--
the seed he planted with care
is growing up: the seed of faith.
His plough left deep furrows
in the fruitful bosom of the earth
and he saw the noble fruit grow.

He saw the fruit, -- for wisdom had directed
the plough of his will through life....
And he left a bountiful harvest
not mixed with the weeds of evil.
Do not weep over his death.
For him death is a high reward...
The ripened fruit waited for its hour—
upon the bough of life — and fell off in death.

Semi-chorus

Death puts an end to earthly life,
beyond it, life begins anew—
and it is the fruit of our deeds....
Thus God ordained, to God be glory!

God is one in the high heavens,
His holy will is above all others—
it is heard in the voice of the storm,
and in the quiet growth of grass.

His will is law upon this earth,
the highest law of all,
against life, and against death,
it is the strongest shield.

With this strong shield
love marches through the battlefields of life
which evil has drenched with innocent blood,
to do its deeds of inspiration.

Chorus

Death puts an end to earthly life,
beyond it, life begins anew—
and it is the fruit of our deeds....
Thus God ordained, to God be glory!

Third One

Weep not over the death of him
who has joined God!
He tasted life and all of life's vanities
and left them without sorrow.

He lived God's law,
and multiplied God's glory;
as the storm breaks a heavy limb
so death's mighty arm broke him.

Blessed in life, death leads him today
to God's luminous throne,
for he allowed not earthly vanity
to stir his soul.
He heeded not the dark voice of the flesh,
and his eyes were turned from this world,
he had tuned his ear
to the victorious hymn of eternity.

And while he listened to the holy hymn of heaven
beyond the noise of the world,
the world-born words and thoughts
departed from his soul.

He crossed over beyond the world,
for a different life, born out of his deeds.
Death helped his passage by freeing
the wings of his daring spirit.

Amidst the light of God that shines
and brings joy to eternity
he will merge his life -- in joyous ecstasy--
into the life of God, in God's glory.

Chorus

All beginning in God, in God all end.
Outside God all is darkness.
Having known life, all life aspires to death
that it may know God.

One voice

He was a milestone between two epochs:
marking the days that have already brought fruit,
from the days
whose purpose is only in bloom.

Another Voice

He was the harvest wind
that separated weeds
from the heavy grain
falling silently upon the ground.

Third Voice

He was a stern, merciless destroyer
of the dead crusts of life--
he was a daring and proud warrior of the future,
building it upon the ruins of the present.

---Pause---

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
First Semi-chorus

Life changes
lives and dies--
like waves
upon the sea

That which is life
lives and dies--
and without rest
continues its course.

Second semi-chorus

The days and years of the world,
roll over the sea of fate--
as wave follows wave
over the still ocean of eternity.

The days and years of the world,
race in their leisurely course--
until they reach the shores unknown
of the still ocean of eternity.

The days and years of the world,
keep rolling on their way to God,
who has fallen exhausted from his work
along the still ocean of eternity."

92. The word "eternity" which appears again and again in this poem constitutes one of the key words in some of Nietzsche's writings as well. In spite of the fact that Slavelkov's concept of eternity differs a great deal from that held by Nietzsche, it is worth noticing how fond both men are of the word itself. Here are several passages from Nietzsche in which the word "Ewigkeit" forms a most effective refrain: "Dann ich liebe dich, oh Ewigkeit." Werke, vol. 6, Zarathustra, p. 334-339, in the section called "Die Sieben Siegel". On page 333 of the same book, in the section entitled "Das andere Tanzlied" we find the following:

Zehn!
"doch alle Lust will Ewigkeit --
Elle!"

"-- will tiefe, tiefe Ewigkeit!"

(Continued on next page)
Chorus

And they bring him news from the world,
that today, as from the beginning,
His victorious will
is the creative power in life.

And that the day is coming when,
revived through the death of his creation,
His spirit will again
give radiance to life.

A voice

Waves are silently rolling
over the sea of fate,--
the days of our world
over the darkness of life.

Another voice

They are driven by
life's holy spirit,
the gracious spirit
of powerful self-confidence.

A third voice

Upon these waves
men advances toward the high shore
upon which God is waiting
to give Him new life and glory.

A fourth voice

Over infinite spaces,
Over an endless course,

92. (Continued) In another work we discover this stanza:
"Schild der Notwendigkeit!
Höchstes Gestirn des Seins!
-- das kein Wunsch erreicht,
das kein Nein befeucht,
ewiges Ja des Seins,
ewig bin ich dein Ja:
denn ich liebe dich, oh Ewigkeit!-- (Werke, vol. 8, p. 466.)
toward shores unknown
wave races wave.

Racing, overtaking,
breaking,
meeting and knowing,
and parting in haste.

What drives them ahead?
Whence? Whither?
Who leads them?
To what horizons does it rush them?

They splash, and race, and roar,
born of senseless struggles,
and in their endless course
they die, leaving no trace behind.

The day sees millions of them
and sends them into the night—
death yawns before them
and swallows them up.

But down in the womb of darkness,
where they disappear without a trace,
there rises anew a wave
and starts upon its course.

It was born out of the death
of a million small waves—
and with their strength
it races toward the shore, where

God keeps watch, the creator
of all life out of darkness,
and where His death is waiting—
to be born out of it anew.

First semi-chorus

They gave her life,
she gives them meaning,—
one wave brings forth another,
adding something to God's glory.

To the glory of Him
Who all has ordained—
Who has planted death in Life's midst
to renew its strength.
Second Semi-chorus

Days set out upon their course
when and where all else began,
spectators of the fates
that hold sway over our life.

Having come into life with us,
they live with us and die with us,
and together with us
they enter the abodes of eternity.

Their course would have had no purpose,
the senseless race of days and nights,
had not the purpose of destiny
fertilized them with its seed,

and had not the Superman been born
out of their dark womb--
a wave, born out of countless dead,
which alone is racing

to reach the Creator,
to restore His breath of life through its own,
so that the world may live again,
and the end may turn into a new beginning.

Chorus

For he had risen
above the world's vanity
and had made the goal of the Almighty,
his own on earth.

A Voice

In the affairs of the world
he planted the seed of love
but also the seed of hate, holy and merciless,
being a true son of the earth.

He wasted no words concerning heaven
and what went on there,
but taught: let us dedicate ourselves
to that in which we were born!

God has His own cares. He looks
upon the world from eternity's sunny shore,
having left the world and its hard battles
to our own strength.

Life upon this earth to us was given--
to taste the joy of its fruits,
not to deny it in despair
or seek its meaning in empty words.

Life's meaning is not
in sorrows nor in words,
it is in us,
Not in the meaning of the universe.

A fourth one

Let joy be the sun of life,
Let not pale sorrow penetrate
into the soul,
it's holy temple.

On the shining altar of this temple
burns the flame of self-confidence--
let it illumine your reason
and warm it with its proud glow.

Let reason be set aglow and inspired
to lofty achievement, through which
man may renew his dark destiny
during his days on earth.

So that in the hard struggle of life
he may become the master of a most precious possession,--
through heroic achievement--
master of his fate, and that of others.

In the joy of victory
may he forget the hardship of the struggles
which trained his spirit
and spurred his will to achievement.

May he rejoice that he is a power in the world,
supporting other wills with his,
and writing upon his own tablets the law
which others are to follow--

that others will strive for his goal,
free from that meaning
which life has put
into dead words.
Semi-chorus
He died -- to go on living.
He died -- to renew our life:
so that we may follow in his footsteps,
and that the sorrow of the world
may not trouble our hearts.

Chorus
He died -- to sanctify our life!

Semi-chorus
He was the master of his fate,
and chose his own destiny in this world.
He illumined our path in the darkness,--
and he put out the torch of evil
in the struggle on this earth.

Chorus
He died -- to save our life!

Semi-chorus
He achieved all he desired in this world,
and as he desired it.
Earthly hardships tested his will
and death has no power over it.

Chorus
He died -- to save our life!

A voice
Life is a goal and a way to a goal--
two ends meet in man:
one prevails upon this earth,
beyond its border leads the other.

He clearly saw that God
is the eternal source of both ends,
and has set death between them
to keep the two apart.

And he said: our share is here,
not beyond death's border--
we live to God by living to ourselves.

Chorus
A higher reason illumined his soul, that he to others light may give, for he who finishes his work is helping God to finish His.

Semi-chorus
Down here he fulfilled God's will, and like Him he created life—and guided it on and on, along the dark course of the ages.

And, through death he is relieved of earth's heavy chains, having done his mission in life—God gathers him unto His own.

Chorus
A mission that was planned for his earthly life, a purpose for which he was born a man.

A plan, whose final destiny, and whose beginning as well, are not known, except to God.

A fifth one
The pearly gates of truth have opened—and he shall enter into its abodes, as into a home of his own where he shall find God.

There he shall find Him, who has ordained his earthly life and has given strength to his will to renew life.

That he may be the rock thrown into the dark current of life
giving a new direction
to its dark waves,
to an endless stream of days.
He could hear the growing
of eternity's seed in the darkness,
upon the world's holy acres of time.

Growing, having been planted in a soul
which has remained serene
throughout this world's
suffering, struggles, and destinies.

A soul which has been reborn in sorrow
and in sorrow's creative pain,
and which has been inspired to achievement
by the joys of this earth.

He used to say: "Live for joy's sake!
For he who would avoid joy in this world
is avoiding God.
Warm your life through joy.

The field which has been ploughed
by the plough of joy, shall not dry up,
if he who gives it life, gives it his own life
with the breath of life, as God once did.

Everything upon this earth for joy is born,
and grows, and blooms, and ripens;
and that which wilts in joy,
gives its blossom to the soul--

gives it to that which has been
the seed of its own life,
and that which in the ripened fruit
is the eternal food of life...."

Weeping and sighs for him are vain.
He lived his share of life
and arrived at his goal
having also achieved that of the Most High.

He is blessed, for on earth
he was the sower, proud and daring, of joy....
And having harvested the golden fruit of the ages
he has now become the reaper of eternity.
First semi-chorus

On the shores of eternity
God is waiting for the superman,
who has been walking, through life,
along the shining path of joy.

Second semi-chorus

Through death, He waits for him,
that He may receive back
the breath of life He once gave man
at the dawn of time,

that the endless path
between God and man
may vanish into the darkness primeval.

Chorus

Life -- may he glorify the Creator through it!
Death -- through it, may he carry the crown of life

and return it to God in His eternity:
there to give Him back his spirit

and thus revive Him to new life.....
Thus forever there shall come renewal--

First voice

From God to man!

Second voice

From man to God!

Third voice

Life and death are eternal brothers!

Chorus

Eternity stirs in its dark womb--
A new life's dawn the world shall see,
for a happy opportunity is here;
God has renewed His strength, His free
Spirit is abroad, and He creates the beginning of new life out of that which has renewed His strength.

First semi-chorus

There, in the infinite space, in the abode of eternity, beyond the reach of our eyes, God dwells in the heavens.

Out of the darkness before his eyes rise countless universes, and with an invisible hand he directs their ordered course.

Chorus

They do not ask whither they go, but each one feels and knows that God stands on every crossroad, that He is the final destination.

Second semi-chorus

And to that which He creates, to every world scattered in the universe God gives the gift of life torn from His own being--

that men may live His higher life, and dwell in light, and as a chorus along their path eternal sing God a hymn of praise.

Chorus

They do not ask whither they go, but each one feels and knows, that God stands on every crossroad, that He is the final destination.

Here are several passages in which Nietzsche gives expression to his idea of the Eternal Cycle.
Diese sorgfältig ausgewählten Passagen vermitteln Nietzsches Darlegung der grundlegenden Elemente seines Konzepts über eine ewige Wiederkunft der Welt. Diese Idee findet sich auch in anderen seiner Schriften, wie z.B. in *Also Sprach Zarathustra*.

where the prophet promises to return with this earth, not for a new or better life, but to this same life, in order to teach once more the eternal recurrence of all things.\textsuperscript{94}

Slaveikov's own words written as a preface to the poem constitute the best critical commentary upon it. He writes that the poem, the result of a "dark dream" of the author, deals with:

The task which the Creator imposed upon the Superman; to be a link between Beginning and End, to complete the work of the tired Creator, then to merge with him -- wave from the waves, wave of the waves -- the Ocean of Eternity -- in order to renew His strength for a new beginning, and thus world without end. One could easily mistake this hymn of life and its eternal renewal for an echo of Nietzsche's idea of the "Eternal Cycle". There is however a great deal of difference between the idea of our poet and that of Nietzsche. In Nietzsche we have the return of that which has been, in order to become what it was, without any change; in our poet "that which has been" is only material for the structure of the future, only a step toward something higher. In this hymn of life there are songs about death written in a most joyous tone. In general, the poem of Razdyala is a poem of the joy of life -- in full contrast to the song of despair and the futility of life. Those critics who speak of the poet as a Nietzschean would do well to look into the differences of ideas in Himnite and Vechnoto Vuzvrušhtane in Nietzsche; they would discover that our poet is not even a pupil of the German poet-philosopher, to say nothing of his being a slave of the latter.\textsuperscript{95}

At this point we are better qualified to understand this last statement of Slaveikov quoted at the beginning of this section.

\textsuperscript{94} Nietzsche, Werke, Sechster Band, Also Sprach Zarathustra, III, p.139.
\textsuperscript{95} P. Slaveikov, Na Ostrova na Blajonnite, page 150.
In *Himmelza Smurtta na Svaruhovskia* Slaveikov has made use of two of the principal ideas in Nietzsche's philosophy, the idea of the Superman and the idea of the Eternal Cycle. As we have seen, however, and as Slaveikov himself has told us, he has adopted only the general pattern of these ideas, changing their content in accordance with his own philosophy. That philosophy, even though it included elements borrowed from many sources, was peculiarly his own. Slaveikov's Superman has more in common with the Christ of the New Testament than with the Superman or the Antichrist of Nietzsche. The latter would have repudiated any Superman who sacrificed himself for others, be they Superman or slaves. Yet the chorus says of Slaveikov's Superman: "He died -- to save our life!" There is no room left for God, at least not for a Creator, in the universe we find by Nietzsche. For him the universe is "ein Ungeheur von Kraft, ohne Anfang, ohne Ende, eine feste, ehere Große von Kraft".\(^{96}\) Slaveikov, on the other hand, has retained the general framework of Christian cosmology: for him God is the creator of the world, as well as of man, who is His last creation. By adopting the idea of the Superman together with that of the Eternal Cycle he has merely enhanced the power of man, who has been created in order "to be a link between Beginning and End, to complete the work of the tired Creator, then to merge with him -- wave from the waves, wave of the waves -- the Ocean of Eternity -- in order to renew His strength.

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for a new beginning, and thus world without end."

Peter Yordanov has written one of the latest and most important studies on Slaveikov's Himni za Smurtta na Svruchoveka. In it he brings out this fundamental difference between philosophy and art:

"Philosophy may abandon God, and at times people may abandon both God and religion. In no case, however, will art abandon God."97 Nietzsche was first of all a philosopher who was in search of truth, and he could, according to Yordanov's statement, dispense with God, while Slaveikov was an artist, a poet, and he could not remain a true artist if he left God out of his universe. If Nietzsche himself had been aware of this fact, of the organic relation which has always existed between God and great art, he would not have suffered so much when his idol, Richard Wagner, found himself compelled to sacrifice his philosophy in order to maintain his artistic integrity and his contact with God.

Slaveikov's poem contains ideas derived from many other sources besides Nietzsche's philosophy. Yordanov is well aware of this fact and writes as follows:

During a long period of meditation, Slaveikov was able to assimilate the ideas of many men. But he was also able to go beyond these. Some of these ideas he uses as a foundation, others he expresses without realizing that they belong to earlier thinkers, and still others he borrows freely and legitimately, when they satisfy his judgment as to their validity.

Like Hegel, he sees the essence of the historical

97. Peter Yordanov, Himni za Smurtta na Svruchoveka, Zlatorog, June 1938, p. 246.
process in the gradual development of consciousness. Like Spinoza, he feels that the world is divine, and calls it divine. Like Schopenhauer -- he finds in life the manifestations of a tragically unquenched and unquenchable will. Like the philosophy of India, he speaks of a suffering God. Like Nietzsche -- he is in search of the Superman. Like Turgenev -- he preaches the wise enjoyment of life. These names are the standards of comparison and they show us that in his artistic maturity the Bulgarian poet had attained a stature surpassing anything else to be found among us. These are the points, at which a greatly enriched spirit, comes in contact with the highest achievements of metaphysical speculation.98

Hardly any of the Bulgarian writers on this subject seem to realize, however, that Nietzsche himself did not consider his idea of the Eternal Cycle fundamentally valid, since it lacked the standing of a scientifically demonstrated or demonstrable fact. He retained it, however, merely as a philosophical speculation. Writing concerning this idea of the Eternal Recurrence H. L. Menoken says:

Finally he became convinced that there was no ground for such a belief in any of the known facts of science, and after that, we are told his shuddering horror left him.

It was then possible for him to deal with the doctrine of the eternal recurrence as a mere philosophical speculation, without the uncomfortable reality of a demonstrated scientific fact, and thereafter he spent much time considering it.99

According to Menoken, this notion was not original with Nietzsche.

98. Peter Yordanov, Himii za Smrtta na Svrshchovska, Zlatorog, June, 1938, p. 255.
He mentions it first in his early essay on history and there he credits it to its probable inventors — the Pythagorians.

Some of the Bulgarian writers, and especially Kazandjiey, as we shall presently see, devoted a great deal of attention and put much more emphasis on this idea of Nietzsche as they find it in Slaveikov, than it actually deserves, in view of the fact that Slaveikov himself has warned us not to consider his Нима за Смъртта на Свръхсъвършена a mere echo of Nietzsche's idea.

Before we discuss the views of several Bulgarian writers who have dealt with Slaveikov and Nietzsche, it would be profitable to bring out another of Nietzsche's important ideas which we find in Slaveikov.

1. "Dionysus versus Apollo" in Slaveikov

Nietzsche made his philosophical debut with the book Die Geburt der Tragödie, which although based largely on the foundations of Schopenhauer's philosophy, contained the germs of most of the ideas which we associate with Nietzsche and which we find in his later works. We have already discussed the use which Slaveikov has made of two of Nietzsche's main ideas, that of the Superman and that of the Eternal Recurrence. The central idea of Nietzsche's first book is the contrast between Apollo and Dionysus. He traces the influence of these two gods in Greek life and art: Apollo was the god of art, which was a record of life, contemplated and interpreted by the artist, while Dionysus

100. H. L. Mencken, The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche, p. 118.
was the god life itself, as it comes to expression in the joys of liv-
ing, in eating, drinking, dancing and acting. The conflict between
these two forces or principles, the apollinic and the dionysian pro-
duced the Greek tragedy. Nietzsche brought his book up to date, so to
speak, by interpreting modern art and life in terms of these same prin-
ciples, and predicted a revival of dionysian art, especially in the
field of music, which was to be the work of his friend Richard Wagner.

Does Slaveikov make use of this idea of "Dionysus versus Apollo"?
Does his idea of art in general have much in common with that of
Nietzsche?

There are several passages in Slaveikov's writings which suggest
that he was familiar with this idea of the conflict between Apollo and
Dionysus. One of these is particularly significant, since it can be
easily misunderstood. In one of his letters he calls Nietzsche a "ner-
vous Apollo". 102 It is very clear in the Bulgarian context where this
expression is used, that it is meant to suggest exactly the opposite,
namely Dionysus.

Aside from such passing remarks, however, there is one poem by
Slaveikov in which this idea of the conflict between Apollo and Dionysus,
between art and life, or even between two different kinds of art, finds
a definite expression, and thus provides us with a basis for comparison.
The poem is called Michelangelo and we are already familiar with part

102. P. Slaveikov, Pisma ot Pencha Slaveikov do Mara Belcheva, p. 47.
Michelangelo has just returned to his studio after witnessing a bloody street fight in which several of the rebels had been killed before his eyes, and their death cries are still ringing in his ears. Once a fighter for freedom, now he is a willing servant of art, and remains a silent spectator of the struggle. The night light of his studio confronts him with the cold, stone faces of his works, and the frown on the face of his Moses makes him shudder. The prophet seems to be ready to pronounce a sentence upon this generation. When the artist resumes work on the statue a voice rising in his own soul denounces his recent cowardly action. Have both love and hate died in his heart? How can he remain a mere spectator in the struggle against tyranny? Where is the daring fighter in him? Is he going to hold a chisel in his hand instead of a sword, and remain deaf to the cries for help all around him? Is he going to disregard life itself, while trying to awaken stones to life? A mad cry from his breast resounds in the studio and the enraged man steps back and swings the arm that holds the chisel, as if ready to strike at the invisible offender. His arm drops at his side, however, and he murmurs to himself, confessing that as an artist he is a traitor to life. He is tired of his life, his destiny, and life itself in general, and invites life to revenge itself and thrust its poisoned sword into his chest. But this is only a momentary mood. His eyes survey the work of his hands. The shadows of his past creations pass before him; he sees the agony of his wounded slave but hears no cry; there is Mary weeping over the body of her divine son, yet no tears leave her eyes; Brutus is frowning, but there is no sword in his hand; Jeremia keeps a hand over his mouth as if to prevent any word from slipping out .... The master springs to his feet in anger and the shadows disappear. But there, before his eyes stands Moses yet, with a frown upon his brow. Michelangelo looks at this figure through which he had sought to give expression to a lifelong dream and then a lightning thought flashes through his mind and his trembling lips say:
-- "Dark genius, deceitful are
the captivating words you speak!
He who believes that life is lived
in time alone,
is not to be envied.
There live others who have risen
above this life -- they reject
its temporal garment and penetrate
to that which lies beneath it --
the idea. In this world
one expresses it in flaming words,
another dies for it in battle,
while a third chisels it in marble
and sends it from today into eternity!"

Now the artist looks proudly at the work of his
hands; once more his hand swings the heavy chisel, and
in exaltation he brings it down on Moses' knee crying:
"Take the idea of time and carry it into eternity ... Moses, speak!"

At last the artist finds justification in his art, since it trans-
scends both time and life itself. While Slaveikov and Nietzsche main-
tain that art should serve life, that the phrase "l'art pour l'art" is
sheer nonsense, they cannot go together further than that, because of
the fundamental differences in their "Weltanschauung". Nietzsche's i-
dea of eternity is locked within the vicious circle of the Eternal Re-
currence, and his art must serve the immediate ends of this life: thus
he is a dionysian. The artist, according to Slaveikov's views expressed
in this poem, "must rise above this life," must "reject its temporal
garment and penetrate to that which lies beneath it, the idea". Sla-
veikov's artist must achieve eternity by rising to the idea, which is

103. P. Slaveikov, Epicheski Pesni, p. 113.
timeless. As a dionysian Nietzsche gave preference to those forms of art like dancing, the drama, and music, which are a part of life at the present moment. For him painting, epic poetry, and architecture were definitely apollinic since they are removed from active life and deal with past events. Slaveikov, on the other hand, stamps himself as an apollinian; he chooses in this case a sculptor as the hero of his poem, and justifies his hero's "betrayal" of life; he has made poets like Shelley, Mickiewicz, and others, the heroes of his most significant poems, and finally, he based his own hopes of immortality as a poet on his epic poem Karava Pese.

j. Kazandjiev on Nietzsche and Slaveikov

There is one excellent essay in Bulgarian dealing with the relationship between Slaveikov and Nietzsche, or more specifically, with the difference between Nietzsche's idea of the Eternal Cycle and Slaveikov's Himni.104 In this essay Professor Kazandjiev gives us a complete and detailed analysis of Himnite and reconstructs on the basis of it, Slaveikov's philosophy of life, comparing it with Nietzsche's. Since we are already familiar with the contents of the poem as well as with Slaveikov's own comment and interpretation of it, it is hardly necessary to make use of Kazandjiev's detailed analysis of the same poem, consisting largely of lengthy paraphrases of Himnite. It should

suffice to present here some of his main conclusions.

According to Kazandjiev, Slaveikov was perhaps the only Bulgarian writer and poet who arrived at a definite philosophy, which becomes manifest in some of his writings.\(^{105}\) The distinguished traditions of his family, his own strong individualistic tendencies, and heroic will power, and also the age in which he lived, helped him to achieve a philosophic maturity never before attained by a Bulgarian. For Slaveikov lived on the threshold of two fundamentally different periods in the cultural history of Bulgaria: the old, and the new. The old period may be identified with the struggle for liberation and the long period of preparation which preceded it. It is characterized by a naive relationship between the individual and his environment and the world at large. One simply accepted the traditions of the past and joined wholeheartedly in the pursuit of the common goal. The individual will does not assert itself. The new epoch, which begins with the liberation, is characterized by its individualism, its more highly differentiated social and intellectual distinctions. The ideas and ideals, the goals and traditions of the people are no longer sufficient, nor always identical with those of the individual. Man becomes aware of his relationship to the whole in terms of differences rather than similarities. The individual becomes self-conscious.

Slaveikov arrived at his philosophy under the influence of three

\(^{105}\) Spiridon Kazandjiev, Nichevata Ideya za Vechnoto Vuzvrushtane i Himni za Smurtta na Svruhahoveka, page 1.
different geniuses, who at different times illuminated his mind and soul and left no darkness behind: the lyric genius of Heine, the epic genius of Goethe, and the philosophic genius of Nietzsche. For his philosophical world view Slaveikov is indebted most of all to Nietzsche, whose influence upon him was strongest during the last decade of his life.

Funeral Hymn for the Superman is the direct result of this influence. The fundamental idea of this poem is the eternal affirmation and renewal of life. Slaveikov has taken over the general framework of Nietzsche's idea of the superman and made use of it in his poem. But the idea of the superman as we find it in Himmlie contains so many modifications that reflect Slaveikov's own nature and characteristics, that it can be considered as a vehicle of expression for his own philosophy and ideal of life, as the embodiment of its author's personal vision.

The idea of the eternal cycle, as well as the idea of the superman, came originally from Nietzsche. The idea of the eternal cycle has become a basic one in the conception of Himmlie, as it was basic in Nietzsche's philosophy and in all positive religions. But this same idea has acquired a new meaning and interpretation in this new setting: in Nietzsche everything which has been returns as it was and as it will be, without any change; in Slaveikov that which has been is only building material for the future, only a step toward a higher perfection.

Nietzsche gave a very literal interpretation to this idea of the eternal cycle, basing it on the law of the conservation of energy.
Since that amount of energy is limited rather than infinite, the number and nature of the changes through which it passes is also limited and invariable, so that a fine balance is maintained throughout.  

Man's life is like an hour glass, which is being turned over and over again. For Nietzsche the law of the eternal cycle is but has not become. The world never was a chaos, or else in the course of its eternal cycle it would have returned to such an original chaos. Everything is eternally the same.

The ethical implication of this idea by Nietzsche is this: we should so live that we may desire to have our present life repeated over and over again. For Nietzsche the idea of the eternal cycle has a far richer content than any religion, and is far better than Christianity which despises life and looks upon it as a mere period of transition to another world. Because of the importance which he attaches to the religious and ethical significance of the idea of the eternal cycle, Nietzsche considers it also historically important, and divides human history in two periods: during the first period humanity believes in God as the Creator; during the second man lives as a free spirit, having deserted all temples for the great outdoors, setting up a goal for himself and giving through it a purpose to the world itself.  

Professor Kazandjiev summarizes as follows the outstanding aspects of Nietzsche's idea of the eternal cycle:

Nietzsche calls the idea of the eternal cycle the foundation, the key to his philosophy. (1) Above all, stands its love of life, its affirmation of life. Since Nietzsche stopped believing in immortality his will to live finds an outlet in this idea and asserts itself through it. (2) Then there is its ethical heroism; it makes life eternal by shutting it up within the confines of the eternal cycle. "Act so that your present life may be eternal." (3) The relation of this idea to the idea of the superman contributes to its importance, since these two ideas form the foundation of Nietzsche's philosophical system. The idea of the eternal cycle appears after the idea of the superman and as a result and outcome of the latter. (4) Nietzsche replaces God with the superman and immortality with the eternal cycle. In Christianity man has risen to God, in the case of the superman God has come down to man.  

Nietzsche's religion reminds the one who does not live or act in accord with its maxims that he carries a finite, transitory consciousness, that he is living in time, not in eternity.

Comparing Slaveikov's idea in Himite with Nietzsche's idea of the eternal cycle we discover many differences as well as many similarities. The two men draw the cycle in a different way. For Slaveikov God is not a personal being. He is identical with the world, with the creative principle in the world. While creating the world God built himself into it, became its driving and impelling force, its law. God's creative power exhausts itself in His highest creation — man. God dies in man so that man may become conscious of God and may manifest God in his deeds. Insofar as God finds such an outward embodiment He ceases to

108 Spiridon Kazandjiev, Nichevata Ideya za Vechnoto Vuzvrushtane i Himite za Smurtta na Svyukhovedka, page 3 ff.
be an idea of man's consciousness. Man achieves the highest embodiment of divinity in the superman. With the death of the superman, therefore, God is born anew, i.e., He ceases to be an idea in man's consciousness and becomes the beginning of a new life, the fountain of progress. 109

Nietzsche, on the other hand, has dispensed entirely with the concept of God. The superman occupies God's place. Nietzsche adopted the idea of the eternal cycle for reasons other than those of Slaveikov. To Nietzsche this idea was the logical outcome of a belief in the limited energy available in the world. He also valued it for its ethical implications. It is not clear why Slaveikov adopted this idea. Yet it is clear that he gave it a different meaning. In Slaveikov God remains above the superman; God remains in eternity while man lives in time, and the superman is a link between God and man, and stands upon the threshold of time and eternity. The superman is not identical with God, since the reality and destiny of the world are outside the former's reason. The superman's consciousness is grounded in God by means of the truth, and thus does the will of God.

Nietzsche's superman does not speak of the truth; he is always the same within the eternal cycle. Slaveikov's superman is always different, for God has a final purpose for him which he is to achieve in eternity. This superman is the most perfect creature at any given

moment, but never absolutely perfect.\textsuperscript{110}

\textbf{k. Nietzsche's "Weltbürgerturn" and Slaveikov's "enlightened nationalism"}

Perhaps no German ever traveled as far from everything that was purely, and truly German, in the realm of the spirit, as did Nietzsche. He represents the cosmopolitan spirit of all German men of letters who have been able to rise above the limitations of nationality and to look upon the world as their home. The idea of cosmopolitanism, of "Weltbürgerturn", was close to the heart of a great many outstanding figures of German literature: Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, and others have paid tribute to this idea in different ways upon various occasions. But all the rest remained good Germans and Goethe realized at the end of his trip in Italy that no matter how much he liked its sunshine, no matter how much it contributed to his spiritual enrichment, he could not conceive of living anywhere but in Germany. But Nietzsche was quite different. Listen to Zweig, his most penetrating exponent:

\begin{quote}
Während Goethe aus Italien genau an den Punkt seines Ausganges zurückkehrt, wie von einer belehrenden und anregenden Reise, und in Koffer und Kisten, in Herz und Hirn Wertvolles in ein Heim, in sein Heim wiederbringt, ist Nietzsche endgültig expatriirt und bei sich selbst angelaingt, "Prinz Vogelfrei", selig heimatlos, ohne Heim und Habe, für alle Zeit losgelöst von jeder "Vaterländerei", von jeder "patriotischen Einklemmung". Von nun an gibt es für ihn keine andere Perspektive mehr als die Vogelschau des "guten Europäers", jener "wesentlich Übernationalen
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{110} Kazandjiev, op. cit., page 14.
Slaveikov learned a number of things from Nietzsche: he adopted some of Nietzsche's ideas, he tried to improve his prose style by studying and translating Nietzsche's writings, he stood for Nietzsche's ideal of the free creative personality, and finally, he assumed some of Nietzsche's emotional attitudes toward life. But Slaveikov never even attempted to match Nietzsche's cosmopolitanism. This, I am sure, would have been beyond his power to achieve.

Slaveikov was, and remained to the end of his life, a Bulgarian, who loved his country above all else, who believed in its future, and who worked for the general enlightenment of its people, so that some day Bulgaria may be ranked among the cultured nations of the world. In spite of the fact that he was not appreciated by the people at large, during his lifetime; in spite of the fact that the public officials of his country and even its king caused him so much despair and suffering; in spite of the fact that he left the country as a voluntary exile and died in exile, he loved his country and requested that some day his body should lie "where one can hear Bulgarian speech".

Slavelkov loved his country because he knew it so well. He knew its past and felt its living spirit in the folksongs which he valued so highly and which provided him with motives, ideas, and artistic means of expression for his own poems. He had unbounded hope for its future. Generally Slavelkov is considered an individualist in his poetry, and rightly so: for he assumed the rights, privileges and responsibilities of a free, creative personality. But this is not the whole truth. While Slavelkov upholds universal ideals in some of his own poems, and expresses his personal feelings and emotions in others, his supreme effort was dedicated to the task of creating a literary monument to the great courage of his people made manifest in their struggle for liberation. The result of this supreme effort constitutes at the same time Slavelkov's supreme achievement — Kârvava Pesen. Even though he did not live to give this work its final form, it remains his outstanding contribution to Bulgarian literature and Bulgarian culture, and elevated its author to the candidacy for the Nobel prize in literature.

Since Slavelkov followed Polish rather than German models in giving substance and form to his great epic poem, Kârvava Pesen remains outside the scope of this investigation.

But it is important to us as a witness to the fact, that Slavelkov was, in full contrast to Nietzsche, a nationalist.
6. Slaveikov and Volkelt

It is my belief that poets learn more from other poets rather than from professors of philosophy and aesthetics under whom they have studied, or from literary reformers. Only a true poetic flame can kindle another, only a master of the poetic art can teach another.

There are cases, however, when poets have been influenced profoundly and beneficently by men who were not poets themselves. Thus Herder became the means of opening to Goethe the treasure house of German folk-poetry which taught Goethe the simplicity and directness we find in his verses. It should be profitable, therefore, to inquire into the relationship between Slaveikov and his teacher in philosophy and aesthetics at the University of Leipzig, Johannes Volkelt.

a. Slaveikov's tribute to Volkelt

We have already made mention of the fact that Slaveikov speaks, in his disguised autobiographical sketch -- Olaf van Geldern -- of three of his German teachers as his hosts in Germany of whom he keeps fond memories. Here is the passage itself:

He keeps to this day fond memories of his hosts in Germany, especially of three of them: a Greek (Hellen), a Jew, and a Swabian. He had known the second of these indirectly even earlier, which accounts for their later intimacy, and it is to him, to the pale Heinrich whom the Germans hate so much and without whose songs their poetry would have been so boresome, that he owes his liking for the Germans. He is indebted to these willing-to-help masters, particularly to the Swabian, for his intellectual development, and for the clarification
Slaveikov studied under Volkelt for four years, (1892-96), and continued to learn from him for the rest of his life. Even though this is the only direct reference to Volkelt which I have been able to find in Slaveikov's writings, there are numerous passages in his critical works which point to his indebtedness to this teacher.

b. Volkelt's book Aesthetische Zeitfragen and Slaveikov's essay Dushata na Hudojnikata

We are able to discover, on the basis of a comparative study of Volkelt's book and Slaveikov's essay just named, some of the fundamental ideas and ideals which Slaveikov owes to this teacher.

Volkelt proves himself a true philosopher in the preface of his book by recognizing and maintaining one of the cardinal tenets of modern philosophy which can be stated as follows: the world we live in is so complex that no one principle is capable of explaining all problems, of answering all questions; and again, that not all questions can be answered by a simple "yes" or "no".

The book itself is rather short, consisting of six chapters or lectures. I shall quote several passages from the various lectures.

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112. In another writing -- see Bulgarska Literatura, page 205 -- Slaveikov puts in parentheses the actual names: Hellene - Goethe, Jew - Heine, and Swabian - Volkelt.

113. P. Slaveikov, Chudji Literaturi, page 197.

and then match them with passages from Slaveikov's essay in order to bring out the striking similarity of ideas. In the essay there is only one direct reference to Volkelt's book indicated by a footnote, but there are, as we shall see, numerous ideas which Slaveikov has derived from Volkelt.

The first passage is taken from the chapter on "Kunst und Moral", page 15:


The second passage comes from the chapter on "Die Kunst als reine Form", and is found on page 80:


The third and final passage can be found in the chapter entitled "Die Kunst als Offenbarerin der Individualität des Künstlers", page 105:

Ich habe den Zweck der Kunst immer noch nicht vollständig bestimmt. Wir dürfen des Künstlers als des Kunstschöpfers nicht vergessen und müssen im Hinblick
auf ihn an vierter Stelle sagen: die Kunstwerke
offenbaren die Individualität der Künstler; sie
verschaffen uns den Genuss, die Spiegelung der
Welt in originellen Künstlerseelen zu lernen.

Now several passages from the essay in which Slaveikov speaks of
"the soul of the artist":

Whether the appearance of things coincides with their
true nature does not interest the artist in the least;
through his creative power he throws a veil of mist
over things as they are, and thus transports us into
a new world, the mysterious world of symbols where,
according to Carlyle's beautiful definition, both
mystery and revelation can be found at the same time.

Artistic creations are, first of all, revelations of
the artist's individuality, and therein, we think, is
to be found their most important value, their true
significance. Most interesting to us are, perhaps,
the artistic creations in which we see life and the
world reflected in the soul of the artist. Lifeless
and cold are those works of art which were not born
in the artist's soul. Everyone, I believe, would con-
sider himself fortunate if he had a chance to spend a
moment in communion with some great man; is not the
same thing true in regard to artistic creations?
Through them great men speak to us, share with us the
intimate movements of their soul. These creations are
for us a revelation of the temperament, ideals, and
world view of the man who created them. Even the
works of artists like Flaubert and Zola (who on prin-
ciple keep their individuality out of their works),
in spite of their desire, speak of the individuality
of the author. If it were not so we would have seen
nothing but triviality in their works; what we dis-
cover in them however, is the daring and passionate
artistic temperament seeking the truth even among the
ugly things in life, and that is exactly what gives
value to their works.

I like this and not that -- here is the guiding im-
pulse of the artist's creativity, not the conscious-
ness that this is right and that wrong, or that this
is good and that is not.
The observer who is not interested in the partisan principles of various schools will see, that artistic creations, in spite of their air of reality, do not represent reality itself, nor are they an imitation of it. They are a re-making of it. The artist transforms reality, and creates a new world in his works.

On the other hand education, the many-sided and harmonious education is very important in the case of the artists. It shows them the cultural tasks of the age, brings them closer to life, sharpens their powers of observation. It is in the works of educated artists that we find a realization of the great mission of art: to be a reflection of life, a response to life, to mirror for us those things in life which are of value to life itself, which help us to become aware of it and to know it better.

It is hardly necessary to carry on this comparison any further, in order to become aware of the close relationship which exists between these two works, between the ideas which Volkelt has embodied in his book and the ideas which Slaveikov has derived directly from it. At times Slaveikov's sentences are nothing less than paraphrases of Volkelt's thoughts.

The important fact which should be brought out is, that Slaveikov has adopted as his own creed Volkelt's conception of the high value of art, and of poetry in particular, as the revelation and embodiment of individuality, which should be placed in the service of life in order to provide life with the highest and truest expression of its nature.

115. At this point in his essay Slaveikov has made the only direct reference to Volkelt's book by means of a footnote. Other references made are to the works of Goethe, Schopenhauer, to the Russian magazine Novosti, and to the book Streit über die Tragödie by Th. Lipps.
The idea of "l'art pour l'art" as nonsense and that art has no value unless it enhances and enriches life appears again and again in Slaveikov's critical writing.

This is the essay in which Slaveikov explains why he denies Schiller the standing of a poet. Slaveikov probably never read Schiller's great essays in the field of philosophy and aesthetics, or else he would have found out that many of the ideas which he adopted from Volkelt can be traced directly back to Schiller's thought. For it was Schiller who spoke so earnestly and hopefully of the "aesthetic education of mankind", of art as the creator of a new world, the world of "Schein", and of the substance of art as "pure form".

V. Summary and Appreciation

a. The author of Legenda za Balkana

Years ago, as a high school student, I heard one of my friends recite Slaveikov's Legenda za Balkana, and ever since I have been haunted by the strange beauty of his vision of the mountain as the guardian of the Bulgarian people. I wanted to know more about the creator of that poem. But the course in Bulgarian Literature taught me very little about him, and ever since, my reading diet has been largely prescribed, consisting mostly of "required reading".

For the past four years, however, I have dedicated a great deal of time to the study of Slaveikov. And his stature as a writer, poet, artist of the pen, reformer, and champion of a higher and truer culture of the spirit has grown before me day by day. It is still growing. Then, for the past three years I have endeavored to discover the part which Germany has played in forming the ideas and ideals of Slaveikov, particularly through the influence of those among its poets whom Slaveikov freely acknowledges as his teachers.

It may be that the preceding chapters have not given a unified picture of Slaveikov as a man and poet. This could not be helped. I have tried to bring out most clearly his relation to his teachers. The complete picture of him as a poet and his relation to Bulgarian literature and culture as a whole are outside the scope of this investigation.

b. Gesemann's summary of Germany's influence upon Slaveikov

I know of no better way to summarize the discussion of German in-
fluences in the work of Slaveikov than to let someone on the German side speak on this point.


And if there is one paragraph anywhere which provides a complete picture of the part Germany as a whole played in Slaveikov's life and work, it is the following one, written by Boris Yotsov:

In Germany he broadens his literary culture, his artistic experience, educates his poetic taste, deepens his knowledge through a series of philosophical and cultural-historical studies. Here he becomes increasingly aware of himself as a poet and a personality. He receives an exalted conception of the purpose of art, penetrates into the cult of the great personality, comes to the realization of the interrelatedness of poetry, philosophy and religion, achieves a definite attitude toward the world, under the angle of eternity, understands the tragic suffering inherent in the unsatisfiable longing of the spirit. While Goethe provides him with an example of olympic tranquility, of harmony, and lures him with his pantheism, with his pure, universal optimism, and with his hellenic enthusiasm for life; while Heine gives him examples of the longing for happiness, the yearning for reverie, attracts him with romantic, naive eroticism, with his humor and his hate of the Philistines, with his striving for the freedom of the human spirit, and shows him the

secret of the short lyric song with his "Buch der Lieder"; while Nietzsche awakens his personality by showing him the face of the Superman, by revealing to him his contempt of the herd, of the poor in spirit, awakens in him a sense for earthly beauty through his dionysian cult of life, stirs in him urges for the sovereignty of the spirit, captivating him with his aphorism and his metaphor; while all three determine to a certain extent his manner of life and the tone of his work, it was Johannes Volkelt, his professor of aesthetics, who revealed to him theoretically, through philosophy and history, the secret of art, of the creative process, of genius and talent, of the metaphysical and psychological foundations of beauty, showed him the relationship between personality and artist, form and content, clarified his insight into harmony and composition, theme and motive, supplied him with knowledge of the rules and laws of poetic beauty, prepared him to be a worthy critic of his times. His essay, "The Soul of the Artist" in 'Misul', 1899, speaks eloquently of this preparation.

8. Slaveikov's place in Bulgarian literature

Slaveikov consciously chose the greatest and most significant men as his teachers: not only that, but he governed his choice in regard to the particular ideas and ideals he was willing to adopt. This is why he produced the greatest and most significant works in Bulgarian literature up to the present. His verse is not the most melodious --

2. Once more we are made aware of Gesemann's bias and his unjustifiable treatment of the relation of Slaveikov to Heine. In this case Gesemann is quoting in his essay this same paragraph which I am using here, taking it from the same source, and yet he has omitted the entire reference to Heine, without any explanation, without any indication in the text that a passage has been left out.

Liliev and Debelyanov surpass him there -- but no one else has produced such a variety of forms, has employed such different motives with equal success, or has sent his roots as deep into the native soil as did Slaveikov. For Slaveikov is not only the most highly cultured, the most refined, the most artistic, the most European among Bulgarian poets; he is, at the same time, the most truly Bulgarian one; Bulgaria was the source of his aspiration, and it was his ambition and highest aspiration to see Bulgaria take its place among the cultured nations of the world. And he chose the only possible way of achieving this goal: that of personal achievement. He believed that the great, creative personalities naturally contribute to the elevation of the cultural level of their people, and thus his own attainment of culture was a step in the right direction. It may be long before Bulgaria is recognized as a cultured nation. But Slaveikov is worthy to take his place among his teachers, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Nietzsche, and many other men in the field of literature and elsewhere, who have attained culture and have bestowed upon humanity the fruits thereof.

Whenever Bulgaria stands at the crossroads of its destiny, the spirit of Slaveikov will make itself felt, his glance pointing to the right road leading to true culture and a higher national consciousness.
GERMAN INFLUENCES IN THE WORK OF PENCHO SLAVEIKOV

The Abstract of a Dissertation

Submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy
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1. **GENERAL REMARKS**

Because of his broad culture, poetic gift, and strong individuality, Pencho Slaveikov (1866-1912), is regarded as Bulgaria's outstanding poet. He appeared on its literary horizon at a time when Bulgaria was ready to accept and follow higher standards in poetry and aesthetics, having outgrown the old ones developed before the country had gained political independence (1878).

Slaveikov studied in Leipzig, Germany, (1892-96), and having accepted some of Germany's great poets as his teachers, he became the connecting link between the two nations, establishing a spiritual bond between them. Through his work as a poet, writer, and champion of freedom, he strove to raise the consciousness of the people from that of the herd to the consciousness of a distinct nationality realizing its role and destiny as a cultural unit. This investigation examines the evidences available in Slaveikov's works in an effort to determine to what extent he was influenced by his German teachers, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Nietzsche, and Volkelt. I have been interested in the ideas and ideals Slaveikov has adopted from his masters, rather than in any technicalities of form or meter he may have learned or borrowed from them, doing this in accordance with his own conception and definition of the nature of influence from one poet upon another.

2. **SLAVEIKOV AND GOETHE**

Slaveikov worshiped Goethe and adored his lyric songs, but he dismissed most of Goethe's prose, along with most of German prose in general, as "boresome." He learned from Goethe how to use the folksong in his own creative work, having learned to love and appreciate the Bulgarian folksongs from his father, one of the earliest collectors of folklore in Bulgaria. Goethe, along with the Russian poets Turgenev and Korolenko, became Slaveikov's emancipator: he taught him to have a high regard for his own calling as a poet, and to stand aloof from the pettiness of the world's humdrum. In *Nemski Poeti* Slaveikov paid a glowing tribute to his master and gave translations of a large number of Goethe's poems. He not only recaptured the original mood with remarkable success, but performed almost a miracle by translating some of them rhyme for rhyme, preserving the original meter.

Like Goethe, Slaveikov may be termed a "classicist": he was an ardent student of antiquity, both Greek and Roman, and was familiar with the best fruits of the spirit of both cultures; he too, produced works in that spirit. But while antiquity and its vast riches remained a part of Slaveikov's culture, it was not a living reality in the works which he produced in that spirit.

3. **SLAVEIKOV AND SCHILLER**

In spite of the lack of direct evidence, or an acknowledgment on the part of Slaveikov, I maintain that he was greatly influenced by Schiller, mostly indirectly. Schiller has been the most popular and best loved German poet in Bulgaria. Slaveikov must have seen some of his plays, since most of them have been staged by the National Theater. Again, Slaveikov could not have escaped an even stronger influence of Schiller during the four years he studied in Leipzig. Slaveikov maintained that Schiller's "Weltanschauung" destroyed the integrity of his lyric poems. Yet Slaveikov's own poems are to a great extent "Ideeendichtung," and his contention that his own ideology was a product of his heart and not of his mind does not change the facts. The relationship of Slaveikov to Schiller has never yet been discussed by Bulgarian critics because they have taken his own words to be the whole truth in this matter,
not realizing that a different version of the facts were possible. Yet a closer study of Schiller’s essays *Das gegenwartige deutsche Theater* and *Die Schaubuhne als eine moralische Anstalt betrachtet*, and Slaveikov’s essay *Natsionalen Theater* reveals striking similarities of ideas and ideals. Schiller had been a dramatist for the theater in Mannheim, Slaveikov a director of the National Theater in Sofia. Both writers believed in the mission of the theater as an institution of higher culture, as an embodiment of it, and as a tool for its achievement, not as a place for amusement or diversion. Both went back to Greece for their ideal. Slaveikov said of Goethe: “A creative artist, who possesses a highly developed sense of ethics, bestows culture as the sun does, even without willing to do so.” This is more than true of Slaveikov’s relation to Schiller: without willing to do so, without being aware of it at times, he has kindled his spirit from the flames of Schiller’s idealism, and thus has been able to create poems in which ideas and ideals are made vivid and appealing. Slaveikov called Schiller “der Erhabene”. All of what I have just said and much more, I believe, is stored in this title he bestows upon the master.

A comparison of Schiller’s poem *Das Ideal und das Leben* with Slaveikov’s poems *Sarts na Sartsata*, *Cis Moll* and *Michelangelo* reveals a most striking similarity of ideas, ideals, moods and feelings, and points to a common source of inspiration and background: Plato and Kant. Slaveikov and Schiller share a fundamentally tragic conception of the world, a heroic will, an exalted idea of nationality, and the ideal of “die schone Seele”. While it is possible to explain the similarity of ideas which we discovered in the essays of the two men on the theater on the basis of indirect influences, it is practically impossible to account for the close similarities which we find in their lyric poetry.

4. SLAVEIKOV AND HEINE

It is to him, to the “pale Heinrich” that Slaveikov owed his liking of the Germans, according to his own words. And Slaveikov could not forgive the Germans for hating Heine as they did, merely because he was a Jew. “All other reasons, written or spoken, are wilful fabrications” was his answer to contradictions of the above statement. (Right now, I believe, the spirit of Slaveikov is imploiring the Lord to let him return to the earth in order to let loose his word-bombs against the modern barbarians who are leading the German people to destruction, and have perpetrated such outrages upon the descendents of Heine.)

Next to that of Goethe, Heine’s influence upon Slaveikov was the most important factor in shaping his work. Slaveikov believed that Heine wrote the most beautiful lyric songs in the German language. He came to know his poems in Russian translations as a youth, and continued to admire them all his life. Slaveikov’s love of Heine expressed in the characterization of the latter in *Nemski Poeti* knew no bounds. He has translated twelve of Heine’s poems in this book. Slaveikov’s admiration for Heine and his willingness to learn from his beloved master bore marvelous fruits. Heine attained the highest degree of musical perfection in his verse, inducing musicians to set his words to music hundreds of times. Slaveikov labored over his verses as hard as Heine had to, and was rewarded the same way: Bulgarian composers have used Slaveikov’s poems more than those of any other Bulgarian poet.

5. SLAVEIKOV AND NIETZSCHE

Once Slaveikov called Nietzsche his “god”, another time he would not even recognize him as his master. The truth concerning the relationship between Slaveikov and Nietzsche lies somewhere between these two extreme statements. My contention is, that Slaveikov learned from Nietzsche what I
have chosen to call his "Lebenshaltung"—the bearing of the free, proud, self-reliant, strong, creative individual. Many a time during his stormy career in life and literature Slaveikov was grateful to Nietzsche for having taught him the use of the powerful weapons—scorn and contempt for the truly "poor in spirit". Slaveikov and his wife translated Nietzsche's Also Sprach Zarathustra, and Slaveikov wrote a long essay on Nietzsche comparing him to Christ. He has included a fine appreciation of Nietzsche and translations of a few of his poems in Nems'ki Poeti. Slaveikov did not accept all of Nietzsche's philosophy, adopting only formally the ideas of the Superman and of the Eternal Recurrence. Slaveikov's actual "Weltanschauung" was closer to Goethe's pantheism. Nietzsche "murdered" God and replaced him with the Superman. Slaveikov left God in his place and made the Superman a connecting link between God and man, eternity and time. Slaveikov's Superman was a tool of progress, escaping the tragic futility of Nietzsche's "eternal cycle".

Slaveikov's prose was not directly influenced by Nietzsche's. It lacked the musical quality of Nietzsche's superb phrasing. Slaveikov's prose shared the good and bad qualities of Heine's prose, since he imitated the latter purposely from the start, writing travel sketches in the manner and spirit of Heine's Reisebilder.

6. SLAVEIKOV AND VOLKELT

Poets usually learn from other poets, but Slaveikov was more than a poet: at times he was a critic of his own as well as of other people's writings. In the performance of this task he was greatly aided by his German teacher of philosophy and aesthetics, Johannes Volkelt, under whom he studied for four years at the University of Leipzig.

A detailed study and comparison of Slaveikov's essay Dushata na Hudoinika and Volkelt's book Aesthetische Zeitfragen reveals the fact that Slaveikov made constant use of the fundamental ideas which his teacher discussed therein. Volkelt's views on art and morality, art and nature, art as the attempt to attain the fullest expression of life, and also of art as reality reflected by the soul of the creative personality, all these have been adopted by Slaveikov and can be found in many of his other critical writings as well as in the essay under discussion.

Under Volkelt's influence Slaveikov came indirectly in contact with some of Schiller's ideas on art and aesthetics, since Volkelt's book, in turn, is to a great extent based on Schiller's illuminating essays: Ueber die aesthetische Erziehung des Menschen, Ueber Anmut und Wuerde, and Ueber naive und sentimentalische Dichtung.

Such in brief is the relation of Slaveikov to his German teachers. He chose them to be his masters and took from them only that which helped him achieve his own potentialities. They supplied him with the tools, the ideas and ideals which enabled him to attain true culture, and become Bulgaria's most significant poet.
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A brief autobiography of
Albert M. Ivanoff

I was born on May 5, 1907, in Chapelare, Bulgaria. My father, Manol Ivanoff (d. 1927) was at that time postmaster in the village. Later on he was transferred to Asenovgrad, which became our permanent home. My mother's maiden name was Maria Tsakova. She comes from a very distinguished family, being a great-grand-niece of Neofit Hilski, one of Bulgaria's foremost educators of the early nineteenth century. Her brother, Ivan M. Tsakov, was for years editor of the "Zornitsa", Bulgaria's oldest weekly newspaper, which is now edited by the latter's son, Neofit Tsakov, named after his illustrious great-great grandfather.

I went through Junior High School in Asenovgrad, and entered the American School for Boys in Samokov, in the fall of 1921, as the recipient of a scholarship offered by the trustees of the school on the basis of competition, which covered tuition as well as board and room. (The school has since been moved to Sofia and is now the American College of Sofia, Bulgaria. It ranks as a Junior College and grants no degrees for the present).

After I graduated in 1926, I taught Junior High School for one year (1926-27) in Dolna Sirtzia, Nevrkopsko. The following year I attended the State University in Sofia, majoring in German Philology.

For two years, 1928-30, I attended the South-Eastern Europe Bible School at St. Andrae, Austria.

In the fall of 1930 I returned to Bulgaria and enrolled again in the State University. In May, 1931, I came to the U. S. A. From 1931 to 1934 I attended the Andover Newton Theological School in Newton Centre, Massachusetts, receiving the B. D. degree in 1934.

For the next three years I attended the Graduate School of Boston University, majoring in Germanic Languages and Literatures, and serving as a Graduate Assistant. I received the A. M. degree in June, 1936, and completed the resident requirements for the Ph. D. degree in 1938.

During the summer of 1937 I took a special course for teachers of German at the University of Heidelberg, Germany, and received a diploma.

Since September, 1933, I have been teaching German and French at Baker University, in Baldwin, Kansas.